

Save a Horse, Ride a Cowboy

by nightmare

10 Chapters (49,305 words)

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Chapter 1: Mmm, mmm, good!

Disclaimer: I don't own anything at all, alas. JKR owns everything Potter.

Bright lights strobed and music thumped in a strong bass. The dark smoky club was filled to capacity by screaming hormonal women. Harry shook his head as he made his way backstage, weaving expertly through the crowd, adroitly avoiding the grasping hands and drunken advances that always came his way.

“Potter, there you are, mate. Glad you could come in on short notice.” A slim, brown haired man came forward and grasped Harry’s hand.

“Anytime for you, Tony. Why didn’t Greg come in?”

“Fool broke his leg. He won’t be dancing for a while. Good thing I hired some fresh meat, or we’d really be dead.”

“Oh? Is he any good?” Harry went to his table and started stripping off his street clothes. He regarded his costumes for a moment, then chose one at random and started to dress.

“Better than good, darling.” Tony sat in a chair in front of Harry and watched him as he got ready to hit the stage. Harry was a mystery to him. He had shown up, barely legal, totally unable

to dance, but willing to do whatever it took to get a job. He had never mentioned his past or any family.

Against his better judgment, Tony had taken him in, letting Harry sleep at his place and hiring him as a waiter. Harry had been working at the strip club for at least six months before enticing one of the dancers to show him how to move. Tony was amazed that underneath those ugly clothes he wore was a fine, taut, toned body. One Tony would have loved to jump.

Within a year, Harry was not only dancing, he was headlining. Women went wild when he hit the stage with his innocent schoolboy looks and wicked moves.

“What do you mean by that, Tony? Please tell me he can at least dance.”

“You couldn’t when I hired you.”

“You hired me to wait tables. I’m the one who pushed to dance.”

“Well, this new boy is right up your alley, in looks and attitude. If he’s not as gay as you are, I’ll give you tonight’s take.”

Tony stood to help Harry. The costume was on, a generic cowboy costume that ripped off easily with tear-away Velcro fastenings. Tight black trousers, cowboy boots, and an open faux leather vest were topped off by a wide brimmed black cowboy hat. Harry was in the process of putting glitter on his chest and neck, knowing the flashing lights would catch it. Tony reached for the brush and started on Harry’s untidy locks.

“He’s blond, and built, and he can dance,” Tony continued. “I interviewed him myself.”

“Really? Did it involve a couch?” Harry grinned at Tony in the mirror. He put the glitter down and stood. “So, boss? Good enough?”

“Gods, you are gorgeous,” Tony said, running his hands down Harry’s chest towards his trousers. He smirked when Harry caught his hands to stop him. “Too bad you don’t like short Italian men.”

Harry laughed and moved to the wings of the stage, waiting to be introduced. The opening strains of music pounded and Harry moved on to the stage. Women screamed as he went into his act, body moving gracefully down the catwalk, spinning and gyrating as each piece of clothing was removed and tossed into the audience. A few of the women received kisses, and some even danced with Harry before being pulled off the stage by the handlers.

Tony watched from the sidelines. Harry really was poetry in motion, all lithe grace and raw sexuality. He didn’t know any more about his main draw than he did about the graceful young man he had hired earlier.

“Tony, new one’s here. He’s in your office,” Mike said. Mike ran the stage and controlled everything from the music, to who went on when.

“Send Harry in after he’s done,” Tony said.

Mike nodded and Tony left the wings with one last lingering look at Harry. He walked down the well-lit hallway to his office, the beat of the music thumping through the walls. He had learned long ago that people avoided brightly lit areas in clubs like this, so keeping the hallway this bright kept the patrons out of it.

He opened the door to his office to see his new hire waiting for him. He smiled reassuringly as he moved around his desk and sat down.

“Glad to see you’re punctual,” Tony said. He pulled out all the forms he needed and slid them over. “You need fill these out, for taxes and such. My best dancer should be done by the time you’re finished. He’ll take you around, introduce you and show you the ropes. Any questions?”

Grey eyes met his with no sign of hesitation.

“No sir, no questions.”

Tony smiled. “I’ll leave you here to finish those, then.” He stood and left the office, intent on making his rounds through the club, checking on all the aspects. He was confident Harry would take over and settle the new kid in.

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Harry finished his set, grinning widely as the last few women got their gropes in. He liked doing this, basking in the lust and admiration, moving to the music and losing himself in the beat. Plus he knew absolutely no one would guess that the famous Harry Potter was a male stripper, and that made him safe from the wizarding world.

It had taken two long years to get away. Two long years before he could sever all ties and flee Dumbledore’s heavy hand, and all the unwanted fame and attention. He had honestly thought it would get better with Voldemort dead, but it only got worse. Much worse. He would have lost his mind.

He moved easily through the back stage area, pausing only long enough to slip some sweatpants on. Wouldn’t do to see the new kid with nothing on but a g-string, after all. The other dancers called out greetings as he passed, and he responded, waving and smiling.

He walked down the hall to the manager's office and knocked before opening the door. He stood frozen in the doorway. No way. Absolutely no fucking way Malfoy was here. His eyes narrowed in sudden anger.

Draco turned when he heard the door open, and slowly ran his eyes up a mostly naked, glittering, flushed Harry Potter. He stood and turned to face Potter.

"What are you doing here?" Harry asked.

"Getting a job. I suppose you're the one who is supposed to 'show me the ropes'?" Draco asked, retreating behind his familiar mask of arrogance.

"You can dance. Exotic dancing." Harry snorted in disbelief. "You do know that means stripping, right?"

"I know exactly what it means, Potter," Draco retorted. "I can do it."

"Whatever." Harry moved into the office, shutting the door. He picked up Draco's paperwork and looked it over. "Don't know how to fill half this out, do you?"

"We aren't all so well versed in the intricacies of Muggle life," Draco said. He sighed deeply, and ran a hand through his shoulder length blond hair. "Look, Potter, I didn't know you worked here when I applied. I really need this job."

"Slumming, are you? Why don't you go home to Mummy and Daddy?" Harry sneered.

"Because I have nothing to go home to," Draco said softly.

Harry frowned as pity welled up in him. He couldn't be feeling sorry for Draco! He hated the git. He gave a sigh that matched Draco's.

“Ok, I'm sorry. I'm supposed to be helping you, not antagonizing you. Just don't expect us to be friends. You keep your secrets, I'll keep mine, and we'll both keep them from everyone here.” He leaned forward and caught Draco's gaze.

“I don't want anyone here to know anything about my past. As a matter of fact, it's probably best if they don't know we even know each other. I think it's obvious we're both hiding from something or someone.”

“Right. I agree. So where do we begin?”

Harry grinned. “With your paperwork. I'll fix it, then I'll show you around.”

“Good.” Draco settled back in his chair as Harry worked on his papers. He couldn't decide if he was upset that Potter was here, or not. It didn't matter in the end. Like Potter said, they had their secrets, and they would keep them.

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Chapter 2: Get the saddle, boys!

It didn't take long for Harry to decide that Draco was hopeless about Muggle things. The paperwork was barely filled out and when he asked Draco for the information, Draco just gave him a blank look.

He sighed. Why couldn't his life ever be easy?

“Just how did you find this place, anyway?” Harry asked as he made up the answers on the forms. “I mean, how coincidental is it that you show up at the one place I work in?”

“My auto broke down here.” Draco said, trying to see what Harry was writing, but giving up as Harry shifted the paper away from him.

“Your auto?” Harry looked up, a smirk firmly in place. “Since when can you drive?”

“Since five days ago!” Draco replied indignantly. He glared as Harry laughed.

“So, how’d it break down?” Draco muttered something in reply. “What?”

“Something called the ‘transmission’ fell out of it.” Draco shook his head in disgust as Harry laughed again. He took advantage of Harry’s distraction to grab the paper from him.

“My name is not Drake!” he sputtered. “And what is the rest of this? I never once worked as a ‘janitor’. What’s a ‘janitor’?”

“Someone who cleans toilets.” Harry grabbed the paper back. “You invaded my space, Draco. You can’t fill this out, so you take what you get. Draco doesn’t sound Muggle, Drake barely does.”

“Fine, do it your way.” Draco huffed as he sat back in his seat, crossing his arms.

“Go on, your auto broke down, then what?”

Draco rolled his eyes, but continued. “I don’t have the money to fix it. It’s still in that horrid auto shop. No one will hire me, because I can’t do anything *Muggle*.” He said the last word with utter disgust. “I figured this place would take me on my looks, and I was right.”

“Tony said you could dance. *You* said you could dance,” Harry said, suddenly serious. “I like my job, Drake; I won’t have you out there if you can’t do it.”

“I said I could!”

“Then how’d you learn? ‘Cause I’m so sure all Malfoy heirs take Stripping 101.”

“You are a complete prat, you know? You always were.”

“I was a prat? How about you? You never missed a chance to come at me.” Harry was getting irritated.

“All right, all right. I used a spell to learn, ok? But I really can do it now. And do you have to call me Drake?”

“You need to get used to it. It’s the name I’m going to use when I introduce you.” Harry paused,

choosing his words carefully. “It’s different, dancing for Tony and dancing for the crowd. I can’t explain it. You’ll get your chance tonight.”

“Tonight?” Draco swallowed. He didn’t just squeak, did he?

“Of course. You go on after my next set; you’ll be the last dance of the night. It’ll give you a chance to see if you really can do it.”

“And if I can’t?”

Draco actually looked panicked, which both pleased and worried Harry.

“Then you can wait tables. Or wash dishes.” He smirked again. “Or be the janitor. After all, you have the experience for it. Says so right here.”

Draco glared at him as he broke up in laughter again.

“So I spilled my story to you. How did you end up here?”

Harry regarded him for a second. True, Draco had told him how he ended up at the club, and he did it without divulging the whys. ‘I can do that,’ Harry decided.

“I was moving around, town-to-town, looking for somewhere to be. Someplace that felt right.” He smiled as he remembered. “I found my way here. I was desperate, needing a job, and Tony was desperate, needing a waiter. I stayed and found I like it.”

“I really had no idea you were here, Potter. I swear.”

Harry snorted. He put down the finished paperwork and stood.

“Come on, Drake, time to meet the folks, and get you into a costume.”

Draco followed Harry out of the office and into the back stage of the club. The music still thumped and they watched the current dancer, a tanned, dark haired man in a Zorro costume. Harry tugged on Draco’s arm to get his attention and led him further into the back, where the dancers dressed.

Each dancer had his own cubby with a mirror and whatever props he wanted. Costumes hung on rolling racks. The air hummed with conversation that ceased when the dancers noticed Harry and Draco.

“Oh, fresh meat! How lovely!” A slim, tall, black haired man stood up and sauntered over to them. “Absolutely delicious! Are you taken? If not, I’ll take you. I’m Jason.” He ran his gaze up

and down Draco, obviously liking what he saw.

Harry put himself between them, suddenly feeling protective.

“Hands off, Jason. Consider him off limits.”

“You could have just said he was yours, Harry,” Jason pouted and flounced back to his chair, flopping angrily into it.

“God, Jason, turn down the flames,” a dark-skinned man said. He walked up to Harry and Draco. “I’m Bill. You can ignore Jason, we all do. Welcome to *The Corral*.”

“I meant to ask,” Draco said. “Why is it named that?”

“Because they ride us long and hard and put us away sweaty!” laughed another one of the dancers. “I’m Sam. Don’t try to remember all of us,” he said good-naturedly. “You’ll eventually learn who we all are. The important ones are Tony, the boss, and Mike, who runs the stage. Oh, and of course ‘golden boy’ here.” He indicated Harry.

Draco started slightly to hear Harry called by the name he, himself, had used for so long.

“Um, I’m Drake. I’m pleased to meet you all.”

“Not half as pleased as we are!” a voice shouted from the back, and all the guys laughed.

Harry pulled Draco forward and sat in his cubby. He waved his hands toward the costumes.

“Pick one,” he ordered. “But make sure it’s simple. The first time you don’t want too much involved in taking it off.”

Draco raised an eyebrow at him for that statement. He looked through the costumes, finally settling on a gladiator one. He looked around for where to change, but then realized that everyone was simply stripping to change right there, even Harry. He kept his eyes on his costume as he quickly slipped it on.

The leather kilt went on fine, but he was having problems with the breastplate. Harry finally took pity on him and fastened it on him, showing him as he did so how to unfasten it. He adjusted the armbands and studied Draco.

“Not bad,” he said, stepping into Draco’s personal space. He ran his hands through the blond hair, fluffing it out just a bit and brushing it away from Draco’s face. Draco held still as he did so, barely breathing as pleasant shocks went through him at Harry’s touch. Satisfied with Draco’s hair, Harry stepped back and finished getting ready himself.

Draco watched him, taking deep breaths to calm himself down. Harry was wearing a strange outfit of ballooning pants made up of splotches of black, brown and three different colours of

green. His green shirt was tight and fit into the pants and his boots were black and looked heavy.

“Ready?” Harry asked, pulling on the plastic dog tags that some lucky lady would take home.

“As I’ll ever be.”

“Potter, you’re up!” Mike yelled from the wings of the stage. Harry grinned and started for the stage, pulling Draco behind him.

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Chapter 3: Get Them Doggies Rollin' Rawhide!

Draco stood on the side of the stage, completely entranced with the sight of Harry moving to the music. The only times he had seen Harry dance were the balls at school, and he didn’t dance at those if he wasn’t forced. He had had no idea Harry could move like that.

“Nervous?” Sam asked, standing next to Draco. His sage green eyes danced as he watched the anxiety and panic spread in Draco’s expression. “Everyone is, the first time, you know.”

“Really? Was Potter?”

“Harry? Actually, no, he wasn’t. It doesn’t seem to matter what Tony throws at him, he takes it all in stride.”

“Why did you call him the ‘golden boy’?” Draco asked.

“‘Cause Tony’s training him to take over, teaching him how to run the business. We’re joking when we say it. We’re a pretty tight group here; we all get along. Anyone who doesn’t is invited to leave. Place this small, you can’t have an attitude problem.”

“Wow.” Draco turned his attention back to the man dancing. “He’s really good.”

“Yeah, he picked it right up. And after a while we all got him to stop wearing those ugly baggy clothes. Those of us who bat for the other side are half in love with him.”

“Who is that? If you don’t mind my asking?” Draco shot Sam a look.

“Um, me, Jason obviously, Max, and about three guys you haven’t seen tonight. And Harry, of course. Everyone else is straight. You?”

“The only thing straight about me is my teeth,” Draco quipped with a grin.

“And I am so happy to hear that,” Sam replied, grinning himself.

“Drake, you’re up!” Mike said, tapping Draco on the shoulder.

Draco froze, his heart slamming. Thinking about dancing was one thing, dancing in front of just one guy not so bad, but going out there? He was petrified.

“Hey, just get out there and move. Mike will announce that it’s your first time, the crowd is mellow, and it’s the last dance of the night. You’ll be just fine.” Sam reached up and twirled a lock of Draco’s hair in his fingers, tugging lightly and smiling.

Harry walked off the stage, grinning and waving to some regulars in the crowd. He turned to the wings, frowning when he saw Sam talking to Draco. Sam was a nice guy, so why did it bother Harry that he was flirting with Draco? He shook his head, dismissing that train of thought.

“Ready, Drake?” he asked when he reached the two. “What?” Draco was staring at him, ‘deer in the headlights’ look plastered firmly on his face.

“Nothing. I’m ready.” Draco took his place, waiting to be announced. The image of Harry standing in front of him, glittered, hard body in just a g-string and those boots was burned into his mind. He swallowed nervously as Mike’s voice came over the speakers, introducing him as a brand new dancer.

The music started, and Sam gave Draco a gentle push onto the stage. Draco moved to the centre, years of training, of putting on a mask, taking over. He held his head proudly as the magic took over, and his body began to move. Soon, he was enjoying himself, moving to the beat that pounded through his body. The crowd was clapping and whistling at him, and groups of women were waving him over to them.

“Looks like he’s a hit,” Sam said as he watched Draco move. “What a sweet arse. I wonder if he’ll go out with me.”

“Hmmm. You can ask,” Harry replied, shoving down the flash of irritation he felt at Sam’s words. He kept his eyes glued to Draco. He knew the blond was graceful, but he never knew he could move like that.

Sam studied Harry, taking advantage of the fact that Harry was completely engrossed in Drake. He turned his head when he heard a sound, to see Bill and Jason watching Drake dance, too. He walked back to them.

“Golden boy got it bad?” Jason asked, arms crossed as he leaned against a wall.

“If he does, he doesn’t know it himself,” Sam replied.

“A hundred pounds has them shagging within two weeks,” Bill offered.

“Oh, I want in on that. I say they shag within a week. Sam?”

“I was planning on asking Drake out myself,” Sam said, frowning.

“So, ask him out. A guy can’t have too many fuck buddies,” Jason said.

“Jason!” Sam said. “I swear sometimes I wonder how you made it out of childhood without being strangled.”

“So, Sam, are you in or out?” Bill asked.

Sam turned to watch Harry watch Drake. He was still going to ask Drake out, but it was obvious that Harry was interested, even if Harry hadn’t realized it himself. Sam hadn’t missed his reaction earlier.

“I’m in. I say a week and a half.”

“Good,” Bill grinned.

Draco finished his set to applause. He walked off the stage, flushed and feeling high on accomplishment. His eyes locked on Harry’s as he approached.

Harry watched Draco walk toward him, thoroughly enjoying the view. There was nothing wrong with looking, after all. And it was such a nice view, too. Harry had heard all the rumours about Draco in school. He wondered which ones were true. Gods, what a body.

“You did good,” he said with a grin.

“Thanks,” Draco said. “I enjoyed it.”

“Come on, it’s time to get dressed, straighten up, and go home.”

Harry and Draco walked together away from the stage and back to the dressing area.

“You do have somewhere to go, don’t you?” he asked. He started cleaning the glitter off his chest and neck.

“What?” Draco asked, flushing. He had been concentrating way too hard on watching Harry.

“A place to stay, Drake. Do you have one?” Harry threw the cloth down and pulled his g-string off, exchanging it for boxers.

Draco hurriedly looked away. He started to change himself, deliberately not looking at Harry. Because he wasn’t interested in him. At all. It didn’t matter that he had a great body; he was still the annoying git he had been in school. He just had to keep reminding himself of that.

“Drake, I asked you a question.”

“Oh, yeah. A place to stay. Um, I’ve been staying in a hotel for now. I wanted to find a job before I looked for a place to live.”

“A lot of us live in the same building,” Sam said, joining the conversation. “There’s a flat available in it, you want to come over tomorrow and see it?”

“Yes, that would be great,” Draco answered.

“Good. Meet me here tomorrow at noon and I’ll take you there.”

“Ok.”

“The building is decent, and the landlady is great,” Harry said as he led Draco away from the tables. “I live there, too. It’s real reasonable in rent, and she’ll let you go ahead and move in without the first month’s rent.”

“Good. I’m extremely poor right at the moment. What happens now?”

“Now, I go work with Tony, and you go home. See you tomorrow. Just ask Sam to pick you up and bring you in.”

Draco nodded. He watched Harry walk down the hall and knock on the office door before being let in. He walked out of the club into the warm summer night, smiling. Maybe this would work out after all. He and Harry had been pleasant with each other. It would be great if they could leave their animosity in the past.

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Chapter 4: Water, water everywhere...

The parking lot shimmered in the drowsy summer heat as Draco walked towards the club. Sam was leaning against a car, waiting for him. He smiled in greeting when Draco drew near.

“Hello,” Sam said, pulling away from the car. “Have a good night?”

“As much as I could in a hotel. They’re hard to be comfortable in,” Draco answered. He slid into the passenger seat when Sam opened the door for him. Sam walked around the car and climbed in, starting it and pulling out.

“You’ll like the flat; the building is amazing. Only strippers from this club and our sister club

live there, and it's very private."

"Sounds good," Draco said with a smile. He looked out the window and watched the landscape pass by. They drove for a few minutes, the only sound in the car the radio. The business district passed by and they were into private homes and flat buildings.

Soon, Sam pulled up in front of a white stone building, and hit a remote to open the gate. He drove in and pulled into a shaded parking area.

"Come on, it's time to meet Marissa. She's the landlady. I told her about you, well, that you were looking for a flat, and that you worked for The Corral, and she's willing to let you rent one of the open flats. She's real easy to get along with." Sam paused. "I'm rambling, aren't I?"

"A bit," Draco said, hiding his irritation.

They entered the stone building, sighing in relief as the cool air hit them. They walked into an office. A plump woman sat behind a desk, and she smiled in welcome.

"You must be Drake," she said, offering her hand. Draco shook it, and then sat as she gestured to a chair. "Harry tells me you need a flat, and that you work with him."

"Yes, I just started."

"Well, let me tell you a bit about our place, then if you like, we can look at the flat." She turned her gaze to Sam. "You can just run along, young man. I can handle this."

"Uh, sure. Guess I'll see you later, Drake."

"Yeah, later." Draco gave a quick smile, silently sighing in relief when Sam left.

"Well, I give it a day before he asks you out," Marissa said, smiling at Draco's startled look. "He is so painfully easy to read. And if I read you right, you're not interested in him."

"No, I actually find him somewhat irritating," Draco answered honestly.

"You're not the only one," Marissa said, her eyes twinkling. "This building is for the workers at The Corral and The Sugar Club, a female strip club. It's gated, and secluded, and private. I expect to be paid on time, but if you have problems and you come talk to me first, we can work something out. Like your first month's rent. I know you just started work, so I'm willing to wait for your first pay check, but not beyond."

"That is more than reasonable," Draco said with a smile.

"Let's go look at the flat, then." Marissa stood, and pulled a key off the wall, then led Draco out into the building proper.

“This is the main lobby. The laundry room is off to the right here, and there’s a meeting room that has a TV and billiards table and such in it. Everyone meets there off and on, and we have dinners there, and sometimes parties.”

She led the way out of the lobby through double glass doors, shielded with blinds. A clear blue pool stretched out in front of Draco, with people swimming and laying out around the edge. The flats opened out, like in a hotel, facing the pool, so the pool was only visible from a flat or the lobby. She ushered Draco up to the second story and walked down the long balcony.

“This is set up like a hotel, but with flats. The original owner was born and raised in Florida in the States, and he modelled this building after the hotels there. Unfortunately, we don’t share the same climate, and he promptly packed up and headed home. I bought it and have run it ever since,” Marissa continued, as she slipped her key into a door. She opened the door and stepped back, letting Draco step into the flat first.

Draco looked around, liking what he saw. The main room had a fireplace in it, and wooden floors. A cream couch sat on a soft blue rug. The kitchen was just off the main room, and a short hallway led to a bathroom and a bedroom. The bedroom had a king sized bed in it, with a TV and an entertainment centre. Draco looked at Marissa, questioning.

“Harry said you didn’t have any furniture, so he got this stuff for you. He’s really such a sweet boy.”

Draco frowned slightly. It was perfect, and felt comfortable right away to him, but accepting it?

“I don’t know,” he said.

“Humph. You’ll take it.” Marissa pressed the key into Draco’s hand and stepped back. “Rent’s due on the first of the month, late by the fifth. You can move in right this minute. I’m sure you’ll find Sam eager to help.” She grinned as Draco grimaced.

“We’re barbequing tonight by the pool, please join us. Stop by before you leave to sign your forms.” She turned and walked away without another word.

Draco looked down at the key in his hand, and then up at his new home.

“Cool, you’re moving in.” Sam stood in the doorway, smiling. “Need help?”

“That would be wonderful,” Draco said, not concerned at all about taking advantage of Sam’s attraction. He shut the door as he stepped outside, and locked it.

“Let’s go then!” Together they walked back down to the lobby and out the door.

Draco collapsed on the bed, breathing in deep the scent of lavender. The bedroom was pale golds and greens, very soothing. The TV was interesting, and he had spent several minutes just playing with it. He smirked as he thought of Harry picking all this out.

Getting rid of Sam had been exhausting. First, they had driven to the hotel, and Draco had quickly packed. They put his suitcases in Sam's car, and then drove back. Sam helped Draco bring them up to the flat, and had tried to stay to help put things away, but Draco had shooed him away. Then he stood in the doorway, talking for what seemed like forever before Draco finally got him to leave.

He frowned. He was restraining himself, not being rude or arrogant like he normally was, because he didn't want to antagonize anyone at the club. But Sam was damn annoying. He wondered how rude he could be without causing a problem.

He heaved himself off the bed and started to unpack, putting his possessions away.

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The barbeque was in full swing by the time Draco made it down to the pool. The air was still hot from the day, and Draco was sweating in the t-shirt and shorts he had thrown over his swimsuit. He felt decidedly overdressed when he got to the pool, however. Almost everyone was in skimpy bathing suits, if they were wearing anything at all. Draco had never seen people wear so little, or nothing at all, and be so comfortable about it.

Marissa grinned when she spotted Draco and walked over to him.

"Do you want me to introduce you around?" she asked.

"No, I think I'll just go lie by the pool first."

"That's fine. When the sun goes down, we'll light the torches and then the party will really begin." She grinned before walking away.

Draco moved onto the deck of the pool, weaving his way through the crowd. He spotted an empty lounge chair and sat on it, pulling his legs up and looking around.

"Enjoying yourself?" Harry's voice drawled from beside him.

He looked at Harry, then quickly looked away, flushing. Harry was stretched out on his stomach, head pillowed on his arms on the lounge chair, lying on a towel, and of course, wearing nothing.

"Does everyone go starkers around here?" Draco asked, watching the pool.

“We’re strippers, Drake. We can’t have tan lines. Shy?”

“So what if I am? I don’t remember you being this...open...in school.”

“That’s when I still gave a damn what other people thought,” Harry responded quietly.

“Do you talk to anyone from there?”

“Not anymore,” Harry answered. “Sam ask you out yet?”

“Ugh. I wish he’d leave me alone.”

“So tell him. I don’t remember you ever having a problem voicing your opinion loud and clear.”

Draco shot Harry a glance, meeting those green eyes steadily. Harry smiled before closing his eyes and stretching, arching his back, and rolling his head. Draco watched the graceful movement, his stomach tightening in arousal. Harry opened his eyes again and caught Draco’s gaze.

“Like what you see, Drake?” he asked softly.

Draco blushed and turned away. He pulled off his shirt, dropping it beside the chair. He stood, still not looking at Harry and pulled his shorts off. He debated for a second before deciding ‘what the hell’ and pulling off his swimsuit too. Still ignoring Harry, he stepped to the edge of the pool and jumped in, welcoming the cool water against his heated skin.

Harry watched him hungrily, finally admitting to himself that he wanted Draco. He had had such delicious dreams last night after that dance. The question now was would he act on the desire? He usually had a firm rule not to date anyone he worked with.

He watched Draco swim the length of the pool and back again. He frowned when he saw Sam slip into the pool and approach Draco.

Harry stood and slipped into the water himself, submerging and swimming underwater to Sam and Draco.

Draco stood in the shallow end, wiping water from his face. When he opened his eyes, Sam was in front of him, smiling.

“Hey,” Sam said.

“Hello.” Draco started to move away, but Sam grabbed his elbow. He looked down at Sam’s hand, then back up to Sam, and Sam moved his hand.

“I just wanted to know if you’d go out with me tomorrow night,” Sam said.

Draco opened his mouth to say no when a cool voice sounded behind him.

“Sorry, Sam,” Harry said, standing just behind Draco. “I already asked him out.”

“Oh, ok.” Sam looked disappointed. “Maybe some other time.”

“Maybe.” Harry’s voice was smug.

Sam glanced at them both before moving to the deep end and swimming away.

“Thanks for the save,” Draco said. “But I could have handled it myself.”

“Do you often,” Harry slowly ran his gaze down Draco’s body and back up again, “handle it yourself?”

“That was just awful,” Draco groaned. “Do you always make such rotten jokes?”

“Only when I have an appreciative audience.” He grinned at Draco. “Of course, you know now we actually have to go on a date tomorrow night.”

Draco frowned for effect. “I suppose I can put up with it if you can. After all, it can’t be worse than detention with Filch can it?”

Harry narrowed his eyes and splashed Draco with water. Draco responded, splashing Harry in the face, before ducking under and swimming for the deep end. He came up, treading water, and looked for Harry.

Suddenly he felt hands on his legs, then his hips, and he was jerked under water. He surfaced again, sputtering and floundering. He felt himself being moved backward, and he gripped the edge of the pool when his hand was guided to it. He finally got the water out of his eyes and opened them to find Harry’s face inches from his own. Harry kept one hand against the edge of the pool, and used the other to pull Draco to him. He searched his face for any sign of protest before pressing his lips to Draco’s.

Draco groaned as the flow of water brought their bodies together, then apart again. He opened his mouth, tangling his free hand in Harry’s hair. They devoured each other, tongues dancing and sliding against each other. Finally, they had to separate for air. The applause surprised Draco, and he looked up to see a crowd whistling and shouting suggestions, most of which would have required props.

“Way to go, Harry!”

“He always gets the good ones.”

Draco lifted his chin and turned to pull Harry in for another kiss, to everyone’s delight. He broke

away and swam for the ladder, Harry right behind him. They both walked back to their lounge chairs, sitting to bask in the sun.

Draco finally got the courage to turn on his back instead of lying on his stomach. He turned his head to see amused green eyes studying him.

“What?” he asked, flushing.

Harry smiled gently. “Just enjoying the view.” He again deliberately ran his gaze down Draco’s body and back again. “Amazing what those damn uniforms can hide, isn’t it?”

“Does anyone here know anything about your past?” Draco asked, turning on his side to talk quietly with Harry. Harry shifted to his side to face Draco as well.

“They know I went to a private school, and that it was in Scotland. They know my parents died when I was a baby, and that my aunt and uncle raised me. They know I didn’t have a very pleasant childhood. Basically, the truth, but with anything magical erased from it.”

Draco nodded. “I just don’t want to say something wrong.”

“Why are you here, Draco?” Harry asked, softly.

“Not Drake?” Draco asked with a raised eyebrow.

“No one around to hear,” Harry explained.

“My father found out I’m gay. He didn’t respond in a very pleasant manner,” Draco said, remembering how furious his father had been. “I was told to leave and never return.”

“I’m sorry,” Harry said.

Draco smiled at him, dismissing the memory.

“I’m not entirely unhappy with where I’ve landed,” he said. He grinned at Harry, before turning on his back and closing his eyes.

“Just wait until after our date,” Harry said, as he too turned on his back. “I promise, you’ll never forget it.”

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Lucius Malfoy glared at the wizard who was now hastily backing out of the room. The fool had failed and could not find Draco. He walked over to the floor to ceiling window that overlooked the gardens and stared out at the summer storm that was raging.

Seven days ago, his son, his only son, had stood in this room and told his father and mother that he was gay. Lucius was ashamed of how he'd acted, yelling at Draco, calling him names and demanding he stop spouting nonsense. At the time, all he could think of was himself, and all the plans he had made, from Draco's arranged marriage to what everyone would think.

He had issued the ultimatum that it was either his way, or Draco was to leave and never return. He had not entertained the possibility that Draco would actually leave. Now he regretted his harsh words.

He stepped out onto the balcony, turning his face to the rain. Out here, where no one could tell, he finally gave into the aching pain and let the tears fall. He wanted to face Draco, tell him he was sorry, but no one could find him. He had sent for the best help, even speaking to Aurors. Draco was nowhere to be found. Lucius knew he had no one else to blame but himself. What if Draco never came back?

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The hot summer air slammed into Draco almost like a wall as he stepped out of his flat. He was glad he had dressed lightly, in shorts and a t-shirt with sandals. Anything more on, and he'd have died. He climbed down the stairs, grinning as he saw Harry waiting for him.

"You look great," Harry said. Draco's white shirt and jean shorts perfectly showed off his body. Harry himself had gone for a pale blue shirt and jean shorts.

"Where are we going?"

"It's a surprise," Harry responded with a grin. He smiled widely and waved cheerily to Sam as they passed him sunning at the pool. Sam scowled and rose to dive in the blue water.

"Having fun?" Draco asked with an upraised eyebrow.

"Loads," Harry replied.

He led the way out of the building and to an older, beat up car. Draco opened the passenger door and slid in as Harry got in the other side. A short drive later, and they were pulling up in front of a nondescript beige building. Harry parked the car, and got out, waiting for Draco to join him, before walking to the entrance of the building.

Inside was a booth, and Harry paid for Draco and himself. A door opened beside the booth, and they stepped inside into a cool, darkened room. Indirect light filled a large room, and dancing lights wove on the surface of a rink. Four mirrored balls hung over the rink, spilling little circles of bright light onto the skaters that were moving in pairs or singly.

Draco watched the graceful skaters move, noting that they were roller-skating, not ice-skating. Suddenly it hit him just what Harry wanted to do on this date.

“I’m not skating, no way.” Draco turned and headed for the door, only to be tugged back by an arm around his waist. Harry pulled Draco tightly against him, spinning him back to watch the skaters.

“It’ll be fun, Draco.” His breath ghosted over Draco’s ear, and his arm tightened around the slim waist. “I promise I will be beside you the whole way. Just try it? Please?”

Draco twisted to look at Harry, scepticism written all over his face. He turned back to watch the skaters. It did look like it might be fun. He nodded, and allowed Harry to lead him to a carpeted bench. Harry opened the bag he had brought from the car and handed a pair of inline skates to Draco. Draco watched Harry put his on, and copied him.

After everything was fastened properly, he attempted to stand, only to windmill his arms and fall back on the bench. He glared at Harry, who was laughing at him, and started to take his skates off.

“No, Draco, I’m sorry. Come on, I’ll help you.” Harry smiled encouragingly at Draco and grasped his hands, helping him stand and steadying him.

Draco wobbled as he moved to the edge of the rink. A low wall, carpeted as well, ran around the edge of the rink. The rink itself was a few inches down from the floor where Draco and Harry stood, and there were regular openings in the wall to allow people to enter the rink.

Draco looked down the wall to see other people hugging the wall, using it to keep their balance. He shot Harry a dark look, and then gingerly stepped onto the slick rink. He moved forward slightly, holding onto the wall for dear life.

Harry laughed and skated out onto the rink, turning smoothly.

“Come here, Draco.”

“No. Bugger off.”

“Draaaacooooo,” Harry taunted, skating close to Draco, then away from him.

“I mean it, you loony. Sod off. Go torture someone else.”

Harry laughed again and skated in close to Draco, bumping into him and making him grip the wall even harder. He took Draco's face in his hands and kissed him lightly. Slowly, he peeled Draco's white knuckled hands off the wall, and gripped his hands with his own. Draco kept his legs stiff and let Harry pull him forward, a look of complete panic on his face, as Harry skated backwards.

"One foot at a time, Draco. Move them like you do with skis."

"I've never been skiing," Draco said. "Never saw the sense of strapping waxed sticks on your feet, and going shooting down a mountain."

Harry directed them back to the wall, allowing Draco to bump into it and resume his death grip.

"Like this, ok?" Harry showed Draco how to move, in a smooth gliding motion. "Now you try it."

"You're trying to kill me, aren't you?" Draco grumbled as he moved slightly away from the wall. He wasn't stupid; one hand still had a death grip. He moved his feet the way Harry had, copying him, and glided forward slightly.

He forgot to let go with his other hand, however. As his body moved forward, his grip jerked him back and he landed hard on his rear.

"Draco, I'm sorry," Harry said, laughing as he helped Draco up. He pulled him in close, whispering in his ear, "I'll kiss it later for you."

Draco glared at him, and tried again. This time, he remembered to let go, and made it a few feet before grabbing the wall again.

A few hours later, they were moving off the rink, to take off their skates. Draco felt strange as he sat down, after so long moving constantly and in circles, he felt like he were still moving, and he grinned at the sensation.

"See, not so bad," Harry said. "Did you enjoy it?"

"After I quit falling, yes," Draco said. They walked back outside into the now dark summer night. Draco stretched, arching his back and linking his hands, pushing them high over his head. Harry greedily watched him move.

"Now what?"

"Oh, I don't know, we have the whole night ahead of us," Harry said as he climbed into his car. Draco climbed into the passenger seat, and they drove off.

"We could have dinner at my flat," Harry continued.

“And you’ll get a chance to rub it in Sam’s face again,” Draco said dryly.

“Now where would you get an idea like that?” Harry asked his best innocent face on. “I don’t mean Sam any harm, Draco. He’s just very annoying, and he doesn’t take no for an answer.”

“I kind of got that,” Draco responded. They pulled up to the gate, and after it opened, Harry parked and got out. They used the side gate to get in, walking down a short hallway underneath the second floor, holding hands.

Harry took advantage of the dark night and secluded walkway to jerk on Draco’s hand, pulling him flush. He wrapped his arms around Draco’s waist and tilted his head for a kiss.

With a smile, Draco complied. The first touch of lips was hesitant and soft. Draco traced Harry’s lips with his tongue, slipping in when they parted for him. He laced his fingers in silky hair, holding him still as he plundered his mouth.

He pulled back and kissed Harry on the jaw line, then claimed his mouth again. They continued kissing until they heard footsteps, pulling apart reluctantly.

“So, dinner?” Harry asked, his breathing laboured.

“Dinner.” Draco followed him out of the sheltered walkway and along the pool to Harry’s flat.

Harry opened his door with a flourish, bowing slightly as he gestured Draco inside. Draco grinned at his antics and stepped into Harry’s home.

Harry’s flat mirrored Draco’s, giving him a sense of déjà vu. The kitchen was off to the right, a fireplace to the left. Harry had a couch set against the picture window that faced the pool, and across from it was an entertainment centre with what Draco now understood to be a very nice audio video set up.

He glanced down the hall that he knew led to the bedroom before settling on the couch. Harry noticed his look, and waggled his eyebrows, causing Draco to pink slightly. Harry tossed him the remote.

“Turn it on whatever you want. I’ll start something. Want anything in particular?”

“Nope, whatever you want is ok.” Draco turned the telly on, sighing in contentment as the cool air from the air conditioner washed over him. He flipped channels, but finally gave up finding anything interesting and set it on a music channel.

He got up and sat on the chairs lined up at the bar-like island that separated the kitchen from the living room.

“Need help?” he asked, snatching a piece of carrot off the board Harry was chopping them on.

“No, thanks,” Harry answered, dumping the carrots in with the rest of the salad.

He pulled cold chicken out of the fridge and warmed it in the microwave. Bread toasted in the oven, and within minutes, everything was ready. He fixed two plates and sat beside Draco as they both tucked in.

“That was bloody great,” Draco said, finishing his salad. “I still haven’t figured out how to work half of what is in my kitchen.”

“I can give you lessons,” Harry offered. “I’ve been cooking forever.”

Harry took the plates, rinsed them, and placed them in the sink. He grabbed two fresh beers from the fridge and padded into the living room, toeing his shoes off as he did so. Draco followed, taking his sandals off as well. They settled on the couch, and Harry picked up the remote, flipping channels.

“Nothing’s on,” he complained with a sigh.

“Told you,” Draco said, pulling Harry’s legs into his lap and massaging his feet.

“Oh, my god, Draco. Don’t ever stop. That feels abso-fucking-lutely wonderful.” Harry closed his eyes, letting the surprisingly erogenous sensations of Draco’s hands and fingers wash over him.

Draco smirked as Harry slowly turned to putty in his hands. He moved his hands up Harry’s legs, still massaging. Silently, he said thanks that he had actually learned massage from a private tutor. As a matter of fact, that was when he first acknowledged to himself that he was gay, when he and the tutor had ended up on the massage table, going at each other.

He continued his slow climb up Harry’s legs, slipping off the couch and kneeling next to him to massage his thighs. Harry was groaning freely now, lost in the sensation of touch. He had just enough presence of mind to stop Draco when his hands brushed Harry’s erection.

“No?” Draco asked, his voice rough with desire.

“Not yet, if you can wait,” Harry replied, his eyes dancing.

“Why wait? I mean, if you don’t want...”

“No, not that, Draco. I very much want you. I’d love to have you in me.”

“Then why?” Draco was puzzled.

“Because those poufs at the club bet on us,” Harry explained. “They bet on how long it would be before we shagged.”

“How did you find out?” Draco asked, intrigued now, and a bit put out that they had bet on something like that.

“Andrew told me. He said he bet we would go at it on my birthday, which is five days from now. He promised to split the money with us if we wait till then. Everyone bet a hundred pounds each.”

Draco whistled at the amount of money.

“So you want to wait to get the money?”

“Screw the money; I want to fuck with the guys. Let them all lose. So, can you wait?”

“Sure.” He grinned as a thought came to him. “They bet on shagging, not snogging, right?”

“Yeah, why?”

“Cause it would be fun, wouldn’t it, to constantly snog in front of them. Sort of let them think they might win the bet, then one or the other of us stop it.”

“Oh, good idea.” Harry stood, pulling Draco up with him. “Want to swim a bit?”

“Sure. I think I saw Bill and Sam and some of the others out there. Let Operation Snog begin!”

They laughed as they headed out to the pool.

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Chapter 6: More Water Fun! aka The Gillyweed Chapter

Bill and Sam were out at the pool, enjoying the warm summer night with two couples that Draco had not yet met. Chinese lanterns dangled from strings around the pool, casting soft coloured light over the small group.

Draco was swarmed with a round of introductions, meeting Max, his boyfriend Andrew (whom he remembered had given Harry the heads up on the betting), and Theresa and her boyfriend Scott. His social training kicked in, and he nodded, smiled, and made everyone feel he was especially glad to meet each one.

They gathered in chairs clustered at the shallow end. A cooler of beer and bottled drinks sat open, ready for anyone to take what they wanted. Coloured underwater lights lit the pool itself

and the water moving over the lights made for a pretty display.

“I’m going in,” Draco said to Harry indicating the pool. “Join me?”

Harry nodded and they stripped quickly, slipping into the pool, Harry right after Draco. Draco surfaced in the shallow end, flipping his hair back and wiping his face free of water.

He was looking around for Harry as the water lapped just above his waist when he felt Harry press himself against his back. He put his hands over Harry’s, pushing back into the embrace, and softly moaning when Harry nuzzled his neck.

“Want to make it a bit more public, Potter?” he murmured as Harry sucked on his skin and bit lightly. He hissed, arching into the touch of Harry’s lips and teeth.

“I thought we were supposed to be giving them a show,” Harry whispered.

Gently Draco pushed his hands down and moved away, turning to face Harry. He pulled him close for a kiss, curving his arms around Harry’s neck and weaving his fingers in wet hair.

“Get a room, guys.” Sam’s irritable voice came from behind Harry.

Draco looked over Harry’s shoulder and simply raised an eyebrow at him, noticing that the rest of the group had ended up in the pool with them.

Harry laughed. “Sam’s right, Drake. One of Marissa’s firmest rules is no sex in the pool.”

“Does it count if you swallow?” Draco asked sweetly. He smirked as Sam and Bill exchanged looks.

“Too bad I don’t know yet,” Harry said, with a heavy sigh.

“You don’t expect me to give it up after just one date?” Draco admonished.

He released Harry and dove underwater, swimming towards the deep end. He smiled when he surfaced, realizing that Harry was right beside him. He shared a look, both thinking the same thing, before they took off like a shot, streaking underwater for the shallow end again.

Draco surfaced first, just barely beating Harry. He shot up in the water, laughing as Harry mock glared at him.

“Ha. I won,” Draco taunted. “I finally beat you at something!”

“Took you long enough.” Both men forgot where they were, and that they had an avid audience.

“Of course,” Harry said, looking down at Draco’s waist, “you have less resistance than I do.”

Draco shot Harry a decidedly unfriendly look.

“Just what do you mean by that?” he asked icily.

The rest of the group watched the byplay, eyes darting between the two like spectators at a tennis match.

“Well,” Harry said, crossing his arms, “I figured it’d be obvious.” He again deliberately looked down at Draco’s waist. “You have less to drag you ...”

He never got the rest of the sentence out, because Draco dunked underwater in one fluid movement, jerking Harry’s feet out from under him. Harry pin-wheeled his arms for one moment, surprise and shock on his face, before crashing down to the bottom of the pool and slamming into it with his arse before bouncing back up.

He came up sputtering, gasping for breath as he tried to clear his nose and wipe the water away from his face. He had just enough time to catch a good breath before he was jerked under again.

This time, hands gripped him and supported him as he came up. Once he had his feet underneath him, the hands disappeared, and he opened stinging eyes to glower at Draco, who was laughing.

“Serves you right, Harry,” he taunted. “You should know better than to offend a Malfoy.”

“Oh, really,” Harry growled, a dangerous glint in his eyes. He advanced on Draco, who backed away from him with widened eyes. “I seem to remember always getting the best of you!”

Harry lunged forward and grabbed Draco, bodily lifting him up, and holding him firmly despite his struggles. Over Draco’s protests, he walked towards the deep end of the pool.

“No, Harry, don’t,” Draco pleaded. His arms were still pinned against Harry, and he wriggled. Harry paused for just a second, and Draco squirmed harder, knowing just what he was rubbing against.

“I’m sorry, ok.” He did his best to look contrite.

“Sorry, hmmm? How sorry?” Harry gasped as Draco wriggled purposefully again.

“Very sorry.” Draco bent his head and ghosted a kiss over Harry’s lips.

“Well, in that case,” Harry said, slightly lowering Draco, “I’d hold my breath if I were you.”

That was all the warning Draco got, before he was launched into the deep end, back first. Harry watched to make sure he landed ok, before high tailing it to the shallow end.

Draco took a few deep breaths as he surfaced, once more shaking the water off his face. He lazily swam until his feet could touch the bottom, then he stood. He walked slowly past the silent group of people, glancing at Harry with a hurt look, before sighing deeply and hanging his head. He walked over to the steps leading out of the pool and climbed them, the very picture of dejection.

“Drake, hey,” Harry quickly moved to follow Draco. “I’m sorry. Come on,” he continued, trying to get Draco to respond to him.

Draco just shook his head, covering his face with his hands, and keeping his head bowed. They walked around the edge of the pool.

“Drake?”

Suddenly Draco whirled with a wicked smile, and pushed Harry hard into the water. He laughed as Harry landed with a huge splash.

“My god, are they ever going to stop?” Bill asked, in awe of their antics.

“I, for one, don’t care if they do. This is damned entertaining!” Theresa answered. “I thought you said they didn’t know each other.”

“I didn’t think they did,” Sam said thoughtfully.

Harry was at the edge of the pool, trying with all his might to entice Draco to him. Draco was laughing and staying well away from the edge of the pool.

“Call a truce, guys,” Andrew said, grinning. “I vote we move this inside. Anyone up for a game of billiards?”

“I am,” Harry said, and climbed up the ladder. Draco watched as Harry rose over the side of the pool, coloured lights glinting off his wet body. He met Harry’s eyes with his own stormy grey ones, and unconsciously licked his lips.

Harry smirked, and Draco snorted and pulled his shorts on, leaving his shirt and underwear in the chair for now. Harry followed suit, dropping his shirt and underwear on top of Draco’s.

“Truce?” Draco asked, offering Harry his arm.

“Truce,” Harry said. He took Draco’s hand, keeping a firm grip on it, as he shoved Draco toward the pool, while pulling back with his other hand. Draco stared at him in shock, lurching over the edge before Harry’s grip pulled him back on the deck. Harry grinned and pulled him tight against his chest.

Draco opened his mouth, but before he could say anything, Harry’s mouth descended. He attacked Draco’s mouth, plunging his tongue inside, tasting him and drawing his tongue out. He moved his hand down to cup Draco’s arse, pulling him as close as he could get. Draco moaned

and bucked into Harry.

Neither one expected the shock of the cold water that poured over them. They broke apart, gasping as Bill stood there, grinning widely.

“Just figured you two needed to cool down,” he offered by way of explanation. He put the now empty cooler down, turned, and walked inside the lobby.

Draco flushed slightly, and grabbed his towel to wipe his face off. He glanced at Harry and started to follow everyone inside. Harry grabbed his hand, lacing their fingers together as they walked into the billiard room.

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Hours later, a very tired Draco walked to the stairs leading up to his flat.

“Have a good time?” Harry asked, walking beside him.

“Yeah, I did.” Draco smiled, pausing at the bottom of the stairs. Harry opened his arms, and Draco snuggled into them. He rubbed his face against the firm chest.

“If you had told me,” he said, lifting his face, “that I’d be in your arms, even a week ago, I’d have said you needed medical help. I just can’t believe this.”

“Hormones go pretty far, huh?” Harry asked, chuckling. He kissed Draco, slowly and leisurely.

“I need to go to bed,” Draco said, pulling away reluctantly. He placed one last lingering kiss on Harry’s lips and started up the stairs. Harry watched him go, a soft grin on his face.

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Harry sighed in contentment as he eased his aching body into the warm waters of the hot tub. It was another perk of living here. Marissa knew how physical dancing really was, and she also knew she made an easy living off the dancers, so she took care of them.

He rested against the side, stretching out, and lying back, his eyes closed. Harry didn’t just dance; he also took martial arts classes as a way to keep himself toned and flexible. He’d just come from a particularly punishing class, and it seemed every muscle ached. Luckily, it was midmorning, and the place was deserted. Hell, most the dancers weren’t even awake yet.

“Want some company, or should I go?” Draco asked. He stood beside the hot tub, towel in his hands.

“You’re always welcome,” Harry said with a grin.

Draco grinned back and dropped the towel off to the side, climbing gingerly into the hot tub. He moved over to Harry, motioning him to lean and scoot forward. Harry complied, and Draco settled behind him. Draco gently, but firmly, rubbed Harry’s back, easing tensed muscles.

Harry groaned and pushed into the touches, sighing when the knots slowly disappeared.

“Feel better?” Draco asked, as he worked the last knot out.

“Mmmmm,” Harry said, completely languid now. He had absolutely no desire to move at this point. He felt Draco shift from behind him, and allowed his head to be placed against the pillowed edge of the hot tub. He took a deep breath and slowly let it out.

Suddenly he felt a hot, moist mouth wrap around his cock. His eyes shot open as he quickly hardened, and he instinctively pushed up into the sensation. Draco’s head bobbed, completely underwater, working Harry. Harry threw his head back again, this time gasping, as Draco deep throated him and hummed. He started bucking into Draco’s mouth, the suction causing shivers to run up his spine.

Draco continued to work Harry, running his tongue up and down the shaft, pulling the foreskin back to explore the slit. Harry started to get worried that Draco had been underwater all this time, but when he felt a finger slip inside him and stroke his prostate, he promptly forgot how to think, and bucked up violently, gripping the sides of the hot tub in a death grip as he struggled not to scream out his orgasm.

Finally, Draco surfaced, licking his lips, grinning widely.

“How?” Harry asked, breathing in short gasps.

“Gillyweed,” Draco said, beaming.

“Gimme.” Harry held out his hand as Draco reached under the towel and pulled the Gillyweed out. He smiled and leaned back against the side of the tub as Harry swallowed it, then dove underwater.

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Chapter 7: Chocolate Does a Body Good!

Draco sat across from Harry in the hot tub, blissfully sated. He had Harry’s feet in his lap and he was rubbing them and stroking Harry’s legs. Harry lay with his head back, eyes closed.

“Warning guys, you got some incoming!” Bill’s voice sounded from around the corner.

“We’re decent,” Harry replied. “Well, as least as decent as we ever get,” he amended.

Bill walked into the hut that surrounded the hot tub. He dropped his towel on the platform and climbed in, groaning in pleasure as the heat hit his skin.

“Hard day?” Harry asked.

“I was helping reset the sound system at the club,” Bill said. “It got me out of dancing tonight, which suits me just fine.”

“Why? What’s different about tonight?” Draco asked.

“I have a date!” Bill grinned. “I met her in London a couple of weeks ago, and gave her my number. She finally ringed. We’re supposed to meet tonight for drinks.”

“Are you going to bring her by the club?” Harry asked.

“I don’t know,” Bill answered. “I don’t want to scare her off. Or have her see something else she likes better.” Harry and Draco laughed with Bill.

“Hope your date is the best, Bill,” Draco said, standing up and climbing out of the tub. He shot a meaningful look at Harry, pleased when he climbed out too. They both pulled their shorts on and walked away from the tub.

“What’s up?” Harry asked.

“I need to go shopping today,” Draco explained. “I picked up my pay check, and I have absolutely no food. I also have no idea how to shop like a Muggle,” he added ruefully.

“And no ride, since you destroyed your car.”

“Sure, bring that up,” Draco said, rolling his eyes.

“Right then. You go change, and I’ll meet you back here, ok?”

“Ok.” Draco cupped Harry’s cheek in his hand, kissing him lightly on the lips. He walked up the stairs to his flat, entering it and moving to the bedroom to change.

Five minutes later, he was sitting on the bottom step, waiting for Harry.

“Well, look who’s here,” Sam said. He walked toward Draco, an unfamiliar man trailing behind him.

“This is Seth. He’s one of the dancers you haven’t met yet,” Sam said, by way of introduction. He turned to face Seth. “This is Drake, Harry’s new toy,” he said, snidely.

“Excuse me?” Draco stood, and turned the Malfoy stare on Sam.

Sam’s eyes widened and he took a step back as Draco glared at him. The sudden menace in the soft voice startled him.

“Let us get one thing clear, Sam; I am no one’s ‘toy’. And if you ever talk about me in that manner again, either in front of me, or behind my back, I will personally hand you your balls on a silver platter.”

“Well, that’s a threat I haven’t heard before,” Harry said, stepping up to the trio. “You’ve gotten creative in your old age,” he teased.

“It helps to have the father I have. Are we going?” Draco turned his gaze from Sam to Harry, his eyes still shining with anger.

“What did he say, Drake?” Harry asked softly.

“It doesn’t matter.” Draco glowered at Sam. Sam glanced from Harry to Draco and swept past them, headed up the stairs for his flat.

“He called Drake your ‘toy’,” Seth explained. “I’m sorry, Drake. He’s incredibly jealous. All he talked about on the way over here was you two.”

“It’s ok, Seth. Are you going to his flat?”

“Yeah, we were going to fool around and hang out.”

“Give him a message, ok? Tell him to back off or he’s out. We all know the rules of the club.”

“I will. He’ll think its favouritism.”

“He can think what he wants.” Harry started for the parking lot, Draco following. They climbed into Harry’s car in silence, and pulled out.

Draco stared out the window, still angered over Sam’s comment.

“Are you going to tell me why you got so mad? Besides the obvious, I mean.”

Draco sighed. “Find us a place to eat, and I’ll tell you.”

Harry nodded and pulled off the main road into the parking lot of a small restaurant. They went inside, and were seated in a booth against the wall. There was only one other person in the

restaurant, a man sitting across the room from them.

“Why did you get so upset, Draco?” Harry asked again.

“I don’t belong to anyone,” Draco said with quiet conviction. “It’s a sore nerve because of what my father went through. Almost everyone believes that he was with the Dark Lord by choice, and he did choose to serve him. The other choice given to him was losing Mother and me.”

Harry slipped his hand across the table and took Draco’s hand in his own, soothingly stroking him. Draco smiled weakly at him.

“Voldemort, back when he first climbed to power, went straight for my father. He gave him the choice then, serve him, or watch us die. Father didn’t feel he had any choice at all. He felt if he went to anyone, we would be killed, and in fact, that is what was threatened. And it is not in a Malfoy’s nature to ask for help.”

“He did what he was told. Voldemort owned him, Harry. I watched my father bow, scrape, and hit his knees for that sick thing, all to keep my mother and me safe and free from him.” Draco paused for a second. “When he landed in prison, I was so mad at you, but you freed him. Someone else stepped forward and took his place as Voldemort’s favourite. I’m not sure why he was freed from Azkaban. He never would tell me. All I know is, I vowed I would never belong to anyone the way my father belonged to Voldemort.”

“I know I overreacted back there,” Draco continued. He played with his glass of wine with his free hand, avoiding Harry’s eyes. “I just... I know Sam can’t know about my past, but that remark still stung.”

“It’s ok, Draco. Sam was out of line. He’ll back off, or he’ll go.”

“I don’t want to cause problems,” Draco protested.

“You never had an issue causing problems in school,” Harry teased. “Really, he’s expecting me to do something. The rules of the club are you don’t pick fights, and you treat everyone with respect. Tony and I make sure the rules are followed.” Harry met Draco’s eyes. “No one else knows this, but I actually own the club. I just had no head for business, and didn’t want to be the one in the public eye as the owner, so I recruited Tony. He’s teaching me to run the business.”

“Wow, I’m sleeping with the boss. What a way to get to the top!” Draco said, grinning and laughing with Harry.

Across the room, the man watched the two laughing, too far away to hear the actual conversation. He couldn’t see who the black haired man was, but he did recognize Draco Malfoy. Silently, he thanked whatever gods had contributed to his pulling over to eat here. He was only passing through this suburb on his way to London to search for the missing Malfoy heir, and providence dropped Malfoy into his lap!

He paid his bill and slipped out of the restaurant. The parking lot had only two cars, one was his, and the other must belong to the two men. He tagged the vehicle with a locator spell, and took off in his car, speeding towards London. He'd stop there, then Apparate to the village at the base of Malfoy Manor.

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“Wow, Harry, look,” Draco said, waving a cucumber at Harry. “I didn’t know these came in your size.” He laughed as Harry blushed and yanked the cucumber away from him.

“Are you going to behave?” Harry asked. He smiled apologetically to the woman who had been standing next to Draco. She shot them both an irritated look and quickly walked away.

“Where’s the fun in that?” Draco continued down the produce aisle. “Are you going to show me what to do with all this?” he asked as he threw some lettuce in the trolley.

“I have some ideas,” Harry replied, glancing obviously at the cucumber.

“Gods, Harry, you need help,” Draco said, laughing again. They rounded the corner and started up the next aisle. “Oh, biscuits!” Draco took off, searching out his favourite flavour, causing Harry to laugh.

Before long, the trolley was full and they were standing in line to pay. Draco glanced around, bored. In his opinion, it was much easier when the food just appeared, on time, served by proper servants.

“Drake, did you throw this in the trolley?” Harry asked, holding up a box of ice cream sandwiches.

“Uh, no. I don’t know how those got there.” Draco tried to keep a straight face.

“I told you that you had enough sugary stuff in there already,” Harry warned, but he put the ice cream on the conveyor belt anyway.

“I didn’t want them for the sugar,” Draco complained.

“Then why?” Harry asked, continuing to put their purchases on the belt.

“I want to lick the ice cream off your body,” Draco replied in a matter-of-fact voice. He grinned at Harry’s shocked face, as the people in front of them and behind them stared at them with stunned expressions.

“Any objections?” He cocked his head to the side.

“Huh.” Harry tried to dismiss the images that came to mind.

“No, I don’t think so.” Harry finished unloading the cart. “Tell me, were you always so ‘exuberant’ in shops, or is this something new?”

“I’ve never been in a shop like this. And I’ve never been in any shop with a guy I wanted to jump every second of the day.”

He stopped speaking to smile, beaming at the clerk. She stared at them both, and started to ring up their order. She finished and gave Draco the total.

Draco pulled out the Muggle money and attempted to figure out how much to give her, finally giving up and allowing Harry to pay her. He wagged his fingers at the people behind them in a wave goodbye, before slipping his arm around Harry’s waist on the way out. They loaded the car with the bags of groceries and climbed in for the return trip.

“Dinner at my place tonight, Harry?” Draco asked. “You can give me that cooking lesson.”

“Sure,” Harry replied. “And dessert will be on me.” He joined Draco in the laughter.

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“How many days to your birthday?” Draco asked, licking a trail of chocolate ice cream off Harry’s chest.

“Four days,” Harry groaned, arching into the touch of Draco’s tongue. He gasped as Draco used his finger to spread another wavy path of ice cream across Harry’s chest before bending his tongue to taste it.

“Talk about foreplay,” Draco purred, popping the snap on Harry’s jeans and pulling them down.

“Draco, what are you doing?”

“Harry, dear, you’re not that slow,” Draco answered, pulling the jean shorts completely off and tossing them to the side.

He scooped more of the ice cream out of the sandwich and with a grin coated Harry’s erection before engulfing it with his mouth. Harry bucked off the bed at the sensation of cold, then hot, hit him.

Draco took his time, licking up the side, running his tongue around the tip, pulling the foreskin back to suck on the head. He dribbled more ice cream on, licking it off quickly. Harry moaned loudly, thrusting into Draco’s mouth.

Draco pulled Harry deep, humming. He used his slick finger to probe Harry, slipping it inside and searching. Finding Harry's spot, he added another finger and thrust in time with his mouth. Harry twisted on the bed, pushing back onto Draco's fingers and begging for release. Draco increased the pace and the suction, bringing him over the edge.

He licked his lips as he lifted his head, shifting to lie down on the bed next to Harry.

"Like that did you?" he asked.

"No, I hated it," Harry replied, sarcastically. "Give me that sandwich."

Draco laughed as Harry straddled him, dripping the melting ice cream onto Draco's chest. He coated Draco's nipples, licking them clean before dripping more ice cream on his chest to lick off.

He coated Draco's stomach with the ice cream, bending his head to lap it up. He moved lower, pulling Draco's shorts off and tossing them on top of his own. He grinned, smearing ice cream on his hands and wrapping his hands around Draco's shaft. Draco bucked up into the tight channel made by Harry's hands. Harry let him for a few moments before stilling his movements and bending his head to take Draco in his mouth.

He copied Draco's example, pushing into him as he sucked. Draco arched up as he came, panting in the aftermath.

Harry slipped off the bed and came back from the bathroom with a warm, wet washcloth in hand. He wiped the residual ice cream off Draco and himself, settling on the bed and pulling him in for a deep kiss.

"Come on, sugar, we need a shower before going in to work tonight."

"Um, you, water, and soap. Sounds good," Draco said, locking his arms around Harry's neck.

"Gods, Draco, you're going to make it difficult to hold out until my birthday." Harry bent his head for a kiss.

"Can't we lie to them?" Draco asked, in between kisses.

"I'm seriously considering it." Harry reluctantly got off the bed. "We've only got an hour to get ready and get in, Draco." He walked toward the shower.

"Last one in gets a cold shower!"

"Wait for me!" Draco hopped up and joined Harry in the bathroom.

Chapter 8: Dance For Me

Sam walked down the brightly lit hallway towards the manager's door. He didn't feel like being here tonight, watching Harry and Drake hang all over each other. He knew it was irrational to be jealous, but Harry seemed to have everything just land in his lap, and it galled.

He paused as he realized the door was ajar. He could hear voices inside, and he held his breath, listening.

"I'm telling you, Harry, if I had known that you were this damn rich when you came to me begging for a job, I'd have figured out a way to make you like short Italian men."

"Come off it, Tony. I'm just glad you decided to stay on as manager when I bought these damn clubs. I would've run them into the ground in days. No one would have blamed you for leaving."

"Well, you could have let me know. It was quite a shock to find the new mystery owner was sleeping on my couch and wearing second-hand clothes. Are these all the stocks you want taken care of for now?"

"Yeah. And the financials. I'm hoping I'll suddenly develop a head for this."

"No worries if you don't. I'll stay as long as you'll have me. It's not every employee who gets to boss the boss!"

"Right. There's still one other problem, Tony."

"Sam."

Sam lifted his head when he heard his name.

"I hope he straightens out, Tony, but if he pulls that shite with Drake one more time..."

"Are you being objective about this Harry?"

"As objective as I can be. He had no reason to be so rude. I wish I knew where the jealousy was coming from."

"Ask him. He's been warned; that will have to do. He's a good dancer, Harry."

“He’s an awesome dancer, and a good man. I like him, Tony. I just won’t put up with dissension. He starts again, I want it taken care of.”

“Right, boss.”

Sam quickly slipped away, his thoughts swirling around. Harry owned the club? That explained a lot, actually. It had always seemed as if Tony favoured him, now Sam knew why. And Harry had said he was an awesome dancer. Sam grinned at that. But he knew he also had to back off on the Drake thing.

“So, do I need to stay? Are we switching shifts?” Jason asked, waiting impatiently.

“No, Tony was busy. Go on, Jason. Pick up your flavour of the night,” Sam said with a smile to take the sting out of the words.

“Good.” Jason smiled brightly and started dressing.

“Hello, Jason. Sam,” Draco said, deliberately keeping his voice light.

“Drake, I’m sorry about what I said earlier,” Sam said. Maybe he could make this right, and keep his job.

“Don’t worry about it,” Draco replied. After talking with Harry, he had decided not to make a big stink about Sam.

Draco moved to his assigned cubby and started to get ready for his set.

“Are you going to dance at the private party?” Sam asked.

“What private party?” Draco asked.

“The entire club has been rented for a night for a birthday party,” Harry said, walking into the group. He grinned at Draco and dropped a kiss on his lips. “It’s about a week after my birthday. Dancing is volunteer only, but you get an extra amount of pay to dance.”

“It will just be dancing, won’t it?” Draco asked.

“That’s all I’ll allow in my club,” Tony answered, joining the conversation. He glanced over the gathered dancers. “You can sign up in my office. Now get a move on. I’m not paying you to stand around!”

“Yes, sir,” Harry replied with a laugh, settling in his cubby on the side of Draco.

“Are you dancing, Harry?” Draco asked. He was slipping into his costume; one Harry said was a ‘police officer’. Muggles came up with the strangest things.

“At the party? Yes. Do you want to?”

“I think so. The extra money would be nice.” Draco stared at himself in the mirror. He had never had to worry about money before in his life. It was strange and frightening to have to worry about it now. He watched in the mirror as Harry circled his neck with his arms from behind, dropping his chin gently on Draco’s head.

“If you need anything, Drake, you only have to ask,” Harry said softly, his eyes meeting Draco’s in the mirror.

“I know,” Draco answered swallowing hard. “It’s just difficult, Harry. I’m not used to it. And I miss him. He may have been an arsehole to the entire world, but he loved me. I know he did.”

“You could contact him. We can go do it tomorrow.”

“No,” Draco said sadly, shaking his head slightly. “Once he’s laid down the law, it’s final. He doesn’t want to see me.” He took a shaky breath. “Now get off me, you prat, I need to finish getting ready.” He smiled at Harry in the mirror.

Harry kissed Draco’s head and moved away. He caught Sam’s eyes briefly and frowned as Sam’s gaze darted away.

“Drake, you’re up!” Mike’s voice shouted from the stage.

Draco stood and moved to the wings, readying himself to dance.

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The club was finally empty of patrons. Chairs rested on tables, and the last bits of cleaning up were almost completed. Draco sat on the stage, legs dangling over the side, waiting for Harry to finish with Tony. The other dancers were long gone. They had invited Harry and Draco to meet with them later at an all night restaurant.

Draco drummed his bare feet on the stage side, bored. He looked up as he heard a noise and saw Tony and Harry walking out of the bright hallway. Draco smiled at Harry, stilling his legs.

Both Tony and Harry stopped, staring at Draco. Instead of changing into street clothes, Draco had dressed in a dancing costume when he finished his last set, and he stood now, resplendent in the same cowboy outfit Harry had worn that first night. With a grin, he tipped his hat at Harry.

“Lock up, will you?” Tony said, shaking his head as he moved to the exit. He locked the doors behind him.

Harry barely registered Tony's departure. He slowly approached the stage. Draco backed up, moving to the centre. He waved his hand and music started, a low bass beat thumping.

Draco began to move, his eyes glued to Harry's. He gyrated and twisted, slowly running his hands down his body. The hat went first, flying out towards Harry and landing beside him.

Draco closed his eyes now, running his hands up and down his chest as he moved to the beat. He slipped the shirt open and off, letting it hang loose around his arms as he circled his nipples with his hands. He ran his fingers across his abdomen as he bucked his hips in time to the beat.

He slipped the shirt all the way off, tossing it towards the hat. He continued to stroke his chest, dancing closer to Harry, then backing off. Opening his eyes to once more capture Harry's gaze, he dipped his hands to his waistband, running his fingers around the edge.

Slowly, he pulled the Velcro fly open, pushing a hand down his stomach and into his pants. He ran his other hand up his chest and splayed his hand across his neck as he danced to the edge of the stage.

Using both hands, he pulled the tear away pants off, stroking himself through the g-string. He finished the dance, stilling his movements when the song ended.

Harry jumped onto the stage and savagely pulled Draco into a kiss, gripping his arse tightly and pulling him against his body.

"That was so amazingly erotic," he growled.

Draco put his arms around Harry's neck, lacing his hands in his hair. He kissed Harry again.

"I just thought I should audition for the boss," he said cheekily when they finally parted for air. "Do I get the job?"

"I think we need to take the audition to the next level. I want to see you perform in other ways," Harry said.

"Really." Draco bucked against Harry. "Will I need knee pads?"

"I swear I'm not going to last until my birthday," Harry groaned. "Come on, you insufferable git, let's get you dressed. It's late, and I have to be in early tomorrow."

"Damn." Draco turned and walked towards the dressing area.

"It's only a few days until my birthday, Draco." Harry joined him, watching hungrily as he dressed. "I'm going to be extremely busy until then, but I'm taking that day off. And coincidentally, you have that day off, too." He grinned.

"Good. Because if we don't shag soon, I'm going to start humping whatever comes within

range.”

Harry laughed at that. “I’m going to keep Sam away from you then.”

They walked out of the club. Harry turned to lock the doors; Draco stepped out into the parking lot.

“Ok, maybe I won’t be that bad. It is frustrating, though.” Draco lifted his face to the summer night moon.

“It’ll be worth it,” Harry said huskily, wrapping his arms around Draco. Draco turned in his arms and kissed him.

“It better be. You have some pretty spectacular rumours to live up to,” Draco threatened.

“I get the feeling we need to swap rumours,” Harry retorted. He unlocked Draco’s side then walked around to his side of the car.

“First food. Let’s meet the guys at the restaurant.”

“Food then sleep. Stay the night?”

“I thought we were going to wait?” Draco opened the car door and slid in.

“We are. I want to cuddle. I want to wake up with you in my arms. Is that ok?” Harry searched Draco’s face for any kind of hesitation.

“That sounds nice.” Draco smiled. He put his seatbelt on. “On to food, Jeeves!”

Harry laughed, starting the car up and pulling out of the parking lot.

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Chapter 9: Birthday Surprise

Draco carefully set the platter that he held on the kitchen table. He critically surveyed the setting. If there was one thing that a Malfoy knew, it was how to impress.

His living room was devoid of furniture; a soft blanket was spread out on the floor instead. A fire burned briskly in the fireplace, but, due to a spell, the flames put out no heat. A bottle of wine was chilling in a bucket of ice on the edge of the blanket, two glasses next to it. On his bar/island, Draco had an assortment of finger foods and fruit, and waiting on his kitchen table was a small cake. The food was from the store, but the cake he had made himself with a lot of

help from Marissa.

He dimmed the lights, letting the fireplace provide illumination. He looked up as he heard a knock at his door and moved to answer it.

“Prompt as always, Harry,” Draco commented, smiling softly. He stepped back to allow Harry access to his flat.

“Wow, all for me?” Harry asked. He grinned as he took in his surroundings. “Who knew Draco Malfoy was such a romantic?”

“There’s a lot you don’t know about me,” Draco said. He pulled a platter off the island and motioned for Harry to sit on the blanket. Harry complied, watching Draco move around the kitchen area.

Draco joined Harry, sitting near him and placing the platters within easy reach. He poured a glass of wine and handed it to Harry, pouring one for himself.

“So what else don’t I know about you?” Harry asked. He sipped his wine, watching Draco swirl the liquid in his glass.

“Um, let’s see. I never wanted to be enemies with you at school. Did you know that?”

“You sure hid it well. I was convinced you hated me.”

“No, I was jealous of you. There’s a difference.” Draco put his wine down and pulled his knees up to his chest. “To me, it seemed you had it all. You had friends and Dumbledore favoured you. Plus the whole fame thing. It was like you could do no wrong.”

“Draco, none of that was entirely true, or real.”

“I know, Harry. I have an idea of how hard it really was for you. I watched; I just never said anything. I think it was sixth year when I finally realized what the whole business with Voldemort was. It was a shock.”

“What do you mean?”

“Up until that year, I parroted my father. ‘The Dark Lord is great, he’ll rule it all’. I repeated without thinking; I thought the world began and ended with him. I thought he had the right idea, about purebloods and such.” Draco drew a deep breath, and took a sip of wine.

“After my father landed in prison, I began to see more of Voldemort than I wanted to. I had known he was cruel and heartless, but it’s something else to see it in action, and still another to be expected to participate.”

“What did he do, Draco?” Harry asked, his voice soft.

“There was a witch who defied him. She worked for the Ministry. I had seen her so many times, Harry, in our house, at functions. He tortured her. She looked in my eyes and begged for help, begged me to help her. And I didn’t.” Draco was staring into the fire now, his voice small. “I was too scared.”

“He scared everyone. I was terrified of him.” Harry moved closer to Draco. Draco caught his eyes for a moment before he stretched out on the floor, putting his head in Harry’s lap. Harry ran his fingers through Draco’s silky hair.

“Anyway,” Draco continued, pulling in another deep breath and resolutely pushing the memory away, “I realized that he was totally insane, and I wanted nothing to do with him. That’s why I quit fighting with you at school.”

“I wondered, but I was too busy with the coming battle to worry about much else.”

“What about you, Harry?” Draco twisted to look him in the eyes, lifting his head out of his lap. “Why did you leave the wizarding world?”

Harry looked into Draco’s silver eyes, then dropped his gaze.

“Ron.”

“Weasley? What did he do?” Draco settled back in Harry’s lap.

“Well, it wasn’t just him,” Harry replied. “After the final battle, I wanted to go somewhere and lick my wounds. I pulled away; I just wanted to be alone. Dumbledore was pushing me to continue the attack. He said there were other supporters of Voldemort, as dangerous as he was, and I still needed to fight.”

“And weren’t there Aurors to take care of the clean up?”

“The way Dumbledore went on, you’d think I was the only one who could do it.” Harry ran his hands through Draco’s hair again, calming himself, as well as Draco, with the motion. “I left, but stayed in touch. One day, Ron showed up on my doorstep. He took me out drinking and when I woke up, we were in bed together.”

“That’s just wrong on so many levels, Harry.”

“Tell me about it. He said I’d told him that I loved him, that I always had. I didn’t remember anything about the previous night. He spent most of the morning telling me how happy he was we were finally together. He convinced me to go back to Dumbledore. He told me they needed me; the fight was getting desperate. I returned and helped them fight, taking direction from Dumbledore, not the Ministry. Between him and Ron, my life wasn’t my own.”

“It was a lie, wasn’t it?”

“Everything was a lie. I came home one day to find Ron in bed with some Muggle girl he had picked up. We got into a horrid row. He told me he was only with me to keep me under Dumbledore’s control. He liked the fame, you see. How everyone knew his name, how they looked past his family’s poverty, how they treated him like a celebrity for being with me, and fighting beside me.”

“Damn.”

“I left then. I wanted peace, so I cast a spell, one driven by the pure need to be safe and hidden. I followed the pull until I got here. I haven’t contacted anyone since then. Of course I haven’t exactly been hiding, I’m still using my name, so I assume if anyone actually gave a damn, they could find me.”

“See, I give a damn. I found you.” Draco sat up and grinned.

“You’re only here due to your car breaking down. Your transmission fell out because you put it in reverse while going thirty, Draco,” Harry teased.

“Details, details. Hungry?”

Draco pulled a grape off the tray and offered it to Harry. He bent forward, taking the grape in his mouth and sucking on Draco’s finger in the process.

“Not for food, Draco.”

A flush spread over Draco’s skin. He stood and cleared up the untouched platters of food and put them back on the island. He turned back to face Harry.

“Come here, Draco,” Harry commanded.

Draco smiled, walking toward Harry and kneeling beside him. He brushed a light kiss on Harry’s lips, firmly pushing him onto his back and following him down, keeping contact with his lips.

He straddled Harry, resting just below his hips. He pulled on his shirt, tugging it out of the jeans. Harry lifted his upper body briefly to pull the shirt off, then laid back down, and pulled Draco’s head down to his for another kiss.

Draco broke the kiss, resting his forehead against Harry’s.

“Wait here,” he said, getting up. Harry propped himself up on his arms and waited, watching Draco walk out of the room and into the bedroom. He soon reappeared, two bottles of oil and a towel in his hands.

“Take your clothes off, Harry.” Draco toed off his shoes and popped the buttons on his jeans, sliding them off his hips.

“Why are we here and not the bedroom?” Harry asked, quickly complying with the order.

“The bet, remember?” Draco grinned wickedly. “My window is oh, slightly open, and if we are loud enough, they’ll have their evidence.”

“Ah, I see.”

“Flip over,” Draco ordered.

Harry again complied, lying on his stomach. Draco warmed the oil in his hands and knelt beside Harry. He started at Harry’s neck, stroking, rubbing, and moving his hands on warm skin. Harry moaned in delight as Draco slowly worked his way down the broad back.

He continued his downward path, lightly brushing his fingers over Harry’s opening. He moved past, massaging his legs, moving down to his feet.

“Draco do you know how good that feels?” Harry asked, gasping as his muscles were kneaded.

“I have an idea. Turn over.”

Harry obeyed, flipping over on his back. Draco worked his way up Harry’s legs, always keeping skin-to-skin contact. Harry gave a small cry of protest when he stopped, standing and moving to the kitchen to wash his hands.

“Draco?”

“Just switching to the other oil,” Draco explained, returning to Harry’s side.

Harry raised an eyebrow, but said nothing as Draco opened the second bottle. He grinned as the smell of peppermint reached his nose, and watched Draco spread the thick oil on his hands.

Draco smiled at Harry. He stroked Harry’s chest, circling his nipples with his oil-coated hands. He bent his head, slowly licking the oil off.

“Draco,” Harry groaned. He arched into the burning touch.

Draco licked Harry’s nipples clean, nipping them, then soothing the nips with licks, sucking on them until they hardened. He kissed his way south, giving little nips as he did. He paused at Harry’s hipbone, stroking him lightly with his hands, spreading the oil before licking it clean.

He paused to recoat his hands, then grasped Harry’s erection. With agonizingly slow movements, he pumped his hands. He moved one hand down to cup his sac, then moved lower with a slick finger.

Bending his head, he took Harry in his mouth, plunging his finger in at the same time. Harry

bucked up, swallowing a shout.

“Make as much noise as you want, Harry,” Draco said, pausing in his ministrations.

“Don’t stop, damn it,” Harry growled. Draco grinned and went down on Harry again. Harry quit trying to be quiet.

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Bill sat at the edge of the pool, dangling his feet in the water and telling Andrew and Max about his date. The quiet night air was suddenly filled with moans and shouts, and all three looked up to the second story in astonishment.

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“Gods, yes, harder!” Harry urged Draco on, pushing back against him as much as he could. He was on his hands and knees, rocking back every time Draco thrust into him.

Draco drove into Harry, hands on his hips. He was holding off as long as he could, trying to wait for Harry to come first.

“Touch yourself, Harry,” he ordered, slowing his pace. He pulled almost all the way out, then slammed back in.

“Please, faster,” Harry begged. He tilted his upper body down, resting his head on his arm, so he could reach with his other hand to grasp his erection. Draco kept up the slow pace and Harry matched it, pumping his cock in time to the thrusts.

Draco quickened his pace, and Harry did too. Finally, Harry stiffened, bowing his back as he came, sucking in deep breaths. Draco continued to thrust, Harry’s contractions sending him over the edge as well. Both men collapsed, avoiding the wet spot on the blanket.

“Gods, that was wonderful,” Draco said, pressed against Harry’s back.

“I never want to move again,” Harry replied.

“You have to move.” Draco said.

“Why is that?”

“I made you a cake.” Draco grinned. “Just think of the things we can do with frosting.”

“You and food. Is there something I should know about?” Harry asked with a grin.

Draco laughed, rolling over on top of Harry. He bent down and kissed Harry lightly.

“Happy birthday, Harry,” he said.

Harry grinned in response and pulled Draco in for another kiss.

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Chapter 10: Daddy Dearest

“Harry?” Draco called, knocking on the office door.

“Come in, it’s open.”

Harry was sitting at the desk, neat piles of papers in front of him, and he had a pen and pad in hand. He smiled in welcome, but did not get up.

“What are you doing?” Draco asked, dropping into a chair.

“Attempting to figure this stuff out. I’m trying desperately to work out the budget right now.”

“Looks like an awful lot of paper.”

“It is,” Harry said, sighing. He rubbed the back of his head, then his temples. He already had a headache, and it was threatening to get worse.

Draco stood and walked behind him, running his hand up Harry’s arm, across his shoulder, before settling on his neck. He started to work out the kinks in his shoulders and neck, then moved his hands up to his head, massaging his scalp.

“Where the hell did you learn that, Draco?” Harry asked. He sighed with pleasure.

“From a tutor. He was brilliant, and not bad in bed either. Did you get your cut from the betting?”

“Yeah, Andrew gave it to me the other day. And he said to tell you ‘thanks’,” Harry said with a grin.

“Glad I could make everyone happy,” Draco replied.

Harry swivelled the office chair around and pulled Draco into his lap.

“You make me happy,” he said, cupping Draco’s cheeks in his hands and kissing him. He pulled away when he heard another knock at the door. Draco jumped out of his lap and stood next to the desk.

“I hope I’m not interrupting anything,” Tony said, walking into the office. “Figured it out yet, Harry?”

“No, not even close. I get the figures, Tony, but understanding the laws, and the taxes, that’s got me boggled.”

“The private party is here. It’s time for you two to strut your stuff.” Tony grinned. “I’ll go over this with you tomorrow, ok?”

“Sounds good,” Harry replied, standing. “Let’s go, handsome,” he said to Draco, leading him out of the office.

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Lucius tapped his fingers impatiently as the limo made its way down the street. A wizard had shown up on his doorstep a week ago, claiming to have found Draco. Lucius demanded an address, and after a few days, the wizard came up with one. Lucius was now on his way to that address.

The limo pulled up in front of a white two-storied building. The driver pulled off on the side of the road next to the gate. Lucius directed him to stay there and exited the car. He frowned distastefully at the obviously Muggle building. There was a door marked ‘office’, and he headed for that, opening the door and stepping inside.

“May I help you?” Marissa asked, smiling at the wet dream that had just walked in her door, and thinking she was glad she was working late tonight. She gave a start when he took off his dark glasses. His eyes were as silver as Drake’s, his hair as blond. She took stock of his facial features, put two and two together, and came up with ‘dad’.

Lucius smiled winningly at the woman, turning on the Malfoy charm.

“I am looking for my son,” he began.

“Drake, right?” Marissa asked.

Lucius raised an eyebrow at the familiar nickname. “Yes.”

“He’s not here. I’ll tell him you stopped by though.” Marissa smiled brightly at him.

“It is imperative that I speak to him,” Lucius pressed. “He does live here, does he not?”

“Maybe.” Her smile never wavered. “Either way, he’s not here. Shall I take your number?”

“No, thank you, that won’t be necessary.”

Lucius turned and left the office. Marissa waited until he cleared the door before picking up the phone and ringing the club.

Lucius let out a deep breath in frustration. At least the infuriating woman had admitted knowing Draco. Perhaps if he just waited here for his son, he might catch him when he came back to this place.

“Are you related to Drake? ‘Cause you look just like him. I mean an older him, of course.”

Lucius looked up to see a young Muggle staring at him.

“Uh, so are you?”

“Yes, I am. And I am looking for him. Do you know where he is?” Lucius asked.

“Yeah, I work with him.” Sam smiled. “I could take you there. You know, show you where he is. He’s at work, I mean.”

Lucius contemplated the Muggle in front of him. Obviously, inbreeding was not a dead sport, if this one was anything to judge by. He sighed, resigning himself to the fact that this imbecile was his only viable link to his son.

“Show me to him,” he said, motioning to the limo.

“Cool.” Sam climbed in the luxurious vehicle, grinning. Now he could finally do something right when it came to Harry and Drake. He waited until Drake’s father settled, then gave directions to the driver.

“Gods, that was wild,” Draco said. He and the other dancers were helping to clean up the club. The party had gotten slightly out of hand, and Tony had politely and firmly suggested the women take it elsewhere.

“You said it. I don’t think Tony will let anyone rent the club again for a while. Though she did pay a lot for the privilege.” Bill picked up a chair and put it upside down on the table, motioning to Draco to do the same.

“What was that drink they did?” Draco asked.

“The birthday blowjob?” Bill asked with a grin. “Of course on a woman it’s a muff diver.”

“It’s bloody hard to drink that,” Andrew chimed in. “It’s too damn sweet, and the glass is hard to lift.”

“No, it isn’t,” Max said. “You just have a problem keeping suction on the glass.”

“I say it’s difficult,” Andrew argued.

“How much you willing to bet on that someone who’s never done it can drink it with no problems?” Max countered.

“Everyone here has tried the drink, Max.”

“Not everyone. Drake, you’ve never done it. You try it, and see if you can do it.”

“I don’t know,” Draco said.

“I’d love to see you down the drink,” Harry said. He smiled at Draco, getting a smile in return.

Draco glanced around at the grinning faces surrounding him. “Ok, ok, I’ll try. But I want a cut if I succeed.”

“Great, I’ll fix it!” Andrew hopped behind the bar and came back a few minutes later with a shot glass filled with Kahlua and Irish Cream, and topped with whipped cream.

Max made a show of settling Harry in the chair, then he placed the drink on Harry’s lap. Harry spread his legs slightly to make room, and held the drink loosely with his hands.

“Ok, there you go! Have at it.” Max said. “No helping, Harry, he has to do it himself.”

Draco knelt between Harry’s legs and put his hands behind his back.

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Lucius stared at the building in front of him in horror. He could not even begin to conceive the thought that his son was in such an awful, pedestrian place.

“So, he’s probably still inside, there was a birthday party earlier,” Sam said. “I’ll just leave you to it, then, the door’s right there, and it probably isn’t locked.”

He glanced nervously at the imposing man. This guy freaked him out, and he wanted gone. He nodded, even though he had gotten no response, and took off around the building for the back entrance. Maybe he could catch a ride back with someone.

Lucius steeled himself and approached the front door. He opened it, walking past the foyer into the bar proper. What he saw caused him to stop in total shock.

A dark haired man sat in a chair, his back to Lucius, surrounded by a semi circle of half naked men. His son, naked at least from the waist up, knelt in front of the man in a submissive position, his hands clasped behind his back. His head was buried in the dark man’s crotch.

Speechless, Lucius watched Draco throw his head back, eyes closed, a glass held firmly in his lips as he quickly swallowed the contents of the glass. He dropped his head back to a normal position, opening his eyes.

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Draco bent his head, taking the glass in his mouth. He could feel Harry’s hands shift from the glass to his shoulder, caressing him. He sucked as hard as he could on the glass and threw his head back, swallowing the sweet drink quickly. He lowered his head, dropping the glass to Harry’s lap with a triumphant grin, and opened his eyes.

“Oh shite!” Draco scrambled to his feet, not believing his eyes. The other dancers noticed the man standing there for the first time. Draco stood there, beyond speech, and stared at his father. He closed his eyes in pain when his father turned on his heel and walked out.

“What?” Harry asked, standing up. Draco pushed past him, running out the front door.

“Hey, Harry, there was a message for Drake on the phone from Marissa,” Tony said, coming out into the bar. “Something about his father stopping by the complex?”

“Yeah, he did.” Sam joined the group. “I rode with him here so he could see Drake.”

“You did what?” Harry rounded on Sam.

“I was just trying to help,” Sam said, hastily. “I mean, to make up for being a jerk to Drake. Did I do something wrong?”

“I don’t know,” Harry said, staring at the front door. “I don’t know.”

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Draco hugged himself as he stood close to his father. Lucius was turned away from him, and was staring into the night sky.

“Father?” Draco asked softly. He waited a moment, but when he got no response, he turned to walk away.

“Draco, I would not lose you again.” Lucius said. He drew deep breaths, attempting to calm down. “But I cannot reconcile *this*,” he spat out.

“What was I supposed to do, Father?” Draco asked. “You told me to leave. Everywhere I went it was the same thing; there was one reason I had to move on. My name. *Your name*. No one in the wizarding world would help me for fear of you, or from hate of the Malfoy name.” Draco drew a shuddering breath.

“The car I had broke down here; I had no money, no skills. After all, it isn’t seemly that a Malfoy learn manual labour. I had no where to go.”

“But *this*,” Lucius turned to face Draco, eyes burning with anger and disgust. “This is beyond the pale, Draco. This is disgracing your family name.”

“I’m good at it, Father. I like dancing. Those people in there, they are my friends. They don’t judge me by what I’m named, they like me for who I am. That’s never happened before. I’m living on my own, you know that? I have a flat, and I’m doing ok.”

“You are a *Malfoy*.”

“No, I’m Draco.” Draco looked sadly at his father. “You aren’t ever going to understand that are you?” He again turned to walk away.

“Draco, please.” Lucius couldn’t let him go, not again. “I’m sorry. I am just having a hard time accepting all this. And to walk in on you, kneeling in front of that man like that...” Lucius closed his eyes for a moment, pushing away unpleasant memories.

“There’s a difference, Father. I willingly went to my knees, and I would again for that man. It was just a drink. A Muggle bar trick.”

Lucius nodded, although he still did not understand. “Will you come home?”

“I am home, Father,” Draco said.

“Then will you come for dinner? Your mother misses you. I miss you.”

“I’m off tomorrow night. I could come then.” Draco smiled at his father.

“Very well, I’ll tell her to expect you promptly at five.” He glanced sharply Draco. “Could we please not tell your mother what it is that you’ve been doing?”

“Sure,” Draco said, hiding his grin.

Lucius sighed with relief and opened the door to the limo. He paused before getting in.

“Are you dating anyone?”

“Yes,” Draco said cautiously.

Lucius lifted his chin slightly, holding his son’s gaze. “I would like it if you brought him to dinner, too. It would be nice to meet the man my son finds worthy enough to date.”

Draco let his grin break out. “Of course. See you tomorrow, Father.”

Lucius smiled tightly, then slipped into the limo. Draco stood in the parking lot and watched it drive off.

He turned and walked back inside the club. The main dance floor and stage were empty, and he could hear voices coming from the dressing area, so he followed the sounds.

Harry stood up straight, pulling away from the table he had been slouching against. Draco met his eyes with a soft smile. He moved to his table and sat down to finish getting dressed.

“Is everything ok?” Harry asked, worry in his eyes and voice.

“Yeah, I think so. He invited me to dinner tomorrow.”

“You’re going to go?”

“Why wouldn’t I?” Draco shot Harry a sharp look. He finished tying his trainers and stood to pull on a shirt. “He invited you, too.”

“Oh.” Harry said flatly.

“Oh?” Draco asked. He faced Harry. “What do you mean, *oh*?”

Harry took a deep breath. “I don’t think that’s a good idea, Drake,” he said.

“And why not?” Harry winced slightly at the ice in Draco’s voice.

“This is your father we’re talking about, Drake. Not exactly my biggest fan. Not to mention he’s not someone I’d normally want to be around. I mean really, can you imagine me walking into Malfoy Manor?”

“Can you imagine me having to walk out of it?” Draco countered. “He’s my father, Harry. He’s not the same man he once was, he’s changed. I’ve changed.”

“Yeah, but…”

“But what, *Potter*?”

“Don’t do that!” Harry said angrily.

“Do what?”

“Say my name like that. Calling me ‘Potter’. Like you did in school, like you still hate me.”

“Really? And what should I call you? Because you sure aren’t acting like the Harry I’ve come to care about.”

“Just because I don’t want to go to dinner with your father?”

“Do you even care about me? At all?”

“Yes, I do.” Harry bit his lip. “What if someone saw me there, Drake? I’m not sure I could deal with that.”

Understanding dawned on Draco and he got even madder, if that was possible. He snorted contemptuously.

“Too good to be seen with a Malfoy, Potter?”

“It’s not like that.”

“Did you ever tell anyone about Blaise?”

“What?” Harry frowned at the sudden shift in the argument.

“Blaise, Potter, remember? The snake you shagged all of seventh year? My dorm mate? Did you ever tell your lion friends about him?”

“No,” Harry answered, glaring at Draco.

“If Granger walked in here right now would you tell her we fucked? What if it was Longbottom? Or one of those redheaded Weasels?”

Harry’s glare intensified at the insulting term to the Weasleys, but he didn’t answer.

“Won’t tell a lie, will you? Perfect Potter to the end.” Draco stared stonily at Harry. “You know, I think my father was right. This is not the place for a Malfoy. He’ll be pleased that I’m no longer disgracing the family name.” He stepped around Harry.

“Drake!” Harry turned and reached out a hand to Draco. Draco ignored him, and continued to walk out of his life.

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Chapter 11: Awww!

Harry stood frozen, staring at Draco’s rapidly retreating back. Suddenly he felt a smack across the back of his head.

“Go after him, you prat!” Bill said, glaring at Harry.

“Tony, get everyone out of here,” Harry ordered. He started after Draco.

“Will there be a club when I get here tomorrow?” Tony asked

“If not, I’ll buy you a new one,” Harry shot over his back.

He walked onto the main bar floor just in time to see Draco at the front doors, his hand on the handle.

“Don’t walk out that door, Draco. You aren’t leaving.”

“And who’s going to stop me? You?” Draco turned.

Harry walked to one of the tables, swinging two chairs down. He gestured to one of them.

“Please, Draco. Please?”

Draco stared at Harry. He glanced between the door and Harry, obviously deciding. He walked slowly forward and sat down, crossing his arms. Harry sat next to him.

“I know I’m hurting you, Draco. I don’t want to do that. I don’t want this to end before it’s even begun.”

“What am I supposed to do, Harry? I would have thought that you of all people would understand.” Draco ran a hand through his hair, flipping it back from his eyes. “I love my father. And I’m falling in love with you. You’re asking me to make a choice.”

“No, I’m not, I didn’t mean that,” Harry said hastily. “When I left the wizarding world, it was to escape the fame and attention. The thought of going back into all that media makes me nauseous. I couldn’t go to the bathroom without someone snapping my picture!”

“So you’re worried about someone finding out.” Draco’s voice was still cold.

“No, I don’t give a damn who knows. Look, I didn’t tell anyone about Blaise because I was selfish, not ashamed.”

Draco frowned in puzzlement. “What is that supposed to mean?”

“Everything else in my life was an open book, then and later. Everyone knew what I ate, how I slept, fuck, they probably knew when I wanked off. But with Blaise, I wanted that to be mine. Just mine. So I asked him if it bothered him that we didn’t tell anyone. Hermione was the only one who knew. Tell me, Draco, did he ever once complain that we weren’t public knowledge?”

“No, he didn’t.”

“And the reason why I wouldn’t tell anyone now? I’m not speaking to any of them, Draco. I wouldn’t give them the time of day now, much less share important aspects of my life.”

“Weasley I understand, but Granger?”

“She backed Ron, Draco. She said I was shirking my responsibilities to the wizarding world by wanting peace and quiet. She’s changed since she graduated. She was always a by the book witch, but she went completely rigid. Hell, she made McGonagall look weak willed.”

“Harry…”

Harry slid of his chair and knelt on the floor in front of Draco. He took Draco’s hands in his and kissed his wrists, smiling slightly when he heard Draco’s breath catch.

“I want you. I need you. I’m falling for you. Draco, please. Don’t let the fact that I’m a coward hurt us.”

“You’re not a coward,” Draco said softly.

“Yes, I am. I’d rather face a thousand Voldemorts than one Rita Skeeter,” Harry replied. “I’m terrified that you’re going to walk out that door, and I’m going to lose the best thing that has ever happened to me.”

Draco stared into pleading green eyes. He freed one hand, bringing it up to cup Harry’s face and bending forward to kiss him. Harry half rose, meeting him in the kiss. They broke apart.

“This is important to you, so if you still want me to, if you’ll still have me, I’ll go to dinner with you.” Harry held Draco’s gaze. “I’ll even behave, but please, don’t leave. Don’t walk out on me.”

“Let’s go home, Harry,” Draco said, standing and pulling him up. He stepped into Harry’s arms, pulling his head down for a kiss. Applause sounded from the stage wings.

Harry turned to glare at the dancers standing there, shouting and catcalling.

“Tony, I thought I told you to get them out of here,” Harry shouted. He knew they hadn’t heard any of the conversation, they were too far away, but it was irritating that they had watched it all. Damn, but he hated it when people invaded his privacy.

“Sorry, Harry,” Tony said, not the least bit apologetic. “It was better than the soaps!”

“Take me home, Harry,” Draco said, tugging on his hand and heading for the door.

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Harry opened his door, pushing Draco against the door as he shut it. He kissed him, pressing their bodies together and reaching behind his lover to turn the lock. Draco moaned, bucking his body into Harry’s, tugging his shirt out of his trousers.

Harry pulled away, toeing his shoes off and popping his jeans open. He turned and walked to his bedroom, dropping clothes along the way, looking over his shoulder to see Draco following suit.

Harry pulled Draco to him as they stumbled together to the bed, clothing gone now. He stroked his neck and shoulders, bending and placing lips and teeth to his skin. Hands on Draco’s hips, he sank down on his knees, kissing the skin on the way. He stroked Draco’s erection, rolling his eyes up to catch the heated silver gaze.

Bending his head, he ran his tongue slowly up the hard length, circling the head and licking the precome off the tip. Draco groaned and gripped Harry’s hair, bucking slightly. Harry continued

his slow torture, never fully taking him in, keeping his touches to teasing licks and strokes.

“Harry,” Draco whimpered. “Please.”

“Your wish is my command,” Harry answered, pulling him in deep.

His head bobbed as he sucked, gripping Draco’s thighs. Draco shoved hard into that hot tight mouth, using his hands to hold Harry’s head still and Harry relaxed, letting him do what he wanted. Too soon, Draco’s body arched over Harry’s as he released into his mouth. Harry accepted it all, not letting him go until he was done.

Draco collapsed on the bed. Harry joined him, shifting him so they could lie side by side. He stroked pale skin, revelling in the silky softness.

“I’m sorry I hurt you,” Harry said softly. He continued to run his hands over Draco’s chest and stomach.

“Harry,” Draco rolled onto his side, kissing Harry. “We somehow managed to let the past go; we can let this go.” He kissed Harry again, hungrier this time, thrusting his tongue into his eager mouth.

“I want you in me, Harry.”

Harry urged Draco onto his stomach, running his hands down his back. He reached for the lube by the bedside, and slowly prepared and stretched him before coating his own erection and gently pushing inside.

Draco rocked up on his knees, pushing back against his lover, grinding his hips as he did so. Harry gasped and began to pound into him, gripping his hips hard. Draco met him thrust for thrust.

Harry reached for Draco’s renewed erection, using his slick hand to stroke him. He held on as long as he could, but the moans and begging went straight to his cock and he came, screaming Draco’s name. Draco followed, collapsing back on the bed as he gave in to his orgasm.

They lay side by side again, panting. Harry finally slipped out and cast a cleaning spell on them and the bed. He pulled the covers up over them, pulling Draco firmly into his embrace as they spooned.

“Thank you,” Draco said, quietly in the dark.

“For the sex?” Harry asked, teasing.

“No, for caring enough to stop me from leaving.”

“I don’t want to lose you, Draco,” Harry said, tightening his hold on Draco. “You mean too

much to me.”

Draco smiled and snuggled deeper into Harry’s arms.

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Harry frowned critically at himself. His black trousers were neat enough, and his forest green silk shirt clung to his chest, bringing out the green of his eyes. It was his damn hair that was giving him fits. He tried everything- spells, charms, even hair gel, but nothing was working, and his hair insisted on being just as messy as it always had been.

Draco grinned at him as he passed him in the bedroom. Harry was desperately trying to get his hair to behave. Finally, with a shout of triumph, he turned to Draco, his hair flat and plastered to his head. Draco shook his head, stepped up to him and pulled him in for a kiss. He pulled away, grinning mischievously, and ruffled Harry’s hair.

“Draco,” Harry groaned. He threw his hands up in the air in disgust.

“I like it messy,” Draco said. He sat on the bed and pulled his shoes on. He had dressed to match Harry, black trousers and silk shirt, but his was a deep indigo. He ran his hands through his hair as he stood.

“Ready?”

“No. Let’s go,” Harry said with a sigh.

They walked out of Harry’s flat, garnering catcalls and shouts from the pool. Harry rolled his eyes and Draco blew kisses at everyone.

Harry unlocked the car door for Draco and climbed in on his side, starting the car up. He drove a short distance down the road, pulling into a shopping centre. They got out, locked the car, and walked around the back of the building, disappearing into the summer night.

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Harry stood at the entrance to Malfoy Manor, Draco beside him. Draco smiled at him reassuringly, squeezing the hand he held. He opened the door, stepping into the foyer. A house-elf appeared, bowing to them both.

“Will sirs come this way, please?” the elf said, leading the way past the marbled entranceway.

Harry looked around in interest. The huge wooden doors opened up into a marble floor and alabaster walls. A sweeping staircase led up onto the second and third floors. They walked past the foyer into a drawing room. Lucius turned around, a smile on his face that quickly died when he saw who was standing in his house.

“Draco?” He frowned slightly.

“Father,” Draco said, nodding. His mother stepped forward and hugged Draco.

“Dear, I’m glad you’ve come.” She glanced at Harry.

“It is very nice to see you again, Mr. Potter,” she said, playing the perfect hostess. She offered her hand to Harry.

“It’s nice to see you too, Mrs. Malfoy. You haven’t changed a bit,” Harry replied with a smile, taking her hand and kissing the back before releasing it.

She returned the smile, pleased with the compliment.

“Shall we adjourn to the dining room?”

She gracefully walked from the room, leading the way. Harry followed her, but Draco stopped when his father restrained him with a gentle hand on his arm.

“Potter?” he asked in disbelief. “*Potter* is who you are dating?”

“Is there a problem with that?” Draco asked. He met his father’s gaze levelly, not backing down.

“I’m not sure.” Lucius turned from Draco, staring out his window. “Draco, this is all hard to adjust to. Your sexuality, the dancing, living a Muggle life, and now, now I find out you are dating Harry Potter. I would be lying to you if I said I was not bothered by this all.”

“Father, if you can’t accept this, you need to tell me now. I’m not going to stop seeing Harry because you won’t or can’t handle it.”

“I will try, Draco.” Lucius turned with a sigh. “But Harry Potter?” He shook his head in disbelief. He took a deep breath, and gathered himself, mask slipping firmly into place. He would, of course, play the good host.

Harry noticed that Draco and his father had not followed. He kept pace with Narcissa, flattering her shamelessly, teasing her and enjoying the faint blush on her cheeks. He had only met her once before, at the Quidditch World Cup, and she had seemed so stuck up and nasty then. Now, she had a twinkle in her eye as she flirted back with him. They both looked up as Lucius and Draco walked into the room.

“Shall we eat?” Narcissa asked, allowing Lucius to pull out her chair and sitting, waving everyone into their seats.

She raised an eyebrow at her husband and he nodded to the servants to begin serving the meal.

“So, Mr. Potter,” she began.

“Harry. Call me Harry.” He smiled at her.

“Very well, Harry,” she said, smiling in return. “What exactly do you do now? We haven’t heard of you since you left the Aurors.”

“I own my own business, sort of a tavern,” Harry replied. He darted a quick glance at Draco.

“Oh, how nice. Is that how you renewed your acquaintance with Draco?”

“Yes, he works there. You could say he’s really the star attraction,” Harry said, grinning. He felt Draco kick him under the table.

“Really? I have worried about you, Draco.”

“I’m fine, Mother.” Draco shot a warning glance at Harry. “I’m enjoying being on my own.”

“I had hoped that you would come home,” Narcissa said, a slight frown creasing her face. “You are, after all, our only heir.”

“And so I have to do my duty? Take my place at your side? Produce an heir of my own?” Draco asked in a hard voice.

“Draco, I didn’t mean it like that,” Narcissa replied gently. “I only want what is best for you. I want you to be happy.”

“You have a responsibility to your family, Draco.” Lucius said. “Whether or not it pleases you, there is a duty to continue the line.”

“I can’t believe this.” Draco put his fork down, and started to stand. Harry placed a hand on his arm, and he sank back in his seat.

“Draco?” Harry turned to face Draco’s parents. He took a deep breath. “I know this is a shock for you two. But Draco and I are serious about this, and about each other. And who knows, if this goes where I hope it will, you will have the continuation of your line.”

Draco stared at Harry in astonishment.

“What?” Harry said. “Just because I didn’t know about the wizarding world when I first joined it,

doesn't mean that I don't know about it now." He took Draco's hands in his own. "I love you, Draco."

Draco freed a hand and brushed Harry's cheek. He smiled.

"I love you too," he said softly.

"So when do I get to plan a wedding?" Narcissa asked.

"Mother!" Draco turned to face her. Harry laughed.

"Mrs. Malfoy, I don't think we'd find a dress to fit me," he teased.

"Don't be too sure, Harry. I have the most wonderful tailors."

Harry laughed again. "Ok, but I want a large wedding. Lots of flowers. And we must have a huge cake."

"Certainly. After all, you two will have to have plenty to smear over each other's faces, won't you? Isn't that what they do at Muggle weddings?"

"Yes, and there's all that dancing. I would love to dance with you," Harry said suggestively.

"Harry, Mother!" Draco glared at the two of them.

"It's a losing battle to fight your mother, Draco," Lucius said dryly.

"So, a large wedding, Harry?" Narcissa said.

"Well, you know we'd have to invite half the wizarding world. Hmmm, on second thought, maybe Draco and I should just elope. Or shack up."

"Oh, I can't believe this," Draco rubbed his face with his hands.

"But think of the children, Harry. You two must get married," Narcissa replied, still smiling. "You do intend to have more than one, don't you?"

"Oh, yes, definitely. Probably six or so. Maybe more. I figure I can just pop them out one a year, don't you think, honey?" Harry turned to face Draco, who had his head buried in his hands.

"You two can stop at any time," Draco said, his voice muffled by his hands.

"Draco," Harry tugged on pale hands, pulling them down. Draco raised his eyes to meet Harry's. He smiled softly, reaching up to brush Draco's cheek, continuing the caress into his hair, tucking a loose strand behind his ear.

“I’ll stop if it is really bothering you,” he said.

“Thanks,” Draco answered. He fell into emerald eyes, lost in the look of love Harry was giving him.

“Uhem,” Lucius cleared his throat. Startled out of each other, Harry and Draco turned to face him

“Mr. Malfoy, does it bother you that Draco is dating me?” Harry asked. He wanted to know if this was going to be a serious problem.

Lucius looked at Harry, startled by the directness of the question. He glanced at Draco before returning his gaze to Harry.

“I can’t say it wasn’t a shock, Potter.”

“Harry,” Harry insisted. “All this last name calling gives me a headache.”

“We have never been on, shall we say, good terms.” Lucius continued smoothly.

“Voldemort was good at dividing people,” Harry said. He noted the tightening at Lucius’ mouth when he said the Dark Lord’s name. “And I admit, we didn’t meet under the best circumstances. I’m willing to let the past be the past. Are you?”

Lucius stared at Harry, contemplating. “I would like to reserve judgment. I’m not quite ready to welcome all of this with open arms.”

“Honesty is never the wrong path, or so I was told every time I was caught lying,” Harry answered with a grin.

“And how many times were you caught lying?” Draco asked.

“Less times than I actually lied,” Harry answered, his grin growing. “I broke more rules at Hogwarts than anyone else, besides the Weasley twins, of course.”

“So all those times I tried to get you into trouble?”

“I was halfway there myself with no help from anyone,” Harry said.

“Glad to finally hear you admit it.” Draco raised an eyebrow. He picked up his fork and continued to eat.

The conversation stayed light, and Harry continued to flirt shamelessly with Narcissa. Finally, she motioned the servants to clear the table.

“Would you two like to join us for dessert?” she asked.

“We would Mother, but we do have to get back. I have to work tomorrow, and I know Harry has some papers to go over.” Draco stood and moved around the table, pulling his mother out of her seat and into his arms. “I’m really glad you’re ok with this,” he whispered.

“I said I wanted you to be happy,” Narcissa said. She held out her hand to Lucius, who took it, and they walked Draco and Harry to the door.

“Please, Draco, don’t stay away. Come and visit us,” Narcissa said. She held Draco’s hands in her own. “Promise?”

“I promise, Mother,” Draco said, leaning in and kissing her cheek. He turned to his father. “Father?”

“You and Harry are welcome, Draco,” Lucius said. Narcissa moved to stand next to her husband.

“Thank you for having me for dinner,” Harry said politely. “We’ll plan that wedding soon, Mrs. Malfoy,” he said with a wicked grin.

“I’ll hold you to that, Harry.” Narcissa matched his grin with one of her own.

Harry and Draco turned and Apparated away from the Manor, reappearing behind the store building and walking back to Harry’s car.

“See, Harry, you had fun, admit it.” Draco glanced at Harry.

“Your mother is great. I don’t think your father is too happy about me, though,” Harry replied. They climbed in the car and started for home. “Stay at my flat tonight?”

“Of course,” Draco said. He settled back in the car seat, mostly pleased with the way the night had gone.

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Chapter 12: Oh My!

Sam stared in awe at the crowd that filled the *Corral*.

“Hey, Jason, come look at this!” He held the curtain back so Jason could look.

“Are those people wearing robes?” Jason asked in disbelief. “And can you say fashion victim with those colours?”

“What are you two looking at?” Draco asked, pushing his way between the two. He gasped, his eyes going wide as he took in the crowd. He groaned, counting heads and taking names.

He turned and fled back to the dressing area. Harry was putting the finishing touches on his costume; he was to be the first dancer out tonight.

“Harry,” Draco purred, circling his neck with his arms, and leaning into him. “What do you say we go, skive off?”

“What?” Harry wrapped his arms around Draco. “Not that I wouldn’t love to spend the evening with you, you understand, but what brought this on?”

“Just thought you’d enjoy a quiet evening. You know after dinner with my parents and all. Tony has enough dancers; we don’t have to stay,” Draco said, pleading.

“What are you on about, Drake?” Harry asked suspiciously.

“Could be the weirdoes in the crowd,” Sam said helpfully, earning him a dirty look from Draco.

“What weirdoes?” Harry asked. He disentangled himself and started for the wings.

“You don’t really want to see, Harry, it’s not important. Let’s just go.” Draco followed Harry to the wings of the stage.

“Oh, my god.” Harry stared in total disbelief. “Please, someone, tell me that I’m not seeing who I think I’m seeing.”

“Sure you don’t want to leave now? I hear the pool is pretty at night.” Draco ducked under Harry’s arm to peer out of the curtain.

The club was full tonight, and the regular patrons were staring openly at the crowd that had gathered. Men and women, all dressed in robes of wild colours and styles, sat at the round tables and chatted happily with each other.

“Please tell me this is a bad dream,” Harry whispered. “Tell me I don’t see Parkinson, or Zabini, or oh, my god, is that *Dumbledore*?”

“Eh, Harry, even worse. Look to his left.”

“*Snape*?” Harry started to hyperventilate. “Shoot me now, it would be kinder.”

“We can still leave. Just let me grab my things.” Draco pulled away from Harry.

“Wait,” Harry said, dropping the curtain and turning to grab Draco’s arm. “I have a better idea.” He grinned, his smile growing wider when Draco groaned.

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“Ladies and Gentlemen,” Mike’s voice boomed out over the crowd. “Welcome to the *Corral!* And please welcome our first dancers of the night, Harry and Drake!”

Draco scrubbed his hands over his face. He couldn’t believe he was actually going to do this. Harry grabbed his hand and led him out onto the darkened stage, a big loopy grin on his face. They stood in the middle of the stage, invisible to the audience.

“Are you ready?” Harry whispered. He wrapped his arms loosely around Draco’s waist.

“No. You’re loony,” Draco answered. He placed his hands on Harry’s hips. “Why did I ever let myself be talked into this?”

“Because you love me.” Harry glanced quickly at Mike, then roughly pulled Draco in for a kiss just as the bright light of the spotlight hit them.

Draco’s hands tightened reflexively around Harry, and he pushed into Harry’s body as their tongues slid together. The audience grew silent. A heavy beat sounded, throbbing through their bodies. Draco pulled back, eyes locked on Harry as they began to move in tandem.

They moved their bodies to the beat, sometimes dancing close to each other, sometimes dancing away, but always with some skin-to-skin contact. If solo, they would have been dancing to the crowd, but they were dancing to each other, stripping each other’s clothes off and throwing them.

Draco arched his neck as Harry ran his hands from his chin to his collarbone, moving slowly down his chest before slipping his shirt off. He tossed the shirt to the side, pulling Draco into his arms. Draco returned the favour, holding Harry’s gaze as he pulled his shirt off and threw it into the crowd.

They danced away from each other, playing to the crowd before moving back to each other. Draco grinned, beginning to get into it, losing himself in Harry’s touch and scent and the energy of the crowd. Catcalls and whistles were sounding, along with clapping from the regulars.

Harry pulled Draco close, grinding into him, running his hands over his back. Draco danced away, smiling. He walked off the stage and down into the crowd. He found who he was looking for and held his hand out, silver eyes locked with brown. He led the man up onto the stage, and placed him in front of Harry.

Harry smiled, dancing forward to the beat. By now, he was down to his g-string but Draco still had his trousers on. He pushed against the man, looping his arms around his neck and pulling him down for a kiss. The man put his hands on Harry’s hips and gave himself up to the kiss.

Harry pulled back and leaned in close to the man's ear.

"How did you find us, Blaise?" he whispered. "How does everyone know we're here?"

The three men moved as one, dancing tightly against each other. Draco had one hand on Blaise's shoulder, one on his hip as he moved with him, pressed full body line against his back. Harry ground into Blaise from the front, hands still around his neck as he waited for his answer.

"Paper," Blaise gasped. Draco moved around him, hands drifting along his body, as Harry took his place behind Blaise.

"Not good enough," Draco whispered, turning his back to Blaise and dancing against him. "Tell us more. Why is everyone here tonight?"

"To see two of the hottest guys in school strip, Draco," Blaise said. He turned Draco and kissed him, something he had always wanted to do.

Draco made a surprised sound when Blaise kissed him and he pulled away, touching his lips. Harry motioned subtly to Mike, and the music faded out. Blaise stepped up to Draco, kissing him again.

"Thank you all for coming to the *Corral*," he said, addressing the crowd. "Enjoy the rest of your night. And please, a round of applause for our participant from the audience."

"Go back to your seat, Blaise," Harry hissed. "And if you ever touch Draco again, I'll hex you six ways from Sunday."

Hand in hand, Harry led Draco off the stage, to the dressing area. Draco collapsed at his table, resting his head on his folded arms.

"Draco?" Harry crouched next to him. "Are you all right?"

"I want to hit him for kissing me," Draco said. He looked up at Harry. "And I don't want you to kiss him again either. That hurt, too."

"I'm sorry, Draco. I only did it for the show."

"I know. I still don't like it."

"Harry, that guy from the audience you danced with wants to come back," Mike said.

"Let him back," Harry answered. He pulled a pair of jeans on and sat down.

"You two are amazing," Blaise said, walking back into the dressing area and eagerly looking at everything. "Any chance of a repeat of the dance in the bedroom?"

“No.” Harry and Draco answered in unison.

“Pity.” Blaise handed a paper to Harry, who took it and skimmed it. He handed it to Draco. The article crowed that the famous Boy-who-lived was now a stripper and living in the Muggle world, and gave the address of the club.

“But how?” Draco asked, reading the article.

“How did your father find you?” Harry responded. “Obviously whoever found you found me, and decided to profit from it.”

“Harry,” Mike said from the side. “I’m sorry, but these people keep coming up and asking for you, and I’m having a problem getting the acts on.”

Harry sighed. He glanced at Draco, who shrugged.

“Blaise, go find everyone who wants to talk to us and tell them to meet us here,” Harry wrote down the name and address of a restaurant. “We’ll be there in fifteen minutes.”

“Right,” Blaise started to leave, but turned back. “You two really were amazing.” He walked out.

“What now?” Draco asked.

“Now we get dressed. If you don’t want to come, I’ll understand, but I need you beside me, Draco.”

“I’ll come. You went to dinner with my father, this can’t be worse, can it?” Draco asked as he slipped some jeans on.

“Let’s hope not,” Harry replied grimly.

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The restaurant was quiet in the late summer night. The waitresses looked up in surprise and some trepidation as the colourful crowd trooped in and occupied several tables. They asked for tea and then asked to be left alone.

Harry walked into the restaurant, groaning at the size of the crowd. He had hoped most of the wizards and witches would have left, having gotten their jollies for the night. He located the ‘Hogwarts’ table.

“Everyone not sitting at that table,” he said, indicating the one with Dumbledore, “bugger off. We’re not saying a word to you.”

Groans sounded from the surrounding tables, but when the staff from the restaurant came out to see what the fuss was about, they took off.

“You don’t need help do you, Harry?” the burly cook asked.

“No, they’re taking off. Thanks, though,” Harry said with a grin.

“Hey, that club you work at throws a lot of business our way. It’s only good business to keep you guys happy.” He turned and went back into the kitchen.

Harry walked over to the table that housed Dumbledore. Snape, Hermione, and Ron sat with him. Harry scanned their faces. Dumbledore reclined in his seat with a smile on his face that did not reach his eyes, Ron was scowling, Hermione disapproving, and Snape was smirking.

“Enjoy the show?” he asked cheekily, sliding into a seat, Draco beside him.

“It is rather disappointing that you’ve chosen to waste your magical talent, Harry,” Dumbledore said softly, but not gently.

“It’s a matter of opinion, Dumbledore.” Harry replied. He smiled in thanks at the waitress who brought drinks for Draco and him. “I’m perfectly happy with where I am and what I’m doing. That’s more than I could ever say under your thumb.”

“Harry, how can you talk to him like that? Think of all he did for you!” Hermione said, reproach in her voice.

“Let’s go over what he ‘did’ for me, shall we?” Harry glared at Hermione. “Every summer I got to go stay with abusive relatives that beat, starved, and humiliated me when there were other, perfectly safe places for me to stay. Every year at school, I got to pray I, or my friends, made it through the school year because the oh, so powerful teachers and Headmaster were unable, or unwilling to keep Voldemort away. At the tender age of fifteen, I got told I could either become a murderer or a victim, and when I finally defeated and destroyed the monster who had caused me so much pain, I got told, ‘oh, no, you’re not done yet, I still have people for you to kill’. That sound about right, Dumbledore?” Harry turned his anger filled gaze on him.

“Now, let’s fast forward a few years, to my *best friend* who seduced me to keep me under control. Who used me to become famous. Who helped the bastard keep me under his power. Speaking of Ron, have you married him yet, Hermione?”

“Yes,” she said, tightly.

“Hope he doesn’t cheat on you like he did with me.”

“That’s not fair!” Ron protested.

“Not fair? That’s rich coming from you, Weasley,” Draco said, finally joining the conversation. “Did you have to pay the Muggle girl you slept with, or just get her drunk enough to stand the sight of your face?”

“No one was speaking to you, Malfoy,” Ron ground out.

“That’s enough!” Harry stood. “You are no longer welcome in my life, any of you.” He paused when Draco stood too, and whispered in his ear. He stared at him for just a second, then rolled his eyes. “Ok, apparently, Snape, you’re welcome. But the rest of you can take your wands and shove them sideways, because we are done!”

Harry turned and walked away, his back crawling with weight of the glares being thrown his way. Draco walked beside him, slipping his hand into Harry’s.

“Is he really your godfather, Draco?” Harry asked quietly.

“Yes, he is. Does that bother you?”

“No. Snape, your father, hell, I could handle just about anyone. None of them are as bad as what I once called mine.” He pulled Draco around to the back side of the building. “Let’s go home.”

Together they Apparated to Harry’s flat. Harry stormed through his flat, headed for the bedroom. Draco followed, making sure the door was locked and throwing locking and silencing charms on it just in case, making sure he warded the flat against Apparating.

He found Harry in the bedroom, sitting on the edge of the bed, head in his hands.

“Harry, it will be all right,” Draco said, kneeling in front of him.

He lifted his head, hands cradling Harry’s cheeks and kissed him, teasing with his tongue, begging entrance. Harry parted his lips and sucked on Draco’s tongue.

Draco stood and gently pushed Harry back onto the bed. He pulled his shoes off, then popped his jeans and slid those off as well. Harry sat up and pulled his shirt over his head, tossing it off to the side.

Draco stripped quickly, joining Harry on the bed.

“Forget all of them, Harry. Forget my father, forget Dumbledore, forget and fuck them all. We have each other,” Draco said, punctuating his statement with kisses on Harry’s neck and chest.

“I’d rather fuck you,” Harry said.

“Then do it.”

Harry rolled Draco underneath him. Calling the lube to him, he coated his hand, stretching Draco.

“I don’t want to wait, Draco. I need you now.”

“Again, then do it,” Draco gasped, pushing back on Harry’s fingers. “We don’t have to go slow.”

Harry removed his fingers and pushed in, pausing when he was fully seated. He began to thrust, gripping Draco’s thighs. He moved one hand to Draco’s erection, twining their fingers as they both pumped in time to Harry’s thrusts.

“Let go for me, Draco. Come for me,” Harry growled. Draco sped up his hand, gasping as he came. Harry groaned, pushing harder and faster, his orgasm hitting him right behind Draco’s.

Harry pulled out and lay down next to his lover.

“I love you, you know that?” he asked with a kiss.

“Umm, show me,” Draco said with a grin, kissing back. Harry smiled, and began moving down Draco’s body with his mouth.

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Harry flew into the bathroom, hand over his mouth. He barely made it, throwing up into the toilet. When he finally finished, he stumbled back into his bedroom, collapsing on his bed next to Draco.

“Make it?” Draco asked, grinning weakly.

“Barely. Gods, I hate this. I haven’t been able to hold anything down for days.”

“I know,” Draco groaned. “I am going to kill Sam.”

“I’ll hold him down for you. Actually, I think everyone would like a turn at him. Who the hell comes to work with the flu?”

“At least I’m over the worst of it,” Draco said. He glanced at Harry. “You want some club soda?”

“And some crackers.” Harry said. “Thanks.” He lay back on the bed, willing his stomach to behave.

The phone rang, and he could hear Draco answer it. He heard Draco talk for a while, then the conversation stopped. He looked up as Draco came into the room, a glass of soda and a plate of crackers.

“Who was that?” Harry asked.

“The medi-wizard we both saw the other day.” Draco said, perching on the side of the bed. He had a silly grin on his face.

“And?” Harry asked, a sinking feeling spreading through his body.

“Turns out there’s a reason you can’t shake the flu,” Draco said, grinning widely.

Harry groaned and threw his arm over his eyes. “How far along am I?” he asked.

“Three weeks.” Draco said. “Come on, Daddy. Try to eat some crackers.”

“Sure,” Harry said, removing his arm and grinning.

“Harry?” Draco was a bit worried about that grin.

“Which one of us is going to call your mother?” Harry asked, reaching for a cracker.

Draco just whimpered.

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Chapter 13: Awww! Part Two

Harry lay in the late afternoon sun, soaking up the warmth and enjoying the last days of summer. He was still reeling slightly from the news that he was pregnant, and was determined to not think about it just yet. He knew as soon as Draco had walked into the room with that smile on his face. After all, Murphy was an optimist.

“Hey there, Harry,” Sam said cheerfully. He plopped down next to Harry, ignoring the dark look he received. “How are you feeling?”

“Not much better, Sam,” Harry replied grouchily.

“I said I was sorry,” Sam whinged. “I didn’t know I had the flu.”

“You were throwing up, running a fever, and coughing; what did you think it was?”

“Allergies?” Sam asked hopefully. Harry glared at him, and he sighed. “I guess I’ll leave you alone.” He got up and walked over to the edge of the pool and dove in.

A small crowd of dancers from both clubs were at the pool, and more were arriving. Everyone had the night off; both clubs were closed for a refit of the kitchen area and fumigation. Harry debated about leaving the growing crowd, but decided to stay just a bit longer. He closed his eyes and tilted his head back to enjoy the last rays of the sun.

When he felt someone tap him on the shoulder, he took a deep breath, shoved down the irritation, and turned, opening his eyes and ready to blast whoever it was. Draco smiled at him, instantly melting his annoyance.

“Hey,” Draco said softly.

“Hey, yourself,” Harry answered.

Draco looked at the assembled crowd of people. He swallowed hard, his stomach tied in knots of nervousness. He turned back to Harry with a shy smile on his face as he dropped to one knee. Harry shot up in the chair, turning to face Draco.

“Drake,” he began.

“Harry James Potter, will you marry me?” Draco asked, pulling out a black velvet box and handing it to Harry. He waited nervously for the answer.

Harry opened the box to see a set of wedding bands, silver twined with gold, braided into a Celtic knot. He glanced up, catching Draco’s eyes. The entire pool area was silent, having caught on to what was happening, but Harry only had eyes for Draco.

“Yes,” he whispered, and got an armful of Draco as he launched himself at Harry. Draco pinned him on the chair, kissing him as the assembled crowd cheered and hooted.

“Care to take this upstairs, sweetie?” Draco asked, grinning.

“Sure, honey bunches,” Harry replied, laughing when Draco groaned at the endearment. They walked up to Draco’s flat to the sound of applause and cheers.

Draco closed the door, shutting out all the noise from the pool. He turned to Harry, smiling and walking over to him, encircling the trim waist with his arms.

“Did you wait until the most people were there?” Harry asked.

“I figured I’d stand a better chance with lots of witnesses, that you’d be less likely to crush me by turning me down,” Draco answered, flushing slightly.

“Like that would happen,” Harry said. He led the way to the bedroom, pulling off the shorts that he wore. Draco grinned when he realized that that was all Harry was wearing. He stripped quickly, joining Harry on the bed.

“Have you thought about what happens now, Harry?” Draco asked, stretching out next to him and stroking his skin.

“You mean getting married?” Harry asked.

“That, and having the baby.” Draco raised his eyes to meet Harry’s.

“Yeah, I’ll have to move back to the wizarding world. No way I can explain a pregnancy here.” Harry’s voice was tinged with unhappiness.

“Would it be so bad? We’d be together. Isn’t that what matters?”

“It’s all that matters.”

“You’re sure that that no matter what, you’ll be happy if we’re together, right?”

“What are you getting at?” Harry asked.

“I think we should move in with my mother and father,” Draco said. He rolled over onto Harry and ground their erections together, bending down to kiss the tanned neck.

“Ah, Draco,” Harry gasped. “I can’t think when you do that.”

“I know,” Draco answered. He pushed against Harry again, thrusting against him.

“Move in with your parents?” Harry asked, trying desperately to maintain some equilibrium.

“Yeah, after we get married, to have the baby,” Draco answered. He shifted down, licking a nipple, sucking on it and nipping gently. “Say it’s ok,” he continued, moving to the other side. Draco called the lube to him and coated his finger.

“Draco, I don’t know,” Harry was rapidly losing the ability to think. Draco licked along his hipbone before settling between his legs and kissing the tip of his erection.

“Say yes,” Draco said, ghosting his breath over Harry’s erection. “We’ll be protected from the press and Mother loves you.” He licked up his length, sucking him in deep and humming.

“Uh,” Harry groaned. Rational thought disappeared.

“Yes, yes,” he panted as Draco sucked hard. Draco worked his erection, slipping a wet finger down to Harry’s opening and sliding it in, stroking his prostate. The combined sensations pushed Harry over the edge and he came, screaming Draco’s name.

Draco coated his fingers, stretching and preparing his lover. He pushed in, thrusting into the compliant body. Harry wrapped his legs around Draco's waist, gasping every time his sweet spot was hit. Draco was so close, it wasn't long before he too came, pushing deep into Harry.

They lay together on the bed catching their breath. Draco spooned against Harry, holding him in his arms.

"Did I just agree to move in with your parents?" Harry asked.

"Yes," Draco answered smugly.

"You do know I will have revenge," Harry warned.

"I look forward to it."

"Good." Harry stood. He walked into the living room, grabbing some jeans and slipping them on. He grabbed a bag of Floo powder, started a small fire, and threw the powder in, calling out 'Malfoy Manor'.

"Harry, what are you doing?" Draco asked, running into the living room, hurriedly snapping his jeans shut.

"Harry, how pleasant to hear from you," Narcissa's voice came from the fire. Her head, floating in the fireplace, turned to smile at Draco. "Hello, Draco."

"Hello, Mother, how are you?"

"Narcissa, are you sitting down? Because you should be," Harry said with a wide grin.

"Harry," Draco growled in warning.

"Yes, Harry, I am. Is everything all right?"

"More than all right. Draco proposed to me, and I said yes."

"Oh, how wonderful! I get to plan a wedding after all! Lucius!" she called.

"No, not Father," Draco groaned.

"And I'm pregnant, so you'll have a grandchild soon," Harry continued.

Narcissa squealed, and Lucius' face joined hers in the fire. He raised an eyebrow at the couple.

"And, Draco thinks we should move into Malfoy Manor, so you can help us with the pregnancy and the baby!" Harry finished triumphantly. Draco sank to the floor, his head buried in his arms,

on his drawn up knees.

Lucius was stunned, his mouth slightly open. Narcissa squealed again, and hugged her husband.

“Oh, that is delightful! How soon will you be here? There is so much to plan, so much to do. You didn’t give us much time,” she scolded. “No matter, you can be here by the end of the week.”

“Sounds wonderful,” Harry said.

“Good, good. We’ll see you then.” She looked at Harry and Draco and squealed once more, disappearing from the fire.

“So, a wedding and a child?” Lucius said, his voice even and neutral.

“Yes, sir,” Harry answered, more soberly than he had with Narcissa.

“What will be, will be,” Lucius replied, and disappeared from the fire as well.

Harry turned to see Draco rocking slightly. He knelt next to him.

“It was your idea,” he said. He ran his hands through Draco’s hair. “You shouldn’t have used sex to get me to agree, Draco. Why didn’t you trust me to ask me flat out?”

“I should have, I know. I was so scared you’d just say no without listening to me.” He sighed. “And I really didn’t want to tell my father until he’d had a few glasses of whiskey in him.”

Harry laughed. He stood and pulled Draco up, pushing him back to the bedroom.

“Let’s try this again, without the manipulation.”

Draco smiled and let himself be guided onto the bed. He pulled Harry down with him, kissing him.

“So we are going to do this; move in with my parents?” he asked.

“Yeah, I’ll tell Tony tomorrow.” Harry wrapped his arms around Draco, snuggling with him on the bed. “I love you, Draco.”

“I love you, Harry,” Draco answered, lifting his head for another kiss.

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“Are you really leaving, Harry?” Tony asked unhappily.

“Just for a while, Tony. Just a year or so. I’m planning to come back.”

“I thought you said you’d never go home.”

“Never say never, Tony. It comes back and bites you in the arse.”

“Everything good in here?” Draco asked, stepping into the office. He smiled at Harry, stepping into the circle of his arms.

“I should hate you, you know,” Tony said, mock glaring at Draco. “You’re the reason Harry is leaving. But you two look too damn happy together,” he continued, sighing. He looked down at the signed papers that Harry had just handed him.

“You do know if you come back, I’m giving them back to you,” he said, indicating the deeds to the clubs.

“That’s fine, but this way, you’ll be able to do whatever you need. And if you need any money at all, write to me.”

“Are you going to tell the guys?” Tony asked.

“They already know,” Draco answered.

“Sam.” Tony and Harry chorused, laughing.

“Yeah, though how he found out is beyond me,” Draco said, laughing too.

“It’s a wonder someone hasn’t strangled him yet,” Tony commented, rolling his eyes.

“The guys want to throw us a bachelor party, Harry,” Draco said. “And the girls want to give us a wedding shower.”

“I figured as much. When?”

“The shower tomorrow at the complex, and Marissa says we’re not to argue or she’ll brain us both, and the party the last night before we leave, since we haven’t set a date for the wedding yet.”

“Oh, gods, this is just going to get worse, isn’t it?” Harry asked, burying his face in Draco’s hair.

“Yup,” Tony answered. He grinned, escorting the two out of his office. “Have fun, guys. Now get out! I have two clubs to run!”

Harry shook his head and walked out of the club with Draco. He grinned, sweeping Draco into his arms and kissing him.

“Let’s go pack, Draco,” he said. “Let’s get this show on the road.”

Draco grinned back at him, pulling him in for another kiss.

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Chapter 14: Party On, Dudes!

“Tell me again, Harry, how we let ourselves be talked into this?” Draco asked. They sat in the main recreation room, surrounded by laughing women and tons of lace, bubbles, and balloons.

“I think the threat of bodily harm was mentioned.”

“That would explain it.”

The room was covered with white streamers, and the women had bubble wands and were blowing them everywhere. A long table was covered with white paper and had white and blue balloons on it, along with biscuits, a cake and drinks. Harry and Draco were the only men there and they were feeling it, as the women squealed and oohed over every present that they unwrapped.

Draco didn’t even recognize half of what they’d received, and was sure they wouldn’t use most of it. There were all sorts of kitchen items, towels, robes, and bath sets. Finally, there was only one present left to unwrap; Harry let Draco open it. Draco started coughing with laughter as he held up the package. A pair of edible underwear, a bottle of flavoured oil, a feather, and a pair of fur cuffs was nestled in the box.

“I wanted you two to have some fun,” Marissa said, laughing at the look on Harry’s face.

“I can’t wait to try these out,” Draco said. He smirked at Harry. “These cuffs won’t chafe you like the last set did, Harry.”

A fresh round of laughter followed his comment. Harry reached over and pulled Draco into a kiss, to the cheers and delight of the guests.

“What are we going to do with all these things, Harry?” Draco asked, dumping his pile of gifts on the couch.

“Donate them to the needy?” Harry asked. “We couldn’t very well tell them we can’t use the items because we’ll be living in a magical household.”

“I guess.” Draco frowned. “And we still have to get through the other party.”

“That one will be raunchier, I’m sure.” Harry picked up the package from Marissa. He grinned and stalked toward Draco, ripping the plastic off the box and dropping it.

“That’s supposed to be for our wedding night, Harry,” Draco protested, backing up down the hall.

“So, we’ll celebrate early,” Harry replied, following Draco into the bedroom. Draco stopped when his legs hit the bed.

Harry tossed the package on the bed and reached for his lover, undoing his shirt buttons and sliding the shirt off his body. He kissed Draco gently, brushing his hands down his body and sliding his hands around his waist. He unbuttoned Draco’s jeans, pushing them down over his hips. He gently urged him onto the bed, kneeling to take off his shoes and socks and, pulling the jeans off completely, tossing them off to the side.

He stood and stripped his own shirt off, toeing off his shoes and slipping out of his jeans. Draco reached for Harry, pulling him onto the bed with him. He kissed Harry slowly, tasting him, sweeping his tongue against Harry’s, nipping at his lips. He kept him occupied with kissing while he felt for the box, pulling out the cuffs.

Quickly, he straddled Harry, slapping a cuff on one hand and attaching it to the bedpost. Harry grinned and stuck his other hand out for the second cuff. Draco fastened it down, then twisted and cast binding charms on Harry’s legs.

He reached in the box and pulled out the feather, turning to Harry with a grin. Gently, so that it caressed more than tickled, he ran the feather across his stomach, up the side of his body, and across his chest. Harry closed his eyes and arched into the touch. Draco continued the caress, shifting off Harry’s body, running the feather down his legs. Harry gasped, his eyes closed, twisting with reaction.

Draco abandoned the feather and reached for the oil, coating a finger. He circled Harry’s nipple and bent to lick it off. Harry groaned when his breath hit the oil.

“Harry?”

“It heats up,” Harry said, his breath short. “It feels good.”

Draco chuckled and blew on the oil before licking the cherry flavour off. He sucked on the nipple, nipping slightly. He gave the same attention to its twin, repeating his actions.

He moved down the toned body, mapping the skin, pausing along the hipbones, before settling between spread legs. Coating his hands, he transferred the oil to Harry’s erection. He licked up the length, blowing gently at the tip. Harry tried to move to get more contact, but the restraints prevented him, bringing a growl from his lips.

Draco grinned evilly, and slicked a finger, brushing it over Harry’s opening before pushing inside. He bent his head to take in his shaft again, gripping the base with his free hand and sucking. He worked Harry with his other hand, pumping into and stretching him.

Harry pushed against Draco as much as he could, moaning and begging for more. Draco pulled away, smiling slightly at the sound of protest, and pushed inside, moving slowly. He kept his movements unhurried and leisurely, pulling almost all the way out before burying himself.

“Draco, move, please,” Harry begged.

“I like it slow,” Draco purred, pushing in again, slowly out, pausing before pushing in once more.

“Merlin,” Harry threw his head back, pulling on his bonds, trying to move against Draco.

“Draco, please!”

Draco smiled, taking pity on Harry and quickened his pace, stroking in time to his thrusts. He managed to hold off his orgasm until he brought Harry off, cresting just after.

When he could move, he released Harry, snuggling into him as Harry cast the cleaning spell.

“I love you,” he said, wrapping his arms around him.

“Really, I never would have guessed,” Harry replied, jerking to the side when Draco pinched him. “Hey!”

“Smart-arse.”

“And you’re marrying me, so what does that make you?”

“Certifiably insane, I believe,” Draco responded with a smirk, which Harry promptly kissed off his face.

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The bachelor party was being held at another club in London, one with mixed dancers. Harry had never been to this particular club, but he knew of it. The guys from the *Corral* were already at a table, whooping and yelling for the stripper that was on the stage.

“Harry, what happens at a Muggle bachelor party?” Draco asked as they entered the club.

“Usually you hire a stripper, everyone gets drunk. I think that covers it,” Harry answered.

“And this is ok with the bride?”

“Not usually,” Harry replied, grinning. They joined their friends at the table, slipping into their seats.

“Hey, guys,” Sam said, grinning widely. He waved a waitress over. “What do you want to drink?”

“Water for me,” Harry said. “I’m still not feeling well.”

“Me too,” Draco said, gripping Harry’s hand and smiling.

“Awww, that’s cute,” Sam said.

“So are you two really leaving?” Bill asked, his eyes glued to the stage.

“Yeah, we’re moving back to be near Drake’s parents.”

“I thought you didn’t get along with his father. No offence, Drake.” Bill said, finally turning to face them.

“I love Drake. I’ll get along with his father,” Harry said firmly.

“Hey, where are you guys going to have the wedding?” Andrew asked.

“We haven’t decided,” Harry answered.

“I’m an only child, and my mother is not going to be deprived of planning the perfect wedding,” Draco said ruefully. “I expect we’ll get to my house to find everything planned and waiting for us. All we’ll have to do is show up.”

“Are we going to get invites?” Sam asked.

Harry and Draco looked at each other. Draco shrugged, thinking to himself that a situation like

that was what the Obliviate spell was crafted for. Harry grinned, thinking of Lucius' reaction to Muggle strippers at a proper wizarding wedding.

"Uh, yeah, of course," Draco said. "But my mother doesn't know what I've been doing. So you can't say anything."

"Guess that means we leave Jason home!"

"Hey!" Jason protested. "Excuse me, but if I'm going to be insulted, I think I'll just leave, and go hit on the gorgeous bartender." He huffed away, walking to the bar.

"Good, it's the appetizers I ordered," Sam said, grinning as the waitress placed a platter of greasy, cheesy food right in front of Harry. The smell hit him hard, and he took off for the bathroom, hand over his mouth.

"Is Harry ok? I thought he was over the flu," Bill said, concerned.

"He'll be fine; he still has an upset stomach," Draco answered. He took a sip of his water.

"Maybe he's pregnant," Sam said.

Draco spit out his water, choking.

"What?" He stared at Sam.

"It's a joke, Drake. We say it all the time in my family when someone's moody, or sick."

"Yeah, of course, a joke." Draco picked up his water again, taking another drink.

"I mean, really, could you just imagine Harry pregnant?" Sam asked laughing.

"His body is too perfect to ruin like that," Andrew said.

"Tell me about it," Max sighed, earning a slap from Andrew.

Draco frowned, bothered by the drift of the conversation. "I think I'll go check on him. Excuse me."

He got up and headed for the bathroom. He found Harry washing his mouth out at the sink and splashing water on his face.

"Are you all right?" Draco asked, leaning against the counter top.

"Yeah, the smell just got to me," Harry answered with a weak smile. "Are you ok?" he asked, noticing that Draco's mood was down a bit.

“The guys were just talking, and it got me thinking.”

“Oh, and what were they saying?”

“Sam asked if you were pregnant.”

“What?”

“That’s what I said.” Draco glanced around the bathroom and took Harry’s hand, leading him out, and to the side. He cast a privacy charm so they wouldn’t be overheard. “They said it was a joke, then laughed and said your body was too perfect to be ruined by a pregnancy.”

“And you think I might feel the same way.”

Draco drew a deep breath, choosing his words carefully.

“We didn’t ask for this, Harry. I mean, I knew it was a possibility; we weren’t using protection, but neither one of us expected the pregnancy. I’m happy about it, ecstatic, and I can’t wait to hold our child in my arms. I love you, and I want to spend the rest of my life with you. I don’t want you to be unhappy.”

“I’m not unhappy, Draco. I’m a bit scared about the pregnancy, apprehensive about being a father, but I’m not unhappy. I love you, and I want this baby. I want us. So quit worrying about it, ok?” Harry bent and kissed Draco, pulling him tightly against his body.

Draco grinned and broke the charm, leading the way back to the table.

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“Come on, Sam, time to go home,” Harry said, tugging on Sam’s arm.

“You know I love you guys, right?” Sam said drunkenly, hugging Draco and Harry around the neck as they lugged him outside.

“Where did everyone go?” he asked looking around, confused.

“They went home, Sam,” Harry explained patiently. They poured Sam into the back seat of the car.

“I wanna go home too,” Sam said, grinning. “Are we going home?”

“You are, Sam,” Harry said, as Draco rolled his eyes.

Sam started giggling. “Was gonna be great you know,” he said.

“What was ‘gonna be great?’” Harry asked. He pulled out of the parking lot and started off down the street.

“Me an’ Drake. ‘Til you took him.” Sam sighed exaggeratedly. “Course you are perfect for him. Anyone can see that. Just wish I could have that, too,” he finished mournfully.

Within seconds, snores were coming from the back seat.

“I’m not carrying him into his flat,” Draco said firmly, as Harry laughed.

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Chapter 15: Moving In

“That’s the last one. Gods, I gathered more junk in a year than I thought,” Harry said, sighing as the last box went into his car. They had packed up Draco’s flat first, and were just now finishing Harry’s.

“I can’t believe I’m actually doing this,” Harry continued.

“Second thoughts?” Draco asked his voice light. Harry glanced sharply at him, noticing he was worrying his bottom lip.

He turned to face Draco, pulling him into his arms, and brushing their lips together.

“About us? Never. About moving in with your parents? Maybe.”

“We could find somewhere else, Harry.”

“No,” Harry said with a sigh, “this is the best plan. If we got some place in a wizarding village, eventually the press would find us and give us no peace. I doubt they’ll be able to get anywhere near Malfoy Manor. I’ll be fine.”

They walked back into the main building. Marissa pulled them both into a hug, crying. A small crowd of dancers all took turns hugging the two as they said their goodbyes. Marissa walked them outside, giving them each one last hug at the car.

“I expect an invitation to the wedding, boys,” she said firmly.

“As soon as we set a date,” Harry promised. He turned to look at his home for the last year.

“Time to go, Harry,” Draco said softly.

Harry smiled wanly and opened the car door, sliding in the driver’s side. Draco walked around to his side and got in.

“Bye, boys!” Marissa called, waving as they drove off. She wiped her tears and went back inside.

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“I never realized how *ugly* my car is, but next to your father’s limos,” Harry said, staring at his poor beat up clunker. “It’s positively hideous.”

Draco laughed, getting out and walking to the back seat, opening the door and pulling a box out.

“Grab a box, poor boy,” he said, waiting for Harry to join him. Harry glared at him, but grabbed a box and walked out of the garage, and into the manor proper with Draco. Once inside, they were relieved of their burdens by the house-elves, who swarmed out the door to get to the rest of the boxes.

“I don’t know if I’ll ever get used to that,” Harry commented. He followed Draco through a kitchen that branched off from the garage and down the main hall. The tiny army of elves bustled past them with Harry’s things, and the two men walked behind them up to their room.

A midnight blue carpet, plush and soft, covered the floor changing to tile of the same colour in the bathroom. The walls were done in the same blue, edged in a silver filigree design along the ceiling and floor. Heavy, dark blue curtains hung against a picture window and a huge four poster bed of honey oak was covered with dark blue sheets and quilt with a silver stitched design on them. There were dressers and a vanity, all made of the same honey oak, which held most of their clothes already.

Harry collapsed on the bed, watching the elves place the boxes carefully on the floor before scurrying out. Once the last one had left, Draco crawled onto the bed, hovering over Harry, bracing himself on his arms.

“Still worried?” he asked, looking down into his lover’s eyes.

“If I said yes, would you comfort me?”

“Maybe,” Draco said, thrusting forward with his hips. Harry gasped. He slid his hands under Draco’s shirt, slipping them around his waist. Draco slowly lowered his upper body, kissing

Harry hungrily.

Harry spread his legs, making room. Draco broke from Harry's mouth, kissing along his jaw to his ear, sucking on a lobe. Harry arched his neck to give him access.

"Draco, Harry?" Narcissa's voice sounded from the hall.

"Shite!" Harry pushed Draco off, sitting up on the bed. Draco sighed, rolling his eyes and turned on his side, behind Harry.

"Oh, there you two are. I hope I'm not interrupting anything," Narcissa said cheerfully. She smiled as she stepped into the room. "Getting settled?"

"Yes, Mother," Draco said. He slipped a hand up Harry's t-shirt, causing Harry to jump slightly and turn to glare at him. He shrugged with a smile and continued to stroke Harry's back.

"I just came up to say your father and I have a function to go to tonight. You're welcome to come with us, but if you'd rather not, you have the Manor to yourselves. Harry, would you like to go shopping tomorrow?"

"Shopping?" Harry squirmed slightly as Draco's hand dipped lower, tracing along the top of his jeans, slipping in to caress skin.

"For the baby, of course," Narcissa said.

"Uh, yeah, tomorrow is fine."

"Good, we'll leave after breakfast." She turned to leave, but paused in the doorway. "I'm glad you are here, both of you. Welcome to my home, Harry."

"Thank you, Mrs. Malfoy," Harry said, touched by the sincerity in her voice.

"Narcissa please, Harry. See you at breakfast." She disappeared from the doorway.

Harry stood, pulling away from Draco and shut the door firmly, throwing a locking charm on it. He turned to face the bed, stepping out of his shoes. Draco was still lounging on the bed on his side, smirking. He moved to lie on his back, shutting his eyes. He ran his hand down his chest, moving them over the top of his jeans.

Harry watched as Draco unbuttoned his fly slowly, dipping a hand in to stroke himself. Slowly, Draco slid his jeans down, pushing his shoes off, and dropping the jeans on the side of the bed to land beside the shoes. He opened his eyes, holding Harry's gaze, rising to his knees. He grasped the hem of his shirt, and pulled it off, dropping it off to the side too. He knelt on the bed, naked now, and rested his arms on his thighs, waiting.

Harry swallowed hard as he moved forward. He reached the side of the bed and took Draco's

face in his hands, kissing him hard, driving his tongue into his mouth. Draco groaned and brought his hands up to grasp Harry's shirt.

Harry stepped back, pulling his shirt off and throwing it down, moving back to kiss Draco again. Draco ran his hands over Harry's chest, circling his nipples, tweaking and rolling them in his fingers.

Harry nipped at Draco's mouth, moving his hands from his face to his shoulders, pushing him back onto the soft quilt. He climbed on the bed to lie beside his lover, still kissing him. Draco's hands moved to Harry's waist, fumbling with his jeans, finally getting them undone. He broke away from kissing to pull the jeans and boxers down and off. He settled back on the bed on his back, holding out his arms in invitation.

Harry bent his head to Draco's chest, licking a path to his nipples, circling one with his tongue. He sucked on the nub, nipping lightly, bringing a gasp. He soothed the nip with his tongue before trailing wet kisses to its twin, kissing and nipping. Draco tangled his hands in Harry's hair, pushing his head gently down. Harry took the hint, grinning briefly before kissing his way down Draco's torso.

He bypassed Draco's erection, ignoring the growl, and kissed along his inner thigh. He licked a path around a thigh, nipping lightly there. He lifted his head, meeting Draco's eyes, before turning and putting his feet at the headboard. Draco smiled and grasped Harry's erection, licking the tip and running his tongue along his length. Harry copied him, licking Draco's shaft, sucking the head into his mouth before pulling him in deep. They worked each other in tandem, suckling and licking.

Harry came first, pausing as he gave himself over to the pleasure. Draco licked him clean, then gasped as he was pulled deep again, the pace increasing. Draco gripped Harry's thighs hard as he came, shooting into his mouth.

Harry twisted around to hold Draco as he gasped, recovering. He wrapped his arms around him, resting his chin on Draco's head.

"And just think, there's only about thirty more rooms to christen," Draco said cheekily.

"We are not doing this in your parent's room," Harry protested.

Draco lifted his head to brush a kiss on Harry's lips.

"They have a water bed," he said, cajoling, a grin lighting his face. He laughed as Harry shook his head in disbelief.

Harry stretched in the bed, slightly sore from last night. They had spent the entire night in the bedroom trying out the four poster bed. He got up and shuffled to the bathroom, turning on the shower and stripping. Stepping into the shower, he let the hot water flow over his tired muscles. He rested against the side of the shower as a wave of nausea hit him, taking deep breaths through his nose until it passed. Quickly washing up, he stepped out of the shower, smiling at Draco who jumped in behind him.

Draco led Harry down the carpeted hall, down the curving, sweeping staircase and into the formal dining room. Lucius was at the table, reading the *Prophet* as the spoon in his coffee stirred itself. He looked up when the couple entered the room.

“Sleep well?” His voice was smooth, pleasant, and completely impersonal.

“Yes, Father, and you?” Draco responded, slipping into a seat. Harry sat next to him, and sipped the glass of orange juice a house-elf set before him.

“Fine,” Lucius answered. He glanced at Harry, but said nothing else, returning his gaze to the paper.

“Good morning, Harry, Draco, Lucius.” Narcissa bent to kiss her husband on his cheek. She sat down, and frowned when she noticed Harry had nothing in front of him. “Are you not hungry, Harry?”

“Can’t keep anything down,” Harry explained. “I’ll eat a bit later.”

“I was that way with Draco,” Narcissa said.

“Well, as unpleasant as he can be, no wonder he upset your stomach,” Harry said sweetly. He winced when Draco hit him on the arm.

“Baby,” Draco said. He bit into his eggs, grinning as Harry looked quickly away.

“Where did you want to go shopping, Narcissa?” asked Harry.

“There’s a wonderful shop at the end of Diagon Alley. If that would bother you, we could go to Muggle London.”

Harry almost said that was what he would prefer, but he noticed Lucius frowning at Narcissa.

“No, Diagon Alley is fine,” he said, watching Lucius. Lucius shifted his attention to Harry. “I have to admit I’m a bit concerned about the press, though.”

“I can handle the press, have no fear.” Narcissa smiled. She lifted her coffee cup and sipped.

“We’ll leave right after breakfast.”

Harry nodded and continued to sip his juice. The morning sickness, combined with nervousness about his return to the wizarding world was causing his stomach to revolt mightily. He lost the battle and fled the table, hand over his mouth once more.

Draco grabbed his juice to wash down his last bite and stood to follow Harry.

“Is he all right?” Lucius asked, striving to sound unconcerned.

“It’s morning sickness, Father. It’s hitting him rather hard.” Draco left the room to help Harry.

“Why Lucius,” Narcissa said, favouring her husband with a slight smile, “are we warming to Harry?”

“He carries the future of our line, that is all,” Lucius said stiffly. He stood. “Do make sure he’s not over extended by the shopping trip.”

“Of course not,” Narcissa replied. Lucius bent and kissed her before walking out of the room. She waited for Draco and Harry to return, eyes shining with excitement. Shopping was one of her favourite pastimes.

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Chapter 16: Skeeter Repellent

“Any place you’d like to go to first, Harry?” Narcissa asked. They stood in Diagon Alley on the sidewalk, the crowd parting around them.

“Food. I’m suddenly starving,” Harry said, hand on his stomach.

“I know just the place,” Narcissa said, leading the way up the street.

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“So he really ran out in front of the Minister naked?” Harry asked in astonishment.

“Oh, yes. Waving his pants and yelling ‘I went potty, I get a treat’,” Narcissa said. She smiled as Harry laughed hard enough to get the hiccups.

“I was three! Mother, really, don’t you think that’s enough of ‘when Draco was little’ stories?” Draco asked, his face red with embarrassment. He couldn’t help but laugh with Harry though.

“I like the stories, Draco,” Harry said. “I’m done, are we ready to go?”

“Yes, let’s go. Did you enjoy the meal, Harry?” Narcissa asked, signalling the waiter.

“It was great. I never knew this place was even here.”

“It’s extremely exclusive,” Draco said softly. “You wouldn’t have ever come here with the Weasleys.”

Harry raised an eyebrow at Draco, and then looked around the restaurant.

“No, they wouldn’t have fit in here very well, would they?”

“Well, let’s be off.” Narcissa stood, and Harry and Draco joined her, walking out of the restaurant into the bright sunlight.

They strolled down the street moving easily through the crowd. When no one yelled, pointed at Harry, or even paid any attention to him at all, he started to relax and enjoy the sunny morning.

Narcissa knew exactly where she wanted to go. She led the two men into a quiet, small shop. Thick carpet cushioned their foot falls as they walked through the room. Plush chairs, couches and tables were arranged in small groups. Soothing classical music played through out the showroom, and there wasn’t a hanger or rack of clothing in sight.

Two eager clerks appeared out of nowhere and soon Harry and Draco were seated in the plush armchairs watching bemusedly as Narcissa was waited on by the clerks, who were displaying baby clothes and items for her perusal. She ruthlessly dismissed items that were not up to her standards, sending the clerks scurrying away for more items every time she did so.

“Wow, this is like power shopping,” Harry said.

“You haven’t seen anything yet. Wait until the wedding,” Draco said. He reached out his hand and took Harry’s hand in his own, twining their fingers. Harry smiled at him and leaned in for a kiss.

“Do you think we should actually take an interest in this, since it is for our child?” Harry asked when they broke apart.

“Do you think she’ll actually let us get a word in edgewise?” Draco countered, looking at his mother fondly. “Really, Harry, she’s in her element. Want to wander a bit?” He smiled when Harry nodded.

Draco stood and walked over to his mother, catching her attention. She turned from the mounds of clothing and smiled at him.

“We’re going to wander Diagon Alley, Mother. Do you want us to meet you back here?”

“No, the bakery. We need to start planning your wedding,” Narcissa answered. She turned back to the clerks and waved for the next set of clothes to be brought to her.

Harry allowed Draco to lead him from the shop, their fingers firmly entwined, as they sauntered down the street. Harry was enjoying this, despite himself. It felt good to be back here among wizards, and Diagon Alley was always interesting. They wandered in and out of shops, not setting a particular pace or direction. Harry spotted a free table at Fortescue’s and steered Draco towards it, wanting to rest for a moment. Draco ordered a sundae and they sat close to each other at a small table near the street.

“See, Harry, its not so bad here,” Draco said, taking a bite of his choco-nut sundae.

“Only because no reporters have jumped from behind buildings at me,” Harry answered. He watched people as they passed on the street.

“You know we need to set a date for the wedding, Draco,” Harry continued, focusing again on his mate. A bit of chocolate had dripped on Draco’s chin, and Harry hungrily watched as Draco’s tongue darted out to lick the chocolate off his lips. Harry bent towards him, cupping his face in his hands and tilted his chin, licking the chocolate off with a swipe of his tongue.

Draco sighed and turned his head to capture Harry’s lips with his own, the taste of chocolate exploding on both their tongues as they danced. A flash of light startled them out of the kiss.

“Isn’t this precious?”

Harry pulled away from Draco. Draco slid his hand up to grasp Harry’s as they both turned to see Rita Skeeter standing in front of their table, smirking at them. Her blonde hair was in elaborate curls again, her makeup and nails as harsh as Harry remembered them.

“I’d say, yes, it is,” Draco drawled. “I wouldn’t take any more pictures if I were you,” he added, glaring at Bozo.

“And if he does?” Rita asked, raising an eyebrow in challenge.

“Then you will be banned from all future society functions,” Narcissa’s cold voice sounded from just behind the writer. Narcissa circled around Rita.

“Let me make one thing perfectly clear, Ms. Skeeter,” she continued. “You will not accost, harass, or stalk Harry or Draco in any way. If you do, I will see you gone.”

“Fired you mean?” Rita mocked.

“No,” Narcissa dropped her voice, leaning in close. “I said *gone*.”

Rita paled and stared into Narcissa’s eyes. Whatever she saw there convinced her and she turned, tugging on Bozo’s sleeve, leading him away from the table.

“Wow,” Harry said, watching Rita walk away.

“Yes, well she is an unpleasant bit of witch, isn’t she?” Narcissa asked. She joined them at the table.

“Draco and I were just talking about setting the date for the wedding,” Harry said.

“Have you decided?” Narcissa leaned forward, her eyes gleaming.

“Harry had just brought it up when Skeeter appeared.” Draco said. He mock glared at Harry when he swiped Draco’s spoon, taking a bite of the sundae.

“So you two haven’t decided?”

“I thought Halloween,” Harry said. He smirked when Draco took his spoon back. “I’ll only be about three months along then, so I shouldn’t be too big.”

“That only leaves me three months!” Narcissa quickly stood. “Draco, put that down and come along; we have entirely too much to do.”

Draco looked mournfully at his sundae. Harry kissed him on the cheek and moved to whisper in his ear.

“I’ll let you turn me into a sundae tonight,” Harry promised.

“I’ll hold you to that,” Draco whispered back, dipping a finger in his chocolate and offering it to Harry, licking his lips when Harry sucked it clean.

“Ahem?” Narcissa tapped her foot as she waited impatiently. With an apologetic grin, Harry stood and pulled Draco up with them. Draco snatched one last bite before they headed off for the bakery.

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“Oh, gods, I think I’m going to die,” Harry complained, crashing on a couch in the drawing

room. He stuck his feet out, and stretched a full body stretch.

“Shopping with my mother is always an adventure,” Draco commented, sitting beside him. He brushed his hand through Harry’s short hair.

“But fun,” Harry responded with a grin.

“She likes you.”

“And I like her. I just wish I could figure out a way to show Lucius we can be friends.”

“He’ll come around. And if he doesn’t totally, that’s ok. I’m marrying you, Harry, not my father. I love you.”

“I love you too, Draco.” Harry turned to face Draco and captured his lips in a soft kiss.

Lucius stood in the doorway, transfixed by the sight of the two men wrapped up in each other. Neither one had noticed his presence yet. Quietly, he slipped away.

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“Is the cherry really necessary, Draco?” Harry asked. He was spread eagled on the bed, while Draco calmly spread whipped topping on the chocolate that already decorated Harry’s body.

“Mmmm, can’t have a sundae without a cherry,” Draco said. He bent down and licked a path clean on Harry’s skin. Harry shifted on the bed. “Hold still or I’ll tie you down.”

“You promise?” Harry taunted.

Draco looked up, narrowing his eyes. He reached back and grabbed his wand, using it to bind Harry’s wrists and ankles to the bed. He smirked and bent to his task again. Harry threw his head back, shutting his eyes and giving himself up to the sensation of Draco’s tongue and hands on his skin.

Draco continued to lap at Harry’s skin, leaving a trail of nibbles and soothing licks. He worked his way across his stomach before moving south and taking Harry’s erection in his mouth. Harry moaned when Draco finally deep throated him. When he licked the last bit of chocolate and whipped cream off Harry’s body, he cast a quick Cleaning Charm and released him, causing Harry to glance at him in question.

“Flip over,” Draco commanded. Harry obeyed, obligingly stretching out again. Draco recast the binding spell.

He reached for the lube, stretching and preparing him. He gripped the slim hips and pushed inside.

“Merlin, you feel so good,” Draco gasped. He began to thrust, slowly, taking his time. Each thrust brought Harry’s erection in contact with the satin sheets and he groaned at the sensation.

Draco bent to nibble at Harry’s neck, leaving marks up and down the broad back, finally settling on his neck and biting down as he sped up and came. His thrusts drove Harry into the sheets and he too crested, crying out Draco’s name.

Draco released Harry, cleaned them up, and spooned against him, hugging him to his body.

“Have fun?” he asked, nuzzling his neck.

“Always.” Harry turned in Draco’s arms to face him. He ran his hands through the blond hair, playing with the silky strands. “Do you know how much I really do love you?”

“I have an idea,” Draco said softly. “You’re living in Malfoy Manor, you’re carrying my child, you’re letting my mother plan our wedding, and you braved the press for me. Harry, I don’t know what I’ve done to deserve this.”

“You love me, that’s what you’ve done,” Harry said. He kissed Draco hard. “I couldn’t ask for anything more than that.”

Draco sighed and spelled the lights off. Sleepy now, he snuggled into Harry’s arms.

“Night, Harry.”

“Night, Draco.”

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Harry wasn’t sure what woke him, but he realized he was hungry. He eased out of bed, careful not to wake Draco up, and pulled a robe on. Slipping out of the room, he walked down the hallway, headed for the kitchen.

He fixed himself a glass of pumpkin juice and a slice of the pie they had had for dessert. He was lifting the first bite to his mouth when he heard a noise, and glanced up to see Lucius in the doorway to the kitchen.

“Did I wake you? I’m sorry if I did,” Harry said, putting his fork down.

“Please, eat,” Lucius said. He poured himself a glass of juice and joined Harry at the table.

Harry shrugged and started to eat. They sat in quiet companionship until he finished. Harry stood and rinsed the plate, putting it off to the side.

“The house-elves can do that, Potter,” Lucius said.

“Harry, sir, and I like doing things myself.” Harry sat back down after refreshing his drink.

Lucius stared at Harry for a few moments, studying the young man in front of him. Gone was the awkward adolescent, gone was the angry youth that had destroyed his Master. Now, he was a self possessed, calm and, Lucius had to admit to himself, incredibly handsome man.

“I believe I see what my son sees in you, Po- Harry,” he said.

“I love Draco,” Harry said. “I want you to know that, to believe that.”

“I do, know and believe,” Lucius responded. “He is a remarkable young man.”

“There’s an old Muggle saying, ‘The apple doesn’t fall far from the tree’.”

Lucius looked sharply at Harry. Harry smiled at him and Lucius smirked.

“I’m going back to bed, Mr. Malfoy. Have a good night,” Harry said, standing and placing his glass in the sink.

“Call me Lucius, Harry,” Lucius said. Harry paused in the doorway and looked back at him. He nodded and left.

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Chapter 17: Here Comes the Groom, and the ... Uh, Other Groom

Draco stared at the mounds of cream coloured invitations littering the table. He picked one up, tracing the Malfoy crest emblazoned on the paper with a fingertip.

"How many people are being invited, Mother?" he asked.

"This will be a major social event, Draco." Narcissa took the invitation from her son and sent it with the latest batch, carried by a group of owls.

Draco frowned, knowing Harry’s aversion to publicity.

"You did invite your friends from Harry's tavern?" Narcissa asked. She supervised quills writing out the guests' names on the next batch of invitations.

"Yes, Harry and I sent those out yesterday. I expect they'll all come. They're Muggles, Mother," Draco answered.

"Does your Father, know?"

"Does his Father know what?" Lucius asked, entering the room. He surveyed the work in progress.

"That Muggles have been invited to the wedding," Narcissa said. She waved her wand, and the quills stopped, the last invitation sealing itself with a flutter.

"Muggles?" Lucius turned to Draco.

"Yes, sir," Draco replied. "The um, men we worked with and Marissa, who ran the flat complex. We've already sent out the invitations."

Lucius glanced sharply at Narcissa, before returning his gaze to Draco. He frowned slightly.

"I do hope they will behave *appropriately*," he said, holding Draco's gaze.

"So do I," Draco muttered.

"Where is Harry?" Narcissa asked.

"Taking a shower. He wants to go to Diagon Alley and pick up some things."

"I'm here," Harry said, walking through the door and pulling Draco into his arms. He hugged him from the back, resting his chin on Draco's shoulder.

"Are those all the invitations to the wedding?" He nervously eyed the pile.

"Of course not," Narcissa said. Harry relaxed slightly. "I've already sent out most of them," she continued.

Draco pulled away when he heard Harry start to choke slightly, and turned to make sure he was all right.

"More, Draco? How many people are being invited?" Harry stared at the batch being carried off by owls.

"Harry," Draco pulled Harry's face around to his, cupping his chin in his hands, "don't worry so. All we have to worry about is getting there on time." He brushed his lips against Harry's.

"That, and making sure the guys behave," Draco finished. Harry shot him a look that plainly said he found that possibility remote. Draco sighed.

"Let's go, before I really start panicking," Harry said. He and Draco said their goodbyes and walked to the main fireplace to Floo to Diagon Alley.

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Invitations had been sent, RSVPs had been returned. A section of the grounds at Malfoy Manor were sculpted and designed into a fragrant garden, filled with late blooming flowers.

Harry paced nervously in his room. Draco was in another room dressing for the ceremony. He walked to the window and looked over the grounds, barely able to see the gathering crowd that mingled in the cool autumn air. He shut the curtains quickly and sat on the bed, putting his head into his hands.

"Harry?" Narcissa knocked on the door and entered. She sat down next to him on the bed. "Are you going to be all right? Do you feel sick?"

"No, not from morning sickness. From all those people, yeah."

"Do you love Draco?"

Harry glanced at Narcissa, meeting her concerned gaze.

"With all my heart," he said softly.

"Then you have nothing to worry about, dear," she said, pulling Harry into her arms. He stiffened for a second in hesitation, and then put his arms around her too, allowing himself to be held and comforted. "All that is important is your love for each other."

"I know, I know." Harry pulled away with a smile. He took a deep breath. "Lead me to my destiny, oh fair one," he said, standing and bowing before Narcissa.

She chuckled and stood as well, accepting Harry's offer of an arm. They walked out of the bedroom and through the manor towards the garden.

Harry swept his gaze over the assembled crowd. He didn't know half the people here, and the people he did know were staring suspiciously at the other guests. Tony was the first to spot him, and with a cry of greeting, swept him up in a great hug.

He was hugged in turn, each dancer greeting him with open arms and some with a kiss to the cheek. Even Sam hugged Harry, grinning wildly. Marissa was the last, holding Harry as tears slid down her cheeks.

"This is so wonderful, so romantic," she said, pulling back to stare at him before hugging him again.

"Harry, there you are!" Bill's voice floated over the crowd. Harry looked up to see Bill pulling a very familiar redhead by the hand. "I want you to meet my girlfriend, Ginny."

"Hey, Harry," Ginny said softly. Harry stared at her in shock.

"What are you doing here?" Harry asked, his voice as hard as his eyes.

"Bill invited me," Ginny said, her blue eyes flashing. "You'd never let any of us talk to you after my asshole of a brother did what he did to you. You returned all our letters, or you would have known we were horrified by how he acted. Harry, Mum and Dad disowned him after you left him."

"So you two know each other?" Sam asked.

Harry rolled his eyes. "No, Sam, I always greet redheaded women like this."

Bill snorted. He wrapped his arms around Ginny.

"Harry, I know this is a shock to you. But Mum wanted me to say she still loves you, and you and Draco are welcome at The Burrow."

"And does Bill know?"

"Know what?" Sam asked, eyes darting between the two.

"Sam!" Harry growled.

"Yes," Ginny said. "I told him on our last date."

"Ok, ok, if you two want to have a secret conversation you just go ahead," Sam said. "God, Harry, I know you're not working anymore but aren't you even working out? I mean you are really getting pudgy!"

Ginny looked Harry up and down, taking in his black linen pants, white long sleeved shirt with 'priest' collar held shut with an onyx button, and the black vest covering his slightly rounded stomach.

"Harry?" She caught his eyes.

"Yeah, Ginny." Harry smiled wryly.

"OH!" Ginny threw herself at Harry, hugging him. He hugged her back, holding her close. "Can I tell Mum and Dad?" she asked, pulling away.

"I don't know yet, Ginny. Let me talk to Draco, ok?"

"Ok, now I'm just completely confused," Sam complained.

"And how is that different from any other time?" Jason asked.

"Shut it, you," Sam said. "Why are you guys calling Drake, Draco?"

"Because that's my name, Sam." Draco joined the conversation, stepping up to Harry. He smiled at his future husband, pulling him in for a light kiss. He nodded stiffly to Ginny.

"Ginny is the mystery girl Bill has been dating," Harry offered by way of explanation.

"Of course she is," Draco said, grinning.

"Draco, I hope that we can start fresh, as cliché as that sounds," Ginny said. "You look great, by the way." Draco also wore black linen pants, but had a black button down shirt on. Both men wore only the clothes, with no jewellery or ornamentation.

"What are you two doing here? It's almost time to start the ceremony!" Narcissa waved her hands at Harry and Draco. "Miss Weasley, a pleasure to have you here," she added, smiling tightly at Ginny. "Could you please help Harry's guests get seated?"

"I'd love to, Mrs. Malfoy," Ginny replied, smiling.

Narcissa shooed Harry and Draco away from the guests. It had been decided that they would walk up the aisle together, starting the ceremony as they hoped to live their life, side by side.

The crowd settled into quiet expectancy, turning almost as one to watch Harry and Draco walk with each other, hand in hand to the front altar. They stood in front of the officiating wizard, promising to love and cherish each other, to be a support for each other, to always lean on each other. When their vows had been spoken and rings exchanged, they kissed as the crowd cheered around them.

As Harry and Draco stepped away from the altar, the crowd, all of them offering congratulations, overwhelmed them. Harry had never been hugged so often, and was slowly building up to a panic attack.

"Hey, Harry, come here," Ginny said, pulling Harry from his latest well-wisher. She led him inside, where the ballroom was decorated in glittering fairy lights and flowers.

"Draco, come get your husband for a dance," she yelled across the room, and Draco responded, grinning as he wove through the crowd, headed for them.

The musicians played a slow waltz and Draco gathered Harry into his embrace, moving around the room. Harry snuggled in Draco's arms, his own arms wrapped tightly around his waist. He rested his head on Draco's shoulder and sighed in happiness.

The dance ended and the crowd applauded. Suddenly a stronger beat sounded through the room and Harry lifted his head in alarm, sharing a look with Draco. They turned to see Sam and Jason step out onto the dance floor, moving to the beat.

Bill laughed and pulled Ginny onto the floor. Soon everyone from the *Corral* was on the floor, dancing suggestively with their partners, moving to the beat that thrummed through their bodies.

Harry grinned wickedly and pulled away from Draco. He bowed to Narcissa and pulled her into his arms, leading her to the centre of the floor. Soon he was dancing against her, joining in her laughter as they moved.

"Is that necessary?" Lucius asked, watching his wife practically have sex with his son-in-law.

"I'm not sure whether to be disturbed, or turned on myself," Draco answered, his eyes also glued to the pair.

"Come on, Draco. If I couldn't sleep with you, at least let me dance with you!" Sam led Draco onto the dance floor, gyrating against him in a heated dance.

"Lucius, quite the party," Lisette Parkinson said, sipping her drink. "Wherever did you find those dancers?"

"We can't let you be left out," Marissa said, joining the pair, and tugging on Lucius' arm. "Come along, sweet cheeks. Let's get you dancing!"

Slightly stunned, Lucius allowed himself to be led onto the floor, where Marissa showed she could dance as well as the strippers. Soon the rest of the guests joined in, as the dancers split from their partners to pull people from the crowd onto the floor.

Lucius found himself with Narcissa in his arms after the second dance with Marissa. She smiled at her husband and quickly kissed him.

"I think it's going rather well, don't you?" she asked.

"No one has died yet, that must be a good sign," Lucius replied, smiling when she laughed.

"Ready to leave?" Draco asked Harry, who was back in his arms.

"More than. Will anyone miss us if we skive off?"

"Do you really think I care?" Draco drawled. He kissed Harry and took his hand, dragging him from the floor.

"Whooo! There they go!" Sam yelled.

"I'm going to kill him, truly I am," Draco growled. The music stopped and the guests turned to face Harry and Draco.

"You can't," Harry laughed. "Thank you for all attending," he said, addressing the crowd, "but Draco and I are off to have a little party of our own!"

That brought catcalls and suggestions from Harry's guests, which in turn, brought stares and open mouthed astonishment from the rest of the guests. Harry blushed, but continued to walk out of the room with Draco, who was trying to memorize all the various suggestions.

Draco led Harry up to their room, shutting the door firmly behind him. Harry sat on their bed, smiling at Draco.

"So, Mr. Potter-Malfoy, whatever are we to do with ourselves?" he purred, stalking forward.

"I have a few ideas," Harry said, laughing when Draco pounced on him. They met each other in a passionate kiss, losing themselves in the taste and feel of the other.

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Chapter 18: Christmas With the Weasleys

Two glasses of juice were already on the table. Harry placed his plate down and settled in a chair. He took a bite out of his sandwich, knowing it would only be a few minutes before he had company.

Sure enough, within minutes, Lucius appeared in the doorway. He smiled at Harry, nodding in greeting and settled in his chair. Harry laughed softly.

"What, do you have some sort of alarm that tells you when I'm up?" There had not been one night he had woken hungry when he hadn't been joined by the elder Malfoy. He was surprised when Lucius flushed slightly.

"You do, don't you?" he asked, mock glaring at Lucius.

“There might be something wrong,” Lucius protested.

“It’s ok,” Harry chuckled. “I like our chats.” They sat in silence for a while, Lucius sipping his juice and Harry eating his sandwich.

“Do you have names picked out?” asked Lucius, when Harry had had a chance to ease his hunger.

“No, we haven’t even talked about it. We’ve got a while yet, I’m not due until spring.”

Lucius nodded, allowing silence to fall again.

“Christmas is this week. The Weasley’s have invited Draco and I to visit.” Harry glanced over the rim of his glass to see how Lucius would react.

“Are you planning on going?” Lucius asked neutrally.

“Not on Christmas day. I thought maybe Christmas Eve. I really want to spend Christmas day here. Unless you and Narcissa have other plans?”

“We planned on spending Christmas with our family,” Lucius responded with a small smile. “So of course we expect you and Draco to be here.”

“Of course,” Harry answered. He smiled goofily, warmth spreading through him. The Weasley’s were like a second family to him, but it felt good to actually have his own family. He sighed, his hunger satisfied.

“I can’t believe I wake up this hungry,” Harry said, leaning against the back of his chair, resting his hand on his rounded stomach.

“Narcissa did as well. She used to make me get the weirdest concoctions.”

“I’ve been wondering, and please if I’m overstepping, let me know. Why only Draco? Didn’t you want other children?”

“We did,” Lucius answered, “but having Draco nearly killed her and him.” He paused, his hand gripping his glass tight enough that his knuckles were white. “I almost lost both of them. It couldn’t be risked again.”

“I’m sorry,” Harry said, impulsively reaching across the table to touch Lucius’ hand. Lucius looked up, startled, catching Harry’s gaze.

“Did you mean what you said that night at dinner? About having more than one?” Lucius searched Harry’s face, a hungry look on his own.

“I wouldn’t mind having more than one. I don’t know about six though,” he laughed.

“I would love to see the Manor filled with laughing children,” Lucius said wistfully.

Harry laughed.

“Hey, maybe I’ll have twins. That should cause enough laughter for you, fighting too,” he said.

“You do know you’ve probably cursed yourself into that now,” Lucius said. “Saying it is as good as it happening.”

“Oh, I hope not. Can you imagine Draco doubled?” He laughed so infectiously that Lucius joined him. Harry grinned at Lucius. “I’ve never heard you laugh. It’s nice.”

He stood and picked up his plate and glass, rinsing them in the sink. He was surprised when Lucius joined him at the sink, rinsing his glass as well.

“I’m going back to bed. Good night, Lucius.”

“Good night, Harry.” Lucius watched him leave, and walked back to his room, checking the clock to make sure the hands showed Harry safely in bed.

“Ugh, I’m huge!” Harry glared at his reflection.

“Harry, you’re pregnant. You’re supposed to get bigger,” Draco said helpfully.

“I love you Draco, but now I have to kill you,” Harry said, turning his glare on Draco.

“Why? What did I say?”

“Go ask your father,” Narcissa said from the doorway. She walked into the room and sat on the bed. “Draco, you should be more understanding.”

“Understanding.” Draco looked from Harry to his mother. “I don’t get it.”

“That’s obvious,” Harry grumped sitting next to Narcissa.

“It’s alright, dear. They eventually learn tact. You would think Draco would have it ingrained by now, though.”

“Fine, fine, I’ll go ask Father,” Draco said, rolling his eyes. He stomped from the room in a huff.

“Narcissa, I’m fat,” Harry wailed. He rested his head on her shoulder, laughing. “I figured it had to be said at some time.”

“Shhh, it will all be fine,” Narcissa crooned, grinning as well and patting Harry on the head. She put her arm around Harry. “I think you look just wonderful.”

She placed her other hand on Harry’s stomach and smiled when she felt the baby kick. She looked up at Harry, her grin matching his.

“It feels weird when that happens.”

“Are you and Draco still waiting to find out what sex it is?” Narcissa asked.

“Yeah, we want to be surprised.”

“And what brought on the little tiff?” Narcissa asked, smiling when the baby thumped again.

“We were packing to visit the Weasley’s.”

“Oh, that’s right. You two are spending the weekend there. You will be back by Sunday night?”

“Of course. I promised Lucius we’d be here for Christmas Day. Anyway, none of my clothes seem to fit anymore. Draco offered to change them for me. I hate that I have to wear fat clothes.”

“Get used to it,” Narcissa said, her voice amused.

“Hey, how come she can say things like that and you don’t get mad, but if I say something like that I’m insensitive?” Draco asked, standing in the doorway.

“Because she didn’t do this to me,” Harry said, waving at his stomach. “Come here, you.”

Draco walked forward and Harry wrapped his arms around his waist, resting his head on Draco’s abdomen. Draco bent and kissed his head.

“I love you, you know that,” Draco said softly.

“Yeah, I know. That’s the only reason you wake up some mornings.”

“What?” Draco pulled back and stared at Harry.

“Kidding, Draco, I’m kidding. I wouldn’t kill you in your sleep.”

“Good,” Draco said.

“I’d wake you up so I could see your expression,” Harry continued.

Narcissa laughed at the look on her son’s face.

“Harry, if we had any doubt about you being a Malfoy, you just erased it.” She kissed Harry on

the cheek and stood, kissing Draco on the cheek as well.

“Have fun at the Weasley’s. And tell Ginny I said hello.” She left the room, still smiling.

“Yeah, have fun at the Weasley’s. Sounds like fun.” Draco finished putting his clothes in the trunk. He altered Harry’s trousers and jeans with magic and packed them as well. Last into the trunk were the presents for the Weasley family.

“Draco, you promised to be nice,” Harry admonished. He stood and walked over to his husband, wrapping his arms around him as best he could. “Another reason to hate being this big. I can’t hold you right.”

“Anyway you hold me is right,” Draco said. He turned Harry so Harry’s back was to his front and rested his chin on Harry’s shoulder, pulling him tight. “I will behave, I promise.”

“Let’s go, then. You want to say good bye to your Father?”

“I already did for both of us.” Draco levitated the trunk and walked behind Harry out the door, the trunk following sedately behind them. They walked to the only fireplace hooked up to the floo network and flooed out of Malfoy Manor.

“They’re here, they’re here!” Ginny ran up to them excitedly, hugging first Draco, then Harry tightly. “Oy, Harry, the baby kicked!” she said, giggling.

“It does that when I floo. I don’t think it likes travelling that way.”

“It?” Molly asked, coming into the room from the kitchen. She hugged Harry and Draco as well, kissing Harry on the cheek.

“Really, Harry,” she continued, “haven’t you thought of anything else to call your baby?”

“I don’t want to say ‘he’ if it’s a ‘she’,” Harry answered.

“Harry, sometimes I wonder about you,” Ginny said, smiling and shaking her head.

“So have you guys decided yet how to tell which Bill you’re talking about when you yell ‘Bill’ here?” Harry asked, grinning. “And will he be here for Christmas?”

“He’s on his way here now, and I just call my brother idiot and Bill ‘Bill’ so it works out fine.”

“Ginny!” Molly shot her daughter an exasperated look. She gestured to the couch. “Sit, sit you two. I’ll get Fred and George to take your things to your room.”

“I can do it, Mrs. Weasley,” Draco said.

“I’ll help,” Ginny offered. She led Draco up the stairs as Harry settled on the couch, talking with Molly.

“So then Harry tells Jason that he can out dance him. So they get up on the stage, and mind you most of us had only seen Harry in baggy ugly clothes up until now. So he gets up on the stage and he starts taking these god awful ugly clothes off, tossing them off the stage,” Bill said, laughing. He had the attention of the entire table as he continued.

“We all laughed until we got a good look at his body. Man, even the straight guys had their tongues hanging out. So Harry finishes, down to his boxers and he walks over to Jason, cool as anything and kisses him flat out. Jason started to put his arms around Harry and Harry darts away laughing. Jason never did get over the fact that you not only danced better than him, you turned him down, Harry,” Bill finished.

“Yeah, well, he just wasn’t my type,” Harry said. He rolled his eyes at the looks he was getting, ranging from slight shock on Molly and Arthur’s face to the out right grins on Fred and George.

“Why is everyone so shocked?”

“A strip club, Harry?” Fred asked. “That’s just bloody amazing!”

“Yeah, well just think. Would the old coot think to look for me there?”

“Draco found you there,” Ginny pointed out.

“Yeah, but I killed a car to do it,” Draco said. “I bet it’s still sitting in that garage.”

“You could always get your father to pay for it and free it,” Harry teased.

“No thanks,” Draco said. “He was mad enough when he found out where I was working.”

“So how did he find out?” Charlie asked.

“We had just done a show for a private party, so were all just wearing pants and not much else,” Draco said. “Harry was sitting in a chair; I was kneeling in front of him and had just finished a Blow Job...”

“A what?!” Molly exclaimed. Arthur sputtered on his drink and stared at Draco.

“A Muggle drink,” Draco explained hastily. “You drink it out of someone’s lap, in my case, Harry’s.”

“Wicked,” George said, leaning forward eagerly. “Will you tell me about it later? How to make

it and all?"

"George Weasley, you do not need to know how to make any sort of drink with that kind of name," Molly said firmly.

"Guess you've never had 'Sex on the Beach' then," Harry drawled. He grinned when Molly flamed red. "Sorry, Molly, really, but lots of Muggle drinks have suggestive names."

"So you were being 'sexually suggestive' with Harry, then what happened?" Ginny prodded.

"He walked in on us right as I lifted my head from Harry's lap. To say he was upset is an understatement," Draco continued. "But he's better about everything now."

"I'm glad, Draco," Arthur said. He stood. "If everyone's done, I think we should give Molly a hand in cleaning up. Then perhaps you'd join me for a game of chess, Draco?"

"I'd like that, thanks," Draco answered.

The entire family did their part in cleaning up and soon everything was put to rights. The rest of the evening was spent in games and visiting. When he was ready to go to bed, Harry signalled Draco and they said their good nights, walking up the stairs to their room together.

Harry stripped for bed, throwing on the oversized t-shirt he had taken to wearing. He slipped under the covers, waiting for Draco, who slipped in right behind him and spooned him from the back.

"I can't wait until I can sleep on my back," Harry complained. He made a pleased sound when Draco nuzzled his neck, reaching around with one arm to place a hand on Harry's stomach.

"Little bugger's kicking a lot, isn't he?"

"Draco, what if it's a girl?"

"Then I'll have scarred her for life by calling her a 'him' while she was in the womb. Harry, it doesn't matter," Draco responded. He kissed Harry on the back of the neck, before settling down to sleep.

Harry rolled his eyes and pulled his pillow more firmly under his head, drifting off with Draco's arm around him.

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Draco woke slowly, snuggling against Harry's warm back, glad they were back in the Manor. They had returned home late Christmas Eve after spending a surprisingly, at least to him, good time at the Weasleys. He nuzzled Harry on the neck, not wanting to climb out of the toasty blankets.

"Keep that up and we won't be down for Christmas breakfast," Harry's sleepy voice admonished. "Do you really want your mother coming up here and interrupting us?"

"Could be fun," Draco said.

He slipped his arm around Harry and pressed against him, nipping him on the neck. Harry groaned and pushed back, throwing his head back. Draco slid his hand down and into the silk boxers, wrapping his fingers around Harry's morning erection and pumping. Harry gasped, moving his hand down to join Draco's. Together their hands moved over his shaft.

Draco continued to work the heated flesh while thrusting against him from the back. Harry gasped and arched his back as he came. Draco sped up his thrusts, his hand gripping Harry's hip now. He came gasping against Harry's neck.

Harry twisted in the sheets, cast cleaning charms on them both, and kissed him.

"That is an absolutely wonderful way to wake up," he purred. Draco grinned and kissed him again.

"I would love to spend all day in bed here with you, but unfortunately, you were right about my mother." Draco dropped a kiss on Harry's nose. "I claim shower!"

He jumped out of bed laughing, and headed into the bathroom. Harry's eyes narrowed in irritation as he rolled out of bed. Draco knew it took longer for Harry to get up than it did him. With a wicked grin he marched into the bathroom, and waved his hand, turning the hot water momentarily ice cold.

"Ahhh!" Draco screamed and opened the door, glaring at him for the switch from hot to cold. Harry stuck his tongue out at him and sat on the closed toilet to wait for him to finish.

Morning routine finished, the two went down to breakfast. Harry was struck at how subdued the Manor was after the boisterous pandemonium that was the Weasley household. The love was no less in evidence here, just more subtle. He enjoyed the Weasleys, but found the calm of the Malfoys soothing.

They adjourned to the study, where the Christmas tree was set up. Harry settled on the leather love seat, stretching his aching feet out. He looked up, a bit startled, when Lucius pushed a footstool over for him to rest his feet on, but gave the older man a grateful smile. Draco took childish delight in handing out the presents.

Lucius gave Harry a slightly exasperated look when he opened his present- a new hand for the clock, to be put on when the baby arrived. Narcissa laughed when she opened her present- the Kama Sutra. She opened the book, and then flushed slightly, shutting it.

“What?” Lucius asked, reaching for the book, frowning when she pulled it away.

“It’s illustrated, Lucius,” Harry said laughing. “The wizarding way.”

“What is it?” Lucius finally succeeded in getting the book from his wife, and stared at the open pages. He glanced quickly up at Harry, who was still laughing, and at Draco, who was slowly turning pink before shutting it with a smirk.

Harry opened his present from Lucius and Narcissa, a slight gasp escaping his lips when he saw the silver band, engraved with elegant script, *Une famille, Un amour, toujours*. The ring had stones set, two on either side of the script, emerald and sapphire, and on the other side, diamond and amethyst. He glanced up at Draco in confusion, holding the ring out to him.

“I can’t read French, Draco,” he said by way of explanation. Draco read the inscription to him.

“One family, One love, Forever.” He met Harry’s eyes, smiling.

“The stones represent our family, Harry. Your family,” Narcissa said. “When your child is born, his or her stone will appear on it as well.”

Harry bit his lip, trying to stop the tears from falling. He held out his arms to Narcissa, who hugged him and kissed his cheek.

“Thanks. I don’t know what to say,” Harry said, slipping the ring on his right hand. He wiped his cheeks, smiling in embarrassment at his emotional display.

“I wanted you to know that we consider you very much a part of this family, Harry,” Lucius said quietly.

The sombre mood was broken when Harry’s stomach rumbled loudly, and the baby kicked hard enough that even Lucius could see the movement across the room.

“Ugh,” Harry said, laughing through his tears. “I guess Ferret, Jr. wants some food.”

Draco rolled his eyes at the nickname Harry had taken to using.

“Come on, then,” Draco said, pulling Harry to a standing position. “Being your child, he’s likely to sneak out and get food himself.”

“Oh, really?”

“How do you get into Hogwarts kitchen?” Draco challenged.

“Tickle the pear,” Harry answered, laughing.

“I rest my case!”

“Food it is, then. Want to join us?” Harry asked Lucius and Narcissa, grinning when Narcissa hurriedly closed the book she had reopened.

“Um, no, I don’t think so,” Narcissa answered, a flush creeping up her neck. She grinned suddenly. “I think we’re going to use your present.”

Harry laughed as Draco pulled him from the room, muttering under his breath about not wanting any more information.

Later that night, Harry lay on the bed, waiting for Draco to finish in the bathroom and join him. He nervously toyed with the box in his hands. Draco finally re-entered the bedroom and sat next to his husband on the bed, not missing that Harry moved his hand down, hiding something. The baby kicked and shifted, causing a ripple across his abdomen.

Draco smiled and placed his hand on Harry’s stomach. He watched with awe as his hand jumped when the baby kicked again.

“That is so amazing.”

“It feels bloody weird to have something squirming inside you,” Harry said, but he was grinning too.

“I love you, you know that?” Draco asked, bending over to kiss Harry.

“I know,” Harry whispered. He took a deep breath and held out the box to Draco.

“What’s this?” Draco asked. He opened the box to see a small crystal globe.

“Look inside,” Harry said.

Draco glanced at him before looking at the crystal. A picture resolved itself inside, an image of him as a very small boy, standing next to another small boy with dark unruly hair, both being fitted for robes. He looked back at Harry, puzzled, as the image faded.

“It’s like a Pensieve, sort of,” Harry explained. “It records memories, instead of holding them. I put us into it; all my good memories of us, and some not so good. I didn’t want to leave anything out.”

Draco smiled, bending over to kiss Harry again.

“I love it,” he said, very carefully placing it beside the bed. “Can I add to it?”

“Yeah, it’s a simple spell.” Harry sighed as Draco joined him in bed, spooning against his back. “I’ll be so glad when I can hold you in my arms again while we sleep,” he said.

“Soon, love,” Draco said, kissing him on the neck. “I still have my present to give to you, too.”

“Oh, and what is that?” Harry turned to face him eagerly. Draco sat back up and reached for a small velvet box.

“More jewellery? I should have joined this family earlier!” Harry laughed when Draco rolled his eyes.

“Open it,” Draco said, settling next to Harry.

Obediently, Harry opened the box. Nestled inside the velvet lining were two simple silver rope bracelets. He put one on, drawing a quick breath when it warmed slightly. Draco held out his hand, and Harry slid the other around his wrist.

“They will warn us when there’s danger to the other,” Draco explained. “I put the charms on them myself. Only we can take them off.”

“Thanks,” Harry said. He kissed Draco. “I love you.”

“I love you more.”

“Do not.”

“Do too.”

“Do not.”

“Do too.”

“Draco?”

“Yeah?”

“Go to sleep.”

Draco laughed and spooned against Harry, holding him tightly as he drifted off to sleep.

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Chapter 20: One, Two...

“You have got to be kidding. This is some poor attempt at medical humour, right?” Harry glared at the medi-witch who was beaming at him.

“No, Mr. Potter, I can assure you we don’t have a sense of humour here,” she answered. “See the front desk to schedule your next appointment.” She turned and left the room to allow Harry to get dressed.

Still numb, Harry walked from the examination room to the waiting room where Draco was sitting. He motioned Draco up and they left the doctor’s office, stepping out into the chilly January air. Harry shivered, sighing in relief when they were finally in the heated limo. Spring was only a month away, but winter still had a firm grip on the weather.

Before long, they were pulling into Malfoy Manor. Draco didn’t break the brooding silence until they were settled in the library, stretched out on the couch. He pulled Harry’s feet up into his lap and started to work on them, relishing the sighs and groans from his mate.

“So, are you going to tell me what’s got you all bothered, or do I have to guess?”

“Remember how I teased your mother about having lots of kids?” Harry asked. He had his head resting on the armrest of the couch, his eyes closed, fingers massaging his temples.

“Yes,” Draco said slowly.

“We’re going to get that wish fulfilled. There’s more than one.”

Draco’s hands stilled on Harry’s feet. Harry opened his eyes to meet his husband’s stunned gaze.

“More than one,” Draco repeated. “How many, exactly, is more than one?”

“No less than two, no more than four, she said. Apparently, it’s difficult to determine for sure, because our children’s magic is interfering with the spells.”

“Oh. Wow. That’s...”

“Yeah, exactly.” Harry watched the information settle, smiling when Draco grinned widely. “So you’re happy?”

“It’s a shock, Harry, but it’s not as if we can’t handle it. There’s just more to love, then.”

“So, Draco,” Harry smirked, “who’s going to tell your mum?”

Draco just whimpered.

~ @ };- ~

“How did your visit go yesterday?” Narcissa asked. She glanced between the two young men, both suddenly very interested in their plates.

“Well,” Draco began, “it was a good visit. Everything is going smoothly.”

“That’s good to hear,” Lucius said. He motioned a house-elf to refill his glass of wine.

“Draco’s right, it went great. The medi-witch said the babies are coming along nicely.” Harry bit his lip to keep from laughing at the look on Lucius’ face, as he struggled to not spit out the mouthful of wine he had just taken.

“Babies? As in more than one?” Narcissa’s eyes were wide. Suddenly she squealed and jumped up, running around the table to hug Harry. “Oh, that’s bloody wonderful!”

“Narcissa!” Lucius looked mildly shocked, though Harry thought that might be from the news, rather than Narcissa’s choice of words. Narcissa simply smirked at her husband.

“Now you have to pick out names!” She glanced eagerly at the two men.

“We don’t even know how many,” Draco protested. “And we don’t know their sexes either.”

“That doesn’t mean you can’t start making a list,” Narcissa said firmly. She returned to her seat and pinned her son with a piercing gaze. “This is not something you can put off until the last minute!”

“I still have almost three months, Narcissa,” Harry gently reminded her. “Even though the medi-witch did say with multiples there’s a chance for an early birth.”

“You didn’t say that before!” Draco turned on Harry.

“I’m still in a slight state of shock here, Draco,” Harry said in his defence. “She said even with an early birth, everything should be just fine. I’m healthy, the little ferrets are healthy. Stop worrying.” He covered Draco’s hand with his own.

“Might as well tell the sun to stop shining, Harry. I’ll always worry about you. I love you.”

Harry felt a smile spread and he lifted Draco’s hand, laying a kiss on his palm. Both looked up startled when Lucius coughed to get their attention.

“I believe another shopping trip might be called for. We only have the nursery set up for one baby,” he said. A smile tugged at his lips when Harry groaned and dropped his head to the table.

“That’s all right, dear, Draco and I will handle the shopping,” Narcissa promised. “You are going to visit Ginny tomorrow, aren’t you?”

“That was the plan.”

“Then we’ll go shopping while you are at the Weasleys.” Narcissa smiled brightly and turned her attention back to dinner.

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Harry waved goodbye to Draco and stepped through the fireplace and into the bright green flames. He staggered as he exited at the Burrow, grateful for the supporting hands that gripped him.

“I hate travelling like that,” he grumbled as his stomach started thumping frantically. He groaned and clutched his stomach.

“Let’s get you on the couch,” Molly said. She helped Harry over to the couch and eased him down.

“Wicked, Harry,” Ginny grinned at Harry’s stomach jumping around. “Ferret Jr. is active today!”

“That’s because Ferret Jr. has playmates.”

“What?” Molly sat heavily next to Harry, her eyes wide in reaction.

“Wow. How many?” Ginny asked. She plopped into a chair, swinging her legs over the side.

“We don’t know, and probably won’t until they’re born. They can’t get a bearing with spells, there’s too much interference. All I know is I’m bloody tired of being fat, and hurting, and waddling everywhere, and I want these damn things out!”

Ginny cracked up and Molly tried to hide a smile before breaking out in chuckles. Harry rolled his eyes. He waited impatiently until both women had regained their composure.

“See, this is why I’m not doing this,” Ginny said emphatically. “I am not going through all of this,” she indicated Harry with a wave of her hand.

“Then what are you going to do?” Harry asked.

“Adopt! Be a godmother. I’ll think of something,” she answered with a grin. Suddenly she straightened up. “Hey, I’ve got an idea. You could see a Muggle doctor, Harry. Bill was telling me about those Sonargrams.”

“What’s a sonargram?” Molly asked.

“I think she means sonogram,” Harry answered. “It’s a picture they take with ultrasound, so you can see the baby and all. Ginny, how exactly am I going to explain to a Muggle doctor how I happen to be pregnant? I’ve no intention of winding up on the front page of some rag.”

“Bill’s sister is a doctor. She already knows about me, he told his family, so she could do it. I can find out for you and let you know.” Ginny held Harry’s gaze, pleading with him. “Come on, Harry, don’t you want to know how many there are?”

“Yes, it would be nice to know. You’re sure it’ll be kept quiet?”

“Absolutely. This will be great; Bill can pick you up here. I’ll go call him.” Ginny jumped up and ran to the fireplace.

“You have him hooked up to the Floo network?” Harry quirked an eyebrow in amusement.

“She had to jump through hoops for that,” Molly said. “Can I fix you something to drink, dear?”

“Juice,” Harry said. “Thanks.” He closed his eyes and dropped his head back deliberately not listening to the conversation. He cracked his eyes open when Ginny bounced into the seat next to him.

“He says ‘sure’ and he’ll pick you up tonight. Is that too soon?”

“I don’t know. I need to call Draco,” Harry answered.

“I’ll just go help Mum then, and leave you to talk to your lover,” she teased, bounding off the couch and into the kitchen.

Harry pushed himself off the couch and walked to the fireplace, throwing some powder in. Soon Draco’s face was evident in the green flames.

“Miss me that much?” he asked with a grin.

“Always,” Harry replied, his own grin growing. “Bill’s sister is a Muggle doctor and she has a way I might be able to see the babies, a Muggle way. They want to do it tonight.”

“Oh,” Draco’s grin turned into a frown. “So soon?”

“I could ask for another time…”

“No, it’s ok,” Draco interrupted. “I just wish I could be there, but I don’t think it would be such a great idea to let Mother and Father know. Just what kind of Muggle way is this?”

“A machine that uses sound to take a picture. It’s harmless, Draco. I’ve read about them before.”

“As long as there’s no danger.” Draco didn’t sound very convinced.

“None, love. I promise.”

“Come home right after?”

“Of course. I love you, Draco.”

“I love you too, Harry.” Draco’s head disappeared from the flames and Harry went back to the couch.

“So it’s on then?” Ginny asked from the doorway. She walked into the room and handed Harry a glass of juice.

“Yes, it’s on,” Harry said, hoping he wasn’t making a mistake.

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“If you laugh, I swear you will never see the light of day again,” Harry warned with a glower. He grumbled under his breath as he tried to fit his seatbelt on.

“I’m not laughing,” Bill said laughter evident in his voice. He coughed and focused on the windshield.

“It’s just that,” he continued, “uh, damn, Harry.” He cracked up, laughing.

“That’s it, when I can move with any speed, you’re dead,” Harry threatened.

“If only Sam could see you now,” Bill said, wiping tears from his eyes.

Harry sighed dramatically and crossed his arms, glaring at Bill, who broke out in a fresh wave of laughter.

“Right, off we go,” Bill sniffed, starting the car. They drove down the road, headed for his sister’s office.

It was quite some distance to the office, and Harry spent the time grilling Bill about the state of the clubs and dancers. Each story that Bill told was wilder than the one before, and Harry felt a slight ache of regret for the life he had left behind.

“You miss it, don’t you?” Bill asked quietly, noticing how pensive Harry had become.

“I do. It was one time in my life when I was free to be just me, and no one had any preconceived notions about me. Plus, I really liked dancing.”

“You guys aren’t coming back, are you?”

“I don’t know. Maybe. Probably not,” Harry answered, turning his attention to the night draped scenery out his window. “I don’t know what’s going to happen,” he said softly.

“Here we are.”

They pulled into a small, tree lined parking lot, parking in a slot. Harry unbuckled his belt and opened his door. Bill ran around the car and helped him out, leading the way into the small building.

They stepped into a soft mauve coloured room, accented with silver and gold. A reception desk stood against one wall, and wooden chairs lined the remaining walls, interspersed with soft couches. The room had the quiet hush of after hours.

“There you are.” A dark skinned woman came from a side room and pulled Bill into a hug. She turned a bright smile on Harry and held out her hand. “I must say this is a first for me, Mr. Potter. I’m Emily.”

“You aren’t the only one,” Harry responded with a smile, accepting her hand. “It’s a pleasure to meet you.”

“Let’s get started.” She led him into a small room and gestured to a bed. “Lay down on that, and pull your shirt up. I need your stomach completely exposed.”

Harry obeyed, lying down on the crinkly paper coated bed and stretching out. Emily wheeled a machine over. She lifted a squirt bottle and with a grin, and a very rude sound, squeezed the cold goop onto Harry’s stomach. Harry squinched his eyes at the sensation, but then she put the wand against his stomach. His breath caught as he stared at the screen, and the sight of his squirming babies.

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“Thanks, Emily,” Harry said, pulling her into a tight hug.

“No problem, Harry. Call me if either you, or your husband, want a second look. It would be a pleasure.” She turned to Bill. “You and Ginny will be at dinner on Sunday, right?”

“Yes, sis, we’ll be there,” Bill promised.

He and Harry left the building climbing back into the car. Harry’s mind swam as he buckled up. He rested his arm on the door, and his head against his hand, staring out the window. A grin split his face and he rubbed his stomach. Somehow seeing those little bodies had made it more real, more magical. He gripped the envelope of pictures Emily had given him in his other hand, eager to share them with Draco.

Neither one noticed the car run the red light. Neither man anticipated the shocking jolt of another vehicle slamming into them. Harry was thrown forward, the belt constricting against him, his head striking the air bag. As he slipped into unconsciousness, his last thought was of his children.

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Chapter 21: ...Three!

Bill choked and coughed, the acrid smell of the deployed air bag filling his nose and mouth. He glanced at Harry, who was slumped in the passenger seat. He didn’t see any immediate injuries, but knew there could be hidden ones. He tried desperately to free himself from the wreckage.

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Draco stopped suddenly in the middle of Diagon Alley, reacting to the burning heat of his bracelet. He gasped, grabbing the bracelet with his free hand.

“Mother!” Narcissa turned to see Draco pale, his eyes wide. “It’s Harry,” Draco continued. “Something’s wrong.”

“Do you want me to come with you?” Narcissa asked. When Draco nodded, she placed her hand on Draco’s, holding on to him as the familiar feeling of a Portkey jerked at her stomach.

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“Harry, can you hear me?” Bill had been trying for the past minute to get a response from Harry, but was having no luck. He groaned and rested for a second. He was trapped, and he knew someone would be coming along soon. The road they were on wasn’t a busy one, but it did have steady traffic.

“Harry? Bill?” Draco’s frantic voice penetrated the fog that had been descending on Bill.

“Draco!” Bill almost sobbed with relief when Draco’s face appeared. “Get Harry out of here.”

“What about you, are you hurt?” Draco asked. He jerked on Harry’s door, finally giving up in frustration, and using magic to make it disappear. A quick separation spell on the belt, and Harry’s body was slumping over into his arms.

“Get him out of here, Draco. Make him safe,” Bill repeated. Draco held his mahogany gaze for a moment before nodding. He wrapped his arms around Harry and Apparated straight to St. Mungo’s.

Bill closed his eyes, resigned to being alone until someone came to help him. He started when he felt a hand gently wipe at the blood on his forehead. He opened his eyes to see Draco’s mother next to him.

“I’ll stay with you, until Ms. Weasley can come,” Narcissa offered. It hadn’t escaped her notice that Bill had insisted Harry be taken care of, not even worrying about himself. She felt a burgeoning respect for this Muggle.

“Thanks,” Bill said gratefully. He closed his eyes again.

“Talk to me,” Narcissa commanded, smiling when he opened his eyes again. The smile slipped slightly when she noticed he was having problems focusing on her.

“What about?” Bill’s head was throbbing, and there was a horrid ringing in his ears.

“You could tell me how many grand children I’m going to have,” she suggested. She could hear wailing in the distance, and assumed Muggle help was on the way. She only had to keep him awake and aware until they arrived.

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Draco landed at St. Mungo’s kneeling and holding Harry’s body in his arms, yelling for help.

Healers came running, taking Harry from his arms and hustling him into a room. Draco tried to follow but was firmly shut out. He paced in front of the door, occasionally throwing it foreboding glances.

He had been waiting for just a few minutes when his father approached him. Draco went to meet him, wiping the tears off his face.

“What happened?” Lucius’ face was paler than usual and his voice held a slight tremor.

“I still don’t know, Father.” Draco turned when the door opened and a healer stepped out.

“You can go in now, he’s awake. Amazing things, those Muggle airbags.”

“They’re called air bags,” a second healer corrected.

“Whatever they’re called, they saved him and your children,” the first healer replied, holding the door open for the Malfoys. “Just keep the visit short. He does need rest.”

Draco nodded and practically flew into the room. Harry was propped up in the bed, his skin colour almost matching the sheets. He smiled weakly at Draco, hiding his wince when Draco hugged him.

“What happened, Harry?” Lucius asked. He pulled a chair up and sat next to the bed.

“I don’t know. One minute we’re coming back from the office, and the next, there’s this impact and smoke. Then I blacked out. How is Bill?” Harry asked anxiously.

“He’s just fine, Ginny is with him,” Narcissa answered his question, walking into the room. She dropped a quick kiss onto Harry’s forehead. “Someone hit you with a car, Harry. Then they apparently took off; the Muggle police asked Bill a lot of questions. They don’t know you were in the car. Bill has a concussion, but otherwise he’s fine. How are you?”

“Same thing, concussion, but no other real injuries. I have a cut on my head from hitting the door. The little ferrets are fine,” he answered with a grin. “All three of them.”

“Three?” Draco asked. Harry nodded.

“The sonogram showed their sex too, if you want to know,” he continued softly. He twined his fingers with Draco’s, waiting for his answer.

“You already know, don’t you?” Draco started to shake slightly and buried his face in Harry’s lap. “I was so scared, Harry,” he said, his voice muffled. The realization of what could have happened hit him like a ton of bricks.

“I’m sorry,” Harry ran his hand through Draco’s hair. “But I’m ok, the babies are ok, Draco.”

“I know.” Draco lifted his tearstained face. He made an obvious effort to pull himself together. “Ok, tell me. What are we having?”

“Two girls and a boy,” Harry answered with a grin. “Poor little boy will be outnumbered.”

“Harry, that’s wonderful,” Narcissa said, as she moved to sit with Lucius. “Are you quite sure you’re all right?”

“They said I am. They want to keep me overnight, but other than that, I’m fine. That car must not have hit us too hard,” Harry said. “I mean, I don’t know that much about cars, but it seems to me we got off easy.” He glanced around at his family, eyes settling on Lucius, who met his gaze evenly.

“It was a simple protection spell, Harry,” he explained. “It protected you and a certain area around you, which is why the Muggle wasn’t badly hurt.”

“Tied to the ring?”

“The same way my son made the bracelets into Portkey that allow you two to always go to where the other is.”

Harry looked at Draco, who nodded.

“I arrived as soon as I realized something had happened. I grabbed you and brought you here.”

“You left Bill there?” Harry asked.

“I stayed with him, Harry,” Narcissa answered. “He told Draco to take you and go, to make sure you were safe. I thought it brave of him.”

Harry closed his eyes as a wave of weariness overcame him. Lucius stood and held his hand out for his wife. He touched Harry’s hand briefly.

“We will leave for now. Have a good night.” He put his arm around Narcissa and walked with her out the door, shutting it quietly behind him.

“Wow. All that magic,” said Harry quietly. “Just to keep me safe.”

“I’d do anything, give anything to keep you safe.” Draco leaned forward and brushed his lips against Harry’s. “Go to sleep if you can. Do you want a pain potion?”

Harry shook his head slightly and scooted down on the bed to sleep. Draco thought he had fallen asleep when he opened his eyes and spoke.

“Will you check on Bill, Draco? See if he’s ok?”

“Harry, I don’t want to leave your side.”

“Please, Draco. He wouldn’t have been there if he weren’t helping us.” Harry purposefully gave Draco his best pleading look, biting back a grin when his husband groaned.

“All right, I’ll go. But I’m not staying long, and I’m coming right back here to sleep with you.”

“I wouldn’t accept anything else.” Harry met Draco in a soft kiss, then watched as his husband turned and left the room to find his parents.

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“Ginny, I’m fine.”

“I don’t care; you’re coming home with me tonight.”

“That’s not necessary,” Bill protested.

“Actually, it is,” the young nurse interrupted. He held the wheelchair steady for Bill to climb into it. “You need someone watching over you, just for tonight.”

“Fine, fine, I’ll go to the Burrow.”

“It’s not so bad, Bill, Molly makes a great cup of tea,” Draco joined in. He nodded at Ginny in greeting. “Harry’s worried about you. He wanted me to check on you.”

“I’m fine. How is he? Is everything all right?”

“Yes. He’s got a slight concussion, but nothing much else. Everyone else escaped harm as well.”

“Good,” Bill said with a smile. “Tell him I’m glad.”

“I will.” Draco turned to go, but paused when Ginny grabbed his arm.

“You and your father, you had something to do with the fact they didn’t get hurt, right?” She searched Draco’s face. He nodded. “Thank you!”

Before he could protest, she had him wrapped in a patented Weasley hug. She released him with tears in her eyes.

“I’ll let Mum know Harry is in the hospital. Can we visit him?”

“He’ll be going home tomorrow,” Draco said. “You could visit him there. I’ll make sure the Floo is open.”

“Really? That would be great. We’ll wait a day or so, to give you two time to settle.”

Draco smiled in thanks and turned to leave.

“Let’s get you into the car.” Ginny grabbed the handles of the wheelchair and pushed Bill outside.

“You do know how to drive, right, Ginny?” Bill asked. His apprehension wasn’t eased by the fact that a wide grin was her only response.

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Chapter 22: Smile For the Camera

“Are you sure you don’t mind if I go?”

Harry rolled his eyes in irritation as Draco asked the same question for what seemed like the hundredth time.

“I said I didn’t mind, Draco. I just don’t feel like going. And he’s your Godfather, and they’re your friends. You should spend some time with them. We’ve both been kind of cooped up here since the wedding.” Harry watched Draco rush around getting ready, smiling in amusement at how flustered he seemed.

The invitation had arrived that morning; Snape was hosting a party tonight in celebration of his Godson’s impending fatherhood. Harry was included in the invitation, but he was tired and still recovering from the accident, although it had been two weeks since. There was also the fact that an evening spent with Snape was not his idea of a good time. Luckily, Draco had not taken offence when he declined, but now his husband was indecisive.

“I don’t have to go. I’ll just owl Severus, give him my regrets and stay.”

“Now you’re just being stupid,” Harry commented, smirking at the glare that came his way. “Go, Draco. I’m fine. I’m going to read, go to sleep, and get some rest. Go have fun. See your friends, and Snape.”

“But…”

“No buts. Come here and give me a kiss, and get going! You’ll be late.” Harry straightened Draco’s collar and brushed his hair back, lightly stroking the skin on his neck as he did so.

Draco leaned in to capture Harry's lips, nibbling slightly on his bottom lip before slipping his tongue inside to dance with his mate's. He pulled away with a smile.

"I won't stay long," he promised.

"Stay as long as you like, I'll be fine," Harry said. "Now go!"

"Ok, ok, I'm going. I love you." Draco walked backwards out of their room, causing Harry to laugh when he ran into the doorjamb. He grinned sheepishly and turned, moving out of Harry's sight.

Harry grabbed his book and settled on the bed with a groan. Only three more months left to go, and he couldn't wait. He stretched out, enjoying his solitude. Lucius and Narcissa were off on a society function, and he didn't expect either them or Draco back until late, so he had the whole house to himself for the night, not that he planned on leaving his bed.

He made himself comfortable, picked up his book, and read until he fell asleep.

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Draco downed his glass of firewhiskey, draining it in one gulp. He didn't notice that Blaise filled it again. The party was in full swing, with couples dancing wildly in the middle of a ballroom, and loud music thumping throughout the house. Presents had been collected at the far end of the room, giving the only indication that this was a celebration of any particular event. Draco hadn't a chance at them yet, he wanted to wait for Harry to open them anyway.

"Having a good time?" Blaise's voice whispered in Draco's ear, his breath a warm puff on the sensitive shell. His hand traced swirls on the back of Draco's neck and he pressed close to the blond.

"I guess," Draco replied, trying to move away. The crush of the party held him where he was, so he settled for removing Blaise's hand. "Where's Severus?"

"I believe he went to bed already," Blaise answered. "Dance with me?"

"No." Draco shook his head. He frowned at his drink. Hadn't it been empty just a minute ago? With a shrug, he drained it again.

"Draco, I'm so glad you've come out of hiding!" Parkinson grabbed him, pulling him into a too tight hold. "Potter got you tied to his apron strings?" she asked when she let him go.

“What?”

“We never see you anymore,” she explained.

“I’m married now,” Draco said patiently. He looked at the glass in his hands, which was full again. “I love him. I like spending time with him. He’s so cute, and he can do this thing with his tongue...”

“Finish your drink, Draco,” Blaise interrupted, grimacing.

Draco shrugged and downed the drink, finally putting the glass down on the next available surface so it couldn’t refill itself again. Blaise took his hand and led him to the dance floor.

“Where are we going?” Draco asked drunkenly.

“Dancing. You said you’d dance with me,” Blaise answered smoothly.

Draco puzzled over that. Had Blaise asked him to dance?

“Maybe I should go home,” he said, tugging on the arm that Blaise held.

“One dance, Draco. Or are you too whipped for that?”

“Oh, no. We don’t do the whipping anymore, not until after the babies are born,” Draco said solemnly.

“Shut up and dance.”

Blaise jerked Draco into his arms, pressing himself flush against his former dorm mate’s body. Draco, drunk though he was, could still move, and Blaise groaned as he moved against him.

He stopped dancing and grabbed Draco’s chin, pressing his lips to Draco’s and plunging his tongue in, thrusting into that hot mouth that tasted of whiskey.

“Umph,” Draco pulled away, wiping his mouth. “No. I’m not... no.” He turned and left the dance floor, weaving as he pushed through the mass of bodies.

He made it outside, gasping in the frigid air. He stiffened when he felt arms slide around his waist.

“Let me go,” he ordered, the Malfoy ‘tone’ evident.

“Let me take you home,” Blaise said. He walked around Draco without releasing him. “You’re much too drunk to Apparate, and you can’t Floo either, you’ll get sick. I’ll Apparate you home.”

Draco tried to think why this wouldn’t be a good idea, but his head was foggy and he couldn’t

seem to string two thoughts together.

“You’ll take me straight home?” he asked suspiciously.

“Straight home,” Blaise promised. When Draco nodded, he tightened his hold and cast the spell.

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Harry woke, slightly stiff from falling asleep propped up. He stretched, reaching to the other side of the bed, and frowning when his hand met cold sheets. He rolled out of bed and headed for the bathroom.

Showered and dressed, he walked down to the dining room, smiling when he saw Narcissa already there. She smiled tiredly back.

“Did Draco have a good time last night?” she asked as she stirred her coffee.

“I don’t know. Hasn’t he been down?” Harry reached for the *Prophet*, flipping it open.

“I didn’t see him when we got in last night; I assumed he was already in bed. And I haven’t seen him this morning.” She glanced up when Harry stood abruptly, laying the paper down. “What’s the matter, dear?”

“Suddenly, I’m not hungry,” Harry answered, his voice strained. He turned and left without another word, his face pale.

“Narcissa?” Lucius walked into the room and noted his wife’s puzzled expression. “Have you seen Harry or Draco?”

“Harry was just here, but he left. He said he wasn’t hungry, but he sounded hurt.”

“He should be,” Lucius replied. He opened the paper and laid it in front of Narcissa.

Her hand flew to her mouth, a gasp escaping when she saw the picture on the front page. Her son, in the middle of a dancing crowd, being thoroughly kissed by that Zabini boy. She quickly scanned the article, written by one of the society writers on staff. It described the party at Snape Manor in detail, and made sure to mention that Draco, married though he was to the boy-who-lived, had left arm in arm with Zabini.

“Lucius, find Harry now. He saw this,” Narcissa commanded.

“What are you going to do?” Lucius asked.

“I’m going to find my son,” Narcissa answered, her eyes blazing.

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Lucius searched upstairs, but found no sign of Harry. He walked slowly back downstairs, almost afraid of what he would find in the library. The fire was burning and the box of Floo powder was lying open on a table next to the fireplace.

He grabbed a pinch of the powder and threw it into the flames, calling out ‘the Burrow’. With a deep breath to fortify himself, he stepped into the green flames.

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Draco groaned. He ached, his head throbbed, and somehow a small animal had crawled into his mouth and died. When he tried to move, the room spun alarmingly and he panted in a futile attempt to not throw up. He made a desperate dash across the room for the bathroom he saw, and barely made it in time.

“Draco, here, drink this,” Blaise’s voice floated to him through the haze of pain and nausea. Obediently he drank the potion, closing his eyes gratefully as he slowly began to feel human again.

“There, that’s better.”

A hand caressed Draco’s hair, pushing it back from his face as he sat on the cool tile. He opened his eyes and stared at Blaise. Suddenly, he started hyperventilating as the realization of what happened hit him.

“We didn’t, did we?” He scrambled to his feet, fighting dizziness, and pulling as far away from the brown haired man next to him as he could.

“Did what? What’s the matter, Draco, worried about something?” Blaise asked smugly.

Draco pushed past Blaise, entering the bedroom. He cast around for his clothes, pulling them on as quickly as he found them. Blaise threw himself on the bed, resting his head on his arm as he lay on his side, watching him with amusement.

“Oh, come on, Malfoy,” Blaise said derisively, “you can’t say you didn’t enjoy it. I heard your moans, and you begged so prettily for more.”

“I’m married, Zabini,” Draco snarled. “And if we did anything, it was against my will, and only because I was drunk!”

“What do you mean *if*?” Blaise’s voice was like silk now, his eyes narrowed. He sat up and reached beside his bed for the paper he had on the nightstand there. He tossed it at Draco, who caught it, glaring at him. “Read it.”

Draco opened the paper. His legs collapsed under him and he sat heavily on the floor, shock spearing through his system. The blood drained from his face and he felt nauseous again. What was Harry going to think?

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Molly Weasley held Harry in her arms, rocking him slightly. He hadn’t told her what was wrong, he didn’t need to. She too, had seen the paper.

The sound of someone coming through the Floo caught her attention. She wasn’t that surprised to see Lucius Malfoy step through the flames.

“Mrs. Weasley,” Lucius said, nodding at the red headed woman. “Might I have a word with my son-in-law?”

“Harry?” Molly got up when Harry wiped his face and nodded. “I’ll just go put on a pot of tea.” She left the two men and walked into her kitchen.

“Harry, I know how hurt you must be feeling,” Lucius began, pulling a handkerchief from his pocket and gently wiping Harry’s face. “But I must ask you to speak with Draco. There must be an explanation.”

“What explanation can he come up with?” Harry asked, anger making his eyes flame. “What excuse is there for this?”

“All may not be as it seems,” Lucius tried again.

“He’s on the front page kissing another man,” Harry growled.

“Is he kissing that man, or is that man kissing him? There is a difference.” Lucius caught Harry’s eyes. “I know my son. I know he would never hurt you deliberately. He loves you so much.

Think, Harry. If you had not seen that picture, would you believe this if someone told you they saw Draco kissing someone else?"

"No," Harry said quietly.

"Look at the picture again, Harry," Lucius said, offering the paper to him.

"I don't want to see it."

"Please?"

Harry reluctantly took the paper and looked again at the picture. Being a wizarding picture, the figures moved. He swallowed the aching lump in his throat as he watched Zabini and his husband kiss.

He started to put the paper down when he saw it, that look of revulsion cross Draco's face. The Draco in the picture tried desperately to get away from Zabini, pushing against him, only to be pulled back as the picture reset. This time he read the article, paying attention to the by-line.

"Lavender Brown," he read. "I could have guessed."

"You know the writer?"

"She's a good friend of Hermione's. They were dorm mates at Hogwarts, but became really good friends after we left school. They're almost as close as sisters now." Harry shook his head, his voice cracking slightly.

"She had to know I'd see this," he whispered.

"Will you talk to Draco?" Lucius asked.

"He's my husband. I love him. I can't turn away simply because of a picture in a paper, and a suggestion of cheating, Lucius. It just hurts so much."

Harry sniffed, wiping his face once more. He awkwardly stood and waited for Lucius to stand also.

"Molly?"

"Yes, Harry?" Molly walked from the kitchen back into the living room, and looked inquiringly at her guests.

"Thanks for being there for me," Harry said, pulling the older woman into a hug.

"Always, love, always," she said. "Are you leaving then?"

“Yes.” Harry glanced at Lucius, then back at Molly. “I’m going home.”

“Let me know if I can do anything,” Molly said. She kissed Harry on the cheek.

“I will,” Harry promised. He smiled tightly at her and walked over to the fireplace, followed by Lucius. “After you,” he said, gesturing to the fire.

“After me?” Lucius asked as he picked up a pinch of powder.

“Yeah. You need to catch me when I fall,” Harry grinned weakly.

Lucius smiled and throwing the powder in, called out ‘Malfoy Manor’ before stepping into the green flames. Harry followed right after. The spinning green flames made him dizzy, upsetting his equilibrium. He stumbled out of the revolving flames into solid arms.

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“Where are my shoes?” Draco looked all over the bedroom, but didn’t see them. He glared at Blaise, who was openly laughing at him. “Where the bloody hell are my shoes, Zabini?”

“Ooohhhh, you’re so cold right now,” Blaise taunted. “You’re getting warmer,” he continued as Draco moved toward the closet. “Warmer, warmer, hot now. Oh, wait,” he said as Draco opened the closet, “I’m sorry. My mistake, they aren’t there at all.”

“I’m going to kill you,” Draco spat, whirling to glare at the infuriating man.

“You will have help,” Narcissa’s cold voice froze both men. She stood in the doorway, one arm crossed against her waist, Draco’s shoes dangling from her other hand. Draco met his mother’s furious gaze and knew his torture wasn’t over.

“Draco, dear, wait for me in the other room,” she ordered. He obeyed, taking his shoes from her and walking out of the bedroom to put them on, shutting the door behind him. Narcissa regarded the unfortunate young man in front of her.

“So, you thought it would be fun to tempt my son to stray, did you? I think you need to be taught a lesson.”

Blaise’s eyes widened as she stalked toward him and he scrambled to get away from her.

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Draco paced nervously in the living room, deliberately shutting out the sounds coming from the bedroom. He knew what his mother was capable of; he didn't need reminding. Finally, the shouts and begging stopped and the door to the bedroom swung open.

Narcissa stepped out, favouring her son with an unpleasant look. She walked toward him, frowning when he involuntarily took a step back.

"Did you leave him alive?" Draco asked, almost afraid of the answer.

"Yes, I did," she replied calmly. "He will, however, find it is some time before he needs to seek sexual relief, or before he will even be able to entertain the possibility. You'll be pleased to know he admitted that you two did not have relations, he says you simply passed out here." She glared at her son.

"That does not, however, excuse your behaviour. Your husband saw that picture and if you're lucky, Lucius has convinced him to stay and listen to your apology. Shall we Apparate to the Manor?"

"Is Harry there?"

"I don't know, Draco. For both our sakes, I hope so," Narcissa answered. One right after the other, they Apparated to their home.

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Draco watched his father come through the fireplace, and stood waiting expectantly. Harry stepped through, disoriented as he always was when Flooing. Draco caught him in his arms, holding him tightly and burying his nose in Harry's hair as his mate centred himself.

Silently, Lucius and Narcissa slipped from the room, giving the two men privacy. Draco felt tears slide down his cheeks as he gripped Harry tightly.

"Draco, why?" Harry asked, pulling slightly away.

"I didn't, Harry. I wouldn't," Draco shook his head. "I was at that stupid party, we were drinking. My drink kept refilling, and I stupidly kept drinking it. Blaise kissed me, not the other way around. I tried to leave, but I was too drunk to Apparate, and he said he'd bring me home. I didn't know he meant his home."

“Did you have sex with him?” Harry asked his voice low.

“No,” Draco answered firmly. “Harry, I’m sorry. I love you so much; I would never cause you harm. I don’t know what to say.”

“It’s ok, Draco,” Harry said. He pulled Draco towards the couch and sat, tugging until Draco sat next to him. He snuggled against his husband, twining their fingers and resting their hands on his stomach, which was being solidly thumped.

“Feel that? That’s real. What happened, or didn’t happen, last night isn’t. This is. This is all that matters, Draco. You, me, and the little ferrets.”

“I love you, Harry,” Draco whispered.

“I love you, Draco,” Harry answered. He settled against Draco, both staring in wonder at his stomach moving and their joined hands jumping in response to the movements. Harry sighed, knowing that everything would be all right.

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Chapter 23: Awww, the Final Frontier

Thanks to KK for the great challenge. This is it, ladies and gentlemen. I hope you've enjoyed reading it as much as I've enjoyed writing it. Lucius' actions in the nursery are from KK! Thanks to my faithful reviewers, you guys rock!

Draco sat at the table, pushing his supper around on his plate with his fork, not much in the mood for eating. It had taken a while, but eventually the ‘Blaise Incident’ was forgiven, and mostly forgotten, by everyone in Malfoy Manor. He sighed, looking over at Harry, who was picking at his own food.

His current mood was a direct reflection of his husband’s. Harry had grown more and more depressed as the pregnancy progressed, withdrawing from everyone, including Draco. The worst part of it all was, Draco didn’t know why. He couldn’t get Harry to open up at all, and that worried him.

Harry stood, pushing his plate away. Draco reached out with his hand, capturing his arm. His worried gaze swept over Harry’s drawn and tired face.

“Are you ok?” he asked quietly.

“Yeah, just tired is all. I’m going to take a nap.” Harry pulled away and walked from the room.

Draco watched him go, frowning at how slowly he was moving. He stood as well and followed Harry to their room.

Harry stretched out on his side on the bed, closed his eyes, and tried to will the aches away. A soft smile lit his face when he felt his hair being brushed back from his forehead, and he opened his eyes to catch Draco's silver gaze.

"Are you really? Because I'm worried," Draco prodded, his voice as soft as his caresses.

"Have you thought, after the babies are here, of what we're going to do?"

"Do?" Draco sat next to Harry. "What do you mean?"

"I mean, are we going to stay here, sponge off your parents."

"We're not sponging off them, Harry, they want us here."

"I'm just bored, Draco. The babies will take a lot of work, I know that, but I don't want to spend the rest of my life cooped up in a house. I want to *do* something, have somewhere to go. And I don't think we'll be going back to the Muggle world any time soon, so my clubs are not an option."

"We'll think of something," Draco promised, an idea blooming. "Get some sleep, ok? We both won't be getting much soon."

"I know," Harry chuckled ruefully. "I can't believe I'm in the last month."

"It's almost over," Draco said with a smile. He stood, gazing down at his mate. "I need to go out for a while, you'll be ok?"

"I'll be fine. Like I said, I just need some sleep."

Draco brushed a kiss against Harry's forehead and walked from the room, spelling the lights down and shutting the door. He walked downstairs to compose a letter, reading it twice before sending it off. After the reply came winging back to him, he smiled and got ready to meet his co-conspirator in Diagon Alley.

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Ginny spotted the blond hair before her target noticed her, and she couldn't resist. She carefully snuck up, making sure to stay concealed, before springing out and grabbing Draco by the waist. He squealed and jumped, whirling around to see the redhead, helpless with giggles, leaning

against a wall. She bit her lips to keep the laughter in when he stalked toward her.

“Thought that was funny, did you?”

“Yes,” she responded defiantly, not missing his wide grin. “I’m here, what is your pleasure?”

“Well, it involves Harry, a lot of oil and...”

“Forget I asked,” Ginny smirked.

“Have you been to the club? *The Corral*?” He led Ginny down the street, headed for an outside café that had opened recently.

“Yeah, Bill took me there, but it was after you and Harry had left.”

“This is my plan...” Draco sat in a chair, motioning for her to sit as well. They ordered, and as they sipped their drinks, he laid his plan out for Ginny. By the time he was finished, her eyes were shining, and she had a wide grin on her face.

“So, you’ll help?” he asked, though he hardly needed to.

“Of course. When are you planning to have everything ready?”

“I’d like it within the month. He could pop any day now.”

“I’ll get with Bill tonight and firecall you tomorrow, ok?”

“More than ok, thanks Ginny,” Draco pulled her into a hug and kissed her cheek.

“No problem. Not only is it for Harry, but you’re now officially a brother too. Guilt by association,” she finished with a grin for the look of shock on the blond’s face. They parted ways, Ginny to find Bill and Draco back to his husband.

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Two days later found him at the Burrow, sitting in the garden, going over plans with Ginny. They had found a suitable location, purchased it, and now were figuring out what they needed to make this work. Both of them looked up when Molly flew outside.

“Draco! Your father called, it’s time! Harry’s been taken to St. Mungo’s. Go, go!”

“Time?” Draco stood; panic filling every fibre of his being. Ginny laughed at his shell-shocked

expression, and wrapped her arms around him. He blinked at her, still trying to process.

“Can’t have you splinching yourself!” she said, just before Apparating them to the hospital.

Once there, they quickly found where Harry was, and Draco made his way to his husband’s side, pushing sweaty hair back from his forehead. He kissed Harry lightly and smiled.

“Does it hurt much?” he asked, watching a grimace of pain twist the Harry’s face.

“Yes, you prat, it does. Next time, you have the kids,” Harry panted, gasping his way through the pain.

“Did I mention I love you?” Draco smiled nervously.

Harry merely shot him a dark look as another ripple of pain went through him. He squeezed Draco’s hand hard, brining a gasp from him.

“Harry, I’m sorry,” Draco sat next to him, his hand still in that bone crushing grip.

“Sorry?” Harry asked, breathing deeply.

“For the pain.”

“Oh, you haven’t seen pain yet, Draco,” Harry promised. “Wait until you have to watch all three of them by yourself.” He grinned slightly at how much Draco paled.

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Ginny sat in the waiting room, watching Lucius try desperately to appear calm, stifling her laugh as he shifted and tapped his fingers, glaring intermittently at the door. Narcissa sat next to her husband, gripping one of his hands in both of hers.

Molly knitted quietly as she sat in a couch, Arthur beside her. They all waited, somewhat impatiently, for news.

Finally, a healer walked into the room and summoned them, leading them down a hallway to a private room. Harry was propped up against pillows, looking wiped and exhausted, but with a huge, silly grin on his face. He held two babies, one in each arm. Draco sat next to him, staring at his own bundle in wonder.

“Oh, can I hold them?” Narcissa cooed, moving quickly into the room. “Molly and I are itching to,” she continued with a grin to the redheaded woman.

“Sure, just be careful.” Harry handed one of the bundles to Narcissa, who promptly turned and put it in Lucius’ arms before taking the second from Harry. Draco reluctantly gave up his bundle to Molly.

Lucius looked down into a perfect, pink round face, fringed with dark hair. The baby squirmed, yawning and briefly opening dark blue eyes, before blinking and settling back to sleep.

He looked up to meet Harry’s brilliant emerald eyes, shining with pride and love.

“Lucius, meet Adam. Your grandson.” Lucius smiled at the baby, holding him and rocking slightly. He bent down and nuzzled the soft hair, breathing in that new baby smell with a sigh of contentment.

“Molly, you have Deanne, and Narcissa, you’re holding Jocelyn.”

“At least you finally picked out names,” Narcissa scolded, but her smile betrayed her happiness. She cooed to the baby in her arms, holding her close. “They’re beautiful, Harry.” She looked up when she didn’t get a response to see her son-in-law was asleep where he sat.

“They gave him a potion,” Draco explained. “He’ll sleep for a while, but not too long.”

It only took a few moments to pull the pillows out and settle Harry back on the bed. Draco tucked the blankets around him, letting him sleep.

“How long will you have to stay here?” Ginny asked, cuddling Deanne, who she had stolen from her mum.

“At least until tomorrow. Hopefully not longer than that,” Draco said. He watched his friends and family hold his children with a smile of pride.

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Three babies were settled securely in their cribs, sleeping peacefully. Harry tucked the last blanket around a sleeping form, and set the wizard’s version of a baby monitor up so it would catch all the sounds from the room.

With a small smile he shut the door and walked the short distance to his room, where his husband waited for him. Draco grinned as he walked in, his whole face lit with love.

“All asleep?”

“Yeah, and I’m exhausted.” Harry stripped off his shirt and lay on the bed, gratefully stretching onto his now flattened stomach. “Merlin, I’m going to have a lot of working out to do to get back in shape.” He groaned in pleasure as Draco started to massage aching muscles.

“Well, you’ll get plenty of exercise at work.”

“Work?” Harry turned his head to stare at Draco.

He reached across Harry and pulled a set of keys out of the drawer of their bedside table, dangling them.

“Draco, what is this?” Harry asked, sitting up.

“The keys to your new club. It’s in the wizard section of London. You get to set the décor, and everything. The building is just waiting for you.”

“Draco, I don’t know what to say.” Harry took the keys and held them in his hand.

“I love you. I want you to be happy. Since this club is in the wizarding world, we won’t have to hide the fact that we do magic.”

“Thank you,” Harry said, pulling Draco in for a fierce kiss. He lay back on the bed, dragging his mate with him.

Draco pulled his lips from Harry’s and trailed kisses along his jaw line, up to capture a lobe in his mouth, tugging with his teeth. Harry arched off the bed, hissing in pleasure.

“Are you ready for this?” Draco asked, stroking his lover’s chest. He pinched a nipple, smiling against soft skin when he heard the gasp in response.

“Go slow,” Harry said.

Draco ‘mmm’d’ and moved down his body, kissing and nipping. He bit softly at his neck before moving to take a nipple in his mouth. Harry moved underneath him, urging him on with soft moans and pleas.

Harry pushed Draco off and onto his back, going straight for Draco’s erection. It had been too long since they had done much more than foreplay because of the pregnancy, and way too long before he could easily do this. He was still awfully sore, but with a little wiggling he found a comfortable position and went to work. Draco bucked up into that hot mouth, his hands clutching the sheets to keep from pulling on his lover’s hair.

A soft crackle broke through their lust haze, and Draco cracked his eyes to look at the receiver

next to the bed. A louder noise caused Harry to pause in his ministrations, and they both listened intently to hear if there was a problem with the children.

In the nursery, Lucius snuck closer to the cradles, looking over the three angelic babies sleeping peacefully, tucked in tight. He stroked Jocelyn's head, smoothed out a wrinkle in Deanne's blanket and stood next to Adam's cradle, smiling at the sleeping boy. Lucius looked left then right, not noticing the baby monitor at all.

"How is my perfect little-wittle grandson? Yes, a perfect little Malfoy aren't you? Cootchie cootchie COO!"

Harry who had slapped a hand over Draco when he heard Lucius talking to their son, now fell into his lap in a fit of giggles, Draco soon followed, giggling as hard as his husband.

"Are you sure he can't hear us?" Draco asked quietly.

"No, it's one way," Harry said between giggles.

"Should we tell him we can hear him?"

"Not if you want to walk tomorrow," Harry replied, lifting his head for a kiss. They snuggled and listened to Lucius coo at his grandchildren, occasionally breaking out in giggles. Harry sighed happily, tightening his arms around Draco. He finally had the family he wanted; he had a new club, thanks to his husband. He grinned at his lover, pushing him back on the bed to finish the job he had started earlier.

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