Edge Of Seventeen by Makun

Chapter 1. Giving Golden Boy

Harry Potter had done it. He had defeated Voldemort in the middle of the year and spent the following three months in St. Mungo's overcoming the effects that it had placed upon him. But he had pulled through around the beginning of May and was able to catch up on his work enough to graduate. It still amazed him that he had lived to see his graduation day. To anybody else outside, it would look as if Harry was the happiest person. He smiled and joked around again in classes. He was now even more famous, the Daily Prophet still making its way somehow into the school grounds. He had even passed his N.E.W.T.S!

But they didn't know that Harry still had his own little problems. His best friend, Ginny, was always with him. He would smile the most when she was around. Ron and Hermione had grown together and Harry hadn't wanted to be the third wheel and began to grow closer to Ginny. He had often wondered if he liked her in that way, but soon he saw that he didn't have an attraction; to any girl. This worried him, but then he thought that perhaps, there were just not any real attractive girls at the school. That was until the week preceding graduation. When he met the true Draco Malfoy.

The summer air was blowing through the open windows as Graduation was counting down. Harry was walking with Ginny who was whining that he would leave her forever and forget all about her, seeing as she still had a whole extra year at the school. He laughed and was denying it, when he happened to look up ahead of where they were walking. And it happened. He felt something 'twitch' as soon as that blond hair turned the corner. He had been wondering all year of his sexual orientation, but with the problem of Voldemort, he was able to postpone his worrisome thoughts. But it was strange to him when he started dreaming about guys. And he never took it seriously until he started to watch Malfoy. Something about Malfoy made him stop in his rambling thoughts and just stare. Malfoy would often give him glances now and send Harry that sexy smirk of interest. It surprised Harry how quickly Malfoy had just turned and began to notice him as well. He didn't know what to make of that.

So here he was, with Ginny, when Malfoy walked around the corner. He of course was followed by many, being as popular as he was. Girls practically threw themselves at Draco. And he took in this attention. It seemed to bring him on in all his glory. Everytime that Harry would see Malfoy, all time would seem to stop. Those silver eyes scanned everything around them in a piercing gaze until they landed on his own green eyes. His mouth would lift in that sexy smirk that turned Harry on more than anything, to his own surprise. Harry hadn't really had enough time to really come to grips with what gender he preferred, Draco just sort of had this effect on him. Harry's eyes would always scan down Draco's body as the blond sauntered, followed by his own fan club. He looked so gorgeous that thoughts began to fill Harry's mind that he quickly pushed away. He couldn't be gay. Not at a time like this. His mind argued that this was a good time, seeing as Voldemort was dead and he now could have a life.

But *the* Harry Potter gay? How could that fit in with any people's visions of their hero? He ran his hand through his hair and altered his gaze to the floor.

"Well, look who it is. How are you there Golden Boy?" he smiled. He felt himself blush, but Ginny was there beside him.

"Piss off, Malfoy!" she hissed as she glared at him. Malfoy and the others snickered at her defensive nature.

"Nonsense. Listen, me and the boys are having a…let's just say, a 'party' or get together tonight at the Room of Requirement. I'm sure you know where that is?" Draco looked knowingly at Harry's eyes since he knew the other boy knew perfectly well where the room was.

"Well..I..I"

"Great. Well we'll see you there then," Draco winked at him, causing his breath to hitch in a horrified discovery. He finally admitted that he had a crush on Malfoy. And all of this attention was not helping at all. It could have all been a trick to get him humiliated, but at the moment he didn't really care.

"He's not going!" Ginny yelled.

"Ginny, what are you doing?!" Harry asked. She turned to look at her friend.

"You're not going are you Harry?" she asked as if it was insane.

"I don't know. I was considering.."

"Harry, you can't be serious!"

"Well, it's almost graduation. I'll never see him again," his stomach fell at this, "and one little party couldn't hurt Gin." The red haired girl didn't look too pleased about this, but she nodded and knew that Harry had to go. He kissed her cheek softly and walked to the Great Hall for lunch.
He had arrived late, so he was one of the only people left in the Great Hall. Draco was smiling about something with his friends before walking over and sitting across from Harry. Harry looked up as Draco sat down. There was a moment's silence.

"So I take it you and Red are an item. Is she your girlfriend?" he asked.

"I-I don't know," Harry said with an uncertain shrug. "Do you…have a girlfriend?"

"Yeah," Draco said, with an arrogant toss of his blond hair, "his name's Gavin." Harry choked on the sandwich he was eating. He picked up a drink and made to wash it down as Draco smiled slyly at his innocent ways. Harry cleared his throat nervously and set the glass down. At that moment, Ginny walked in.

"Sorry, Harry. I can't eat right now. I have this thing to do for Hermione. You don't mind do you?" she asked.

"Uh, no," Harry said, casting a glance to Malfoy who was watching Ginny in an irritating manner. She returned the gesture. Harry cleared his throat, still recovering from the sandwich. "Yeah, so, I'll talk to you later, Gin." She kissed his cheek friendly and walked out. Draco smiled back at Harry, and Harry watched Draco's eyes roam over his body and it made him terribly uncomfortable. Draco then stood up.

"See you tonight," he purred, before making it back to his own table. Harry sighed in relief that he could now eat in peace, and think about everything that had just happened.

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Later that night Harry sat in the common room, one of his text books in his lap. He still read them and cursed that Hermione had had a bad influence on him. At that moment, Ginny came in. Harry smiled and said hello, but she just walked over and sat on his lap.

"Do you know what Parvati told me?" she said to Harry in a whisper. He raised his eyebrows and shook his head curiously. She grinned. "Malfoy's gay." Harry felt himself tense. "I mean you think that we would have noticed that. It so makes sense now! It's a good thing that you're not gay Harry or you might have to watch out." She giggled and he forced a laugh, the whole time his mind thinking, *Oh Merlin. Bloody Hell, what am I going to do?. Bugger!* Ginny leaned and kissed his cheek good night. He grabbed her wrist before she could stand up. He still had an ounce of a chance to prove he was straight. He knew he just had to be. Ginny stared at him curiously and softly closed her eyes as Harry

leaned forward and kissed her lips. The thing was that Harry didn't feel anything. But he wouldn't let Ginny know that ; not yet. He pulled back and she looked into his eyes before smiling.

"Good night," he whispered.

"Good night," she whispered breathlessly. She scooted off of his lap, biting her lip suppressing a smile, and made her way back to her room. He made to stand up so that he could go dress. He stood in front of the mirror. He had went to Hogsmeade that day to get an outfit. He knew that this wasn't him. He didn't often wear jeans like this. It was a pair of black jeans that were tight on his skin. The emerald shirt was loose and partially open. The tight sleeveless black leather vest clung to his muscular frame. He did look good, but it didn't feel like him. He looked to his hair. His brow furrowed as he debated on a look. He took his wand and shortened it, yet still long enough to be spiky and tossed this way or that in a shining look. He took his glasses off. He didn't know any spells for his eyes, so he just placed his glasses on the dresser. Malfoy did like the 'bad' boys so to say. What if…wait, did he just think about looking good for Malfoy? That wasn't the point of this party. Was it? He just sighed and did it anyway. He turned his head as he looked at the small silver hoop in his ear.

He walked out of the portrait hall and slowly made his way to the Room of Requirement. He had never been afraid to stand up to Malfoy before. At least not until now. He walked along the hall, and the door opened. And there, in all of his glory, was Malfoy. Beyond him, people were dancing in the room. Many faces that Harry didn't know. Many women were there, their faces painted with make up and barely dressed as they pressed again the men in sexual dances. But Harry's eyes were only for him. He took a moment to look at Draco as he leaned against the door frame.

He wore tight leather pants, and a large white shirt that was tucked yet partially open just like Harry's at the top to show off his collarbone and part of his chest. He had a tie that wasn't tied at all, yet hung loose around his neck and fell on either side of him. And he looked dead sexy and he knew it.

"Hey, Golden boy," he smiled seductively. He reached out and pulled Harry in by his shirt, before closing the door. Harry looked around nervously as everyone's eyes turned to look at him as he walked by. He hated attention. But he kept his eyes on Malfoy in front of him.

He led Harry to the back of the room where the refreshments were. The music blared through the room and the many occupants in the room were performing 'sex on the dancefloor' as Harry put it. He sat down on the couch to just watch the party. He had never really partied and didn't know what to do. After a few minutes, as he was lifting his drink to his lips.

"Having fun?" came a husky whisper in his ear. He choked on his drink and set it on the table across from him. He wiped his mouth of the wetness on his lips, and when he looked up, Malfoy was sitting beside him. "I see that you're not dancing." He leaned forward and lightly traced Harry's chest with his finger. "Now why isn't a sexy thing like you not out there?"

Harry hadn't really had time to register what Draco had said. Before he knew what was going on, he was being dragged out onto the dancefloor. He stood there as Malfoy began to sway to the beat.

"Come on, Potter. I know you can dance." After a moment, Malfoy sighed and moved closer pressing his body against Harry's. Harry gasped as he felt Malfoy flush against him Malfoy's hand wrapped around his waist and he began moving. Harry felt Malfoy's groin rubbing against his as he grinded into him at the song and he lost it. He instinctly began pressing back, anything for that wonderful friction. "That's it," he heard Malfoy purr encouragingly in his ear.

Harry closed his eyes as everything around him disappeared except for the music. The song seemed to match what he was feeling exactly. He had no self control around Malfoy anymore.

"Malfoy…" he breathed.

"Draco."

Harry looked into Malfoy's eyes at the correction and smiled, his eyes traveling to the boy's lips before rising quickly before the blond noticed. But Draco just smirked that he had noticed. Harry's blushed as he had his arm around Draco's neck. Draco tilted his head and began to kiss Harry's neck. Harry's eyes closed once more and his lips parted. He could feel his breathing increasing in speed as those soft lips played seductively across his skin. He could do nothing but hold Draco closer. If he was gay or not, he was going to enjoy this.

"Do you know how incredibly sexy you look right now?" Draco whispered heatedly against Harry's skin. Harry didn't reply. All of these feelings were new to him, and he was trying to convince himself of his sexuality before he performed anything. He had an idea of Draco's intention, but he couldn't have sex with him. At least not yet. Harry and Draco walked over to the edge of the room where an empty cushion was. It was large enough for them both to sit on. Harry's eyes wandered around the room. He saw a girl with long blond hair as she was riding a guy in the other corner. Her shirt was pulled around her elbow and her bra hung loosely on her as it had been unclipped. He saw the guy's hands sliding up her thighs, pushing her skirt to around her hips as his lips met between her breasts and she threw her head back in ecstasy. How could they just do that in public with everyone watching? Harry could never do something like that publicy. Others were even smoking and drinking in the corners and just talking. Harry had never known that Hogwarts could be like this. He shifted uncomfortably.

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"Are you ok?" Draco asked. Harry nodded, doing anything not to look at the blond himself.

"I just, I just feel like I don't fit in. You know here, with you and your friends." He heard Draco laugh at his innocence yet again.

"Let's see if I can't make you feel better." The next Harry knew, he felt a warm hand traveling down his chest. The fingers expertly unbuttoned his vest, and caressed his chest through his shirt. Harry's breath became quickened as he saw Draco 'slither' down to between his legs.

"Draco, what..?"

"Shh," Draco said, placing his finger over Harry's lips. Harry's eyes looked down at Draco

as the blond unzipped his pants. The minute that those long fingers touched his groin, his eyes rolled back into the back of his head. He didn't know a single touch could feel so good from someone. But the hands were soon replaced with a hot mouth.

"Shit!" Harry hissed as he made to scoot back by reflex, but Draco's hands held him at his thighs and steadied him. He hummed contentedly as he twirled his tongue around the flesh. Harry threw his head back as he slouched on the couch. He tried not to, but he could not suppress the moan that escaped his lips. Draco's head moved back and forth at a set rhythm, taking him in and out. Harry wanted to touch Draco's hair so badly and to urge him on, yet stop at the same time. He didn't know if he could go through any more of this. But Draco solved that problem for him. Harry saw Draco's hand take his own and lead it to hold his head. Harry was surprised that Draco would let anyone touch his hair, but he pushed the thought aside and tangled his fingers in the blond locks.

The music pounded and Harry was afraid that they would be seen, but it seemed the people at the party didn't pay them any attention. Harry could feel the blush on his face deepen and his face was on fire….as well as his crotch. Draco deep throated him, which sent the most amazing pleasures through Harry's body. He arched his back and felt himself come. He opened his eyes in panic for a moment, until he looked and saw Draco taking every drop from himself.

"Let me show you something," Draco whispered, before he crushed his lips onto Harry's. Harry felt Draco plunge his tongue deep into his mouth and moaned at the sensation. He could taste himself on Draco's tongue and it was extremely erotic, as he felt Draco's hands roaming his chest while his were still tangled in Draco's hair. Draco tilted his head and began to kiss Harry's neck again, Harry holding his head in place. His head was tilted back to give Draco more room.

"Maybe I…I should be going," Harry forced out. He knew he had to leave before things went too far. He knew that he wasn't ready for that yet. Draco pulled back and looked into his eyes for a moment before he reluctantly nodded. He stood up. Harry situated himself back into his pants before he stood up as well. "Not that I didn't enjoy it. It was incredible." Draco smirked in his way before leading Harry to the door.

"Goodnight, Golden Boy." He leaned forward and placed a small kiss on Harry's lips. Harry's eyes closed to savour the last remaining moments of the kiss. They both parted and Harry made his way back to Gryffindor Tower.

Chapter 2. Change of Heart

The next day in classes, Harry caught himself often watching Malfoy. Draco. His eyes would scan over the blond, wondering if he still felt what the blond had made him feel the night before. Draco was turned towards Crabbe and Goyle and telling a few jokes that were making them laugh. This is what Harry admired about Draco Malfoy. He could always walk into a room and seem to own it with just his presence. He always seemed so confident as if he was better than anything else in that room. Harry would often become shy and scared upon entrance. Draco turned around as he was laughing and caught Harry watching him. Harry froze. Draco smiled and winked at him, causing Harry to sigh in relief and cause his stomach to clench at the same time.

This was just perfect. It was almost the end of the year. Less than a week, and it was now that he decided to create an attraction for someone. Cho couldn't really count, as he didn't feel what he did when he was with Draco. Something was just different about Draco, he just couldn't explain what it was.

"Harry."

“What?” Harry asked, jumping at the sudden sound, drawing him away from his daydreaming. Ron looked at him as if he had just grown two heads.

“Whoa, mate. Calm down. I just wanted you to pass me the roots.”

“Roots. Roots, right,” Harry muttered, passing Ron the required roots.

“Are you sure you’re all right?” he asked. Harry just leaned forward and covered his face with his hands.

“I don’t know, Ron,” he muttered into his palms, “I just don’t know!”

“I’m sure it’s just excitement to get out of here mate. It is the end of our last year.”

“To tell you the truth, I’m really going to miss it,” Hermione said as she was writing down the results to her finished potion.

“Not as much as me,” Harry said, finally composing himself and sitting up to look at them. “Hogwarts is my home. The only place that I’ve ever considered home. Everyone here was my family. And now…I have to leave it.”

“Harry, you know that we are still going to see each other,” Hermione said, as if it were absurd to think otherwise.

“Yeah, don’t forget that me and you were going to get that apartment,” Ron smiled at their childhood plans. Harry laughed as well, before his smile fell.
“Yeah, but you know you two are going to get married out of school. You two haven’t said anything, but I know you.” He watched as the two blushed and looked at the other. He nodded and looked down at his desk.

“Harry, you haven’t even started your potion!” Hermione said.

“What is the point?” Harry asked, “I’ve done my exams and am leaving in the next six days. I don’t think Snape will mind finding an excuse for giving me detention the last possible chance he can get.” As if he were asking for his own punishment, Snape decided to make his rounds at that very moment. When he came over to the table, he looked over the trio.
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“Does Mr. Potter find himself so self righteous and graduated, that he finds it a petty attempt in which to even *try* for *once* what he is told?” Harry just closed his eyes and sighed. It had been seven years. He might as well give Snape what he wanted. He looked up and gave a perfectly determined look.

“Why, yes sir. How did you guess?” he replied sarcastically. He heard his friends gasp beside him as well as his classmates. “You do know that I do this to irritate you sir. I always use my fame to get what I want and enjoy every minute of it. There, is that better?”

“Why you…” Snape said, “how dare you mock me! Detention!” Harry threw his arm up in a ‘there-you-go-I-told-you’ way, before letting it fall on the table.

“Well, you know what sir? That would be fantastic. Just bloody perfect. Shall I go prepare? It wouldn’t do to not look one’s best in detention, being so *famous* and all. Someone might want a picture!” And with that he grabbed his bag and pulled it over his shoulder. He was making his way out. *Don’t look back, don’t look back….* he kept telling himself. He couldn’t believe that he had just done that. It wasn’t at all in his nature, but at this point, there was no turning back. He didn’t see the satisified and impressed Draco Malfoy

smirking and watching him walk away.

Harry was in the bathroom, washing his hands, when he heard classes let out. He grabbed a towel and was drying his hands when he heard someone enter.

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"That was quite impressive, Golden Boy," the voice said, causing Harry to jump and turn quickly around. At seeing Draco, he blushed and threw the towel in the trash, trying to distract himself. When he did look up he found himself trapped against the wall by Draco. "Why the sudden courage with Sev, huh?" he asked, his eyes scanning down his body with interest. He swallowed and tried to have the same control he had just had in the classroom.

"I just figured, what the hell? It would make his year. His life even. To give Harry Potter the most detentions in a school career." Draco laughed, and Harry was surprised that he had never heard Draco really laugh before. It was…nice. But he knew that Draco could not manipulate him.

"How's Gavin?" he asked. Draco looked at him, his laughter dying.

"We broke up," he said simply, looking slightly hurt but threw it aside. "We just agreed that since school is ending and we wanted different things that it probably wouldn't work." His eyes looked into Harry's as Harry's heart quickened.

"Well, I need to go. I have to get ready for the…detention and…all right then." And with that, Harry bolted out of the room before Draco could stop him.

Harry scrubbed the tables of Snape's classroom under the close watch of Snape himself as he sneered in Potter's direction. Harry removed his robe and placed it over a chair. Snape still had the torches lit and it was making Harry sweat as he continued to scrub under the flaming heat. The clock soon stuck midnight.

"All right, Potter. You may go," he said simply, loathing in every tone of his voice.

"Oh, you're too kind," Harry said with a fake smile as he took his robe and threw it over his shoulder and proceeded out of the room. He soon found himself pushed against the wall again for the second time that day.

"Mal….Draco?" Harry asked in shock. The blond simply smirked and tossed his head in his arrogant manner as his hand rested on the wall, successfully trapping Harry.

"I don't appreciate you leaving like that, Harry. It was almost as if you didn't want to see me. And I know that that can't be true right?" he purred, "I thought we were friends after last night."

Harry could only gaze at Draco's lips as they teased him with words that caused Draco's breath to ghost over is own lips. The heat of the torches that lined the normally icy dungeon was
causing his temperature to rise. Draco's other hand came up and began to caress his chest through his white shirt. They traveled up and unbuttoned one. Harry's eyes flew up to look at Draco's.

"Draco, I really don't think that.." but a finger was again placed over his lips.

"You worry too much, Potter," he said, using the name. He leaned closer and brushed his lips against Harry's. "Relax." And with that, he plunged his tongue into Harry's mouth, tasting him. Harry moaned, letting the robe fall from his grasp to his feet, forgotten. He let his hands grasp Draco's arms in desperation as he didn't want to leave the taste that Draco's lips supplied him. Why did Draco do these things to him? And what did he mean?

Draco moaned as he rolled his tongue over Harry's, causing shivers to travel down Harry's spine. He could feel Harry's hands on his arms and smiled into the kiss. At long last he pulled back and stared into the emerald eyes in which reflected the flames above them.

"Do you still want to leave?" he purred, running his thumb over Harry's cheek. Harry closed his eyes in the touch, before opening his mouth to answer. When he found that he couldn't find his voice he just shook his head. Draco smiled and began to walk down the hall. "I'll see you tomorrow, Golden Boy." Harry sighed in relief at being free and watched as Draco walked out of sight, before following and going to Gryffindor Tower.

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"Ron! I want you to read this speech I had to write it as Valedictorian!" Ron just rolled his eyes as he looked at Harry in a plea to help him. Harry only smiled and shook his head. It had been a week since he had served detention. And he had met Draco everyday since then. Draco would normally find him and they would share a snog here or there, hidden in the shadows. It was very exciting to Harry, and it was the one thing that he had yearned since he had come to Hogwarts; to find someone who would be willing to share that with him. He actually thought that they could make this into something. But he still was uncertain since school was ending and neither really knew what they were going to do. Harry still wanted to become an auror, but was also open to other ministry jobs as well. At least maybe he could give a change to the place since it obviously needed it. He was so enveloped in his thoughts, that he didn't hear Hermione calling his name.

"Harry? Harry!" Harry snapped out of his daze and looked to his two friends. Ron was looking at him suspiciously, while Hermione was giving him a calculating look.
"What?!" Harry exclaimed, throwing up his hands and causing his two friends to jump.

"Harry, I'm just worried about you." Harry rolled his eyes and began to get up to walk to the portrait entrance. "You can't pretend that you're not noticing it too. I mean you're never around. You're obviously sneaking about doing something, and I would just like to know what."

"It's none of your business!" Harry said. He realized that what he had said was wrong, and he sighed and turned back to his friends. "I mean, I know what I'm doing. There's no reason to worry." And with that he grabbed his cloak that he was saving to leave and left his friends.

He began to walk down the hall towards the dungeons to find Draco. He didn't think that he would be in the bed considering that it was the last night before graduation and it was only ten in the evening.

"Well, look who it is." Harry jumped and looked up to see Draco. "Did you come all the way down here just to see me?" he asked sweetly as he teased.

"Perhaps," Harry said with a smile as he leaned in to kiss Draco. He heard Draco moan and back up against the wall.

"I believe you are learning my moves," Draco smiled against his lips, earning one from Harry in return before joining in another passionate kiss. "Can I ask you something?" Harry pulled back and looked at Draco, waiting to see what the blond wanted. Draco

moved his hands up over Harry's shoulders and looked into his eyes. " This *is* the last night that we're here…" Harry could tell where this was probably going and he took a breath and held it in anticipation. "What do you say we make the most of it?" Draco whispered, looking down at his lips again, which were parted as Harry stared down at his own.

"What did you have in mind?" Harry asked, noticing the sudden huskiness in his tone. Draco grinned slyly, as he began to pull Harry down the hall and towards the entrance hall. Harry smiled as he was pulled by Draco until they burst through the doors. Draco pressed against him on the outside of the doors as the cool summer breeze blew passed them. Harry's arms wrapped about Draco's neck as he felt the blond's hands encircle his waist. Harry felt Draco press his hips into him and he gasped, allowing Draco to capture his tongue and devour him. Harry's arms traveled down Draco's back and move lower to grab onto Draco's arse. Draco pulled back and against led Harry down the stairs until they arrived at the Quidditch pitch.

"You always did defeat me on this field," Draco noted. Harry didn't know where this was going and couldn't help the curious look that he was sponsoring. Draco turned and smiled at his expression and wrapped his arms around him. "Now it's my turn."

And it that he pushed hard so that Harry fell on the ground. It was only slightly painful, but Harry immediately forgot about it as soon as he felt Draco's weight on top of him and lips upon his own in a claiming kiss. He moaned at Draco's actions and allowed the roaming of the blond's hands. Draco threw the cloak over them so that they would not be watched and caught. He threw his head back as Draco's lips found the skin of his neck and collarbone.

"Oh, Draco, you're fingers feel so good," he gasped, feeling the long pale fingers explore him and begin to unbutton his shirt.

"You're so beautiful, Harry," Draco whispered into his moist skin where a layer of sweat was beginning to form. Harry closed his eyes savouring the sound of Draco's comment to his body and the feelings that Draco was causing. Harry felt his pants being loosened and slipped down his legs. He held his breath as it still made him uncomfortable at first to have Draco Malfoy seeing him like this. But, the same as a week ago, he was rewarded when a hot mouth claimed him. He gasped as he felt Draco moving his mouth up and down his member. His fingers tangled again in Draco's soft hair as ecstasy overtook him. He could feel himself approaching orgasm, and couldn't control the tightening of his fingers into Draco's hair. Draco groaned in pain and pleasure at the act of lust. He could also sense the closeness of Harry. He quickened his pace, lightly letting his teeth graze the flesh in his mouth. A loud moan on Harry's part was the last warning that he received before he was filled with Harry's offering. He swallowed every drop, not letting any of Harry escape. He caressed the boy's tanned thigh as he emptied him. A layer of sweat covered his forehead. His blond hair hung in his eyes as he edged near Harry. He brought his lips closer to Harry's before hesitating in a teasing matter. He licked his lips suggestively, watching Harry's chest heave with pleasure, before the raven haired boy crushed his lips with his own.

"Harry?" Draco asked against his lips before joining again in a heated kiss.

"Hmm?" Harry replied in his throat. Draco moved to his neck as he began to ravish him there once more.

"Would you let me fuck you? Please. Let me make love to you?" Draco would never know how seriously Harry took those words. *Make love* .

Draco lifted up and looked down into Harry's eyes. Harry bit his lip as he was arguing with

himself. He didn't want to be a virgin any longer and he really felt that he wanted Draco to be 'the one'. He looked up into the silver questioning eyes and for an answer began to kiss Draco passionately. Draco moaned loudly as he was answered in such a physical way and pulled the remainder of Harry's shirt off. He leaned up, examining Harry, while slowly slipping his shirt off and giving Harry his own show. Harry watched hungrily as the pale skin began to be exposed piece by piece. The pants followed and then finally the boxers ; the last barrier. When Draco leaned down again, Harry gasped and moaned at feeling the flesh on flesh as well as the friction that it provided. Harry knew that it was not common when two men actually went all the way for anal sex, and was surprised and excited that Draco would want to share that with him. The tight space in which the cloak closed them in, the moist pale skin and silver eyes that looked down upon him all came in a blur to Harry. The magical barrier allowed him to see out and the moon and stars shown bright down on them. The cool grass below his back and the weight of Draco on top of him. Draco coated his fingers in saliva and brought them around before slowly entering his entrance. Harry hissed as he felt the digits working inside and out, every few seconds another would be added. But it was when Draco coated himself and slowly began to slip in Harry that Harry grimaced for a moment. Draco felt him tense and paused to give him time.

"I know it hurts," he whispered on Harry's cheek before kissing him softly and soothingly, "I won't go fast. Shh, try to relax." The tone of his voice and actions caused Harry to ever so slightly calm until he felt fully relax, before Draco began to move. And like he promised, it was a slow and steady pace.

Harry's fingers dug into Draco's skin, hard enough to bruise as the pain slowly subsided and pleasure began to overtake him. He gasped and moaned whenever Draco entered and left him and was rewarded with moans as well. He had never felt anything so incredible as the feeling of Draco moving inside of him. He closed his eyes as he just savoured the moments of losing his virginity. He couldn't have wanted it any different than this. He spread his legs a bit apart to give Draco more room as the pale skin contrasted to his tanned body. He could feel his member being brushed against Draco's abs as the blond continued to move. Draco slowly brought his hand up and wrapped it around Harry. Harry moaned his name as his hand began to move in time with his timed thrusts. As the moments passed, Harry grew ever closer to his orgasm, finally coming in Draco's hand and crying out his name, though having it interupted when Draco's mouth captured his own and he moaned into the other boy's mouth. Draco could feel Harry tightening around him and he kissed Harry one last time, filling Harry, riding out the last possible waves of orgasm, before collapsing on top of the boy.

"Incredible," was all that Harry could mutter. Draco grinned and looked up into the emerald eyes. His wet blond hair, falling to Harry's cheek.

"I think I defeat you at last, Golden Boy." They both grinned as they softly kissed one last time, before getting dressed and heading back to their dormitories. Harry fell on to his bed with a huge sated grin on his face as he stared at the canopy of his bed. There was just not a thing in the world that could ruin his life at that moment……or was there?

Chapter 3. A Voice On The Wind

Harry lay in his bed, staring at the ceiling as the night wore on to its end. The clock on the table was approaching four in the morning. He didn't think that he had received a wink of sleep the entire night. He rested his arm over his forehead as he replayed the entire night in his head. The feeling of someone *being in* him. He had never imagined that it would be Draco Malfoy, but when Harry stopped and thought about it, he wouldn't have had it any other way. Perhaps Draco had just changed. His father had been able to bribe his way out of prison the summer of sixth year, so there wasn't a reason to hold a grudge. They hadn't quarreled since since then as well and things just seemed to separate from then. Until

Draco came back. Harry himself had been battling his sexuality the past week, and maybe years when he thought about it.

It was never really clear to Harry until he had met the new Draco. He thought it was normal, what he had felt for Cho. But the way Draco had made him feel could only be described as ten times as better than that. It was also realized that after Cho, no other girl had his attention. Hell, he looked at Neville more than any girl. The classic oaf of Gryffindor had shaped out a lot in the past couple of years. He was now like an average guy. His only flaws were that he still held his self conscience and cowardly traits. But Harry didn't know why he was letting his mind wander to 'Neville' when it could be Draco. But he would soon realize that perhaps he should have stayed on thoughts of Neville.

As the clock struck five, he really knew that he wasn't going to get to sleep. He threw the blankets off of him and stood. It was here that really took a look. This would be the last he ever shared this room with the boys. His 'family'. He watched Neville and Ron compete in snoring volumes. Dean had a pair of earplugs in his ears, and Seamus was certainly having fun in his dream if his moans and body movement were anything to go by. He loved every one of them, and hated he had taken for granted all of the little things about his home. He grabbed his robe for the ceremony and placed it on his bed. He wouldn't need to dress for another couple of hours. He picked out a pair of jeans and a t-shirt and thought he might go flying. One.last.time.

The wind flew past him as he sped around the familiar field. So many victories here. So many memories here. This thought made him slow down and eventually land on the ground. The grass was covered in the morning dew and was as bright a green as his eyes. The sky was a light indigo as morning began to approach. The castle grounds and school itself were beautiful to behold. And how, a half a year ago, he feared that he might miss it forever when the battle came and that he might never see it again. His eyes scanned to a patch of grass that had been flattened and slightly muddy to the dead grass. A smile overcame his lips. It was here. He had been defeated. He had no idea just how much yet.

He sat on the ground and laid back in the patch. He stared up at the sky as emotions coursed through him. Perhaps Draco was taking a Ministry job as well. He had overheard something about it, but still wasn't sure. He could still feel Draco's weight atop him and he moaned as he felt his member react reacting to the images in his mind. But there was no time for that. His watch read eight and the castle would be waking up to prepare for the ceremony in two hour's time.

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"How do I look?" a flustered Hermione asked, biting her lip apprehensively. Ron and Harry smiled to the other and turned to her to repeat what they had said four times already that morning in unison.

"You look fine, 'Mione."

She still didn't seem convinced and ran back to the mirror to adjust her hat. Ron didn't seem to care about his, which was slightly tilted on his head. Harry's seemed fine to him, and that was all the mattered. He was just anxious to get to the ceremony and talk with Draco. Ginny walked down from her dormitory into the common room. She hugged each of the trio and congratulated them. She lingered on Harry's hug a bit longer. She would miss him. The feeling had grown more akward between them as the kiss earlier that week had caused them to be a bit more distant. But he wouldn't know that it had affected her to no end.

"Go get 'em, Harry," she said with a soft smile. He smiled and kissed her cheek before walking out with his friends. The graduation was to be held outside on the grounds, by the

lake. Chairs were set out for the parents and visitors, while another set were in front of that for the students. Harry sat in his seat along with the others. He only noticed that Draco was very close to him being that "M' and "P" aren't that far apart. The only two that sat between them were Pansy Parkinson, Parvati Patil, and Padma Patil. Dumbledore came up to the podium and greeted everyone with a few opening words, before he called up the Salutatorian which to Harry's surprise was Draco Malfoy. But Draco always did make high grades Harry had noticed. Harry was one of the loudest in the applause for Draco. All hushed as he stepped up to the podium and Harry's heart quickened.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," he said with his air of aristocracy, " I am very proud that I can be standing here today and reflect on the school and students as your Salutatorian. This may not be your usual Salutatory speech, but I must reflect on what I feel for the school as I have seen it. The four houses of this school have done a tremendous job of co-existing and working together all but two." A few snickers were sent through the students who already knew the answer. "The Slytherin and Gryffindor Houses have quarraled and rivaled from day one for many years. I myself seemed to have been chosen for the leader of Slytherin for my year. And who else would be chosen for Gryffindor's leader but the mighty and honored Harry Potter." An applause was heard at the mention of his name and Harry blushed furiously. Why would Draco be doing this to him? "Potter and I have never seen eye to eye, and probably never will. I doubt we'll cross each other's paths very often." What? What was Draco saying? And was this his original speech he had planned?

" We each were different in so many ways, yet alike in the same. I do not feel that I should limit my speech to other than Potter. It seems as all the crowd wants is such. So who am I to deny them their *precious* Potter?" Draco, get down. What are you doing? Harry's mind screamed frantically at his lover.

"From day one, when I met him in a robe shop and didn't know that it was Harry Potter, I knew that there was something different about him. I just figured that he was beneath me. How wrong that I would be. I was instructed to try and befriend him and I had no reason to go otherwise. It would do well to have a friend of Harry Potter. But Potter saw right through my arrogant pride and passed by me to a Mr. Ronald Weasley. Ah, yes and they are close. Some would say that I was jealous. My pride getting in the way of how I felt. But on the contrary, I just found it a challenge. I would just have to make Potter's life miserable." A light laughter spread through the crowd. Harry's face most likely resembled a quaffle by this time and he had his head down. Hermione and Ron were glaring at Malfoy at the nerve that he would talk this way on graduation day!

"He defeated me in everything; Quidditch, spells, power. Power. That was the key element. I used to think that he was only here for the Dark Lord's defeat, and nothing more. But he seemed to have everything that I didn't. So I defeated him with grade wise. But this isn't enough. I believe that Mr. Potter cannot be defeated but one way." Harry gulped. "And I will not mention that, but this is to our good bye and farewell Potter. Your fight and challenge was well worth it in the end. Maybe in time we will learn to co exist together as the mighty four. Strength does come in numbers we are told. And we proudly have made it to the end as we will travel into our lives. And we stand here before you the class of 1998. And now I would like to introduce the Valedictorian, who we are *All* surprised to see. Miss Hermione Granger." Applause spread throughout the crowd as a frustrated Hermione made her way up, making sure to bump Draco's shoulder hard as she passed. Draco shrugged and took his seat three chairs down from Harry next to Pansy, who immediately wrapped her arm around his. Harry knew that Draco was gay, but seeing Pansy on him like that threw him over the wall. But he was also seething at the public humiliation that Draco had caused. Why had he done it?

Hermione made much the same speech about togetherness and harmony of houses, leaving out Harry Humiliating, which he was grateful. He turned his head and glared at

Draco, but Draco was not looking at him. He wouldn't look at him. But it could have been the crowd. Harry still wanted a chance that Draco could have been lieing to get away from anyone finding out. Harry did love him. He knew that he did even though it hadn't been long since they had been together. The audience applauded as Hermione's speech ended and Professor McGonagall stepped up.

"Congratulations to you all," she said, "now when I call your name, would you please come up to receive your diploma." And so the naming began. Draco went up, Pansy, Parvati and Padma. And…

"Harry Potter!" she called. The crowd hushed and Harry made his way up to the podium. It was so quiet you could have heard the unmistakeable fluttering of a Snitch's wings. When she handed him his diploma and Dumbledore shook his hand, only then did the crowd applause. Harry made his way to sit and waited for everyone else to be called. And finally,

"Blaise Zabini," Draco clapped with everyone else as his best friend made his way to receive his diploma. And at long last, Dumbledore closed the ceremony. Everyone did the tradition and stood to raise their hats and throw them in the air. Harry could not help the grin that overcame his features as he had graduated. His friends and himself laughed and smiled. In all of the uproar, Harry searched for Draco. He knew that that speech wasn't real. There was no way that Draco could have felt nothing from the previous night. He saw him walking towards the crowd of adults and figured that it wouldn't hurt.

"Draco!" he called, a huge grin on his face. He called the name again and Draco looked to him, but shortly after looked away and kept walking. The smile slowly began to slip from Harry's face.

"Hey!" Seamus said with a huge grin as he collided with Harry's back in a friendly hug. "Congrats Harry! We're out of here! I say we party. Drinks all around!"

"Seamus, don't be yelling that with these parents here!" Hermione hissed. Seamus actually had the nerve to look sorry.

"Sorry," he waited a minute, "all right, we'll go to the Leaky Cauldron and then we'll pass the drinks all around!" he whispered. His friends just rolled their eyes. But Harry was still watching Draco. He had now reached his parents. Lucius Malfoy made sure not to forget to find him in the crowd and give him his well deserved sneer. Harry silently prayed that Draco would turn around and at least acknowledge him. But it never came.

It would be no use in yelling Draco's name now. His would just be a voice on the wind to Draco's ears. He sighed and turned away. He. Should. Have. Known. His hopes that Draco had finally changed were shot.

"Hey, Harry, you're still staying with us for awhile right?" Ron asked with a grin. Harry nodded.

"I guess while you two are making marriage plans, I'll be looking for an apartment, but for the time being yes." Harry didn't want to live at Grimmauld Place. It held too many emotions in it for him to deal with at that present time. Harry walked up with Ron and Hermione to the entire Weasley clan who congratulated them.

"Congratulations dear. And we have already collected your things to move into our house. You'll be home in no time." *Home.* Normally Harry would have been thrilled. But now he was dead. A no one. He took one last look at the Malfoy's with longing, before turning to follow the Weasley's. He missed the look that Draco gave him, before his father beckoned him towards the carriage. Two rivals, two lovers; two worlds.

The trio was allowed to go to the Diagon Alley with their housemates and their first stop was the Leaky Cauldron.

"Tom, drinks all around!" Seamus said with a huge grin on his face. The students filled the room for the after-graduation party. Harry walked up and sat at the bar gloomily. He was handed his drink that he was given and sipped it quietly, ignoring the fun that his friends were having. The fun he was supposed to be having. Malfoy could just ruin everything in his life. It had finally been concluded. But he still loved him. And it hurt.

Hermione came up to sit beside him and she looked to her troubled friend. After a moment of concluding that Harry would not speak she decided to break the ice that obviously was clouding his soul.

"Harry?" Nothing. She sighed. "Harry what is wrong with you? You know that you can tell me. I am your friend and you can trust me. I hope that you know that." Slowly, he turned to look at her and her heart melted. Dried tears were stained on his cheeks. His eyes were red and puffy and he was pale. "Harry, what is is?" she asked concerned. He looked towards his drink.

"It's nothing."

"Harry, for the love of Godric, what is the matter with you! This is your graduation day. Celebrate. Be happy!" she exclaimed. She had hit the nerve.

"Happy?" he asked dangerously low. She gulped as she knew that Harry might lose his temper. She had gone too far. "I'm sick of being '*Happy'*. Everytime that I am happy, someone dies or I get hurt.

"Harry that is not true," Hermione said sternly.

"Yes it is," Harry spat. "I even make it rain. Even the bloody gods are sick of my foolishness and jinx to the world," he said gesturing to the windows in which a heavy rain was now pouring. Hermione sighed and looked to her friend.

"You are strong Harry. You are not weak. I don't know what has gotten to you. Would you please tell me?" He sighed and looked into the content of his drink.

"You can't tell Ron," he said. Hermione's eyes widened. This must have been deep if Harry couldn't tell his best friend.

"I promise," she told truthfully. With a final heavy sigh, Harry continued.

"I'm….I'm gay, Hermione." He watched as his friend's eyes widened. "But there's more. I..I fell in love."

"Well, Harry that is wonderful. I had never considered you being gay, but I guess I could see it now. No offense meant by that," she said at his reaction to her words. " But what could be so bad about you falling in love of all people?" She just did not see.

"It's Malfoy."

She just saw.

"Oh, Harry. I'm so sorry." Harry only nodded sadly.

"But it's not what you think. I thought that he loved me." He could see her confusion at

the thought of the feelings being mutual. "At the party that I went to a week ago, he…came on to me. And I was foolish enough to fall for it. That's where I've been all week when you were so worried. I was with him. But it was only last night that we…made love." He heard her gasp at the confession. Her hand covered her mouth as she could now almost feel Harry's pain.

"And that's why today…" she said. He nodded.

"I had been defeated., Hermione. And he wanted the whole world to know that he knew the way. That he was better than Voldemort himself. But he wouldn't tell how. Why expose that power that he held? The bastard. I hate him! And yet…I love him," he said as fresh tears began to form in his eyes. Hermione tried to soothe him by rubbing his back comfortingly. "And I thought that he had changed. But I still want to see him. This is why love hurts. You hate the person, but you can't seem to get the want of seeing them out of your head. I called his name today and he just glanced at me and that was it. There was no more. I was nothing but a good lay, if that at all."

"Harry, perhaps we should be going," she suggested. "I'm not into drinking parties anyway. We'll apparate back to the Burrow and the others can join us later. What do you say?" He lightly nodded. She got up to go tell Ron that they were leaving. But she told him to stay. He looked concerned for Harry but nodded that he understood. Hermione walked back to bar the get Harry. He hid his eyes from the crowd as they finally walked out into the rain and apparated back to the burrow.

Harry lay in his bed in Ron's room, staring at the ceiling. He could still hear the rain pounding. And yet, images of Draco still flooded through his mind. His glazed green eyes, too dry to cry anymore.

Hermione came to the door to check on him an hour later, but found that her best friend had finally fallen asleep.

"I'm so sorry, Harry," she whispered, before closing the door to the bedroom, letting Harry sleep.

Chapter 4. Walking Wounded

The next few weeks passed quickly for Harry. He tried to spend his days keeping himself occupied, and his mind off of certain things. The first few days had been the hardest, but Hermione had been there to comfort him during those times. He was still trying to rid himself of the dreams that still haunted his mind at night. And at long moments he would feel lonely again. His friends had tried to get him to date, but something about Harry just didn't make him take their advice. He couldn't explain it. But he didn't want to forget Draco entirely and knew that he never would. He just always became so angry when his emotions would build up like this.

Today, Harry sat at the Weasley's kitchen table, drinking his coffee, while he watched Ron and Hermione look into a few wizarding magazines.

"Well, what about that dress robe?" Hermione asked, pointing to the book. "You'd look nice in that one, Ron." But the disgusted look on Ron's face told otherwise.

"I'd whether wear my fourth year dress robes that to be caught in that set up," he said, turning the page. Hermione just rolled her eyes as Harry smiled into his coffee.

"I'd say that was pretty bad, Herm," Harry teased. Hermione just smiled back and shook her head, inwardly glad that Harry was at least smiling again. Perhaps he was finally going to be able to heal himself of his wounds.

What bothered Harry the most was the way he was acting about all of this. He was brooding, to put it shortly. And when he caught himself doing this, his anger would rise at not only Draco, but to himself. He stood up from the table and excused himself from the room, Hermione's eyes following him. Harry climbed the bizarre staircase to Ron's room, before opening it and falling onto his bed. He was just so tired. He could feel his eyelids becoming heavy. This was great. He had now stressed himself to exhaustion.

"Why am I so weak? I can fight this!" he tried to tell himself. To assure himself. Why did he have to cry over a pathetic little break up? "Because I loved him," he answered himself truthfully. "The bastard. Harry you are wasting your time." He didn't care if he was talking out loud to himself. Sometimes this was the only way to finally get things through to him. "He's probably off at his manor, drinking, partying, and sleeping with every man that puts himself up for him to take."

Draco probably didn't feel anything for him. And that was fine. This might even make it easier for Harry to forget. Harry wondered why he couldn't be like Draco? Why couldn't he just move on, void of emotion? He stood and walked into the bathroom, feeling nauseous. He held his stomach as he emptied it in to the porcelain bowl.

"What the hell is wrong with me? I can fight Voldemort for six fucking years, and now I let a little love sickness come over me this hard?" He stood and wiped his chin with a towel before washing his hands. This was the last straw. Draco probably had given in. Given it up. Hell, there was never anything to give up for him.

Harry sat back on the bed and began to think what had happened about two weeks prior to today. He had hit his nerve point and just had to see Draco. He had even written him a letter. He remembered that it had been in the middle of the night. It had been the only the fourteenth consecutive night of insomnia at the time, yet he was still falling apart. He had dipped the quill into the ink , trying to avoid anymore tears.

Dear Draco,

I hope you're summer and life is going great so far. I just wanted to write to let you know that I…I was thinking about you. I'm not sure what that night was about, but I wanted to say that it was the greatest night of my life.

What are your plans? I plan to become an Auror and will most likely go for training later this summer. I assume that night was a one time thing for you. It wasn't to me and perhaps maybe, we could meet again?

Harry

Not only was he stupid enough to write all of his feelings like a sissy lovesick girl, but it was the return letter that he received. In truth, he didn't really expect that the letter would be answered. He opened it with shaking fingers, and began to read the letter that would surely kill him in the end.

Harry,

My summer is playing along fine. I have visited a couple of my summer homes and have had a few nights out with friends. The fact that you want to be an Auror; I can expect no less of the 'Great' Harry Potter. But, perhaps you should…meet someone else.

Gavin and I got back together.

We are perfectly happy, I can assure you. I doubt that I could even give you what you need. It was a great night, but perhaps we should just forget it. Please don't owl me anymore.

Draco

That had pretty much spelled it out for Harry. Draco didn't love him. Didn't want him. Not even as a friend. He was still the arrogant ferret that he had known for seven years.

Harry knew that he wouldn't find anyone to date. At least not yet. He awoke from his nap as he heard a knock on the door. He sat up and looked at himself in the mirror, before making his way down the stairs. He met Ron in the hallway on the way to the front door.

"Who is it?" Harry asked.

"Some cousin of Hermione's. I don't know. She wanted him to come meet the family. Apparently they are really close or something."

"Well, don't warn me," Harry teased, "how do I look?" he asked pressing his hair down. Ron just laughed.

"Don't even bother with that mop, mate."

They both walked into the living room and to the front door, in which they saw the back of the stranger as Hermione was hugging him.

"So glad you could get here safely," Hermione said, giving him a loving squeeze. She saw her two friends and smiled. "Guys, this is my cousin, Ross Hayden. Ross, this is Ron my fiance of course. And Harry Potter."

Ross smiled as he looked upon the two boys, his eyes lingering on Harry. He shook Ron and then Harry's hands.

"How does someone not know you?" he teased. Harry slightly smiled in to the truthful humor which he hoped to escape at the first possible moment. But he smiled at the presence that Ross brought. He had brown hair like Hermione, but it was short and wavy around his face. He had green hazel eyes, not the vibrant emerald that Harry's were made of. He had a light stubble of facial hair, but not enough to notice past the observant eye. The eyes of Harry.

"Is that Ross?" Mrs. Weasley came bustling into the living room, greeting Ross and welcoming him into the house.

"Oh, Molly," Hermione asked, "where is Ross going to be sleeping again?"

"We are transfiguring him another bed in Ron's room."

"But, mum, there is barely enough room as it is!" Ron said of the tight spacing of his room.

"We'll manage, Ron. Now shush. Ross, are you hungry? It's dinnertime everyone!"

Harry found it odd. He had always seemed to make room for Mrs. Weasley's foods. But today was different. He just hadn't seemed hungry lately. He didn't know if it was the whole Draco ordeal, or stress of finding an apartment.

"Are you all right, Harry?" Mrs. Weasley inquired? Harry looked up and saw that all eyes

were on him, including Ross's. He swallowed hard until his throat felt swollen and dry. He pushed his plate away.

"You know, Mrs. Weasley, I think I just need to go take a shower and head to bed. I haven't been feeling very well lately, and I plan to search for apartments again tomorrow. I want to have a home before applying for my auror position."

"Of course dear. If you're sure you're alright?" she asked again. Harry assured her that he was fine and made his way up the stairs into the bathroom. He closed the door and slid down into the floor against the door. Now he couldn't even eat. This was just getting worse. He had figured that he would be over anything. Perhaps he was just ill. He didn't know.

There was a knock on the door and he jumped. He stood to open it and there stood…Ginny.

"Ginny? What's the matter?" he asked, seeing the determined look on her face.

"Look, Harry, I know you're sick, but I need to know something. You seem to be going through something, and I want to know if it has something to do with me?" Harry was confused. It must have shown because Ginny sighed in frustration and muttered something about "Men!" She finally cut down to the point. "You know that I've loved you for years right? And that night….when you…*kissed* me. Well I," Harry sighed in relief that he finally had caught up with her. But now that relief had turned to anxiety. How was he to tell her that he couldn't see her?

"Ginny..I…"

"Look, if you don't want to date or see me, that's fine," she said, with evident tears behind her voice that she feared that that was the reason. Harry almost couldn't tell her. This would be so hard on her. "I know I might not be the prettiest girl, or the smartest, but,"

"Ginny!" Harry said, successfully hushing the red head. When he had finally gotten her attention he swallowed. Here went nothing. "I….can't date you…"

"Why?!" she yelled.

"Because I'm gay!" he said over her, trying to calm her voice down by his. He had hoped he hadn't said this too loud. He glanced around to make sure he didn't hear footsteps of anymore intruders. This sudden outburst had caused Ginny to lose her voice. She could only stare at Harry, her jaw open. He now felt embarrased. He casted his eyes around again.

"And how long have you known?" she asked.

"About a month to be certain," he muttered, knowing what was coming.

"And you kissed me a month ago?" she confirmed. He nodded. And then prepared.

"So I was just a test to see if you were gay?!" he closed his eyes as her voice raised.

"Ginny, please, it's not what it…"

"Shut up, Harry! It's exactly like it seems! You just used me and my feelings to confirm your own! I thought you were different and better than that!" And with that she stormed out, slamming the door behind her and causing Harry to flinch.

"Way to go there, Harry. Way to handle her," he said to himself sarcastically, rolling his eyes. He sighed. Everything was so just wrong. Everything was so wrong.

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Later that night, he lay in his bed. He listened to Ron snore, echoing in the room and a steady and nerve-wrecking rhythm.

"Psst."

He raised up to his elbows and saw Ross in the bed set up at the foot of his. He gestured for Harry to come to the end of the bed. Harry grabbed his pillow and traveled to the other side of the bed, before returning the blankets over his body and setting up on his elbows.

"Are you ok there?" he asked. Harry blushed. This was just a pity circus for him wasn't it.

"I'm fine," he said sternly.

"No, I didn't mean it like that. Here, perhaps we just got off on the wrong side. Let's start over. Ross Hayden," he said giving out his hand. "And you are?" Harry grinned and put out his own hand.

"Harry Potter."

"Nice name," Ross nodded in approval as if just hearing it. Harry liked him now. There was something about Ross that was friendly and trusting. "So, Harry, what are you up to these days?"

"Well, I plan to find an apartment as soon as possible. And after that I would like to apply for a position as an Auror at the Ministry of Magic. Are you a wizard?" he asked, knowing that Hermione's family contained a lot of Muggles. He smiled.

"Yes. I'm lucky as well. So I saw our little red head steamed up there a little while ago. Did you have something to do with that?" he asked. Harry lowered his head.

"I kissed her."

"Oh. Well, I didn't know you had a thing for Ginny."

"I don't. I kissed her a month ago. She's loved me for ages, but a month ago I needed to see a few things, so I kissed her and…"

"And she feels like you used her."

"Did I?" Harry asked, dreading the answer.

"Not really." Harry looked up startled. "Judging from your appearance and behavior, it would be the only natural thing to do to prove if you were gay or not."

"Well I know that but…wait a minute..what did you say?" Harry had feared that perhaps he *had* spoken too loud with Ginny. His heart had begun to race as his temperature rise.

"You wanted to kiss her to see if you get a kick from girls. And I take it that you didn't. It's perfectly understandable."

"Did you hear me when I yelled at her that I was gay?" A smile came over Ross's lips.

"No. I could just tell by your looks and the way you acted, like I said," he assured Harry truthfully. Harry was confused.

"But no one else has noticed. I told Hermione, and she said she should have known. But no one has noticed."

"Either they are keeping it from you," Harry considered this, "or maybe it's just obvious to other gay men."

"Yeah I supposed you're right, I…." And then the full meaning of what Ross had said sunk in. "What?" Ross only smiled, telling Harry that he was serious. "So you're….you're …"

"You are such a Newbie," Ross teased with a laugh. Harry decided that maybe this was a good thing. He could get some information about Ross and maybe Ross could help him. It would help to have another gay friend who could relate to some things.

"So, how old are you?" he asked.

"I'm twenty. And you're…turning eighteen, right?" Harry nodded. His mouth had suddenly gone very dry. "That is about the age where most men do 'come out'."

"I just hate that I did that to Ginny," Harry said guiltily, "I just wasn't sure and I was so confused at the moment and…" he felt a finger tip his chin up. He looked into the green eyes of Ross.

"You.Have.Nothing.To.Feel.Sorry.About," he assured Harry, "you did what every gay man does. You are following everything that you should be doing. You can't help what you feel." The air suddenly became heavy. Harry saw Ross's eyes travel to his lips. Ross began to lean in, and Harry hesitated. He watched as Ross's lips finally touched his, and he closed his eyes. Ross's lips were warm and it was nice soft kiss. But he still didn't feel anything. He knew that there would only be one guy who would get a rise out of him. Ross pulled back and looked into his eyes.

"Ross," Harry sighed, "I can't do this. I'm in love with someone. I mean, I shouldn't be. It's never going to work out, but I'm still trying to get over him. And I don't want to hurt you or anything," but he stopped as Ross raised his hand with a smile.

"Harry, it's all right. I completely understand. I don't think that it would work between us anyway. But I've kissed Harry Potter," he said proudly, teasingly. Harry just laughed with him. At a snort from Ron in his sleep, they lowered their voices.

"But I still would like to be good friends. I think I need a gay friend to help me through this time." Ross nodded that he agreed and smiled.

"I'd like that." Harry sighed in relief with his own smile. They both settled down onto their pillows.

"Do the Grangers and your own family know that you're gay?"

"Yeah," Ross sighed. "It took a while for them to accept it, but they finally did. You said Hermione knows that you're gay?" Harry nodded. "I bet you that's why she called me. Perhaps to help you."

"I love her. She is so great. I still haven't told Ron," Harry said, nodding his head in Ron's direction. Ross looked over.

"If he acts anything like his sister, perhaps that it for the best. But it was good that you told Hermione. She's great. We are so close. We spent almost our entire childhoods together, playing. She was the first person that I came out too a couple of years ago. And hse really understood like she did with you. I love her too. She's like the sister that I never had." He saw Harry nod, deep in thought.

"So, you said that you are getting over someone?" Harry nodded sadly. "Did you sleep with him when you first came out?" Harry nodded reluctantly again. "And you thought it was going to be something and found that he left you?"

"How do you know?" Harry asked.

"I've been there. Of course my love got married to someone else and I was able to move on. I thought that I loved him, but I didn't. But I can tell that you really do love this person?" Harry nodded.

"We used to be enemies for seven years." Ross whistled at the situation and Harry looked back up to him.

"Well, may I say that he is a bastard for thinking that you are some one off. I don't mean it in that way, I'm just saying that you are a great person and would make a great boyfriend."

"Thanks," Harry said with a smile.

"Here, what do you say we both go out tomorrow and shop. We'll go out and try to find you that apartment, and you can get your physical to become an Auror." Harry nodded.

"I did have my physical already scheduled for tomorrow. That is so weird, how do you do that?" he asked. Ross shrugged.

"I could tell you were keeping something, so I just thought I'd take a guess." Harry shook his head.

"You are definitely Hermione's cousin." They both laughed as they settled down into their pillows once more.

"Goodnight, Harry."

"Goodnight, Ross."

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The next morning they dressed and told everyone that they were going to go shopping for the day and headed out, Hermione's approving eyes following them out.

It was great.

They went everywhere, checking the different apartments available.

"What about this one?" Ross asked. Harry looked it over and nodded that it was decent. But then Ross shook his head. "I don't know if you'd like this. It is much too small. You will need something better. Come on," he teased, grabbing Harry's hand and leading him out. They then came to their tenth apartment that day. "This one."

“I love this!” Harry breathed, looking over the enormous apartment that was fit for him. There was a kitchen area, a dining room, a large living room and three bedrooms, each with their own bathroom. “I know it’s a little big for just me, but from growing up in a cupboard this is great and just what I need.” At Ross’s questioning look about the cupboard, Harry just shook his head that he would tell him later. “Maybe I could find a roomate.”

“What if I live here with you?” Harry looked at him, stunned. “Not like that, Harry. I was thinking about moving down here. And you don’t want to be alone. We would be just friends. We already agreed that it wouldn’t work that way. Come on, what do you say? We’d only be roomates. And I’ll help split the cost.” Harry considered this.

“Well,” he said, “Alright then.”

“Great. Well it’s settled then. Let’s buy this.” They were able to buy it and took care of all the paperwork and necessary requirements for the apartment. “Now let’s go eat. I’m starving!” Ross said dragging Harry down the streets of Hogsmeade a few minutes later. Harry had a great time shopping for new clothes that Ross helped him pick out, and other shops as well. Ross seemed to like Quidditch as well. Apparently from where he lived, his parents had had him attend Durmstrang as a child. And for the first time, Draco Malfoy was the last thing from Harry’s mind.

“You and Ross sure seem to be getting along,” Hermione said to Harry that night as she was reading her book.

“Yeah, he’s great. And the thing is I only just met him. But I feel like I’ve known him forever. We are so much alike. And no,” he said to Hermione’s look , “we’re not together.” A slight pout came to her face and they both smiled to the other.

“So you’re going to be room mates?” Hermione asked. Harry nodded.

“It’s weird that we just met yesterday. But I suppose it’s not so uncommon. People become room mates with people they’ve hardly known. And he’s a relative of yours. And you’re my friend, and I can offer him a place to live as well. Do you think I’m moving too fast?” Harry asked, biting his lip. Hermione thought.

“Not too fast, I suppose. I just want you to be careful. You’ve changed since graduation and I don’t want you hurt in any way. Will you be careful?”

“Yes,” he replied truthfully.

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“Are you nervous?” Ross asked him the next morning as he helped Harry get dressed for his physical.

“Not really. I’m still in good shape from Quidditch, and I have health so it shouldn’t be too bad. I need this physical proof so that I will be able to go to the Auror training.” He said goodbye to Ross and his friends, telling them he just had to pick up a few things, before he left.

Two hours later, Harry sat on the hospital bed awaiting his results. The results came quickly at the hospital. It was then the doctor came back in, holding the papers.

“Mr. Potter, what are on these results will stay with us. Do not worry about outside individuals finding out.” Harry nodded that he understood. “You seem to be in good health, physically and everything.” Harry smiled and nodded.

"I'm going to need that so that I can go to the training facility to the Auror department and…"

"I'm afraid that I can't give you this paper. And I'm afraid I can't grant you permission to undergo in the physical training." Harry was now literally confused.

"What? What do you mean?" The doctor looked back up at him.

"You're pregnant."

Chapter 5. Forced Attraction

The music pounded to an erotic beat as the post Slytherins danced on the dancefloor. All except for one. The traditional leader of the group sat at the bar; alone and sulking. His hand closed in around the glass that held the alcoholic beverage that he drowned himself in to escape his sufferings. His silver eyes, glazed and empty, stared down into its contents of the rich red drink. His reflection in the wine stared up at him. It had finally happened. He had been beaten at his own game. The entire last two years at Hogwarts was dedicated doing whoever mattered or cared for an easy shag with the best. But he had met Gavin earlier in seventh year. It had seemed pretty serious. Even if both of them had had sex with others, they were much closer to each other. Draco almost thought that he was in love with Gavin. And when Gavin had broken up with him, he moved on to the final and hardest target; Harry Potter.

Draco would never admit to this, but that had been the greatest week of his life. That first night when he had gave Harry that blowjob, he relished in Harry's unique taste. He had given many, but none had satisfied him so well. He kept his thoughts on Harry that entire week. No other would do. His kiss was so innocent and longing, he could not help but seek and give the boy anything that he could. And that final night. The way that Harry had held him. As if Harry's life depended on him, that if he let go he would die. The sounds that Harry reponded with was what had thrown Draco over the edge. He had never experienced such a connection. He could still see Harry's face thrown back in the throws of passions. Harry's eyes closed as his brows had furrowed, his lips parted and crying out for Draco's own to touch them. Even Harry's skin and taste, still visual in Draco's mind. The emerald that flashed behind Draco's own closed eyes; vivid and alive.

It had all been ironic really, Draco could have sworn it was planned even though it wasn't. Gavin had approached him, and had told him that Draco was his everything. Gavin was a sixth year, but Draco looked beyond that. He had been so thrilled that Gavin was back in his life. And then the letter had came.

Dear Draco,

I hope you're summer and life is going great so far. I just wanted to write to let you know that I…I was thinking about you. I'm not sure what that night was about, but I wanted to say that it was the greatest night of my life.

What are your plans? I plan to become an Auror and will most likely go for training later this summer. I assume that night was a one time thing for you. It wasn't to me and perhaps maybe, we could meet again?

Harry

This had surprised Draco. He knew that he was good and was often seeked for second occasions, but this was different. Harry seemed to really care. To look beyond all of their previous fights, rivalaries, and hexes. He felt that Draco had given him something pure

and honest. When in reality, Harry had given Draco something honest and pure. Draco did admit that there was no feeling prior or even during their experience the night prior to graduation. At least not for him. His feelings didn't hit until the following day, after his speech. He had planned to use and humiliate the boy, and had found that it had worked. But what he didn't plan on was the feeling that would course through him at the pain on the other boy's face. His father had gathered him along side, sending Harry his trademark sneer. Draco refused to look at him any longer. It would hurt. It wasn't until Draco heard his name being called. He still refused to look. The excitement that Harry still felt after what he had said. That was love. It wasn't until Harry had looked away that Draco chanced a glance at the boy wonder. The fading image of the figure that would steal his heart.
But it was back to the ironic day. When he had read Harry's letter. He pushed back any feelings that he had thought he might feel for the green eyed man. He figured that Gavin would want to put all past relations in the past. He was willing to give up Harry. His biggest mistake that he would ever make.

Harry,

My summer is playing along fine. I have visited a couple of my summer homes and have had a few nights out with friends. The fact that you want to be an Auror; I can expect no less of the 'Great' Harry Potter. But, perhaps you should…meet someone else.

Gavin and I got back together.

We are perfectly happy, I can assure you. I doubt that I could even give you what you need. It was a great night, but perhaps we should just forget it. Please don't owl me anymore.

Draco

His letter had been honest. And he tried to ignore the pain that he felt in writing *But, perhaps you should…meet someone else* or even saying to not write him. He had had high hopes the day that Harry's letter had came, despite his relationship with Gavin. But he had suffered the consequences; Harry never wrote back.

Harry had mentioned that he wanted to become an Auror, and Draco had no doubt that he would be successful straight away. After all, what was holding the greatest wizard of the age from pursuing his dream? Nothing came up in his mind. But Gavin had dropped him.

He had been devastated. He knew that some of the people he had dumped after one night must have felt like this. Harry had felt like this. Possibly worse. And that killed him. Gavin was just looking for a little reunion one night stand. A simple one off. It was what Draco had searched Harry for and had received. But it had lasting effects. But he didn't know.

He had assumed that Harry wanted a simple one night stand. To have a little fun before graduating. He didn't know how he would have reacted if Harry had told him *then* that he wanted a relationship. But perhaps that old saying is right; you don't know what you've got until it's gone.

He was in love with Harry Potter.

But what would his love of Harry do now? The other boy probably hated his guts and had gotten over him immediately. He couldn't just approach Harry after the past four weeks and act as if nothing had ever happened. Why couldn't he just be content to keep it a memory? This had gotten so out of hand and he now sat here; sulking and wishing that he could go back and make it up to Harry. He hadn't even been able to sleep with anyone else. After Gavin and then the realization of Harry, no one would do. And this had sickened

him. That he had been this weak. But he could not deny his now true love of Harry.

But if kept up at this rate, he would never get laid or satisfied again. And that was a common fear for most men. So he would put his foot down. No matter what, he would find some sort of attraction for the next man that walked up to him. Even if he couldn't get arroused, he would find some way of getting satisfied without those emerald pools glowing behind his eyelids. He just had to. To escape the insanity that threatened to overtake his mind.

"Hello there."

~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~

"You're pregnant."

"What?" Harry asked in a steady tone. It wasn't shocked, or even gasped. It was as if Harry had misheard him. Surely he had misheard him. He could feel himself falling into shock.

"It says here. I noticed and thought that I would look more into it. And my suspicions were correct, Mr. Potter. The baby was concieved on the fourteenth of June. Does that ring a bell to you?" The blush and changed pattern of Harry's breathing only confirmed the doctor's questioning. "Now I have some pamphlets and other information on male pregnancies which you might find interesting. I wish to see you back in a month's time. Is that all right?" Harry only absentmindedly nodded his head and turned to leave.

He walked home in a daze. Nothing even caught his attention as he walked home. He entered the Weasley home to find it empty. Except for Ross.

"Hey there," he said with a smile. "Everyone went out to dinner, but I thought I'd stay and wait for you." He stood up and walked to Harry. "So, how did it go? When do you leave for training?"

"I'm not," Harry said, still in the calm tone that hid all of the emotions that he was actually feeling.

"What? What are you talking about?"

"I'm….I'm pregnant," was all Harry said. Ross could see the built up emotion in Harry's eyes that he had been holding in the urge to cry.

"Pregnant?"he whispered, trying to confirm that he had heard correctly as well. Harry only nodded. "Are you sure?" Harry only nodded again, still holding in his emotions. Ross had the feeling that he had had to do that a lot in his life to be able to be so good at it. "Harry, you know that I will be there for you right?" Harry only looked up at Ross with grateful eyes and nodded at his friend. Ross hugged Harry supportingly as Harry laid his head on his chest. "You can cry Harry. I'll understand. Don't be embarrased about letting your emotions show. Don't suppress this. Let it out. I'm here." And so Harry did. The two stood there, holding each other, as Harry cried about his situation. Ross's heart broke at hearing Harry's tears and knew that this boy had suffered a lot in his lifetime. He could only try to make the other boy feel better.

"I received an owl today, saying that we could move into that apartment this week. What do you say? We bought the furniture that day we went shopping so whenever you are ready. Is that all right?" he waited, as Harry sniffed and looked up at him and nodded. It was settled then.

Harry had approached his friend and the other Weasley's and let them know that he would be leaving for his new apartment, reminding them that Ross would be staying with him as well. They had been sad to see him go, but hugged and bid him the best of luck. They would find out soon….just not right now. Not until Harry was ready to cope with everything yet again thrown at him.

They had spent about a week in their new home. Ross would still notice changes about the Harry that he had read about and the Harry that he knew. Apparently someone had come into Harry's life. He did seem different that what Ross assumed he was like growing up. He didn't wear the trademark glasses that were Harry Potter. Harry had told him that a week into the summer holidays he had gotten them fixed. He had wanted to change, he had told him. He seemed to be more mature and accepting than what Ross would take for *The* Harry Potter. Harry was just better than his early envisionment.

At night Ross could hear the mumbling and light tears that Harry would shed in the other room in his bed. He often wondered what could have made Harry the way that he was now? Who would leave someone like him? And one night, as they sat in their living room, he asked him.

"Harry?"

"Hmm?" was his reply, as Harry was reading one of the pamphlets that the doctor had given him.

"Tell me what happened." Harry only looked up at Ross. He knew that Ross meant, and there was no need to elaborate the question. He sighed. Was he ready to finally tell all? Closing the pamphlet, he knew that if anyone would understand, it would be Ross.

"It's not as complicated as I might make it, Ross. There was this boy. This man. We were rivals for the entire seven years that I knew him. I won't mention his name. There is no need. I will probably never see him again anyway. But it was the last week of school when he approached me, asking to go to a party. I was wary of him, but thought that I would go nonetheless. I couldn't appear weak. I didn't even suspect myself gay at the time. Sure I had looked at guys, but I didn't want to dwell on the thought just yet. That was when he first gave me a…a blowjob." He could see the amusement in Ross's eye and suppressed grin, and Harry smiled one of his own. "Yes, it was amazing. It finally made me question my orientation for real. And he searched me out the entire week. And I didn't mind. I kept thinking that 'Perhaps he has changed.' And the idiot that I was. He took my virginity. I gave it to him, the whore that I was,"

"Harry,"

"No. Let me finish. The emotions that swept through me of that wonderful night. I had never felt like that and probably never will again. It was amazing. I will probably never experience something like that ever again. I guess because I had stupidly developed feelings for the bloody git. That cold heartless bastard had the nerve to get in front of the school and admit that he had defeated me, though not saying how." The more that Ross heard, the more even *he* hated this guy. " And despite that pain and anguish I felt, I still loved him. That love never faltered. No matter how much I wanted it to. It just wouldn't go away," he ground through gritted teeth in anger. His expression then softened and he touched his stomach.

"I don't know what I'm going to do. I've known about male pregnancy since sixth year, but," he paused, "I never thought that it would happen to me. I figured that my magical strength was too high to bear a child. And he was so convincing, loving, and luring. I

couldn't resist him. And he had his way with me and moved on. And here I thought, 'Hey, I'll get a job and move on to a day when he will never enter my mind'. Well, I am not killing my child. I refuse to. I will bear it, and suffer everyday looking at my love's face." He then chuckled, shocking Ross, as to what could possibly be funny at a time like this?

"And what is weird is that….I'm glad. I knew that my love would never fail for him. I sound like a bloody woman, but it was just different. Despite all that we've been through, something even more had changed. I would give anything to have a part of him with me. And now I do. I should feel lucky. A part of him is *inside* me. So," he added, tears evident at what he was about to say, "even if he…forgets about me, there is no way that he will ever leave my mind. I will see him, hear him, and raise him until the day I die. Even if he never truly knows."

Ross just stared at Harry, shaking his head side to side.

"Harry, I had no idea. I'm so sorry." But Harry raised his hand to stop him from expressing his pity anymore. He didn't want pity. He just wanted a friend. If he couldn't have a second parent for his child, the least was someone that he knew would care. The remainder of the night they talked on and on. Harry assured him that the apartment was his, and that he was at liberty to do as he pleased. Bring home who he wished. And perhaps in time, Harry himself could do the same. Though Harry doubted it.

It had been even another week after that. Ross dressed in casual jeans and was fixing his hair in a mirror when Harry came home from the grocery store.

"Hey, Ross," Harry greeted, "and where are you off to?"

"I thought I might go to the club tonight. I feel lucky," he passed Harry a grin which Harry shook his head and returned. "Care to go? It might be good for you."

"Not tonight. I feel kind of tired. I still have enough inheritance to not work for now, but I should at least be looking. I can't just sit around here all the time while you go out and work. I feel like a frickin housewife." Ross laughed at him and told him that he would be out late. Harry told him goodbye, and knew that Ross would not be returning alone.

The music in the club pounded in Ross's ears as he entered and he smiled. This was his kind of place. He watched as the danced moved erotically against each other and all of the good looking guys that he could see. He made his way to the bar, noticing an empty seat next to a gorgeous blond.

"Hello there."

The blond looked up at him in shock before relaxing to an arrogant smirk that Ross assumed was practiced.

"Hello yourself."

"Ross Hayden," Ross said, putting out his hand and shaking the blond's.

"Draco Malfoy."

"That's an interesting name. I've heard a great deal about the Malfoy lineage."

"Yeah, we're all selfish, arrogant, and pompous prats." Ross laughed and ordered his drink. The next couple of hours he and Draco talked about their hobbies and who they were and Ross even learned that Draco was gay. He was beautiful. His blond hair fell into

his unique silver eyes. And he could tell that Draco was looking for a good lay. It almost seemed that he hadn't had one in awhile. But the blond did put on a good show of arrogance and aristocracy, and Ross noted was in Harry's year. A lot of the guys in the place looked around that age. But he had no idea….yet.

"…and I would practically jump anything that offered," Draco said, as they both laughed. The next thing Draco felt was a hand slipping up his thigh. He could tell Ross was a little drunk as was he. And he was good looking, and only a couple of years older, and very willing.

"Does that…. 'jumping' still count now?" he asked. Draco smirked. He didn't want to let on that the touch on his thigh revolted him and that he could hurl. *No Malfoy. This is your chance. Get Harry out of your head. You don't need him. Get over it. Get over it. Get over it. Now.* He took to chanting this in his head as his eyes scanned to Ross's lips and then body. He was decent, and if Draco had been in his previous mind, they'd be in the bathroom or someone's bed shagging intensely now. But he wasn't in his right mind. But he still had to do this. To prove to himself. He held his head up high in his proud way, smirk sharply in place, and lied.

"Of course."

They hadn't kissed yet, but walked out and apparated to just outside Ross's apartment.

"Care to come in?" he asked, putting his hand around Draco's waist. Draco tried to keep a straight face as he put his arm over Ross's shoulder.

"Well I am already here."

They laughed and walked to the door. Ross turned the key and they walked in. "Shh, my room mate might be asleep." Draco nodded and they were walking through the living room.

"Ross? Is that you?" a voice called. Harry walked around the corner. "I take it you have someone with you," he laughed as he already figured he knew his friend very well. Draco's heart stopped at the familiarity of the voice. And then Harry turned the corner.

"I was going to go to bed, but I thought that…" he stopped as he walked into the room. His heart stopped as well. There, beside Ross, staring back at him was none other than….Draco Malfoy.

Chapter 6. I Don't Want To Learn

There was an evergrowing silence that ensued among the occupants in the room, along with emotion. Two in shock, one in confusion. Emerald bore into silver. The only sound in the room, coming from the clock on the wall as the seconds ticked by. Harry couldn't breathe. He had to get out. He had to leave now.

"Well, you two probably have some plans for tonight, so I'll just go and leave you two to it. Goodnight Ross; and Ross's friend." Draco winced at being referred to in such a way. By now, Ross had sobered up enough to know that something was wrong.

"Harry, wait," he called as he walked forward and grabbed Harry's arms, turning him around to face him. He saw suppressed pain in Harry's eyes and questioned him with his own eyes. Harry just stared back and forth between Ross's features, knowing that he should tell Ross, but not ruin his fun as well. It wasn't his place.

"What's going on?" he asked, his voice low and quiet so that Draco would not hear. Harry

just lowered his head.

"It's my fault," Harry said, "if I had known that this would happen I…I would have told…"

"Told me what?" Ross urged, his voice growing a little, getting angry that he was in the middle of an obvious something. His grasp grew harder, but not enough to hurt Harry.

"That's him." That was all that Harry said. It took a few seconds, but Ross's face finally softened in realization as to what Harry meant. It all fit. Draco even said he was the type for one night stands, and he was in Harry's year. He hated the blond at the moment. His face showed this anger, but Harry quickly spoke up. "No, Ross. It's over. It's fine. You…go ahead,"

"No."

"Well, don't just leave him standing there! I can't cause anymore tension between us. I can't even look at him right now," Harry hissed, still keeping his voice low. Ross sighed and nodded. But, he couldn't help but think that there was something that wasn't being said. Perhaps if he questioned Draco, he could get answers. An explanation. Harry nodded, unaware of Ross's intentions. Ross kissed Harry's cheek in their friendly way and bid him goodnight. When Ross turned around, he saw Draco sitting on the couch, looking at the phamplets on male pregnancy. He rushed over and snatched it from Draco's hands in an obvious guilty way.

"Are you and Harry planning on having a baby or something?" he asked, a little amusement and surprise in his eyes.
"Uh…no. It's just…nevermind. So, you know Harry then?" he asked, creating conversation. Draco rolled his eyes.

"Even if he wasn't in my year, anyone would know Harry Potter. I'm surprised I haven't read about you in the *Daily Prophet* if you two are shacking up together."

"We're not like that. He's a good friend of my cousin's."

"Oh? Who?"

"Hermione Granger."

"Oh yes, the mud- I mean, of course, Granger. I know her." There was a moment of silence as the two sat there side by side on the couch. Both knew that they were not getting sex tonight. And Draco really didn't want it now. He never did. Ross figured that perhaps he could get the answer out of Draco.

"So, how well did you know Harry?"

"To be honest, I never really did. I mean I knew him well enough to consider him my enemy. We fought on a daily, sometimes to an hourly basis. But we never tired of it. I would throw at insult and him or one of his friends and he would retort, and we would go back and forth." Ross nodded along to the information that he already knew, trying to dig a little deeper into the facts.

"And so you two fought until you graduated?" Ross asked, seeing if Draco would tell him the truth. Draco smiled.

"I can't believe I'm going to tell you these things. I just met you, but," he sighed, "I have to tell someone. And you are close to Harry and all. It's not in my nature to let go of my feelings, but I've been suffering for the past month and a half."

"I did notice that something was wrong at the club. You sure were focused on consuming as much alcohol as possible. I could almost say that it was becoming routine?" Draco shook his head in amazement.

"You most certainly are related to Granger. But in all seriousness, yes. I had to try to rid myself of the feelings that I had begun to feel. I had never felt before. Like I said, I was the type to just 'jump' anything that offered."

"And….?" Ross questioned. Draco thought for a moment.

"I can't do it anymore. Something is stopping me, but I don't know what it is! It's unnerving, that I haven't been able to have sex with anyone since Harry and I'm sexually frustrated!" His eyes suddenly widened at what he had finally confessed aloud and he looked to Ross in horror. But Ross just smiled.

"It's all right, Draco. I know," Ross assured him.

"Oh so Harry has gone off spouting about me? And he moved on then, didn't he? Is he bringing home men right and left? Merlin, you know what? I don't want to know. I'm just pathetic. I have never in my life sunk this low. Here I am, moping and sulking, while he is probably bedding guys every night."

"You'd be surprised," Ross said. Draco brought his face out of his hands and stared at the older boy.

"Harry hasn't slept with anyone since…?" Ross just shook his head. Draco looked down to his hands. *The letter.* Even after that letter, and Harry still hadn't slept with anyone. Draco would have thought that Harry would have done it out of revenge and anger. Sure, he had slept with Gavin before his feelings came in, but still.

"I can't believe it. I mean I had that one night with my boyfriend, when I thought that it would be more, but I was used and it really made me see the mistake that I had made. I have never felt what I did when I was with Harry." Ross only nodded.

"It's just what I thought," Draco looked up at Ross's words, "you love him."

Draco snorted and looked away. Why did the git have to be right? He just nodded and left the answer open, both knowing that it was true. He did love Harry Potter. But that wasn't enough.

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Harry lay in his bed, awake and looking up at the ceiling. The sounds of the traffic in the muggle world that wasn't far away. The orange light from the lanterns lit outside leaked into his room. A light warm

breeze that blew inside his window washed over his face. It was calm, but his heart was still beating a million miles a minute.

Was this the luck that he was forced to have for the rest of his life? Could he never find peace? He was sure to be doomed; him and his child.

He couldn't describe the feelings and emotions that coursed through him when he saw Draco standing in the living room. He had only seen Draco since Graduation in his dreams. He had just finally gotten through to himself that he would never see Draco again, when he popped up again.

He threw the blankets back in frustration and sat up on his bed for a moment. He finally stood up and walked to the door. Once he was in the hallway he hid behind the wall to hear what conversation the two other boys were having.

"Oh so Harry has gone off spouting about me? And he moved on then, didn't he? Is he bringing home men right and left? Merlin, you know what? I don't want to know. I'm just pathetic. I have never in my life sunk this low. Here I am, moping and sulking, while he is probably bedding guys every night." Harry felt anger well up inside him, and his fists clenched. His jaw tightened and he looked to the side towards the room, the better to hear. The bastard. If only he knew.

"You'd be surprised." *Ross what are you doing? Don't give me away! He'll think I'm some weakling. Please don't say anymore!*

"Harry hasn't slept with anyone since…?" *Shit!*

"I can't believe it. I mean I had that one night with my boyfriend, when I thought that it would be more, but I was used and it really made me see the mistake that I had made. I have never felt what I did when I was with Harry." *He can't be serious. He is probably just saying these things to get Ross's sympathy. The liar. It can't be true, I refuse to believe it.*

"It's just what I thought. You love him." Harry couldn't take it anymore. He turned and headed back into his room. He would not stand there and allow his feelings to dangle and hope to Godric that Draco returned them. No, that was not how things were going to work.

He collapsed onto his bed again. Sleep was definitly not an option at this point. Did Draco really love him though? That was what he was having trouble processing. He had Gavin. But from what he had just heard, Gavin had used him as well. But Draco had had a ton of one night stands, so why did he have to stick out and cause Draco to debate his feelings?

But Draco had come with Ross! That was saying something, if he had never had any one night stands. Why was he here then? It wasn't because of him. Harry was sure about that, since Draco had shared the same expression when he had turned the corner. Ross had really caused Draco to open up. And Harry knew that this was on purpose. Ross seemed to think that Draco might have had a good enough reason. But Harry wasn't this forgiving. Not yet. Would Draco want to try to use him again?

Harry could not allow himself to just jump into Draco's lap like a sick little puppy and expect things to be all right. No. Draco was his teacher, however. He had taught Harry things that no other could. For instance, the cause and effect of love. The daily meaning of life. But Harry was done. He didn't want to learn. He didn't want to know anymore about the Hell that he had gotten himself into.

Why couldn't Draco just leave and let him go?

Harry continued to stare at the ceiling until his thoughts threatened to engulf him. He kept a book in his dresser that he often read at night, and that moment called now. It was also on male pregnancy, titled *Expect The Unexpected by: Darcie Jakobs* . Harry wondered if he was reading too much into it, but being who he was, he didn't want to take any chances. He propped up the pillows and turned to the page that he had left off. So far it had been the usual; the way a man became pregnant, any risks,

and how to go along with the months. But the page that he was on now seemed to go back to the conception. He tried to empty his mind by just enjoying the book. Little did he know…

Conception- Part Two; Meanings and Bonds

As it was mentioned in Chapter 1, it is possible for men to become pregnant in the Wizarding World, whether it is by potion or natural conception. But what is not commonly known is how rare this actually is. And while it is only skimmed over in chapter 1 as to how this is possible, this chapter will go more in depth on the process and possibility. Due to biological and historical studies, it is known that the female Witch or Muggle is more likely to concieve. But in such cases that a Wizard does become impregnated (for details, see chap 1 once more), he should use extreme caution and know what brought this along.

The Potion

The most instances of pregnant wizards were due to the conception potion. It is only available once prescribed and consented by a Healer. It acts as to create the womb chemically for the baby to be supported and carry out its growing stages until birth, (more details on the birthing process in chapter 20)

The Bond

The most common use besides the potion would be the act of bonding. These cases are often used for marriage rituals, power, and even in such case if lives are threatened with disease that could only be cured through this process.

Bonding is a sacred ritual that combines the magical signatures of the two parents and joins them together to create the offspring that will keep the magical inheritance and signature going. Most cases suggest that love or feeling be in the process, though it may be done without.

The Natural Conception

This is actually the most rare and most beautiful of all circumstance that a Wizard becomes pregnant. Any two wizards may be in love and create a baby using any of the other two methods, but natural conception takes more, which is why it was held to be mentioned in this chapter.

Whereas in the 'Potion' or 'Bond', the chemicals and spells created the womb. With natural conception, the love and power creates the womb. It is only possible when the two wizards share a bond of their own that is not magically done. They must be very powerful in order for their signatures to create the womb on their own.

And, as stated before, there must be some type of connection between the two. Only true love can create the joy and miracle of life in cases such as these. That is why it is most rare. Even if the two wizards do not know of the love, it must be there for their bodies and magic to react in such a way to concieve a child.

Harry stopped here. Why couldn't he have read this before? Draco was in there expressing to Ross his feelings for Harry, and Harry was reading about the love. But he wasn't ready to give in. Not until he was sure that Draco was sure. As Draco stated himself that he hadn't been with anyone, but he wanted to trust Draco before anything happened. He just didn't know what Draco would do. He closed his book and stood again to check on the boys.

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"So," Draco sighed after he had told the whole story, surprising even himself, and looked

down to the floor in shame, " I finally decided that I love him. But I don't know how to go about this. And Harry still hasn't forgiven me. I don't think he ever will."

"Of course he will. You'll just have to show him how serious you are."

"But we'll only start fighting again, and,"

"Even if you do fight, eventually it will all work out," Ross assured him. "Well," he said standing up and stretching. "That is surely not the way that I planned this evening to go." Draco smiled and stood up as well.

"I guess I had better go," Draco said awkwardly and Ross nodded in his manly fashion, but it was then they heard the door close in Harry's room. A minute later Harry walked in.

"Um, Ross, can I talk to Draco for a minute?" Ross and Draco exchanged a look, both hoping that maybe this might just be the conversation that they had talked about. Ross nodded and told them both good night and walked to his own bedroom where he closed the door. Harry waited until he was sure Ross was securely in his room, before he turned to face Draco again.

Draco still looked good. And why wouldn't he. He still held that air of pride whether or not he was 'suffering' so he had said. Harry noticed his tight jeans and silk shirt that was tight. He had been looking to get somewhere tonight, and not a confession coupon, Harry presumed.

Draco still noticed Harry. He stood in his pajama bottoms and tight white t-shirt where he had planned on going to bed. His hair looked as if he had had another great shag fest as it had the past seven years. Draco noticed that Harry was not wearing his glasses, but didn't seem to be straining his eyes in the distance that they stood, and assumed that Harry had corrected his eyes. It was a nice look on him. After a moment's silence, Harry spoke.

"You look good," he muttered, looking at Draco and making conversation.

"So do you."

"So, how have you been?" Harry asked.

"Miserable," Draco replied truthfully.

"Oh really? Gavin isn't treating you right?" Harry asked on purpose, knowing that Gavin had hurt Draco. Draco just looked down the floor, unaware that Harry already knew about him and his ex-boyfriend.

"He left me. It was just a one night reunion thing for him," Draco muttered quietly.

"Sounds kind of familiar doesn't it?" Harry asked, crossing his arms. Draco shot his head up and looked into the determind green eyes that stared into his own.

"Harry…." Draco began, struggling for words, "I didn't know. That night that you and I…I thought that's what you wanted. I just thought we had something casual…"

"Casual?" Harry repeated dangerously, "casual? No, no Draco. A sweater is casual, a dog is casual. *Fucking* somebody is not casual!" Draco flinched as Harry's voice grew.

"Actually, Harry. In cases, it is. But besides that, what I did to you was wrong. I know that."

"You know that now. You only know once you're hurt yourself. If Gavin hadn't broken up with you in the first place, you'd be off slamming him into a mattress right now," Harry said.

"If Gavin hadn't broken up with me in the first place the first time at all, I wouldn't have gotten to spend that time with you and really get to know you. To share what we did."

"It was nothing to you."

"Merlin, Harry, it was everything to me!" Draco said walking over in front of Harry where Harry had turned his back to him.

"So that's it then?" Harry asked. He could see the confusion in Draco's eyes as the blond stared at him, "you expect me to just say 'oh Draco I forgive you' and throw my arms around you and give you that good lay that you wanted tonight? Well, I'm sorry to disappoint you, Draco. Perhaps you should go home," Harry said sadly as he walked away from the blond again.

"Why are you being like this?" Draco questioned. He saw Harry lower his head and turn back to face him.

"It's more than you could handle. At least right now. I don't deny that I love you, Draco. But there is so much more to it. Yes, I love you. But I hate you as well. You took everything from me."

"What are you talking about?" Draco asked once more, with Harry talking in riddles. Harry sighed in frustration.

"Everything! You took my pride, my virginity, my love, and my career. My life!" Harry practically yelled, not caring to keep quiet due to Ross in the next room. This had to be said. But Draco still didn't quite get some things.

"You're career? You're life, what are you…?"

"I couldn't become an Auror," Harry replied simply.

"But, why couldn't you beco…"

"Because Draco!," Harry exclaimed in frustration and pointing to Draco, " I'm pregnant with your child!"

Chapter 7. Not A Sound From The Pavement

Draco continued to stare at Harry, unable to find anything to say. After a moment, Harry dropped his hand and sighed heavily, turning his back on Draco again and hugging himself.

"You're serious?" Draco whispered. Harry just nodded his head. He lowered his hand to rest on the counter of the open kitchen.

"But don't worry," he called over his shoulder, "I don't expect anything from you. I can raise it on my own. It's not like I depended or hoped that you'd help anyway."

"Do you really think that I'd be *that cold*?" Draco asked, standing up from the couch and walking to Harry again. Harry just turned back around to face him, his arms crossed and a look in his eyes that clearly told Draco that Harry *did* indeed think that he would be that cold and heartless.

"Then clearly you don't know me."

"I know you well enough to know what you are, and what you aren't. And as of right now, you're not a father." Draco glared at Harry at being insulted and being deprived of his child.

The hour on the clock was just about to strike midnight. Perhaps he and Ross hadn't stayed out that late, for he had been here at least two hours now. But he had learned so much, part of that that Harry didn't trust him. He didn't blame Harry, but Harry couldn't deny him what was half his.

"I'll show you," he said, "I'll show you all that I can be."

"No, Draco," Harry said forcibly, "I don't want you to give up the life you have because of me. Just forget that I'm here."

"No."

"Draco, please," Harry said as if it were absurd to think otherwise, "you were living the life you always wanted. You get to go to parties, clubs, and elegant balls. You can sleep and drink with anyone! You don't have any obligations or responsibilities. Live, Draco, *live*!"

"But, Harry." But Harry just put up his hand to stop him.

"I was doing fine without and I will continue to do so. Don't throw your life away on pitiful me."

"Harry would you just listen, I,"

"No, I refuse. Just go. You'll have a wonderful life and all that you could wa-,"

"I LOVE YOU DAMMIT!" Draco yelled. Harry shut his mouth. He had heard Draco talking to Ross, but Draco didn't come out like this and normally express his feelings. Draco was now breathing hard, his eyes in an icy glare at Harry. "I love you, do you understand?" He turned his back to Harry as a painful expression overcame his face. "So you can't," he whispered over his shoulder, "you can't just tell me to…to 'get on with my life'." Harry was silent as Draco turned back to face him. Harry could see tears that threatened to fall, but that Draco would not shed, giving the silver orbs a glazed and hurt look. "I don't have a life without you," he said with the tears behind his voice. Harry didn't even know that Draco was capable of producing tears. But it was evident now, even though they didn't fall, that Draco could create tears of emotion.

"I had everything solved," Harry said incredulously, shaking his head believing his luck, "and just when I thought things would all be all right the way that they were, you come back. Maybe not intentionally; you actually thought you'd fix your problems by sleeping with my roommate. But you know, I understand why you did it. And it's not my place to be angry. You know what…" he struggled for a moment as the emotions threatened to take over. "I need to take a walk."

"But Harry, it's midnight!" Draco exclaimed.

"So?" Harry asked, throwing over a light jacket even in the summer where a light breeze always developed in the evenings.

"But, it's not safe!" Harry snorted.

“Draco, I’ve been doing shit like this for the past seventeen years. Nothing is new.”

“Then at least let me go with you. It’s not good on the baby,” Draco exclaimed as Harry’s hand touched the door knob. Harry froze and turned to look at Draco.

“Draco, the baby is fine. I told you not to worry. Now if you’ll excuse me.” And with that, he walked out and into the street. Draco stood in the living room, debating to himself. Harry just wouldn’t give him a chance. It was a second later that Ross peeked out of his room.

“Is he gone?” he asked. Draco nodded.

“Then why are you still here?” Draco just looked at Ross. Ross put his hands on his hips and looked at Draco as if he were insane.

“You love him right?”

“Of course,” Draco assured him, without any hesitation. Ross sighed in frustration much the same as Harry had done earlier with the blond.

“Then, I’ll ask you again,” said Ross slowly, “why are you still here?” Draco sighed and looked towards the door in which Harry had just left. Ross was right. He had run away once. He was not about to let himself do it again. He grabbed his jacket off of the couch and headed out of the door.

The hour struck midnight on the old clock down the road. The street cracked under Harry’s feet as he stepped on the pavement in the night, moist from a light rain earlier. The lanterns lit to resemble muggle streetlamps, created the orange glow once more that shown down on the raven haired boy. A few wet leaves blew passed his feet in the small summer breeze of the night. He looked up and saw the moon once more. How he had just watched this moon moments ago. Could that book be true? Did it really take powerful love to concieve a child? Then Draco would have had to have love for him that night and not after, whether he became aware of it or not.

He walked a few steps further until he came to a lantern pole. The fire was a few feet above his head, but it created a shadow as he stood in the light’s path.

“Harry.”

Harry looked up to once again see Draco Malfoy. He sighed and looked back down to his shadow.

“Harry, will you please just hear me out?”

Harry didn’t know if he could handle whatever it was that Draco was wanting to tell him, but he nodded nonetheless. Purely instinct rather than free will.

“I want you make sure that you hear every word.” And with that, Draco walked forward until his body came into Harry’s line of vision rather than Harry’s shadow. Emerald eyes looked up into the grey for an explanation. But Draco wasn’t going to back down. Harry was already on the verge of forgiving Draco, but he was still holding on with the little ounce of pride he still felt for himself and his child. He couldn’t give into Draco yet. If he would just wait a few more hours, the day was sure to come. For all he knew, this could all be a dream.

Harry’s eyes closed as he felt the long pale fingers touch his chin and lift it up.

"Harry, open your eyes." It was an order. Draco wasn't being quiet and sweet anymore. It had seemed that those two methods did not work on Harry anymore. The green eyes opened slowly as if in slow motion, and focused on the stormy irises of his past lover. The soft fingertips traveled from his chin to his cheek and softly caressed the golden skin. Harry's eyes closed and he leaned into the touch, without thinking of what he could be getting himself into. He suppressed the urge to moan at the feeling of that familiar touch again.

"No….no.." he whispered aloud to himself, shaking his head softly, trying to force himself to pull away from Draco.

"Yes.." Draco whispered as his face grew closer. "Harry you know that you want this just as much as I do. I could be there for you. Despite what I might or might not have done. I want this child to have two parents and be a damn better father than what I had to grow up with. Look at me."

Harry again, stared into the pleading eyes. He saw truth in the Slytherin's eyes. A chill blew passed again and Harry involuntarily shivered. Draco stepped closer, pressing his body flush against Harry's and causing the Gryffindor's back to press against the light pole. Harry's head dipped back against the cool metal. The orange light reflecting off of the angelic blond hair and in the silver eyes, mixing and creating a golden color. Those eyes that could stare deep into his soul and penetrate him into nothing. Harry could feel his lips quivering and knew that it was noticable as Draco's eyes flickered down to the offending flesh. Harry licked his lips, and cursed that he had no control of the action. But when Draco suddenly licked his own in an obvious lust and desire, Harry felt his knees go weak. His hand searched the metal behind him; anything to grasp onto. This wasn't happening to him. He was surely dreaming. He had dreamed of Draco tons of times. This was just another one of those. But the orange glow around Draco's form radiated, surrounding him and causing him to look even more like an angel in Harry's closing eyes. As the breath ghosted over Harry's lips, the boy's eyes did fully close.

"Can I kiss you, Harry?" he whispered. Harry's lips were parted, and it took a moment to comprehend what Draco had asked him. He lifted his head up to level with Draco and gaze quizically into the blond's eyes. He seemed to debate whether this was the best for him. But Harry decided to throw caution to the wind. If only this once, it would be refreshing and delicious to taste Draco again. He couldn't fight anymore. It was getting him no where. And everyone deserved a second chance, didn't they? Harry's breath hitched again as Draco grew closer. Harry's eyes slowly closed, keeping focus on Draco's lips until the decended onto his own. It began so slowly, but Harry felt Draco's hand snake around his waist as his own grabbed Draco by the forearms and the kiss heated up with passion and desire.

The feeling of Draco's fingers on his bare skin under his shirt at his waist was pure ecstasy. He recalled what he had told Draco their first and only night together.

" *Draco, you're fingers feel so good…..*

And they still were. It just felt so right to be in Draco's arms again. And it was soothingly romantic under the lantern's light on the deserted street corner as the solitary figures stood there reuniting. Two lovers learning to fall in love again.

Their lips left each other's as Draco lips sought out the soft skin of Harry's neck. Harry threw his head back in a silent cry, thanking whatever gods could hear that he could at least experience this moment with Draco, even if there were no others. He held onto Draco for dear life. Draco was his life, his air, and his love; his everything.

But nothing compared to the moment when Draco's hand slid around to the front of

Harry's shirt. Harry gasped at the cold of Draco's fingers on his bare stomach until the pale digits began to massage his stomach lovingly. This time he did not suppress his moan. Harry's hand came up under Draco's arm to caress the blond hair at the base of Draco's neck. Draco pulled back at the sound of Harry's moan and again placed his lips to Harry's. Harry tasted so good, just as he had remembered him. Nothing could ever compare to this taste.

"Oh, I missed you," Harry replied, pressing his cheek to Draco's and just delighted in *feeling* Draco.

"I missed you, Golden Boy," Draco said, using the name that had captured Harry in the first place. They pulled apart just enough to look into the other's eyes. They still held each other in their arms and their insides swelled with the love that they felt for the other. "How can I trust you, Draco?" Harry spoke again, fear and hesitation of the loss of this newly discovered and reuniting love evident in his tone. Draco just leaned forward and captured the red swollen lips in another soft kiss, his teeth capturing Harry's bottom in a tugging kiss, leaving the other boy breathless. Draco licked his own lips and stared down into his emerald's eyes.

"I know that my past actions and behaviors have been accusatory lately, but I promise you, Harry, that I am changed. And I will continue to change. To prove to you….and the baby. I can do this."

That was all that Harry needed to hear. Harry leaned forward and kissed Draco softly. He pulled away, tugging softly at Draco's hand to follow him. Draco was curious but followed Harry just the same.

"Shh, I'm sure Ross is asleep by now," Harry whispered as they entered.

"He's the one who really made me see my foolish behavior and come after you. What a strange turn of events huh?" Draco asked, speaking of him now entering the same apartment with Harry. Harry just looked at him and smiled at the situation as well. He lowered his jacket to the chair against the wall, and wrapped his arms around Draco's neck. Draco abesentmindedly lowered his jacket and threw it onto the chair, glad that it landed on the furniture as his eyes were closed, savouring the taste and feel of a willing Harry against him. His arms slid around Harry's bare waist as Harry's shirt was now unbuttoned and Harry moaned, his arms going to his sides to allow Draco more room. Harry again began to steer him into his room.

"Watch the carpet," Harry whispered.

"I've got it, I've got it," Draco assured him as he walked into Harry's room and closed the door, locking lips with his Golden Boy once again. Draco pressed forward as Harry staggard backward towards the bed. Draco slowly lowered Harry down onto the bed, Harry's shirt falling open at his sides. He arched up as Draco completely removed the offending clothing. He lowered his own over his pale shoulders, relishing in the attention he was receiving from Harry. He leaned down again, his arms intertwining with Harry. Their silhouette could be seen from outside, two solitary black figures together in the throws of passion. Draco's tongue slowly dipped into Harry's awaiting mouth, mixing with his Harry's tongue. Pants were shed and each was dressed in only boxers. Draco dipped his head to Harry's neck again, but Harry pushed up on Draco's shoulders to stop him.

"What is it?" Draco asked, concerned. Harry looked a little embarrased and unsure of his words.

"I-I don't want to….not yet. It wouldn't be right and…" but Draco's finger closed over Harry's mouth. Harry closed his eyes and began to suck seductively on the pale fingers.

Draco bit his lip to suppress his own groan at the erotic action that he wouldn't have expected from the Gryffindor.

"I wasn't going to, love. This is just a joining of our love. Nothing more. We have the rest of our lives to make love. For real." Harry closed his eyes to savour the eternal words that flooded out of Draco's mouth. Their lips met again in a soft kiss full of love and passion. Niether would forget this night. Draco lowered down, and Harry became hesitant until he felt the soft kisses and caresses that Draco was placing on his stomach. He could hear the soft words that Draco was muttering to their baby. He could have almost cried at that moment. He truly loved the man before him. And they might even stand a chance to be together. Draco rose back up to him and placed his lips upon his own once more again until the early hours of the morning.

Draco lay there, stroking Harry's hair as he spooned behind the boy that he loved. He leaned forward and saw that Harry had fallen asleep and he smiled. Harry was so beautiful. A pure prize that he would never want to leave again. He looked out at the rising sun.

His eyes then scanned around the room and landed on the book that rested on Harry's nightstand. He picked it up and turned to the page that Harry had marked. His eyes read along the page until one section caught his eyes.

The Natural Conception

This is actually the most rare and most beautiful of all circumstance that a Wizard becomes pregnant. Any two wizards may be in love and create a baby using any of the other two methods, but natural conception takes more, which is why it was held to be mentioned in this chapter.

Whereas in the 'Potion' or 'Bond', the chemicals and spells created the womb. With natural conception, the love and power creates the womb. It is only possible when the two wizards share a bond of their own that is not magically done. They must be very powerful in order for their signatures to create the womb on their own.

And, as stated before, there must be some type of connection between the two. Only true love can create the joy and miracle of life in cases such as these. That is why it is most rare. Even if the two wizards do not know of the love, it must be there for their bodies and magic to react in such a way to concieve a child.

His eyes, brimming with tears once more, looked over at Harry. This was why Harry was willing to give him that chance. He knew that it must have been true love and not another game. And it was love all along even though Draco was unaware of it. He leaned forward and he placed a soft kiss to Harry's bare golden shoulder and cheek before looking down upon his emerald.

"I love you," he whispered into Harry's ear. Harry took a deep breath and sighed contentedly in his sleep. Draco smiled and stood up, making sure to cover Harry up with the blankets. He then began to get dressed.

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Harry woke with the sunlight shining into his room. He leaned over, hoping to feel Draco only to find that he was gone. Panic overtook him until his arm hit the open book that rested beside him. He saw that it was on the conception page that he had left off on. And in it was a note. He picked it up and read it.

Last night was amazing, my love. Do not fear. I shall see you tonight. I had promised

mother and father that I would join them for breakfast, but rest assure that I will come to seek you out in a few hours time. Forgive my absence to see your gorgeous eyes as you awoke to a new day. One of these days we shall wake together and enjoy the love that we share.

All my love,
Draco

Harry smiled and was thoroughly relieved. So he had meant it all. He lay back down on his pillow, allowing the sun to leak on his body and for the first time purely feel happy that he had a love that he was certain was mutual.

Chapter 8. Some Say Love

Draco stood in his room at the manor looking in his full sized mirror. He fixed his elegant robes to fall gracefully at his sides. His eyes focused on this image. Was this truly the *real* Draco Malfoy? He only appeared to look and act this way around his parents and at home. And perhaps at Hogwarts. Everyone had expected it of him, so who was he to change?

But this was also his greatest mistake, and he knew it. It was because he never changed that Harry was still wary of him. He knew that Harry hadn't fully forgave him and was still cautious in his presence, as if afraid and waiting for him to bolt and leave the room. And this hurt him. He had finally found love, and it was afraid of his intentions. He moved his fingers to trace a lock of blond hair that fell into his eye. All of these years of fighting with Harry; did he ever expect to love and conceive a child naturally with him? Surely not. But now, he wouldn't trade it for anything.

But the fact of the matter was that he would need to use money to help support the child. And he had no hesitation in that matter, but his father might begin to notice the amount leaving the account and question him. And if he found what the money was being used on. He would have to tell his father and mother. But perhaps not yet. It could wait. They didn't need to know about Harry yet as well. Not only would they not pleased, but when it came through that *the* Harry Potter was *pregnant*, all Hell would break loose.

And it was even known in the wizarding world that he was an enemy with Harry Potter. Love could not come from hatred. At least not in their eyes. The people. They would ruin what they had made if they were not careful.

Some say love, it is a river
That drowns the tender reed.

Some say love, it is a razor
That leaves your soul to bleed.

Some say love, it is a hunger,
An endless aching need.

I say love, it is a flower,
And you it's only seed.

A house-elf came bobbing into the room by his side.

"Lord Malfoy wishes to see you at breakfast, sir," it squeaked.

"Thank you," he replied simply, giving his reflection one more calculating look, before making his way down the endless halls towards the dining room.

The sound of forks on china was the only sound heard in the Malfoy meal. But this was routine to Draco. It was rare that they shared conversation; during meals or not. Lucius turned the page of the *Daily Prophet* as he read while enjoying his coffee. Narcissa and Draco shared looks and loving smiles, while Lucius's face was hidden by the paper.

Draco always had loved his mother. She was probably the greatest and most beautiful woman that he knew. Often when Lucius had punished him harshly as a child, she would always be there to lay with him at night and cuddle up beside him, whispering that it would be all right and heal any wounds that he had suffered. He would cry and she would let him. He was not allowed to cry in front of his father.

Malfoy's did not cry.

Affection was another thing that was not shared in the Malfoy family. But Narcissa never failed in showing him her love. But only for him. To everyone else in the aristocracy she would simply turn her nose up and act the proper woman that she was meant to be. This was the impression that Harry had gotten of her. Her charade. And it hurt whenever he had insulted her. Because he never knew. Perhaps one day, he would introduce Harry to *just* Narcissa, and he would see. Lucius cleared his throat, lowering the paper. Draco and Narcissa straightened up and looked down to their plates again.

"Ministry imbeciles," he muttered, sipping his coffee, "they want to start new departments that deal with filthy mudbloods, hoping that it will increase peace with the families of them who despise wizards. I simply tell them to keep out filth like that from our world and we would not suffer these problems. Don't you agree, Draco?"

"Does 'filth' include half-bloods?" Draco asked.

"Well, half-bloods aren't as bad as mudbloods themselves, but yes I suppose." Draco thought of Harry whose mother, he knew, was a muggle born.

"Well, I don't know really," he kept his eyes down on the table, avoiding his father's sharp eyes on him at a lack of agreement. "Half bloods are almost fully Purebloods, and if we tried to stay within the range of Purebloods, the wizarding population would simply die out, father." He saw a proud twinkle in his mother's eyes, before he cautiously looked up to his father. This was rediculous, he was just about to turn eighteen and he was still afraid of his father.

"I suppose you do have a point there, son. Though I simply still detest any sort of muggle borns in our world. But no one seems to want to listen to my part,"

"Because you're part is unfair and absurd," Draco murmured under his breath.

"What was that?" his father asked dangerously. Draco held his head up high for the first time and sat level with his father's eyes.

"You're part and opinions are unfair and absurd. I happen to know some very good half-bloods. And though I'm not too fond of muggle borns, they are helping keep this population of wizards alive. And I don't know why you are stressing over this after all of these years! Ever since Harry destroyed the Dark Lord, our population has almost doubled and we are most magical and,"

"Harry?" Draco gulped. He had never referred to Harry as anything but *Potter* before. "Draco have you been conversing and seeing Potter after school?"

"No."

“Then why the sudden change?” Lucius raised a slick eyebrow at his son, wanting an answer as to the sudden name.

“Well, we are out of school and adults now. It seems almost childish to hold that grudge. I mean he did save the world from that horrible and disgusting Dark Lord and,”

“Don’t use the Dark Lord’s name in vain!” Lucius hissed, causing Draco to shut his mouth and look towards his plate. Lucius calmed his breath and moved his long hair behind his ear as he gained his composure. “I was lucky that I could get away and avoid questioning regarding my presence that night. And you will do to remember that you were too cowardice to join me that night. You’d rather stay here and hug up to your mother like a little Nancy boy,” his eyes flashed to Narcissa, informing the other two that he knew of their affection. “Even though that is your preferred sex, which I am perfectly fine with, you still to act a man, Draco.”

“Yes, father.” Draco waited a moment, “Father, I think I might take a sum out of our vaults.” He waited.

“Whatever for?’ Lucius asked through his teeth. Draco swallowed and tried to well up his courage.

~*~*

Harry got out of bed and headed towards the kitchen. He pulled out the pots and pans needed and began to fry the bacon. A half an hour later, Ross came sleepily out of his room.

“Morning, Harry,” he muttered sleepily.

“Good morning,” Harry said with a smile. Ross walked around him to the refrigerator and poured himself some apple juice.

“Well someone seems happy,” Ross smiled knowingly over his glass, his eyes on Harry.

“Ross, we didn’t do anything,” Harry said, turning away from the frying pan. Ross snorted. “Seriously. I’m still have not fully forgave him. The only reason that I’m not mad at you is because I never gave you Draco’s name and you didn’t know any better.” Ross nodded.

“I’m sorry again though.”

“It’s fine. It’s just that this is happening a little fast. I mean you walk in with him, and then two to three hours later I’m making out with him on my bed.”

“And you said that you didn’t do anything,” Ross teased. Harry smiled but shook his head.

“I told him that I didn’t want to have sex. At least not yet.”

“You know, if I didn’t know you so well, I would swear you were turning into a woman. Harry, we’re men and sex is just…what we do.”

“Yes, I know that. I probably would have had sex with a ton of guys if I hadn’t become pregnant. And you have to admit, that pregnancy does change everything.”

“Yes, I understand that. I’ve never loved anyone enough to conceive or want to make a baby with. But if I could find a guy, I hope he’s as good as Draco. He loves you, Harry.”

“I know that. And in time, I will fully forgive him. I just have to wait long enough to make

sure that this is real and that he won't be scared away again," Harry said sadly. He shook his head of his thoughts and set the plates and cups on the table and he and Ross shared breakfast, both reflecting on what had just entered their lives.

It's the heart afraid of breaking
That never learns to dance.

It's the dream afraid of waking
That never takes the chance.

It's the one who won't be taken,
Who cannot seem to give,

And the soul afraid of dyin'
That never learns to live.

~*~*~

"Whatever for, Draco?" Lucius repeated, looking at his son.

"Well, I was thinking that I would buy my own home. I mean, perhaps not a mansion, but I could try an apartment or something. It is common for most graduates to do and,"

"Most graduates are not Purebloods and better beings. No, Draco. I really believe that you should stay here. Unless," he paused, "there's a reason why you want to get away?"

"Well, I..no, it's just,"

"Are you in some kind of trouble, Draco?" Lucius asked, partly concerned, his eyes flashing in Draco's direction. Draco could feel both of his parent's eyes on him.

"No, I just thought that I would go out on my own and try to understand the meaning of life," he spoke truthfully. He didn't want to buy an apartment. He just wanted to support the baby.

"Well, as honorable your intentions are, I would prefer to stay here. Now if you and Gavin and Blaise would like to go on a trip or so, then you may borrow money, but in any other way I won't allow it." Lucius didn't know about the break up, and Draco guessed that Gavin's parents didn't know as well. But this was not the time.

He would simply have to take out the money without his father knowing. He would risk disownment, but he hoped that his mother would have some say to perhaps sway his father from that decision. He looked into his mother's eyes and saw that she knew he was lying. He excused himself, clattering the silverware as he stood, and left the room.

He made his way up into his room and leaned against his window. Everything had become so confusing. He knew that he was scheduled back at Harry's that night, and couldn't wait until he was in those arms again, away from the cares of the world. He felt his anger rise as he recalled his father's words only moments ago and then remembered telling Harry that he wanted to be a better father than what he had. And it was true.

He was to be a father. It was such an incredible feeling that it was hard to place into words of what he really felt. He felt a smile spread on his lips as he pictured Harry and knew that he carried his child. His love only swelled for his raven-haired lover. He closed his eyes and he could still hear the moan that Harry had let out as his pale fingers had massaged his stomach. He knew that that gesture was more than any words could ever do for him to let Harry know that his feelings were real, and that he would never love another.

It almost made Harry more desirable, when he thought about it. It only heightened his lust and love for the boy now that they had made a baby together. He would show Harry, just as he had told him the night before. He would show him that he wanted this baby and that he would be there to raise it.

If only he knew that miles away Harry stared out of his own window. Draco would apparate here in only a few short hours time, and his heart would skip a beat thinking about it. Despite his worries, he still wanted to feel those pale fingers slide up his chest again. To feel those lips upon his in loving and desperate kisses, just feeling him. His friend had offered to come over that night, but he had told them that he had made plans and that he would invite them over the following evening. Tonight was special, and for more reasons than just Draco coming over.

But on other matters, he also knew that Draco himself would be turning eighteen soon. In a month to be exact. Harry knew more about Draco that he let on. By that time, if Draco was still willing to love him, Harry would give himself to Draco once more; and forever. But if Draco proved unwilling than he would simply have to leave him alone and hope that they both could move on.

When the night has been too lonely
And the road has been to long,

And you think that love is only
For the lucky and the strong,

Just remember in the winter
Far beneath the winter snows

Lies the seed that with the sun's love
In the spring becomes the rose

Harry turned away from his window and collected his clothes, walking towards the bathroom to take his shower and dress so that he could prepare for Draco’s visit that night. Ross had already agreed that he would go out to guarantee them some privacy that night. Harry had been grateful to Ross that he was understanding and sticking by him all of this time. And he would always love him as a brother. But also the guilt rose in him that Ron still didn’t know that he was gay or seeing Draco Malfoy. He also knew that soon, he would have to face his friend and hope to Godric still that his friend wouldn’t blow up on him. Ron had always been known for his temper, and hopefully Hermione would be able to calm him if that ever happened, considering that she already knew and accepted and wouldn’t be surprised.

He let the water cascade over his body, rubbing soap onto his body. He looked down at his stomach as he softly washed it. He had finally gotten all that he could want. He had a child, a family that he was deprived himself as a child, and Draco who was willing to change and prove himself worthy. Harry could only hope that he was true.

****

Draco walked back downstairs in a daze, willing the hours to pass by. And finally it was six in the evening. The manor almost seemed deserted as the hallways were darkened and it seemed as though not a soul even breathed in the place. Often as a child he would become frightened and lost in the labyrinth that was Malfoy Manor. He walked around, looking for his mother or someone to alert them that he was leaving. He walked into the dining room and saw the discarded paper still there from that morning. He figured that a house-elf would arrive soon to prepare dinner and he could summon them to go to his

father. So while he waited his eyes glanced down the paper.

A Wizarding Holiday; The Boy Who Turned Eighteen!

Yes, folks, can you believe it? Our little hero that destroyed the great He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named, turns eighteen today! The great Harry Potter is now a legal adult in the wizarding eyes. We spoke to Albus Dumbledore, Headmaster of Hogwarts, regarding a ball to be held in his honor. The Headmaster simply replied, "I will have to speak to Harry on the matter and address the press when a date could be set up to celebrate." Albus is Harry Potter's mentor and 'family' of sorts that the boy shares.

Marshall Klent, Minister of Magic, had this to say, "We would simply be delighted to celebrate the travel into adulthood of our young Mr. Potter. A grand feast and ball would of course be arranged. My son, Gavin, and I would invite the highest officials in the wizarding world and it would be a grand display." His son, Gavin, will be starting his seventh and final year in Hogwarts agreed wholeheartedly with his father and commented on the matter.

"Although I had never had the chance to personally meet him, I would be honored to see him along with others that are sure to attend."

Although we do not know of who all young Mr. Klent is referring to, we do know that , should Harry Potter agree to this feast it would certainly turn into a national holiday.

Draco's eyes scanned the page. He had suspected that his father had only skimmed this section and would not allow his family to read. He also knew that his father would want to attend. And he and Mr. Klent were good friend and colleagues. That is also how Draco became to know Gavin. But now Gavin would be there.

He also knew Harry very well, despite somethings sometimes. But he did know that Harry hated the spotlight. He surely wouldn't make a national holiday, but would Harry allow a ball to be given in his honor? And then something else hit his mind. *The boy who turned eighteen…..*. Today was Harry Potter's birthday. Why hadn't he said anything?

"Shit!" he exclaimed as he raced out of the manor, regardless if anyone saw him leave or not.

Chapter 9. Semerald Rose

An urgent knock was heard as Harry made his way to the door. He opened it to find a flustered Draco.

"Anything wrong?" Harry asked, watching the blond catch his breath from rushing. Draco just looked at him for a moment, his breath returning back to normal.

"Harry, why didn't you tell me it was your birthday?" he asked as if it were insane not to and obviously the most common thing to do.

"I didn't want to make a fuss," Harry simply said truthfully, "my birthday has never been an issue for anyone. Ross, Hermione and Ron have wished me happy birthday this morning. I expect I'll probably get more by the evening from Hagrid and such. But it really isn't a big deal Draco and,"

"Yes it is!" Harry just looked at Draco. "Harry, you're turning eighteen! This is one of the most important years in a Wizard's life! And any birthday is important. You would think as much as I had heard and talked of you growing up that I would know your birthday!" he said, as it was evident on his face that he was tearing himself up over it. Harry smiled and

walked over to him. He put his hand on Draco's cheek and waited for the blond to lift his head and look at him.

"You really care," Harry said.

"Of course I do," Draco assured him, his eyes looking deep into Harry's. "Happy Birthday," he said with a smile, followed by one from Harry.

"Well that's a first," Harry teased. "Yes, the others were going to have a party for me. It would have been my first, but I turned it down."

"Why?" Draco asked.

"Well, isn't it obvious?" Harry asked, "so that I could be with you." Draco's chest swelled with that declaration. Harry had even given up his first party for him. And to think that he almost hadn't known. If it hadn't been for the paper. But then that struck Draco. He tentatively bit his lip and looked to Harry.

"You haven't read the *Prophet* today have you?" Draco asked. Harry shook his head. He walked over to Ross's room. He opened the door and looked around. Draco noticed that the brunette had left, and probably to give them peace. There would obviously be an awkwardness for awhile between them.

"I keep telling him to take better care of his things. I can't even walk in here!" he heard Harry shout from the room, and couldn't suppress a laugh.

"You're already sounding like a parent there, *scarhead*," Draco said with a tease. Harry walked back in with a strange look on his face.

"You haven't called me that since…Hell, forever. And in some sick weird way, it almost sounds nice." They both laughed until Harry unfolded the paper that he had found in Ross's room from where the other boy had read it that morning. Apparently, Draco mused, Ross wanted to stay away from the Potter Temper as well. Draco waited, as Harry's eyes scanned the paper. *Three…..two…..one…..*

"WHAT!" Draco flinched at Harry's outburst and watched as the boy began to shake and finally threw the paper down on the table. Draco could just barely make out the chant of "Why….why me…..again….why," coming from Harry's lips.

"I'm so sorry, Harry. I shouldn't have made you read the,"

"No, Draco. It's….better this way. At least now when Dumbledore turns up unexpected, I'll know why and can tell him no ."

"So, you're going to say no then?" Draco questioned. Harry just looked back up at him.

"Well, what else can I do? I can't go to this thing. Everyone would find out that I'm pregnant and that's another matter. And Gavin will be there. I know that you saw that. Doesn't that bother you?"

"Of course it does," Draco said, "but this is your birthday. I can avoid Gavin, which I want to do anyway. And you don't have to make it a national holiday. You can at least say no to that. Plus, if you have it in the next month or two, noone would know you are pregnant yet. But think about it, it would just be one night and you could finally have that birthday party that you wanted and I wouldn't have to spoil it." Harry just smiled and shook his head.

"You didn't spoil my birthday," he assured, "you made it actually." There was silence as both dwelled on these words, before Draco cleared his throat.

"Well, uh, come over here. I got you something." He walked over and sat on the couch. Harry followed and sat down beside Draco and waited as the blond took out a white box. Harry carefully took the box and stared at it for a moment, before removing the lid and looking inside. His tentative fingers took out; a rose. But this rose was a mixture of silver and emerald petals. The petals looked to be forever covered in dew, as little water droplets fell down the petals, but never seemed to fall. It was beautiful. Like their eyes. And it was a perfect mixture from one to the other in an alternating pattern.

"It's called a Semerald Rose," he heard Draco say. Harry smiled.

"Clever name," he said sarcastically and teasingly at the mixture of silver and emerald.

"Thanks, I thought so," Draco teased back. But then his face grew serious once more, "this rose will let you know my condition. It is under a spell to only wilt or die when I am in trouble or…dead. So, now my life too, is in your hands, Harry." Harry looked into the deep stormy eyes that stared upon his own.

"I bought one myself about you, that I will just pick up when I go home. So…" he bit his lip nervously, "do you like it?"

His only response was when Harry looked to him with an unreadable expression, before he leaned forward and pressed his lips softly to Draco's, closing the space between them.

Draco tensed as he felt the soft lips touch his own, and his eyes closed. He parted his lips willingly and allowed Harry to dip his tongue into his mouth. The taste of Harry was insatiable from any part of him. Draco turned slightly so that his right arm gently fell to Harry's left hip as they faced each other on the couch. The kiss was soft at first; passionate and exploring. Their lives were in each other's hands. Harry knew that this was part of Draco seeking his forgiveness. And he knew that he loved this boy. When Draco had left before, he was sure that he would never love another or let anyone in. Everyone else he had lost. But perhaps if Draco asked, he would….

"Will you let me into your life, Harry?" Draco whispered against Harry's lips. Harry stared down into the grey eyes before touching his lips to the blond's again in an obvious 'yes' answer. This kiss became soft yet heated at the same time as Harry felt Draco gently lower him further on the couch until he lay on top of him.

Their lips never lost contact as Harry felt his back hit the soft cushion and the weight of Draco was on top of him. As he moaned into Draco's mouth, he couldn't stop his mind from thinking again. They had only met again the previous night. Why wasn't Harry angrier with him for his entrance? Was it because he knew Draco was telling the truth? Perhaps Draco figured that he would never see him again and thought that he had to move on. Harry knew that this was correct. If he hadn't become pregnant, like he had said before, he would have probably tried to sleep with someone else. Though he couldn't promise that that was possible, as in Draco's case. And Harry knew that Draco was a man and men had needs to. So two days seemed like an eternity to both of them and both were willing to try to let go.

Draco felt Harry's arms tighten around him as if the boy had come to realize and feel something and he sunk into the touch, becoming closer to Harry. Perhaps he would ask Harry later if there was time. He looked down upon his beauty, who opened his eyes at the loss of contact, into his own silver ones.

"You're so beautiful, Harry. There aren't any words to describe what I'm feeling right now, laying here with you. You are everything to me. And I hate that it's only been two days and the way that I came," but a finger was placed to his lips. He turned his eyes on Harry again.

"I know," Harry whispered. "It's ok. It's going to take some time, but I feel that we can do this." He then waited a few more seconds and then became yearning of more contact and the taste of Draco. "Kiss me again, Draco?"

How was Draco to deny such a request. He and Harry smiled as their lips softly touched again. This truly was the best birthday, despite the lack of party. Harry moaned as Draco kissed all of the right places on his neck and behind his ear, whispering soothing promises into his ear. He was purely in heaven and floating, believing that all of this must be a dream that he was stuck inside. But it was then that Harry and Draco heard a flickering of flames in the corner of the room, facing away from the couch.

"Harry?"

Draco heard Harry groan in dread against his lips, tightening his hold for one last linger on the kiss, before reluctantly pulling away. "Albus," was all Harry said. The older boy stood and walked over to the fire. He bent down slightly, staring into the eyes of his mentor.

"Hello, Albus. Is there anything I can help you with?" Harry asked with an air of knowing and dreading at what the older man had to say.

"I trust you have read the *Prophet* this morning?" Dumbledore asked. Harry sighed and nodded his head.

"Yes, I have. And I'll have to say no."

"He'll do it." Harry looked to his side, in which Draco had hastily made his way over to Harry. Harry looked stunned that Draco had shown himself, and looked tentatively towards Dumbledore, who looked, if possible, more stunned.

"Harry, what is Draco Malfoy doing at your apartment?" He held an air of knowing that Harry knew that he couldn't hide from. He didn't think that Draco would want to be seen yet.

"He came to give me my birthday gift. But besides that, I can't do it Albus. You know that and,"

"He'll do it, Professor," Draco said with a final tone.

"No, I won't."

"Yes you will, Harry."

Dumbledore looked from one to the other as the argument continued back and forth between with two past rivals.

"Harry, I won't allow you to miss the one chance at a party and happiness due to me, or your fame. Enjoy it while it lasts. It will go away one day,"

"It will never go away for me, Draco."

"And you can't keep running away. If I didn't know any better, I'd say you were scared,"

Draco said.

“And if I didn’t know any better, I’d say you were going to see Gavin,” Harry shot back in anger. There was a silence as too much had been said. Harry finally sighed in defeat. “Fine. I’ll go, Albus. Schedule it when you can.”

“That is fine, Harry,” Albus said, now knowing for sure that there was something between Harry and Draco, “two weeks at the most. I shall be contacting you. Good day to you both.” As the fire died away, the two stood there in a silence. They had both crossed the line.

“Harry, I…I’m sor,”

“No, Draco. Just…don’t. It was my fault. Out of both of us, I’m the one who shot out. You were just telling the truth. I-I am…scared. I always have been. I hate being the center of everything. You would think since I grew up alone that I would love it. And I do love attention but…not that much. Not constantly. It gets old very quickly. But I…I had no right to say what I did to you. I guess I just said what was bothering me, and didn't realize it until it was too late. I’m sorry.”

“You don’t trust me when I say that I don’t want to be with Gavin?” Draco asked slowly. Harry looked down to the floor and up at the walls; anywhere to just avoid Draco’s face.

“I know that it’s the truth. It’s just the first time you left me and said it was because of him. I mean…it could happen again. And I do want to be with you, but I still have lingering doubts and worries about your loyalties. That is why I was waiting before I fully gave myself to you again, because I couldn’t do that to myself again. Or…my child.”

“*Our* child,” Draco corrected. Harry looked up at him as Draco came nearer. Draco grasped his arm and forced Harry to look at him. “It is *our* child, Harry. And it’s going to *stay* our child! Don’t push me away again! I am trying. You know that I am. I am really trying to make you see that I want this. I do. More than anything, but if you don’t give me that chance, I’ll never be able to prove myself.”

“I know,” Harry sighed, “things are just..complicated. But what isn’t around me?”

“Now stop that right now,” Draco commanded, “besides, I might have to risk taking out money from my families faults.” He put up his hand to stop any interjection that Harry might throw at him. “It’s only for a short time. A month or so. Until I turn eighteen. That is the legal age of the wizarding world and I will be able to get my own funds and inheritance by that time. I can even find a more suitable job. And then I can really support a family. So, it’s ok,” he said softly as Harry shook his head.

“Yes,” Draco nodded his own, as he tipped Harry disapproving one up that he was still slightly shaking side to side. Harry’s eyes traveled his eyes, telling him that he didn’t want to be all of this trouble and that he could support himself. Draco’s lips softly came down upon his own in a soft kiss.

Draco felt Harry’s fingers tentatively touch at the sides of his arms. He dipped his tongue into Harry’s mouth and felt the fingers tighten. His own hands wrapped around Harry’s thin waist and they held each other and kissed as if there were no tomorrow. And it wanted to burst through more than anything, and so Draco let it come from his lips. Apart from last night; the truth.

“I do love you,” Draco said softly against Harry’s lips. Harry just stared into those silver eyes that he realized had caused him to go into a daze more often recently. “Do you truly love me?”

"Of course I love you," Harry said in that awe tone of being in love as he took in all that there was of Draco in admiration. He placed his hand on Draco's cheek and leaned in to softly kiss Draco. He felt Draco fall willingly into the kiss and moan as Harry's tongue massaged his own unexpectedly. Harry sighed at the feeling of the hand at the small of his back, holding him safe in Draco's arms.

"So you are going to go to this ball?" Draco asked later that night as they sat on the couch together, wrapped in each other's arms. Harry turned over to look at him before sighing.

"Yes. For you, and for Dumbledore. For the bloody Wizarding world too, I suppose. But just know that I won't have a single ounce of fun while I'm there," he pouted teasingly. Draco smiled and began to massage his stomach; Harry loved this.

"Oh I think you will," he said temptingly against the other boy's neck, rising to his ear where he softly licked the outer shell, causing an involuntary shiver to course through Harry.

"How and why do you make me feel these things?" Harry asked in almost a plea. Draco stopped and looked down at Harry.

"Because," he said, "your mine."

And Harry wouldn't have it any other way.

Chapter 10. A Flicker of a Flame

Harry, Ross, and Draco decided that they would take a day to go shopping. Harry just wanted to skim over baby items so that he could return later to buy things that he would need. But it seemed that Draco got the wrong idea.

"Oh, Harry. We should get this," he held up a toy wand. Harry smiled and rolled his eyes as Ross laughed.

"Draco, the baby couldn't even play with that until it's born and gain some strength. It's much too early for that." Draco seemed to look at it and decided that Harry was right. Ross walked over to the clothing.

"You should start getting clothes, Harry. The baby can never have too much." Harry nodded in agreement and they were looking at the different selections. Draco held up a tiny baby shoe. Harry turned to say something to Draco, and found that the blond was looking at the shoe with a funny expression on his face.

"Draco, what is it?" Harry asked, walking over to stand beside Draco. Draco stared at the shoe a moment more before turning to his love.

"My child is going to fit into this tiny thing?" he asked softly. It was just that everything was really coming into perspective as he pictured a little baby that was small enough to fit into this tiny garment. Harry smiled and took the shoe.

"Yes, love," he replied, leaning forward and kissing Draco softly, before walking back to where Ross was looking at cribs. Draco looked at Harry across the room. This was all real. Sometimes it almost seemed like it wasn't really real. It could still just be a dream; a dream that he just hadn't awoken to.

But Draco was glad that this wasn't just a dream. He didn't mind being there for Harry when he suffered morning sickness. He often stayed at Harry's until the early hours of the

morning; just talking or cuddling at night. He knew that he was acting like such a woman now, but he was to become a father. He still was on about that as well. He still smiled as he imagined what his eleven year old self would have done if he had been told that he would be a father to Harry Potter's child.

He walked back over to where Harry and Ross were and discussed the different items that the store had to offer.

It had been two weeks since he had met Draco now. And these had been the best two weeks of his life. It was now the middle of August and they were walking down the streets of Diagon Alley. They continued to look at other shops, despite the fact that they had quite a few bagfulls already (including the toy wand that Draco thought the baby should have…and the shoes).
But now there was no doubt in Harry's mind that he didn't love Draco with all of his heart or that Draco didn't love him. He would never have guess that the blond could be this way. Harry wondered if he was always like this in school and just putting on a show or if he had really changed. Matured.

Draco looked up as Harry took his hand into his own as they walked. He smiled and leaned to kiss the other boy while Ross just smiled and teased them. To be honest, Ross couldn't have been happier for Harry. He knew that Draco loved him and just needed to see him again. He remembered seeing the suffering blond alone at the club and knew that he needed something. It was Harry all along. And even he and Draco weren't as akward around each other any more.

"I'm hungry," Harry said, and his two friends laughed. "What I am!" The other two led him to a small café that was nearby and they ate outside.

"You know what I realized?" Ross asked, leaning back into his chair, "I have the most rotten luck in the world."

"What makes you say that, Ross?" Harry asked, finishing off his ice cream.

"Well you got together with your love. I feel as if there is no one out there for me."

"That's bullshit," Draco said, "I know there's someone for you. You know I wouldn't be surprised if it was,"

"Blaise," Harry said automatically.

"How did you know?" Draco asked his green eyed lover. Harry just smiled and shrugged.

"I guess I just realized it too. They would do good together. They are both equally perverted and sarcastic prats."

"Why thank you," Ross grinned, causing the other two to laugh. They both stood and paid for their meal. Harry checked his watch.

"Bugger. I have to go to my doctor's appointment. It's been an official month that I've known I was pregnant. So how do I look at two months?" he turned to the side and struck a pose, causing the two men to laugh.

"Beautiful. Besides, you won't start to show for another month or so," Ross said, shrugging. "Well, I guess Draco and I will,"

"I want to go with you," Draco said.

"No," Harry said. "Just meet me back at the apartment."

"But, Harry, I,'

"Draco, I'm sorry. But there are a few things that I'd like to ask the doctor and…I don't want you there when I ask. I want this to be perfect."

"It will be, just,"

"Draco, please. You'll be glad later."

"How?" Draco challenged, crossing his arms.

"You'll see." That was all Harry said, before leaning and kissing Draco softly. "I promise." And with that, Harry apparated, leaving Draco and Ross.

"Harry never breaks his promises. I'm sure it'll all be all right," Ross tried to assure him. Draco sighed in defeat and looked down as he walked away beside Ross.

"I just want to be there for him," he sighed sadly.

"He knows that. And you will be. You don't know what Harry is going to ask the doctor. Maybe it's something that you don't want to know."

"You mean if there is something wrong with the baby?" Draco's voice came up in a panic, "but then I would really have a right to be there."

"Draco, just relax. You can see Harry tonight. Here let's go. Now tell me more about this Blaise guy……"

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Harry appeared outside of the hospital and made his way inside. He was greeted by the doctor and examined, before the doctor was giving him the results of what he had found.

"So you are still having morning sickness?" he questioned. Harry nodded and replied that he still was. "Well that is perfectly all right. I expect you'll continue that for another couple of weeks to a month. After around three months you're body should stop. The next time you come in, we will do an ultrasound. Will you be alone the next time as well or,"

"No. The father will be here as well. He wanted to come today, but I told him not to. You see, there was something that I wanted to ask you."

"Oh?" the doctor asked. Harry bit his lip. He almost felt embarrased about asking this, but he had to make sure so that he would not harm his baby.

"Well, you see I'm new to this. To any new wizarding situations. Or even dealing with regular pregnancy. And….what I wanted to know was, is it ok to…to…" he struggled for the right words.

"To have intercourse?" the doctor suggested. Harry nodded with a smile and a blush that he wasn't able to ask properly himself. The doctor laughed goodnaturedly and nodded his head. "Yes, it is perfectly all right, Mr. Potter. Unless there was something wrong with the baby and," he looked over his papers, "as of now your baby seems to be in good health, so I see no reason why not."

"Thank you, sir," Harry smiled as he climbed off of the table and shook the doctor's hand.

He knew and hoped that it was not too soon. But he had been seeing Draco for a couple of weeks and really got to know the boy again, far better than he knew him at school. And some people might think that it's too early, but not in Harry's mind. They were both in love, having a baby, so why shouldn't they be able to make love again? And Harry could see that Draco really wanted to. That Ross was a mistake that he had learned from but also earned from as it had led him back to Harry. It was fate, Harry mused. He smiled as he walked out of the hospital and apparated to just outside of his apartment, awaiting to see Draco.

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"Damn, where is he?" Draco asked, looking at his watch.

"You know those healers. Take their time with everything. I think the longer you're there the more they get paid. If so, what an incentive to make you stay right? And everyone knows that Harry has money."

"No, it's something else," Draco said, "I can feel it. There is something different about him now. I don't know. I had been thinking it for quite some time now, but today when he rejected my offering to come with him was when it really sank in. He's planning something. And if Harry is the same Harry that I grew up with, it'll either be very moving or very extreme."

"Or both," Ross amended. Draco nodded. "But you love Harry right?" Ross asked, handing Draco a glass of wine while drinking some of his own.

"More than anything," Draco answered. "Merlin knows that I love him. And how much I want to make love to him again."

"Do you think you and Harry are ready for that?"

"That's just it. I mean, he says he loves me. And I believe him. And I can understand why he wants to wait until he is positively sure, so I'll just wait. But I don't know how long I can. I just hate that I made this so hard on him. If I hadn't been the bastard that I was, who knows where we would have been right now." Ross watched as Draco's eyes moved, thinking over everything that had been said. It was just then that the fire stirred and the face of Albus Dumbledore could be seen from the loveseat and recliner chair that the boys had been sitting in.

"Harry?"

"He's not here, sir," Ross answered, meeting Albus before with Harry. "He….he had an appointment."

"Oh? Whatever for?" Albus asked. Ross bit his lip.

"Oh, it was something for the Auror sessions that will be starting soon." He hoped that the older man would buy it.

"Ah, I see," Dumbledore replied. Ross sighed in relief. "Well, I have the ball scheduled. It will be on Thursday night. Is that all right for you?" Albus asked Ross and Draco who both nodded.

"That would be fine, Professor. I'll tell Harry when he gets in," Draco said, "whenever that may be."

"Yes, well, just have him contact me to confirm the festivities. It will be held at the Ministry. I trust you both will be in attendance?" the wiser wizard asked.

"Yes," both boys answered. Albus nodded and bid them both a good night, before disappearing in the flames again. Ross sighed and stood up.

"Well, that was a close one. Well it is getting late and I trust Harry will want to speak to you alone."

"Are you sure?" Draco asked from the loveseat in which he was lounging in.

"Yeah, besides Harry can just inform me tomorrow. I think I'll just go to bed. I'll see you or talk to you tomorrow."

"All right."

"Goodnight, Draco."

"Goodnight."

As the bedroom door closed Draco lowered his head and sighed. It was then that the door opened and Harry walked in.

"Did it really take that long?" Draco asked as he stood and walked over to Harry.
"I'm sorry. It only lasted as long as it should have and I asked him a few questions."

"Like what?" Draco asked.

"Was there any mail for me or anything?" Harry changed the subject.

"Albus informed us that the party will be on Thursday night. That's all," Draco said with a shrug. Harry looked up to the calender on the wall.

"Two days. Well, I supposed that will be all right. But you're birthday is only a week away. And here I am stealing away all of your spotlight," Harry teased as he walked into Draco's arms.

"You always have, love," Draco said with a smile and kissed Harry. After a moment, Harry pulled back. "Harry, what's wrong?"

"Nothing," Harry replied with a smile, truthfully. Draco looked at him curiously. Harry swallowed and took a shaky breath. "Well, the reason that I didn't want you to come with me today was because….I wanted to ask him something."

"Which was….?" Draco urged him on.

"I wanted to make sure there was nothing wrong with…" *Not again….*

"Nothing wrong with what?"

"Being pregnant and…," Harry looked into his eyes, "making love." The realization dawned on Draco's face and he looked back at Harry.

"Harry, are you sure?" he asked the raven-haired man.

"Positive," Harry replied in that 'in love' tone with a sigh. He lifted his hand and touched

the side of Draco's cheek. Draco leaned into the touch and closed his eyes. "I know you have been wanting this for awhile and…so have I."

"Well, I did. But I didn't want to rush you. If you're not ready then,"

"Draco," Harry said again, " I am ready. I guess I always have been." He then paused. "Will you make love to me?" he whispered into the dark room. The only light that shown was the flickering of the fire and everything was only illuminated by the bouncing dark and reddish tint of the crackling flames. Draco could only stare into the emerald orbs and nod slowly. Harry leaned forward to kiss him, but Draco stopped him.

"Wait." Harry looked confused as Draco walked over to Harry's CD player. He still knew some muggle appliances. He looked through the CDs that Ross had shown him earlier while they were stuck in the land of Boredom. He found the CD that he wanted and placed it into the CD player. Harry stood there, wondering what on earth Draco was doing. It was then that he heard a familiar tune begin to play.

It was rather a very sexy song. But what was even more sexy was the way that Draco turned around to face him. His eyes had darkened in lust as he slowly walked toward Harry in that sensual saunter of his, never losing eye contact with him.

He approached Harry and slowly wrapped his arms around Harry's waist. Harry's arms instinctly found Draco's shoulders as they began to move slowly back and forth to the music. Draco's hand found Harry's and slowly they turned in circles to the beat. Draco's eyes bore into Harry's. Harry realized that he hadn't really danced like this with Draco since the night at the party. Then too, did the song have meaning. But this; this was different. The man singing sang his want and need of the one he loved and no other words could describe what they were feeling.

Harry's eyes felt heavy under their lids as they watched Draco's lips as they circled around in a world of their own. He felt Draco pull him closer by the small of his back until he was pressed closer to him in the darkness. But when they turned so that Harry's back was to the couch, Harry began to back up, leading Draco with him in his arms. Draco staggered forwards, backing Harry away in the way the Harry wanted. When the back of Harry's knees hit the couch, Draco slowly lowered him onto the couch as he had his first night on Harry's bed. Harry held his at the shoulders as he was brought down onto the soft cushion, followed by Draco's weight. Their lips met in a slow and passionate needed kiss. The smacking of their lips could be heard as the singer continued to sing his heart for the two boys who lay in each other's arms, desperately needing each other after so long a time.

Draco's lips moved to Harry's ear, lightly nibbling on it, before lowering down to the green eyed boy's neck. He inhaled the scent of Harry, before gently biting his neck and sucking on it. Harry's eyes closed at feeling the sensation on his skin again. He instinctly bucked his hips up to Draco's own grinding ones. The friction grew between the two, until it became almost too much. Draco sat up slightly, and unbuttoned each button on Harry's shirt, kissing any newly exposed golden skin. He pushed the material off of Harry's shoulders and dropped it onto the floor. He then discarded his own, giving Harry his own little strip show. He could see the boy's eyes still glaze over at the sight of his body. He dropped it to land on top of Harry's before lowering again to kiss the boy. His lips traveled to his chest and down to his stomach where he stopped his assault. His eyes closed as he darted out his tongue to lick around Harry's navel, before plunging his tongue into it. He felt Harry buck up against his chest. He kissed the soft skin, and rested his cheek against Harry's stomach.

"I love you so much," he whispered, his ear against Harry's skin. He felt Harry's fingers intertwine into his blond hair.

"I love you too," he heard in reply. He lifted his head and looked into the emerald eyes that watched him back. His gaze then fell to the offending trousers. He settled back on his knees and unbuttoned Harry's pants. Harry pressed up so that Draco could slip his pants off. Draco situated to where he could get his off as well as they both settled down together in their boxers. Draco pulled down the last bit of barrier protecting Harry from him and threw them to the floor, looking down to his beautiful lover. He closed his eyes and lowered his mouth to 'Harry'. He heard Harry gasp as he took him into his mouth. He began to move his head up and down, yearning for that taste that was uniquely 'Harry'. Harry murmured incoherent things to him as he worked, bring Harry ever so close to orgasm. Harry panted and gasped now that he felt himself about to come. And finally he came into Draco's mouth, savouring in the moan that Draco let out at finally being given his craving. Draco licked around Harry one more time, before rising up to Harry's body. He removed his own boxers as he kissed Harry's chest. A thin layer of sweat formed on their bodies, and Draco's lip grazed over Harry's dark nipple. Harry shuddered against the torture of Draco's gifted mouth and all he wanted was *more*.

"Please Draco…" he pleaded. Draco was not going to deny Harry, or himself, from this any longer.

Draco grabbed a pillow that had fallen in the floor and settled it beneath Harry for comfort that was denied to him their first time together along with proper lubrication. He then looked around and bit his lip.

"We don't have.." but before he couldn't finish, Harry leaned over to his pants that were in the floor and rummaged in the pocket, before bringing out a bottle of lubrication. He held it up to Draco whose eyes lit out.

"And you wonder why I was late coming home?" Harry asked with a grin. Draco smiled and took the lube and leaned down to kiss Harry once more. Harry moaned at the sensation of Draco searching around for his entrance and upon finding it, inserting his fingers; one by one. As the third finger entered him slowly he was beginning to lose his patience. "Please…Please Dra…." He gasped in pleasure as he wanted what was to come next. He felt the empty feeling of Draco's fingers leaving him, and prepared for what was coming. He tensed as he felt Draco slowly enter him. Draco stopped and allowed him to adjust. As soon as Harry's muscles relaxed against him, he pulled back only to slowly push back into him. Harry cried out in a painful pleasure at being penetrated. He relished in the feel of Draco inside him once again as they began to move in unison. Draco took it at a slow pace, enjoying every moment of their reunion of love.

Harry's head dipped back over the arm of the couch and his arm fell to his side, grazing the floor as Draco tasted and treated his body as if he were a God. "Draco, please more…." Harry cried, his face showing the expression of desperation. Draco kissed him hard and passionately as he picked up the pace. The only sounds were the gasps, sighs, and moans of the two lovers in the silence of the room. And finally…

Harry cried out, yet his cry was swallowed by another kiss from Draco as he pressed his fingers deep into Draco's skin, coming over their chests. And tightening around him, Harry had brought Draco to orgasm as well. Draco called out his name also and both stilled, riding out the last moment of passion, before collapsing onto the other in pure exhaustion. Draco laid his head on Harry's sweating chest as he rested between the boy's legs, as Harry's fingers graced through his hair once more.

"I love you, Harry," he said softly, kissing the glistening skin before him, "till the day I die."

"I love you too, Draco. Till the day I die," Harry recited. And both just lay in the aftermath

of their lovemaking. Surely nothing could ever come between them and their child now. Everything was perfect. But perhaps a little too perfect.

Chapter 11. A Creak Is A Crime

Harry awoke. They had moved to Harry's bed in order to sleep and the first thing he saw was pale skin. He smiled as he took in Draco's scent and snuggled closer to his lover. He felt Draco's arm tighten around him as well. The sunlight leaked into the window on the two as they lay together, both awake; just savouring.

"Good morning," Draco whispered into the silence of the room.

"Good morning," Harry replied, loving the feel of waking up to Draco after making love and becoming one again. It was then that Harry groaned depressionly.

"Harry, what is it?" But Draco knew what it was. Harry just stood up out of the bed and walked over to the bathroom and closed the door. He could hear Harry letting out his morning sickness and he smiled, shaking his head side to side as he stood and made his way to the bathroom. He knewly beside Harry, rubbing small circles on his back, soothing him.

"I'm so sick of this," he cough, "but, luckily, the doctor said it should be stopping around now to the next month." He knelt over again. "If I didn't love you so much, I'd hate you for doing this to me," he laughed. After a few more moments, he stood up and washed his hands and brushed his teeth.

"Better love?" Draco asked, placing a soft kiss on his lips.

"Much," Harry replied. His eyes then turned to the shower. "I need to take a shower." The open question stood out in the air for a moment, before both agreed and started the water. As they both climbed into the shower, Draco smiled.

"Harry," he said looking at Harry's stomach.

"What?"

"I can see it."

"Nonsense, Draco. We both have noticed that I don't show yet."

"No, no. I mean with your clothes on, no one can tell, but in the smallest of ways, I see it. It's amazing." He took Harry's arm and turned him to the side and looked at him. "Just a little bit there." Harry looked down.

"I suppose if you do look at it like that, it is a little bigger. But not much to really make a difference."

"It's a lot of difference. You are carrying my child there, Mr. Potter. That's a future Malfoy in there, and it will receive the utmost attention."

"And who says that it will be called 'Malfoy' eh?" Harry teased. The question in silence remained unsaid as it was much too early for marriage talk just yet. Draco turned Harry around so that his back came to his chest. He took the soap and created a rich lather over Harry's stomach under the cascading water. Harry's eyes closed as his head fell onto Draco's shoulder, moaning at the sensation the action gave him. He didn't realize what Draco was doing until he felt the soap leave and it was replaced by a hand on his groin. He

gasped as the fingers wrapped around him and softly stroked him with the lather.

Moments later, he came into Draco's hand, letting his remains wash down the drain. He turned in Draco's arms and they kissed under the waterfall in the shower. After their shower, they dressed. Draco had kept a few outfits for the days he laid with Harry at nights. They both walked in to see Ross at the table, reading the *Prophet* and drinking his morning coffee. He smiled as they entered.

"Morning," he said in a knowing and cheerful manner.

"Morning," they each said, a small blush on Harry's cheeks. Draco just smiled at his shy lover as they both helped themselves to some coffee and toast that was set on the table.

"Well, Mr. Potter," Ross announced, "it seems you're quite popular nowadays." Harry gasped and covered his mouth in mock surprise.

"No! *Me? Popular*. When did this happen!" Draco and Ross laughed and Ross turned the paper around for them to read.

The Ball Of The Century Is To Be Held In Ministry Walls

The Ministry of Magic is to be the setting of what is sure to be the grand event of the century. Harry Potter, defeater of You-Know-Who, is to celebrate his inheritance into Wizardhood. Although young Mr. Potter celebrated his actual birthday a month ago (July 31st) the Ministry was given permission and time to create this ball for him.

"Mr. Potter was very delighted in allowing this ball, seeing as he has never been given one. We wish to make this his first and best, thanking him for all that he has done for Wizard kind," says Albus Dumbledore, Headmaster of Hogwarts.

"Oh, I'm thrilled," Harry rolled his eyes at the words of Albus.

The ball is to be held tomorrow night (August 16th), and will include such important guests as; the Minister and his son, Albus Dumbledore, Lucius Malfoy and his family, along with many others that is sure to turn this into a must see celebration! Congratulations, Mr. Potter!

"Yeah, thanks," Harry replied gloomily. He set the paper down. "We'll have to get wizarding robes to wear for tomorrow night," he whined.

"It's not that bad, Harry. It's actually fun. And fit into the nice stuff now, before you're not able to," Draco said playfully, as he lightly poked at Harry's stomach. Harry smiled and they all agreed that they would go and buy their robes that day.

They went yet again to Diagon Alley that day and went to Madam Malkins. As they entered Madam Malkin met them and greeted them with their specials and sales, before they said what they were looking for.

"Oh course," she said, "I hear it will be quite the show."

"Oh, it will," Draco said with an air of mystery. He sure had plans for Harry that night, but he was not going to say. But as they stood to get their measurements on the floor, Draco smiled.

"Do you remember the last time that you and I stood here getting fitted?" He watched as

Harry thought and then smiled at remembering.

“The first time that we ever met.” Draco nodded. “Though I can safely say that we are probably on much better terms now then we were then. I didn’t like you the first time that I saw you.” Draco gasped in mock offense.

“Not like *moi?!*”he gasped with his hand over his chest.

“No, I thought you were a spoiled brat.” Draco thought.

“Well, you are correct there, my love. I was spoiled. I don’t know if I was a brat but,”

“Draco.”

“What?”

“You were a brat.”

“Well, if you say so.” They then began to scan the different robes that came in their sizes. Harry tried on a black pair of pants, a yellow vest over a white shirt and a black robe. He stepped in front of the mirror.

“No.” Harry turned around and looked Ross and Draco, who sat in chairs. “ Yellow is definitely now your color.” Draco then proceeded with scanning the shelf of vests. He finally returned with two selections. One was a red shirt to go under the black robe. “Hmm, it looks good, but it’s not what we’re looking for.” He then slipped off Harry’s robe and made to unbutton the shirt, before Harry could stop him.
“It this some fetish or his?” Ross joked from his chair. He was going to wear a navy blue robe with a silver vest, and so was waiting for the other two.

“Seems to be…,” Harry trailed off as his shirt was ripped off by a determined Draco.

“I almost thought white, but white is too innocent,” Draco muttered.

“I could be innocent!” Harry said. Draco just turned to him with his smirk that Harry hadn’t seen in ages. He slowly walked up to Harry and whispered into his ear.

“You’re far from innocent, my love.” He pulled back from a clearly embarrased Harry. Ross was interested in what Draco had told Harry, but continued to watch as Draco dressed his lover in concentration. The last choice Draco has chosen was tried on.

“Draco,” Harry whined, “I always get dressed in green. Why emerald green again for a gathering?”

“It matches your eyes and seems to show you power. Green is very powerful color. It will remind everyone that you are capable of a very powerful AK spell.” Harry looked again into the mirror. He wore the tradtional black pants, white crisp shirt with a black vest that was covered in a pattern of emerald dragons. And finally a long black cloak with a green trim.

“But I always seem to wear dragons too,” Harry said.

“Well, these will actually mean something,” Draco whispered into his ear from behind, wrapping his arms around Harry’s waist. “These dragons can represent me; your dragon,” he purred. Harry pulled away and turned towards Ross.

“Yes, I think this will do.” Draco and Ross smiled at Harry’s quick persuasion from just

Draco's whisper.

"Well, I suppose we're ready to go then," Harry announced, emerging from the dressing room, his new robes over his arm.

"Hold it there, Golden Boy," Draco said. "We still need to dress me."

"Oh, I'm sorry, Draco."

"Quite all right. Now, I shouldn't be too long." What an understatement. If Harry and Ross had known that it would take this long, they would have left earlier. If they thought Harry took a long time, Draco was worse. He must have tried on everything in every color, twice. Harry was falling asleep against his hand, when the door opened yet again.

"I think this is the one," he heard Draco say. He lifted his head and was at a loss for words.

Draco stood before him in black trousers, a black shirt with a silver collar, and a silver robe that was covered in long elegant black snakes that overlapped each other on the soft material. It did hold a repected and aristocratic air around it. And when he turned to face Harry from the mirror, Harry's breath caught. And only one thought entered his mind.

I can't believe that that is mine……

He stood, lowering his robe softly over the chair. Ross smiled knowingly, watching the two grow closer.

"You're beautiful," Harry breathed.

"I know," Draco teased, causing the both of them to smile and softly kiss. Harry felt Draco's fingers graze his jeans. He pulled back.

"Not here, Draco!" he hissed.

"Aw, come on, Harry. What a way to celebrate a reunion of sorts. And besides; sex in a dressing room would be hot." He started to suck on Harry's neck, causing the smaller boy to grow weak.

"Dra…n…no!" he pushed back on the blond. "We can't do that here. I'm sorry, love. But it wouldn't be appropriate."

"Oh, all right," the blond gave in, "but you wait," he said, pointing at Harry's chest, "I'll get you later."

"Fine by me," Harry said, putting his hands up in surrender, "anything to let me leave that party early." And with that, they kissed, Draco dressed, and the three purchased their attire before heading home.

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The following evening finally did arrive. The ballroom was elegantly decorated while guests traveled around and mingled with their wine. When the two entered the ballroom at the Ministry, Draco walked over to find his father while Harry walked in search of his friends.

"Harry!" Harry looked over and saw Ron and Hermione walking towards him. Hermione was wearing a dark purple dress with her hair pulled up. Ron walked over wearing new gray dress robes. Harry thought that Hermione might have bought him those. Hermione

threw her arms around his neck, almost knocking him over. He put his arm around her.

“Hello, Hermione. You look beautiful.” Ron hit him on the shoulder in his friendly way and they both made their way to find a table.

“Good party you’ve got here, mate,” Ron commented after they had sat and collected a glass of wine.

“I’ve had better,” Harry commented.

“But, you’ve never had a party, Harry,” Hermione pointed out.

“Yeah, but if I did, it would have been better than this. Look at all this gold and glass around here. It's just too much and…fancy.” He made a face, causing Ron to laugh. “So, how are you two doing?” he asked.

“Well, we have scheduled the wedding for November the sixteenth. Is that all right for you to come?” Hermione asked, taking a sip of her champagne.

“I don’t see why not. I’m still really happy for the two of you. So you both are working in the Ministry?” They both nodded and shared small talk for a few more minutes.

“Why didn’t you guys wait for me?” Ross pouted as he came to the table. Hermione smiled and stood to hug her cousin and he and Ron shared a handshake before he sat.

“So, how are you and Harry’s arrangements doing? Hermione asked.

“Good, good. No troubles at all,” Ross spoke. They all sat there for a moment listening to music that was playing while couples danced on the floor. They were sitting beside the refreshment table and Draco walked up to pour himself a glass of wine. When Hermione saw him, Harry saw her eyes widen. She didn’t know. The last time he had spoken with her, he had cried on graduation night about what had happened. She would expect him to be nervous or uneasy in his presence. It almost made him sad that he couldn’t tell his friends everything yet.

When Draco turned, he purposefully bumped his elbow on the back of Harry’s neck, causing a little champagne to fall onto Harry’s robes.

“Watch it!” Ron grumbled at him. “Go somewhere else Malfoy!”

“Oh, what have we here?” he asked slyly, “Weasley and Granger and…is that you, Potter? Well, if it isn’t my old rivals. And how have you all been?”

“Bugger off, Malfoy!” Ron growled.

“Why, aren’t we the rude ones? Here I am, simply trying to make conversation and you are already shunning me away. Hmm, are you going to shun me too, Potter?” Harry swallowed and looked at his two friends who seemed to be waiting on his response.

“Just, go away Dr-Malfoy. I’ll deal with you later.” He heard Draco laugh, before the low voice.

“I’ll look forward to it.” And with that, Draco turned and began to walk around the room, in search of people that he knew. He smiled to himself at the embarrasment that he had caused Harry. He just loved the boy too much to pass up a chance to see him blush.

“One of these days….,” Ron mumbled, watching the blond make his way to a group of

people that he obviously knew.

“Oh, Ron. Stop this childish manner. Oh, I love this song. Here Ron, dance with me,” Hermione said, standing up and grabbing Ron, leading him out to the dancefloor, and giving Harry a worried look as they passed.

Harry sighed and looked to his lap.

“That was close,” Ross smiled, “I take it they don’t know.” Harry just smiled and shook his head.

“ I haven’t had the time to tell them. I still don’t know how I will. Right now, they’re my friends,” he said as they both looked to the couple dancing happily together. “Sure, Ron definitely can’t dance, but” they laughed, “Hermione knows about that night with me and Draco. But she doesn’t know that I’m pregnant. The only one who knows is you, Draco, and the doctor.

“So, what are you going to do?”

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Draco made his way around the room, mingling with certain people that he was aquainted with.

“Hello, Draco.” Draco turned around to face the boy against the wall. The same black hair that fell over his eyes stared back at him. The younger boy held an air of superiority and was as tall as Draco was. He had his arms crossed over his own maroon robes. He held that sort of punk look to his face and hair that Muggles might wear, yet more elegant and refined.

“Gavin,” Draco nodded his head and made to leave again.

“You look good.” Draco closed his eyes and sighed in irritation, before turning back to his past lover.

“So do you,” he said with a fake smirk.

“Oh, don’t lie to me, Draco. You hate my very existance right?”

“Something like that,” Draco sighed, swirling his champagne in circles in the glass casually. “Well, I must be going.”

“Well wait,” Gavin said silkily as he slipped in front of Draco, blocking his way, his hand touching Draco’s chest. “I’ve missed you, Drake. What do you say you and I uh…get together after the ball?” Usually the look that Gavin gave Draco would suffice, but it did not work anymore.

“Excuse me, Klent,” he said using only the boy’s last name to dismiss him from his presence as he made to walk away. Gavin only glared daggers at Draco’s back. Gavin was also in ways like a Malfoy; he *always* got what he wanted. He watched as Draco approached Harry Potter’s table and whisper something at the table, before walking off. Noone else noticed the touch that he gave to the boy’s shoulder. This only increased Gavin’s anger.

Draco walked over to Harry and touched his shoulder to whisper, “Ross, walk up to the refreshment table. Blaise is about to head that way, and I think this is a good time for you two to meet.” With that he let go and walked away to find his father. Ross looked to Harry

with a 'Wish Me Luck' expression, before standing and walking over. He saw a very good looking boy and figured that it was Blaise. He casually went to pour his wine the same time as Blaise, hitting his hand in the process, by *accident*.

"Oh, sorry," Ross smiled.

"Oh, no it was my fault."

"Ross Hayden," Ross put out his hand.

"Blaise Zabini," Blaise put his hand out and shook Ross's.

"Interesting name," Ross mentioned. "Pureblood I take it?"

"Yeah," Blaise grinned guiltily, sending shivers down Ross's body. He really was cute! He had short black hair that was styled nicely and little bit of facial hair growing in the form of a future goatee. "So, are you related to Potter, or a friend or…?" Blaise questioned.

"Uh yeah, we're room mates."

"Wow," Blaise said, "didn't expect that. So you two must be…?"

"Oh no," Ross said, getting the idea, "we kissed once, but he has a boyfriend and they are pretty serious. I'm a cousin of Hermione Granger. Do you know her?"

"Yeah," Blaise nodded. "School mates. Maybe not the best of friends, but she sure does have her wit about her."

"Yes, she certainly does. I'll tell you, it's not easy to grow up with a know-it-all." They both laughed and talked more about each other, and getting to know more about the other.

After a few moments, Marshall Klent stepped up to the stage. "*Sonorus*. Good evening ladies and gentlemen. I am so glad that you all could come to celebrate this occasion of our own Mr. Potter. While he has served the Wizarding World in his own unique and powerful manner, I think that we could all give him something in return. So, Mr. Potter, we are issueing you an Order of Merlin, first class, and officially adding you to the Wizard's Fame list." A loud applause rang out through the hall, the loudest being Draco, proud of his lover. Harry meanwhile tried to hide his face and humiliated blush. "Now as Mr. Potter has refused to speak tonight, we have asked Albus Dumbledore to say a few words.

The old frail man made his way up to the podium and cleared his throat. "How do I begin? I was there the day that young Mr. Potter was born. I knew that he was destined for a great destiny. I watched as the boy grew up under such terrible conditions that were beyond my control. But as we can see, he has grown to be a respected wizard of his own.

Now what makes that meaning, *respected*?…." *Oh dear Merlin, he's going to go into one of his ramblings…..* Harry thought depressingly as he rested his head on his hand. A half an hour later, Albus ended to a loud applause; though it was mostly that everyone was glad to be rid of the analogies that Albus had been spurting out. And it was then that the music started again.

Draco walked back over to his father, who was talking to Mr. Zabini.

"I'm sure that Blaise will marry soon. I keep pressing the matter on Draco. After all, he needs to choose a husband soon, as does your son. But my son knows what is good and what is not." Lucius gave that look to Draco of pride.

"Quite right," Mr. Zabini agreed, "I don't mind about blood much anyway. I know that you do, Lucius, and I understand your reasoning perfectly. But there is already a sign of half blood in my family distantly. I just want to see Blaise happy now. And if either he or his husband will carry a child is fine by me. But I do expect grandchildren."

"As do I," Lucius said, turning an eye on Draco, " but it seems that your son has found someone of interest. He seems reasonable."

"Yes, yes he does indeed," Mr Zabini said, looking over to Blaise and Ross. "Hmm, I wonder who that young man is? Well, I can safely promise that I probably won't be seeing my son tonight." The two men laughed as they knew. Their sons were of respectable ages and expected to do the things that they did. It was part of the twisted world of Purebloods.

"Blood or not, at least its an agreeable person it seems," Lucius said, "its not as if it's Harry Potter or anything." Draco's heart stopped in panic.

"Ah, yes I know. Besides, I don't know if I would want Blaise with anyone famous or not. All of the bad publicity that goes around."

"Yes, of course," Lucius said. "And I'm sure that Draco will find someone soon, won't you son?" he turned to Draco.

"Yes, father, of course." And with that Draco turned around. He had to get out. If he wanted to fulfill his plan, he would have to leave now before his father left. The party would probably last at least three to four more hours. Perfect.

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Harry was still sitting. Draco walked passed and tapped his shoulder, causing Harry to watch him leave the room. He looked around and stood up to follow. When he entered the hallway he saw that it was empty, but the music still filtered out.

"I've been dieing to dance with you again, Harry," Draco smiled at him. Harry grinned back at him and they came together and moved as the soft tune began to play.

"What was your father saying?" Harry asked as they moved. Draco sighed.

"That he was glad that Blaise and I weren't together with you."

"I knew it. Draco, we are going to get in trouble."

"No we won't. Besides, you're eighteen now. And in a week or so I'll be eighteen. So it's fine. Nothing bad will happen. Now, come with me. I want to take you to the manor."

"Draco! That is so dangerous!" Harry exclaimed.

"No, it's not," Draco purred, "I've planned this for days now. My parents will be here for at least four more hours. Father always stays until the end of the Ministry parties whether he likes them or not, and so does mother. Besides, as long as I'm with you, you'll be included in my magical signature and the wards will allow you in with me. And I want to show you home. My room….," he whispered against Harry's ear, lightly licking it and turning the other boy on slowly.

"But…but…"

"Shh, relax…" Draco said, taking Harry's hand and leading him out of the Ministry, a pair of eyes watching from around the corner the entire time.

Once they got out onto the street, Draco apparated them to just outside of Malfoy Manor. Harry looked up and his eyes widened.

"You live *here*!"

"Yes. And now I want you to see it. I'll give you a tour. Or at least a tour of the things that lead up to my room." They both grinned as they walked inside. Draco gave the orders to any house elves to remain silent and to act as if he was not there. He turned back and kissed Harry passionately as they then began to practically run up the many stairways.

They both slammed against the door of Draco's room, their lips still together in a longing and yearning kiss. The anxiousness of what was to come nearly throwing each of them into an endless world of desire. Harry was about to go mad with wanting Draco and he pulled Draco towards the bed. Draco pushed forward, closing the door, and walking until he and Harry fell onto his large bed.

Their robes were gently removed and each piece of skin was kissed and caressed. They slipped underneath the sheets as Draco reached over to his side drawer for lubricant. He prepared an eager Harry, before gently slipping into him. Harry gasped out his name as he was entered and urged Draco to move.

But Harry was not for soft and loving tonight. He needed Draco more this time. And Draco needed him just as bad and so the blond began to move more forceful, but not enough to hurt Harry. He thrusted faster and faster, the only sound was their gasps and moans as well as the slapping of skin on skin.

****

Gavin was growing rather bored, and hadn't found any decent person to leave with. He inspected his fingernails, before getting his idea into the works. He casually walked over to Lucius Malfoy who was talking to his father.

"….and you know the Pureblood line is,"

"Escuse me, Mr. Malfoy?"

"Ah, yes, Gavin. What is it, son?" Gavin's eyes scanned from his father's and back to Lucius.

"I think that you should go home."

"Gavin!" Marshall hissed to his son, "what is the meaning of this,"

"No, I…I think something is wrong with Draco."

"Well, that's impossible. Draco is right…." He looked around him. "Where is Draco?" he asked, looking around.

"I saw him leave a few moments ago. He said he wasn't feeling very well."

"Well, perhaps I should be going. It is getting late, Mr. Klent. I do hope you won't think ill of me for my early retreat?"

"Oh, no not at all, Lucius. Go tend to your son. Tell him I said that I hope he feels better."

"I will, good night, sir."

"Good night."

Lucius walked over to where his wife was socializing with several ladies and whispered about Draco and that they needed to leave. At the mention of her son, she immediately dismissed herself and began to walk after her husband.

"Harry," a husky whisper said in the darkness, as the bed creaked and hit against the wall. Both were panting and moaning desperately.

****

"Lucius, do you think he's all right?" Narcissa asked anxiously as they both walked down the halls of Malfoy Manor.

"I believe so Narcissa. He probably just had too much wine. I'm always telling that boy that…" he said as opened the door. The creaking stopped as Draco looked frightenly over his shoulder, and the head of Harry Potter looked up from under him. Both saw the horrific sight of Lucius Malfoy in the doorway.

Chapter 12. Fragile and Funds

Lucius Malfoy could only stand there in a stunned silence as his jaw dropped. But the boys watched as the expression turned from one of shock to one of anger. He walked forward towards the bed with a low growl in the back of his throat. Draco sat up, and Lucius took Harry's arm and harshly pulled him up off of the bed. Harry grabbed the sheet and wrapped in around his body as he was madhandled and pushed against the wall.

"You'd think you'd steal my son as well, did you!" Lucius yelled,despite the pleadings of his wife and son behind him. Harry flinched as he saw Lucius's hand come up to slap him, and out of all of the pleadings from his family, only one was heard through his mind.

"Father, stop, he's pregnant! Don't hit him!"

This stopped him.

Draco swallowed hard as he watched his father's arm go down, and his back muscles relax. He slowly turned around to face Draco.

"What did you say son?" he asked in a dangerous whisper through his gritted teeth, trying with every magical part in his body to stay calm; it was not working. But Draco was not backing down, not this time.

"He's pregnant, father; with *my* child. That's the future Malfoy heir that he is carrying, so I would appreciate it if you don't lay a finger on him." Lucius only slowly approached his son. He touched both of Draco's shoulders, before turning his head to look at a quivering Harry against the wall.

"How could you do this to me son?" he asked in a low whisper.

"I figured you'd be overjoyed. You'd have the most powerful grandchild that is known in the world. The only reason you hate him is because he defeated the Dark Lord and you had to flee; *again*,"

"Don't take that tone with me! Power is everything. Humiliation is not. Not to mention he is a half-blood and,"

"Why are you being like this?" Draco asked, walking out of his father's grasp and walking over to stand beside Harry. Draco had put on his boxer shorts before and now he stood with his arm over his lover, who was still looking fearfully from Draco to Lucius. "I love him, father."

"Ah, yes; *love*. Is that what he's put into your mind? You think you are loved? Well that is a clear understatement. There is no such thing, haven't I taught you anything in all of your eighteen years of life? I knew Potter here would be trouble, which is why I wanted you to befriend him early, to perhaps change his ways. But no. He has filled your head with nonsense talk of love and happiness. If Gavin hadn't told us that you,"

"Gavin?" Draco asked, anger beginning to flash in his eyes. Harry had never seen such a look in Draco's eyes since they were in school in their Potion's class fighting.

"Yes. Gavin seemed to think that you were ill and had come home. He thought that perhaps we should come to check on you. And,"

"Since when do you care so much for me?" Draco snarled.

"Well it's a good thing we did. It was only too bad we were too late. Now, Potter I think you need to go. Goodbye."

"But father!"

"Lucius, I really don't think that Harry here really needs to,"

"I said out! And you hereby lose your inheritance and funds for your daring to defy me!" Lucius bellowed over his son and wife. "Come, Narcissa."

"Yes, I will come. I can't take it anymore, Lucius. I wish to have a talk with you." Lucius simply rolled his eyes as he and his wife made their way to their study. The sounding of the door shut brought everything into perspective. Draco stood, watching the door, his breathing harsh and quick. He turned around to see Harry, who had slid down the wall and was now crouching in the floor with his knees brought up to his chest. Draco walked over to sit beside him, and put his arm over him.

"I told you something would happen," he said, tears behind his voice that threatened to fall, "this is all my fault. I should have just stayed at the party and,"

"Harry, stop that. It was my fault. But, I'm glad that we did this." Harry looked up at him. "I finally stood up to my father. I stood up for myself, and you. Harry," he lifted the older boy's chin up, "you saved me."

"No," Harry shook his head, tears now not bothering to stay hidden, "no I didn't. I ruined everything. He'll never accept me, Draco. And he…he…he's taken your money. You don't turn eighteen for another week. He could and has ruined everything." He fell into Draco's chest as Draco held his love. Draco wouldn't admit to Harry that, he too, feared his father's consequences.

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Lucius entered his study serenely and made his way to a little table where a bottle of

brandy was settled. He heard the door shut and knew Narcissa was glaring at him.

"How could you do that?" she asked him. Lucius just ignored her for a moment as he placed the cork back on his drink and set it down, picking up his glass and taking a sip.

"Narcissa, my dear, this had to happen. I had no choice but to,"

"Oh, Lucius, whatever you needed to do, it certainly wasn't what you did!"

"You dare to talk ba,"

"Yes, I dare to talk back. I am so tired of standing behind your shadow. I'm tired of just appearing as Mrs. Malfoy. I want a say in what happens in the life of our child! And I also know that you are not as cold as you always appear to be. I've been married to you for nineteen years, Lucius. I've seen you be caring. Especially when Draco was smaller. Why did you grow to be like this?"

"I have to show him the real world, so that it does not consume him in its evil ways," Lucius said, signalling to his wife that he wasn't the harsh man that he appeared on the outside.

"Lucius, perhaps Harry is not what you imagined that Draco would turn out with. But he could be much better."

"*That* is impossible."

"And why is that?" Narcissa asked, knowing the answer. She walked up beside her husband and looked to his face in which he would not look at her. "Is it because you know he's stronger than you? Is it because you fear him? That he could defeat you if he ever discovered that? That is, isn't it? It's power." She laughed and walked a little ways away, before turning back around to face her husband. "You have always taught Draco to seek power. Find a powerful husband, when you discovered his orientation. And he did. He listened to you. He found the most powerful wizard that there was to love and receive love in return."

"Potter does not love Draco. There is no way. They were enemies for years."

"Time heals all wounds, Lucius. You and I didn't have the best relationship when we were first betrothed. But you learned to love me. You may not say it often and try to hide it, but you do love. You love me, and Draco. You also love your money, power, and pride. Those cannot be helped. But, your son believes in love right now. Don't let him throw that away, Lucius. That is the greatest gift a person can receive; love. And you will miss it."

Lucius felt her walk back to him. She placed her hand on his shoulder and turned him to face her.

"Lucius, I want grandchildren. You and I aren't getting any younger. And I'd like to see them grow. And you are pressuring Draco to marry at eighteen. And now he can. This would be good on the family status as well for you. And think, a little grandchild running around these halls. Don't you miss it?" she whispered, tears beginning to form in her eyes, "the little feet scampering around the hall. We can have that again. Just don't ruin it Lucius. Don't force them to get rid of it."

She covered her mouth and walked towards the door. Before she walked out, she turned back. "I'm sorry if you're too shallow to accept Harry and true love. But I know that I can. And I will enjoy my grandchildren, whether you are there to celebrate it or not. You are a hateful person, Lucius. And in time, I think you will come to see just how much." And with

that she walked out, closing the door, and leaving Lucius to ponder with his brandy.

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Harry dressed and Draco apparated them to Harry's apartment.

"Draco, you should go."

"No, Harry. I want to be here with,"

"No. We've already caused enough damage. I think it's best if we just…take a break. If we give your parents any more trouble, things will get so much worse. I'm doing this for us. It is the best thing to do right now, and you know it." Draco nodded, with pain written on his face.

"I don't want to leave you. I want to be there with the baby," Draco said with tears beginning to fall down his cheeks. "I want to be a good father." Harry sadly chuckled through his tears as he brought his hand up to Draco's cheek.

"And you are. You will be. This is only for a short time, my love." Draco took Harry's hand and brought it to his lips, kissing it and allowing his tears to soak Harry's fingers. He held Harry's hand back to his cheek.

"I promise. When I turn eighteen. The night of my eighteenth birthday. I'll come for you. I promise." Harry nodded. Draco leaned forward and captured Harry's lips in a passionate and forced goodbye kiss. Harry kissed back just as hard, both determined to linger as long as possible. "I love you so much," Draco wept against his cheek.

"I love you too, Draco," Harry whispered, kissing Draco on the cheek. "Now go. I'll be fine," he said, pushing Draco slightly away. With one final little kiss, Draco apparated and left only Harry to stand alone in the livingroom. He walked over to sit on the couch that he and Draco had just made love on two nights prior. He fell to his side and wept into the pillows.

"Draco."

Harry heard the door open and he looked up to see Ross and Blaise walk out. Ross immediately fell on the floor beside Harry.

"Harry, what is it?" he asked, concern flashing in his eyes. Harry sat up and wiped his eyes.

"L-Lucius..he… f-found us, he c-caught us," Harry wept. Blaise covered his mouth and turned to face the other way as he took in. He knew the temper of an angry Lucius Malfoy. He was Draco's best friend after all. Ross looked up over his shoulder at Blaise.

"I know how Lucius gets when he's angry. He can get abusive at times." Ross's eyes widened; the baby. He turned quickly around to face Harry.

"Harry, did he touch you? Did he harm you?!" Harry didn't answer. He slightly shook him, "what happened, Harry!"

"No, he didn't hit me. He was about to. He had his arm in the air, but Draco screamed out that I was pregnant." Ross and Blaise both gasped. Blaise was just learning of the pregnancy, but he knew that this wasn't good. Draco had told him about his relationship

with Harry, knowing it was confidential and he could trust Blaise. "What happened next?" Ross asked in a panic.

"He told Draco that he wouldn't get his inheritance…and made me go away. And we…well we promised to not see each other for the time until we can fix everything. He promised to come get me when he turns eighteen in a week." He cried into Ross's shoulder. Harry always had to lose everything just when he found happiness. Why? But after a moment, Harry pulled back up and wiped his nose and tears. "I think I might stay with Ron and Hermione at the Weasley's. Hermione is still living there, setting the wedding up. I don't think they'd mind."

"Do you want me to come with you?" Ross asked, but Harry shook his head. "Well then I will at least come see you everyday. Are you going to be all right? Is there anything that you need?" But Harry just shook his head as he stood.

"I think I'll just pack and write an owl, telling them that I want to come stay. They should be leaving the party about now. So they will get it when they get back home. I just hope that it's not too rude of me to just come in uninvited."

"Nonsense. They'd love for you to come stay," Ross told him. They watched as Harry walked into his room and closed the door. Blaise walked up behind Ross and put his arms around the other boy, his chin on Ross's shoulder.

"Do you think he'll be ok?" Blaise asked. Ross touched the hand that fell over his chest.

"I don't know."

"I think perhaps I should apparate to the Malfoy's. Draco set up the wards so that I could apparate anytime. I could spend the night with him, and make sure he's all right." Ross nodded and turned to kiss Blaise goodbye and they promised to meet again soon.

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Draco sat on his bed, his knees brought up to his chest. He slightly rocked back and forth while his eyes seemed in a daze. He looked up as he heard Blaise apparate. He turned away. He didn't want his friend to see him like this.

"Oh, Draco. I'm so sorry," he said as he sat beside Draco. "Harry told us everything."

"It's just not fair, Blaise. I finally stand up to my father. I finally find love. I get everything that I have always been taught and believed that I couldn't get. And why Harry? Everything always happens to him. I just wanted to be there for him."

"I know, mate," Blaise said as he put his arm over Draco. "It's hard. Let's try to sleep."

"I can't sleep, Blaise. I can't even breathe correctly anymore. I tasted the passion of love and then had it torn away from me. And I'll keep my promise, Blaise. The night I turn eighteen, I'm going to Harry. And there is nothing my father can do about it," he growled. Blaise nodded that he understood. "I love him, Blaise."

"I know, Draco."

Harry closed his bag as he walked over to his desk. He grabbed his quill and bent over the chair to the parchment that was sitting on the desk.

Dear Ron and Herm,

I'm going through a difficult time and could really use my friends. Would you mind if I came to stay a week or so with you? I hope Molly and Arthur won't mind.

-Harry

He knew he sounded weak and puny, but he couldn't care less at this time. He walked over to Hedwig who was perched on the windowsill. He stroked her feathers and she hooted as she carried his letter off. He knew that he wouldn't have to wait that long for a reply. He knew that they would say yes, but he had to at least ask. Ross came into the open door, knocking on the side of the wall. Harry looked up and smiled. He walked over and hugged Ross.

"Thank you for everything, Ross," he said.

"Anytime."

"Now, can you at least *try* to keep house while I'm gone?" Harry teased and they both laughed. Harry finished packing anything that he might need. Except one thing. He looked over and saw the rose in its vase. He walked over and picked it up. He knew nothing would probably happen to Draco, but it would

still do to remind him or Draco and keep him company. It was then Hedwig flew through the window and dropped the letter on Harry's bed.

Harry,

It's fine if you come. Mum and Dad said that they don't mind and would enjoy it. Hermione is beside herself. She is worried and excited. I'm afraid you'll have to deal with her there, mate. We're worried for you though, so hurry up. See you in a few. We've let down the wards so that you could apparate here.

Ron

"Ready to go, Hedwig?" Harry asked.

"She could stay here with me. I'd watch her," Ross said. Harry just gave him the 'I-don't-believe- you' look. "What I would. How about it girl? Would you rather stay here with me or go with Harry," he said Harry's name nastily in his teasing. The bird simply hooted vainly and flew to land on Harry's shoulder. "Well fine," Ross said. Harry smiled and stroked Hedwig's feathers again.

Harry closed the letter, pulled his bag over his shoulder, and grabbed the vase. He said goodbye to Ross and apparated to the Burrow.

He appeared in the living room. Ron and Hermione were still in their dress clothes, clearly saying that they had finally been permitted to leave. The first thing he felt was Hermione hug him tightly.

"Harry are you all right?" her eyes flashed in fear of her friend.

"Uh..yeah, I'm fine, really guys. I just need some support for now."

"What's with the flower mate?" Ron asked. Hermione's eyes widened.

"Is that a Prism Plant?" she asked excitedly.

"Er…"Harry wasn't sure how to answer that question.

"They're very rare," Hermione said, "they are usually given as a security present. They are mixed with two colors usually of the giver and reciever's eyes. I've read about green and silver before. So this must be a Semerald Rose." Harry's mouth dropped open; could Hermione really know *everything*? "But Harry, who..?" but he then saw her face dawn with realization. "Oh. I see."

"See? See what?" Ron went on. "What is going on here?" Harry and Hermione looked at each other worriedly. But Harry knew that even Hermione didn't know about the pregnancy. He sighed and walked over to sit on the couch as Hermione stood behind Ron, who sat on the table in front of Harry.

"Ron, there's something that I need to tell you."

Chapter 13. Just To Stay In The Game

"What is it, mate?" Ron asked with a smile. A smile that Harry knew would fade as the details explained themselves in the moments to come. His eyes found Hermione's again as he took a breath. She thought she knew; but she had no idea.

"What I'm about to say to you, Ron, is serious. There's something about me that you don't know." He heard Hermione take a shaky breath as she anticipated what was finally going to be told to her fiance. "Ron, I…I'm gay."

There was a silence. Ron just continued to stare at Harry as if he hadn't been told yet. His expression didn't change, he didn't even blink for a few moments. He took a deep breath and continued to look at Harry. Harry wasn't sure what was worse; Ron blowing up or Ron suppressing everything. At long last, Ron stood up and walked over to the window. He continued to stare out. Hermione and Harry shared a look and Harry bit his lip in dread of what his friend would say. Ron looked down to the floor, before he walked over. Harry's breath caught. Was Ron going to hit him? Yell at him? He cringed as Ron grew closer, but his eyes widened when he felt Ron's arms wrap around him in a hug.

He looked over Ron's shoulder to see Hermione's eyes beginning to fill with tears. Ron pulled back and sat back on the table.

"It's…it's all right, mate. I suppose that there is really nothing wrong with that. If there's any sense in what Hermione has lectured me on over the past few years, it's that you really can't choose who you are attracted to or love."

"I'm glad that you said that, Ron. I can only hope that you can still think that when I tell you what I'm about to tell you next." Ron's brow furrowed as Harry's statement confused and scared him.

"Well you see, Ron, the night before graduation…I slept with someone. A man," he watched as Ron nodded in understanding. He could tell it made Ron uncomfortable, but that he wanted to be a good friend and support Harry. "That night I lost my virginity…to Draco Malfoy." He watched as Ron's face turned red. He thought Ron's was holding in from screaming, but Ron couldn't hold back anymore and it turned out he was laughing. Harry and Hermione both watched the red head.

"Um, Ron?" Hermione asked, "Harry's not joking." Ron fell to his side, still laughing at what he had been told.

"Yes he is, Hermione. No on in their right mind would shag the ferret," he said through laughs. Hermione could see the hurt on Harry's face that he wasn't believed. She locked her jaw and stared fiercly upon her fiance.

"Ronald Weasley, before you start laughing at jokes, I suggest you find out if it's a joke or not. Clearly this is a serious matter and Harry is *not* joking, and if you would stop laughing like a baffoon for one moment, you'd see that." Ron covered his laugh into a guilty smile, before he looked to Harry.

"She's just upset, because she knows I'm right. Come on, Harry, tell her that it was a joke to get me going. You wouldn't have sex with Malfoy." Ron gestured for Harry to tell her. But when he didn't, the cheerful grin began to fall from Ron's face. "Tell her mate," there seemed to be a desperate plea in his request. Harry just bit his lip and looked to the floor back to his friend. "Oh my God."

"I'm so sorry, Ron, I should have told,"

"No, its fine, Harry," Ron assured.

"But don't worry, Ron. He regretted the whole thing the next day," Hermione assured Ron, "that's why we left the next day. Harry just felt so rotten and humiliated." Ron looked to Harry who nodded.

"Well, I guess I can get over that. It was one measly fuck. No harm done. I'm glad you told me mate," Ron said, hugging Harry again. Harry wasn't used to Ron hugging. He knew that Ron had already been living with Hermione too long. But here came the big one. He took a shaky breath and whispered in Ron's shoulder.

"Wait…there's more."

When Ron let go, Harry saw that both he and Hermione supported puzzled looks. "What else could there possibly be mate?" Ron asked. Harry closed his eyes and forced his next sentence to come out.

"I wanted to forget all about him. I went to become an Auror like I worked so hard for. But when I went to the Healer, he wouldn't let me go. He said that I was…pregnant." Hermione gasped, and her hand covered her mouth. Ron looked as if he was confused and had swallowed a Dungbeetle all at the same time. "but what I didn't know was how rare Natural Conceptions were." Hermione's eyes lit up.

"Of course! It takes only true love to create a baby naturally between two Wizards and,"

"Excuse me!" Ron said, standing up, "so my friend is *in love* and *pregnant* by the ferret?! What is this 'Happy Sharing Time'? So you're two months pregnant, and you didn't think to ask for help?" Ron asked Harry. Harry only blushed and flinched at Ron's tone.

"Well, I've had Ross and,"

"And he is your new best friend after all," Ron said, rolling his eyes, "I can't believe that you would keep something like this from me and Hermione!"

"Well I told 'Mione about Draco the night of graduation but,"

"But you couldn't tell me?" Ron roared, "Why did you feel like you had to keep this from me!"

"Because I knew that you would act like this!" Harry yelled back at the same tone and just as loud as Ron had. And before either of them could say another word, Harry picked up his bag and walked towards Ron's room in which he shared. He had to get away. When he walked into the hall he bumped into Ginny. He froze and looked to her. They hadn't spoken

since the last time that he had been there and had told her he was gay.
"Ginny, I…"

"Is it true?" she asked. Harry swallowed. *She heard me….oh Merlin….*

"Umm…well…er.."

"I asked if its true, Harry? Are you…are you *pregnant*?" she whispered. She had already heard. There was no point in hiding it now or even trying to lie. He only nodded. "Well, I will say that I hate it's not me carrying your child. But I will say that I have been getting over you finally. And perhaps this is the best thing considering things now. But is it also true that you love Draco Malfoy?" she said the name in distate. Harry held back a laugh and just nodded. He watched her cringe and shiver at the though and she shook her head. But the air grew serious.

"I need you so bad right now," Harry said quietly. She looked at him as if he were a little lost puppy and wrapped her arms around him in a loving hug.

"As much as I hate it, I can not help what you have gotten yourself into. But I will agree to be your friend and help you in any way that I can, Harry." He sighed in relief as he hugged her tighter. She was his friend again. "I'll be a little more understanding than my brother." They both looked into the living room in which Ron and Hermione were fussing over things. Harry just sighed, complaining that he was tired, and walked up to his room. They didn't need to know what happened tonight with Lucius. It wasn't important; to them at least. Harry settled down into bed and turned the light off; determind to fall asleep before Ron came to bed.

Ginny watched him go up the stairs before turning back around and walking into the living room.

"Godric, Ron, do you always have to be such a pain in the arse?" Ginny asked. Ron and Hermione quit their Harry bickering and looked to her.

"Stay out of this, Ginny. You don't know what you are getting yourself into," Ron muttered. Ginny crossed her arms in a challenge.

"Oh?" she tested, "so Harry's not pregnant and in love with Draco Malfoy?" There was a silence in which Ron blushed. "Honestly, Ron. Look at how you handled that. I'll tell you; ghastly. Not only did you succeed in turning Harry's life into even more of a rotten and sodding Hell, but you managed to fail in supporting him in you're friendship. Just because you've found the perfect wife and are happy, doesn't mean others are in their love lives. Put yourself in Harry's life; just turned eighteen, pregnant, in a forbidden love, and without a caring friend whom he thought he could trust. Merlin, sometimes I can really hate you." She walked towards the doorway towards her own bedroom before she turned to look at the other two. "And I know that I didn't talk to him for months, but; I was there when he asked for help and needed me. I forgave him. Perhaps you should do the same."

"Bloody Hell," Ron groaned as he fell onto the couch and buried his face in his hands. "What are we going to do, Herm?" Hermione just looked down at him.

"I swear, Ronald Weasley, if I didn't love you," she went on, "you know what we need to do. You need to appologize to Harry for being an insufferable git."

"Excuse me? I forgave him for being gay and even shagging Malfoy! How much is a friend supposed to take? Harry just lost control! Admit it!"

"It was a one time thing, Ron!" Hermione exclaimed, shutting her fiance up, "how was he

supposed to know he would get pregnant. This of how rare that actually is! And think how many times that you and I have made love. If anyone lost control it was us. He thought that he would finally cut back and have fun and look where it got him. This is just like what would happen to Harry. He needs to know that we are there for him. That is why he paired up with Ginny at the end of the year, because we were too blind with our own selves that we didn't notice the trouble that he was going through deciding his sexual preference. And stop making that face, if you are homophobic, than you can just,"

"It's not that, Hermione," Ron said, "it's just hard to see Harry pregnant and…giving birth." Hermione just crossed her arms.

"Well, you better see it. Now I want you to go up there and appologize to him right now. I have a feeling that something else happened tonight that he didn't tell us. Something that made him want to come here to seek comfort. And I want you to find out what it is and come to tell me. I know that he would tell you if you give him the reassurance that you'll be there and support him. I know that you love him. And this is going to take some time, but I know that you can do it darling." And with that she gently kissed him and pushed him towards his room.

Ron walked up the rickety stairway until he came to his room. He saw Harry lying with his back to him.

"Harry?" He regretted everything that he had said in the last hour as Harry turned around and looked at him with red rimmed eyes caused from tears and pain.

"Harry, I…I'm sorry."

"It's ok, Ron. I know Hermione told you to come up here and say that. It's ok if you don't accept me,"

"No, Harry, it's not that, it's,"

"I mean I can understand how weird it is for you and,"

"If you would just let me,"

"But if you didn't want to accept me than it's fine to just,"

"HARRY!"

Ron put his hand over his eyes.

"How did things turn out so differently? Everyone is just…changed. I know we grew up, but I never imagined our future like this." Harry remained silent. He watched as Ron paced the room for a moment, running his hand through his short red hair, making it stand on end much in the same fashion as his did all the time. "I know something else must have happened tonight that you aren't telling us." Harry still only remained silent, confirming Ron's accusations. "You want to tell me?" After a moment when he thought Harry wasn't going to answer, the boy sat up on the bed.

"Ron," Harry began, "it was a one night stand. But you see…Ross brought him home one night as a 'guest'. And we met again and argued until we made up. Long story short, and I read about natural conceiving is made through love, even if the lovers don't feel anything at first. So I knew that he was willing to change when he said that he was. And he did, Ron. You may not believe me, but it's true.

But tonight at the ball, we were….at his Manor. His father came home early for some bizarre reason and…caught us." Ron's eyes widened and he cursed, urging Harry to go on. "And he took Draco's money and forced me to leave. Draco brought me back to my apartment. And we agreed that we won't see each other for the rest of the week until he turns eighteen and is legal to leave. So it's simple…it's just hard," he said, hiding his eyes again. Ron now pitied his friend; even if it was over Draco Malfoy.

"I'm sorry for everything that I said, mate. I truly am. Now I still don't like the fer-Malfoy. But I will try, and that's a big 'try' Harry, to be civil with him if we ever meet. You do know that mum will have to know about this, and probably dad. Right?" Harry only nodded.

"They are like my own parents in a way. So I suppose that they do need to know. I just get so tired of telling the story and," Harry said.

"We'll tell them. They are still awake. But you need some sleep. Do you forgive me, Harry? I know it will take some time, but I was just shocked that's all."

"I know," Harry said with a smile, "forgiven. Friends?"

"Friends," Ron said and gave Harry a hug.

"I swear Ron, you're going soft." They both laughed as Harry settled back down, and Ron walked out turning the light off and leaving Harry to sleep.

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Ginny came out of her room and met Ron in the hall.

"Did you two make up?" she asked. Ron nodded and explained that he would tell their parents. "I'll go with you." They walked down and found Hermione, Molly, and Arthur in the kitchen. They wondered why they were up so late.

"We figured you would be down. Or at least hoping that you would be," Arthur said with a guilty grin. Ron sat down beside his father while Ginny stood behind him. Molly put a dishtowel on the sink and went over to sit beside her husband.

"We have heard a great deal of yelling, but we couldn't decipher what it was about from in here," Molly said. Ron sighed and looked to his hands.

"Mum, we have had to come to accept a few things. One of the main things is Harry's….Harry's gay." There was a silence as the two looked to each other.

"Well, that's all right. It is perfectly understandable in wizards, Ron," Molly began, "poor dear probably thought it was wrong. It's why I pity that he had to grow up in such conditions. You know that I'm always telling Dumbledore that,"

"Mum!" Ginny exclaimed, stopping her mother from her rambles, "Harry's…pregnant…as well." Another silence followed this confession.

" Harry is a little younger to be debating potions isn't he? I thought that he wanted to become an Auror and,"

"He did," Ron said, "but he couldn't. The Healer told him that he was having a baby and couldn't go to training. It was a Natural Conception. That's why it's so rare. It seems that Draco Malfoy and him are in love."

"Lucius Malfoy's son?" Arthur raged, trying to stand up, but Molly's hand stopped him.

"Now, wait a moment, Arthur. Perhaps he has changed from his father. We don't know anything. Of course from what I've heard him say, it's highly unlikely. Are you sure they are in love?" Ron nodded.

"I got mad at him at first. I accepted that he was gay and slept with Malfoy, but the pregnant got me in a knot for awhile. But can you blame me?" Ron asked. Molly smiled her warm motherly smile.

"Of course not dear. But it's all solved now?" Ron nodded.

"He told us that Lucius walked in and caught them." Everyone in the room gasped. "That's why he's here. And he can't see Draco until a week from now when he turns eighteen. Apparenly Lucius took his money."

"Oh, dear. Poor Harry. Poor Draco," Molly pitied. She stood. But this is great isn't it in a way? A grandchild. It would be my first."
It was then that Harry walked in. He casted a glance around, knowing that they all knew by now. Everyone stared at him a moment.

"I just needed a glass of water, that's all. Sorry," he muttered, walking over to grab a glass of water. But Mrs. Weasley stood and made her way over to him. She wrapped her arms about him and hugged him comfortingly; a mother's love.

"You're going to give me a granchild. I'm thrilled. Please don't hide things of this nature from me again. I'm proud that you can be so strong about this. And don't worry, you and Draco will be fine. I promise." Arthur nodded his agreement that it was all right. Harry just gave her a sad smile.

"Thanks, Mrs. Weasley, but don't make promises you can't keep."

They all watched as he got his water and made his way up the stairs. At least everyone agreed and supported him; and that was the greatest gift that he could have received at that moment.

****

The following night, Draco had decided to try to take an evening flight to rid his mind of his stress; but it didn't work. It was close to midnight and had been almost 24 hours since he had seen Harry last and the aching words of break up echoed in his mind. He had been grateful to Blaise who had stayed with him. He entered his room and rested his broom against the wall and closed the door behind him.

"Hello, Draco."

Chapter 14. Temptation or Influence?

Draco whirled around to see Gavin Klent lounging on his bed. Gavin saw the silver darken to a stormy grey as the anger visibly rose in the blond's eyes. But he wasn't afraid. He stood up and lazily walked over to Draco, who merely stood watching his every move.

"Oh, you can't still be angry at me," Gavin said, placing his hands on the sides of Draco's arms and looking down the blond. He could feel Draco shaking beneath his hands, trying desperately to keep control.

"How did you get in here?" Draco asked through gritted teeth.

"Your father," Gavin replied, "I asked if I was able to come see you, and he said you were in a tough fix. So I thought that I would be able to help you," he said, caressing his hands over Draco's chest, in which Draco flinched away out of his touch.

"What the Hell is your problem, Gavin?! Don't you understand it? We're through!" Draco yelled at him. Gavin just clicked his tongue, remaining his composure as he took out his wand and casted a silencing charm for Draco's yelling.

"Manners, Draco. Now, enough of this foolishness. Both of us knew we had affairs before when we were together, so why would this be any different?" He put his arms around Draco's neck, "I go back to school in a week and a half. Why not make the most of it?" But again, Draco pushed him off.

"Go away, Gavin. Leave me alone, or so help me, I will do something that I won't regret." A spark of fear flashed in Gavin's eyes as he pushed his black hair out of his eyes.

"I will be back, Draco. You can't get rid of me. Goodnight love." And with that the raven haired boy was gone. Draco dropped his face into his hand and walked over to collapse on his bed. *Six days….just let me make it six more days….*Draco thought as sleep finally overtook him.

He could only dread the return of Gavin. He wasn't sure what the idiot was capable of anymore.

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"Come on, get up!" Hermione's voice screeched inside his cloudy mind as it dreamed on. Harry could still see the faint image of Draco in his dream until his eyes opened and Hermione was right in his face. He yelped and sat up quickly.

"Shit, Hermione, don't do that!" he fussed at her. She hurried around the room, collecting his clothes. "What is your problem?"

"I've been engaged for a few months now and I still don't a dress. And I still need to get alterations done to it!"

"But the wizards can just adjust it in a heartbeat right?" He had said too much. "Sorry."

"Well, I was going today anyway, but this is great, because you get to go with me."

"Why can't Ron go with you?" At the look Hermione gave him, he forgot Ron couldn't go, being the groom. "Sorry." He sighed as he stood to dress in the clothes that Hermione had picked out for him like a child.

He had now been at the Weasley's for five days now. And if was perfectly honest, it was great. It really helped to settle his mind and pass the time before Draco came to get him in two days time now. It had passed by slowly, but Ron and Hermione had been there for him. Of course Ginny, Molly, and Hermione fussed over him and the baby, but he just rolled his eyes along with Ron at the ladies. He looked over and saw Ron sitting up groggily in his bed mumbling about waking up people who didn't need to be. But he still found the time to laugh that Harry had to go and he didn't. He folded his arms behind his head and watched in pride as Harry made his way out with Hermione.

"So, where exactly are we going, Hermione?" Harry asked as they walked the busy streets of Hogsmeade, "usually you shop in Diagon Alley."

"Oh I know, but they didn't have anything that I wanted. I've been searching for months

on this dress, but I don't know. What do you think, Harry?"

"I think you're nuts," Harry grumbled, since he was still grumpy so early in the morning. Hermione just turned and smiled at him, melting his heart and he rolled his eyes and appologized. Bloody girls.

They entered the last shop in Hogsmeade, 'Claudia's Bridal; Which Dress For Which Witch?'. Claudia came out from the back and addressed them. She was rather pretty, probably late twenties. Her hair was full of curls and pulled back into a dangling bun behind her head, and large gold earrings. She wore black glasses which made her eyes appear bigger. In a weird way she almost reminded Harry of Trelawney; only better. Anyone was better than Trelawney.

"How can I help you dear?" she asked Hermione.

"I need a wedding dress," Hermione said.

"Well of course dear, it's why you're here," Claudia chuckled. "Now, why don't we try over here?" She began to lead Hermione to a few choices. "And you over there, you're welcome to sit and…" she blinked for a moment. "Is that Harry Potter?" Harry rolled his eyes. Not again.

"Um, yes. He's my best friend. He's helping me today." Claudia shuffled with her glasses and she reached out and shook his head energetically.

"I am so honored to meet you, Mr. Potter. Oh but don't worry, I'll try not to be all hyper and energetic like most fangirls here in the Wizarding World. I'm sure you get that often."

"Yes," Harry sighed, "I do. Thank you. But er…" he motioned to Hermione.

"Oh, yes, so sorry dear!" Claudia said as she took Hermione and led her back over. "Now this is a very original design. Notice the pattern along the top here that travels down the length of the dress. What do you think?" she asked Hermione, who stood in the dress looking in the mirror.

"Hmm, I don't know. What do you think, Harry?" Harry looked at it. It had thin straps and seemed to have been made of silk. It was thin and fell to her sides. It was pretty, but Harry didn't know.

"What do you think, Herm?" he asked. Hermione bit her lip and turned to look at herself.

"I don't know. I want something more formal and elegant; flowing almost."

"I've got just the thing," Claudia motioned. Harry slouched down in his seat as the next twenty dresses were tried on. At long last, Hermione came out in the last one.

"I think this is the one," she said with a smile. Harry opened his eyes and he could only smile. He had never seen Hermione look so beautiful. The long white dress that flowed around her. It fell to the floor, hiding her feet. The top had no sleeves and fit her wonderfully. Claudia had obviously done the alterations before Hermione came out.

"You look beautiful, Herm," he said. Hermione smiled back at him. Harry turned towards Claudia. "I'll be buying this."

"No, Harry, I have enough to,"

"How much?" Harry asked, ignoring Hermione, and walking over to the counter.

"Oh, well I suppose if Mr. Harry Potter is paying, I'll give a discount. You are the most famous right now, Harry." Harry rolled his eyes. He just didn't understand why the people who could afford things easily were given everything cheaper or for free. They exited the shop and entered the streets of Hogsmeade once more. Hermione seemed to not stop smiling and even hugged Harry a total of three times.

"It only took fifteen shops. Harry, I can not tell you how much I appreciate you coming with me. Thanks for volunteering," Hermione said.

"I didn't volunteer," Harry muttered, remembering Hermione waking him up, "but I am glad that I came. Godric, Hermione, I just can't imagine you getting married. You're like my little sister."

"Excuse me, I'm older than you are!" she said.

"You know what I mean. Still a sister. I feel like I've known you forever. And now, well, you'll be Ms. Hermione Granger Weasley." Hermione sighed.

"Yes, I know. To tell you the truth, I never saw this happening; me marrying Ron."

"I did," Harry replied with a knowing smile.

"You did?" Hermione asked. Harry nodded.

"The whole school did, Herm. Gryffindor House had its money put on you two. I know, because I won, saying that it would be by Christmas." He was answered with a smack to the arm. "Ow, geez, Herm."

"That's just wrong to gamble on people," but after a moment she smiled, "that does seem like you all though. To be honest Harry, I never saw this happening. You know you, with a baby."

"Now that," Harry said, "I wouldn't have ever put my money on to believe. Especially *me* carrying it. I'm just glad that you are all there for me. Even if it takes Ron a little longer, I still appreciate that he is trying."

"Yes, Ron just has trouble with accepting change. He'll come around fully eventually. I know it."

"Thanks, Herm," Harry said as they both hugged there in the middle of the street. When they pulled apart, Hermione cleared her throat.

"All right, enough of this mushy stuff. What do you say to a butterbeer?" she asked. They both agreed and headed towards the Three Broomsticks.

Ginny entered the kitchen to find her mother washing the dishes from breakfast. She looked over and noticed her daughter.

"Hello, Ginny dear. Is something wrong?" Ginny just sighed.

"No, not really." Molly turned the water off and dried her hands on the towel and motioned for her daughter to join her at the table. Ginny sat down opposite of her mother and thought of a moment.

“Is it Harry?” she asked, knowing the answer.

“It’s so strange, mum,” Ginny said, trying to find the words that she wanted to say, “ for years, I loved him. I did love him, mum. At first I was convinced and content on letting it be a crush. But around third year, it really was love. It’s stupid, I know. I even had a boyfriend to take my mind off of him. But what helped was this summer. He told me he was gay, and I…sort of flipped out. But you see he kissed me.” Molly’s eyebrows rose as this surprised me. “But it was just to see if it got a kick out of girls still. I was so angry. It actually helped me to get over him a lot. I still love him, but I think it’s more of a brotherly love. When he told Ron and Hermione that he was pregnant, my heart really went out to him. I can just imagine myself in his place and it really put it into perspective.” Molly nodded. “I didn’t want to be a cause of stress on him. Harry is the kind of person who hates to be hated. I knew that it hurt that I was still angry with him. I wanted to help.”

“Well, then what is the problem, dear?” Mrs. Weasley asked.

“That’s just it. I don’t know. I guess that I just feel sad that he didn’t choose me, but glad at the same time. I’m glad that he’s found someone who can make him happ, even if they can’t be together just yet. Draco’s coming to get him tomorrow, you know mum. Harry has sent him a owl and Draco reponded saying that he would come here. That is ok, isn’t it?” she asked her mother.

“Yes, Harry’s already asked us. It’s fine. It’s actually refreshing to see Harry smiling again, knowing what he has been through. I had a feeling that one of my children would get a girl pregnant or get pregnant. Course the latter, I would figure to be you. So every mother must prepare for this I suppose. The thing to do is to just accept it. There is nothing that we can do. And at least Draco is willing to support it and not desert Harry like we would expect him to. And for that, he has my respect. What I think you are going through is just your hormonal teenager feelings. You loved Harry and now that Harry has chosen Draco, you feel jealous. But you also know that you should feel jealous and are coping with it, which is very responsible. And for that I’m proud of you. It was very mature to make up with Harry, and offer to be his friend. And in time, it will eventually all pass. You’ll see, dear.” Ginny smiled.

“Thanks, mum.” She leaned over and hugged her mother.

“Are we interrupting anything?” they looked up to see Harry and Hermione in the doorway.

“No, not at all,” Molly said. Ginny smiled at Harry and Hermione as they made their way into the room.

“How was it?” Ginny asked, “I’m sorry that I couldn’t come with you, Herm. I really needed to speak to mum and get a few things done.”

“It was great,” Hermione said, “and don’t worry. I got a discount, because I was with Harry Potter. Funny, I should have tried that more often.” They all laughed and Ron came in.

“Have fun?” he teased Harry.

“Yeah. I got Herm a discount, and got to see the dress.”

“Hmm,” Ron said, walking over to the package that Hermione held to try to see. But Hermione jerked away.

“Excuse me, Mr. Weasley!” she smiled in a tease. “Well, I better go hide this, before prying

eyes try to find it out." They all said goodbye and let Hermione to to her room and put the dress away. Harry laughed along with the others, and claimed that he was tired and would go take a nap. He walked up the stairs and laid down. Just twenty four more hours and Draco would come for him.

****

Well, it was the next day. Draco was eighteen today. He promised Harry that he would come to him that night. Draco began to pack his things that day. Harry's apartment had three rooms, so he would stay in that or enlarge Harry's bed for permanent stay. He figured that Harry would welcome him in. It was hard to think that he had no money now, but he just wanted Harry. A year or so ago, he would choose money over love. But now it was different. He looked over at his Semerald Rose.

He did this often to insure that Harry was ok. If anything went wrong with the pregnancy, the Rose would wilt or if Harry was hurt at all. He knew that Harry checked his often as well. He hoped that Harry's rose never wilted as well. He heard his door open and expected to see his father. Well he wasn't going to deal with his father right now. "Hello, Draco."

"Shit, Gavin. Go the Hell away!" Draco yelled. He heard the door close and a silencing charm go up.

"You really should warn when you're going to yell you know. I can prepare. But listen, Draco. I just wanted to say Happy Birthday. It is the 26th. And school starts in six more days. And I won't see you. Father has me staying at Hogwarts for holidays to make good appearances for the Ministry, being so close to Dumbledore. I hate the old git, but father's rules. You know, unlike some, I respect and obey *my* father." Draco turned around to stare at him.

"Is this going somewhere?" he asked, crossing his arms.

"That depends," Gavin purred, walking back up to Draco, "do you want it to?" Draco again pulled away and sighed in frustration. "That's it, Draco. You leave me no choice. I will have you, despite if you love Potter or not. I always get what I want, no matter what I have to do."

"Oh, and what are you going to do?" Draco challenged.

"Whatever I have to do to get you to fuck me."

"That's all it is to you, isn't Gavin? Sweet Salazar, you know I wish that you could experience love. It's amazing. But I don't think you could ever change. You're too far. Of course I thought that I was. If you would just get over your obsessions, you could do it. But because you can't, you're pathetic. Look at yourself. What are you going to do then, eh?" Gavin could not speak. Anger course through him. He would have Draco, no matter what. He pulled out his wand. He knew the wards on Malfoy Manor hid magic from the Ministry officials and his father had approved it, since he and Lucius were such good friends.

"Imperio!"

Draco felt the spell hit him hard in the chest and he staggered backwards. Gavin walked up and led him to walk over near the bed. His eyes seemed to be in a daze.

Draco….. he heard the voice inside his mind. It overlapped his own and he couldn't get rid

of it. *Draco, take off your shirt….*

And Draco did.

Gavin laid down and stretched out on the bed, and turned to look at a shirtless Draco in all of his wonder.

Make love to me…….

Chapter 15. Before You Tell Him Goodbye

Harry waited for Draco. When evening came, he waited some more. Draco was supposed to come there at the Weasley's, so Harry sat down on the bed and began to read his pregnancy book. It seemed to take forever and the moon was now out. He looked to his watch. He sighed and glanced absentmindedly around the room, before returning to his book. But something made him lift his head up again. He jerked his head to the side and saw the Semerald Rose. It was tilted and was beginning to wilt. He gasped and jumped off of the bed towards it. Just as he reached it, a single petal fell onto the desktop.

"Draco!"

He reached down and picked up the single silver petal. He clutched it in his hand. He had to get to Draco. He took out a piece of parchment and wrote a little note saying that he had gone out and would return soon, and he grabbed the rose. He had to get passed the wards, and the rose held some of Draco's magical signature. What he also didn't know, was that along with the rose, the Malfoy that was growing inside of him allowed him to pass through.

Draco continued to stare down at the boy on the bed. He was cute, and he was willing; vulnerable. *No*, Draco tried to think. It seemed that as the minutes passed, more of his brain died to make room for Gavin's'orders.

Draco, make love to me…… was repeated. Draco swallowed deeply as he felt himself walking forwards. He could hear his inner thoughts fighting, screaming to remember Harry. Harry. But Gavin's voice was overpowering that and causing him to lose his memory and thought process as well. The contents of the spell clouded his mind like smoke, making his brain hazy. He knelt down and put his hands on the bed.

"That's it…," Gavin encouraged. But Draco seemed to stop. Some sort of magical energy was holding him back. "Come on, Draco. You know you want to." He reached out and stroked Draco's bare arm.

Harry took the rose and apparated to Malfoy Manor. He struggled to remember the way to Draco's room from the few nights earlier. He ran this way and that down the many twisted hallways, praying to Merlin that he was going the right way. Harry soon came to the door that he believed to be Draco's room. He turned the handle and ran in.

"Draco," Gavin grunted in frustration at the slowness of the blond, "come on!" he said as he pulled on the blond's arms so that the blond finally moved from his standing position to fall onto the bed, on top of him. He let his hands roam Draco's back in a soothing and lusty manner. But it was then the door opened. Harry stood to see Draco on top of Gavin, and Gavin was holding him as if he were a lover; *a lover.*

"Draco!" Harry yelled. Draco lifted his head and closed his eyes. That voice….so familiar. But from where? His thoughts were desperately trying to return to him, but the spell was over powering.

"Go away, Potter," Gavin snarled from under Draco, "he wants *me* right now."

"I have trouble believing that," Harry said, walking towards the bed. He grabbed Draco's hair and pulled the blond's head back. He could see the paleness of the blond and the dimness in his eyes. He was under a spell. "Gavin….no, you didn't." He couldn't believe it. Gavin had been so desperate, he was risking the use of Unforgiveables. Gavin continued to glare at Harry, still holding on to Draco's arms in a protective way.

"Go away, Potter."

"No. You go away," Harry challenged, pulling out his wand. "Let him out," he said, speaking of Draco. He knew it would have to be the Imperius. Draco didn't seem to be in any pain. Gavin sighed and pushed slightly so that Draco fell to his side, and he got up to stand level with Harry.

"I'm not holding him *in* anywhere, Potter. Now, I would like it if you would leave us to our business. Congratulations, you managed to kill the moment."

"There was no moment, Gavin. What you are doing is absolutely low and disgusting. You're just using him. What makes you think that he'll want to come back to you if you did that, or at all?"

"You'll see, Potter! You won't take this away from me! I'll have Draco, even if I have to keep him under that Imperius! And no disgusting and famous little berk like you is going to stop me!"

"Oh yeah?" Harry tested, "try me." He felt his courage rise again. He had to save Draco. "And the Ministry will probably be here any minute with the use of that spell. I doubt you have written permission." Gavin just began to laugh.

"Potter, think of where you are. This is one of the greatest homes in all Europe. This house is protected from alerting the Ministry. A little pact between Lucius and father. That is why we are a perfect match. At least our fathers can combine to be powerful. You would leave Lucius on a cold deal, seeing as your father is,"

"CRUCIO!" Harry shouted out. He gasped as he watched the spell hit Gavin and the boy landed in the floor. Harry was in shock. He couldn't believe that he had casted it. He hadn't casted that spell since the war a year and a half ago. But something was different, Harry noticed. The spell seemed almost more powerful that he remembered it being, seeing the way Gavin screamed and writhed on the floor. *The Baby*.

It made sense now, the baby was helping. The magical source was mixing with his own magical and therefore enhanced his spell. And finally Gavin became unconcious with the amount of pain bestowed upon him. Harry lowered his wand and began to gasp for air of all the energy it took from him. He patted his stomach lovingly, while watching the boy on the floor, with black greasy hair falling over his eyes. "Thanks little one," he said to his baby, before walking over to the bed. He straddled Draco's legs and took his face in his hands. The spell seemed to burst through Draco's mind and he blinked a few times until his eyes were focused again. "Draco? Can you hear me?"

"Harry?" he asked, the spell obviously gone, "what are you doing here, I..," but he didn't finish as Harry crushed his lips to Draco. Draco could feel Harry's tears on his cheeks and it made him wonder just what had happened. He remembered Gavin coming in and after that it was hazy. But he moaned as he rolled his tongue against Harry's and wrapped his arms around the boy. Harry's arms tightened around Draco's neck, straining his shirt around his arms and chest; just to feel Draco and know that he was all right. At long last,

Harry pulled back. He stood up suddenly and walked to the other side of the room. Draco continued to sit on the bed. He still didn't have his shirt, which surprised him, and Harry was muttering softly to himself, while standing in the corner. "Harry?" Harry spun around. "What is it?"

"It was the baby, Draco," he said sadly.

"What?" Draco asked, not quite understanding.

"I casted the Cruciatus Curse on Gavin."

"You what!"Draco asked incredulously.

"I really didn't mean to," Harry said, " but what was different, was that I noticed it was stronger. It was stronger than during the war. It must have been the baby's magic. Right? But," he said as pain shown in his eyes.

"But what, Harry?"

"My worst fear came true," Harry replied, "this baby is just like me; a killer. If not a killer, than a fighter. Someone who harms people. And he's not even born. What have I done?" he asked as he fell against the wall. Draco stood up from the bed, and walked over to his lover. He crouched down in the floor beside Harry, and lifted the boy's chin to look into his eyes.

"Harry, the baby is not a killer, and neither are you. You saved me; both of you. It was terrible. I couldn't even remember who you were when you came in at first. Do you know how bad I feel because of that? Thank you, love," he said as he leaned forward and kissed the shaking Harry. He knew that Harry never wanted to cast an Unforgiveable again, and he had been forced to today. It was then that the door opened and Lucius walked in, followed closely by Narcissa.

"What is going on in here, Dra…?," he was fussing until he came fully into the room and looked around. Gavin was unconcious in the floor, while Draco and Harry were in each other's arms against the wall and in the floor as well.

"Draco, what have you done!" he hissed, falling to Gavin's side and checking that the boy still had a pulse.

"He's alive, father," Draco said, he and Harry standing up, "unfortunately." Lucius stood up and turned to the two boys.

"Would someone mind telling me what the Hell is going on?!" Lucius said, his anger flaring. Draco looked down and joined his hand with Harry's.

"Father, Gavin gave me the Imperius Curse." Narcissa gasped and walked up to Draco. She held both of his bare shoulders and peered into his eyes. They each shared a silent conversation, informing Narcissa of what really happened.

"Step away, Narcissa. These boys are in trouble," Lucius said, "especially this one," he spoke to Harry. He got right in front of the boy, close enough that Harry could feel his breath on his face. "I thought I told you to leave and stay away," he said.

"Someone has to look after Draco. Merlin knows you're not…*sir*." Narcissa looked at Harry proudly, and he saw a twinkle in her eye. He watched as a vein throbbed in Lucius's forehead at the barely controlled anger.

"How dare you," he whispered.

"You don't scare me with that, Mr. Malfoy. Even *you* are too blind to see that I just saved him." Harry stepped away from Lucius and walked over to pick up the rose he had dropped on the bed.

"I see," Narcissa said, walking up and taking the rose. They could see where the old petal had fallen, but the rest of the rose had healed and bloomed again into the beautiful shades of emerald and silver. "Lucius, you're a fool." Draco and Harry's jaw dropped at the bluntness of Narcissa that not even Draco had ever heard her speak to her husband before. "I admit that I normally don't talk back to you, but we are talking about the future of our loving son. *My* loving son; *your* heir."

"I do…care about him," Lucius said uneasily. It was obviously hard for him to share his emotion.

"Well, you do a poor job of showing it," Narcissa snapped, "I've watched you torture, rule, and tolerate people before; but when you mistreat something so dear to me, something has to be done." She walked over to stand by Harry. Harry felt one of her hands touch his shoulder, while the other touched his stomach. "Inside this boy, is your heir. Inside this boy is my grandchild. It can be your grandchild too, if you stop looking to laws and identities, and listen to reason and love. Now, I've accepted Harry, and think he's a fine man and lover for my Draco." She smiled at Harry who blushed and smiled back. Narcissa turned to face Lucius. "This time, you're on your own, Lucius. You have no supporters here; what will it be?" There was a silence as Lucius looked between Harry and Narcissa, to Draco in the corner.

"Draco," he finally spoke, "would you come to my office please?" Draco and Harry shared a cautious look to the other, before Draco grabbed his shirt from the floor and put it on, following his father out.

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Harry stood as the door shut and he realized that he and Narcissa were alone in the room together.
"Harry," she spoke softly, but still causing him to jump in the silence, "don't let my husband frighten you. Please come over here, dear." Harry slowly made his way over to sit beside Narcissa on the bed, where she patted beside her for a place for him to sit. "So, I would have had this talk with Draco's spouse nonetheless. I will say that for years, I expected him to choose a wife, but as he began his fifth year I began to question. You do know that I think he has had a crush on you for years." She stood, leaving Harry with his jaw open at being surprised.

"No, Mrs. Malfoy,"

"Narcissa, please Harry. I'm not going to force you to call me 'mum yet'. Of *that*, I still think you're uncomfortable." He cleared his throat.

"Narcissa, you must be mistaken. The only reason that he came to me, was being he was dumped by Gavin and I was a challenge. I was basically the only person left to," he stopped and his eyes widened. He didn't mean to tell his lover's mum that Draco had slept with a lot of people. Narcissa just chuckled.

"You don't think I know about Draco's affairs? Yes. He gets that from Lucius. Lucius was quite the popular man in his time. But you know, you have been quite a popular subject yourself in this household. This family even. At first, I think it was just envy." She told

Harry as she paced throughout the room, waving her hand around airily as she reminisced about the last few years.

"Draco would come back from school, bad-mouthing you and telling us how cruel and famous you were. How you received everything. I simply hid what I felt behind a serious expression, while I was smiling underneath. It was certain that he had something for you; even if it wasn't love. I would say that it was admiration at first though. He did admire you, Harry. Oh how he wished he could have been you." She walked over and sat beside him once more, taking his hand onto her lap as she held it with her own.

"Let me tell you a secret. This is when it really proved to me his infatuation for you. When Draco was twelve, he would stand in front of his mirror, and insult it. He would tell insults about you and see if he could look and act the part. He couldn't let himself show to you. To be less than you. I think that is why he chose to play Quidditch. He had always wanted to be on the house teams, but was told first years weren't allowed. And then you got on it. Draco was furious." She laughed a little, before continuing. "But I remember another time; in sixth year. He again was in front of his mirror. But it wasn't insults that were coming from him. He was asking the mirror, which was yourself in his mind, if you would go out with him. But then he would curse himself and turn to lay on his bed and brood. I remember how adorable he was then. He wanted so much to be your friend in first year, despite if he might tell it was because of his father. But I think that now, you two can start over. To get passed the fights.

"And don't take his actions too harshly. He came and confided in me about what happened Graduation day. He and I are so alike and close, that we tell each other everything. He said that he tried to put his feelings aside and just use you. But of course, love came into the picture and only made him realize it more. He needs you, Harry; as you need him." She patted his leg as he thought about all that he had said. He was shocked. He could almost laugh at picturing Draco, talking to his mirror ask him out.

"I know that you're right, Narcissa," Harry said, "we both need each other. I just hope that Lucius can see that."

Lucius entered his office, Draco following close behind him. He walked around and sat behind his desk. Draco sat in one of the chairs positioned in front of the desk and waited to see what his father had to say. Lucius sighed and folded his hands on the desk in front of him.

"I do not doubt that what your mother said is true. She has crashed into the very subjects that we Malfoy's tend to avoid. You know that you are loved here, Draco. I just don't want you to be consumed by the hateful people in this world. And Potter just seems to be one that will lead you down a road of destruction and danger."

"Father," Draco interrupted, "you are mistaken. That was years. Harry has defeated Voldemort. That most that bothers him is the *Prophet*. And of that, I can see one coming soon when Harry begins to show. But you don't know him. I think that if you spent more time with him, you'd see."

"Perhaps," he said, considering the idea, "I could monitor on his behavior and character to see if he is the best suitor for you. Of course, Gavin I always had hightest regard," he heard Draco snort, "until this evening."

"I just hate that you won't give him a chance. Don't you think that it was hard for me to get used to the fact that maybe, I just happened to fancy my rival? I went through months of denial. Until finally I realized, I don't want to deny it. I want to walk proudly down the street and comment that I am in with Harry. Not Harry Potter; just Harry. The father of my child and hopefully husband in the near future."

"Have you made an offer yet, son?" Lucius inquired.

"No. I don't want to pressure him, yet. I will though one day. When we are both ready. But we are in love and that is just enough for us." Lucius nodded that he understood.

"I'm sorry that I have been so harsh to you in your life. I have never seen your mother angry enough to speak out like that. It's quite intriguing."

"Father, please. Leave your interests and arrousals to yourself, thank you."

"Sorry," Lucius said. "But I know that this is way out of proportion for my character that you have known all of your life, but it seems as though you are truly happy, and even though it may not seem like it, I do want you to be happy son."

"So," Draco said slowly, "you're going to allow me to see Harry?"

"Yes, son," Lucius said, "And I will still allow your inheritance and funds. So you can now support your family. I do want grandchildren along with heirs."

"I know father. Thank you," Draco said.

"Now, I'm not used to this, Draco. So, don't go around talking about this behavior. It is strictly for you and Harry. And it might take a while on Potter. Agreed?"

"Agreed," Draco smiled. They each held out their hands and shook it as men. Then for the first time in years, they embraced and hugged; as father and son.

Chapter 16. You're Having A _____

Draco could not control the smile that spread across his face as he made his way down the hall towards his lover. He opened the door to his room and saw Harry and Narcissa on the bed. Narcissa looked up as he entered.

"Ah, Draco. I'm glad you are here. I'll just leave you two." She stood and walked up to Draco. She looked at him for a moment, and he just nodded. She smiled and kissed his cheek before bidding them goodnight and leaving the room. Harry remained sitting on the bed, his hands on the side holding him upright as he stared down at the floor in the silence. He wanted to ask Draco what had been said, but was also afraid to learn the truth. Draco walked over to his bed and sat beside Harry.

"Did you and mother have a nice conversation?" he asked.

"Yes, surprisingly," Harry said, "you wouldn't believe the things I learned."

"Like what?" Draco asked.

"Nothing," Harry smiled. "Did you have any news?" He asked, with a slight hint of worry in his tone. Draco reached down and took his hand into his own.

"Father and I talked. It was amazing, Harry. He was so different after he stopped and listened to reason. I almost don't recognize the man anymore. But, he did give me back my inheritance."

"That's great," Harry said with a smile and kissed Draco softly, "what about…?" he asked, gesturing between Draco and himself.

"He said we could be together."

"Has he gone mad? What, did he change personalities in two seconds?" Harry asked incredulously. "I can't see that, but I'm happy that it happened nonetheless." A few minutes of silence passed between them. "I should be getting home."

"You could stay here…?," Draco offered. Harry seemed to debate in his head about this, and allowing himself to stay with them with all that had happened.

"At least let me go and get a few change of clothes," Harry suggested.

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The mattress squeaked as two bodies moved sensually with each other. Thin layers of sweat accompanied moans and hisses as pleasure was given and received.

"Oh, Ross," Blaise moaned into the room, as he was entered by the brunette and Ross began to kiss his neck. Blaise's hands roamed Ross's slick muscular back as the rhythm began to quicken. The headboard could be heard hitting the wall as both panted and moaned their names to each other. Blaise held to Ross for dear life as he was penetrated consecutatively, Ross hitting that spot everytime.

Ross continued to thrust into his new lover and ran his hand over the pale toned chest, feeling the boy beneath him. Blaise was different than any other guy that he had every slept with. For starters; he wanted more. He could never thank Harry and Draco enough. He had never experienced as much pleasure as he had this week. And it seemed that each time was only better.

Blaise lifted his legs around Ross's waist, so that Ross could get a better angle in which to enter him. Both stared into the glazed eyes of their lover as their sweat glistened in the room. The sheet was the only covering as everything else had fallen into the floor. Blaise could feel his manhood brushing against Ross's chest when Ross would thrust back in, until Ross's hand took hold and moved in time with his thrusts. Ross's other hand moved from the pale chest up to tangle in the slightly curly mass of Blaise's hair. It wasn't too curly, but great to play with. Blaise closed his eyes as he felt Ross caress his head. Ross loved his hair, along with his goatee and little collection of curls on his chest.

They both could feel themselves approaching orgasm, and Ross sped up his speed on Blaise. His hand eventually left, so that he could balance on his elbows in the fast speed in which he made love to Blaise. Blaise held onto his arms as he thrusted up with the bed, which hit the wall again. The mixture of wood to the wall and Blaise's moans of ecstasy, both would not last much longer. And finally, they both came, shouting each other's names. Their cooling bodies rested against the other, the only thin material of the sheet outlining their bodies. It was now Blaise's turn to tangle into Ross's hair as they lay there together.

Ross kissed the chest in which his head rested, and moved his hand to softly caress Blaise's upper torso, allowing his hand to travel over the darkened nipple to the paler skin. He could lie here with Blaise for hours, just feeling his porcelain skin. He was sure that he would never want to be with anyone else. They heard the sound of Harry arriving. They both kissed and made to put on pajama pants before walking out.

"You haven't moved or done anything, since I left," Harry teased.

"Of course he has," Ross said airily, looking around him, "and even if he hadn't, there would be nothing wrong with that anyway. So is everything all right then?" Ross asked.

"Yes, I am going to stay at Malfoy Manor tonight, so I'm getting a change of clothes."

"Harry, I don't know," Ross said uneasily, " are you sure that it's safe for you to be so close to Lucius? I mean he might try to AK your ass in a heartbeat." Harry stood in his room, packing his bag with a couple of outfits.

"Actually, Ross, it is taken care of. I can't really explain it. It is rather bizarre to me as well, and it would only cloud what little intelligence you do have in your brain."

"Watch it, Potter," Blaise said with a smile, "I'd hate to kill my best mate's boyfriend. Try your best to not insult mine." Harry just smiled and nodded. He took his bag and told his friends goodbye.

"And take shower, you two reek of sex," Harry teased as he disappeared. The other two just looked to the other. In fact, a shower didn't sound that bad…….

Harry apparated back to Malfoy Manor, which now allowed him in regardless. Narcissa had made sure immediately. Draco was lounging on his bed and had already gone into a light sleep while waiting for Harry. Harry smiled and walked around the bed to lay beside the blond. He watched the lazy pattern in which Draco's chest rose and fell as he slept. He lightly leaned up and blew into Draco's ear, but he stayed asleep, which Harry didn't mind. He loved to watch Draco sleep. He was even more an angel than before when he was awake. Draco's shirt was only buttoned at the bottom from where he had gone to talk with his father, and a majority of his chest was visible. Harry also saw a strand of blond hair in Draco's eyes. And as much as Harry thought that it was a sexy look for him, he pushed it away from Draco's eyes, knowing that the blond would flip out if he wasn't looking at his best; even in sleep.

Harry continued to watch Draco until a small house-elf trotted through the room with clean clothes. It began opening and closing drawers until all of the clothes were put away. Right before it left, it saw Harry.

"Should Pepri tell Master Lucius and Lady Narcissa that Mister Harry Potter will be staying the night?" she squeaked.

"Er…yes, thank you," Harry told the elf, who nodded and walked out. Once the door shut, Harry turned towards Draco. "I can't believe you didn't wait for me," he teased as he settled down and snuggled against Draco. Draco hummed in his sleep and wrapped his arm about Harry. That was how they would sleep the entire night. And Draco would wake first to see Harry in his arms against his chest.

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Harry stood in front of the mirror, wearing black pants and a silk red shirt. He was pulling against the collar uncomfortably. It was his outfit, but today he would spend with Lucius. This unnerved him to no end.

They had this day planned for over a month now to fit into Lucius's planning and Harry was well into his fourth month.

"You look fine," he felt the whisper against his ear and hands on his shoulders. He turned, before looking back into the mirror at the reflection of him and Draco. He had more of a bulge now that just peeked through his shirt, but could still be hidden. But he knew that it wouldn't be long.

"Draco, why are we doing this? He hates me."

"He doesn't *hate* you. He just doesn't know you. You'll just have to show him that you're not what he has envisioned you to be. And besides," he turned Harry to face him, "If you're a good boy today, perhaps you'll get an award," he purred as his hand slid down Harry's body to brush over his groin. Harry gasped and pulled away.

"You're the one who needs to be good, and oh Merlin, Draco, look like this!" Harry said, indicating his now growing erection. And Draco did look.

"I see no problem."

"Draco! I have to go see your father! Don't you understand the importance of this?" Harry hissed, pacing the room and casting looks to his member. Draco smirked and walked up to him. He touched Harry's hips and pulled Harry to him.

"Perhaps I can help you," Draco said, beginning to lower to his knees. Harry's hand smacked against Draco's forehead to stop him.

"Draco, Lucius will be here in a few minutes!"

"It'll only take a few minutes," Draco said, on his knees as he began to unbuckle Harry's pants. Harry leaned against the wall in defeat; he sighed as he felt his pants reach his ankles.

"Draco, we really shouldn't, we…" Harry tried to stop Draco, but the sensations that coursed through him were incredible, "we shouldn't…oh gods." Harry's fingers slithered their way into Draco's hair. Draco was determined to get a taste of Harry that morning. He would never tire of it. And the delicious moans that Harry was eliciting above him told him that Harry wanted this too, despite of what he said. And at that moment, He felt Harry's grip tighten in his hair sending him painful pleasures of his own that caused a groan too from himself. He could hear Harry panting above him. Just then there was a knock at the door.

"Draco? Harry?" It was Lucius.

Draco stood up and stared at Harry for a moment; panic in both of their eyes. Harry bent down and pulled his boxers and pants up, while the knocking continued. They began to scramble around the room getting ready. Harry and Draco both stood in the mirror, pressing their hair down; Harry's from rubbing against the wall, and Draco's from Harry's fingers.

"Does he time these things?" Draco muttered angrily.

"It's your own fault," Harry replied. They both opened the door, with flushed faces and attempting to look casual.

"Are you both ready?" he asked, clearly informing them that he knew what they were up to. They both swallowed and nodded. "Now Draco you will be allowed to join us for the Healer's appointment and to lunch. After that you will come back to your mother while I have a talk with Harry. Is that understood?"

"Yes, father," Draco said, taking a glance at Harry who looked as if he had swallowed the Polyjuice Potion again. His stomach sure felt as if he had. But Draco took his hand and smiled at him, earning a smile in return. But it was then Harry realized what Lucius had said.
"Healer, sir?" Lucius turned to look at him.

"Why, yes, boy, it is your fourth month. In this pregnancy you are able to get an

ultrasound and see the baby. You can also learn the gender."

"But only if Harry wants to know it," Draco said, before turning to Harry, "it is up to you, Harry. You can find out today or you can wait until the birth." Harry stood there, his mouth opening and closing like a fish. He wasn't even aware he had an appointment today and now this? He could see in Draco's eyes that the blond wanted to know what they were having, and he had to admit that he wanted to know himself.

"Yes, I do want to know." He was rewarded with one of the biggest smiles that Draco had ever given him. Draco leaned forward and kissed his cheek. He blushed as he looked to Lucius, but saw that Lucius didn't do anything.

They passed Narcissa in the hallway and bid her goodbye, before apparating to just outside St. Mungo's, in which they headed for their appointment that Lucius had set up for them.

Harry sat on the bed a half an hour later in his gown. He hated hospitals. Draco could sense that Harry wasn't happy about the arrangements, but he was excited to receive this ultrasound for his baby. The Healer who Harry had been seeing entered. He read off of his clipboard of Harry's past appointments and what they would be doing. He set it up and a monitor for them to see what would he show them. He murmured the spell for everything to go into place, and it was then they heard it; a soft, set rhythm of a hearbeat. Both boys were speechless as they listened intensely to the life that grew inside Harry. Harry looked down to his stomach, and back up at Draco and both boys smiled to the other.

"So, everything seems to be in shape," the Healer announced.

"So…," Harry said, "that's…that's my baby's heartbeat?"

"That's right, Mr. Potter. In fact, you can see it here." He turned the monitor more to focus and they could see the clear form of the baby that grew inside Harry.

"Wait," Draco said, stepping up closer to the screen, "is that…?"

"Yes, Mr. Malfoy," the Healer said. "Yes it is."

"So, are there any possibilities or dangers to the baby due to Mr. Potter's level of magic?" Lucius asked the Healer.

"Well, there is risk with any pregnancy, Mr. Malfoy. But, I don't see any reason. If Mr. Potter's level was any higher, we might consider monitoring him more securely, but I think that he is at a reasonable level. Are there anymore questions? You know now the sex of the baby, pictures there of the fetus, and more phamplets available for you to read. And I would say that we are done. You may get dressed, Mr. Potter." Harry sighed in relief and stepped off of the bed to return to his normal clothes.

They exited St. Mungo's. Harry and Draco were both glancing at the pictures as they walked down the street, before they all apparated to a Café in Hogsmeade for lunch.

As the end of lunch neared, Lucius cleared his throat. "Draco, I believe you need to go home, son."

"But, father," Draco protested, "we were going to go to the Weasley's and tell them that,"

"You can tell them later tonight. I would like a word with Harry," Lucius said. Draco sighed and reluctantly stood. He leaned forward and kissed Harry lightly, before walking out and apparating to Malfoy Manor to await Harry's arrival in a few hours' time. Harry felt his

throat grow very dry as he was left alone with Lucius. “Harry.”

Harry looked to him. He didn’t want to appear scared of the man. After all, he wasn’t. He had stayed at the man’s house a few times in the last month and a half, but still didn’t like being left alone with him. “Yes, sir?”

“I will say that I did not approve of your status with my son. I’ll admit that I was most shocked to discover of your pregnancy. Especially a natural one. Even you know how rare those occasions are. That is probably the reason why I did give in the way that I did. Not to mention, I have never seen my wife go so psychotic.” Harry was actually surprised to see a smirk attempting to become a smile on the older man’s face. “Now, I know that I may not appear the most kindest man, Harry, but I have been through a lot in my life. I just don’t want Draco to go through the kind of life that I did. Do you understand?” Harry nodded. It all did sort of make sense now when he thought about it. He figured that if Voldemort hadn’t been calling all of those years, the Malfoy home might have been different. “But I do not pretend to believe that he doesn’t love you. Now, I was wary of your feelings, but it has come to be quite evident of your feelings for my son. And, as hard as it seems or how ironic events have turned, I will allow you into my home as one of my own.” Harry felt as if his stomach had dropped out from under him. They both stood and headed out to join Draco back at the Manor.

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Harry took a few deep breaths as he stood ready to apparate to Ron’s. Draco assured him that they would be overjoyed. Harry knew this, but was still cautious about telling him. They both took the other’s hands and apparated into the living room. They had announced their arrival beforehand, so the majority of the Weasley family sat in the living room on the edge of their seats. There was a tension as the party stared at Draco. There was still an unease between him and Harry’s friends. But Harry knew that in time, Ron would accept him just has Hermione and the rest had.

“Well, everyone,” Harry said, looking to Draco and smiling, before turning back to the Weasley’s, “we know the sex of the baby.”

Chapter 17. I Can’t Hide Forever

Harry watched as Hermione and Mrs. Weasley held their breaths. Hermione clutched Ron’s hand, while Molly clutched Arthur’s. Harry grinned.

“It’s a boy.”

The room erupted into a cheer as Hermione and Molly threatened to choke him in a hug. Arthur actually stood with Ginny. Draco was surprised when Arthur shoook his hand, and even more surprised when Ginny hugged him.

“Congratulations,” she said with a sad yet appreciative smile, before she turned to Harry. She smiled and hugged him as well. “You couldn’t have a girl, could you?” she teased, seeing as there was a shortage of girls. After all had calmed, everyone watched as Ron made his way to Harry. Harry’s breath caught as he looked to his best friend, who looked at him with an unreadable expression. After a moment, Ron sighed and brought Harry into a hug.

“You know I’m behind you no matter what, mate,” he whispered to Harry. Harry could have cried at that moment; he had everything. And now he and Draco would have a son. He would have his family. The remainder of the night consisted of dinner and a talk about the baby’s future, as well as their school days.

"..And the Healer said that baby can even begin to hear things during this month," Harry replied with a grin. The girls all sighed dreamily and happily. They began discussing plans for later months and living arrangements as well.

"So, Harry, are you going to be staying at the apartment, or Draco's tonight?" Ron asked. Harry blushed.

"Well, er…." He and Draco had made plans to spend the night together to celebrate. "Probably the manor."

"Ross and Blaise seem to have taken over the apartment," Draco jumped in to help. The table laughed at the other couple. Lucius had also considered that they might want to be alone, and had reserved a dinner and the theater for Narcissa and himself to attend that night.

As evening approached, they said goodbye, and told them that they would keep them updated on any changes.

Draco put his arm around Harry's waist, pulling Harry to him, and apparating them to his room. Draco crushed his lips to an eager Harry's just as they apparated. The first thing that Harry felt was the back of his knees hit the bed, before he fell onto it; with Draco climbing carefully on top of him. Their lips met eagerly again, holding onto each other in the darkness.

"You have made me so happy, Harry," Draco whispered against Harry's lips. Harry made to answer, but Draco silkily slipped his tongue into Harry's open mouth, swallowing his moan. Harry felt Draco's

hips grind down onto his, and he pressed up yearningly to Draco's. Draco reached up and unbuttoned Harry's shirt slowly. He and Draco never lost eye contact. This was to be a special night.

"Merlin, I can't believe it, Harry," Draco said suddenly, laying his head onto Harry's bare chest. His hands pushed the sides of Harry's shirt down and caressed the skin there. " A son. We're going to have a son. I would have loved a daughter just as much, but the fact of knowing for sure," he paused as he looked down at Harry, "Gods, I love you so much." With that he leaned down and kissed Harry passionately.

"I love you too," Harry whispered to his lover, "I know I didn't regret it entirely four months ago; but now I don't regret this at all. I really want this, Draco."

"As do I," Draco purred as they kissed again. Harry arched his back so that Draco could fully remove his shirt and throw it on the floor. Draco removed his own shirt, before turning to look down at Harry. He bent down, taking the small bulge between his hands and softly kissed and caressed the smooth skin. "I love you," he whispered to the baby, whether it would hear or not. He knew that it didn't matter to the baby; but to Harry, it meant everything in the world.

"Draco," Harry whimpered. Draco tentatively unbuckled Harry's trousers and lowered them along with his boxers, looking upon the naked form of Harry.

"I'm going to take a picture of you soon in all of your beauty." Harry just rolled his eyes playfully, fingering Draco's pants and urging the blond to remove them. "Ever the eager lover," Draco smiled, slipping his pants and boxers off. Harry brought his hands up and lowered Draco on top of him. Their lips stopped inches from each other as they stared into each other's eyes. All emotions seemed to swim before their minds as they closed the distance and their lips met in an ocean of love. But this love-making session wasn't

rushed. There was no reason to rush this moment. This night would be shared between them for the rest of their lives. The world seemed to close in on the bed and each other. Draco swam in Harry's eyes like pools of innocent emeralds that looked up and watched him with all the trust in the world. He was still grateful to Harry and how strong and brave the boy was. After everything that he had done to him, and he still came back to him with just as much trust in the end.

Harry looked curiously up into Draco's eyes as well, wondering what the blond was seeing or thinking. The stormy orbs looked down upon him with emotion so fierce, they were like hurricanes sweeping inside him and carrying him away to a world of their own. He could see the lust, the desire, the pain of childhood, and the love. The love that had erupted from the volcano of hate all of these years. To think that this boy had had a crush on him for a couple of years. And Harry had never known. And with the knowledge of that now, it seemed to cause shivers to course through his body and make his want for the blond increase even more.

He felt Draco's lubricated fingers slide cautiously into him, stretching and preparing him for what was sure to be one of the greatest nights of his life. Draco coated himself and positioned himself at the entrance of Harry, before looking one last time into the emerald eyes.

"Ready?" he whispered, his gaze searching Harry's face.

"Always," Harry replied, running his fingers through Draco's hair. Draco watched Harry's face as he entered him. Harry closed his eyes, tightening his hold in Draco's hair, which caused the blond to close his eyes at the pleasure. Once he was fully sheathed, he looked down at his lover and saw that Harry watched him and waited patiently for more. Then Draco began to move. He lowered his head into the crook of Harry's neck, burying himself into the tanned and smooth flesh. Harry's head leaned back to give him more access, and his hands held onto Draco's creamy shoulders as they moved sensually up and down at a slow rhythm.

The night was filled with sighs, moans, groans, and proclamations of love. Harry's mind was swimming with the desire that Draco caused his body to feel. The feel of the blond moving in and out of him,

whispering murmurs and promises of love into his ear in the dead of night as the moonlight leaked in, illuminating the room in blue was overwhelming.

As the blond continued to penetrate his lover, he could feel the caress of Harry's palms running down the length of his back. The soft pleadings to stop and go more ringing in his ears. With Harry returning his vow of love, his arrousal grew and he could feel himself approaching. He knew that he should count his blessings and be grateful for all of this. The only reason that he ever had this, was because Harry gave him one more chance. A second chance. He was in eternal debt to the boy beneath him; this beautiful creature who was unaware of just how amazing he really was.

Harry's head leaned more into the pillows as Draco entered him once more. Draco buried his face in Harry's onyx hair, intoxicating his nostrils with the scent that was uniquely Harry and that could drive him over the edge. His left hand searched through the maze of raven locks, twisting his fingers into the mass that was Harry's hair. He placed a soft kiss to Harry's head. Harry's own fingers traveled into the golden hair that covered his hands like silk. Harry opened his mouth in a silent cry as Draco grazed by his prostate, hitting him in the most delicious of ways.

"Draco," he whispered, feeling his body tense and relax with pleasure as the sweat gleamed from their bodies, mixing in a moist and hot sensation. He felt Draco's fingers

graze his length that brushed against their stomachs, before his fingers wrapped around him fully and began to caress his member in time with the slow thrusts. And it was here that Harry couldn't take any more. His fingers dug into Draco's smooth and flawless skin, and his fingernails grazed the pale flesh. Draco could feel Harry surrounding him even tighter as the orgasm took over his lover's body. The pressure on his groin threw him over the last obstacle that was holding him in the pleasured heat, and he came deep inside Harry. Harry felt the warm sensation spread throughout his body, and both boys tensed and rode the pleasurable wave of orgasm until the last possible moment, before both collapsed in defeat of their lovemaking.

Draco remained deep within Harry, determined to be one with his lover for as long as possible. The father of his child. Both gasped and panted for breath as their orgasms retreated from their body. The sweat washed together between their bodies, their hair fell into their eyes in wet locks, and their eyes looked into the other's with more emotion than one could deem possible.

They kissed softly in their aftermath, before Draco slowly slipped out of Harry and positioned himself beside the other boy. His arms wrapped protectively over Harry as he snuggled into the warmth and safety that was Harry. No words could be spoken at this moment. Neither could think of anything; nothing was needed. And in the minutes that followed, both breathed in the scent of sex and the aroma of the other, until each were lulled into a deep and sated sleep.

Later on in the night upon their return, Narcissa and Lucius opened the door as they heard silence. They peered in and saw the two boys wrapped in each other's arms, sleeping peacefully and unafraid. As it should be. A soft smile overcame Narcissa's lips as she stepped away from the door and headed off to bed. Lucius remained a moment longer to stare upon the two lovers. Despite of his earlier wonderings, the two really did fit together. Lucius realized that Draco needed someone strong-willed, and who else but Harry. He also realized that it was probably inevitable that Harry prefer his own sex and moreso Draco. Harry Potter needed someone strong and reliable. And those were things that Draco would offer him. Draco didn't care about society and fame, which was most likely one of the key qualities that Harry sought from him. But the image in the bed was one of true love. And Lucius did accept it. Harry really wasn't all that he thought him to be. He was important to Draco, and therefore important to him. And their son would be a powerful heir, his greatest wish. So he would let his prejudice go for the other boy. The boy would remain safe under his care. Lucius only feared the day the *Prophet* found out. He slowly closed the door, taking one last look at the two, before heading off to bed as well to join his wife.

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The next week found Harry and Draco staring into a room that was right beside their own. It only supported a bed that could be conjured into a crib, they suspected. This was to be the baby's room. They decided that they would live at the Manor. Draco would inherit it after the passing of his father, and it was tradition as generations of Malfoy's had lived there. Harry really didn't mind. True, he did feel that the Malfoy's were being a bit strong and harsh on him in the beginning, but he was beginning to accept them and forgive them for the past years.

"What about lilac?" Narcissa tried, as she stood behind the boys, discussing a color for the walls of the room. Draco made a face.

"Mother, *lilac* is *not* for my son. What do you think about a maroon or dark blue?" he asked.

"Too common," Harry replied, looking around. "We could try a dark forest green."

"Yes, for Slytherin. He will obviously be one when he becomes older and attends Hogwarts. Yes, I think green with do nicely."

"Excuse me," Harry said, "he could be in Gryffindor. You never know."

"Please, Potter," Draco argued back, "every Malfoy ends in Slytherin. It is just tradition."

"Well tradition does end eventually. Not to mention I am a very loyal Gryffindor, and therefore our son might possess traits such as that of the lion." Draco faked a gagging impression as to think of his son as a Gryffindor.

"I do think it is a bit early to be discussing that," Narcissa came in sweetly, before a useless and rediculous fight broke out upon the two for no reason. "You will have a reasonable eleven years to consider that." Both boys nodded and blushed at the argument they had had.

"But, despite the Slytherin traits, I do think a forest green would look nice. Or," she said, "you could sort of mix the green and blue and support a dark teal shade." Harry and Draco looked to the other and shrugged as they were interested and wouldn't mind trying. Narcissa took out her wand and casted the charm for the color to appear. "That looks quite nice."

Harry and Draco looked around at the bare walls of teal and concluded that it really did look nice. They nodded their agreement, and so it was done. Narcissa casted the spell and levitated the furniture from the other room into the present room. A small mahogany dresser floated into the room and was settled along the wall. A changing table followed and was placed along the other room. A small area supported a play area with pillows and small toys that were already bought for the decoration and future use of her grandson. And finally she turned towards the guest bed and conjured it into a very expensive looking crib.

It was then that Lucius came in looking very grave. Narcissa was the first to turn and greet him with a smile, but the smile soon faltered.

"Lucius, dear, what is it?" she asked. He spoke no words, as Draco and Harry came to stand beside Narcissa. He handed them a bundle of paper. It was the *Daily Prophet*.

The Boy Who Lived; The Boy Who Concieved!

Yes, you read correctly folks. Harry Potter, the hero of the Wizarding World is in fact homosexual. And though this is perfectly accepted in the Wizarding World, we are also delighted to note that Mr. Potter is pregnant! Though we are unsure how far along he is, we are told that it is Natural Conception, which are very rare and only result from true love it is told. The father is none other than Draco Malfoy, son of the great Lucius Malfoy.

"Yes, Draco and I used to date," Gavin Klent, son to the Minister of Magic told us, "and we broke up and he got together with Harry Potter. I was hurt, and it is a sign of true love. I hate that it happened, but the two boys will definitely see me again in later days as a friend." Gavin Klent is now in his seventh year at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry and informed us of the pregnancy first hand. Many thanks to him, and many congratulations and blessings to Harry Potter and Draco Malfoy's child.

"Now, Harry, we knew that this would come," Draco said, trying to calm Harry down. Harry nodded that he knew it as well, his anger trying to lower. "But, how…?"

"Gavin must not have been unconcious too long before we carried him out that night,"

Lucius informed them. Draco cursed as he turned and began to pace the room. Why had he ever dated the git? What had he ever seen in him? Right now he could kill the sorry bastard.

"But you are all right," Harry said, "this is for the best. I can't hide forever. Yes, there will be more risk of publicity, but if I don't show myself now then it will only pose even more questions later. And I have to be the best man at Ron and Hermione's wedding next month. How would it look to come fat with no explanation? At least they'll know this way."

"Are you sure?" Draco asked carefully. Harry turned and smiled to his lover.

"Yes, love." Draco leaned forward and kissed Harry softly.

"I love you," Draco whispered.

"I love you too," Harry replied.

"Well, the room appears to be about done, so we can leave. Is there anything that you two would like for dinner?" Narcissa asked. They both said it didn't matter, so she started downstairs to tell the house elf to make a grand dinner.

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That night, Draco awoke with a weird feeling. He raised up and looked to see Harry sitting up in bed with an odd expression on his face.

"Harry , what is it?" he asked sitting up, panic beginning to show on his features and in his tone.

"I don't know," Harry said slowly, as if trying to figure it out himself. He rubbed his stomach, only causing Draco's panic to overcome. "I…want something. But,"

"Wait here," Draco said. A moment later, Narcissa entered with her son and sat beside Harry's side.

"Are you all right, dear?" Narcissa asked with concern. Harry nodded.

"I want something, but," he sighed, "I don't know what it is." Narcissa gave a small smile and sighed in relief.

"Harry, dear you are craving something," she said, "it's quite normal with pregnancy. Now let's see. What do you want? Something warm?" Harry thought for a moment, before he shook his head. Narcissa nodded. "All right. Do you want something cold?" At this, Harry nodded. "Ice cream?" But everything she listed seemed to be not what he wanted. In the end, "I'll tell you what, Harry. When I was pregnant with Draco, for some strange odd reason, I craved ice." Draco looked at her with a puzzled look as to how anybody could possibly want *ice*. But when he looked over to Harry, he saw a thoughtful expression on the raven-haired boy. Narcissa summoned a house-elf to bring ice. Pepri did and handed the bowl to Narcissa. She took out a cube and handed it to Harry. He took and curiously put it into his mouth. He seemed to sigh in relief and sigh contentedly at the sensation of the coolness that ran down his throat.

"So, I will leave you with that. I'm glad that you feel better dear. Goodnight you two," she said. They told her goodnight and she closed the door behind her. Draco turned to watch Harry happily sucking on a piece of ice.

"You are so weird," he teased. Harry almost looked hurt as he looked to Draco. Draco smiled and leaned forward to kiss him gently. "But that's why I love you." And with that, after making sure Harry was all right, he turned over to sleep, leaving Harry to happily eat his ice.

Chapter 18. A Miracle of Life

November finally came. The wind chills were now picking up, readying them all for Winter. Harry sat on the couch in the Lounge of Malfoy Manor with a cup of…ice. Yes, even after a month! Perhaps Draco was right; he was weird. But whatever gave him this satisfaction.

The fire crackled by the wall in front of the couch, and he stared deeply into its contents. Everything had happened recently. Gavin had come and tried to steal Draco away; and had almost succeeded. Lucius Malfoy was nice. The baby was growing. Lucius was nice. He had a strange craving for ice. Lucius was nice. And also the days had already counted down until one more day left before Ron and Herm's wedding.

And it was then, that he felt it.

He jumped for a minute, since it had startled him. He waited very quietly to make sure it was what he thought it was. And there it was again!

"Draco!" he called. He only had to wait a moment, before the blond came to stand in the doorway.

"Harry, what is it?" he asked, walking into the room towards Harry, who sat on the couch grinning.

"Come here, you have to feel this," Harry said excitedly, as he moved over and made room for Draco to sit beside him. Draco was curious, and a little worried that there was something wrong with the baby. But the grin on Harry's face told him otherwise, so he merely sat with no more questions, until Harry showed him. "Here," Harry spoke softly, taking his hand and pressing it to his now much bigger bulge. Draco waited a moment, trying to feel anything, but couldn't.

"I-I don't feel anything," he said with a little hurt tone. Harry hummed in curiosity, before moving Draco's hand over and holding it under his own to a new spot on his stomach. Draco's eyes widened.

And there it was.

The soft pressure on his fingers. The very faint sensation, but there was no doubt to what it was.

His baby was kicking.

He could feel faint tears begin to well up in his eyes, and as he looked he saw that Harry indeed was crying. Harry smiled and was glad that Draco could feel it. Draco turned from Harry and stared into the fire. This was incredible. No words could describe this moment. The two lovers sat on the couch, feeling their child move, and their love grow.

Draco softly smiled, feeling his baby kick, and turned to look at Harry. Harry was smiling at him as well. Draco leaned in and kissed his lover. Draco's hand remained on his Harry's stomach, with Harry's over his. This kiss was different. This kiss sealed an entire future for the two of them. The kind of kiss that you wait your whole life to feel. The love that you wait your whole life to feel. Harry felt Draco slowly lower him down onto his back. Draco

was massaging his stomach over the spot that he had felt it, as the kiss continued. Harry's hand came up to cup Draco's face in the kiss, as he felt Draco's tongue sweep over his.

"I love you," Draco said, "so very much."

"I love you too, Draco," said Harry, before going in for another loving kiss. The only sound remaining was the flicker of the flames. Draco's hand continued to rub on his shirt, until it lowered and traveled underneath the clothing to feel the bare flesh. He massaged in little circles over the smooth skin. He knew that if his mother had been here, she would be beside herself. But no, this moment was for him and Harry; alone.

"Do you know what you do to me?" Draco whispered heatedly against Harry's lips. Harry could only gasp as pleasure coursed through him and the love that he felt for the boy that was leaning over on to him from his current position beside him on the couch.
"You make me feel things that I was always told not to feel. You made me the man I wanted to be. And now I can be a good father; alongside you. It seems almost inevitable that we'd end up working together side by side. But no matter what it took to get here, I don't want things to change. Do you?"

"Well, I wouldn't mind having this thing out of me," Harry teased, but then turned serious, "but no; nothing." He leaned up to kiss Draco again with all of the love that he felt for his lover.

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Everyone had begun sittting in the seats, awaiting the start of the ceremony. Ron and Hermione had scheduled and compromised with Dumbledore to let them have their wedding at Hogwarts. It was, after all, where they really first met. Of course Dumbledore was delighted to comply. He arranged for it so that the students would remain inside the castle that day to be clear for the reception; the ceremony would be outside by the lake, where Hermione and Ron had shared their first kiss.

Harry stepped around the chairs to the front of the altar with Ron. A few chuckles rang through the audience at seeing Harry pregnant, and Harry casted a look at Draco. The blond looked ready to hex them all. Harry just smiled and shook his head; surprisingly, he didn't care. And to prove it…

He walked up to Draco, in the front row, and leaned down to kiss him. He moaned and relished in the taste of Draco. Draco gasped in surprise at the kiss, but melted into it just the same and moaned as well, cupping Harry's face in the process. As Harry stood and walked back, murmurs behind him, and a satisfied smirk on his lips, he approached Ron, who was shaking his head.

"Don't steal the spotlight again, mate," he teased. Harry shrugged.

"I seem to have a thing for it. You'd think they'd never seen a pregnant man before," Harry joked.

"Some, or most of them, haven't," Ron said, "It may be allowed, but it isn't common. But we can expect it to happen to you, eh?" The two smiled as the last of the bridesmaids (Ginny, Lavender, and Parvati) took their places. They heard the tune begin to play and all stood to face the aisle to look at Hermione. Harry had never seen his friends look so happy. Hermione was so beautiful and practically glowed like the angel that she was. Her hair was up in a bun as loose strands fell to surround her face, along with the long veil that fell around her elegantly. She had tears in her eyes, and upon a closer look Harry could see, so did Ron.

Hermione had the biggest smile on her face, as she looke to her future husband and best friend. The two men watched proudly as she finally reached them. Harry stepped to the side as the two stood before the altar and waited. Albus Dumbledore came up, clearing his throat and proceeded with starting the ceremony. Harry smiled as he looked up and saw many faces in the windows of Hogwarts of the curious students at the wedding. He knew that the face of Gavin Klent was most likely among them; sadly.

"Seven and a half years ago, this couple met. And though from experience, I can say that they might not have gotten along most of the time; but love was certainly underneath the surface every step of the way." Harry and Draco shared a look at Albus's words, even though they weren't meant for them.

"I think in a matter of speaking, we all could foreshadow this day," Dumbledore went on, "their bond only strengthened through the adventures and triumphs alongside young Mr. Potter here." Harry blushed as all eyes were turned to him. But luckily, Dumbledore distracted them again. "And as memorable and special as these days were, we must now focus on today; and the joining of love that these two share." And with that he cleared his throat. "Dearly beloved…"

Harry could only stare at his friends, who held each other's hands and stared at the other. The wind blew, but only hit them with a slight breeze; Dumbledore had charmed the area to be tolerable in the November weather.

Draco looked up at Harry; so beautiful up at the front of the altar with his pregnant form. He wished he could have stood up there and accompany his lover, as Harry fidgeted at the discomfort of having people murmur at times and look at him. He hoped that he would be with Harry in a few minutes. It still amazed him at where he ended up in life. Friends with Ron and Hermione Weasley, as they were about to be known as. The soulmate and lover of Harry Potter. The father to Harry Potter's child. None of these options ever came across his mind before. He did begin having an attraction to Harry, but never dreamed that it could turn into what it did. He smiled as he watched Harry sigh and try to calm himself. Harry really didn't like crowds or being in front of a large group of people. It only made Draco love him more.

"I do," Ron finished. Harry watched and everyone sat on the edge of their seats, as they watched the couple they knew to be.

"I now pronounce you, husband and wife." Ron and Hermione smiled as they leaned in to seal the kiss of their lives together. Everyone clapped as the couple made their way down the aisle as husband and wife.

The reception was going by very well. Everyone mingled and ate the food provided happily. Ross and Blaise talked over in the corner, while Ron and Hermione talked with their parents and other guests. Harry remained sitting alone at one of the tables.

"How are you feeling?" a soft purr whispered delicately behind his ear. Harry turned his head to look at Draco. They softly kissed, before Harry sighed.

"I'm fine, I guess," he said, "my back is starting to bother me though. He's killing me for standing too long," he smiled, as he rubbed his stomach. Draco smiled as well, and checked his watch.

"Well," he said huskily, wrapping his arms around Harry's stomach from behind, "we'll stay as long as needed, and then," he leaned to softly kiss Harry's cheek, to his cheek, and finally against his neck. "I'll give you a nice hot bath, and see if I can't get you completely relaxed," he said. He felt Harry shiver against him, and kissed his lover, before walking

over to Blaise and Ross.

"Well, hello, Harry." Harry turned to see Dumbledore sit beside him. "How are you doing?"

"Well, a few cravings and back pains. The normal," Harry replied.

"Harry, I wonder why you did not come to me when you found out that you were pregnant?" the older man asked. Harry lowered his head and sighed, not hiding the blush from his cheeks.

"Albus, you and I are so close. You're like a father to me. Kids don't want to come to their parents, and say that they're pregnant. And I was embarrased under the circumstances that it happened. I thought I was alone, but I figured that I could handle it. I didn't find out until July, and Draco was long gone at the time. I figured he had forgotten me. But, it's a long story. But it's all right, now. I've been going to all of my appointments. I've been accepted into the Malfoy family surprisingly, and Draco and I love each other. My life has really turned out good."

"I just wish that you would have let help you. I didn't know. You can imagine my shock, reading it in the *Prophet*. I've been meaning to talk to you for some time."

"Do you…," Harry swallowed, "approve and support me? You are so important in my life. I learned everything I know from you. And I know that I didn't come to you in the first place, but I would really appreciate it if I had your blessing, Albus." There was a silence, as the older man thought and calculated what he wanted to say.

"I will say that I do not approve of the rash manner in which you slept with Mr. Malfoy initially. But, naturally, the punishment and moral lesson was bestowed upon you when he left you and you found that you were impregnanted. But your life was always full of misery. A miracle has touched you, Harry. You have never had the love of a family, and the Malfoy's are showing you just that. And Draco, now that I have spoken with him and evaluated, I'm shocked to say that he's the perfect match for you." Harry smiled, and could just imagine Draco stressing under the questionings of his father figure. "So, I am to be a grandfather, of course," Albus concluded. "And, do you know the gender of your baby?"

"It's a boy," Harry smiled. Albus nodded proudly, and Harry thought that he saw an extra twinkle in the man's glazed blue eyes. Did Albus ever cry?

"I'm sure you are aware that your son will be very powerful. Wizards do tend to show more power sooner before witches at a young age. Besides, the son of Harry Potter and Draco Malfoy, will be the most powerful child of the age. Does the *Prophet* know the sex?"

"If they did, you'd know," Harry said, "but I'm sure they'll find out in the next four months."

"Have you thought of any names?" Albus asked.

"Er…well, I've thought of a few, but Draco and I haven't discussed it yet," Harry said.

"Well, perhaps you would go for a powerful name; Albus perhaps?" he teased airily. Harry laughed.

"No, thank you, sir. But thanks for the offer," he said, patting Albus on the shoulder, using it to push his weight on, as he held the side of his stomach to stand. Albus stood as well to help him. "Thanks."

"I think it would do for you to leave. You do need your rest, Harry. It won't do good for little Albus."

"I think you are right," Harry sighed, "and I'm not naming it Albus. I'm living at the Manor now, by the way. So if you wish to owl me; I'll be there. I hope Ron and Hermione wouldn't mind me leaving early. I hate I have to."

"It's perfectly understandable and acceptable. Do you wish me to keep the gender a secret?" Albus asked.

"If you would, please. People would be sending me name lists, and I'd rather discuss it alone with Draco."

"I understand," Albus nodded respectively, "I love you." Harry smiled.

"I love you too," he said, hugging the older man. "Have you seen Draco?"

"I believe he was conversing with the bride and groom only moments ago." Harry thanked him and began walking around in search of his lover.

~*~

"So you really don't mind?" Draco asked. He had been afraid that he might steal some of the attention from Harry's best friends, and his new ones. But this is what he wanted, and he had made sure to ask first.

"Of course not!" Hermione smiled and hugged Draco. Draco tensed, but leaned into the hug of his new unexpected friend.

~*~*~*

Harry continued to walk around and saw Hermione turn her back to him. He leaned on his toes to try to see if Draco was with her, but Ginny and all of the other women gathered around in front of him. Harry turned his head away to start looking somewhere else for Draco.

"CATCH!" several people shouted. The shout startled him, and Harry reached out instinctively with his seeker reflexes that he still possessed. He didn't even realize he had reached out with such speed, or that he had caught anything; until in his hand, he held…the bouquet.

Draco smirked at Hermione, and she cautiously smiled back. It was ironic that Harry had caught it. It wasn't part of their plan at all. But it didn't hurt either. It was unexpected and unconciously done after all. But Draco still had their consent, and he wasn't backing down now. He walked through the group of ladies, who parted to reveal Harry, standing stunned, holding the bouquet and looking at it as if trying to figure out how he got it.

"Well, well, well," Draco said loudly, "I know I had consent, but I didn't plan that. Way to go, Seeker."

"What are you talking about?" Harry asked, setting the flowers down on the ground. Draco took his hand. Draco's words had confused him, and the way that the blond was approaching him and the look in his eyes…

"Harry, I have been thinking about this for a long time," Draco said seriously, his eyes burning into Harry's.

"Oh my God," Harry stated. No, he wasn't. Draco wasn't going to..

"Harry James Potter, love of my life, and father to my unborn child," he lowered to one knee, held Harry's hand and pulled out a box from his pocket. He opened it to reveal the most beautiful ring that Harry had ever seen. Harry gasped.

"Will you marry me?"

Chapter 19. A Picture's Worth A Thousand Words….

To say Harry was shocked would be an understatement.

"I….I…," he couldn't seem to get anymore out, than the one syllable. Murmurs and whispers floated through the crowd, urging him to say yes. A few even said no, or "That is pretty low to propose at someone *else's* wedding!" But Harry realized why Draco *was* asking him at Ron and Herm's wedding. Not only that he was a public figure, but that this way, all of those that were important to him could witness this event in the act if he said yes. Of course, if Harry had said no, it would have been a major embarrasement and humiliation attempt on Draco. But who was Harry trying to pull? He would never turn down this offer to the one he loved.

"We can wait, until after the baby is born, Harry. At least then you'll have your old figure back," Draco said with a smile. A few laughs rang through the crowd, and even Harry himself couldn't suppress a smile at the humor. "Will you be my husband, Harry?" Draco whispered. Harry shook his head with a smile in an *I can't believe you did this,* joking gesture.

"Yes, you evil git," he said as he pulled Draco up off of the ground and kissed him lovingly to an applause of the crowd around them.

"Should I feel insulted?" Draco said with a smile as he pulled back, holding Harry in his arms. Harry smiled and just shook his head.

The couple did leave eventually, and Draco was able to give Harry that bath.

"I wonder what Ron and Hermione are doing?" Harry teased. Draco made a face of disgust.

"Ugh, I don't want to think about it." Harry just smiled and enjoyed being held in his bed later that night by his lover. But Harry had loved that bath.

Which was why now, in the end of Harry's sixth month, Harry was sitting on the couch, softly touching his stomach, that he looked up to Draco who was reading a book on the other couch.

"Draco?" he asked.

"Hmm?" was his reply. Harry bit his lip and sighed.

"Do you think…you could give me a bath like you did a month ago?" There was a silence, and the cool grey eyes slowly made their way off of the page that he had been reading, to stare sensually into the emerald green. A smirk played on his face, as his eyes flickered to look at Harry's body, and back up to his eyes.

"I can do more than that, love," he whispered. Even in the darkness of only the fire as light, he could still unmistakably see the shiver that passed through Harry at that tone. He

could still get him going. Harry watched as Draco closed his book, and set it aside on the end table. He stood up and took off his vest. He was going to remove his white shirt, before he paused. "Wait."

"Why?" Harry half whimpered, causing the blond to laugh.

"I just realized that this is the perfect time to do what I had planned. Wait here, and don't move." Within a moment he was gone. Harry sat there in the stillness. What just happened? But he only a moment to be curious, as Draco returned holding a camera.

"Draco, no," Harry protested.

"Yes, Harry."

"But, I'm tired of having my picture taken," Harry argued back.

"But you haven't had any while you've been pregnant. Therefore you've had a good six month's break. And I want to cherish this. Our first child." Something about those last words caused Harry to relax and reconsider. "You'll have to take off your clothes, of course." That killed it.

"What? Are you mad?!" Harry said, settling back on the couch. Draco just smiled and sat down at his feet.

"But, love, it only enhances the beauty. It's not like it's pornography or anything. And no one else will see it but us. But I want pictures of you, to remember these moments always. It was this, as well," he layed his hand upon his baby, "that brought us back together in the first place." Harry bit his lip as he thought about it. He reluctantly nodded. It couldn't be so bad, perhaps. Draco took his hand and led him to stand up, while he remained sitting. He and Harry never broke contact, as Harry walked over and lowered himself down slowly onto Draco's lap.

"I'm not hurting you, am I?" Harry laughed. Draco smiled and shook his head, before looking dead serious again into Harry's gorgeous eyes. His hands caressing Harry's thighs in long strokes. Harry's smile died away at the true intent of Draco's gaze. The storms had clouded in with lust that stared upon his own eyes.

He held Draco's arms as the blond's hands spread up the sides of his stomach, to the top of his shirt. Harry watched the blond's fingers, as they lowered the material over his shoulders, to his elbows, and finally to the floor. Draco looked up into his eyes once more. Harry looked down into his lover's, as Draco's hands ran from the sides of his neck, down to his collarbone. Harry's breath was hitched now, as the long pale fingers ran down his chest; pausing to play with each nipple. This caused him to shiver, as he had grown sensitive there. The fingers continued their quest down to his navel, stopping again to twist into the little curls that ran down to his groin. Draco unbuttoned his pants and slowly lowered them and Harry's boxers, allowing Harry a moment to stand and help him, before Harry again returned to his previous position on his lap, straddling him. The long index fingers slid down to follow the lines of the juncture from his hip to his thighs. Harry's eyes closed, as he held onto Draco. The soft lips that played across his shoulder, to his collarbone, and the soft bite left there.

He gasped as a warm tongue, dipped out to lick over the bite that marked Harry as his own. Draco came back up and passionately kissed Harry. But this kiss was slow and seductive, sweeping his tongue over Harry's. Draco's hands wrapped behind to feel his arse, and pull his more to him. Harry's arms wrapped around Draco's neck, as the kiss continued. Harry's hands slid down Draco's chest, feeling his lover's body beneath the material, and made to unbutton the shirt, before his hands were grasped by Draco's,

stopping him.

"Not yet, Harry," he whispered. He slowly stood, settling Harry down on the couch. Harry looked up in confusion, until Draco turned around to face him; holding the camera. Harry rolled his eyes, and fell to his side with a groan of dread. "Oh, you big baby," Draco smiled, but then stopped. "Wait, stay there. Just like that." Harry looked up at Draco, wondering what the blond would want. Draco quickly stood and walked over to the side of the room. Harry knew this type of vigor in his lover; Draco was in his artistic mood. Draco returned with a blanket, and threw it to Harry. "Cover up with that. But only your lower half. Here," he situated, and helped Harry, "put one leg under the cover, and have the other show on top of it. Pull it up to lay softly over the lower half of your stomach. No, no, lay down just like you were there." Harry did as was told and rested on his side. He put one hand under his head and the other to rest beside him, in front of his face. "Perfect," he heard Draco say.

"Are you sure this isn't for some dirty magazine?" Harry teased. Draco smiled at his lover over the camera, before bringing it down over his eyes to look at Harry. Harry began to smile at the comical way that Draco appeared to be in as of the last few minutes, and where he now lay.

"Don't smile, Harry," Draco said softly. Harry immediately stopped, and looked at Draco. "That's it; a calm, soothing look. You are serene; beautiful," he purred in a soft voice, to help Harry relax and into the mood for the picture. The click of the camera told Harry that the picture had been taken. Harry had never seen Draco like this, it was almost unnatural. But, for some reason, he seemed mysterious. Changing from this way to that, and having Harry look into the camera to capture every angle and form of his pregnancy. It was very sensual and exciting to Harry, and he loved every minute of it; glad that he had given into his fiance's wishes.

"You don't mind this, do you?" he asked with a sheepish grin, holding camera down to his chest. But Harry just shook his head.

"No, not at all," he smiled.

"All right, just a few more. I promise, love," Draco said. Harry nodded and awaited his next order. Draco stood for a moment in thought, wondering which way for Harry to pose next. "Here, sit up just a bit for me, will you?" He walked forward and helped Harry to sit against the couch arm. "There, now we'll just cover you up here," he pulled the blanket over Harry, just hiding his lower region, while his legs still shown from the sides. "Hold the baby, and look at me. Now, there's an expression. I don't know what it is. It is like you are thinking of everything that has happened to you in your life. I want this serene sadness to befall you." Harry did smile at Draco's drama, but cleared his throat and began to think.

He thought of his parents. He thought of his life at the Dursley's. His mind wandered to when he was first told about his quest in life, and the man who threatened it. He thought about Sirius; the only man he ever thought of as a father, before Albus. He thought about how he had felt when he thought he could have liked Cho, and had been rejected. And he thought of Draco. The journey it took to get where he was tonight, with Draco taking pictures of him to share forever. "That's it. Perfect," Draco whispered, as the camera took the picture. After it had clicked, Draco still kept the camera to his eyes, looking at Harry through the lens. He was so beautiful. The look that played across his face truly did show that of a person who had endured the most and more than anyone should ever have to go through. Yet, here he survived, strong and bold. The naked golden skin that seemed to shine under the light of the flames in the fireplace. And this boy had chosen him to be his soul mate.

"What are you doing?" Harry asked after a moment, bringing Draco out of his daze. The

blond shook his head.

"Nothing. We're finished." He heard Harry sigh in relief, and couldn't help the smile that overcame his features. "I wanted to capture you and the baby," Draco defended himself as he walked over to sit beside Harry.

"I know," Harry said, looking at Draco. But after a moment he unbuttoned Draco's shirt as he was now allowed to do. He ran his hands over the blond's bare chest, relishing in the feel of Draco's smooth and pale skin. He looked back up to his lips, as he leaned in to meet Draco halfway. Draco's shirt fell from his shoulders, and thrown to the floor as well. Draco's hands roamed over Harry's body, feeling all of the places that he had memorized would pleasure Harry in only ways that he could do. He pulled back from the kiss and stared down into the sensual green.

"How about that bath?" he whispered. Harry moaned in anticipation, causing Draco to smile against his lips, before joining them again in a soft kiss.

The water splashed as Harry sat up, and made for room for Draco to sit behind him. He leaned back against the cool chest of his lover. Draco's legs surrounded either of Harry's as his arms held Harry's hips. Harry closed his eyes and leaned against Draco's shoulder. The water washed up around their bodies in the small tub, which were meant for intimate situations such as these. Draco reached over and grabbed the bar of soap. He brought it to his other hand in front of Harry's face, in which he rubbed a smooth lather onto his hands, before setting it back down. His hands rubbed together once more without the bar, before setting softly down upon Harry's stomach. Harry's lips parted, and a pleasure crease appeared between his brows. Draco loved to watch Harry like this. He lightly pressed into Harry from behind, causing another moan to escape the boy's lips. Draco leaned in to rest his head on Harry's shoulder, kissing the silky sweaty skin of Harry's neck.

"Draco," Harry whispered, pressing back into the blond, pleasure coursing through his body. Draco lowered his hands into the water of the bath, and washed them clean of the soap. He then brought up his hand, letting the water drip off of his fingers to stream down Harry's stomach. He waited until every little drop had fallen from his raised hand. He then went under the water again, and found Harry's hand under the water and intertwinded it with his own.

"I love you," he whispered to Harry's ear.

"I love you too," Harry whispered, turning his head to look at Draco. Their head tilted to meet in a loving kiss. The kiss broke, and Harry settled back against the blond. Every few seconds they would press against the other, as they sat in the silence, listening to the water splashing around them. Draco would still let the water drip down Harry's stomach. The candles lit around the tub, creating a reddish tint to the room with a fragrance of roses, that sent Harry into ecstasy. He loved the feeling of Draco caressing his body as he was now. This was true love. They both lay, staring at nothing in particular, both in thought.

"Draco?" Harry questioned.

"Yes, love?" Draco replied, kissing his neck once more.

"Have you thought any at all about….names?" Harry questioned, leaning his head to the side to give Draco more room. The blond sucked on his neck a moment longer, before he sighed and sat up.

"Yes, I have. I was going to wait until you were ready. I have been wondering what we

would call our son.” Again the silence rang as both stayed quiet, their minds running through names.

“Well, there’s Michael,” Draco said. But he and Harry both agreed that it was too commonly used. They didn’t mind a simple name, but they wanted one that wouldn’t be joined with fifteen others when their child attended school. “I have always liked the name Adam.” Harry nodded in thought.

“I do like that. I was thinking along the lines of Ian or Gabriel, but,”

“Gabriel,” Draco whispered as he pondered. After a moment, he nodded. “Gabriel. I do like that. Would you like that name?” he asked Harry. Harry nodded and then thought.

“Gabriel Adam Potter-Malfoy.” Both seemed to like the idea and that they had named it together. “Of course, there is a chance that it might change, but I think our hearts are pretty set, don’t you?”

“Yes, love,” Draco said, leaning in to kiss Harry once more as their bath continued for the next several minutes, before they both retired to bed.

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Christmas morning came, as the two boys awoke. The sun streamed in through the window, as Draco sat up on his elbow and squinted at the light that leaked into their bed. Harry groaned in dread, as he covered his eyes. “Five more minutes, Ron, please?” he muttered into his sleep. Apparently, Harry still reminisced of his school days. Draco smiled as he pulled the curtains closed, and saw Harry reach out to find him. He lowered so that Harry’s hands could feel his skin, before he the boy sighed in relief and curled up against him. Christmas could wait an hour…or two.

Christmas with the Malfoy’s was rather interesting, Harry had concluded. They invited almost everyone from the Ministry, some of their own family, and even…the Weasley’s. Harry could tell that Lucius did not approve, but if they were going to get married, then their families would have to look the parts.

Harry made his way around the Malfoy’s ballroom, looking at all of the Christmas decorations. Many people were scattered around the room, a few were even on the dancefloor with their dates. He walked over to the buffet table and was fixing himself a plate.

“My, my, who would ever think the Great Harry Potter would end up fat?” a slow drawl called behind him. But Harry just smiled, as he turned to face his old Potion’s Master.

“Hello, Severus. My, I have really missed your insults,” Harry said. It still felt weird for him to call these people by their first names, but he still managed. And now that he wasn’t a student, it seemed that Snape wasn’t as harsh as he had remembered him six months ago. “It’s been ages right? Wow, almost seven months since you gave me detention.” The older man smirked as he turned his drink in his glass.

“I will say Mr. Potter, that you did not grow up as I thought you would,” he said, looking at Harry quizzically.

“Oh?” Harry questioned. “Do you mean this?” He said, turning so that his stomach was in view. Both men laughed.

“Precisely. No, I just figured that you would go on to be great in society. Join the Ministry

perhaps.” But Harry just shook his head in disgust.

“Definitely no,” Harry went on, “I’d accept a teaching job at Hogwarts, before that. Albus even offered me a job. But, even though I wouldn’t mind teaching, I turned it down.”

“What position did he offer you?” Snape asked in a dread. Harry smiled.

“Guess.”

“Merlin, does that man not know that I want that position?” He took a moment to look over Harry, “but I can see why he would want you to teach it though.”

“Ah, yes,” Harry said sarcastically, “let’s get the boy with the darkest history and put him up for even more show and publicity. Put him in front of the children of the parents that he killed and risk his neck everyday.” He and Snape laughed, as Harry picked at his food.

“Now, there is a sight that I never thought that I would see.” Snape and Harry turned to see Draco walk up to stand with them. “Hello,” he said as he kissed Harry softly in greeting, before turning to face his previous professor.

“Would you excuse me? I have to go obliviate my memory,” Snape said. Draco smiled and walked up to hug his God-father.

“Sev, one day I promise you’ll get used to this,” he indicated to himself and Harry.

“Forgive me, when I say; that I don’t that I will ever get used to this. You were supposed to be enemies, but I can see that it was all meant to happen. It’s almost inevitable for it not to, I suppose,” the man said.

“Aren’t you going to miss not having me this year, Severus?” Harry joked. Snape merely smirked.

“Trust me, Potter. I will have my mischief makers, but you will always stay fully etched in my mind.”

“Should I feel honored?” Harry asked teased.

“Let’s just say that you will always be…*unique*,” Snape said, as he excused himself, and made his way to the other side of the room. Harry took another bite of his food, and turned to say something to Draco, but saw that Draco was looking across the room at something.

“Draco, what is it?” Draco just continued to stare. Harry turned as well to look in the direction that his fiance was.

“Marshall Klent.”

“Draco, no,” but before Harry could stop him, Draco was walking up to the Minister. Harry waddled behind him, the weight of his baby still growing on him. The Minister turned to see them.

“Ah, boys,” he said cheerfully, his eyes falling on the baby, “Ah, quite a bulge you’ve got there, Mr. Potter. How far along?”

“Six months, sir,” Harry replied, casting wary looks to Draco, who still looked at the man with a moon unreadable. Surely, Draco wouldn’t cause a scene?

"So, where is Gavin, sir?" he asked, a fake smile on his face.

Draco would start a scene.

"Well, Gavin came home for Holidays about two weeks ago. But, he said he wasn't feeling well tonight. So he is ill in bed tonight. My wife, Avangeline, is home with him." Draco only nodded, gave his wishes to Mrs. Klent, before he led Harry away. It was then a smile came over his face.

"He's scared."

"What?" Harry asked. Draco turned back to face him.

"Don't you see? He didn't want to deal with us after the last time he came. He also has caused us to almost be broken apart. He knows that if he dares to show his face, I would destroy him." Harry couldn't argue with this. He set his plate down on the counter, and turned to see Draco with his hand out.

"What?" he asked.

"Dance with me, Harry," Draco said.

"Are you crazy?" Harry said with a smile, looking around at everyone.

"Aw, come on. Dance with me, Golden Boy," Draco pleaded. That did it. Harry shook his head, and took Draco's hand.

"Draco," Harry asked, as the music played on and they danced, "did you ever think that we would come *this* far? I mean with our families joining and all?"

"Definitely not the family one," Draco said, holding Harry to him. Harry could feel the eyes on them, but he only focused on Draco.

"Did you know that it's almost been a whole year since I defeated him," Harry whispered mournfully. Draco noticed that Harry's fingers tightened on his arms at the mention of the man that had taken everything from his fiance. His arms tightened around the boy.

"It's over, Harry," he whispered. Harry rested his head on Draco's shoulder, as they rocked back and forth to the beat.

"I love you so much," Harry whispered into his neck, "if he was still alive, I might have lost you too." Draco could hear the tears behind Harry's words.

"I'm not going anywhere, Harry," he assured the boy against him, as he held the one that he loved. "I love you."

The boys were now unaware of the eyes watching them. Albus stood by the wall, talking to Molly Weasley, as they watched the couple. They really were a cute couple. Through their robes, they could still see Draco holding his lover. Lucius stood, watching as well. Severus was beside him, until Mr. Zabini stepped up beside Lucius, and beckoned the man to follow him. Lucius followed him to the corner of the room, where they could talk in private.

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"I can't believe that you are going through with this, Lucius," he said. Lucius continued to stare at him, until his eyes wandered to his son.

"The Dark Lord is dead, Zabini. We must just try to get on with,"

"So you're just going to abandon his *noble* cause?" Mr. Zabini hissed. This time Lucius rounded on him.

"What is so noble about carrying on the work of a hopeless maniac, who can be defeated by a seventeen year old?" he shot back. Zabini spluttered on the spot for a moment. "I know what you are feeling, Zabini. I felt it too. I almost still feel it, but it is time that we faced reality. What we did was foolish. We were practically hypocrites; a slave to one while boasting of our pride and individuality. True, that we would not be as wealthy and where we are if it wasn't for the Dark Lord, but now that he is gone, we can maintain it and enjoy it to our own free will. And our sons are in love." The two men looked on at their sons, both dancing with their lovers. "We don't want to ruin their lives with this foolishness. Yours is in love with a man who is related to Muggle-borns, and mine is in love with….well the person we've been trying to rid the world of for years. But, I realized that it was all a hopeless attempt. We should've seen that this is where our lives would lead. You spend all of your time turning your child's eyes, keeping them away. But in the end, they will find it. And it took me a long time to realize that." Zabini just walked away. He had nothing to say at this moment. He would have to ponder on the words of Lucius Malfoy.

"Perhaps you are right, Lucius," he said when he was out of ear-shot. His eyes focused on his son again with the brunette. "But I haven't realized, and I won't until something is done. I must do something."

Everyone gathered around the center of the room, as chairs and tables were moved to accommodate everyone. Harry and Draco shared a couch, as everyone filled in the empty seats.

"We want to thank you all again for joining us this evening," Narcissa announced, "I believe it is only fair that our two young guests of importance open theirs first." Applause rang out as Harry and Draco picked up the few gifts that they had.

"Open mine later," Harry whispered. Draco was confused, but nodded just the same. The look in Harry's eyes told him that it was important.

"Mine too, I think would be best opened later," he announced. He looked to everyone. "We have decided to open the gifts for each other at a later time." A large amount of disappointment rang through the room, but the two boys just smiled to the other. Harry opened the other gift that he received. It was from Hermione and the Weasley's. It was a book. Harry wasn't that surprised. Mrs. Weasley had given him the traditional Weasley sweater, and had even made Draco one; causing Harry to laugh at the blond's reaction. Harry stared at the cover. "*What To Expect In Your Child's First Year; For The Amateur Wizarding Parent*" Harry rolled his eyes with a grin. "Thanks, you guys." He turned to watch Draco open his parent's gift. His eyes scanned over the paper that was withdrawn from an envelope. He gasped after he had finished.

"What is it?" Harry asked.

"They bought us a house," he said in amazement. Both boys looked up at the Malfoy's.

"But, you wanted us to stay here," Harry said, "and-and the nursery!" Narcissa just smiled.

"Well, we figured that you wouldn't want to live with your parents forever, Draco," Lucius

said.

“And the nursery can still remain for when you come for visits. You will be visiting?” she asked.

“Of course!” Harry said, “It’s just...overwhelming. I’ve never had anyone buy me something this extreme before.” He and Draco thanked everyone for the remainder of their gifts.

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At the end of the evening, the two made their way back up to their room. They each dressed in their pajamas, before crawling into bed together. They sighed as they took out their own gifts for their lover.

Harry opened up his envelope. Inside; were the pictures that Draco had taken of him the previous night. He rolled his eyes and smiled. “Draco,” he said.

“You’re beautiful,” was the blond’s only comeback. Harry shuffled through all of the gifts, amazed at Draco’s talent to capture the true essence of his emotions all in a single shot. They were quite intriguing. He was glad that they had waited for these as well. He then turned to watch Draco open his own gift.

Draco lifted an original snowglobe out of the box and looked at it. But Harry leaned forward and took his wand from the side table drawer. “You have to say the spell.” He took his wand and pointed it to the globe, “*Romanrevelia*”. Draco watched as the inside began to swirl dark blue until it resembled a night sky. Grass appeared and a strange breeze blew around inside the glass ball. Three goalposts on either side rose. The sky filled with stars, and finally; in the center on the grass was the image of two lovers together. “The first night we made love,” Harry replied. “The night Gabriel was conceived.” He waited until Draco looked to him. “The first greatest night of my life.”

Draco continued to stare at Harry for a moment ; unable to produce any words. He leaned forward and captured Harry’s lips in a sealing kiss. He set the globe and the pictures down on his side table, before turning to show Harry just how much that he loved him throughout the entire night.

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Their new home was ready to move in precisely two months later. Lucius had had it built for them, and everything had finished on March 12. It was a warm spring day, and Harry was now just as beautiful at nine months. As they apparated to just outside the finished home, Draco and Harry gasped.

It wasn’t a mansion. But it was a large house. It was set on its own in the country, sort of how Malfoy Manor was, miles away. Apparating wards were set for the family and close friends to travel back between both homes.

Mr. Zabini brought his son and Ross with him to look at the new house as well. The entire party made their way inside it. It was a beautiful white house, with many windows on the upper floors. There was a wide amount of land, and was covered in rich green grass and many trees. A swing was off in the distance by a lake, behind the house. It was so beautiful.

The inside had a huge kitchen, which Narcissa allowed a couple of house elves to help with the baby and household. Harry made a point to not tell Hermione. It had six bedrooms,

four baths, and a large Living Room. The lounge and Study were on the first floor as well, and the bedrooms were scattered on the next two floors.

"It's beautiful," Harry breathed, looking around, "I would never think that I would live in such a nice house as this."

"Well, we knew that you wouldn't be comfortable with a mansion," Narcissa said, "and there are a few extra rooms for the other children."

"What?" Draco and Harry spoke at the same time.

"Well, of course you are going to have more children? You are a gifted couple, who can concieve naturally. Surely you would want to use that to your advantage?" Draco and Harry just shared a thoughtful look.

"I think we'll have to think on that," Draco said with a smile. Furniture was moved in to their house as well, and was very elegant. "Father, we are eternally in your debt."

"Nonsense," Lucius announced, "it's a wedding present." As the rest of the group was searching the house, Mr. Zabini called Lucius over to talk to him, while Harry and Draco were looking at the same room.

"Are you still on about Christmas, Zabini?" Lucius rolled his eyes, crossing his arms.

"I have been thinking about what you had said, Lucius, but I still am not sure if I agree. I can see the reason but,"

"But you lack the logic to understand it," Lucius replied. Harry and Draco just rolled their eyes as the two older men argued back and forth, before going back to look at the windows and details of the room. It was then that Harry's legs went out from under him.

"Harry!" Draco said. Harry put his arm around Draco's neck to steady him, his feet curling in, and his hand holding his stomach. He groaned and winced in pain. "Father!"

"…and another thing, Zabini, until you can learn to,"

"Father!"

"Yes, Draco, what is it?" Lucius said, quite annoyed at being interrupted, until he looked over at the two young men.

"Father," Draco said again, holding Harry around the waist, and his other hand holding Harry's behind his neck,

"Harry's going into labor!"

Chap 20. Let Me Love You For A Lifetime, And Not A Day Shorter

Lucius and Mr. Zabini looked to one another, argument thrown aside, as they made their way to Harry and Draco's side. As they reached the doorway, Narcissa arrived just in time.

"Oh, dear! Why didn't you say anything?" Narcissa asked in a panic. She took Harry's arm and slowly helped him into a sitting position in one of the chairs. "Now, just try and relax dear. We need to levitate you there, as to make it more comfortable, despite the laboring pains." She took out her wand and cast a levitating spell. Harry felt himself grow light and

watched as he was levitated in midair. “Try and lay down dear,” she told him. He laid down, as Narcissa began to lead him through the door with her wand. She held the door open, as the men escorted Harry out. The all apparated just outside of St. Mungo’s.

“Right this way, Mr. Malfoy,” one of the Healers had told them. Lucius led them all after the Healer down the hall, as Draco walked alongside Harry and held his hand. Harry was breathing hard; intense pain like he hadn’t felt in years filled him. He was no stranger to pain, but this certainly was unlike anything that he had felt before. He now had a new respect for women. He tried to concentrate all of his thoughts on the feel of Draco’s hand in his. He was unaware of the actual strength that he was squeezing his lover’s hand, but Draco held his face void of emotion and tried to help Harry through this, despite the pain that coursed up his arm. “You will be in this room, Mr. Potter,” the Healer led them in. He stopped the others from following, and only allowed Draco in. Lucius led the others to the waiting room that was down the hall.

A bed was quickly put into place, and Harry’s winced as he was lifted and settled down onto the bed. His clothes were removed, and he wore the Wizarding hospital gowns. Draco, himself, changed into his own set. Healers rushed in and were helping around the room. Harry’s chest heaved as he gasped for air through the pain of the contractions.

“D-does Ron and H-Hermione know?” Harry breathed. Draco left and walked down the hall towards the waiting room, looking for his mother.

“Mother, tell the Weasley’s that Harry has gone into labor,” he said hurriedly, trying to get back into the delivery room. Narcissa nodded and headed for the Owlery that was in the building.

Draco entered back into the room, and walked back over to Harry’s side. Harry had calmed slightly as the contractions had momentarily subsided.

“Hello Mr. Potter, Mr. Malfoy,” one of the Healers said, “it appears that you have dilated a few inches. Now since this is a Male Pregnancy, it will take slightly longer. It could take until tomorrow morning to even days.” Draco watched as Harry’s head fell on to the pillow with an agonized groan. The few Healer’s left for a moment, and the two were alone together.

“I had mother write to the Weasley’s, telling them.” Harry nodded. Draco reached over to take a cloth on the table and gently touch it to Harry’s head, helping to rid his lover of some of the sweat that covered his forehead. “How are you?”

“Well, I am in pain every few seconds to an extreme, I didn’t get to finish looking at my house, and probably ruined Mr. Zabini’s day. And he was so looking forward to that argument,” Harry said sarcastically.

“Mr. Zabini will go home when he gets bored enough. Father will not pose or start a threat while you are under these circumstances.”

“I know,” Harry said in a solemn tone, as he looked across the room at nothing in particular. “Draco?”

“Yes, Harry?”

“Thanks,” Harry smiled.

“For what?” Draco asked, wondering what he could have done at a time like this, to make Harry thank him.

"For giving me this child. And I know that I am in a lot of pain, and that a few names might come out of my mouth that I don't mean. I will probably call you a lot of things," the couple laughed, "but just know that I am glad." Draco smiled, until he looked at the monitor beside Harry's bed.

"Um, Harry, I think that means you're about to have another con," Harry groaned before he could even get another word out. He quickly grabbed Harry's hand, as Harry threw his head back against the pillow. Draco became very nervous, as he was alone for the time being and didn't know what to do. He felt himself begin to panic. "Ok..um…breathe. Yes, breathe, Harry. Hee Hee Hoo," Draco immitated. "Harry, you have to breathe. Breathe. Breathe!"

"I'm breathing, you idiot!" Harry grounded out irritably with gritted teeth. Draco closed his mouth, as he watched Harry. He remembered what Harry had told him, and he didn't want to anger the brunette anymore. "Merlin, it hurts, Draco. Hold my hand," Harry whimpered.

"But Harry, I am holding your," Draco wished he hadn't said anything. Harry's fingers realized that he was holding onto Draco's, and began to squeeze the living hell out of them. Draco bit his lip as pain coursed through him. He felt himself lowering in the pain, and grabbed the bedpost. Just at that moment, a Healer walked in.

"Oh my goodness, I am so sorry," she walked up in front of Harry. "All right, Mr. Potter, you have to breathe now."

"Oh, not again," Harry rolled his eyes, annoyed. His chest heaved with pain, and fresh sweat could be seen. Draco might have helped clean it up, if he could have created a coherent thought at that moment. After a few more minutes, the pressure on Draco's hand began to lighten, and Harry's breath began to even out.

"Very good, Mr. Potter. I will be right back. I'm going to get Healer Marx. He'll be your delivery Healer. I think it's almost time." As the door closed, both men remained in silence. Draco leaned against the wall and massaged his hand. Harry looked over at him, and began to smile sheepishly.

"I'm sorry," he said. Draco smiled as a cute blush overcame Harry's cheeks.

"Damn, if you weren't so innocent…" Draco threatened. Harry just smiled as he took the cloth and began to wipe down his chest. "Here, let me do it," Draco said, as he took the cloth from Harry's hands. "At least I'm good for something," he teased. Harry smiled, as he closed his eyes and relaxed against the pillows, enjoying the feel of Draco rubbing the cloth over his skin. He opened his eyes, and saw the glaze in Draco's eyes. He couldn't believe that they were here too. He leaned forward and surprised the blond, causing Draco to look into his eyes as his lips lightly touched Draco's. Draco's eyes finally closed, as he enjoyed the soft kiss that was pressed against him.

"I love you," Harry whispered to him, looking up into his eyes.

"I love you, too," Draco said, going in for another kiss, but found that Harry clutched onto his shirt tightly. His eyes were shut tightly, and he gritted his teeth again, taking breaths in short hisses. Draco tried to think quickly. "Ok, Harry, you heard the Healer. Breathe. Breathe."

"If someone tells me to fucking breathe one.more.time, I swear I'm gonna AK somebody here and now," Harry said through his pain.

"Well, what happened to the soft and sweet ' I love you' Harry? I don't know if I can keep up with these mood swings," Draco said, trying to ease Harry's fingers from his robes.

"Why does this have to happen when someone leaves?" he asked out loud to himself. As if he had said the magic words, Healer Marx and the other Healer came back in. A few followed in a few seconds after.

"Already?" Healer Marx said of the contraction. "You must be farther along then we would have expected." He looked down at Harry, and examined him. But after a moment, he hummed in concern, and turned to look at the monitor. " Perhaps not quite enough. It's happened after all," he finally said.

"What? What's happened?" Draco asked in concern.

"Gorlen, get the other assistants immediately. We need to move Mr. Potter to the emergency delivery room for a C-section!" They began to move Harry out of room. Harry was moaning in pain, and reached out to grab Draco's hand.

"Draco," he moaned desperately. He was scared. Draco could feel it.

"It's going to be all right, Harry. I'm here. I'm here," Draco assured him. But a Healer stepped in front of him, and pushed on his chest lightly.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Malfoy. I'm afraid that you can't come. You will have to wait in the waiting room."

"But, I'm the father!" Draco exclaimed, tears beginning to form in the corners of his eyes. His fingers helplessly parted from Harry's and he watched as his lover disappeared out of sight. "I'm the father!" He tried again to get out, but a few Healers held him back. And finally he sighed, and was escorted to the waiting room. When he arrived he saw the Weasley's, his parents, and Albus Dumbledore, waiting for him.

When he entered, Mrs. Weasley and Narcissa stood and walked over to him. They both looked at him. From the tears and pained expression, they knew that something was wrong, and therefore swallowed down the question of was the baby born yet.

"Draco, what is it?" Narcissa asked in a concerned tone. Draco sniffed, and wiped away the tears in his eyes.

"I don't know," he sobbed, "they, they took Harry. He has to get a C-section. Something is wrong with the baby, and they won't tell me what. And he…he…," Draco couldn't seem to form anymore words through his tears. Narcissa pulled him to her, and Mrs. Weasley patted his shoulder in a mothering gesture. Draco just fell into his mother's embrace. He was grateful for both women's support. His father stood up and joined them as a Healer entered. Draco turned to face him. The Healer seemed nervous and bit his lip, before explaining the reason.

"You're with Mr. Potter, correct?" he asked. Draco and the others nodded. The Healer took a deep breath. "It seems that our expectations were wrong. We underestimated Mr. Potter's true power and strength. His magical level is mixing with the baby's at an intense and dangerous rate. The baby can only stand so much." Draco held his breath. "And if we don't get the baby out in time…," the Healer left it open.

"No," Draco whispered in disbelief.

"I'm sorry. We are doing everything that we can to ensure the safety of Mr. Potter and the baby. We will inform you if anything happens. Again, I am truly sorry." And with that, he turned to leave.

Draco felt his knees going weak, and walked over to a couch, where no one was seated and sat alone to himself. No one dared to try and talk or question him now. He needed to be alone.

Mr. Zabini stood and walked over to Lucius. Lucius stood and they both walked out into the hallway. Draco could still hear their whispers from inside of the room.

"Lucius, I just wanted to say that I am sorry. I never thought this to have happened, and can only imagine what you must be feeling." Lucius only nodded at the other man. "I have been thinking about what you said, and have come to grips with the reality as you have. It seems that it has taken a good talking to from someone else as well. Is this what the Dark Lord did to us? Or what we did to ourselves?" he asked.

"I believe it is a mixture of both," Lucius said sadly. " The Dark Lord taught us how to be unfeeling, but we chose upon it to ourselves to remain that way."

"I'm really sorry again, Lucius. I only wish for the safety of young Harry. Of course, I can safely say that a few years ago, I would not have been."

"Neither would I," Lucius answered truthfully. "Of course, times have changed. And he is family. And you know, as weird as it for me to say this, I do hold a respect for the boy. Everything that he has had to go through. Yes, you and I are strong, but we both can admit that we could never have survived through what Harry has had to endure in his lifetime."

"Quite right," Mr. Zabini said sadly with a sigh, " I will leave you, Lucius. You will let me know if everything is all right? And again, I'm sorry that I ever wanted revenge for this. This is not like me to turn around and be kind all of a sudden, but I feel you have enough on your hands. It seems that my son is pretty serious about this one as well, which is shocking." Both men turned to look through the window of the waiting room, to see Ross leaning on Blaise's shoulder, and Blaise holding his hand for support. Lucius only nodded. "Good day, Lucius." And with that, Mr. Zabini left.

Lucius came back in with a sigh, and looked around the room. Draco was alone in the corner of the room. He wanted to go and talk to his son, but he knew that Draco wouldn't share anything right now. He had gotten that from him. Hermione cried into Ron's shoulder, who had his arm around her, looking scared himself. Mrs. Weasley held a handkerchief, and Mr. Weasley was talking quietly with Dumbledore of the matter. He walked over and sat beside his wife, who was not hiding her tears. The entire room was silent as all reflected on what could happen to Harry or the baby.

None suffered as greatly as Draco, who leaned against the wall on his side. His eyes seemed empty. They hadn't been like that in years, since he had been the cold ice prince of Hogwarts. But this was not the cold emptiness. This was the empty of fearing to lose all that he had worked so hard for. He had finally found love; something that he had told himself he would never be able to do. His lips were parted and trembled with fear as he imagined Harry; alone and in pain. And he in here, unable to do anything. This is what truly made him feel weak and cowardice. He knew that he wasn't allowed to be back there with his lover, but he had promised Harry to always be there for him. And the time when Harry would need him the most…

He felt an involuntary shiver course through his body, and sniffled, causing everyone to look at him. Everyone exchanged looks of pity. But they would never understand.

Draco thought back to the past few months in which he shared with Harry. All of the times that Harry had looked up at him and smiled his bright smile. The way his eyes would light

up when seeing him, or glaze over after have making love passionately into the night. The way that Harry had held him as if his life had depended on it; as if he were his lifeline. And even the time when he couldn't see Harry's eyes. All of those nights that he would lay awake, and watch the brunette sleep. His chest rising and falling with every breath that he took. The body which held their creation, their love; their lives.

A solitary tear fell down his cheek. The nights that they would lay awake and whisper to the other all of the promises that they had for their child. He thought about the gift that Harry had given him. In his mind he saw the snow globe that replayed their first night.

"The first night we made love," Harry had replied. "The night Gabriel was conceived. The first greatest night of my life."

And he thought of the night he had taken Harry's pictures. He could never put into words the emotions that he had felt that night as he watched Harry.

"Are you sure this isn't for some dirty magazine?" Harry teased.

"Don't smile, Harry," Draco said softly. "That's it; a calm, soothing look. You are serene; beautiful.

"You don't mind this, do you

"No, not at all."

"All right, just a few more. I promise, love."

"What are you doing?" Harry had asked with a smile. Draco closed his eyes as he could still remember the bath that they had shared even later, and the naming of their child. They had both contributed. It was both of them. All of their lives, they had always been together. Whether in conflict or in love. It was always Harry Potter and Draco Malfoy. You could not have one without the other.

His life seemed to flash even more in front of his eyes. From insulting Harry, to even growing a crush on him. The uneasy and anxious sixteen year old, who stood in front of the mirror, attempting to ask the Boy-Who-Lived out. He had been in love with Harry for some time, even if he never admitted to it. But he had worked and come far, and he was not about to lose to his lover this easily. Not when he had finally won him; physically and mentally. He had won Harry's heart and soul. They were apart of him now. Harry was *his* lifeline. If Harry died, or the baby, or…both, Draco wouldn't be able to go on. They were both his life now. They were all that he had. They were his reason for living.

And it was then that the door opened. Draco's eyes looked up to see the same Healer who had brought him in earlier and had explained the situation. He stood up immediately, and waited to see what the man had to say.

"You may see him," he said with a solemn tone. Draco didn't waste anytime with questions. He hurried down the hall to the door that was instructed to him. He stopped in the doorway and looked in to see Harry laying on the bed, looking exhausted and asleep. He slowly walked into the room, his footsteps seeming to be getting louder as he walked to Harry's bed. As he reached his lover's side, Harry's eyes fluttered open. A small smile lit his eyes, and then died. Draco's heart sunk. The baby hadn't made it. He just knew by the look in Harry's expression. He closed his eyes as fresh tears fell down his cheeks, and he fell to his knees beside the bed, and kissed Harry's hand, before laying his head down on the bed.

"The baby's in the nursery if you want to see him." Draco looked up quickly at Harry's hoarse whisper. Realization dawned as he looked more to Harry. The baby had made it. A hopeful smile spread across his lips as his eyes created more tears; this time of joy.

"He…he made it?" Draco whispered. Harry smiled and nodded. "And everything is all right?" Harry smiled and nodded.

"Everything is fine." Draco could not hold it in himself anymore. He leaned forward and softly kissed Harry. He was still shivering with tears of relief, but he still needed to feel the other boy kiss him back, to reassure himself. And the faint pressure of Harry's lips to his caused his chest to swell with more love. He pulled back and stared into the emerald eyes. "We did it, Draco." Both eyes were hopeful and filled with love as they leaned forward and kissed one final time. "Go and see him, Draco." Draco nodded and released his lover's hand, as he made his way down the hall to look into the window of the nursery. His eyes searched for a moment, until he saw it. The little bed that held his baby.

Gabriel Potter-Malfoy

The little body was wiggling around, it's eyes looking everywhere. He was so tiny. Draco couldn't hide his smile, as he saw his baby for the first time. And then the baby's eyes met his own from across the room. Soft tears fell down Draco's cheeks. He didn't mind that he had cried nearly this whole time. This was truly a miracle, and he knew that he would treasure this moment forever. He and Harry had made it; together.

Chapter 21. Gabriel Potter-Malfoy

A couple of hours later, after everything had been cleaned and situated, they were allowed to have visitors. The Weasley's and Zabini's along with Ross entered the room. They could not have found a more perfect sight.

Draco was sitting by Harry's side on the bed, with Harry laying down, holding the small baby in his arms. Everyone inched closer. The unmistakable blond hair, and soft silver eyes with specks of jade in them.

"He's a Malfoy for sure," Lucius said, looking down upon both boys with pride. Narcissa's eyes watered once more, as she reached forward and was able to hold her first grandchild for first time.

"Hello, there, little Gabriel," she cried. She gently rocked the baby back and forth, who cooed and looked up at her with its little eyes. Molly and Hermione made their way forward and looked upon the baby. "You gave us a right scare there, little one." She leaned forward and gently kissed the blonde head. "Oh, congratulations, Harry. And Draco. You both have made me a grandmother."

"And me," Molly smiled sweetly at the two boys.

"Not to mention that I am now a grandparent of sorts," came the voice of Albus, who entered the room. Narcissa lifted her arms, so that the older man could hold the small bundle.

"He's very powerful. And very special. My sincerest congratulations go to both of you boys," he said in his wise old age. "Never have I witnessed such a powerful child."

"Thank you," both boys said. Draco looked at Harry lovingly, and took his hand into his own. Harry looked over at him, and smiled as well. This was truly one of the happiest days after all in their lives. It was a moment later, that the Healer came in.

"All right, everyone please leave. We have to practice the breast feeding." Draco heard a strained noise in the back of Harry's throat, and smiled. After everyone had cleared; Ron with a twisted look on his face as to not know what to think about that. "All right, Mr. Potter. It's time to practice again. All right here, you have him, there, good. Now, position it to his mouth. That's right." Harry's nipples did grow slightly, which he was embarrased about, and did blush. At least he did not grow breasts. But his body did magically produce milk. And only after a second, the faintest sound of sucking could be heard as Gabriel fed. Draco watched, as Harry looked down upon the baby feeding.

"I will say, that never in my life, did I ever imagine that I would ever do this," Harry smiled, but then bit his lip and winced.

"Harry, what is it?" Draco asked, beginning to panic.

"He's a biter," Harry smiled. Draco visibly relaxed, and looked down at his son, the tiny hands curled into balls, one making a small fist around Harry's finger. "My little Gabriel."

"You know that he's going to be spoiled rotten," Draco informed him.

"Oh, of course," Harry nodded with the same tease. "I love you," he said, looking back up at Draco.

"I love you, too," Draco replied, leaning in to kiss Harry once more. "Harry, you don't know how scared I was. I thought that I would lose you and Gabe, forever. I did not know if I would make it through, if you two didn't." Harry looked up and watched as the blond told of his fears. Truth be told, he had felt the same. When they had told him that everything would be all right, he didn't hide his tears either. He had remembered when Draco had come in, to see him looking so tired. He had thought that they hadn't made it. And the relief that coursed through Draco at the news. Draco seemed to have changed over the last few months, and Harry would not have had it any other way.

He looked down at Gabriel, who still fed. This was *their* baby. The child of Harry Potter and Draco Malfoy. And despite the threat, they had both pulled through. After a few minutes, the Healer came and helped them so that the baby could rest, and so could Harry. In the next few minutes, Harry had fallen asleep.

Draco remained in the room, and stood over the small bed, that held Gabriel. His baby had the small blanket over him and twisting around a little. He was currently sucking at his fists, and looked up at his father. The soft silver eyes that held specks of green stared back at him. A perfect mixture of himself and Harry. He leaned down and picked up the small child. He walked over, lightly bouncing the baby, until he stood by Harry's side. He tilted his arms up, so that the baby could see. Gabriel continued to look around the room, but Draco didn't pay attention.

"Do you see him, Gabriel?" he asked, looking down at his baby, "that's your daddy, there. Yes it is. And did you know that he went through a lot to get you into this world? You're very lucky. He is the most powerful and greatest man that I know. Someday I know that you will admire and respect him just as much as I do."

"Draco?" Harry asked, groggily, as his eyes opened from sleep.

"Yes, love?" Draco asked, smiling.

"Shut up," Harry teased with a smile, "And put Gabriel back down. He needs his rest. You know that."

"He's not tired," Draco said childishly, putting his nose in the air. "He wanted to spend time with his father, no?" he asked, looking down at Gabriel. But from the look that Harry gave him, Draco playfully pouted and settled the baby back down into the bed. Gabriel made a few protesting noises, before quieting down a bit. Draco walked over, and laid down on the bed, beside Harry. "How do you feel?" he asked.

"Fine," Harry sighed, "just tired is all."

"Go to sleep, love," Draco soothed.

"Hmm, I was," Harry muttered sleepily, feeling himself falling once more to sleep. Draco checked on him, and then Gabriel, before making his way down to the waiting room. Narcissa, Molly, and Hermione had stayed, while the others had gone home.

"How is he?" Hermione asked.

"He's fine. He's really tired, though," Draco told them, putting his hands in the pockets of his jeans, in which he had changed back into.

"I'm just so proud of Harry," Hermione said, "I would have never seen us here like this a few years ago, but now that it has, I know that I wouldn't want it to be any different."

"Neither would I," Narcissa said, "Harry is wonderful. He is so strong to pull on a role like that. Most Male Pregnancies don't end happily."

"Please don't say that, mum," Draco said, "right now I just want to enjoy what I still have, and almost lost due to that statistic." Narcissa nodded that she understood. "How is Ron doing?" he asked.

"Well, he is still not himself. But I can understand where this is hard for him. I mean he found out about Harry being gay, going out with Draco, and having a baby all at once in about five minutes time."

"Ouch," Draco said, "No wonder he acts so strange around me."

"He always has acted strange around you," Hermione said, "if not angry, then strange."

"I admit that if I hadn't have found Harry, then I would have probably acted the same way to Blaise going out with Ross," Draco said.

"But you set them up together!" Hermione said.

"I know," Draco said, "but I had had Harry then as well."

"Don't worry, dears," Molly said, "I'm going to have a talk with Ron today, to see if I can't get him to come around. He's always been like that. He's just like Arthur. But Arthur is coming around a bit better with this than Ron, who knew Harry closer. But he'll come around. Trust me."

"Thanks, Molly," Draco said thankfully, after she had told him to call her her given name instead of the 'Mrs. Weasley'.

"Well, I think that we should leave," Molly spoke of her and Hermione. "Narcissa, I expect being the rightful grandmother, that you'll be staying?" Narcissa nodded and wished them both a good day.

“Tell Gabriel that aunty Hermione says hello,” Hermione said on the way out.

“I will,” Draco laughed, as he turned to his mother, after everyone had left.

“I’m so proud of you, Draco,” she said, as she leaned forward and hugged her son with all of the love that she felt. He hugged her back just as much, only feeling the love and respect he had for his mother rise even further.

“Thank you, mother,” Draco said, “I think maybe we should go back into the room, and sit with Harry until he wakes.” Narcissa nodded, and they headed into the room, to sit for the next couple of hours, as the two slept in their beds.

“He has your eyes. The shape I mean. The color is a perfect blend,” Narcissa spoke, “but still, he has your eyes.”

“He has Harry’s nose,” Draco said, shaking his head, “the poor kid.”

“Hey,” Harry smiled in mock offense. Draco turned and smiled at Harry, who was looking much better after he had slept. He walked forward and leaned down to kiss him. “How’s Gabriel?”

“He’s asleep,” Draco said. “Mum was just helping me watch him.”

“Good,” Harry said, situating himself to sit up, “Merlin knows what would happen, if you were left alone.” Draco glared at him, and Harry just gave him his innocent look.

“I’ll have you know that I watched him earlier with just me,” Draco said.

“Yes you did,” Harry accepted, “surprisingly.”

“Now, boys,” Narcissa warned, as she looked down at her grandson. “You’ll wake the baby.”

A few days later, and Harry was allowed to go home. Hermione and Ron, along with the twins stood in the Living Room of Harry and Draco’s new house. Narcissa and Lucius had let them in to welcome them. Ross and Blaise came from inside the kitchen to wait in the living room as well.

Draco opened the door, carrying the baby in its carrier. Gabriel seemed to have a irritated face at being swung this way and that with Draco walking. Harry followed behind, and as they entered the entire room broke out in a “Welcome home!”. Draco took off his sunglasses and smiled at everyone, turning around to see Harry smiling as well. Hermione walked up immediately, and took the carrier from Draco and set Gabriel on the table. She unbuckled his belt, and slowly lifted the boy from his holder.

“Aw, Ron, look at him. I think he grew since we last saw him,” she said, looking at the baby, and lightly bouncing him.

“ ‘Mione, we just saw him yesterday!” Ron said. Hermione just glared at him, before turning back to the baby, and telling him to not mind the mean boy. Ron simply rolled his eyes, and walked over to greet Harry and Draco. “How are you feeling, mate?” he asked.

“Much better,” Harry said, “You know, it’s almost funny. I feel strange now that I know I’m not carrying anything inside me.” They laughed and examined Harry’s much smaller stomach. “Still a little bulge, but that should gradually go back down. Nine months can

sure feel like an eternity," Harry sighed.

"Ay, that is can," Mrs. Weasley said, and the room laughed at the fact that she had been through this seven times! " 'Cissa, dear, you'll be staying here tonight right?"

"Yes, and I suppose that you'll be staying tomorrow? I want to, but the ladies are having their meeting and tea, and I can't miss it. Though I wish I could," Narcissa said.

"Not to worry. I wouldn't mind having a little fun with little Gabe. I've knitted him little socks, if that's all right." Harry nodded with a thankful smile.

"Oh, more Weasley knitting," Draco rolled his eyes. At the glare from Mrs. Weasley, added, "which I'm sure will look lovely." Harry stifled his laughter, as he walked over to see Ross and Blaise.

"Hello, there, Mr. Mom," Ross smiled. Harry smiled and hugged him, before shaking hands with Blaise and exchanging greetings. "Congratulations, Harry. I'm happy for you."

"I could never have made it without you, Ross. Thank you again so much," Harry said, truthfully, and looking deep into Ross's eyes to get his point across.

"You're not going to kiss my boyfriend are you there, Harry?" Harry laughed and assured Blaise that he had no such intention.

"So, how are you two doing? It's been about, what? Seven months?" Harry asked. Blaise nodded and smiled, before holding his hand to show a ring over his finger. Harry's eyes widened. "You proposed?!" he exclaimed. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"Harry, relax," Ross laughed, "it was only last night. We have been talking about it, and finally reached our decision. We're in love, what can I say?" he said with a shrug.

"Well, I'm happy for the both of you," Harry said, hugging both together. "Draco, I think that the Healer was right."

"What's that?" Draco asked.

"Well the Healer told me, that I would be more emotional after the birth as well. A lot of women, and…well fathers now it seems, do to."

"Ah, it's all right, mate," Ron said, "you're already gay. It's just now, you'll act like it." Harry and the few guys laughed, while Hermione punched him in the arm for his rude comment, still holding Gabriel in her other arm, before returning to hold him with both.

"Ronald, apologize," she scolded.

"Really, Herm, it's ok," Harry laughed. "Can I get anyone anything to drink?" Harry asked, walking into the kitchen. Lucius and Narcissa had had the house elf to get them groceries while they were away. He brought back a tray of beverages, and they all sat down at began to talk about everything that had happened in the last few days.

"Well, it seems like almost everyone is married or engaged now," Harry commented.

"I'm not," Ginny frowned.

"Ah, don't sweat it, Gin," Fred said, "I'm not married. And I'm fine."

"You sure about that?" George commented. He was only answered with a hard punch to

the shoulder, in which Molly still had to stop them like the children that they were, before a fight broke out. Even if it was playful. At that moment, Gabriel started to cry.

"It's time he was fed," Harry said, standing up, "everyone, please continue. I'll be right back." He stood and took Gabriel from his seat, in which Hermione had set him back down earlier. He carried the little baby to another room, so that Gabriel could eat privately. "Harry Potter; breast feeding," Ron said, shaking his head, as everyone laughed.

"You know," Ginny said, "I have a feeling that we'll be teasing him for that for a long time."

"Well, Draco, you know that it starts now, right?" Arthur said, sitting down beside his wife. Draco gave him a curious look, as he didn't know what the older man had meant.

"What do you mean?"

"He means the path to parenthood, son," Lucius informed him. Draco raised an eyebrow in Arthur's direction.

"Well, tonight is the first night that you have without the help of nurses and any help. It will be just you and Harry tonight."

"Well, I'm sure we'll be all right. Beside, we'll have mother," Draco said.

"I will let you two handle it at first," Narcissa said, "and then, if you feel you need help, which is all right, I will come." It was now that Draco suppressed from biting his lip. He would not afraid. They had done this to themselves, and they could handle it. It couldn't be that bad….

"Harry, Merlin, how do we shut him up!" Draco exclaimed, as the clock struck four in the morning.

"How should I know?" Harry asked, bouncing the baby up and down, trying to calm him. The sound of Gabriel's crying hitting directly into his ear, making his wince and pull away slightly from the source of the noise. Draco was pacing back and forth, running his hand through his blond hair, thinking.

"Well, did you feed him?" Draco asked.

"Of course I did, idiot," Harry said.

"Hey, don't get mad at me, I was just asking!" Draco said.

"Just, let's not fight, Draco," Harry said, using one hand to put it in the air to stop Draco, "I can't deal with that, and his crying right now, as it is."

"Arthur was right," Draco mumbled grumpily.

"What was that?"

"Nothing," Draco said.

Harry groaned, as he turned to walk around the room, bouncing Gabriel. After a few 'Shh's' was doomed to fail, he tried to think. He would have to sing. He gulped and looked to Draco.

"Draco, I think we should sing."

"What, are you crazy? At a time like this?" Draco asked. Harry rolled his eyes. Sometimes his fiance could be so oblivious.

"For the baby!" he said, letting his head gesture towards Gabriel, who continued to cry. Draco's eyes flickered to the baby, and then back up to Harry's face. He sighed.

"All right." Harry furrowed his brow, as he thought of a song that they could sing to Gabriel.

"*Baby mine, don't you cry..*," he looked over to Draco for the next line.

"Oh, Harry, not that song. Please."

"Yes, Draco. Sing. **Now**." Wanting to escape an argument, Draco cleared his throat.

"*Baby mine, dry your eyes*" Draco sang.

"*Rest your head close to my heart, never to part, baby of mine*," Harry continued. After a few minutes, Gabriel had hushed, and continued to look up at the two men who attempted to sing and calm him.

"…*but you're so precious to me, sweet as can be, baby of mine,*" Harry finished.

" *From your head down to your toes…*"

"Draco."

"*You're not much goodness knows,..*"

"Draco!" Harry whispered.

"What?!" Draco hissed back.

"That's enough. He's asleep," Harry said, looking back down at the little baby who was now asleep. They both stood, and looked down at the baby as he slept. "Look, Draco," Harry said, "we have a baby," he said in a teasing obvious way.

"No shit," Draco smiled.

"If my baby turns old enough to talk and starts talking like that, I'll know where it came from," Harry scolded.

"Oh, sorry," Draco said. He gave Harry an innocent look, causing the brunette to just grin and shake his head. The combination of night time crying and diapers were sure to throw a man insane! At least new borns did sleep during the day mostly. He gulped. At least he hoped that Gabriel would….

There was a soft knock on the door, as Narcissa came in.

"Is everything all right?" she whispered.

"Yes, he's asleep now," Harry said, setting the baby back down in his bassinet. Narcissa came over and looked at the small infant.

"I see you two have had your first night. And you pulled through it together. I'm proud of you. Better prepare for tomorrow night."

The two boys groaned.

Chapter 22. Beyond Imagination

“Draco?” Harry called.

“Yes?” Draco called from downstairs, where he was currently reading his book.

“Can you get Gabriel his bottle?” Harry asked.

“Sure,” Draco said, closing his book, and walking into the kitchen.

Harry fastened Gabriel’s pants, after successfully changing his diaper. After three months, he and Draco had perfected and mastered the unique art. “Who turns three months old today?” Harry asked in a cheerful baby voice. Gabriel began to smile, and therefore, caused Harry to smile even more. The little feet kicked slightly in excitement. It was at that moment, that Draco walked in.

“You got him to smile again?” Draco pouted, “I can never get him to smile at me.”

“It’s all right, love,” Harry replied, gently kissing his lover, and making Draco feel better, “your face just probably scares him, that’s all,” he said, as he began to walk away.

“That’s all?!” Draco exclaimed, turning around to watch Harry walk out of the room, downstairs to the living room, where he sat down, and began feeding Gabriel, who looked eager for his bottle. Harry watched, as he held the bottom of the bottle tipped up, and Gabriel held the sides with his little hands, happily drinking his milk, and making little sucking sounds. Harry smiled down at him, just as Draco sat down on the chair opposite him. “I just don’t get it is all.” Harry rolled his eyes.

“Are you still on about not making him smile?” Harry asked irritably.

“Yes!” Draco said, as if it were obvious, ignoring Harry’s tone, “it’s something that every father wants at some point!” He got down to his knees in the floor, and crawled in front of Gabriel, who was still in Harry’s lap. The baby moved his head slightly, yet not letting his mouth leave his bottle, to look at Draco. “Please, Gabriel,” he said. “Smile for father.” The baby just continued to stare at him, continuing to suck his bottle. Finally Draco sighed in frustration, and walked back over to his chair. Harry just laughed.

“Don’t pressure him, Draco. And besides, he’s eating. He doesn’t like to be disturbed when he eats. You know that,” Harry told him.

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Draco sat later that day, at his desk in their bedroom, going over some paperwork for their home. He was trying to relax and calm down. He rested his head on his hand, as he read. Harry came in, and leaned on the doorway, as he looked at Draco. He smiled pitifully at the blond. But he really was cute when he was upset like this.

“Draco?” he called in his seductive murmur.

“Hmm?” Draco asked, not quite hearing Harry very well.

“Gabriel’s napping.”

That would relax and calm him very well.

Draco turned to look at Harry, who stood, his arms crossed in the doorway. Immediately, the mood was set, as Harry made his way back into the room. Harry used his finger to tilt Draco's chin up, so that he could kiss him. Draco moaned, as he felt Harry's weight on him, as Harry straddled his hips, and sat down on his lap; his jeans straining against his legs. Draco's hands instinctively went to Harry's hips, and further as he reached to touch Harry's arse. A moan from Harry, only encouraged him. He pushed his groin into Harry's, the friction overwhelming them both.

"Harry," Draco moaned in the back of his throat, against Harry's lips. Harry's eyes stared intensely back into Draco's own, as his hands wrapped around Draco's neck. But pretty soon, Draco couldn't take it anymore. He stood up, and pulled Harry's legs more to him so that he could carry him against him.

"Draco?" Harry questioned, wrapping his arms and legs tighter around Draco, so that he wouldn't fall. But Draco didn't answer. He turned around, and managed to drop Harry directly on top of the bed, with him soon following. "Dra-oh," Harry exclaimed as he was hit with Draco's weight, before a moan elicited from Harry's lips. His head was thrown back, as Draco attacked the skin on his neck. "I take it we both need this?" Harry gasped.

"Yes," Draco whispered heatedly, as he kissed Harry hungrily. But Harry wanted this as well. Since Gabriel had been born, there hadn't been a lot of time for intimate moments; both were either busy, or sleeping from exhaustion.

Draco began to move sensually on top of Harry, grinding down into his lover. Harry wrapped his arms around Draco's, and bucked up with just as much need, both feeling the friction through their jeans. Harry's legs wrapped around Draco's waist, pushing up into the blond, needing more.

Hands explored everywhere. Harry stretched and reached over to the bedside drawer, to retrieve his wand. "*Silencio*." He looked to Draco, who had an eyebrow raised. "Just in case," Harry smiled. Draco grinned back, before plunging Harry's mouth once again with his tongue. Draco's fingers slid under the bottom of Harry's shirt, and pulled it over his lover's body. Harry's hands roamed Draco's back over his shirt. As Draco kissed down Harry's collarbone, to his chest, and finally his flattened stomach; Harry successfully lifted Draco's shirt over his head as well, throwing it on the floor along with his own.

"Gods, I love you, Harry," Draco whispered huskily.

"I love you too," Harry said, before the pressure on his groin became too much. "Merlin, Draco, hurry," he moaned helplessly.

Draco trailed his hands down Harry's torso, as his mouth blew hot air onto Harry's member, earning a whimper in reply. Draco unbuttoned Harry's pants, pulling down his lover's pants and boxers. Before Harry could say anything, he could only gasp as Draco's hot mouth surrounded him. All Harry could do was grasp the sheets, and writhe beneath the blond's torture. But finally, temptation overtook him, and he twisted his fingers into Draco's hair, just the way that he knew that the blond liked it. Draco moaned in reply, feeling the snakelike fingers slither through his hair once more. He could also sense Harry's orgasm approaching by the way that the boy was bucking his hips and trying to take him in further. Harry was moaning incoherent things, while moving his head side to side. Draco could feel Harry pulling his hair harder, and knew that Harry was ready. He relaxed his throat, and just as Harry made his last moan, took in every drop. He licked his lips, and crawled back on top of the brunette. Draco leaned down, and dipped his tongue into the depths of Harry's mouth. They both moaned at sharing the tastes on their tongues, and held each other tighter.

"You taste so good," Draco whispered, kissing Harry again, "I crave you night and day." Harry's hands traveled down his body and unbuttoned Draco's pants. Draco lowered them onto the floor, along with his boxers. Harry's hand reached out desperately, and groped along the side table, until his fingers closed around the bottle of lubricant. They parted their lips long enough for Draco to take the lubricant and prepare both of them. Once Harry assured him that he was prepared, Draco positioned himself outside of Harry's entrance. Both boys held their breaths in the anticipation, as they always did, even after all this time. And then Draco slowly pushed in to the succulent heat that was Harry.

Both boys stilled for a moment, feeling the other, before Draco began to move. It still felt odd for Draco, since he was used to 'pregnant' Harry, all of these months. Draco relished in the feel of Harry holding onto his arms, and pressing up into him. But each wanted excitement in this lovemaking session, so after a few more minutes, they changed positions. Draco turned Harry onto his stomach, and settled behind him, before entering him once again. Harry leaned on his elbow, while his hand held the headboard that consecutively beat against the wall.
Harry and Draco couldn't help but moan as their skin rubbed sensually against each other. Sweat formed and their bodies glistened. Draco reached around and began to work Harry in time with his thrusts. Minutes later, Draco felt Harry's muscles surround him, as his hand and the sheets were covered with Harry's sperm. A thrust later, and Draco growled as he came deep inside of Harry, both boys tensing in their wave of pleasure, before both collapsed. Harry's face was buried in the sheets, while Draco's buried in Harry's shoulder. Draco raised up, and slipped out of Harry, turning Harry back over, and laying on top of him once again.

"I love you," Draco panted to him, holding Harry's face, as he softly kissed him in the afterglow of their sex, "I never tire of making love to you, Harry. Everytime is like the first." Harry couldn't help but grin, and raised to kiss Draco back. Draco could almost feel the heat rising again, as Harry's arms tightened around him, and the kiss turned passionate and heated, until a faint sound of crying reached their ears. Draco whimpered and dropped his head into the curve of Harry's neck in defeat. Harry just smiled as he held Draco's shoulders.

"Come on, love," Harry said, pushing up until he was sitting and looking at Draco. Harry started to move, when Draco pulled him back for a kiss. "Draco," Harry laughed, as he finally stood. He reached down and put on his boxers and then jeans. He was buttoning up his shirt, when he checked his watch. "It's been a while since he ate," Harry noticed, "let me get his bottle. Can you go check on him?"

"Yeah," Draco said. Harry left and walked down the hall towards the stairs. Draco sighed and stood. He put on his boxers and jeans, but didn't bother with his shirt. He walked down the hall, and opened the door to Gabriel's room. He winced as he heard the crying.

"Hey," he soothed, walking over to the crib. Gabriel's eyes were closed as he screamed as loud as he could. "Now, none of that. Come here." He picked up the small baby, and held him in midair in front of him for a moment. Gabriel had quieted down slightly, settling for whimpering and hiccuping. He just stared at his baby. Even after three months, he never tired of it, and it still amazed him at what he and Harry had created together. "Why are you crying, hmm? Are you hungry?" Draco asked, looking down at his son. "Well, daddy's gone to get your bottle." He glanced around to make sure that he was truly alone. "Do you think that you could smile for me? It would make father very happy to see you smile, do you know that?" Gabriel continued to stare at him, his little brows furrowed where he had stopped crying. "Aw, who am I fooling? I'm just a horrible git of a father, aren't I?" But it was then, that Gabriel's eyes lit up, and a small toothless smile passed on his lips.
"Y-you're smiling?" Draco asked incredulously. "Merlin. Harry!" he called. "Aw, who cares about it, you smile at him all the time." The baby's smile had disappeared by now. Draco made a funny face, but Gabriel continued to stare at him. And then he thought about it.

"I'm a bloody no-good cold and heartless ferret." At that, a smile lit the baby's features. "Why is it that you only smile when I get insulted?" he asked with a small smile of his own. "You definitely are your daddy's child." He grinned himself again, as he pulled the baby to his bare chest.

Gabriel looked up at him, and his fingers reached up to toy with Draco's silver necklace. "Oh, you like that, do you?" he asked, as he pulled Gabriel into an upright position, so that Gabriel could suck on it. "That was expensive, you know," Draco said, watching the baby. "Oh, what the Hell, I mean uh heck," he said, wincing, thanking the gods that Harry hadn't heard him curse in front of the baby. "Sorry," he whispered, "don't tell daddy."

"Don't tell daddy what?" Harry asked, coming into the room. Draco spun around.

"Uh, uh…that, that he smiled for me," Draco said, not exactly lieing. Harry raised an eyebrow, but then grinned.

"He smiled for you? That's great. How'd you do it?" Harry asked.

"I insulted myself," Draco scowled. Harry bit hip lips to keep from laughing. He then walked up to his two boys.

"That's my boy," he said, earning a glare from Draco. "Do you want your bottle?" he said, shaking the bottle.

"He's kind of busy right now," Draco said, watching Gabriel suck on his necklace.

"Draco, he could choke," Harry said.

"Harry, you're being a bloody woman," Draco said, "let the kid have some fun." It was then that Gabriel coughed in a slight choke.

"Let me have him," Harry said, taking Gabriel, and walking out.

"Hey, we were bonding!" Draco called. Harry just smiled and shook his head. A few minutes later, after Gabriel had eaten and been burped, Harry sat him down on the floor. He was propped up by a bunch of pillows against the couch. Harry handed him his toy snitch, which only hovered in midair, until Gabriel took it, and began to suck on it. Harry straightened back up, and walked back over to Draco, who was standing and watching.

"Do you know how sexy you look right now?" Harry purred, wrapping his arms around a shirtless Draco's neck. He leisurely kissed Draco, tugging at the blond's bottom lip as he pulled away. "I'm sorry that I've been acting all…feminine and mushy." He turned his head, as both looked down at Gabriel. "I just worry about him. I didn't have a good childhood, and even though I spent my first year with my parents, I want to be with him for a long time. You and him are all that I have." He turned back to face Draco, and kissed him again. "And I plan to keep both of you. *You*, in particular, are for special purposes."

"Three guesses, what?" Draco teased, as they both moved in to kiss again. While they were kissing, Harry opened one eye, and tore his mouth from Draco.

"Gabriel, no!" he said, walking over quickly, and grabbing a glass dragon that had been on the shelf, and was now levitating across the room, "no, no honey." Gabriel sat still for a moment, before his face scrunched up, and he began to cry. Draco walked over, and put Gabriel's pacifier, which was a tiny snitch design, into his son's mouth. Gabriel happily sucked on the nipple, which was behind the yellow ball, and the sides were wings, that beat softly against his cheeks. Harry placed the dragon back onto the shelf, and sighed.

"He's going to kill us or himself, if he keeps this up much longer," Draco said, "that's the third time this month!"

"Well, Albus did say that wizards show their powers earlier than witches. Not to mention he's *our* child at that," Harry said.

"We're simply gods," Draco said in his arrogant fashion.

"People surely don't mind us together," Harry said, "all of those baby gifts that they sent us. Box after box of presents."

"I like presents."

"I know you like presents, Draco, but did you like when the *Prophet* got a hold of us that one day in Diagon Alley?" He watched as Draco's face fell, and the blond nodded in agreement that it had been bad. "Every paper in the Wizarding World had Gabriel's face on it; still does. In fact, I guarantee you, that if we didn't have so many wards on this house, people would be lined up for miles."

"Our little boy is famous," Draco said, looking at the little boy with his pacifier, only make him cuter.

"I don't want him to be," Harry said sadly, looking down at his child, "he's only famous, because of me. It's my fault." Draco walked up, and put his arms around Harry's waist.

"He's only famous, because of *Voldemort,*," Draco said, shocking Harry by saying his name, "so many others are, as well. It's *Voldemort's* fault. And you defeated him."

"It still doesn't change anything. It doesn't make a difference of our lives," Harry said, stepping out of Draco's embrace.

"Are you crazy, Harry?" Draco asked, "it made all the difference in the world, what you did! Think of what would happen if Voldemort was still alive?" He saw fear flash in Harry's eyes. "Could you imagine? Still going mad with his visions and voice in your head? Constantly looking for Gabriel to take away, and use it against you? Don't you *dare* say it doesn't make a difference, Harry. It means *everything*," Draco growled harshly and angrily. By now, Harry was sitting down on the couch that Draco had previously occupied.

"I'm sorry," Harry whispered, knowing that every word the blond had said was true. Draco sighed, and walked over to pick up Gabriel. Harry had never seen anything so beautiful, as Gabriel being held against Draco's naked chest. Draco's eyes were closed, as he nuzzled his cheek against the baby's.

"I treasure every moment that I have with you and Gabriel," Draco said, "the fact that I almost lost both of you, haunts me every minute of every day. Everytime I look into Gabriel's face. Everytime that I kiss and make love to you; to stare into your eyes, and watch you sleep. You're everything to me, Harry. Both of you." Harry stood, and walked over into the embrace of the blond again; both content in just hugging and holding the other, with Gabriel in the middle of them. It was then that the fire flickered, and the head of Albus Dumbledore appeared.

"Hello, Albus," Harry said, pulling away from Draco, and walking over to the fire.

"Hello, Harry. And Draco. I trust everything is all right?" he asked.

"Yes," Harry said, "Gabriel levitated today."

“Again?” Albus asked incredulously. “He sure can build his strength enough quickly.”

“Is there a reason that you needed us?” Harry asked.

“Well, tomorrow is Hogwart’s graduation, and though I know they didn’t ask you yet, they felt that you would be too busy. I felt that the Weasley’s would love it if you came to young Ginevra’s graduation.” Harry eyes widened, and he sat on the couch.

“It’s been a whole year?” he asked, “but of course I’ll come. She’s my friend. Yes, we’ll be there.” Draco nodded, sitting down with Gabriel.

“Ah, yes, and how is little Albus today?” Albus asked, peering at Gabriel through the flames.

“*Gabriel*,” Draco said with a smile, “is fine.” The blond lightly bounced Gabriel on his knee.

“Draco is just happy that Gabe finally smiled at him,” Harry teased.

“Oh, well that is nice,” Albus said, “any special technique?”

“He has to insult himself,” Harry laughed.

“Harry, that is not kind,” Albus scolded.

“No, it’s all right, sir,” Draco said, glaring at Harry, before turning back to the fireplace, “it’s the truth anyway.”

“Well, it will change in time, I suppose. So we can expect you tomorrow?” The boys nodded, and Albus disappeared.

“I cannot believe it has been a year!” Harry said incredulously.

“I can’t either,” Draco said, “just to think that tomorrow will be a few anniversaries. The graduation, your first time, and the first time that we both realized that we loved each other; even if we didn’t say anything.” Harry could only nod, as the memories of that day and night followed him. “But you know what I just realized?”

“What?”

“We’re counting tomorrow as the first time for you,” Draco said slowly, “it was actually a year ago, tonight.” A wry grin spread across his lips.

“What?” Harry asked suspiciously.

“Well, I don’t know. It’s just that usually, Anniversaries should be celebrated,” he said, raising his eyebrows and leering at Harry’s body, before he traveled back up to his eyes. Harry made to protest, before he thought. He smiled and looked back at Draco.

“Let me just put Gabriel to bed,” he said smiling, and taking the baby upstairs to sleep. Draco headed back up to the room, where he and Harry shared their love all night, and this time Harry would stay. And they would wake up in the morning; together. Very different from the events of the prior year.

Harry inhaled deeply, as he walked along the grounds of Hogwarts again. It still looked just the same. Just as he had left it. Every memory flooded his mind, as he walked along

the halls. He could see the graduation students giving tours to their parents. He walked up the stairs with Draco, who was carrying Gabriel in his carrier, towards Gryffindor Tower. He stopped in front of the Fat Lady's portrait.

"Password?" she asked, with a knowing smirk on her lips.

"Can't you just let me in this one time?" Harry asked, "I won't tell anyone." She looked to Draco warily, but her eyes warmed as she looked down to the baby. She straightened up, and opened her portrait. All of the other students had left on the train by now, but the house elves still hadn't come to clean. But the common room was just as Harry had remembered. He knew that he was acting stupid as he had only been gone a year, but this castle had been so special to him, that he treasured every inch of it.

He ran his fingers delicately over the velvet texture of the couch. He walked over to the chairs in front of the fire.

"This was our place," he informed Draco speaking of himself, Ron and Hermione, as he sat in one of the chairs. "Everytime I had a problem, I would sit here."

"That must have been a lot," Draco teased.

"It was," Harry said matter-of-factly, "Merlin, I just love it here. A fire was always going."

"This is nicer than Slytherin's common room," Draco said looking around, "well, except for the horrible color pattern. This just simply doesn't do. But in Slytherin it was always cold. It was grand, yes; but freezing. We had fires, but they weren't as good as this. I guess we always did know Dumbledore's favorite," he scowled.

"You know that's not true," Harry said, walking back over. "Besides, you shouldn't insult Gryffindor. After all, this will be Gabriel's house in a few years and," he said, lowering down onto his knee to Gabriel's level.

"Excuse me," Draco said, lifting the carrier out of Harry's reach, above his head. He looked down to Harry on his knee. "Not only is that a very interesting pose, but nevetherless; this child will be in Slytherin."

"You don't know that," Harry laughed. Draco put up his nose.

"I most certainly do," he said, "he's a Malfoy. He has the Malfoy features; and he'll be in Slytherin. No doubt about it."

"He may look more like a Malfoy, but he has Gryffindor and Potter blood. He'll be in Gryffindor, and,"
"Harry?"

"Yes?" Harry asked.

"Why are we fighting over this?" Draco asked, "we won't have to worry about this for another ten or so years." Harry laughed.

"Yes, you're right," Harry agreed, "besides, I don't want him to grow up that quickly and keep in the future." He ran his hands softly through the blond locks of his child, who lay asleep in his carrier. He stood up, and checked his watch. "We have time to go to the Slytherin common room."

They traveled down the many staircases, until they made it to the entrance hall, and proceeded to go down the stairs that led to the dungeons. On the way down, they ran into

Snape, who was making his way up.

"Well, well, well," Harry said, smiling. Snape looked up, startled, but his features relaxed, as he saw who it was. "We were just going down to the dungeons to look at Draco's common room."

"Mr. Potter, and Mr. Malfoy," his eyes fell onto the carrier, and his eyes somewhat softened. Harry had never seen them look so kind. "Is that…?" But Harry also knew that Snape was Draco's God-father, and would obviously be interested in Draco's child.

"Yes," Draco smiled, "Gabriel Potter-Malfoy." Snape looked down at the small boy, who sucked his thumb softly in his sleep. He straightened back up. "Congratulation, Mr. Malfoy. Potter," he turned around to face Harry, "he doesn't look a thing like you."

"Hey!" Harry called, smiling, as the Potion's Master made his way down the entrance hall. Snape stopped and turned around.

"Oh, and by the way, Draco," Snape said, "the password is *Scarhead*. It was in tribute to you."

"Are you serious?" Draco asked, with a smile.

"It is not," Harry said. Snape nodded politely, before turning and continuing his way.

"Come on, Harry," Draco laughed, leading his fiance down the stairs. They reached the bare wall that held the confines of the Slytherin common room. "Scarhead." And sure enough, the wall parted, and began to show the entranceway. Draco laughed all the way inside.

"I'm killing him," Harry mumbled, following Draco inside. "It looks the same as it did, the last time I saw it."

"You were in the Slytherin common room?" Draco asked, "when?"

"Nothing," Harry said quickly, "I'll tell you later," he assured Draco, not wanting to tell the blond that it had been he and Ron, rather than Crabbe and Goyle that night they drank in the Polyjuice Potion in second year. "It is rather nice, though. Very elegant."

There was a huge staircase leading to the entrance into the room. Black leather couches and loveseats were scattered around the room. The mantlepiece around the fire, was lined with a pattern of snakes. The fire was even green. Harry laughed.

"And to think that I could have been here for the past seven years," he said, looking around.

"You? In Slytherin? Don't make me laugh, Harry," Draco said, sitting down on the couch, setting Gabriel down beside him on the floor. He turned and stretched over the couch, taking the full piece of furniture up as he reclined.

"It's true, the Sorting Hat did have difficulty with me."

"I'm not surprised," Draco teased, "you're just a difficult person," he said, as he put his hands behind his head and closed his eyes. He inhaled as well, taking in the feeling of his old home.

"I take it, that was your spot?" Harry smiled.

“You bet,” Draco said, with his smirk fully in place. Harry looked down at his watch.

“We had better go. We have time to visit one more place, before the ceremony. I don’t care. Where do you want to go?” Harry asked. Draco smiled.

The grass blew against their ankles as they made their way across the Quidditch Pitch.

“I knew it,” Harry said, accusingly. Draco sat Gabriel down.

“What?” Draco asked, with an innocent look. “Not just that reason, Harry. This is where we were our most fierce. You owned the sky when you were on this field. It was like I told you that night we were here, that you beat me here everytime. I could never add up to you; no one could.” But Draco was tired of being all nice. He loved to torment Harry. He sat down on a patch of grass, and laid back onto his back. “Hey, look, I’m Harry Potter!”

“That’s it,” Harry laughed, as he leaped on top of Draco. Draco put his arms up in front of him, and they began to roll around, in a play wrestling match.

They rolled around a few times, away from the eyes of parents, who were in front of the school. And finally, Harry had Draco pinned.
“I win,” he laughed. Harry unknowingly shifted his hips over Draco’s groin, and holding Draco’s hands above his head. Draco closed his eyes, and bit his lip.

“Harry, I suggest you get off my crotch, before we have bigger problems than you winning.” Harry laughed, and leaned down, shifting his hips purposefully; causing a strangled moan to sound in the back of Draco’s throat. “And what if I don’t?” But Harry knew that they had to go, so he stood up, and helped Draco stand. Draco took his wand out, and cleaned them up of their grass stains.

“We are so immature,” he laughed, “I love it.”

“The power of magic,” Harry laughed, inspecting his now clean clothes. Draco walked over and picked up Gabriel’s carrier, before they began to walk towards the front of the school, where the ceremony was to be held. Once they got there, they saw Molly talking to Ginny, both smiling as Molly pushed a lock of hair behind Ginny’s ear.

“Are we late? Mind if we join you?” Harry asked. Ginny spun around, and smiled.

“Harry!” she said, wrapping her arms around Harry’s neck, “You made it!” She turned and greeted Draco, before leaning down to kiss Gabriel.

“Harry, dear, so good of you to come,” Molly said smiling, tears evident in her eyes that her last child was graduating, as she held Harry’s cheek. “My, how you’ve grown,” she said, looking down at Gabriel, who was now awake.

“Do we have seats yet, Molly?” Harry asked. Molly straightened up.

“Oh, yes, dear. Over here,” Molly said, leading them over to the front.

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“Hello, Draco.”

Draco turned and saw none other than Gavin Klent, standing there in his graduation uniform. “Did you come here, just to watch me graduate?” he asked silkily.

“Hardly,” Draco said coldly.

"Is that your son?" Gavin asked, looking down.

"Yes," Draco said indignantly.

"Gabriel, wasn't it? He looks just like you."

"Of course," Draco said, "why wouldn't he?" he challenged.

"I could've carried your children, Draco. You know what we had was…"

"What we had, was just sex," Draco said, "I thought what we had was special and something more at one time, but Harry has given me something that you could never give. Harry has spirit, personality, beauty; and power, something that you will never have." And with that, Draco nodded and walked away.

"Where were you?" Harry whispered, as Draco sat beside him.

"Just got delayed," Draco said, not bothering to mention Gavin's name. He wasn't worth it. Not to mention, it would only cause Harry to worry.

"Gavin Klent," Albus Dumbledore called. Everyone clapped, including a reluctant Harry and Draco. Once Gavin left, they waited for the 'W's'. But around "Marian Robbison," Gabriel began to get fussy.

"Here, let me take him," Harry whispered.

"You sure?" Draco asked. Harry nodded, as he stood and picked up his baby, walking away.

"It seems that Mr. Potter has a previous engagement," Albus said teasingly. Harry turned and smiled at the man, as laughter rang through the crowd.

"Shh, baby. You're going to make daddy miss Aunt Ginny's graduation," Harry said, bouncing the baby up and down, as he took him into the entrance hall where it was empty. "Here," Harry laid him down on a changing table that he conjured. He turned around, and began rummaging through the baby bag. He never noticed when the crying stopped. He also never noticed the dark figure that lurked behind him. He would curse himself later with all the training that he had had. "Aha, there you are," Harry said, as he turned around, back to Gabriel.

"Gabriel?" Harry asked. "Gabriel!" Panic filled him. He searched all around him in the entrance hall, but he wasn't anywhere. It was then he heard someone mutter something, and a bright light, before he fell unconcious on the floor.

It was about five minutes, when he awoke again. His mind was blurry, before his initial panic tripled, as he stood and realized all that had happened. He rushed outside, tears of anxiety flooding his eyes. He ran to the entrance of the ceremony, just as Ginny was accepting her diploma.

"Draco!" he called, not caring who heard him, or that he was disturbing the graduation. Everyone stopped, and turned to look at a flustered Harry Potter.

"Gabriel's been kidnapped!"

Chapter 23. Power Comes From Within, And Cannot Be Gained

Draco immediately stood, and ran to Harry's side. Murmurs spread throughout the whole crowd, and panic overcame everyone.

"Harry?" Draco asked, grabbing the boy by the sides of his arms, "Harry, are you sure? Who? Who did it?"

"I, I don't know," Harry said, tears streaming down his face, "I was changing his diaper. I turned to get something out of my bag, and someone hit me with a spell and knocked me unconcious. I woke up, and….and, Draco, he was gone!" he said, as he buried his face into Draco's neck. Draco pressed his cheek to Harry's head, and kissed it.

"Shh, it's all right," he said, "we'll find him." Draco made sure that Harry did not see his own face, which showed an evident fear for his child. Albus made his way down quickly, and hurried to the boys' sides.

"What has happened?" he asked in concern.

"We don't know," Draco said, "apparently someone hexed Harry. He remembers waking up and Gabriel was gone."

"Do we have any idea who would do this?" Albus asked.

"Everyone," Harry said in between sobs, "anyone would want the child of Harry Potter."

"No…." Draco said slowly.

"but Harry has given me something that you could never give. Harry has spirit, personality, beauty; and power, something that you will never have."

"What?" Harry asked, raising his head off of Draco's shoulder. His face dawned realization, as the fear showed in Draco's eyes. "It can't be….it's,"

"Gavin," Draco concluded. "How could we have been so stupid! It must have been him. I sort of told him that you had power that he would never possess, and I guarantee you, he took it literally. He's taken what's dearest to both of us for incentive. It's so common, why didn't we see it?"

"What do we do?" Harry asked.

"I would suggest he is either in the depths of the castle or," Albus began.

"No," Draco said sternly, "he's at his mansion. I'll bet you anything."

"Well, do you know where that is?" Harry asked.

"Yes," Draco answered. Harry didn't question his fiance on his assumption. More than likely, it was true. And he knew how Draco knew where Gavin lived, but didn't want to question on *that* either. Nor did it matter anymore. He kept silent, and watched as Draco paced around, thinking about how they could rescue their son. "All right," he finally decided after a few minutes, "I'll go."

"What are you talking about?" Harry asked, walking up to him, "I'm going too."

"Harry, this has more to do with me," Draco explained. But Harry grabbed Draco by the arm, and turned him harshly around to face him.

“This is our son we are talking about. I think I have a right as well. Not to mention,” Harry said, “you can’t stop Harry Potter from going after a challenge.”

A knowing smirk spread across Draco’s face. “I should have known,” he said. He leaned forward and kissed Harry, “all right. Let’s go then.” He wrapped his arm around Harry’s waist, but Harry stopped him.

“Draco wait,” Harry said, holding Draco’s chest, “we need a plan. We could both be killed just walking into that place.”

Draco’s brows furrowed in thought. “Well, it’s a Saturday so his father isn’t working, but either way,” Draco mumbled to himself, “Gavin would never tell his father that he kidnapped the child of Harry Potter. Marshall Klent may be a sick bastard, but he wouldn’t risk putting that much attention on himself from the public about such a fragile subject as the great Harry Potter.” He missed the glare

from Harry, seeing as he was serious. “We could have my father come to their manor as a distraction and talk with him.”

“And while he’s there...” Harry caught on.

“We’ll sneak in, and see if Gavin is hiding anywhere in the depths of that hell hole,” Draco growled.

“But what about the wards?” Harry asked.

“Harry, he has his wards open to very important figures,” Draco said, “and Malfoy’s are one of the most respected families. Naturally, we’d be allowed. And if you are with me, it will read you as being me as well, since you’re not a Malfoy,” he said, “yet.” They shared a soft and sad smile as they hoped that happy day would come if they could only save their son.

“You are welcome to Floo to the Manor or Fire call your father, Draco,” Albus said.

Draco nodded. “Thank you, sir,” he said, “I think I’ll fire call. It would do with more contact, and I can’t waste time by going place to place.” Harry really admired his fiance at times like these. He knew that he himself was brave and courageous in times like this, but he would have never imagined Draco to be like this. He almost seemed well beyond his years, but this was their child, and Harry felt an anger that he had never felt in his life. And fear as never before. Voldemort himself could never bring along these emotions that coursed through both boys at the moment. They both hurried to Albus’s office, as the Graduation was cleared and calmed by Albus himself.

“We have to hurry,” Harry said, as he followed Draco into the office. They rushed over to the fire.

Draco grabbed some of the powder that awaited there, and threw it into the fire. “Lucius Malfoy.” The fire swirled until the head of Lucius appeared some moments later.

“Draco?” he questioned, “Draco, what is it son?”

“Father, it’s Gavin,” Draco said, “he’s kidnapped Gabriel.” Lucius eyebrows rose in shock and anger all at once. “We need your help.”

“Anything,” he said, “what do I need to do?”

“We need to go to the Minister’s home and distract Marshall, while we get passed the wards. We know that Gavin has Gabe somewhere in the depths of that mansion. Can you do it?”

“Yes, I’ll leave at once,” he said urgently. Another moment, and his head disappeared from their view.

Draco turned back to Harry. “Are we ready?” he asked.

“Wait,” Harry said, “I need to get my invisibility cloak.”

“That’s right,” he said. He turned back to the fire, “it’s too late to ask father. And we can’t apparate from here. Here,” he took the Floo powder, and they both walked into the fireplace. “Malfoy Manor!” he shouted. And after a moment, they both disappeared into the ashes and were whisked away.

Harry raced out of Draco’s fireplace into his room, over to his chest at the bottom of the bed. As he was searching for it, Draco saw their roses; one on either side of their bed. One petal gone from each; one from himself with Gavin the previous time, and one for Harry during the pregnancy. But for some reason, he saw that Harry’s was loosing some color. His brows furrowed again, and he looked to his fiance. Harry stood up quickly, and turned to him; cloak in hand.

“Ready?” he asked.

“Ready,” Draco said, uneasily. Draco wrapped his hand around Harry, who threw the cloak over the both of them.

Harry landed against Draco in front of a huge mansion. They both ducked, even under the cloak, as they heard voices. They watched as Lucius was greeted, and led inside.

“All right,” Draco breathed, “let’s go.” He walked ahead, as Harry walked close behind him, both holding the cloak over their bodies. They walked around to the side of the manor where a cellar door was located. Draco leaned down and pulled away the vines that grew along there, and tossed them aside. He charmed the locks away, and reached down. He pulled the doors open, and they both peered down into the eery darkness below. They both shared one last look, before they jumped down into its space.

It was cold and musty down in the cellar, and dust covered everything that resided in the old room. “This way,” Draco said, taking Harry’s hand. Harry was not used to sharing tasks like this with anyone, but Draco actually made it better and more endurable. Shadows loomed everywhere, as they exited only to come to a long corridor.

“Does every mansion have to have long and dark hallways and dungeons?” Harry asked, “great, I sound like Ron.” Draco smiled.

“These mansions are just so old. Some are hundreds to even thousands of years old,” Draco said. They edged along the corridor, the torches on the side being their only light and direction. “He has to be here near here somewhere. The dungeons can’t be very far off from here.” Harry could feel his throat growing dry, as they edged near.

Draco’s heart was racing. He did admit to himself that he was frightened. If he had been the same schoolboy or even his normal self, he might have even run by now. But the fact that this was his child and heir, seemed to give me him more strength and courage. It was all of a sudden that they passed through a sort of archway.

"Do you feel that?" Draco asked.

"Yeah," Harry said, "the magic around this place is thick. Really thick; and powerful."

"Exactly," Draco said, as they edged nearer to the door at the end of the hallway. A faint humming noise could be heard. A sort of energy. A faint chant could also be heard through the door. The light that shown under the crack in the door made them both catch their breaths. "Ready?" Draco asked, turning his head to look at Harry.

"Ready," Harry said. Draco reached back his hand and grasped Harry's tightly for a moment, before they each took a deep breath and walked towards the door.

Gavin had his back to them as they entered. He chanted on and on in a foreign tongue as he recited the spell that could cast himself power. But he could feel the intrusion in the magic source, and turned around to face the young heroes.

"Draco, surely you must be joking," he laughed.

"Shut up, Gavin. Where's my son?" Draco demanded.

"*Your* son? Well, it wouldn't be that up there now would it?" he pointed up onto a ledge between the two main columns. Harry and Draco followed the huge wall, until they saw Gabriel lying perched on top, the magic swirling around him.

"Gabriel!" Harry said, rushing forward, but Draco pulled him back and to his body.

"Don't worry, Mr. Potter, he's not hurt," Gavin said, "yet."

Harry's anger rose to an even further extent. "Release him you sick son of a bitch!"

"Now, what would be the point in that?" Gavin asked.

"Gavin, you've taken all of this power thing completely out of hand!" Draco called to the other boy.

"I have taken it out of hand?" Gavin asked in a slow and dangerous manner. "What happened to you Draco? You used to be this laid back and arrogant prat. An arrogant prat that I believed myself to be in love with at one time. Still do."

"You don't love me, Gavin. You don't, and you know it," Draco accused.

"What do you know of my feelings?" Gavin hissed. "All I know is that after today, you won't see me for this petty ex-boyfriend. I will be even more powerful then your saint Potter."

"No one will ever be more powerful than Harry!" Draco said, "not in my eyes! There is more to power than just magic. *You* seem to fail to see that."

"Do you see that there?" Gavin asked, pointing towards Gabriel as more light surrounded the tiny baby. "That will mix the magic of the baby which is a mixture of you both and be transmitted to me. *I* will be the youngest and most powerful wizard of the age!" He began to laugh as the light seemed to travel to him and surround him as well, as he began to recite the chant again.

"Stop!" Draco growled up at him to stop the incantation. Gavin only looked down at him with a smirk. Draco watched Gavin lazily twirl his fingers. All of a sudden Harry was levitated and thrown back against the wall. Draco yelped and turned back up towards

Gavin.

"Do you see what I can do?" Gavin asked with a smug grin. He jumped down from the pedestal that he was standing on and walked over to Harry, who now had his hands chained to the wall. He cupped Harry's chin in his hand and turned the boy's face side to side. "I could kill him in the blink of an eye if I wanted."Gavin looked over and saw Draco's eyes flash in fear, but the blond still kept his composure, silently figuring out what he could do.

Harry struggled against his chains, which rattled. Gavin pulled back as Harry made an attempt to bite him. "Now that's not nice." He threw his arm back carelessly as a flash of light hit Gabriel and the baby began to cry harder.

"Please," Harry pleaded. "Do whatever you want with me, just please save him."

"No," Draco spoke firmly. Gavin turned around and looked to his obsession. "It's me you want. Why kill Harry? Why hurt the baby?"

"Well, you won't come willingly," Gavin put up.

"You could have cast the Imperius curse on me once more and I would have been your slave," Draco reasoned, his eyes casting upwards towards the screaming baby. The air was thickening with the magic that swirled in the area of the room as the spell had not yet been completed.

"But that has already failed on me once," Gavin reasoned, "why try again."

"Well if at first you don't succeed," Draco added. He slowly walked forwards toward Gavin, slowly running his hands up the younger boy's chest. "Is this what you want?" Gavin's eyes closed momentarily to feel the long pale fingers sliding up and down his torso. He swallowed thickly, before opening his eyes, and looking to Draco. "You and I both know that this spell is a waste. Release Harry and the baby, and…I'm yours."

Gavin raised a questionable eyebrow. "Just like that?" he asked. Draco nodded. "Why do I not believe you." Draco's eyes flickered momentarily in Harry's direction, before going back to Gavin's. There was a burning sound, and Gavin turned around. He then began to laugh. "Mr. Potter, I'm afraid that *your* wandless magic is not enough to break this spell in our mansion." He turned back to Draco.

"I knew that that charade was too good to be true," he said with a smirk, as he began to back away before turning to the baby. He thrust his hand in the direction of Harry, and the light then soared to illuminate him as well. "Now I will just have to drain twice as quicker. If you have no one to love, you will be forced to love me."

"You can't do this," Draco said, beginning to walk forward.

Gavin simple put out his hand and held Draco with a powerful spell. Draco fought against the barrier, but was unable to cross through it. "Watch me." He then leaned over to the book in which he had scribbled the incantation used for the completion of the spell. The words were foreign but he spoke them fluently like silk as the light grew brighter. Harry groaned in pain as the strength of magic enhanced and began hitting him full blast. The baby cried harder and flash after flash began to hit Gavin. He looked down and his eyes widened maniacally, as he began to pant. "Yes," he cried, "Do you see this? Are you watching this, Draco?" he said looking down at his chest as the magic soared within him. Draco again pressed to help his loved ones who were suffering in pain. Gavin looked back over to the book and attempted to read the last line. He read it, but nothing happened. He

then read it again, this time saying what he thought it was again. It was then the light changed from a vivid blue to a slow and magnificent red.

The light flew away from the baby and Harry who collapsed against the wall in exhaustion, and joined to hit Gavin directly in the chest at full blast. Gavin began to cry and yell out in agony as the overload of magic traveled within him. It was then his whole body was glowing until it shown out of every opening in his body, before bursting; turning Gavin into nothing but dust as the light expanded and finally died down into nothing.

There was a moment of silence at what had just happened had sunk in. The barrier was lowered, and Draco rushed over to Harry's side. The chains disappeared and he caught a weakened Harry in his arms and helped him stand up. "Gabriel," Harry whispered.

They both rushed over to the raised platform in which the baby was on. Draco and Harry quickly walked up the side stairs until they came to their baby's side. "Shh, it's ok. father's here," Draco said, picking up the child that he thought he could have lost a second time in the last three months, and held him close to his chest. Harry threw his arm around Draco and the baby and kissed both of them.

"What happened?" Harry asked.

"I don't know," Draco said, "I think that it was a slip on his part. He read the incantation wrong. The most important part of a spell is the last line, and he simply screwed it up. It overpowered and took advantage of his being and simply destroyed him in the end." He thought for a moment. "Gavin would be the kind of person to slip up on something so small yet important." He looked over and kissed his fiance, and child.

"Let's go home," he whispered against Harry's lips.

"What is going on down there?" a voice called. Both boys gasped and looked towards the door in which the shadow and soon to be figure of Marshall Klent stood. Lucius Malfoy followed close behind. "What…where's Gavin?" he asked.

"There, sir," Draco said, pointing to the ashes, that were carelessly spread out across the floor.

"What is the meaning of this?" the man exploded. "Lucius, were you in on all of this?"

"Indeed. You're poor excuse for a son kidnapped my one and only grandchild. Not to mention inflicted numerous threatening situations on my family."

Marshall's face could be seen getting redder by the minute, as his eyes scanned the room. They then fell on Harry. "This is your fault isn't it? Every Minister must have trouble with you. Everyone does. I'll kill you."

"No!" Draco said, standing in front of Harry, who held Gabriel close to him. " You know that your son was slowly slipping into a state of insanity. And judging by his actions tonight, the only other punishment would have been Azkaban. This way at least no confusion or chaos will be needed. You can base the act on suicide, or a simple accidental cause. Whichever, sir."

Marshall simply turned around and burst through the doors. Lucius watched, before turning back to his son and Harry. "You did a good thing boys. You saved Gabe and survived the episode of a dangerous man," he said, looking down to the ashes on the floor. "By morning, the story will be out of Gavin's obsession and death. At last you two are free," he said.

"No," Harry said, "we'll never be free. It's like I said, just being who we are."

"But whatever does come our way," Draco stepped in, taking Harry's hand that wasn't holding the baby, "we'll get through together." He leaned forward and against kissed his fiance.

"It seems to me that we have an unfinished wedding planning to arrange," Lucius offered. Draco and Harry shared a smile as they knew that their day was hopefully soon to come.

Chapter 24. When I First Laid Eyes On Him

Epilogue.

The candles dimmed as the doors opened. Harry slowly walked down the aisle, his arm around that of Mr. Weasley. Ron, Ross, and Blaise standing behind Draco at the altar all smiling at their friend. The smile that spread across Harry's lips was one that had been seen so often and missed throughout the years of tormoil and angst. But none of that mattered now. Mrs. Weasley smiled through her tears as she lightly bounced a cooing Gabriel on her lap. Albus stood at the center of the altar, awaiting Harry's arrival to begin the ceremony.

"Who gives this young man away?" Albus asked.

"His mother and I do," Arthur said proudly, he and Harry sharing a loving look, before he stepped aside and walked over to sit beside his wife and grandson. Draco stepped forward and linked his arm with Harry's as they took their positions in front of Albus.

"There seems to be quite a few weddings and joinings here at Hogwarts. And what better place. It seems that these two share a special bond that follows back to their first arrival here at the school. To the adventures and mishaps these two have shared and have had their differences. Many differences." A soft laughter echoed around the hall. " But through all of that, they have managed to follow through and come out still together. The child they concieved through a natural birthing, through the fight of love and fate on their side." He cleared his throat and began. "Dearly beloved…"

Harry looked to Draco. He looked so beautiful as he stood beside Harry, at last wedding him. Together they would be joined forever until the bonds of matrimony. His eyes were glazed as he watched the elder man speak of their true love and joining.

Draco looked over to Harry. Harry was a vision as ever he had seen him. He looked so happy. Not an expression that was often seen on Harry's face throughout his life. And he knew that he was the cause of it. That he could bring this happiness. A soft smile spread over his lips as Harry's eyes met his own. Draco looked down and took Harry's hand into his own.

"I do," Draco said without hesitation as he was asked to be forever wed with Harry throughout eternity.

"I do," Harry replied, smiling at his now husband. Their rings matched on their fingers that were proof of their commitment and bond. The words ' *Forever and For All Eternity'* appearing on the inside of the rings.

"Then I now pronounce you husband and husband." Draco turned to Harry, and slowly they leaned forward in a kiss that symbolized their life long journey ahead of them that they would share and conquer together for better or for worse.

“I love you,” Draco whispered against his lips.

“I love you too,” Harry replied. A loud cooing from Gabriel was heard, and they both smiled to each other before turning to look at their son. They still held each other’s hands as they made their way down the aisle as everyone applauded and pictures were taken as they were now wed.

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Everyone mingled and talked in the Great Hall during the reception. Harry talked with some of the guests, lightly bouncing Gabriel up and down in his arms.

“Well, who is the married one now eh?” Ron joked as he stepped up beside a waddling Hermione.

“Getting pretty big there, Hermione,” Harry smiled as he patted the soft bulge appearing in Hermione’s stomach. They laughed and continued to talk.

Draco was just talking to Blaise and some other friends. His father stepped up, and his friends stepped aside. “I’m so proud of you, Draco” he said, hugging his son. He stepped away as his mother hugged him even tighter.

“I’m so proud of you too,” she said, “I love you.”

“I love you both, too,” he said.

“So, how does it feel to be a married man?” Blaise asked, “I’ll be one soon. Might as well ask.”

Draco laughed. “It feels really good,” he said truthfully with a nod and a soft smile. He turned to look over to his new husband across the room. Harry was laughing as he held their son and looked absolutely radiant in Draco’s eyes.

End