Dinner at the Weasleys

By Mystwriter

Draco is feeling just a little lost amongst all the Weasleys. What is his problem? Fluff, angst, humour, HBP spoilers, "Unfixable" spoilers, the usual.

A/N: A little fluff one-shot to bridge the gap between longer fics. It is slash but not slashy and lives in the "Aftermath" universe and should be read after "Unfixable

Book Twelve in the Hogwarts Series

Draco Malfoy changed shirts for the fourth time and Harry Potter fell back on the bed with an exasperated sigh.

"What is it, Potter? I know that sigh."

"If you know, then why are you asking me?"

Draco turned, a hand at his hip. His lavender silk shirt hung open revealing a swath of creamy white skin. Except that Harry didn't get a look at his favorite view of Draco because he was staring at the ceiling over their bed. "You sprung this thing on me at the last minute and you expect me to just throw anything on?"

Harry snapped up at that. "'Sprung it on you at the last minute'? Are you mental? I told you about it five days ago!"

"It's just the same." He raised his chin and turned back toward the mirror on the wardrobe door. He stared at his reflection a moment before a frown started. "This is all wrong."

"Oh come *on*, Malfoy! It's just a *shirt*!"

Draco slowly pivoted. Harry threw his hand over his mouth but he knew it was far too late to take it back. He dearly loved his husband of six months but sometimes the man just got on his nerves.

"Just a shirt. Well you *would* think that, wouldn't you. Just a shirt. All right, Harry. Why don't *you* tell me what I should wear with these trousers, hmm? Now mind, I'm taking into account what *you* are wearing—which you obviously don't seem to give a fig about yourself—and I am also taking into account all those Weasleys and their red hair. Now I can't have anything that's going to clash with *that* nor with that beastly thing you insist on calling an outfit that *you're* wearing. So what's it to be, Harry?" He gestured to the incredible and daunting array of shirts, suits, robes, and trousers hanging in Draco's wardrobe. "Pick something, Mr. Fashion Plate. I wait with baited breath."

Harry grumbled and pushed himself off of the bed. “I didn’t mean—”

“*Pick something*!”

He scowled at Draco. “All right!” He stalked over to the wardrobe, grabbed the first thing his hand came in contact with, and pulled it out: A white, collar-less shirt with pearl buttons. He thrust it at Draco. “There you are. Simple.”

Draco glared at it a long time. He held it up to himself and stared at his reflection. His eyes narrowed and he compressed his lips so tightly they went nearly white. “Fine,” he said under his breath, and tore off the lavender one.

Harry giggled silently to himself. *On the first go, yet.* He knew Draco was angry but he also knew he’d never admit anything.

Finally dressed, he faced Harry, one brow raised over a silver eye. “Well?”

“You’re gorgeous as always. Let’s go.”

“Wait.” He tugged at his cuffs and muttered a soft, “You didn’t kiss me yet tonight.”

Harry smiled and immediately all annoyance fled. Heart warmed, he sauntered over to his lover and took his shoulders. “Forgive me. We were in a hurry and I thought we’d be late.” He leaned in, touched Draco’s chin to raise it, and gave him a gentle kiss. Draco raised a hand to cup Harry’s cheek and returned it. Harry grasped Draco’s hand. “Are you ready now?”

“As I’ll ever be, I suppose. All those Weasleys. I’ve only just gotten used to Ron and Hermione.”

“I know, but it was nice of them to include us in their Sunday dinner, don’t you think? We *are* honorary Weasleys, after all.”

“Oh yes. How can I forget? It was your twenty-first birthday party. And Fred and George—”

“You were a good sport.”

“I was nothing of the kind.”

“Come to think of it, you weren’t. But I love you all the more for it. Now come on or we *will* be late.”

They moved over to the fireplace. The hearth in their Hogwarts rooms were specially opened tonight by Dumbledore so they could floo direct to the Burrow and Harry wanted to get a move on.

They took turns and when Harry stopped spinning and landed in the Weasleys hearth, he quickly stepped out to allow Draco to arrive. He noticed Draco doing his best to hide the distaste from his face but he was never very good at masking his feelings. Harry hoped he'd warm up to the proceedings so he wouldn't embarrass his hosts.

Harry took a good look at the Burrow and inhaled a deep, satisfying sigh. Besides Hogwarts, the Burrow was the next best thing to what Harry always imagined a home should be. Filled with a loving family, decorated higgledy-piggledy with wizard stuff—magic clocks that weren't really clocks, self-cleaning dishes, knitting needles that continued knitting after you left them alone—it was all so perfect, and it was filled with his favorite people in all the world.

"Harry, my boy!" Arthur Weasley strode up to Harry, his red hair receding from his high, shiny forehead. A big smile gleamed under his sharp nose. He grabbed Harry's hand and pumped it.

"Hi, Mr. Weasley. Thanks for inviting us."

"It's our pleasure to have you two." He reached out to Draco. It seemed that Mr. Weasley and Draco got along much better after the Unfixables incident, each garnering new respect for one another.

Draco looked at the extended hand and took it firmly in his. "Mr. Weasley. Thanks for including me."

"Wouldn't dream of leaving you out, Draco. You're as much a part of the family as Harry here."

Draco's face changed abruptly to something like shock, but Arthur turned away and only Harry noticed it.

"Molly!" called Arthur. "Look who's just flooed in!"

A plump woman with curls of red hair piled high on her head popped around the corner of the kitchen and shrieked a greeting. "Oh Harry!" She enclosed him in a tight hug. Mrs. Weasley's hugs were the closest thing to a mother's embrace Harry could remember and he always welcomed them, hugging her back. But then she stretched out an arm and dragged Draco forward and then she was crushing the both of them in a smothering embrace. Draco looked up helplessly at Harry but Harry only laughed. "Gosh, Mrs. Weasley. You're strangling us!"

She laughed and released them, keeping a good grip on each of their shoulders. “I hope you boys brought a good appetite with you. I know they feed you pretty well at Hogwarts but there’s nothing like old-fashioned home cooking, is there?”

“I always miss your meals, Mrs. Weasley.”

She blushed and waved Harry off. “Can I get you boys a drink? Arthur and my brood are already into their second butterbeer.”

“Then we’d best catch up, thanks.” She released them to scurry back into the kitchen. He cast a glance at Draco who seemed a little bowled over at the attention. The last time he was here was for Harry’s combination twenty-first birthday and bachelor party. There had been a lot of people gathered, all serving themselves more or less, but this was the first time Draco was treated to full Weasley hospitality.

“Relax, Draco,” he whispered to his companion. “It’s going to be a long night if you keep this up.”

“I just…I don’t…”

“It’s all right.” He took his hand and squeezed it. “Let’s sit down.” He flopped down on the overstuffed sofa, its back and arms covered in layers of crocheted and knitted comforters. He dragged Draco down next to him and kept hold of his hand. “It’s all right. They like you.”

“That’s what I don’t get. Why?”

Harry rolled his shoulder into Draco’s. “Because, you git. You’re not big bad Malfoy the Death Eater any more. You’re Draco, Harry’s husband and Potions Master at Hogwarts.”

“You mean I’m…harmless.”

“Well, yes.”

Draco stared into the fireplace, an unfathomable expression on his face.

Harry was about to quietly ask, but Ginny popped in the door and propped the broom she was holding in the corner.

“You didn’t just fly that thing in this weather, did you?” asked Harry.

“’Course.” She flopped down next to Draco and kissed him on the cheek. He sneered at her but Harry knew it was just for show. “Hi, Draco. What’s new?”

“Nothing much, Weaselette. How about you?”

“Found a new little dress shop in Southwark. New proprietor. She’s a witch but she caters to Muggles. Love her stuff. So trendy.”

“Is that some of it?” He eyed her dress, something reminiscent of gypsy/hippy wear with tasseled shawls, crushed velvets, and large silver buttons.

“Yeah. You like it?”

He smiled. “It suits you.”

Molly returned with their drinks, with Fred and George in tow. As soon as Draco saw the twins he released Harry’s hand. Harry had the feeling he wanted his hands free to grab his wand.

That probably wasn’t a bad idea at that.

“Look, George, it’s the most improbable couple in the world,” said Fred.

“That’s not the most improbable couple in the world,” said George. “Harry and *Voldemort* would have been—”

“BOYS!” yelled Molly, disgusted.

“Ew, George,” snarled Harry. “That’s not even funny.”

“You know Harry, I think you’re right. Even *I* think I went too far that time.” He offered his hand to shake but Harry hesitated. “Aw come on, Harry. You won’t even shake my hand in friendship?”

“I don’t know George—”

“Don’t do it, whatever it is he wants,” said Ron trotting down the stairs. Hermione came right behind him. “You’d think we’d all learn by now.”

“Of course *you* didn’t, little brother,” crowed Fred.

Harry noticed Ron opening and closing his right hand as if it still smarted.

“I’d like to think at this stage in our lives I can trust my own brother,” said Ron with a scowl. “But I guess I can’t.” He made sure Hermione was comfortable in a chair before he flopped down beside Harry. “How’s it going, mate? You, Draco?”

“Fair, Weasley,” said Draco, eyes darting from Ron to Fred and George suspiciously. Harry had a feeling there were few who could pull anything on Draco.

“It’s good to be here,” said Harry and meant it. It seemed like ages since he’d been to the Burrow. He turned his smile on Draco but his husband still wore a guarded expression. “How are things at the Ministry, Ron?”

“In quite an uproar since the Unfixable incident. It was decided, in fact, that we’d just destroy them. The Ministry deemed them too dangerous.”

“Oh?” Harry had to agree, considering he’d almost permanently lost his memory from some of those Unfixables four months ago, but he didn’t want to dampen Ron’s obvious enthusiasm.

“Shame, really,” Ron went on, “Some *were* pretty interesting and I got in some good practice taking hexes off of them. I even managed to figure out some nasty ones myself.”

“But we can’t go letting wizards lose their memory,” Draco snapped. “Or worse.”

Did he still feel guilty about that? Honestly. Maybe Harry had a “saving thing” but Draco was developing quite the martyr complex.

“Draco’s right,” said Hermione, sipping her pumpkin juice. “I thought it was stupid keeping those things around.”

“Hermione!” said Harry, sitting back to look at her. “Where’s your sense of adventure? Are we all getting too old already?”

“At twenty-one? You can’t be serious.” To Harry, Hermione always seemed far older than her years. “I just mean that there are still a lot of dangers out there and we don’t need to add unnecessarily to them by including ridiculous risks in our own Ministry. Good riddance to them.” She nodded her head in finality and gazed at Harry. “Can you honestly mean to say—”

“No, no,” said Harry, shaking his hands in front of him. “Just as glad if the whole incident never happened. I’m sure Draco would agree.”

“Draco agrees most heartily,” said his husband with a shiver.

He took the blonde’s hand and squeezed it.

“’Ar-ree!” A shrill voice with a French accent caught them all off guard and he snapped his head around. Fleur bore down on him and snatched him from the sofa into a hug. “We ‘eard what ‘appened! Such madness! And of course, it was from a cursed *Malfoy* object!” She flicked a glare in Draco’s direction.

Bill came up behind her. “Wotcher, Harry. Oi, Draco.” He took Draco’s hand and shook it since Harry was still encased in Fleur’s arms. “Don’t mind the missus, old sod,” he said to the Slytherin. “You know how she is about…well. You know.”

Even after so many years, Harry still had a hard time looking at Bill's horribly scarred face without flinching. His attack by the werewolf Greyback had left him with unhealable scarring and an irreparable face all due to the fact that Draco had made it possible for the werewolf and his Death Eater cohorts to break into Hogwarts that fateful night five years ago. Bill had forgiven Malfoy, but Fleur had not and made a point to ignore him whenever they were together, which wasn't often.

Draco didn't reply. He only knocked back his butterbeer and sat on the sofa as far away from anyone else as possible.

* * *

Draco had dreaded this evening and now it seemed it was only getting worse. He'd gotten used to Ron and Hermione well enough, and even Ginny as they often went shopping together, but the rest of the Weasleys were just too overwhelming. And then that Fleur with her murderous eyes. The fact that he agreed with her gave him no solace.

But Harry was enjoying himself, and it was really all about Harry, wasn't it? There was a time when Draco would never have gone through something like this for another person. But this was a different day, a different Draco, perhaps.

Look at him. He's in his element. He's so uncomfortable in front of crowds making speeches, but he loves to teach and he loves these people. If only I weren't here to spoil it for him.

It was true. He knew Harry had to worry whether Draco was having a good time or not and he tried to keep his face neutral. Harry deserved it, didn't he? Hero of the Wizarding world, and all. And here was the Golden Trio together again. They were as famous as wizards and witches could be. They'd be famous forever, just as Draco would, no doubt, be *in*famous forever.

He really didn't belong here.

Charlie arrived with his girlfriend—he couldn't remember her name, Amelia, Emily, Amy…something like that. Another Mud—Muggle-born.

"Oh Ivy, you are a card!" laughed Mrs. Weasley to her after something she said. Oh. Ivy. Well he couldn't remember *everything*.

They all exchanged pleasantries and Mr. and Mrs. Weasley caught up with all the news from her children. The only missing Weasley—as always—was Percy.

After a long time of enduring but not listening, Draco found his opportunity to rise from the sofa unobserved. His place was quickly taken by another. He looked back when he reached the kitchen and they were all bent toward one another, their voices so loud and so

overlapping he wondered how they could hear anything at all. Even Harry was tossing words around between Fred, George, and Ginny.

Draco grabbed his cloak and stepped out into the garden. The sun was just a streak of red at the horizon and the chill January night was descending with vigor, getting colder even as he strode across the frozen path. He spotted a gnome or two scurry under the frosty hedge, but even they were moving slower in the frigid temperatures. Draco watched his breath cloud about his face and then drift upward.

“They’re a bit much sometimes, aren’t they?”

He spun and spied Hermione, clutching her own cloak tightly to her body.

He nodded and kicked at a frozen flower bud that had fallen from its dead stalk.

“When my family gets together,” Hermione went on, “there was just Mum and Dad and my aunt and uncle. I only had one cousin and he was far older than me. So it was always a rather subdued affair. You?”

“Same here. Mother and Father and a few friends, mostly. Except for the big parties, but the talk was always a little quieter, a little more...” He wanted to say “refined” but thought better of it. “Well, you know. Restrained. About business and stuff of that nature. There was always a quartet or some such playing in a corner.”

“Sounds lovely.”

“Yes. I miss it.”

“But Harry and Ron. They need this sort of thing so much. Who are we to deny them?”

“Exactly.” And it was then that he realized he was in Hermione’s shoes; the both of them talking about the men they loved. Girlfriends indeed. He looked up at her. Her cheeks were red already from the brief time in the cold. “You should go in. You look cold.”

“I’ve just put a warming charm on myself. I’m fine.”

Warming charm. Good idea. He wished he’d thought of it sooner. He incanted the spell and instantly he felt as if he were wrapped in a quilt.

She sauntered forward and joined him. There was an arbor encrusted with twisted, brown vines. But the teak bench below it beckoned and Hermione sat, patting the seat beside her. “You like them now, don’t you Draco?”

He lowered to the bench and looked up at the skeletal vines drooping sadly toward them. “Oh yes. They’re fine. Purebloods, after all. Can’t argue with that.” He deliberately gave her a smirk and she pushed at his shoulder affectionately.

“But you feel left out.”

He shrugged. It seemed a bit petulant put that way. “Not exactly. More like I don’t belong.”

“Of course you belong. You belong to Harry.”

“Yeah. I belong to Harry.”

They sat silently after that and just watched the last colors of the sun disappear from the indigo sky. Hermione suddenly took to her feet. “I’m hungry. I think I’ll scout out those appetizers I saw Ginny trot out earlier—if there are any left, that is. Coming?”

“I’ll just stay out here a little longer. I’ll be fine.”

She touched his shoulder before she left him, and he sat in the quiet of the evening by himself, trying to empty his mind of his worries.

A twig snapped and Draco’s wand was instantly in his hand. But when he turned he saw Harry’s face smiling at him. He tucked the wand away and Harry joined him along the bench.

“Hiding out?”

“I’m not hiding. I’m just…taking a break.”

“You’re hiding.” He slid his arm around Draco’s shoulders and pulled him close.

“Maybe a little.”

“Anything wrong?”

“No.”

But Harry seemed to know better. He looked at him sidelong. The little lanterns filled with real fairies shown faint light on Harry’s cheek and added a sparkle to his eye that looked blue-green in that soft illumination. He squeezed Draco’s shoulders. “Just tell me, love.”

Draco heaved a sigh, taking comfort from his husband’s warm presence. “I don’t know. It was something you said earlier. That I was ‘harmless’.”

“And that bothers you? I thought you were striving for that.”

“I don’t want people to mistrust me anymore, but I don’t necessarily want to be deemed ‘harmless’. I’m supposed to be a powerful wizard. I always have been. That’s very neutering being ‘harmless’.”

“Well…I didn’t mean it like that.”

“I know, but it still feels like that. I mean, who the hell am I these days? I’m just Harry Potter’s husband. *The missus*.”

“No you’re not!”

“Yes I am. If anyone mentions me they say, ‘that’s Draco Malfoy. But he’s all right now. He’s married to Harry Potter.’ Like you’ll vouch for me in case I’m caught shoplifting or something.”

“Who says that? You’re imagining things.”

“I’m not.”

“That’s ridiculous. You are *Professor* Malfoy, Potions Master.”

“So what? You’re Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher. Everyone knows that’s the glamour job.”

“I don’t believe you! Where is this coming from? You should be proud to be Potions Master. Dumbledore told me there’s never been a Potions Master as young as you. They’ve all been loads older.”

“Yeah, but he didn’t have any choice.”

“Of course he did. He didn’t have to hire you.”

“And let *you* down?”

“You think Dumbledore consults *me* when he needs to hire new staff? You’re mental. He never asked me then and never would have done. It wasn’t up to me. It was and has always been up to *him*.”

Draco squirmed a bit. “Really?”

“Of course! Honestly, Draco. I’ve never seen you like this. What’s *really* bothering you?”

He sat for a bit and stared at the lantern and the play of light the fairy made fluttering within the paper shade. “I don’t really belong here amongst your friends. I may be your husband, but it doesn’t mean I should be welcomed here.”

“Ignore Fleur.”

“I don’t have any right ignoring Fleur. Because I agree with her. She’s right about me.”

“She’s not. Once, maybe, but not now. She’s being the she-lion defending her husband. And if someone had hurt you, I’d be doing the same. She’ll get over it someday.”

“If I were her, I wouldn’t.”

“Yeah, well. You’re not operating on Malfoy standard procedures any longer, any more than she can operate under Delacour procedures. You’re in Weasley territory now and things are different here.”

“Shall I dye my hair red?”

Harry laughed. “Oh no. I should hate that. I do like you blond. I have a thing for blondes, remember?” Draco remembered, all right. Every one of Harry’s former boyfriends were blondes, the same shade as Draco’s hair.

Draco sighed again and Harry turned to him, cupping his face. “Do I have to make a speech about what a family is? You *do* belong. Because you changed. Because you saw what was happening and understood. Because you love me and because there is far more to you than a smirk and a nasty disposition. And most importantly, because you are an Honorary Weasley and no one, my lad, may ever take that for granted.”

“Harry—” But Harry silenced him with a kiss. It felt incredibly good to be kissed by Harry at that moment. His lips fairly glowed with warmth and he felt love pouring over him. Draco had lost so much. Everything, really. He’d had to be rebuilt stick by stick and he was never certain if that new foundation had been strong enough.

When they broke away, Draco leaned his forehead against Harry’s. “I really love you, you know.”

“I know you do. And I really love you, Draco. Even if you don’t believe me now, you’ll have to trust me. Are you ready to go back in? I think dinner is about to be served.”

“Okay.” He took Harry's hand and walked with him to the door.

* * *

Harry looked over at Draco and sighed. Poor chap. In a way, Draco had suffered more than Harry. Harry never remembered having anything to lose so it meant very little that he had nothing growing up. But to have had it all—to have been important and loved the feeling, to have had parents and riches, to have had the love of one’s family, and if not respect than fear from others—then to lose it all, would have been quite devastating. He

realized that Draco was still trying to redefine himself, and all the old rules just wouldn't apply any more. Sometimes he felt that Draco's fragile self-image hung by a thread.

They sat next to Ron and Hermione, and Molly placed the huge platter with the roast in front of Arthur. He picked up his wand and directed a knife and serving fork to carve the meat.

Plates and bowls were passed, and soon everyone was tucking in. The level of noise never diminished, however, as food and wine fueled more fervent conversation. Harry *loved* eating at the Weasleys. This is what a family did at the dining room table. Not what the Dursleys called dinner, with Uncle Vernon acting like an Edwardian patriarch, expounding on how wonderful and clever he was at work that day while Aunt Petunia and Dudley sat in quiet reverence. Harry, of course, when he was allowed to sit at the table with them, was never permitted to speak.

He deliberately opened a topic of conversation that he was certain Draco would comment on, and right on cue, his husband guffawed and laid forth all the reasons that particular opinion could not hold water. He and Hermione went at it until Harry was stuffed and could barely move. And just as Mrs. Weasley was about to announce that everyone relocate to the lounge for coffee, Ron stood up and cleared his throat. He tapped his fork on his water goblet and said, "May I have everyone's attention please?"

Surprised, the brood turned to him and quieted down. Ron cleared his throat again. "With my wife's kind permission, I would like to make an announcement. Mum. Dad. You've had the pleasure of raising seven little Weasleys and I don't think we turned out all that bad….except for maybe one disappointment," and they all thought silently of Percy. "And then you had the pleasure of watching some of them get married and leave the little nest."

Molly grasped Arthur's hand and looked as if she would cry.

"But now you will have the pleasure—or chore—of welcoming a *new* Weasley. Simply, *we* are expecting."

"Oh!" Molly shrieked and jumped to her feet. Harry watched Hermione brace herself as Molly descended upon her and then everyone jumped up and either hugged Hermione or slapped Ron's back.

After the furor died down and everyone repaired to the lounge, Harry sat with Ron and Hermione on the sofa. Harry couldn't stop looking at Hermione beside him.

"Harry. I'm not having it this instant," she insisted, shaking her head and smiling.

He shook out his head and broke into a sheepish grin. "I know. But it's just that…I guess I never thought of you as a girl before. I mean, yes, I thought of you as a *girl* but not as a… *woman*."

She lowered her eyes and chuckled. “I know. It’s weird isn’t it?” She rubbed her belly absently. “It’s not like when Ron and I married or you and Draco,” and she included Draco sitting in a nearby chair in that glance.

Harry took her hand and held it. It was a strange feeling knowing that she carried another life inside of her. That she could. It was so obvious but he never did picture it before even when she and Ron married because their being together was always an inevitability. But he suddenly felt like the biggest git in the world for never realizing that things had to change between them eventually. And with that thought another sensation crept up on him. Something almost a little sad. “It’s not just the three of us anymore,” he said. “It’s an era passing.”

Ron and Hermione looked at him and he sensed instantly they knew what he meant. He looked at Draco silently surveying them. “I mean, we’ve known Draco all along, haven’t we, and he’s always been there somewhere in the background…usually doing something dastardly,” and he was sure to offer him a smile to soften the blow. “But it’s always been us three, inseparable. But now there’s another. A little *stranger*.”

Hermione squeezed his hand. “We’re still inseparable. In fact, Ron and I agreed. We want you and Draco to be the baby’s godparents.”

Draco stood up, he was so surprised. “*Me?* I can understand Harry, but why *me*?”

“Because you two are the most important people in the world to us,” she said, eyes shining. “And if anything ever happened to us, we’d want you two to raise our child. It’s as simple as that.”

“*Me*?”

Harry had never heard Draco’s voice so plaintive.

Hermione held her hand out to Draco. After a pause, Draco took a step forward and took it. “*You* are important to us. For who you are, Draco Malfoy. Don’t let anyone tell you any different.”

He looked at Ron with glossy eyes. “Do you mean it?”

Ron stood and laid his hand on Draco’s shoulder. “I reckon I’ve gotten used to you, Old Ferret. Yeah. I trust you.”

Draco finally fell back into his chair, too stunned to speak. Harry spoke for him. “Thanks. It’s a great honour and we accept.”

“So you see,” said Hermione, a little weepier than before, “Nothing’s really changed at all.”

* * *

Later that night when the party broke up and Harry and Draco flooed back to Hogwarts, Draco prepared for bed. Harry was already tucked under the warm duvet, reading by hovering candle.

Draco slipped off his dressing gown and ducked under the covers. Harry turned to him. "Well! That was quite a night, eh? What news!"

"Yeah. Surprises all around."

"We're going to be godparents! That is so great! I'm going to get to do all those things that Sirius didn't get to do with me. That kid is going to be spoiled rotten."

"Well if anybody knows about that, it's me. I'll give you all the finer points on just how to spoil someone rotten."

Harry closed his book and laid it aside. He shooed the candle away and it hovered over the side table instead. He snuggled down under the sheets and reached for Draco. "Good. Then I'll leave that part to you."

He held Harry and kissed the top of his head, content to simply lie with him. After a while he said timidly, "I guess…I really had nothing to worry about, then."

"As I told you."

"I just never…I mean, I was someone once and then I was no one and then…I didn't know…"

"I know."

"You really didn't have a clue they were going to ask us?"

"How could I? I didn't know she was pregnant."

"And they really want me?"

"Draco." Harry sat up and looked him full in the face. "Shall we tick off the number of people that really care about you now? There's me, number one. There's Ron and Hermione. There's the Weasleys, and Dumbledore and McGonagall and *all* your students—"

"All right, all right. I get your point. I'm loved, okay?"

“You certainly are.” Harry sank down again. “I’m a bit tired right now and a little inebriated but I’m certain that sometime in the morning I’ll show you just how much I personally love you. Will that do?”

“That will do very nicely, Mr. Potter.”

“Then good night, Mr. Malfoy. Sweet dreams. *Nox*.”

And the candle snuffed out.

The End