Title: Snapshots (Story Text)

Author Name: Elf Flame

Owl the author: here.

Rating: PG-13

Spoilers: PS/SS, CoS, PoA, GoF, OotP. Written between Order of Phoenix and Half-Blood Prince.

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Main Character(s): D, H, OFC_W, Snape

Ship(s): D/H, Hr/R, RL/Snape

Summary: Draco wakes up in a strange place, with Harry Potter watching over him, and no memory of how he got there or why he is there. Slash

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Author's Notes:

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Another one-shot H/D fic. Just a little plotbunny that had to be done. Hope you all like it. :)

Also, not mine. I just enjoy playing with them. But I didn't force them into anything they didn't really want to do... ;)

Re-edited 4-17-04. Realized I forgot a major portion of the reason for Draco's memory loss, so if you've read it before, read it again, and let me know, better, or worse?
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Snapshots

By Elf Flame

When I woke up, I knew I wasn't at the Manor, or Hogwarts for that matter. For one thing, there was far too much light in the room. Even with my eyes closed, I could tell that. At home, I always insisted on velvet curtains that blocked all the light, and the house-elves knew what I was like if I didn't get enough sleep. And at school...well, living in the dungeons means very little in the way of light, even when you do have a window. For another thing, the sheets were...wrong. Both at home, and at school, mother insisted I have always had the best, top-quality linen sheets, and these were definitely not linen. Coarser, and yet...familiar. Like I had slept here before. Many times. But if I wasn't at home, and I wasn't at school...where was I?

But I quickly discovered that opening my eyes to look around was a mistake. The moment light hit my eyes, my head felt as though it had exploded. I groaned, quickly shutting my eyes once more.

But my groan apparently alerted someone else in the room to the fact that I was awake. "Draco?"

I moaned. The voice was familiar, but I couldn't place it.

"Here. Drink this." I felt a hand around mine, and a mug placed in it. I sat up slowly, and placed the drink to my lips, taking slow sips. After all, if it was poison, death couldn't be worse than this, could it?

After several sips, the pain seemed to be receding. So I slit my eyes open just a bit. The light did not seem to hurt any more, so I opened them further. I sighed. "Thanks." I turned to my helper, and was horrified. Harry Potter.

He was sitting in a chair pulled up to the bedside and looking at me warily. "Better?"

I looked at him for several minutes before nodding. He looked different. His hair was slightly longer, and his face seemed sharper somehow, but that scar was still there, and those horrid glasses. And he was still as horribly rumpled as ever.

"Where am I?" I hated this; hated feeling at a loss. What the hell was I doing here, where was here, and what the hell was Potter doing here?

He took a deep breath. "Home."

I sneered at him. "This is not Malfoy Manor."

"No. Our home, Draco."

"Don't call me that, Potter!" I snarled.

"Look, I know this is strange, but..."

"No. I don't know what you're trying to pull here..."

"Please, let me try to explain?" those green eyes were pleading with me. This was not a Potter I was used to dealing with. With me, he was either snarling at me, or ignoring me.

"Fine. But only because my head still feels like it's about to slide off my shoulders if I move. As soon as I feel better, I'm out of here, Potter."

He took another breath. "What's your last memory?"

What was he getting at now? What kind of question was that? Then I realized that this wasn't such a simple question after all. As I searched my memory, at first all I could come up with was fog. Just how long had I been out?

Potter could see that I was at a loss. "Let's try a different question. What year is it, Draco?"

I glared at him for a moment for using my given name again. "1997, of course."

He closed his eyes, and for a moment, it looked like he was in pain. "...All gone..." He took a deep breath, and opened his eyes. "It's not, Draco. It's 2004."

"Liar!" I regretted my shout immediately. I pulled the mug to my lips and took a big gulp. "It can't be..." I said more softly when I was able to speak again.

"What do you remember from that year, Draco?"

"Damn it, stop calling me that. You have no right, Potter."

"I'm sorry." He looked angry. Finally, a response I could handle from him.

I thought back through what I recalled of what had happened seventh year. The train ride, the sorting feast, father's release...I looked up at Potter. "The Quidditch match." He smiled sadly, but nodded for me to go on. "I remember...the locker room, my speech to the team, seeing you as I rose on my broom..." He was leaning forward with each memory, as though he were waiting for something. And then I remembered. My eyes widened as I looked at him. "I caught it!" I had finally beat Harry Potter at Quidditch. I had caught the snitch before he could.

And he was sitting there, grinning at me. "You did. I think it was the first time I ever saw you smile that way..." That threw me.

His smile unnerved me so much that I tried to go back to remembering what had occurred at the match. But after the snitch, there was nothing, just the fog. "What happened?"

He winced. "Bludger. Sloper got kicked off the team for it. You were out for a week. Your father tried to get him expelled."

I glared at him. "I should hope so." A week? But... "So, I was out for a week. Have I had amnesia or something ever since?"

He was looking at me strangely now. "No. You were the same as ever."

I shook my head, but immediately regretted it. When the room stopped spinning, I snarled at him. "Why should I believe you, anyway, Potter? Maybe you're just making all this up."

"You always say something like that eventually. I have a note you wrote yourself. Do you want to read it?"

"What do you mean, I always say that? Have we had this conversation before?"

He looked away from me. "Just read the note. Maybe then you'll be more receptive to the rest, okay?" He pulled a letter from his pocket. It was sealed with my own seal, and I could feel my magical signature running through the seal. That couldn't be faked. I looked up at him, but he wasn't looking at me any more. I broke the seal and opened the letter.

Draco,

If you're reading this letter, the first thing you should know is to trust Harry. Everything he tells you is the truth. I know it's a lot to take in, but it will eventually make sense to you. Let him talk.

Draco Malfoy

And that was it. No explanations. Nothing but "trust Harry." I looked up to see him watching me again. "Well, it is my handwriting." I read it through again. "Why..." I swallowed, then tried again. "When did we end up on first-name terms, Potter?"

He flushed. "It's a long story." He sighed. "Can I show you something?"

"What?"

He smiled at the break in my voice. "Just an album you and I put together."

I took a breath. "Sure."

He pulled a photo album from the bed stand and placed it on my lap. He pulled forward so that he could see as I opened up the album. The first picture was me holding the snitch as it fluttered against my grip. The grin I wore was indescribable. And behind me I could see the bludger zoom towards me. I looked at Potter.

"It's your favourite picture, despite what happened." He grinned down at the picture. "Your proudest moment. You finally beat me."

"And that makes you grin?"

He met my eyes. "Yeah. It was the beginning of everything."

"Everything?" I looked at him warily again.

His eyes skittered away from mine. "Just keep looking, okay?

I turned the page, and there was another school snapshot. Potter and I facing each other across the Great Hall, me among my Slytherins, and he with his Gryffindors. But the snarl on my face quickly faded in the photo as he approached and held out his hand. I took it, and the photo rewound. I looked up at him. He was watching me warily. "I didn't want to fight you anymore. I had enough on my plate." A silly smile spread over his face. "And you'd won, so..."

"I see." I turned the page again. It looked like early summer. Potter, Granger and Weasley were seated under a tree, and only feet away, I sat with my crew. Every so often, I would glance up and look at Potter. He would look up, smile, I would smile back, and we would quickly look back at our books.

"We were studying for the NEWTS. Hermione insisted we not be allowed to sit together because she..." he chuckled. "Well, let's just say that us being friends was a bit more distracting than she was willing to allow while we were studying."

I raised an eyebrow. "Ah." I turned the page. And nearly screamed. The picture was one of Potter and I standing on the Hogwarts steps...kissing. This was not a peck on the cheek, no. Our bodies were pressed together, and our arms wrapped tightly around each other. We were kissing like we were the only people who existed in the world. I dropped the album. I didn't know how to deal with what I had just seen. "What..." I swallowed. My throat was totally dry. I turned to look at him, and could see his guarded expression. "Did your little sycophant Creevey make this for you, Potter? Because there's no way in hell I would ever have kissed you."

He closed his eyes, then turned from me and stood up. "I wish you remembered. It took us a long time to get to that point, Draco. But once we had..."

I growled again. "Look Potter, I don't know what kind of game you're playing here, but I'm done. I want to go home. I don't..."

The door to the room opened, and a young woman with short brown hair entered. "Mr. Potter? She's woken up, and she won't quiet down. Could you come for just a minute?"

Now, what was this? Was he doing this to more than one person? Potter nodded. "I'll be there in just a moment, Janine." The girl left the room, and he turned to me. "I don't expect you to believe everything, Draco. Just, please, keep looking?" His eyes held mine for a moment, sad, but horribly sincere, as only Potter can be.

I thinned my lips, but nodded, and he left the room.

The next picture was of the two of us, arms around each others' shoulders as we grinned into the camera. I stared at it a moment, and before I could turn the page, Potter was back. "Sorry about that. Still working out some kinks here and there." I wondered at that, but he was already glancing at the photo I was looking at. "That was our first day here. This was the first place we looked at, and you refused to look anywhere else. Said if I didn't get this place, that I'd have to find someone else to..." he cleared his throat and looked away. "Room with."

Somehow, I don't think that had been the word I'd used. I could feel the heat in my cheeks and quickly turned the page. Granger and Weasley were standing in front of a church in wedding robes, holding hands. Harry and I stood to either side of them. I looked at Potter. The smile on his face was calm. "They insisted we be their only attendants. Ginny was miffed, but she got over it pretty quick. Fred and George decided to take on the roles of 'personal tormenters of the newly wedded' that night. Ron's hair was green for weeks."

I couldn't help but smirk. "Now there's a memory I wish I still had."

Potter laughed. "Yeah, you still rib him on it, particularly when he calls you Ferret."

I glared, but he only laughed harder. "Not funny, Potter."

"Sorry," he gasped. "Really, I just..." He saw my expression, and calmed.

"Done, Potter?" He nodded, and I turned the page. This was just me at first, holding a baby. Then Potter appeared from the side of the photo and sat next to us.

"That's Elizabeth. She was born three years ago. Ron and Hermione's first."

"First? They've had more?"

"Well, Hermione's pregnant again, actually."

"I see. And why am I the one holding her?"

He was silent for a moment. I looked up at him. He swallowed, and I saw that guarded look once more. "You're her godfather."

"What?" Was he joking? Weasley and Granger had chosen me over the-boy-who-lived for their first child's godfather? "Why?"

"Hermione wanted you to know that they accepted you..." he cleared his throat again. "In my...life. It was her way of letting you know you were part of the family. You've been a great godfather, too. 'Course, Hermione always has multiple reasons for everything..."

"Oh?"

"Well, we were having problems at the time. Your father had written to you, telling you that he'd put you back into the will if you left me..."

"And you didn't want me to go?"

He frowned. "Actually, I told you you should."

"What?"

"You were royally pissed at me for days. Went to stay with Ron and Hermione for a week. It was why you were there when Elizabeth was born. I came in, saw you holding her..." He broke off and moved to the window. I wasn't sure, but I think I'd seen tears in his eyes.

He'd let me leave? He'd wanted me to go back to my father? "But you hate my father. You've never made a secret of that..."

He turned to look at me now, and his face was pale. "You were unhappy. I didn't want that. If he was willing to take you back, how could I deny you the chance? I know you don't remember, but trust me. It's not easy living without parents..." He looked away again, and I saw him rub at his face. "And I didn't want that for you, Draco," he whispered.

I looked down at the picture of us. The photo Harry was holding the photo Draco's hand. They looked...happy. "Harry?" I whispered.

He spun around. "What is it? Are you okay? Do you need more headache potion?" He was at the side of the bed in a moment.

I looked at the man who had been the boy I had hated for so many years. He wasn't exactly

hard to look at. Those eyes...and when he smiled... "Would you smile for me?"

He blinked. "What?"

"Could you...smile again? I want to see..."

He blushed, but that didn't stop the grin that spread across his face. "You always said you liked my smile."

It was my turn to blush. "It's...nice."

He sat on the edge of the bed. "Was that...all?"

"What do you mean?"

"You just wanted me to smile?"

I avoided his eyes, and looked again at the photo. The Harry and Draco in it were leaning carefully over the child, their lips brushing together. My breath caught in my throat. Did I want that? Had I been happy?

Then his breath tickled my ear. "Would you like to find out what it feels like?"

I closed my eyes. I'd kissed plenty of people during my teen years, boys and girls alike. But just being near Harry felt different. Stronger. Sharper. Like each second was imprinting upon my memory. I managed finally to meet those eyes, and my breath caught again before I could respond. I nodded. The smile he gave me was like the first sunbeam after a hurricane. Blinding and breathtaking all at once. He leaned towards me, and his lips brushed mine. He pulled away, and my lips felt as though they'd been charged with electricity. I reached out and

put my hand on the back of his neck, pulling him to me once more. It was pure fire. I'd never felt anything like it before. Finally, I had to catch my breath, and pulled away. His eyes had taken on a glow. He closed them for a moment, then looked at me once more. "That was..." he let out a breath. "Thank you. Sometimes you don't ever believe me, even after the note, and all the pictures."

"Sometimes? How many times have we done this?"

He looked away again. "I've lost track. But lately it's been every morning."

"Every..." my hands began to shake. "Why?"

"It's complicated, Draco." He looked at me sadly.

"Complicated?"

"Please, just keep looking, okay?"

I looked at him for a moment, but then slowly turned the page. As I did, there was a wail from the hall. "Damn it. I'll be right back, okay? You keep looking. I'll answer any questions when I get back, okay?"

I nodded, and he left the room.

I looked down at the picture in front of me. We were dancing. There was a large crowd around us, but it looked as though we seemed to think we were the only people in the room. If I had thought the picture of us kissing on the steps of Hogwarts was embarrassing, this was ten times worse. We'd molded our bodies together, and moved like one being. The dancers around us kept carefully out of our way as we glided through the room.

I turned the page. We were at the zoo. Harry was leaning against the glass, and I could see his mouth move, though the photo was silent. A huge snake raised its head from the floor of the cage, and I could see it hiss its response. I shivered. The one time I had heard Harry speak Parsletongue, I had been entranced, then angry. How could I possibly hope to compete with this? This dark power which could not be learned, but was something you either had or you didn't.

Rather than dwell on it, I turned the page again. Now we were in a kitchen. I could see that we were trying to cook, but apparently what had started out as a meal, or a cooking lesson, had ended up as a food fight. There was flour everywhere, and all over both of us. We looked almost like ghosts. But the thing that stood out to me was the fact that we were grinning our heads off. Happy. I had been happy with Harry. So what had happened?

I turned the page, and if I hadn't been laying in bed, I would have dropped the book. As it was, it fell onto my lap, wide open. It was another wedding. But this time, it was Harry and I who wore the wedding robes. Harry and I who clung to each other. We were...married? I looked down at my left hand, and for the first time, noticed the ring that gleamed on my left ring finger. A single band of gold, runes marking the surface. Why hadn't I noticed it before? But the truth was, even now, I didn't really feel it. It felt like it...belonged there. Like it had been there for a very long time. Or like it was meant to be there.

As I sat, pondering the ring, the door opened once again, and Harry came in. He caught the look on my face, and stopped. "What is it? What's wrong?"

I gaped at him. "We..." I blinked, and tried again. "I..." He hurried to the side of the bed. "Married?" I squeaked. He stared at me for a moment, then looked down at the album. When he looked up at me, I could tell he was worried. He nodded. "How long?"

He cleared his throat. "Two years." I could tell he thought I was going to fly off the handle again.

I looked down at the hand on the bedspread, and caught a glint of silver. "Can I see it?"

He looked puzzled for a second, then noticed where I was glancing, and smiled. "The ring?"

I nodded, and he held out his hand. The band was identical to mine, but for the fact that it was silver. "What does it say?"

"'Love takes off masks that we fear we cannot live without and know we cannot live within.' It's a quote we found by a Muggle writer. It fit."

"Ah." I looked down at the photo again. Our photo selves were kissing and grinning and kissing again. It felt like there was a hole in my stomach, as well as the emptiness where this memory should have been. "I don't know how you stand this. I would have lost it by now." I looked up at him. "How many times?"

He looked away. "Some days are better than others. Some days you...almost remember..."

"How bad is it?"

I could see his eyes close. "Severus is working on it."

My eyebrow rose. "Severus?"

"He pretends to hate it when I call him that, but I think secretly he's rather pleased. He's softened a lot, now that the war is over, and with everything that's happened..." I watched as his face fell.

"Harry..." I pulled his face around, and his eyes met mine. "I honestly wish I could remember."

His hand came up and clasped mine, pulling it away from my face. He kissed my palm, and I shivered, leaning into the caress, but he pulled away. "Draco, when all this started, I made a promise to myself. I was going to get you through this. And I wasn't going to do more than kiss you until you could remember everything." He took a deep breath and placed my hand on the album. "It's been a long time. I...please don't...Just keep looking, okay?"

I nodded, and turned back to the album. I turned the page, and there was a picture of the two of us walking down an empty beach. I looked at him, and he smiled. "Barbados. That's where we went for our honeymoon. It was great. We had our own little beach that was totally secluded. You even got a bit of a tan...sort of."

I smiled. The next picture was of me snoozing in an airplane seat. I could see a golden cast to my skin. "On the way home?" I asked.

"Yep. You were pretty exhausted." I raised my eyebrow, and he blushed. "We went to a club the night before and only got about four hours of sleep. You slept almost the entire flight."

The next page was Christmas. Harry was wearing a Santa hat, and passing out presents. Lupin and Severus were there, along with Hermione, Ron and Elizabeth, who was trying desperately to get all the ribbons into her mouth, despite her mother's watchfulness.

"Our first Christmas." He looked sad.

"What's wrong?"

He bit his lip. "It...it's nothing. Just, I can almost see Sirius sitting next to Remus every time I look at this picture."

Sirius? Ah, that's right, Black. I remembered that night too. The night father had been arrested. We'd both lost something that night then. Father had told me Black had gone through the veil that night. "He was your godfather, right?" Harry nodded. "I'm sorry."

He grimaced. "Me too. Every day."

Perhaps it was time to change the topic. I turned the page. And got the third shock I'd received from looking at this album. Neither of us was in the photo. Instead, it was a picture of a baby. A baby with silver blonde hair and a decidedly greenish tint to her eyes. "Where is she?" I didn't take my eyes from the photo.

"Draco..."

Now I turned to him. "Where is she? I want to see her!"

He stood up. "All right. Calm down. Just give me a minute, okay?"

I nodded, and looked back at the album. She was beautiful. The most beautiful child I'd ever seen. Harry returned a moment later, and I looked at my daughter. She was cooing up at Harry. He smiled down at me. "Ready?"

"Please..."

His smile widened and he leaned down and placed her in my arms. She was so small. Her silver hair was sparse, but pulled away from her face with a little clip. She smiled up at me, and I completely melted. "Hello..." Then I realized I didn't even know her name. I looked up to find Harry sitting by me on the bed.

"We named her Callia, after my mother. I've been calling her Cali."

I smiled down at her. "Hello, Cali. Do you know how beautiful you are?" I grinned. If this was how having a child made people feel, I was amazed that the world wasn't jammed with kids.

Of course, Harry and I must have planned this. After all, wizards don't go around having babies every day. Severus must have given us the potion so one of us could conceive. Potion...could that be it? Had it somehow reacted badly with my injury and caused this? I looked back at Harry. "The potion did this, didn't it?"

He looked at Cali for a moment before answering me, but he did meet my eyes as he did so. "Yes."

I looked back down at our daughter, whose eyes were drooping. "How old is she?"

"Three months."

"Did this start when we conceived, or when she was born?"

"During the pregnancy. We just thought they were pregnancy symptoms. You would forget where you'd put things, or people's names. Nothing serious. But the morning after she was born, you got up and freaked out 'cause you weren't pregnant. You didn't remember giving birth. And it got worse from there."

"So, I've been losing memories ever since?"

"Like I said, some days are better than others. But, yes, it's slowly been getting worse."

"And nothing Severus has tried has worked?"

"No." But it wasn't Harry who had answered. Severus stood in the doorway, looking pale and grey, even more so than usual.

"Hello, Severus," Harry greeted him. Severus glared at him, but I could see what Harry meant.

There was none of the malice I recalled in the look. It was more the look he gave me when other teachers were around and I'd done something less than proper.

"How are you doing this morning, Draco? If Callia is in here, I have to assume you're doing better than usual?"

"As well as can be expected, given what's happening to me."

"Don't whine." He walked to the other side of the bed and sat on the chair Harry had originally occupied. "Mr. Potter, I would like to talk to your husband, if you don't mind."

He nodded. "I'll just take Cali back to her room and tuck her in. Time for her nap anyway. Would you like anything? I could bring back tea, coffee..."

"No thank you, Mr. Potter."

I handed Cali, who was now sleeping, over to Harry, and he left the room. Then I turned to Severus. "How bad?"

"Whatever you want to know, Draco, you will have to be much plainer than that." Severus's mouth was thin, but I could tell it was more from worry than anger or annoyance.

"Is there any chance you can help me? Or are you just placating Harry?"

"I do not waste my time that way, Draco. You should know that."

I narrowed my eyes. "And how many different concoctions have you tried?"

He made a face. "This will be the twelfth."

"In three months?"

He nodded.

"And did any of them help?"

"One or two seemed..."

"Did they help or not, Severus?"

"Not significantly."

"And how many made this worse?"

He scowled, but I know this was self-loathing. "More than I care to count."

"And the conception potion caused this?"

He looked at me guardedly for a moment before responding. "We weren't sure what, exactly, caused it at first. The memory loss seemed almost...random. But then you began forgetting things that happened shortly after that last Quidditch match between you and Potter. We think that the potion somehow activated the damaged tissues and caused the memory loss."

I held my breath to keep from shouting at him. "And do you really think this is reversible?"

He pursed his lips, but did not turn his gaze. "We have no idea."

"Severus, I have lost seven years in three months. At that rate, I won't remember anything by the end of the year." I tried to keep the panic from my voice, but I'm sure I was unsuccessful.

"All we can do is keep trying, Draco. Do you really want me to stop?"

I looked at the man who I trusted even more than my own father. "No."

"Then trust me to keep working on it until it helps." He looked as though he wanted to say more, but finally looked away from me. "So, you remember nothing from the last seven years? Not even Harry?"

"No. We were...together in school?"

He grimaced, but underneath I could see a smile. "You concealed it quite well, until the exams were over. Lucius was furious." I could see a gleam in his eyes.

"I'm amazed he didn't track me down to kill me. Or Harry, for that matter."

"He didn't really have the power by that time. The constraints of the Ministry kept him from anything that might have harmed either of you."

"So I don't even talk to him anymore?"

"Why should you want to, Draco? He couldn't care less about you, except to make sure you conform to his version of what a Malfoy is. I can't tell you how much Potter redeemed himself in my eyes by killing Voldemort so that you never had to choose. I never wanted you to go through what I had. You're much more like myself than your father. He was never overly emotional."

I chuckled. I supposed it was true. It was something father always tried to train out of me, emotional responses to things. It always disappointed him when I lost my temper. But he was still my father. Maybe someday... I sighed.

"So, if you're here, that means you have a new cure to try?"

Those black eyes met mine. "I do. Do you want to try it now?"

"I do, but could you get Harry first?" He nodded, and left the room. I looked down at the album where it had lain open in my lap unforgotten. I would remember. I had to. If I'd been as happy as I'd looked in those photos... I closed the album and placed it on the bedside table, and looked up to see Harry entering with Severus right behind him. Severus closed the door behind him, and Harry moved to sit beside me on the bed. I swallowed. This wasn't going to be pretty. Obviously previous 'cures' had been bad, if both of them were being so solicitous. I took Harry's hand, then leaned towards him. I had to have another kiss before I tried this. Something to pull me through. I might not remember it tomorrow, but damn it if I didn't deserve it. His lips brushed mine, and I felt him pull closer to me.

"I love you, Draco," he whispered when we pulled apart. "I'll be right here, okay?"

I nodded, never looking away from those green eyes. I held out my hand to Severus, still looking at him, and felt cool glass slide into my hand. I looked down at the tiny vial that could fix everything, or send me even deeper into the spiraling loss of memory. The potion was a pale gray-green, and completely opaque. I opened the vial, my hands shaking, and downed it in one gulp. For a moment, nothing happened, but just as I looked up at Harry again, my head was on fire once more. Waves of what felt like spikes of electricity crashed across my head, and it was all I could do to bring my hands up to my head to keep it from exploding into pieces.

I came to with my head on Harry's lap, and he and Severus leaning over me. "Draco?" I could feel the fear in Harry's voice.

I tried to speak, but was unable to do more than squeak. I swallowed and tried again. "I'm...okay..." I looked up at Severus, and the photo from Christmas brought a memory flooding into my mind. I kept my face straight as I sat up, still looking at him. "You know, Severus, I would imagine that Lupin's probably not too pleased with me at the moment."

The two men exchanged a look before Severus replied. "And why would that be, Draco?"

"Because knowing you, you've spent three months either in your lab or here." I raised an eyebrow, silently challenging him to deny it.

"And why would he care if I do that?" he asked calmly.

"Why would your husband care if you ignored him for three months? Oh, I don't know..." I couldn't quite keep the smirk from my face.

Harry's eyes went wide. "Draco? You...remember?"

"Remember what, Gryffindor? Your lack of taste? The fact that I've been under the weather for three months, so you apparently decided that you don't need to take care of yourself anymore? The fact that Severus and Remus have been lovers since the war ended?" I grinned. "Cali? I don't recall saying that you could call our daughter that..." The rest of what I had to say was lost as Harry's lips met mine. When we surfaced for air, Severus was still looking at me, but I could see he was unimpressed.

"How are you feeling, Draco?"

"A bit of a headache, but otherwise, much better, thank you, Severus."

"Any gaps?"

"It's a little early to tell that, but I remember the important stuff."

"Good. I think I'll go give my husband the good news, and leave you two lovebirds to get...reacquainted." He smiled, then turned an left the room.

Harry's eyes apparently had not left my face. When I turned back to him he looked as though he'd never thought he would see me again. "Harry?"

"Yes, love?"

"I think I'd like one last photo for that album."

"Oh?"

"The three of us. Now?"

His smile lit up the room. "I'll go get her right now."

I lay back on the pillows. Perhaps next time Harry could carry the child.

Finis.