Title: Potions of Different Intents

Author/Artist: [info]kayladie

Prompt: #96 Draco brews potions in his lab at Malfoy Manor and sells them to St. Mungo's. His parents think he is dating Pansy but their relationship is a smoke-screen to cover up his secret involvement with Harry Potter. Lucius has been pressuring Draco about getting married to Pansy and siring the next Malfoy heir. When Draco is working on fertility potions one day, Lucius visits him in his lab to talk about his familial duties and steals one of the vials. Lucius spikes Draco dinner drink with the fertility potion thinking Pansy will turn up pregnant, thereby forcing Draco into marriage. Little does Lucius realize that it will be a very irate Harry that turns up preggers at his door, blaming Draco for the mess he is in.

Prompt submitted by: [info]golden_snitch12

Rating: NC-17

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Warning(s): None

Epilogue compliant? Absolutely not!

Word Count: ~15,000

Author's Notes: Title adapted from a quote by Peter Mere Latham. "Poisons and medicine are oftentimes the same substance given with different intents."

Summary: Draco Malfoy is a potions genius! However, he's not prepared for the utter chaos that ensues when one of his creations has a very unexpected result for his lover, one Harry Potter.

Potions of Different Intents - Part II of II

The atmosphere in the Malfoy dining room was tense, yet still not too uncomfortable. Lucius seemed to be in a very good mood, and even though he was still hinting broadly that Pansy and Draco should settle down, he wasn't pushing as hard as he normally would.

Draco pondered for a moment whether he should be worried about that fact, but then decided that he wasn't going to let his father get to him. He was determined to enjoy this dinner, which Pansy had been kind enough to agree to, and he was not going to play Lucius' game.

Meanwhile, Pansy was playing his father's game and doing it brilliantly. Every time Lucius attempted to mention marriage, she laughed gaily and diverted the topic to something else. Draco noticed that his mother was certainly aware of the undertones at the dinner table, and when she gave him a wink, he realized she'd decided to stay out of it. That actually was a point in Draco and Pansy's favor, as now Lucius was having to fight the battle alone.

"An autumn wedding, Lucius? Why, I could never! I've had my heart set on being a June

bride since I was an attendant in my cousin Dahlia's wedding when I was only four," Pansy

said with a bright smile.

"Aren't we lucky then that it's only April," Lucius said, his smile just as bright, but seeming

a mite brittle around the edges.

"My word, Lucius, surely you must know that it takes a year to plan a wedding, at the very

least! Why, I would have to go to Paris and Milan just to start looking for the fabric for my

wedding gown."

The conversation went on in this vein for the rest of the meal, and Draco was honestly

surprised that Lucius wasn't completely losing his temper. Pansy was deflecting his every

salvo and doing it with flair. If Draco wasn't positively gay, he might have kissed Pansy in

celebration. He would certainly owe her after this meal. He mused to himself that perhaps

he should offer to pay for her honeymoon with the Weasel.

No, that might be going too far where the Weasel was concerned. Still, he would make sure that he got Pansy a very nice gift of some sort, probably of the sparkly variety. He glanced covertly at the huge clock on the dining room wall. Only an hour or two more and he could be back with his Harry. Draco couldn't keep the delighted grin off his face.

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Lucius was at once baffled and pleased with Draco's girlfriend, hopefully soon-to-be-fiancée. She was a lovely girl, came from a good family, intelligent and attractive, but damn, if she wasn't the most argumentative woman he'd ever dealt with! She was putting his own wife to shame this evening. He told himself that could only be a good thing, as she was sure to provide Draco with a challenge, and the boy could certainly use someone to get him to toe the line. Merlin knew, Lucius hadn't had much luck in that regard.

He had given explicit instructions to his house elf, Gertie, before everyone had arrived for dinner. Now, with a snap of his fingers, she popped into the room bearing a bottle of wine that Lucius had selected personally. He had carefully chosen a vintage that Draco had never tasted before, as he knew that his son's nose and palate were quite sharp from many long hours of brewing.

"I feel the need to celebrate this day with a glass of wine. This is a 1787 Chateau d'Yquem, which I acquired in London for the bargain price of 12,000 galleons."

"Really, darling, must you boast so?" Narcissa scolded gently, but Lucius noted that she still nodded to Gertie to indicate that she would imbibe.

"I agree, Father. Aren't there better things we could be doing with our money?" Draco said, with a gleam in his eye. It practically shouted 'Is this what you're spending my potions income on, you old man?' to Lucius.

"Ah, but dear wife and child, I neglected to mention that I've had this bottle for quite a few years, and I was merely saving it for a special occasion such as this. Our family, all four of us, together, healthy and happy."

Lucius could see Draco rolling his eyes from all the way across the table, but he didn't care. He had tried subtle with his son; subtle hadn't worked. So Lucius was going to hit Draco in the face with what he wanted, or rather, he would hit him a little lower than that. He gave Gertie a look, and was pleased when the house elf gave a tiny, nervous nod. Lucius had been unsure at first how to get the fertility potion in the wine, but then he'd had the brilliant idea to treat the glass that Draco was to drink from.

Once he learned that Pansy was to join them for dinner, Lucius had decided to dose her as well. This way, his plan was certain to succeed. Who knew, they might be pregnant by this evening! The glasses were marked with elf magic so that Gertie knew which ones to give to Draco and Pansy. The fertility potion was coated on the inside of the glass, and then charmed invisible. Once Gertie poured the wine, it would mix with the potion and neither Draco nor Pansy would be any the wiser.

Lucius had also taken the precaution of putting a mild compulsion charm to finish the entire contents on both the glasses. He was taking no chances this time. In fact, it took every ounce of his will not to rub his hands together and cackle maniacally with glee.

"I must say, you do know your wines, Father. This is exquisite," Draco said as he took another sip from his glass.

"Isn't it? Well worth every knut spent on it, I assure you," Lucius said happily. "Ah, you've finished yours already, Draco? Would you care for another glass?"

"Afraid I mustn't. If I get too tipsy, I won't be able to see Pansy home."

"Why send her home, son? It's not as though we don't have the room. Why, she could even stay with you!"

"Lucius! That is an outrageous idea," Narcissa scolded. "We may not hold the position in society that we once did, but we will certainly still follow its rules in our own house."

"You're absolutely right, of course, my dear. Perhaps the wine has already gone to my head," Lucius said, and attempted to tamp down his excitement. It wouldn't do to give the game away too soon. They had taken the potion, and while Lucius was sure it was going to work – his son had been the brewer after all – he wanted to make absolutely sure a child and heir came out of this.

It wasn't much longer and Draco was kissing his mother's cheek and shaking his father's hand as he and Pansy prepared to take their leave. Once they'd gone, Lucius was still feeling the glow of his plans coming together. He was far too excited to go to sleep right away. He looked at Narcissa and marveled once again at how beautiful she still was, even after all the years they'd been married.

She blushed like a schoolgirl when she noticed his regard, and Lucius raised an eyebrow in speculation. Perhaps there were other things they could do to keep them occupied this evening.

"Would you care to accompany me to our bedroom, my dear?" he asked, holding out a hand towards her in invitation.

"Certainly, beloved," she said, smiling as she placed her hand in his.

As they moved up the stairs, Lucius couldn't help but think that his day had gone fabulously well. Perhaps even now, Pansy and Draco were ensuring that the Malfoy line would continue.

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Draco was nowhere near Pansy at the moment. He was on his knees behind a limp, exhausted Harry, who'd already come and was slumped bonelessly on his chest, a big smile on his face. Draco had a fierce grip on Harry’s hips and was pounding into Harry’s arse with increasing force as he grew closer to his climax.

"Fuck, Harry! Love you so much!" Draco gasped.

"Mmm, yeah, love you too, baby," Harry said drowsily. "You gonna come for me now?"

Draco let out a groan as he felt Harry intentionally squeezing around him, and it was just enough to give him that last push over the edge. His whole body shuddered as he pulsed deep inside Harry’s body.

"Oh, yes, God, that's so fucking amazing!" Draco cried out as he came.

"Yeah," Harry agreed, obviously still a little dazed from his own powerful orgasm a few minutes earlier.

Draco took a deep breath, still feeling the tingling aftershocks of pleasure thrumming through his body. He was just about to lean forward to kiss the back of Harry’s neck, when his lover suddenly stiffened and shot up to his hands and knees.

"Whoa! What the hell?!" Harry shouted.

"What? What is it? Did I hurt you?" Draco asked. He eased out of Harry and let the other man turn around. He was worried by the shocked look on Harry’s face. Harry’s hands were rubbing his abdomen and they both looked at Harry’s belly.

"Did I hurt you?" Draco asked again, a bit more intensely. Merlin knew, he and Harry did like to play a little rough now and then, but they always both agreed to it beforehand.

"No. At least, I don't think you did," Harry said. They both looked at each other at the same time, and Draco could see lingering worry in Harry’s eyes, but it seemed to be fading.

"It’s going away now, but when you came, I got this weird burning sensation in my gut. Not really painful, but I wasn't expecting it."

"That's never happened before?"

Harry gave him an exasperated glare. "No, that's never happened before, not any time I've ever had sex, so I'm pretty sure it's not normal."

Draco didn't like to think of the fact that Harry had had sex with other people besides him, so he charged on.

"Maybe you should stop by St. Mungo's in the morning."

"What? No, that's just silly. It was probably just that new lube we were using."

Draco knew that Harry hated going to the doctor at any time, even when he was really hurt, so he was prepared for Harry being stubborn when there was nothing obviously wrong. He grabbed the tube from the bedside table and looked over the words on it quickly.

"Nothing on here about any warming qualities. You need to go just let them check you over."

"Draco," Harry whined. "You know what a pain it is when I have to go in there. People won't leave me alone, and rumors will get started, and it'll just be a big pain in my arse."

"I'm the big pain in your arse, you git, and I don't want anything to change that, so for my sake, please promise me you'll do it?" He gave Harry the best pleading look he could, since Harry was especially vulnerable to a needy Draco. Naturally, Draco took shameless advantage of that fact.

"Oh, fine, I promise. But it won't be tomorrow, because Ron and I are on the verge of breaking the case we're working on right now, and we've already scheduled a ton of witness interviews."

"But you'll go after that," Draco said, making it an order and not a question.

"I said I would! Now come here, I need my post-sex cuddles," Harry teased, as he grabbed Draco by the arm and pulled him closer.

They snuggled down into Harry's bed, and Draco heard Harry sigh in contentment once he had them arranged just the way he liked. Draco was lying on his back, and Harry curled into his side, holding onto his lover like he was an oversized teddy bear.

"You are pathetic, you know that, don't you?" Draco whispered to the top of Harry’s head.

"Shut up, you know you love it," Harry mumbled, and Draco could tell he was already half-asleep.

Draco lay awake for a little while longer, one hand carding absently through Harry's hair as the other slept. They were so close to having everything they wanted, and Draco's pessimistic nature couldn't help but start pondering all the things that could go wrong. If anything were to happen to Harry, Draco didn't know what he would do.

He resolved to make sure that Harry followed up on the visit to a healer, even if he had to nag like a harpy.

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Four weeks later, Harry still hadn't found the time to see a healer. Or perhaps it was more accurate to say that he hadn't made the time. Harry truly hated having to go to St. Mungo's. He didn't even like to go there to deal with work issues when he was completely healthy. If he went to have tests run for some unknown condition, the headlines would probably be reading ‘Boy Who Lived May Be Dying!’ by the next morning.

Still, Harry had decided to go ahead and get it over with today, mostly because Draco had suddenly turned into a nagging harpy and wouldn't let it go. Even though Harry had told him it hadn't happened again in the numerous times they'd had sex since, Draco kept pointing out that it was Harry himself who'd said what happened wasn’t normal. He pointed it out rather incessantly, actually, and Harry had realized his very sanity was at risk if he didn't get this done.

So now he was sitting on a table in a healer's office, wearing a skimpy hospital gown that didn't cover anything, and explaining a very embarrassing incident to a stranger. Well, not a complete stranger. Harry had met Healer Powell several times in his work as an Auror, but he'd never been naked in front of the man, that was certain.

Harry would never admit this aloud, but he had been getting somewhat nervous at the increasing intensity of Healer Powell's expression. He'd run several diagnostic tests with his wand, had taken blood, and had asked numerous invasive questions about Harry’s symptoms over the last few weeks.

When Harry had admitted, very reluctantly, that he had felt more tired than usual lately, and yes, he had been occasionally feeling nauseous for no reason, and you know, he had been feeling some odd twinges in his belly, he'd been alarmed to see the Healer’s face draw deeper into a frown.

Now he was peeking through the open door at his Healer standing in the hallway speaking with another

Healer, arms gesturing and conversation growing more heated, and Harry was kind of starting to panic.

Finally, he couldn't take it any longer. He threw the door open and shouted, "Okay, tell me now! What the hell is wrong with me?!"

The two Healers looked at him in surprise, and so did a few other people walking up and down the hallway. Harry blushed and pulled the edges of his gown a little closer together behind his back. He belatedly realized he'd just helped, rather dramatically, any rumors that were going to get started.

"Why don't we step back into your room, Mr. Potter," Healer Powell said, as he nodded a thanks to the other Healer. The unknown man walked away, but not before giving Harry a speculative look that only increased his anxiety.

"Er, yeah, that's a good idea," Harry said, and quickly ducked back into the room.

Once he was situated back on the exam table, Harry waited for Healer Powell to begin talking, trying to calm his racing heart with little success.

"Mr. Potter, based on what you've told me about your symptoms, and your relationship with Draco Malfoy-"

"I expect you to keep that in confidence!" Harry said loudly, his nerves getting the better of him.

Healer Powell nodded and said, "Of course, I will. I take my duties as a Healer very seriously, and patient confidentiality is part of that."

"Right. Sorry, didn't mean to, uh, offend you or anything. It's just, this is all getting very weird, and you're making me nervous."

"I completely understand, and frankly, this is making me a little nervous as well. You do have a condition that is unusual, and it's going to have some long-term repercussions."

Harry paled as he heard those words. "Am I dying?" he whispered.

"No, no, not at all! The exact opposite, in fact. I had to consult with my colleague because frankly, we haven't seen a case like yours in years. Most wizards don't really want to put themselves through it, after all."

Harry shook his head in confusion. "I'm sorry, you're not making any sense to me at all. So, I'm the opposite of dying. Which means I'm, um, living? What's the problem with me then?"

"There really is no easy way to say this except to just say it. Mr. Potter, you're pregnant."

Harry stared at Healer Powell, thinking he must have just misheard what the man had said. "I'm what?" was all he could manage to say.

"I'm guessing that this comes as a surprise to you, but I assure you that there is nothing to worry about. We can take good care of you here at St. Mungo's-"

But Harry didn't hear anything further, because he fell back onto the table in a dead faint.

Once Healer Powell managed to revive him, and assure him that yes, he really was going to have a child, Harry had gone into numb mode. He barely listened as Healer Powell set up appointments for prenatal visits, gave him brochures on what to expect from male pregnancy and birth, and wrote him a prescription for a nutrient potion that he was to take every day until the child was born.

He found himself somehow standing in front of St. Mungo's, looking down at the pile of information in his hands. It was sobering to note that the brochures were all at least twenty years old. Apparently, he

was the first wizard in a quarter century to decide to procreate without a female!

As the haze finally began to lift from his brain, one thought became crystal clear.

Draco Malfoy had to die.

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"You wanted to see me, Father?" Draco asked as he stepped into his parents' parlor.

He hoped that this wasn't going to be another lecture on marriage and heirs. Draco really wasn't in the mood for it today, as he was anxious to find out what the Healer had to say about Harry. It had taken nearly a full month for Draco to prod him into going to St. Mungo's. Clearly, Draco needed to take some lessons in nagging from his mother.

Then there was the fact that Prudence Littleton, prominent member of St. Mungo's Board of Trustees, had finally called him to set up a meeting for tomorrow. Draco had high hopes that the position he'd been angling for forever, was at last going to be his.

With his emotions already see-sawing between elation at the job prospect and worry over Harry, he really was not in the mood for more of his father's shite.

"Actually, I didn't call this family meeting. Your mother did," Lucius said as he picked up a cup of tea, and gestured for Draco to do the same.

"Is everything all right?" Draco asked as he sipped at his tea, hoping that he wasn't going to have to worry now about his mother as well. Usually, she was too concerned with her latest shopping trip to call family meetings.

"I'm afraid I don't know. She was acting rather mysterious this morning, but she wouldn't tell me anything. Said she wanted to wait until she could talk to both of us at once," Lucius said, with what looked like a careless shrug.

Draco could tell that his father was worried as well, though. Narcissa was the one who'd held the family together in those dark days right after the war was over. She'd shown an amazing strength that Draco had never known she had as the Malfoys had struggled through the Death Eater trials, Lucius' brief imprisonment, and the early scorn of the Wizarding World.

It was mostly due to her, making public appearances saying nice things about Potter and his friends, giving time and money generously to charities and those affected by the war, that they had managed to raise themselves almost back to where they were pre-Voldemort.

"Ah, darlings, you're both here!" Narcissa said, her tone delighted as she practically floated into the room. There was a glow about her that Draco had never seen before.

He glanced over at his father, and saw that Lucius had the same dumbfounded expression that he was probably wearing himself. Well, at least it looked like whatever his mother had to tell them was good news. That was one worry off his mind, although he had no idea what could possibly have her in such high spirits.

"I've brought you both here together so that we can share in the most marvelous news. The Malfoys have truly been blessed!" Narcissa said.

Before she could let them know what the blessing was, there was a loud disturbance at the door. Draco could hear Gertie's squeaky voice reprimanding someone.

"You is not to be going in there, Miss! The Malfoys is having a private meeting! You is not allowed!"

"Get out of my way, elf, or I will stomp you with my heels!"

"Pansy?" Draco said in surprise as his friend came crashing through the parlor doors. She looked absolutely enraged. Draco raised his brows in shock when she centered her glare on him and pointed at

him with an accusing finger.

"You! You are the one responsible for this somehow! I know you are!"

"You seem a tad distraught, Pansy. Perhaps you could calm down and tell me what I'm supposed to have done?" Draco said.

"Distraught? I am way past distraught and straight on into infuriated! I'm pregnant, you idiot!"

There was utter silence for a moment, before Lucius beamed and said, "Delightful!"

"How is that my fault?" Draco asked in bewilderment.

"Draconis Abraxas Malfoy! You will certainly uphold the family's honor where Miss Parkinson is concerned. She and Narcissa can start planning the wedding immediately," Lucius said, his smile so wide it was threatening to split his face in half.

A tiny spark of suspicion began to niggle at Draco's brain. His father didn't only seem delighted at Pansy's news, which he naturally thought was Draco's doing, but he didn't seem at all surprised. Before he could ponder on that further, Pansy sank Lucius' dreams of a Malfoy heir quickly.

"It's not his, Lucius. Honestly, how can you not know by this point that your son is completely gay?"

"Pansy!" Draco shouted in outrage.

"He's what?!" Lucius shouted in outrage at the same time.

"Please, Draco, we both know that he had to find out eventually. We just discussed this a few weeks ago, remember? Right now, you're in bigger trouble with me for this!" she said as she gestured to her stomach.

"How on earth is that my fault if I'm not the one sleeping with you?" Draco demanded.

"What do you mean, you're gay!? You can't be gay, you're a Malfoy!" Lucius shouted.

Pansy snorted. "I'd say that makes it more likely," she said, and gave both father and son a knowing look.

Lucius drew himself up with all the Malfoy arrogance he possessed. "What exactly do you mean by that?" he asked in an icy tone.

Narcissa coughed gently. Lucius turned to look at her with a questioning glance. "Well, the Malfoy men do have a reputation for being, shall we say, very pretty?"

"Narcissa, are you siding with her?" Lucius said in disbelief.

"There are no sides here, darling, and while Pansy did steal my thunder somewhat, I was just about to tell you that I am with child, as well," she said, and her glowing smile returned.

"What?!" This came from the other three all at once.

"How can that be, you're fif-" Lucius broke off as Narcissa turned a quick vicious glare on him. "You're, ah, more mature now. I thought those times were behind us," he continued more diplomatically.

"Oh, my God, you two still have sex!? I think I'm going to vomit," Draco said, and put one hand over his mouth. He was sure he must be turning green.

"NO! You is not to be going in there!!" Gertie's wail came from the hall again, and everyone turned to look at the doors as Harry Potter came storming into the room, Gertie clinging pitifully to his leg.

"Draco Malfoy, you are a dead man!"

"You is not to be threatening Master Draco!" Gertie cried.

Harry looked down at her in irritation, and then gave Draco an impatient stare.

"Gertie, I think you've done your duty admirably. We can handle it from here," Draco said.

The house elf reluctantly let go of Harry's leg and looked up at the Malfoys sadly. "Gertie will be having to iron her ears for days for this dismal failure."

"No, you're fine, Gertie. Do not iron your ears, but we do require a bit of privacy now, if you don't mind," Draco said, trying to be patient.

The house elf popped out of the room immediately, and for a moment there was an awkward silence in the room.

"So, Potter. You were saying that you'd like to kill me?" Draco asked, a fake smile plastered on his face.

"You did this to me. I don't know how you did it, but you are responsible, I know you are."

"Potter, do try to remember where you are, and perhaps you could tell me what the hell you're talking about?" Draco said, the fake smile becoming strained at the thought that he was not only outed to his

parents, but that they were about to find out what Harry was to him. He so was not ready for this today.

"Language, darling," his mother reprimanded gently as she daintily plucked a cup of tea for herself from the table and then sat carefully on the sofa.

Draco ignored her as he waited for Harry to explain himself.

"I've just come from St. Mungo's."

Draco instantly forgot that he was supposed to be trying to hide his relationship with Harry from his family for a little longer, and rushed over to his lover to grab him by the shoulders and shake him gently.

"What did they find? Are you okay? What do you mean, I did this? Do you have some kind of sexually transmitted disease, because I swear I've been absolutely faithful!"

There was a funny strangling noise from behind him and Draco looked over to see his father twitching as though he were trying to stave off a conniption. Lucius plopped backwards onto the sofa beside his wife and goggled at his son.

"You…and…and…Harry Potter!?" he gasped.

Draco gave up trying to fight it any longer. He let go of Harry and turned to face his father.

"Yes! I am gay, and I am in love with Harry Potter, and he loves me, and we've been seeing each other for quite some time. There's nothing you can do that will make me give him up, not even if you disinherit me!" Draco pronounced proudly.

"Oh, Merlin!" Lucius groaned, and dropped his face to his hands.

"Lovely speech, Draco. I do appreciate it, but it doesn't change the fact that I'm going to kill you."

Draco turned back to Harry, really worried now. The news from St. Mungo's had to have been terrible for Harry to be so angry.

"What is it? Tell me, please!" he asked.

"I'm pregnant, you berk!"

"WHAT?!" The response came from everyone in the room, as they all stared in shock at the Boy Who Lived…apparently To Be A Mum.

"Yes, it was quite the stir at St. Mungo's. I'm the first pregnant wizard in twenty-five years, Draco! As if I didn't have enough to worry about already, you obviously have to have some sort of super-sperm!" Harry said. "And who knows what this news is going to do for my promotion! I want that Head Auror job, Draco. I've been saying it's not a big deal, but it's a big deal. It's a huge deal, Draco, and this is going to totally ruin everything, I just know it!"

Harry was so upset that he was waving his arms around wildly and his voice was getting louder and louder. Draco noted with concern that his face was getting rather red, as well. All this excitement couldn't possibly be good for the baby. Baby! Draco's mind was still boggling at the thought that he and Harry had made a child…together.

And suddenly, Draco wanted nothing more in the world than to have a baby with Harry Potter. He stepped forward and took Harry's face in his hands. That finally caused Harry to stop complaining and look at Draco in surprise. Surprise melted into shock when Draco leaned in and planted a fierce kiss on his mouth. When he pulled away, Harry looked downright gobsmacked, and all Draco could do was tell him what he was really thinking.

"I love you. So much more than I ever thought possible."

"So you want it, then?" Harry whispered, and now that he looked, Draco could see the fear and doubt in Harry's eyes.

"Nothing could make me leave you. You're stuck with me for eternity, I'm afraid," Draco said, with a smile. His thumbs caressed Harry's cheeks gently as he spoke.

Harry finally smiled back as he recognized his own words to Draco from a few weeks ago. "You promise?"

"I promise. Forever, Harry."

"As touching as this is, Draco, we still have to deal with your irresponsibility," Pansy said.

When Draco turned to look at her, he noticed that she did have an approving little gleam in her eye, but she was definitely still riled up. Frankly, Draco was still a bit confused.

"Look, I'll freely admit to taking responsibility for Harry's situation, and obviously my father and mother-" he broke off with a shudder as his mind went to places he didn't want it to go. "Well, he's responsible for her. But how am I to blame for your condition? Shouldn't you be talking to Weasley?"

"Ron and I were using precautions, Draco! There is no way I could have gotten pregnant without some outside interference and we both know what you were working on for the last few months. What I want to know is why you would do that? To your best friend?" Pansy asked, tears gathering in her eyes.

Draco stared at her in horror, his mouth dropping open. "Are you actually suggesting that I secretly dosed you with a potion? I would never! Not only would I not do that to my best friend, I would never endanger the integrity of my work!" he protested.

"Then how exactly did it come about that the three people closest to you have fallen pregnant? You can't believe it's a coincidence!" Pansy said.

"Of course it's not a coincidence, Pansy darling. Obviously, Draco's father appropriated some of his son's potion and secretly dosed us with it," Narcissa said calmly from her chair.

"What!?" Lucius said as he sat straight up in his own chair. "I never!"

Draco had almost forgotten about Lucius, except that there'd been a constant stream of unhappy mutterings from his general direction for the last several minutes.

"You most certainly did. You're not nearly as subtle as you think you are, dear. It seemed to be all you could do to hold back the evil cackling and the hand rubbing at that dinner," Narcissa said, as she eyed her husband shrewdly. "Not that I am entirely displeased, you must understand. I have always wanted to give Draco a sibling, and now at last…I will be able to do so," she said with a fond smile directed towards her son.

"Father, is this true? You dosed Pansy and I, and Mum, with my own potion?" Draco asked in disbelief.

Lucius sighed, and returned Draco's glare with one of his own. "It was only supposed to be you and Pansy. I thought the two of you were…well, you know. Gertie must have completely misunderstood my instructions, and dosed everyone except for me," he said irritably.

"So, three completely different people were affected by this potion. A young woman, an, er, older woman, and a man. And yet, all three of them were successful in becoming pregnant," Draco mused to himself. He looked up to see everyone in the room looking at him curiously. "I…am…a genius! This potion is going to make me rich and famous!" he said gleefully.

"Don't break your arm patting yourself on the back. I'm still not too thrilled with this whole thing," Harry said grumpily.

"What, and you think I'm happy about it?" Pansy muttered.

"Potter, come over here and sit by me," Narcissa demanded before Draco could try to reassure his lover.

Harry must have been taken by surprise, because he obeyed and moved across the room to sit in a chair near Draco's mother. Then she gestured to Pansy.

"Now you come sit on my opposite side, Pansy. Move, Lucius."

It seemed to Draco as though his father had ceded complete control of the situation to his wife, because he got up and moved to a chair without a word of protest. Narcissa smiled gently at Pansy and patted her knee.

"What is really bothering you about this?" she asked softly.

Something about Narcissa's quiet demeanor was very comforting, even to Draco and he wasn't the one being questioned. So he wasn't surprised when Pansy answered, after a moment of uncomfortable squirming.

"What if Ron is not ready for children? What if he leaves me over this?" she asked in an agonized whisper.

Narcissa considered that for a second, and then said, "Mr. Weasley has always struck me as very much a family man. I have no doubt that he will be thrilled with your news. But even if he's not, never think that you're alone. You're practically a Malfoy already, even if you're never going to marry our son."

Pansy sniffled and gazed at her with wide eyes, before bursting into tears and throwing herself at Narcissa to give her a tight hug. She clung to Draco's mother and sobbed. Draco couldn't really tell if they

were happy tears or sad tears, but his mother seemed to have the situation well in hand.

She stroked Pansy's hair and spoke to her soothingly. "There, there, darling. We'll get through this together. Why, it will be like a grand adventure!"

Harry snorted at that and crossed his arms, his face going into that stubborn expression that Draco knew so well. Narcissa turned her head to look at him. Harry blushed at her scrutiny but still kept his mulish pose.

Narcissa gently eased her way out of Pansy's embrace and came up with a clean handkerchief from somewhere for her. She smiled warmly at her would-be daughter-in-law, and Pansy tremulously returned it. That must have been some kind of female speak for 'everything's going to be all right now' because Narcissa then turned to Harry.

She patted his knee much in the same way she had Pansy's and said, "Now, Mr. Potter. Or may I call you Harry?"

"Harry's fine," he muttered.

He seemed determined to hold onto his resentment. Unfortunately for him, Harry didn't know Draco's mother very well. She smiled at him fondly before reaching out with one hand to caress his cheek. Harry sort of froze and cut his eyes over at her in surprise.

"I must say thank you, Harry."

"For what?" Harry asked warily.

"You are obviously part of the reason that my son has been so happy these last couple of years. Thank you for making him so."

"Uh, you're welcome?"

Draco had to try and hide his grin, not that either of them were paying him any attention. Narcissa completely had the next Head Auror in the palm of her hand, and he didn't even realize it.

"And now the two of you have created new life together. I have already been blessed with Draco, so I know a little better than you and Pansy what a wondrous miracle a child is. You love my son, and you know that he loves you in return and wants this baby with you," Narcissa said, with a raised brow. Harry nodded in answer to her unspoken question.

"Won't you tell me, then, what's really worrying you?"

Harry bit his lip and ducked his head, a blush still staining his cheeks. "It's silly," he mumbled.

Narcissa wrapped one arm around his shoulders and squeezed. "Nothing is silly when it comes to having children. You can tell me."

"It's just, um, well," Harry stumbled over his words, and coughed nervously as he looked at Narcissa. "Where is it going to come out?" he asked quickly.

"I rather thought that might be your concern," Narcissa said. "You don't need to worry. Pregnant wizards deliver by cesarean section."

"That's not much better!" Harry said. "I don't want to be cut in half!"

The thought of that didn't really sit well with Draco either, and he went to Harry, dropping to his knees in front of his lover. He took Harry's hands in his and said, "I will be with you every step of the way."

"It's not quite that bad. And believe me when I say that once they place that baby in your arms, the pain and the struggle is all forgotten. I know that mine was," Narcissa said as she gazed lovingly at Draco.

Harry's brow creased as he appeared deep in thought. Draco was scared that he was going to say to hell with the whole idea, when Harry moved their hands so that they were touching his abdomen.

He looked up at Draco, and there was the beginning of wonder in his eyes. "There's really a baby in there," he said, and Draco thought that it might have just hit him in that moment that he was going to be a father.

"Yeah, there is," Draco agreed with a smile, and he wasn't about to cry, no he wasn't!

Lucius coughed from behind him and the group on the couch looked up.

"The Malfoys have truly been blessed," he said quietly. "I admit that I may have been too zealous in my goal of extending our family line," he said, then paused as the glowers directed his way increased. "I am truly lucky to have such a wonderful family, and I beg your forgiveness for my actions."

Draco, though still very angry with his father, was impressed at his humility. Lucius Malfoy didn't apologize to anyone. For him to have done so now, Draco hoped meant he understood that he had gone way too far. While he may be happy with the results, Draco was still quite upset that his father had used one of his own potions against him.

"Well, Lucius, I'm not sure that I should forgive you right away," Harry said, and Draco could see the vindictive gleam in his eyes. "It might take a little work on your part. I think I should move in here until the baby is born and have you take care of me and Narcissa at the same time."

Lucius blanched and Draco could only imagine how his father was inwardly rebelling at the idea of Harry Potter not only living in his home, but that he would be expected to wait on him hand and foot. Narcissa pointedly didn't say a word either for or against the idea, and just watched her husband, waiting with everyone else for his answer.

His jaw clenched, Lucius barely managed to not force the words out through gritted teeth. "It would be

an honor to have you with us…Harry."

Draco sat back then and just enjoyed watching the commotion of his mother beginning to plan for the birth of a child and a grandchild at the same time. She also, amid Harry's weak protests, starting talking enthusiastically about engagement parties and wedding robes and baby showers.

As he grew visibly more horrified at Narcissa's grand plans, Harry's hand reached out to grab onto Draco's and squeezed it tight. Draco held on, thinking that there was no place in the world he'd rather be.

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Sitting in a chair next to Harry's bed in St. Mungo's several months later, Draco remembered his naiveté with fondness. He had known, naturally, that they were not going to have an easy time of it, but even he had underestimated the outright fit the Wizarding World threw once it learned of the two of them.

There had been outrage, death threats, Howlers galore, and the press became an ever-constant presence. Once news of Harry's pregnancy had leaked, it had somehow become even more intense. It had helped that the Aurors office had closed ranks around them, as had Draco's new staff in the research department at St. Mungo's. Still, the pressure from the public had grown almost to a breaking point.

And then it did.

Reach Harry's breaking point, that is.

As he'd left the Ministry one evening, fighting his way through the crowd of reporters that always waited in the atrium, a photographer had made a disparaging remark about Draco's Death Eater days, brief as they had been.

Harry had stopped and people nearby reported hearing him mutter 'that's it then, this has to end' before

he turned around and punched the man dead in the face. Everyone gathered had gasped, and the photographer had looked up at him in shock from his place on the floor. He couldn't hit Harry back, of course, because he was visibly pregnant by this time.

Harry had then blasted the ears of anyone nearby with several curse words and stated that he had saved their worthless hides and that they damn well owed him some happiness. Then he spent the next ten minutes singing Draco's praises, declaring that most of the Wizarding World wasn't fit to touch his robes. He ended by revealing how tenderly Draco had taken care of him since he'd become pregnant, including how he sat on the couch with Harry every night and rubbed his aching feet.

Draco was mortified.

The rest of the Wizarding World was enchanted, and almost overnight, they became everyone's darlings. There were still a few naysayers here and there, but for the most part, Draco could once again walk down Diagon Alley without someone spitting at him for defiling their Savior.

No, now he was more likely to be gushed over by some elderly witch who thought the two of them were 'so precious.' Frankly, Draco almost missed the Howlers.

"But I don't, not really. After all, we can't have you being frightened by any of that can we, Phoenix? That's your name, did you know? Phoenix James Malfoy-Potter," Draco said to the sleeping infant in his arms.

He and Harry had argued for months about what to name their son, once they'd found out it was a boy. Draco had insisted that the child had to have a constellation name, as that was a Black family tradition. Harry wasn't too fond of the idea, and insisted that his father's name had to be in there. When Draco had finally convinced Harry to actually read the list of constellation names, he was stunned to find Phoenix on it. The name held such special significance to Harry, and he and Draco were finally able to agree on something.

Harry was the last of the three affected by the pregnancy potion to deliver. Ron and Pansy had experienced quite a scare when she had gone into labor five weeks early. Her delivery had been difficult

and fraught with danger for both her and their baby.

Thankfully, all had turned out well, and Ron had been so overwhelmed with emotion once they were holding their tiny son, he'd asked Pansy to marry him on the spot. Pansy had agreed, providing that Ron asked her again later in a much more traditional manner, which she noted had better include as big a ring as he could find.

Ron and Pansy weren't here because they'd left for their honeymoon only three days ago, toting little Sebastian Arthur Weasley along with them. Draco had thought them mad when they'd said they were taking the baby along on their honeymoon, but now that he was looking down on his own child, he completely understood.

Meanwhile, his parents weren't here either, as it was only one week since Narcissa had given birth to Draco's little sister. Lucius had popped in for a few minutes earlier, but had quickly returned to his wife's side. Draco wondered whether his father had been as besotted with him as an infant as he appeared to be with Carina Iolanthe Malfoy.

"Your aunt is going to have your grandfather wrapped around her little finger, just you wait and see," Draco said to Phoenix, who only responded with a little snore as he continued to sleep.

Draco glanced over at Harry, who was also still asleep after the surgery to deliver Phoenix. Healer Adams had said he should be waking up soon, and Draco was starting to get anxious, as Harry showed no signs of stirring.

Just as he was about to call for someone to check and make sure Harry was all right, he heard a slurred "Draco?" come from the bed.

"Harry! Awake at last, sleeping beauty?" Draco teased, a feeling of relief washing over him. He stood from the chair and activated the charm that slowly raised the head of Harry's bed. The nurses had advised slow and easy movements as Harry would be quite sore for a couple of days. As he moved, he disturbed Phoenix, who made a thin little cry.

Harry's ears perked up and his eyes immediately went to the bundle that Draco cradled in one arm. Draco sat on the edge of his bed and smiled at Harry's eagerness.

"Is that him?" Harry whispered.

"Course it is, silly. Think I'd be carrying around someone else's baby, do you?"

"Oh, shut up and give him to me," Harry demanded.

Draco carefully transferred Phoenix to Harry's arms, and then found himself watching Harry as he gazed at their newborn son.

"He's so beautiful," Harry said, still speaking in reverent whispers.

"He's handsome, I think you mean to say," Draco said.

"Hush, you. I mean it, he's the most beautiful thing I've ever seen." He reached up with his free hand to caress the little tufts of dark hair on Phoenix's head. "Heh, my hair. I hope he ends up with your eyes," he said as he looked back up at Draco.

"Even if he has your eyes as well as your hair, I certainly wouldn't mind looking at a miniature you for the next several years. I do love you quite a bit, you know."

Harry's smile was wide and brilliant. "Look at what we did, Draco. Isn't he amazing? And your mum was so right."

"About what?"

"He was worth every single minute of the pain," Harry sighed happily as his eyes fell to Phoenix once again.

Draco couldn't have agreed more. He lifted his legs onto the bed and settled in next to Harry, and together they watched their son sleep.

END