Storyid: 1428482
FanFiction.net
Name: Born of Hate Born of Love
Author: Kathi C
Chapter 1 to 19

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Chapter: 1

TITLE: Born of Hate Born of Love
STATUS/PART: WIP
PAIRING: Harry/Draco
SPOILERS: To be safe, 1- 4 and parts of 5. I live in Egypt. No one died.
WARNINGS: mpreg, sorta noncon (you'll see what I mean), barely age of consent
DISCLAIMER:: This story is based on characters and situations created
and owned by JK Rowling, various publishers including but not limited
to Bloomsbury Books, Scholastic Books and Raincoast Books, and
Warner Bros., Inc. No money is being made and no copyright or
trademark infringement is intended.
SUMMARY: Through Lucius' machinations, Harry and Draco are forced to bond and produce a child. Will they figure out what he is up to and foil his plans?
AUTHOR'S NOTES: While wandering through , I came upon a story called 'Just the Truth' by Pokari. It's a good story but I decided to take the idea and go in another direction. A sort of what happened if the story with this way instead. Yes, she knows I'm doing this.
You'll also have to forgive me if I don't update more than once a week. I have nerve damage in my left hand, almost no feeling in my ring finger and pinkie, and it makes typing extremely difficult
The child borne of Light and Dark
Borne of two not alike but like as one to another
Power the child will have and powerful the child will be
Borne in hate, this child will destroy the darkness in its
path and rule in its stead
But if borne in love, the child will destroy the darkness
and peace shall reign for all his days
Prologue
There was a gentle rain outside the window. The young man leaning against it absently rubbed his expanded belly. At six months pregnant, Harry Potter still had trouble believing everything that had happened in the past few months. Getting bonded, getting pregnant, getting 'kidnapped'. He heard someone walk into the room behind him but didn't turn around.

"Are you all right?" the lady of the manor asked.
"I guess," Harry said, shrugging. He turned around. "Have you heard from Draco?"
She nodded her head. "He said he'd be here as soon as he could get away without his father finding out," she said. "The Malfoy manor is warded well enough that he can shrunk his trunk and bring it with him."
"Does Lucius suspect anything?" Harry asked. "Or your involvement?"
"Probably not," she said. "This place is warded and will admit very few people. He is not one of them." She looked at him. "Why don't you lie down for a while?"
"In a little while," he said. "I like watching the rain."
"All right," she said then turned and walked out of the room.
The baby kicked and Harry rubbed his stomach. "I'm sorry about how you came into being," he smiled, "but I'm not sorry you're here. I promise I will never let anything happen to you."
Leaning back, he closed his eyes and began to remember how everything happe

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Chapter: 2

Disclaimers and such in part 0
Chapter 1 - Look What I Found
Many things could be - and often were - said of Lucius Malfoy. Stupid, however, was not one of them. He knew his reputation of being a seriously evil man got him many things, least of which was clear passage through Knockturn Alley. Many eyes watched as the platinum-haired man entered Borgin and Burkes. A greasy haired, fawning little man scurried up to him.
"Ah, Mr. Malfoy," Borgin smiled. "So good to see you today."
"Your note said you had something that might interest me," Lucius said, sounding bored.
"One moment while I fetch it from the back." The little man walked into the back room. When he returned, he was carrying an old book.
"I acquired this a few days ago when I took possession of several crates from an estate whose master died under... less than natural circumstances," he said. "I owled you the moment I saw it." He held the book out to Lucius.
Lucius took the book and looked at the front. 'La Prophetie du Famille du Malfoy' was written in faded gold lettering. Years of training kept the surprise of actually seeing a book he'd only heard stories about from showing on his face.
"And how much do you want for this?" Lucius asked.
Borgin almost smirked. Like he ever expected the man in front of him to pay for something he considered to belong to his family in the first place. "No charge, of course, Mr. Malfoy," the man said. "It does belong to your family, does it not?"
"Indeed it does," Lucius agreed. "If there is nothing else?"
"Not at all," Borgin said, bowing his head. Lucius nodded to him then, slipping the book into his cloak, turned and walked out of the store.
Three days later, Lucius was sitting in his study, reading a particular passage in the book. Under the heading of 'The Sign of the Lion', he found a particularly interesting prophesy. The lion

drawn on the page bore a striking resemblance to the emblem of Gryffindor.
The child borne of Light and Dark
Borne of two not alike but like as one to another
Power the child will have and powerful the child will be
Borne in hate, this child will destroy the darkness in its
path and rule in its stead
But if borne in love, the child will destroy the darkness
and peace shall reign for all his days
He found the same prophecy in a section labeled 'The Name of the Dragon'. Had anyone seen the smile that crossed his face at that moment would have run screaming from the room out of sheer terror.
This prophecy had to be about Draco and Harry Potter, he was sure of it. This was perfect. A child born to Draco and Harry would be a very powerful wizard, indeed, prophecy or no. A child, however, that could be used to defeat Voldemort himself, well, that was something else altogether. It would be a child that he would raise himself to be the next Dark Lord and his parents would have no say in the matter. He would have no trouble getting custody of the child since both parents would still be students at the time of the both. Now how to get them bonded and Harry pregnant.
He had decided it would be Harry to carry the child, a little added humiliation on top of having to bond with someone he loathed. Draco would go along with it, he was sure of that. He had too much self-preservation in him to do otherwise but how to get Harry and Dumbledore to agree to it? An idea suddenly came to him. Pushing himself away from his desk, he walked over to the fire place.
An hour later, a non-descript man was standing in front of his desk. "Let me get this straight," the man said. "You want me to find this man? And bring you proof of where he is and who's been hiding him?"
"Correct," Lucius said.
"What makes you think I can do it when every auror in the Ministry can't find him?" the man asked.
"In the first place, you have means at your disposal the aurors don't have," Lucius said.
"Secondly, you're not afraid to, how shall I put it, get your hands a little dirty when you work."
"All right, I'll see what I can find out," the man said. "This won't come cheap."
"Don't worry," Lucius said, "you be adequately compensated."
"I should have something for you in a week."
"Make sure you do."
It was ten days actually when the man returned to Malfoy Manor. He had a very pleased look on his face.
"You have something for me?" Lucius asked.
"Everything you asked for," the man said, laying a folder on the desk. "I believe you'll find it quite enlightening."
Lucius opened the folder. "Yes, very enlightening," he said. "You'll find a suitable amount transferred to your Gringott's account within the hour."
"Thank you, sir," he said. "I'll take my leave now, if I may?"
"I trust I don't have to tell you not to speak of this to anyone," Lucius said, the threat clear in his voice.

"Of course not," the man said. "My business would be ruined if I went around blathering about my clients."
"Not to mention your life would be worthless," Lucius smirked.
"There is that," he said. He bowed his head. "Good day, sir." He turned and left.
Lucius returned to the folder in front of him. "Oh, Harry," he chuckled. "I am so looking forward to having you for a son-in-law."
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Chapter: 3

Disclaimers et al are in part 0
Sorry this took so long. I usually have to chose between typing at work and typing at home. Guess watch choice I have to makesmirk
Chapter 2 - Blackmail is Such an Ugly Word
Lucius Malfoy looked at his son Draco as they stood outside the Slytherin common room.
"When Dumbledore asks if you agree with my proposition, you will, of course, tell him that you do," the elder Malfoy said.
"And what am I agreeing to, Father?" Draco asked.
"All in good time, Draco, all in good time," Lucius said. "Everyone should be in place." He turned and walked down the hall, Draco following behind.
Harry Potter glanced at the door then at the headmaster. "Did Mr. Malfoy say why he wanted to meet with us?" he asked. He wanted to get up and pace.
"He merely said he had a proposition for all of us," Dumbledore said.
"With Lucius, that could mean anything," Severus muttered.
There was a knock at the door then it opened, admitting Lucius and Draco. The elder Malfoy scanned the room then walked up to Dumbledore's desk. He motioned for Draco to sit in the chair next to Harry.
"Everyone's here," Lucius said. "Good."
"And why did you wish to see us?" Dumbledore asked.
"It's quite simple, really," Lucius said. "I have decided that it's time for Draco to marry and produce an heir."
There was silence in the room for a brief moment. Draco's eyes went wide with shock at that announcement but he managed to cover it before, he hoped, anyone noticed it... especially his father. Inside, however, he was groaning.
"Merlin, Lucius," Severus finally said. "He's only sixteen."
"I am quite aware of my son's age," Lucius said.
"I assume you have chosen the person to be the other parent," Dumbledore said, choosing his words very carefully.
"Indeed, I have," Lucius said, looking quite pleased with himself.
It was then Harry realized why he was there. He was to be the other parent... and he had a funny feeling which 'parent' he was supposed to be. He looked at Lucius.

"It's to be Mr. Potter," Lucius informed them.
"Lucius, have you lost your mind?" Severus nearly shouted.
"I am in full control of my faculties," Lucius assured the professor.
"And what makes you think I'll agree to this?" Harry asked, looking at the blond man. "I mean, even if I liked your son, which I don't, I still wouldn't want to marry him."
"Lucius, you must realize I cannot agree to this," Dumbledore said, quietly.
"Oh, I think you'll agree," Lucius said, "especially if you don't want the Ministry to find Potter's godfather or with whom he's been staying."
"You wouldn't," Harry snarled, doing a fair imitation of Severus.
"Believe me, I would," Lucius said. He pulled several pictures out of his cloak pocket and handed them to Harry. They were of Sirius and Remus.
"Where did you get these?" Harry asked, handing the pictures to Dumbledore.
"That doesn't matter," Lucius said. "What does matter is that, if the Ministry gets him, he'll be given the Kiss. Remus would also be arrested but, since he is a werewolf, there would be no Kiss for him. He would simply be put down."
Lucius looked at Harry. "I'll go one step further," he said. "You bond with Draco, carry the child and I'll make sure a certain... rat of our mutual acquaintance is handed over to the headmaster. Your godfather would be free."
"Why should we believe you?" Harry asked. "How do we know you won't turn Sirius over no matter what we decide?"
Lucius smirked at him. "You, Mr. Potter will have the ultimate hostage," he said. "My grandchild."
"And just why am I here?" Severus asked.
"As you know, Mr. Potter will need a fertility potion to insure conception," Lucius said. "I want you to make it."
"And if I refuse?"
Lucius glanced at Severus' left forearm. "I don't think it will come to that, do you?" he said. The potions master's eyes narrowed.
Lucius looked around the headmaster's office. He was a little surprised that no one was yelling. Then again, Dumbledore wasn't a screamer. Neither was Severus unless it was a life or death situation or an idiot student. And Harry... well, Harry looked like he was going into shock.
"And don't even think about warning your godfather or sending him away," Lucius warned. "If I found him once, I can find him again."
Lucius pulled out an antique pocket watch. "You have twenty-four hours to decide," he said. "I'll return tomorrow for your decision. Come, Draco."
"A moment, Lucius," Dumbledore said. "Draco, do you agree to all of this?"
Draco glanced at his father then at Harry. "Yes, Headmaster, I do." With that, he followed as his father swept out of the office.
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I know these first parts are short but they're just building blocks. The deeper into the story, the longer the chapters will

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Chapter: 4

Disclaimers et al in chapter 1
Chapter 3 - Let's Give 'em Something to Talk About
After Lucius and Draco were gone, Severus looked at the headmaster. "I can't believe you said practically nothing to Lucius about this absurd plan of his," he snarled.
"Severus, you know as well as I that nothing I could say at the time would have dissuaded Lucius Malfoy," Dumbledore said.
"I don't want to marry Malfoy much less have his baby," Harry said. "Malfoy Senior will carry out his threat if I say no, won't he?"
"Most assuredly, Potter," Severus said. "He is not one for making idle threats... or empty promises."
"Which means he'll turn Wormtail over if I do go through with this," Harry said.
"Harry, I want you to think hard before you make your decision," Dumbledore said. "Sirius would never ask or want this of you."
"Which is why, if I do decide to do this, no one in this room will tell Sirius or Remus about any of this," Harry said. "Sirius would just get himself killed going after Malfoy."
"Severus, if Harry decides to do this, will you make the necessary potions for him?" Dumbledore asked.
"If he agrees, I will have no choice," Severus said. "Lucius has been suspicious for some time of where my... loyalties truly lie. If I don't cooperate, he will voice those suspicions. Depending on Voldemort's mood at the time..." He shrugged.
"People will find out, Harry, even if we say nothing," Dumbledore said. "We can hide the pregnancy with a concealing charm but I have no doubt it will get out."
"I wouldn't put it past Lucius to leak it to the Daily Prophet," Severus muttered.
"I know," Harry said, ignoring the potions master. "It wouldn't be the first time people gossiped about me." He shrugged. "May I be excused, sir?"
"Certainly," Dumbledore said. Harry started to leave when the headmaster stopped him. "Harry, will you be able to give up your child to be raised by Lucius Malfoy?" he asked. "Could you do something like that."
"Let's hope we don't have to find out," Harry said then walked out the door.
"He's going to do it, isn't he?" Severus said, looking at the door.
"Most probably," Dumbledore said.
Severus looked at the headmaster. "Do you know what Lucius is planning?" he asked.
"I have no gift for divination."
"Never stopped you before." Severus shook his head. "Will life ever give that child a break?"
"Something tells me our Mr. Potter and Mr. Malfoy, Jr. will be more than enough to keep Lucius on his toes."
Draco knew better than to question his father about most things... he really did. There were times, however, when one's curiosity overruled one's good sense. Draco was sure being told with whom he would be bonding and having a child qualified as one of those times.
"Father, what are you planning?" he asked.
This could go either way. Draco could be punished for his insolence or be told what was actually going on. Lucius chose a third option.

"Right now, it doesn't concern you," Lucius told his son. "When the time is right, I'll tell you everything."
It's my life! Draco screamed in his head. *Of course it fucking concerns me!* Aloud he said, "as you wish, Father."
"Don't worry, Draco," Lucius said. The corners of his mouth turned up slightly. "Everything will work out for the best." With that, he bid Draco goodbye and walked out of the school.
Interlude - Dragon Tears
A pale figure sat in the northern tower watching the stars. He was currently damning his father to the lower regions of hell.
Draco knew it wasn't entirely his father's fault... ninety-nine and nine-tenth's percent but not entirely. He could have objected, if not in Dumbledore's office then when he and his father were alone. His father, of course, would not have taken that at all well. Draco shuddered to think what his father would have done to make him agree. He sighed. He'd agreed when Dumbledore asked simply because he had no choice.
Not that Draco considered marrying Harry to be a bad thing. It was certainly a better fate than marrying Pansy, for Merlin's sake. That's who his mother had wanted him to marry. That particular idea had died when his mother had.
What most people didn't know, including Harry himself, was that Draco didn't hate him, hadn't really since the beginning of their fifth year. Was it love? Probably not, at least, not yet. Was it enough to build a relationship on? Draco had seen worse foundations in marriages.
Could he and Harry fall in love? Now that was the thousand galleon question. Anything was possible. Of course, Harry believing Draco was probably in on it didn't help anything.
Damn you to hell, Fat

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Chapter: 5

Disclaimers et al in chapter 1
Chapter 5 - One-sided Conversations
Harry hadn't slept much the previous night and he hadn't been able to eat breakfast. He had decided that no child of his would be handed over to a man like Lucius, not that he planned on telling Lucius that. Once Sirius and Remus were safe, then he'd play his hand. If Malfoy wanted the child, he would have to take the other parent as well. That made him feel a little better.
When Harry got to Dumbledore's office, everyone else was already there. He took the seat closest to the headmaster.
"So good of you to join us, Mr. Potter," Severus snarled. Harry didn't answer. He just looked at him, his expression blank.
Lucius was standing on the other side of the headmaster's desk. "Have you decided, Mr. Potter?" he asked.
"I'll do it," Harry said, "on the condition that, as soon as I become... pregnant, you hand over Wormtail."
"And have you abort the fetus as soon your godfather is freed?" Lucius sneered. "I think not."

"Mr. Malfoy," Harry said, quietly. "I would never kill a child of mine, even before it was born, no matter how it was conceived."
Lucius looked at him for a moment. "Agreed," he finally said. Harry just nodded.
"It should be done as soon as possible," Lucius continued, "perhaps over the winter break. We'll work out the details later. Draco, why don't you and... Harry take a walk. I'm sure you have plenty of things to discuss what with the upcoming bonding and all."
Draco stood up immediately, recognizing the dismissal for what it was. Harry, however, glanced at the headmaster who nodded briefly, then got up. The teens quickly left the office.
"Do you have a particular potion you want me to use?" Severus asked.
"I trust your judgment on the matter," Lucius said, dismissively.
"As you wish. Headmaster," Severus said. He nodded then left the office.
Dumbledore looked at Lucius over the top of his half moon glasses. "Is there something you wanted?" the younger man asked.
"I was going through some of my books last night," Dumbledore said. "I really must organize my collection one of these days. It would make finding things so much simpler."
Lucius had learned long ago it was better to just follow along on these journeys through Albus Dumbledore's mind. It was easier on everyone that way.
"And did you find anything of interest?" he finally asked.
"As a matter of fact, I did," Dumbledore said. "A rather old book called 'Old Family Prophecies'."
"I see," Lucius said. Why he ever thought Dumbledore wouldn't discover any of this, he didn't know. At least he didn't know anything beyond the prophecy.
"There's a prophecy concerning something called the child of light and dark," the headmaster said. "You wouldn't know anything about that, would you?"
"I've never seen that book before," Lucius said. "How could I know what's inside it?" Never lie when you can misdirect.
Dumbledore, however, wasn't fooled. "Lucius," he said. "You know what Voldemort would do should he ever get the child."
"I have no intention of handing any grandchild of mine over to that crimson-eyed lunatic," Lucius said through gritted teeth. "Now, if you will excuse me. There are things I need to be doing." He nodded then turned and swept out of the room.
Dumbledore watched him leave. A small smile graced his face. "Something tells me, Lucius," he said, "that even you have no idea what is going to happen."
When Draco and Harry reached the bottom of the stairs, Harry started hurrying toward the Griffindor tower. Draco called after him, hurrying to catch up to him. He grabbed Harry's arm and whirled him around.
"Let go of me," Harry said, quietly through gritted teeth.
"Potter... Harry, this wasn't my idea," Draco said. "Please, believe me. I didn't know anything about it until my father dropped it on us in the headmaster's office."
"I don't care whose idea it was or whether you knew about it or not," Harry said, pulling away from the other teen. "The reason, the only reason I'm doing this is to keep Sirius and Remus safe."
He straightened and looked the other teen in the eye. "I realize that because of... everything, a certain amount of contact with each other is unavoidable," he said, "but it will be as little as I can get away with." With that, he turned and continued to the dormitory.

Draco watched him go. "But what if I want more?" he asked, before heading towards his own d

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Chapter: 6

A/N: This is Chapter five. Sorry about the misnumbering on the last two chapters. Thanks to all my reviewers. They are greatly appreciated. Only took a week this time to update. Slight OOCness for Lucius but it couldn't be helped.
Disclaimers et all in part 1
Chapter 5 - They Call the Wind Moria
She was a Malfoy, of that there was no doubt. Her hair, which was pinned back, was blonde, although it was more gold than silver like the males, and her eyes were violet grey instead of blue grey. She looked up from her desk when she heard tapping at her window. Recognizing the owl, she got up and crossed the room, letting the owl inside. It flew in and settled on a perch. "Hello, Hades," she smiled. "Something for me from my nephew?" The owl stuck out its leg and she removed the letter. Taking it over to her desk, she sat down and began to read.
'Dear Aunt Moria,
Father has lost his mind!
He has decided that it's time for me to get married. And if
that's not enough, I'm to father a child. He's even gone so far as to
pick out the person he wants me to do all of this with. It's Harry
Potter!
I thought Potter would refuse but Father decided to blackmail him
over his godfather so he had no choice but to agree. Uncle Severus is
even being forced into this.
Aunt Moria, what am I going to do? You know as well as I that
Father is like a krup with a bone. Once they've latched onto
something, it takes an act of Merlin himself to get them to let go.
There's a reason he's pushing for this but he won't tell. He says I
don't need to know right now.
So will you be coming to my bonding?
Love,
Draco'
Moria Malfoy, younger sister of Lucius by four years, was a Malfoy in every sense of the word when it was necessary. She could get just about anything she wanted from just about anyone. She loved her brother dearly and they were fiercely protective of each other. Right now though...
"Lucius Dimitri Malfoy, have you lost your bloody mind!" she yelled.
She stood up and stormed out of the study. "Stryker!" she shouted as she headed up the stairs.
"Yes, Mistress?" the house elf asked as it appeared on the landing.
"I need to pack a trunk," she said. "I'm going to visit my brother."
"And how long will Mistress by gone?" the elf asked.
"Until my idiot brother comes to his senses," she snapped.

"Stryker will pack for several weeks," the elf said, heading for the bedroom. The elf knew Lucius Malfoy almost as well as its mistress did.
Harry was sitting by the tree next to the lake. There were so many things to think about. He planned on telling Sirius but not until he had to tell him. The same went for Ron and Hermione. In fact, he'd rather no one ever knew about it. Maybe he'd just wait until after her was pregnant. He was fairly certain they wouldn't abandon him then.
He had so many questions. Would he and Draco have to live together before the baby was born? Would Lucius insist they live at Malfoy Manor or could they live somewhere else? Was there such a thing as divorce after a bonding or would he have to be alone for the rest of his life.
And what about Voldemort?
Would Lucius protect his grandchild or hand him or her over to the Dark Lord? Harry didn't think Lucius would do that, not to his grandchild that he seemed so eager to have.
He sighed. Was it too much to ask for him to have what everyone else considered a normal year?
He heard his name being called. Turning around, he saw Ron and Hermione running towards him. He gave them a small smile as they dropped down next to him.
"You all right, Harry?" Ron asked.
"You've been a little distracted since your meeting with the headmaster yesterday," Hermione said.
"Just a lot on my mind," Harry said.
"What did the headmaster want?" Ron asked.
"I can't tell you," Harry said, "at least not now. People's lives would be in danger if these was to get out."
Hermione clapped her hand over Ron's mouth when he started to protest. "We understand," she said. "We won't press." Her look at Ron said he damned well better not. She lowered her hand.
"We came to get you for lunch," she said. "You didn't eat much at breakfast this morning and we thought you might be hungry."
"I could eat a little," he admitted. The trio got up and headed for the castle and the great hall.
"Master is in the study," the elf said as Moria walked into the hallway. Taking her, the elf disappeared. Moria nodded and headed down the hall.
Lucius was sitting behind his desk when the door opened and his sister walked into the room. He gave his sister a smile as he stood up to greet her.
"Moria," he said, kissing her cheek. "What brings you here?"
"Do I have to have a reason to visit my brother?" she asked, pouting slightly.
"No, but you usually do," he said, chuckling at the face she made. "You're just in time for tea. You will join me, of course."
"Of course."
Tea was delivered and the pair spent the next hour in conversation that only siblings can have. Moria was one of the few people Lucius ever relaxed around and the same for Moria. Neither of them had many true friends but they had each other.
"Now, Moria," Lucius said as an elf cleared away the last of the tea. "Why don't you tell me the real reason for your visit?"
"As you wish," she nodded. She looked him straight in the eye. "Lucius, are you out of your mind? I've heard of arranged marriages but this is ridiculous!"
"I see Draco told you of his upcoming nuptials," Lucius said.
"Yes, he owled me today," she said. "What has gotten into you? Forcing him into a marriage,

especially at Draco's age, for the express purpose of fathering a child by The Boy Who Lived. Lucius, this is madness."
"I have my reasons," he said, calmly.
"Oh, of that, I have no doubt," she smirked. "You do nothing without a reason... even if no one knows what it is." She looked at him sharply. "You're not doing this for him, are you?" she asked. pointing at his arm.
"Believe me, he has nothing to do with this," he assured her. "And he won't."
She sighed. "Lucius, you are my brother and I love you," she said, "and I love Draco as if he were my own son. I don't want anything to happen to either of you."
"Nothing will happen, I promise," he said. "Just don't interfere. I won't tolerate it."
"Of course, I'm going to interfere," she said, waving him off. "If you think I'm going to let you plan this bonding, you're more daft than I thought."
"Moria, there's no need..."
"Of course, there is," she said, interrupting him. "If Narcissa was here, she'd do it. Since she's not, it falls to me. Mr. Potter has no family to do it."
"Just don't overdo it," he said. "Counting the happy couple, there will probably only be six people there.
"Don't worry," she told him. "Everything will be just fine."<p

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Chapter: 7

A/N: Thanks again to all of my reviewers. You've been great. As to why my chapters tend to be so short... I've never written anything that I've posted before it was done, so I've never really had to worry about how long the sections or chapters were. They are getting longer as this chapter shows and will continue to do so.
Disclaimers et all in part 1
Chapter 6 - Snowy Days and Sundays
Moria came to two decisions that day. The first was that she's stay with Lucius until after the holidays. The second was she was going to Hogwarts to visit Draco. Lucius agreed to both, provided she didn't interfere. She promised she would do nothing to stop the bonding then left the manor to apparate to the gates of the school.
Once she got inside the castle, she asked the first student she saw for directions to Professor Snape's quarters. Luckily, it was a Slytherin she stopped, although she was not so subtly grilled as he showed her the way. She had no doubt her escort would have tried to lose her in the dungeons if her answers had not been satisfactory.
She stood a few feet from the door as the second year knocked on a non-descript door. When it opened, there were a few whispers before Severus walked out.
"Thank you, Mr. Zachary," he said. "Please find Mr. Malfoy and have him join us."
"Yes, sir," the student said and hurried off.
Severus and Moria walked into his quarters. "It's good to see you, Moria," he said. "Do I need to ask what brings you to Hogwarts?"

"Other than to ask my nephew to dinner?" she smiled. "No, I don't suppose you do."
"What is going on in that brain of his?" Severus asked.
"He's not talking and, believe me, I asked," she said, "loudly and more than once. Whatever it is, he's telling no one."
"Will you be able to talk him out of this lunacy?"
"I'm afraid not," she sighed. "He is bound and determined to go through with this, no matter what anyone wants, including Draco. The most I can do is to take over the planning.'
"You're planning the ceremony?" he asked.
"Lucius would ruin it and I don't believe either of the boys will want to do it," she said.
There was a knock at the door. "Enter!" Severus called out. The door opened and Draco walked into the room.
"Aunt Moria," he smiled as he hurried over to her.
"Hello, my sweet," she said as they hugged.
"What brings you to Hogwarts?" he asked, knowing full well the answer to that.
"Well, I thought I might take you to dinner in Hogsmeade and Severus has kindly granted permission," she said.
"Be back before curfew," Severus said. "You have classes tomorrow."
"We'll be back long before that," Moria said. "Run and get your cloak and I'll meet you at the front entrance."
After Draco had gone, Moria turned and looked at Severus. "I'll be visiting through a good part of the Christmas holidays," she said. "We'll probably see a good deal of each other and, perhaps this summer, you'll consider leaving this castle for a while."
He gave her a small smile. "Why, Ms. Malfoy, whatever would we do?" he asked. "And what would your brother say?"
"My brother can do for himself," she smiled, "and if you have to ask what, then it's been entirely too long since you have."
Forty-five minutes later, Draco and Moria were sitting in the Three Broomsticks. Rosemerta had just delivered their butterbeers and left with their orders when Moria reached over and took Draco's hand.
"And how are you doing?" she asked.
"As fine as I can be, I guess," Draco shrugged. "I love Father but, sometimes..."
"I know very well how he can be," she told him. "With some things, he can wait for years. With others, yesterday isn't soon enough."
"If he wasn't so bloody impatient," he said through gritted teeth. "If he wasn't so set on it being done by the end of the year, I would have been able to do it myself."
"Draco, are you in love with Harry Potter?" she asked.
Draco leaned back against the wall. "I know him well enough," he said.
"But you'd like to."
"And I could have done it," he said, fervently. "It would have taken a while, but it would have happened... somehow."
"And your plans after Hogwarts?" she asked.
"They've changed in the past few days," Draco said. "I mean, I'll have a child to worry about. That's assuming Harry lets me anywhere near him or the baby."
"You're assuming your father intends to allow Harry to keep the baby," she said, quietly. "It is quite possible that Lucius intends to raise the child himself."

"He wouldn't give a baby to..." He swallowed.
"I don't believe he has any intentions of handing a baby, especially an heir of his, over to Voldemort," Moria assured him. "And, while he may push you in that direction, I don't believe he will force you to join."
"Uncle Severus thinks I could be a fair potions maker," he said, "and I like it."
"Praise from Caesar," she chuckled.
Rosemerta arrived with their food. The pair ate quietly for a few minutes. Finally, Moria broke the silence.
"Draco, I'll help you all I can," she said. "I won't be able to stop the bonding but I'll do whatever I can to make it easier for you, for both of you. That includes helping you plan it."
"We can't just show up and get it over with?" he asked. She just looked at him. "Didn't think so."
"Just be thankful your father hasn't decided to turn it into the highlight of the social season," she informed him. He went even paler than he all ready was.
When they finished eating, they walked back to Hogwarts. It was snowing lightly, covering everything in a white frost. As soon as they got back to the school, Moria told Draco that she'd be back at the school the next weekend and that she'd like to meet Harry.
"I'll see what I can do," he said. "I may have to get Uncle Severus to give him a detention to get him there."
"Whatever it takes," she said. She kissed the top of his head then watched him head back inside the school before disapparating.
It was softly snowing when Harry made his escape from the Gryffindor common room. He needed to think and the middle of a crowd of people was no place to do that. Not even his dorm room would have been quiet.
Two pairs of eyes watched him go. "Do you think he's all right?" Ron asked.
"I don't know," Hermione said. "He hasn't been this quiet since the end of fourth year." And Cedric's death, she added silently.
"You don't think... you don't think that something happened to Sirius, do you?" he asked.
"Harry would have told us about something like that," she said, "I'm sure of it. Whatever Dumbledore told him, though, must have been very bad to affect him like this."
"Do you think we should ask him?" he asked. "Maybe he'll tell us what's going on."
"You heard him," she said. "He's not allowed to tell us." Her eyes took on a faraway look. "I'm sure we'll find out soon enough."
Harry made his way to the lake, sitting down on a large rock. His cloak was charmed to keep him warm and dry in the snow. As he sat, he thought about the situation he had gotten himself into. His mind was running in circles and getting nowhere fast. He decided to take things one at a time.
Draco. While he was still generally a prat, the blond boy seemed to have mellowed over their fifth year. Oh, he still insulted Harry and his friends and the others in their house but there didn't seem to be as much malice behind it as there once was. Maybe the git was finally growing up.
Lucius. The man was a Death Eater. That was a fact that was impossible to ignore but he also always seemed to be looking out for his own interests, whether they coincided with Voldemort's or not. Not that Voldemort knew that. Lucius was many things, but stupid wasn't one of them. Harry would really love to know what the man was planning.
The bonding. Harry had agreed to it at first simply to keep Sirius and Remus safe but now... now, he wondered if he couldn't use it to his advantage. It wasn't the money or position that being

bonded to Draco would probably bring. He had more than enough money to last him a laugh time and the scar on his forehead would probably get him into high society if he wanted. It meant he would never have to return to the Dursley's, not that he would be able to anyway. He couldn't live there while he was pregnant and there was no way he would ever take a child of his there. The only problem he had was that if they bonded, instead of just simply getting married, there would be no divorce. Neither of them would be able to marry again until the other was dead. The baby. While the idea of bonding with Draco didn't make him happy, the idea of having a child of his own did. It would be someone he could love and would love him back. The child would be raised in the magical world and wouldn't be called a freak or abnormal or any of the other things that Vernon, Petunia and Dudley had heaped on him while he was growing up. The only problem he had would be Lucius and he intended to do his best to negate that problem. With a sigh, he got up and headed back to the castle. He could make all the decisions he wanted but there were just too many variables to be sure of how anything was going to work out. Oh, well. He'd survive. He always did, even if he did get a little singed around the edges in the process.<p

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Chapter: 8

Disclaimers et al in part 1.
Chapter 7 - Wedding Bell Blues
Draco had been trying see Harry all week but the dark haired boy managed not to get caught alone. He knew Draco would never approach him when he was with someone. Draco had one option left.
The sixth years were busy with a potion that wasn't particularly difficult but it did require a great deal of attention. Unfortunately, Harry's mind was elsewhere. He didn't even notice Severus standing over him until he spoke.
"Mr. Potter, what potion are you brewing?" he asked, smoothly. He picked up the ladle and poured its contents back into the cauldron. "Because this is not what the rest of the class is brewing."
"Yes, sir."
"Let's see if you can manage it tomorrow night in detention," Severus said. "Eight p.m. Don't be late."
"Yes, sir." Harry didn't see the look that passed between the professor and Draco.
Class was finally over and Harry followed Ron and Hermione out of the classroom. "Harry, are you all right?" the brown-haired girl asked. "You've been distracted all week."
"Just a lot on my mind," Harry shrugged.
"At least the greasy git didn't take any points," Ron said.
"You didn't have to take potions this year, you know," Hermione chastised him.
"What! And miss all the fun?" Ron asked. "I have to have it for Auror training. What about you, Harry?"
"It drives Snape barmy," Harry said with a small smile.

"I can't believe he gave you detention tomorrow," Ron said. "At least you can go to Hogsmead with us first. Should make up for the time you have to spend with him."
"Come on, you two," Hermione said. "It's almost time for lunch." They hurried up the stairs to the great hall.
Draco was already in Severus' quarters when Moria arrived Saturday night. Looking around, she didn't see Harry. She gave Draco a puzzled look but the blond boy just shrugged.
"Detention was required to get Potter here," Severus explained. "He will not arrive early."
"I tried to get close to him, to talk to him," Draco said, "but those friends of his were always there."
"Friends tend to do that," Moria chuckled. "Your father will be here next weekend."
"Why?" Draco asked. "I thought he was leaving everything up to you."
"I don't know why," she said. "Any further attempts on my part to understand your father and I'll have your godfather hex me. It would be quicker and far less painful." That got a chuckle out of Severus. "He did say that he wanted the bonding to happen before Christmas on Christmas break."
Before anything else was said, there was a knock at the door. "Enter," Severus said. The door opened and Harry stepped into the room. "Do come in and shut the door behind you."
Harry shut the door then walked over to the front of the room. It was then he spotted Draco and his aunt. "Malfoy," he said. "You have detention as well?"
"Neither of you has detention," Severus informed him, "but that can change if you annoy me too much."
"If this isn't detention, then why am I here?" Harry asked.
"That would be my fault," Moria said. She crossed the room and held out her hand. "I wanted to me you and Draco said this would be the only way to guarantee that it would happen."
"And who are you?" Harry asked as he took her hand.
"Moria Malfoy," she introduced herself. "I'm Draco's aunt."
Harry barely refrained himself from jerking his hand back. "A pleasure," he finally managed to say.
"I'm sure," she chuckled. "Severus, may we borrow your office?"
"You may, but please put a shield up should you need to leave them by themselves," Severus said. "There are a great many items in there I would hate to lose should they decide to start hexing each other. I'll have a house elf bring you tea." Moria nodded at him as the trio walked into the office.
The boys took seats in front of the desk while Moria sat behind it. An elf popped in, leaving tea and biscuits then popped out again.
"First things first," Moria said. "Lucius still remains firm in his resolve for the two of you to bond. I have tried to dissuade him but to now avail."
"So what happens now?" Harry asked.
"Now we plan your bonding," Moria smiled.
"Couldn't we just show up and get it over with?" Harry asked.
"I asked that already," Draco said as Moria glared at Harry. "I got the same glare."
"What's to plan?" Harry shrugged. "No frills, no party and very few people there."
"First, there are several things that must be done for the bond to take place," Moria explained. "The headmaster will take care of the bonding spells that are needed. You two will have to worry about things like dress robes, bonding gifts, rings and the like."

"Dress robes?" Harry asked. "Why dress robes?"
"Because Lucius wants it that way," Moria informed him. "And considering what he could have insisted on, this isn't much."
"Bonding gifts?" Harry asked. "Rings?"
"Small tokens of your... affections for each other," Moria said with a wave of her hand. "They don't have to be rings. You can use bracelets, if you like, although rings are traditional. Since the students will leave for the holidays on the eighteenth of December, the bonding will take place on the twenty-second. Do either of you have anyone you would like to invite?" They both shook their heads. "Oh, and I need to take both Christmas shopping as well. If we order your robes week after next, they should be ready by the nineteenth. We can pick them up and do some Christmas shopping then."
"Did you have everything planned before you arrived?" Draco asked, trying not to smile.
"It saves everyone time and trouble," she answered, "and keeps your father from interfering. If it were up to him, this would take place during a winter ball and banquet." Harry's eyes grew wide. "Be thankful for small favors."
The three of them talked for a little while longer before deciding to call it a night. As the boys got out of their chairs, Moria told Harry to stay behind. She sent Draco on his way with a kiss and a reminder that his father would be owling him about his visit next weekend.
When the door shut behind the blond teen, Moria turned to Harry. "I do hope you won't judge me by my brother's actions," she said. "Lucius can be an insufferable git sometimes but he is family."
"You haven't tried to hex me yet," Harry said. "That's a point in your favor." He looked at her. "I don't know you well enough to either like or dislike you yet."
"Fair enough," she acknowledges. "I dare say you don't know Draco that well either."
"Well enough," he growled.
"Somehow, I doubt that," she said. She looked at him. "Harry, for whatever it's worth, Draco doesn't want this bonding any more than you do." At least, not on these terms, she added silently.
"Then why didn't he say so?" he asked. "When Dumbledore asked him, why did he say he agreed?"
"Would you disagree if Lucius was your father?" she asked. "Lucius' word was and is law in his home and the price for forgetting that can be quite... severe. Don't get me wrong. Lucius loves Draco very much and would protect him with his own life if necessary but very few people can get away with crossing him. Draco is not one of those people."
"Are you one of those people?"
"To a certain degree, yes," she said. "but even I know when not to cross him. This bonding is one of those things."
"And his other interests?" Harry was trying to be diplomatic.
"If you think Lucius is bad, you should have met our father," Moria said, softly. "It's one of the reasons he and I are so close. Those other interests were never what Lucius wanted but to cross Father in this would have been... dangerous."
"So why doesn't he leave?" Harry asked, genuinely curious.
"You would have to ask him that," Moria said, "but know this, Harry. Once you're bonding to Draco, Lucius will consider you family. The same protection he gives Draco will extend to you and the child."
She stood up and walked over to him. "Harry, I know this is a lot to ask of you," she said,

kneeling in front of him. "I also know why you're doing it. You have nothing to fear from me, I promise you. If you doubt me, ask Severus or the headmaster. I will help you however I can."
"I can't help but think what my parents would say about this," he said, quietly. "Of course, if they were alive, this wouldn't be happening."
"Have you told anyone?" she asked.
"I won't until I have to," he said, shaking his head. "Lucius and I have a deal. The bonding and baby for my godfather's freedom. Merlin help him if he breaks his promise."
"He won't," she said. "For whatever reason, this means too much to him and breaking his word to you would ruin that." He nodded as she stood up. "It's almost curfew," she said. "Better head back to your dormitory."
He stood up and got ready to leave. "I'll think about what you said," he told her.
"That's all I ask," she said. "By the way, you can owl me if you ever need anything." He nodded again. Gathering his things, he walked out of the office.
A few minutes later, Severus walked into the office. "How did it go?" he asked. She started to get up but he waved her back down. He leaned on the desk next to her.
"Better than I expected," she said with a sigh. "They both seem resigned to the fact that there is nothing they can do to get out of it. Harry didn't seem to know much about bondings, though."
"He was muggle-raised, remember?" he said. "If it hasn't been taught, he doesn't know about it."
"I have told Albus on more than one occasion he needs to do something about that," she said. "How can muggle-born and raised be expected to live in the wizarding world if they don't know anything about it." He just chuckled. "Now, there's a sound I don't get to hear often enough."
"That's because I have very few reasons for it these days," he said.
"The bonding is on the twenty-second of December," she told him. "Can you have the potion ready by then?"
He nodded. "It'll be everything Lucius wants," he said.
"Good. Now," she said, standing up. "Do you have any plans for tomorrow morning?"
"It's Sunday," he said. "No plans. Why?"
"Good," she said. She took his hand and led him out of the office. "We can sleep in."
Ron and Hermione were in the common room when Harry returned from his 'detention'. He knew if he didn't talk to them on his own, they would ask. He walked over and sat in the chair by them and next to the fire.
"How did detention go?" Ron asked.
"Just like it usually does," Harry said. He hated lying to his friends. "I kept hearing him mutter the words 'idiotic students' under his breath a lot."
"Did the potion come out all right?" Hermione asked.
"He said it was passable, just," Harry said. Time to escape. "Listen, I'm going on up to bed. Being in the same room alone with Snape sucks all the energy out of me."
"All right," Ron said. "I'll be up in a little while."
Harry nodded and headed for the stairs. Hermione said goodnight as he disappeared. When he got to the dorm room, he saw that Neville was already in bed but Seamus and Dean were nowhere to be seen. Harry was grateful for that. Changing into his pajamas, he crawled into bed. He pulled his curtains. He had to think and he didn't want to be disturbed.
Moria had given him a lot to think about. According to her, Draco was in the same position he was. He didn't want this bonding either but was too afraid to go against his father. He remembered the day Lucius had dropped the bomb in the headmaster's office. There was a look

of shock and surprise on his face before he managed to cover it. That meant he hadn't known anything about it either.
Moria was something of a mystery as well. She had said to ask the headmaster or the professor about her. He wouldn't ask Snape but Dumbledore... if she was anything other than what he claimed, he would know it. If she was a danger, he wouldn't allow her anywhere near him. After all, Lucius didn't see him outside of the headmaster's office.
She wasn't like any of the other Malfoys he'd met. He was almost certain she had told him more about her brother than Lucius would have liked him to know. Like everything else about this, he would just have to take a wait and see attitude with her.
With the date set, it was becoming more real and less like a nightmare he couldn't wake from. He needed to talk to someone but there was no one around he could trust with this secret and he didn't feel like talking to the people that already knew. He finally drifted off to sleep with all the thoughts still running through his head.
TBC
See, I told you they would get longer.
I need some help... or some help to choose. I'm trying to choose the sex of the baby, name or if it should be twins. If you have any suggestions, they would be most apprecia

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Chapter: 9

Thanks once again to my reviewers. You have all been most kind.
Disclaimers et al in part 1
Chapter 8 - You Say Potato, I Say...
Lucius was sitting in his study in front of a blazing fire. He sipped his brandy as a small smile played across his lips. All his plans were coming to fruition.
In actuality, he would have preferred to wait for another year or so but Draco was becoming less... pliable lately. Lucius knew it wouldn't be much longer before his son would come into his own. Until then, Lucius would do what he thought best... or at least, the most advantageous.
The thought of a child that carried the heritage of both the Potter and the Malfoy lines was a heady one indeed. Both families were quite old and powerful, at least, magic-wise. And while the Malfoys usually moved more behind the scenes, the Potters were the ones leading the charge. Shy and retiring they weren't.
He would raise this child his way. He hadn't decided whether or not to take the child away from his, and he was sure it would be male, parents, especially Potter. Lucius had hoped that Potter would have already disposed of Voldemort but no matter. Harry Potter's destiny was to defeat that crimson-eyed snake. It was his, Lucius Dimitri Malfoy, to raise the next one to power. This child, this child born of hate, would rule the wizarding world... and Lucius would rule him.
Severus opened one eye when he felt something brush across his cheek. "I don't remember you being this awake in the morning when we were students," he said, looking at Moria.
"I've had my tea this morning," she smiled, "although I wish it had been something stronger."
"Speaking with Lucius this morning?" At her nod, he continued. "I thought you'd given up

changing his mind."
"That's not what I need to speak to him about," she said. "It's Harry."
"Don't tell me that 'Perfect Potter' has found an advocate in you."
"He's far from perfect," she said, slapping his arm. He scowled at her as he turned over and sat up. "And I'll play advocate for both boys. Somebody needs to. Merlin knows no one else is doing it."
"I think Albus might disagree with you," he told her.
"Albus Dumbledore is conniving old man who'll use whomever and whatever he has to to win this war," Moria said. "You more than anyone should know that. As to my talk with Lucius about Harry. If I know my brother as well as I think I do, as soon as the news becomes public, he will host a very large party. What Harry knows of wizarding etiquette is abysmal."
"He's Gryffindor," Severus snorted. "His etiquette, wizarding or otherwise, is abysmal. Being raised by muggles certainly didn't help." He looked at her. "You intend to tutor him." It wasn't a question.
"With some help from Draco," she nodded, "if for no other reason than in memory of Lily."
"I'd forgotten you two were friends," he said. "You might consider telling Harry that little tidbit. It might help the two of you get along."
It was then he noticed that she was already dressed. "Have you been up long?" he asked.
"Not very long," she said. She gently kissed him. "The house elves brought breakfast. It's spelled to keep warm."
"Meet me in Hogsmeade next weekend," he said, taking her hand.
"All right, on Sunday," she agreed. "I'd better leave before I change my mind." She kissed him again then headed out of his bedroom and chambers.
Climbing out of bed, Severus pulled on his robe and walked into his sitting room. He poured himself a cup of tea and, as he drank, wondered just how weird his life was going to get.
Lucius was sitting in the small dining room when Moria returned to the Manor. She poured herself a cup of tea then sat down next to him.
"I was beginning to wonder if you'd planned on returning," he said quietly.
"Hush," she told him. "I'm over the age of consent," "well over," he muttered, "and I'll thank you to stay out of it."
"Touchy this morning," he said. "What's wrong? Not get it out of your system?"
"Or maybe you need to," she smiled. "I could share. I'm sure Severus wouldn't mind." That got her a smirk. She turned serious. "I need to talk to you."
"Oh?"
"It's about Harry," she said, "and before you get in a huff, it's not about the bonding."
"Then what is it?" he asked.
"Harry needs a tutor for our world," Moria said. "After the bonding, like it or not, for all intents and purposes, he will be a Malfoy. You wouldn't want him to embarrass you the first time he went out in public, would you?"
"It would reflect back on me in either case," he mused. "All right. Do what you can before the bonding. We'll see what else needs to be done after that."
"You might also consider taking Draco to Diagon Alley to get his robes on Saturday," Moria suggested. "I plan on taking Harry the weekend after that. I'll take them both to pick them up and do some Christmas shopping the day after school ends for the holidays."
"And everything else?" Lucius asked.

"Will be taken care of," Moria said. "By the time the bonding day arrives, everything will be ready."
"Good," Lucius said. "You don't want to disappoint me."
She stuck her tongue at him. "Go threaten someone who might actually be afraid of you," she told him.
That got a chuckle out of him. "I know you'll take care of everything," he said. He finished his tea then stood up. "I have some things to take care of." He kissed her cheek then walked out of the dining room.
Harry was sitting at a table in a little used part of the library when Draco found him. Harry was startled when the blond sat down and started to get up but Draco stopped him.
"Don't go," he said. "I just want to talk."
"So talk," Harry said.
"I just wanted you to know that I don't agree with my father about this... this bonding," Draco said. "I didn't know anything about it before he announced in Dumbledore's office."
"That's what your aunt said after you left Saturday night," Harry told him. "Why did you agree if you didn't want it?"
"My father is a very powerful man and a very powerful wizard," Draco said. "I'm not strong enough to go against him, at least not yet. Someday, though, I will be." He looked at Harry. "Have you told your godfather about what's going on?"
Harry shook his head. "If I did, he'd go after your father," he said. "He'd end up dead or back in Azkaban."
"Harry, I know you don't like me," Draco said, "but we're going to need each other to get through this. It would be better for both of us."
"A united front, you mean," Harry said.
"Exactly," Draco said. "We may not be able to stop the bonding or the baby but we can decide the rest of our future."
"Like how we'll live after the bonding and how we'll raise our child," Harry said. He hadn't realized that Draco had been thinking about some of the same things he had been.
"By the time the baby gets here, we'll be of legal age," Draco said. "As long as we stand together, they won't be able to do anything."
The teens smiled at each other. "Very slytherin of you," Harry said.
"If there is one thing being my father's son has taught me is how to get what I want," Draco said. "It will have to be done subtly so my father doesn't realize what's happening until it's too late."
"What about your Aunt Moria?" Harry asked. "Will she help us?"
"I think so," Draco answered. "She's against the bonding but she can't stop it, either. She has made it clear to Father exactly how she feels, though. She's helping with it so he doesn't go overboard."
"Overboard?"
"If my father thought he could get away with it, our bonding would be the highlight of the social season." Both boys shuddered at that thought.
"I realize we won't be able to hide this forever," Harry said, "especially after I... you know, start to look like..."
"The word is pregnant," Draco smirked.
"I know what the word is," Harry scowled. "I'm just having trouble using it when I'm talking about myself. As I was saying, I want to hide it as long as we can. We can do damage control

when it comes out."
"Wouldn't it be better if we announced it ourselves?" Draco asked. "That way, we would have some say in what..." He stopped himself. "What am I thinking? The minute any reporter gets their greedy little hands on this, it'll be a free-for-all, no matter who announces it."
"I know," Harry sighed. "It's not going to be easy, is it?"
"Not for a long time," Draco said with an answering sigh, "a very long time." Neither teen spoke again for quite a while.
What neither of them noticed was the pair of eyes watching them.
When Draco returned to his room, he saw his father's owl sitting on the back of his desk chair. Taking the note from its leg, Draco gave the owl a treat and some water then sent it on its way. He sat on his bed and opened his letter.
'Draco,
On my visit this Saturday, we shall be visiting Diagon Alley. At that time, we shall be choosing your dress robes for the ceremony and picking out the ring you will give to your mate during the ceremony. We will also dine at the Tea Room. Dress appropriately. I will pick you up at two p.m. Your aunt will make the same trip the following weekend.
Father'
'My mate?' Draco thought. 'Can't even say his name, Father?' He chuckled. By the time everything was said and done, his father wouldn't know what hit him.
Harry, Ron and Hermione had barely sat down when Hedwig appeared. Harry took the note attached to her leg then gave her a piece of bacon. She nipped him playfully then flew out of the great hall.
"Who's the note from?" Hermione asked.
"Well, seeing as how I haven't opened it yet," Harry said. Ron just snorted. He unrolled the parchment.
'Harry,
Don't worry about the note. It's spelled so only you can read it. Father is taking me to Diagon Alley this weekend to fit my robes for the ceremony. He said Aunt Moria will take you the following weekend. I need to know if you would be prefer a ring or bracelet as a bonding symbol. I'd prefer a bracelet but we can do rings if you'd rather. If you can, meet at the same place in library tomorrow.
D.'
"Well?" Ron asked.
"It's nothing important," Harry said. "Just some information that Dumbledore wanted me to find out."
"That mysterious project?" Hermione asked.
"Yes," Harry said, "and, no, I still can't tell you about it. You know I would if I could. Don't I always." Well, almost always. "Come on. We've got potions this morning." They quickly finished their breakfast and headed for class.
TBC
So who do you think saw Draco and Harry together? And what do you think he/she will say? Still looking for the baby st

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Chapter: 10

Thanks again to all my reviewers. You've been wonderful.
Disclaimers et al in part 1
Chapter 9 - Harry and Draco sitting in a tree...
It was four weeks until the Christmas hols started. To say Draco and Harry were getting nervous would have been an understatement. When Lucius took Draco to Madame Malkin's to choose his robes, it took him an hour to decide which one he wanted. It was over an hour in the jewelry store picking out just the right bonding bracelet. His father was ready to hex him by the time they made their way to the Tea Room.
Draco snapped at Pansy when he found out she was spying on Harry and him. When she threatened to tell his father what was going on, he told her, in no uncertain terms and very loudly, that his father already knew, thank you very much, and he was doing what his father wanted and unless she wanted to be on the wrong end of a very nasty hex, she had better shut her mouth.
The common room got quiet as everyone turned to look at the blond teen. He muttered a few choice words then stormed out of the room.
Harry was doing no better. He had taken to hiding from Ron and Hermione during much of their free time. The weekend Moria came to Hogwarts to take him to get his robes fitted, she gave him a book about wizarding etiquette. Over tea, she told him why she had given it to him. She asked him to read it, saying they would talk about it the next weekend when she visited. Any questions he had before that, he could ask Draco.
Draco and Harry were spending a lot of time together. Other than the adults involved, there was no one they could talk to except each other about what was going on. Sometimes they would meet in an empty classroom in the dungeon not far from Severus' quarters.
One Friday, they were sitting on some pillows Draco had transfigured from some books they'd found there. Harry had gotten some sweets from Dobby and they sat eating in silence for a while.
"People are not going to be happy," Draco finally said quietly.
"No, they're not," Harry agreed. "They may not be happy for us but our true friends should support us."
"True," Draco agreed, "if our names weren't Malfoy and Potter. My friends...I don't think I have any real friends."
"Ron will explode and refuse to talk to me for a while," Harry said. "Hermione will explode and then she'll try and find a way to get me out of it."
Draco almost asked if he wanted to get out of it but he held his tongue. "At least we really don't have to do anything," he finally said. "Aunt Moria is taking care of everything."
"I like your aunt," Harry said. "She's nice."
"Yes, she is."
"She was a friend of my mom's," Harry said. "They used to study together."
It was quiet for a few minutes. "Draco, have you ever done it before?" Harry asked.
"'It'?"
"You know," Harry said. "Sex."
"Male or female?" Draco asked.
"Either," Harry said.

"Females, a little snogging and such," Draco shrugged. "Nothing with males."
"Same here," Harry said. He looked at the other teen. "This is going to be awful, isn't it? I mean neither of us know what we're doing."
"There's got to be books out there," Draco said.
"Well, I don't think they're in the library," Harry said. "And I don't think this is something we can ask your father about."
"No, it isn't," Draco said, "even if he wasn't one hundred percent heterosexual. Aunt Moria would do it but she would tease us mercilessly."
"At least she wouldn't be mean about it," Harry said.
"That only leaves Dumbledore," both teens shuddered, "or my godfather."
"Snape," Harry sighed. "I can't believe we're actually thinking about this."
"At least he won't make fun of us." Harry just glared. "Who am I kidding?" Draco moaned. "We'll have to pick him up from the floor because he'll be laughing so hard."
That's how Draco found himself standing in Severus' office the next afternoon. "Is there something you wanted, Mr. Malfoy?" the professor asked."
"I have a favor to ask, Uncle Severus," Draco said.
"Oh it's like that, is it?" Severus asked. "Well, what's the favor?"
"Harry and I were talking," Draco said. "You see, he and I... that is, we... neither of us have ever... we need..." He looked at the floor.
"Draco, what are you going on about?" Severus asked.
Draco took a deep breath. "It's about sex," he finally said.
An eyebrow arched. "What about it?"
"Merlin, this is embarrassing," Draco muttered.
"It won't get any easier with stalling," Severus said. "Just spit it out and be done with it."
"All right, here goes," Draco said. "Harry and I know nothing about gay sex and were wondering if you could help us out."
There was a small cough. "What kind of help?" the older man asked.
"We thought maybe you could find us a... a book or something," Draco said. His face was about the same color as Ron's hair.
"A book?"
"Well, we need something!" Draco exploded "It's not like either of us have any experience with this!"
"You're both virgins," Severus said, trying not to smile, "in every sense of the word."
"So what if we are?" Draco asked. "Being a virgin isn't something to be ashamed of, you know."
"No, it isn't," Severus said, "and I apologize for my mirth."
Draco waved the apology away. "Will you help us or not?" he asked.
"I'll see what I can do," Severus said.
"Thank you," Draco said. "Just one more thing."
"And that would be?"
"Could you wait five minutes after I leave to start laughing?" the teen asked. "At least that way, I'll have the illusion that you took this seriously." Severus just waved him out of the room.
Three days later, a package was delivered to Draco. Unwrapping it, he saw two books inside. They were 'A Beginner's Guide to Gay Sex' and 'The Joy of Gay Sex'. Uncle Severus came through. He showed them to Harry that night.
"Did he laugh much when you asked?" Harry asked.

"Not while I could hear it," Draco said, "but, knowing his warped sense of humor, it probably kept him chuckling the rest of the day."
"I wouldn't doubt it," Harry said. "Have you looked at the books?"
"A little," Draco said. "I thought it would be better if we looked at them together."
They laid down on the transfigured pillows and opened 'The Beginner's Guide'. The only sound few the next few minutes was the turning of pages. Both boys were turning very red with the turning of each page. Finally, Draco slammed the book shut.
"Oh, Merlin," he said.
"I've heard about things like that," Harry said, "but I never realized..."
"Neither did I," Draco said. "We have to do that."
"Yeah, we do," Harry said. "This is your father's fault."
"Yeah, it is," Draco said. "We'll get even with him later." He looked at the other boy. "So what do we do now?"
"I'm not sure," Harry said. "I mean, I don't want to go into this with my eyes closed but..."
"But you don't feel like having sex at this point," Draco finished. "Me, either." Harry let out a breath he didn't know he was holding. "We've gotten to know each other better but I don't think we're ready for that."
"On the other hand, if we haven't done anything, it's going to be very... awkward," Harry said.
"What do you suggest?"
"Well, how about a kiss?" Draco suggested. "I mean, that would probably be a good way to start."
Harry nodded. "So what do we do?" he asked.
Draco sat up and motioned Harry to sit up as well. "Just relax," Draco whispered. He slipped his hand around Harry's neck and gently pulled the other boy to him. Their lips touched gently for a couple of seconds before they pulled apart.
"Wow," Harry said quietly.
"Yeah," Draco agreed.
"Can we try it again?" Harry asked.
"Sure," Draco said, "if you'd like."
Their lips touched but this time they didn't pull apart. Draco lightly licked Harry's bottom lip, causing the dark-haired boy to moan. Draco took advantage of the situation and rubbed his tongue along the front of Harry's It didn't take Harry long to respond. Soon, their kisses became very deep and very hot.
After what seemed like forever and just seconds, they broke apart. Both boys were panting and their faces were flushed but not from embarrassment this time. It took them a few minutes to get their breathing, and other bodily reactions, under control.
"It's almost curfew," Harry said. "We'd better go."
Draco nodded. "Tomorrow night?" he asked.
"Yeah," Harry said, giving him a small smile. "Tomorrow night." He gave Draco another small kiss then slipped out of the classroom.
That night, both boys laid in their beds, thinking about those kisses. It was a long time before either of them fell asleep.
TBC
I know this is shorter than the past three chapters but this seemed like a natural place to stop. Ah, the first stirrings of young l

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Chapter: 11

Sorry this took so long to get out. Last weekend, I was trying to buy a car and catch a cold. I got the car and the cold has turned into bronchitis. Blah :-P
Thanks again to all my reviewers. I told you the chapters would be getting longer.
Disclaimers et al in Part 0
Chapter 10 - It's Beginning to Look A Lot Like Christmas
"You sure you don't want us to spend the hols with you?" Ron asked. He was finishing up packing his trunk.
"I'll be fine," Harry assured the redhead. "Dumbledore said something about keeping me busy for the next month."
"Could be worse, I reckon," Ron conceded. "It could be Snape." Both boys shuddered. Ron closed his trunk then headed downstairs with Harry.
Hermione was waiting for them in the common room. "If you'd packed last night," she started.
"Then you wouldn't have anyone to drive batty," Ron finished.
The brown-haired girl glared at him before turning to Harry. "I've left your gifts with Professor Dumbledore," she said. "He said he'd keep them for you until Christmas."
"I've sent yours on ahead," Harry said. "Mrs. Weasley will make sure you get it in time for Christmas."
Harry walked with his friends to the entrance hall and watched as they climbed into the horseless carriages. A small wave and they drove away. Harry stood on the steps until they could no longer be seen. With a sigh, he turned and walked back into the castle.
Dumbledore was standing in the hall when Harry walked back into the castle. "How are you today?" the old man asked.
"All right, I guess," Harry shrugged.
"If you'll come with me," Dumbledore said. "There's something I want to show you." He turned and walked down the corridor, Harry following behind him.
Harry recognized the area of the castle they were in from the time when Remus had been teaching. This was the faculty area, with the exception of the heads of houses who stayed near their dorms, and it was generally off-limits to the students. As the pair walked down the corridor, Harry saw Severus and Draco waiting. Both Slytherins looked up when they approached.
"Good, you're both here," Dumbledore said.
"And just why are we here?" Severus asked.
"I thought the boys might like to see where they'll be staying after the wedding," the headmaster said.
"Where we're staying?" Draco asked.
"Won't we be in our dorms?" Harry asked.
"Once you're bonded and with child, it was thought it would be easier if you had your own rooms," Dumbledore explained. "Shall we go in?"
He stepped up to the portrait guarding the door. "Baby's breath," he said. The portrait swung

open. "You can, of course, change the password." The quartet walked inside.
The sitting room was half the size of the Griffyndor's common room and done in shades of green and blue with silver and gold accents. It was simple but looked comfortable. There was a small kitchen to one side. A single door led out of the room.
"Through that door is your bedroom, bathroom and nursery," Dumbledore said.
"So we'll be staying here until after the baby is born," Harry said, "even over the summer."
"It would be safer," Dumbledore said.
"My father would be able to protect us," Draco said.
"Should the Dark Lord decide to visit the manor as he done on several occasions in the past," Severus said, "your father's protection would be less than ideal."
"If you remain at the school, you'll be beyond his reach," Dumbledore said. "He is not strong enough to attack the school and survive."
"Yet," Severus muttered. He was ignored.
"Professor Snape and I will leave you to look around," Dumbledore said as he and Severus walked to the door. "I'll have one of the house elves bring you lunch later." With that, the adults were gone.
"Sometimes, I don't know who's worse," Harry mused, "Voldemort, your father, or Dumbledore."
"Three way tie," Draco answered, "and I think Dumbledore is the most manipulative of the group."
"And the worst part is most people don't realize he's doing it," Harry added.
They walked over to the bedroom door. It was obvious both boys were nervous. They knew what that door represented and it made them nervous. On the other hand, they wanted to see what it looked like. They took a deep breath and opened the door.
The bedroom was paneled with light oak, the same wood that was used throughout the room. Two dressers, one carved with lions and the other with snakes, stood next to two matching wardrobes. The bed had a forest scene carved onto the headboard. It was easily three times the size of their regular beds.
"This is nice," Harry said.
"Very nice," Draco said. "I think I could sleep here."
Harry walked over and opened one of the doors. "And I definitely wouldn't mind bathing in here."
Draco went over to see what he was talking about. "Looks like one of the bathrooms at the mansion," he said. The bathtub could easily hold three people. There was a separate shower with two heads. A double sink with separate faucets stood next to the gleaming white toilet.
"You have bathrooms like this?" Harry asked.
"Only in the smaller guests rooms," Draco shrugged. They walked back into the bedroom.
"There's only one room left," Harry said.
"Might as well look at it and get it over with," Draco said. "I mean, how bad could it be?"
"We're talking about Dumbledore," Harry said. "It could be very bad."
"I'd forgotten about that," Draco muttered. "Waiting won't make it any better." They walked over and opened the door.
"Well, this is a surprise," Harry said. The room was completely bare.
"Professor Dumbledore thought you might like to decorate it yourselves," a voice behind them asked.
The boys whirled around, their wands drawn. Moria was standing in the doorway, an eyebrow

arched at them. "Nice reflexes, boys," she said as she walked into the room.
"Aunt Moria," Draco said as they lowered their wands. "What brings you here?"
"If you remember right, we're going to Diagon Alley tomorrow," Moria said. "I thought it might be easier if I spent the night."
"And, of course, you have no ulterior motives in staying here," Draco smirked.
"I have no idea what you're talking about," Moria said, her voice aloof.
Harry had no idea what either of them were talking about. "Something I should know about?" he asked.
"Not at all," Moria said, quickly. Later, Draco said silently. Harry just nodded.
The trio walked into the sitting room just as one of the house elves popped in. "Would the young masters be wanting their lunch now?" it asked.
"Please," Harry said as the others nodded. "Soup and sandwiches as well as pumpkin juice and tea for three."
The elf disappeared and a minute later, the requested lunch appeared on the table with the elf standing next to it. "Would you be wanting anything else?" it asked.
"No, thank you," Harry said. The elf disappeared again as they sat down.
"What else is left to do?" Draco asked as they began to eat. No use pretending about what was going on.
"Not much, really," Moria said. "The bonding is in five days so most everything has been taken care of by now. Tomorrow, we'll pick up your robes and bracelets as well as getting any last minute Christmas presents you might need. I thought we would make a day of it. Professor Dumbledore said I can take you to muggle London as long as we're careful."
"That would be great," Harry said. The smile on his face didn't quite reach his eyes.
"Boys, I want both of you to listen to me," Moria said. "I know this a lot to place on your shoulders, especially at your age, and believe me when I say I wish there was a way out of this but there isn't. Over the next year, there is going to be quite a number of changes in your lives. I just want you to remember one thing. If it all gets to much for either of you, let me know. You can always escape to my manor if you need to. My floo is closed to most people and the wards keep out anyone I don't want in. No one will know you're there if you don't want them to know. I want both of you to promise me that, all right?" Both boys nodded. "Good." she smiled. "I love my brother very much but I won't let him use either of you." This time, the smiles were genuine.
After lunch, Draco and Harry spent most of the afternoon getting a headstart on their homework. They knew it would be several days after the bonding before things settled down enough for them to actually do it. They studied together since they had most of the same classes.
They ate dinner with the staff and the other students that stayed over for the holidays. Since there were very many, students and teachers alike sat at one table in the middle of the great hall. They had just begun to eat when Draco nudged Harry.
"What?"
"See who my aunt is sitting next to?" Draco asked.
Harry glanced towards the professors and back. "Professor Snape," he shrugged. "So?"
"I think he's the ulterior motive I was talking about," Draco said.
Harry's eyes went round. "Your aunt and..."
"Father said they dated when they were in school together," Draco said. "Everyone was surprised when they didn't get married."
"Why didn't they?" Harry asked.

"Who knows?" Draco shrugged himself, "but I think they've decided to renew their... friendship." Both boys watched as they adults talked, their heads very close together. "I think you're right," Harry said. "Maybe it'll make him a little nicer in class if he's getting shagged on a regular basis." The boys thought about it for a moment. "Nah," they said together.
Moria sighed and kissed the patch of skin she was lying next to. "Something wrong?" a velvet voice above her asked.
"Not really," she said. "I think Draco and Harry know about us."
"Does that bother you?" Severus asked.
"No," she said, "but I don't want it to bother you, either."
"It doesn't bother me," he said. "Neither of them will say anything about it, at least not to anyone else. They may, however, throw barbs and innuendoes in our direction."
"I'm a Malfoy," she said. "I was raised on barbs and innuendoes. Do you want to come with us tomorrow? Knowing you, you probably haven't done any of your Christmas shopping."
"I resent that," he said. "I'll have you know I've done quite a lot of my shopping." She just looked at him. "Besides, I don't think the other two members of the expedition would want me tagging along."
"My expedition, my invitation," she said. "Besides, I want them to get to know you outside of school. Something tells me those two are going to need someone here looking after their best interests, someone besides Dumbledore. He means well but he always has his own agenda."
"All right," he said with a mock sigh. "I'll come with you. Anything else?"
"Wear muggle clothes under your robes," she said. "We're going into London as well." That got a moan.
The next morning, Draco and Harry were waiting in the great hall. They had just finished breakfast when Moria and Severus walked in.
"I see you're already to go," Moria said. "Have you eaten yet?" Both boys nodded. "Give us a few minutes to eat and then we'll leave."
"Us?" Harry asked.
"I asked Professor Snape to come with us," Moria said. "I thought it would be easier to keep up with both of you."
"Of course," Harry said.
"Pay up," Draco said, holding out his hand. Harry scowled and dropped a galleon in his hand. "Thanks. Never bet against a Malfoy about a Malfoy."
"Yeah, yeah," Harry muttered.
"What's going, boys?" Moria asked.
"Nothing," both boys said in unison.
"Why don't I believe that?" Severus asked.
"Because you have an overly suspicious nature?" Draco asked, sweetly.
"Why don't you two meet us at the entrance in about fifteen minutes," Moria said before Severus could answer. "We should be ready by then." The boys nodded and headed out of the hall.
"It's going to be like that all day, isn't it?" Severus asked.
"Probably," Moria said. "Come on. Let's eat and get started."
After a brief walk to Hogsmead, the four flooed to the Leaky Cauldron then went into Diagon Alley. They stopped by Gringott's to get money from their vaults, changing some of it into muggle money, then headed for Madame Malkin's to get their robes.
Draco and Harry were in separate dressing rooms with Moria going back and forth between

them. Severus just stood back and watched with a smile on his face. It took about half an hour but Moria was finally satisfied with the results. The robes were paid for, wrapped up and they left the shop. The jewelry store wasn't as bad. The bracelets were ready so all they had to do was pay for them and leave. After that, it time for Christmas shopping.
The group spend the morning going from shop to shop. They did have to pull Severus out of the apothecary and the boys out of the quidditch store. They ate a light lunch at the Leaky Cauldron then took off their robes and headed out into London. Harry had told them about a shopping mall, a muggle version of Diagon Alley, and they decided that would be the easiest to deal with for the rest of the day. They caught a taxi and headed for what the driver assured them was the biggest mall in the area.
Harry was the unofficial leader at the mall. Since the other three had never spent time in the muggle world, much less at a mall, it was up to Harry to explain things to them. They were thoroughly confused by the electronics store. Harry understood that since most electronics wouldn't work in the magical world.
The clothing stores weren't too bad but Severus refused to try on anything. He said he had enough muggle clothing, thank you very much, and didn't need any more. Harry and Draco bought some shirts and jeans and Moria bought her a few things as well.
After a couple of hours, the group split up. Draco and Moria went one way and Harry and Severus went another. They still had to get each other's presents. They agreed to meet at the food court at four o'clock.
"Professor, can I ask you a question?" Harry asked as they walked.
"If you must."
"What do you think about this bonding?" Harry asked.
"Do you want the truth?" Severus asked.
"I wouldn't have asked if I didn't," Harry said.
"All right," Severus said. "I think Lucius is insane for doing this. To involve you and Draco in this ludicrous plan of his is beyond anything he's ever done before. If there was a way out of this for any of us and still keep ourselves and the others involved safe, I would take it, no matter what it was but there isn't. Therefore, we must make the best of this situation."
"Meaning we have to find out what he's planning," Harry said. "I don't think he's going to tell us."
"Oh, he'll tell us," Severus said, "but it'll be in his own time and by his own design."
"I thought as much," Harry sighed. "It's going to get worse before it gets better, isn't it?"
"It usually does, Potter. It usually does."
Dinner was a little Mexican restaurant. Harry introduced the others to tacos, enchiladas, and other dishes, ending with a dish of fried ice cream. Once they were done, they gathered their packages and caught a taxi, heading back to the Leaky Cauldron.
By the time they got back to Hogwarts, Draco and Harry were almost asleep on their feet. Moria took Harry to his dorm while Severus took care of Draco Both teens were asleep by the time they were in bed. Moria was glad they could sleep now. The next few days were going to very exhausting for everyone involved.
TBC
Next chapter - the big day arri

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Chapter: 12

Thanks again to my reviewers. You keep me going. Ignore the tear stains. I always cry at weddings.
Disclaimers et al in part 1
Chapter 11- Going to the Chapel
The day of the bonding ceremony dawned bright and clear. Harry had hoped for dreary and overcast; it would have matched his mood. It was a little after seven and he was sitting by the window watching the sun come up. In just under twelve hours, he was getting married to Draco. By this time tomorrow, he would probably be pregnant.
He shuddered. That was the one thing he really hadn't allowed himself to think about while all of this was going on. Even when he and Draco were moving their things to the new quarters, neither one had entered the nursery. By unspoken agreement, they wouldn't talk about it until they had to.
The last two days had been busy, Moria had seen to that, and most of it had nothing to do with the bonding. The two boys had been put to work helping the younger students get ready for Christmas. There was wrapping and decorating and games, all done to keep the young ones minds off the fact they couldn't go home and Draco's and Harry's minds off the bonding. There was a brief rehearsal with the headmaster but it lasted less than an hour.
Harry heard a brief rustle of robes behind him but he didn't turn around. He knew the only one that could possibly been was Dumbledore.
"Harry." He was right.
"Hello, Headmaster," Harry said without turning around.
"You're up early this morning," Dumbledore said.
"I'm used to it," Harry said. He turned to look at the man.
"It's not too late to call it off, Harry," Dumbledore said. "No one would think any less of you if you did."
"Can you guarantee Sirius' and Remus' safety if I did?" Harry asked. "I mean, even if they were here at the school, could you tell me they wouldn't get caught?"
"If they were here, they would be safer, but no, I couldn't guarantee that," he said, shaking his head. "And something tells me Lucius has people in place in case that does happen."
"I wouldn't doubt it," Harry muttered. "Headmaster, will it ever happen?"
"Will what happen?"
"Will I ever get a say in my own life?" Harry asked. "For as long as I can remember, someone else has had control over my life. You, Voldemort, the Dursleys, Lucius Malfoy. There are times that I wish Voldemort had killed me when he killed my parents then I wouldn't have to live up to anyone's expectations. I wouldn't be the bloody Boy-Who-Lived."
Harry got up and began to pace. "I get so tired of living up to that name," he ranted, running his hands through his hair. "Do well in school because how can you defeat Voldemort if you don't learn everything. Don't break the rules because the Boy-Who-Lived can't be seen not following the law. Don't be friends with the Slytherins because everyone knows they're just Death Eaters in training. Don't let anyone get too close because Voldemort can use them against you.

"I'm getting bonded when I don't want to and having a baby with someone I'd rather not to protect someone who will never know it and wouldn't understand it if they did. When Sirius and Remus find out about this, and I have no doubts they will, I could lose them. I don't know which will make them madder, the fact I bonded with Draco or the fact that I did it to save them. They are the closest things I have to a family and I will probably lose them over this but at least they'll be safe... from Lucius any way."
Tears were running done Harry's face. "Will my life ever be my own?" he asked. "Will I ever have a say in what I can do, what I want to do?"
"I am so sorry, Harry," Dumbledore whispered. He walked over and wrapped his arms around the teenager as he cried. "I wish there was something I could to make this better for you. I really do."
Harry cried for a few minutes then began to quiet. The headmaster handed him a handkerchief and he wiped his face. "I'm sorry, sir," Harry said. "I don't really blame you, not for everything at least. Even as great a wizard as you can't know everything and you're not a seer."
"I thank you for that," Dumbledore smiled. "As for Sirius and Remus, yes, they will be upset and angry when they find out about this and the reason behind it. but I doubt you will lose them. They both love you too much to let you go. For what it's worth, I think you should tell them and the sooner, the better. They would be more upset if they heard it from someone else."
"You're right," Harry agreed. "I'll write them when things have settled down. I'm going to have to tell everyone else as well... about the bonding, I mean. They don't have to know why I'm doing it."
"You and Draco will have to come up with a believable story," Dumbledore said.
"Maybe I'll just tell them he got be pregnant and decided to make an honest man out of me," Harry smiled. "We've been having this torrid affair and just got carried away."
"Tell them there was a potion accident," Dumbledore suggested. "They might believe that."
"A spell gone wrong."
"An accidental bonding." By this time, they were both smiling.
'Why don't you get dressed and come down for breakfast," Dumbledore suggested. "You've a big day ahead of you and you need to eat."
"All right," Harry agreed. "I'll be down in about thirty minutes." Dumbledore gave him a final hug and walked out of the dorm room.
After Harry finished his morning ablutions and dressed, he headed down to the great hall. He sat down next to Draco who had also just arrived. Not much was said as they filled their plates and began to eat. They had almost finished when Draco leaned over to Harry.
"Nervous?" he asked.
"Yeah," Harry answered. "You?"
"Yeah," Draco admitted. "Any ideas?"
"Other than not going through with this and possibly getting both of us hurt or killed?" Harry asked and Draco nodded. "Not a one."
"Me, either," Draco said. Both boys sighed.
Just then, Moria appeared and sat down across from them. "Good morning," she smiled. "How are you feeling today?"
"Fine," they said in unison.
"Good," she said, not really sure if she believed them but she let it go. "Draco, your father will be here at six. He'll help you get ready while I help Harry."
"Oh, joy," Harry said without much feeling.

"After the ceremony, we'll have dinner here," Moria continued.
"What about our robes?" Draco asked.
"Just tell them you're going to a party," Moria said. "You two can decide when you want to leave." Draco and Harry just looked at each other. Neither of them really wanted to think about 'that' right then.
Once breakfast was over, Draco and Harry left the great hall. Walking down the corridor, they came to an alcove where they could sit. For the longest time, neither of them said anything. It was Draco who finally broke the silence.
"We can make this work, you know," he said. "This bonding, we can make it work."
"We have no choice," Harry said.
"There's always a choice," Draco said. "Remember the united front. Arranged marriages in my family are nothing new. Some come to love each other and some, like my parents, never even become friends."
"They didn't like each other?" Harry asked.
"They couldn't stand each other," Draco snorted. "They slept together only long enough to conceive me. Other than that, they had separate suites in separate wings of the manor."
"And when she died?"
"He didn't shed a tear," Draco said. "Oh, he played the part of the grieving spouse for about a week but then it was business as usual."
"And you?" Harry asked. "Did you shed a tear?"
"A few," Draco shrugged. "She did give birth to me but she was never really a mother to me. Father cared more about my than she ever did. She had the Malfoy name, the Malfoy position and the Malfoy money. That was what mattered. She married Father because she had to. She had me because she had to. Doing that got her everything else she wanted."
"That must have been hard on you," Harry said.
"Most of my acquaintances grew up the same way," Draco said. "It's not unusual among pureblood families. I always knew Father would pick out who I would marry. I just always assumed it would be a female."
"I thought I would marry a female as well," Harry said, "but I... I like being with you as well."
"I like being with you, too," Draco said. He moved over and sat next to the other boy. "We will make this work." He slipped his arm around Harry and pulled him close.
"Yes, we'll make this work," Harry said, leaning against Draco.
At three in the afternoon, Moria found the boys playing exploding snap with some of the others in the great hall. Pulling them away, she sent them to their rooms to rest until it was time to get ready. Neither teen thought they could sleep and told her so. She told them they just had to lie down and relax before everything got started. With a sigh, they headed to their dorms.
Draco had just reached the Slytherin common room when Severus found him. They walked into the room together.
"I have placed the fertility potion next to the bed in your chambers," Severus said, "along with two other vials. It is the blue one. Potter needs to take that at least thirty minutes before intercourse takes place. The clear vial is a lubricant that will make it easier on the both of you. The purple vial is a mild aphrodisiac. It is for the both of you. Even with teenage hormones being what they are, it will help the evening along."
"So will a good bottle of brandy," Draco smirked.
"Yes, but the aphrodisiac won't interfere with the fertility potion like alcohol does," Severus

informed him.
"I guess that means no getting drunk tonight," Draco said. "Pity. It would help us forget that neither of us wanted this bonding."
"Draco, if there's anything I could do, you know I would," Severus said.
"I know, Uncle Severus," Draco said, giving him a small smile. "Just be a little nicer to Harry, if at all possible. Something tells me we're going to need your help later on."
"I shall do my best," Severus said, returning his smile. "Go on. I'll see you at the ceremony."
Draco nodded and headed for his dorm room.
Harry looked around at the bare dorm room. Everything of his except what he would need to get ready for the ceremony had already been taken to his, their new quarters. With a sigh, he climbed on his bed and laid down. The rest of this day would be very long.
Draco was sipping a cup of tea when his door opened and his father walked in. "Hello, Father," he said. "Would you care for some tea?" Lucius nodded and Draco poured his cup.
"How are you doing today, my Dragon," Lucius asked as he sat down.
"About like you would expect on your bonding day," Draco said.
"Understandable," Lucius said. "Everyone is nervous on their wedding day, even if it is an arranged marriage."
"Even you?"
"Even me," Lucius admitted. "Your mother was several years younger than I so I didn't really get a chance to get to know her before we married. I don't think it would have made much of a difference in our relationship, however, other than to discover we couldn't stand each other that much sooner."
"At least Harry and I can be in the same room without hexing each other," Draco said.
"Are you two falling in love?" Lucius asked, leaning forward. That couldn't happen. It would ruin his plans.
"Of course not," Draco said, hoping his father believed that lie. "Neither of us wants this bonding and I doubt he would ever love someone that was forced upon him. No, something tells me our marriage will be something like yours." He took a sip of his tea trying to hide his true feelings.
"I understand," Lucius said. Inwardly, he smiled. His plans were coming together quite nicely.
"Time to wake up, Harry."
Harry slowly opened his eyes. Reaching for his glasses, the blurry shape standing over him turned into Moria when he put them on. He yawned, stretched and sat up.
"I can't believe I fell asleep," he said. He grabbed his robe and pulled it on.
"I can," she smiled. "I brought tea. Why don't we have a cup and then you can get ready." Harry nodded then followed her over to the table. They sat in silence for a few minutes as they drank.
"Harry, you do know Draco cares quite a lot for you," Moria said finally.
"And I care for him as well," Harry admitted. "Did his parents really hate each other?"
"Very much so," she told him. "Narcissa Black was never an easy woman for anyone to like. She cared for one person and that was Narcissa."
Harry looked wide-eyed at Moria. "Her maiden name was Black?" he asked. "Is she related to Sirius?"
"Cousins," she said. "I'm not surprised he never told you. They hated each other as much as she hated Lucius, if not more." She sat down her cup. "Finish your tea," she said. "It's time to get ready."
The room the ceremony was being held in was tastefully decorated. There were chairs for the

three guests. Several kinds of flowers were scattered around the room and the only light was from the many candles that were burning. Soft music was playing from and unseen source. Severus and Dumbledore were already there when the door opened and Lucius and Draco walked in. They were followed a minute later by Moria and Harry. Dumbledore quietly cleared his throat, getting everyone's attention.
"Since everyone is here, we can begin," he said. He walked to the front of the room then motioned Harry and Draco to take their places. Once they were in place, the ceremony began.
"We are gathered today to witness of the bonding of Draco Octavian Malfoy and Harry James Potter. The bonding is the joining of two never to be parted in this life. Draco, would you repeat after me."
"I, Draco, take thee, Harry,"
"To be my bonded spouse,"
"To be one with you,"
"To share all with you,"
"Standing together against all others,"
"So long as we both shall live."
"I, Harry, take thee, Draco,"
"To be my bonded spouse,"
"To be one with you,"
"To share all with you,"
"Standing together against all others,"
"So long as we both shall live."
"Do you have the bracelets?" Dumbledore asked. Lucius and Moria produced them and slipped them onto Dumbledore's wand.
"Draco, take the bracelet and slip it onto Harry's left wrist and repeat after me," Dumbledore said.
"Harry, accept this bracelet as a symbol of our bonding, never to be removed except in death." Draco slipped the bracelet on Harry's wrist.
"Draco, accept this bracelet as a symbol of our bonding, never to be removed except in death." Harry slipped the bracelet on Draco's wrist.
"If you would touch the bracelets together," Dumbledore instructed. The teens placed their wrists next to each other. The headmaster touched them with his wand and whispered a quiet spell. The bracelets glowed for a few seconds then returned to normal.
"As these two have repeated their vows and exchanged symbols of their bonding, by the power of Merlin, I pronounce them husband and husband, duly bonded," the elder wizard said with a small smile. "You may now seal the bonding with a kiss." The two briefly kissed, more for show than anything else.
There was a moment of silence before Moria spoke up. "A lovely ceremony," she smiled.
"Indeed," Lucius said. "I couldn't have hoped for anything more." Harry wanted to tell him what he had hoped for but decided to keep his mouth closed. Draco took his hand and gently squeezed it in support.
"And now, I believe there is a small feast awaiting us in the great hall," Dumbledore said. "Why don't we move this party there?"
"Why don't you go ahead?" Draco suggested. "Harry and I will join you in a few minutes." The others agreed and left the two alone in the room.

Once they were gone, Draco took Harry in his arms. "How about a proper kiss?" he asked.
"A very good idea," Harry smiled and they moved together.
Once they were out of the room and heading for the great hall, Lucius looked at Severus. "Is your... wedding gift ready?" he asked.
"It is," Severus nodded. "It has already been delivered and I gave Draco the instructions on its use this afternoon. It will do what you want."
"Excellent," Lucius said, a small smile crossing his lips. "Soon, everyone will have what they want."
"Especially you, my brother," Moria said. Lucius just smiled.
"Once should be careful, Lucius," Dumbledore said. "There can be a world a difference between what one wants and what one sometimes gets."
"Not this time," Lucius said. "This time, I will get what I want. I'll make sure of it."
"Oh, I have no doubt you'll get everything that's coming to you," Dumbledore said. The twinkle in his eye was shining brightly.
"Why do those words coming out of that mouth scare the hell out of me?" Moria whispered to Severus.
"Because you were always smarter than your brother when it comes to things like this," Severus said. "Something tells me this little scheme of Lucius' is going to bit him in the ass before everything is said and done."
"And we'll have front row seats when it does," Moria grinned as she slipped her arm through his.
"Indeed."
TBC
Was the bonding too sappy. I know the actual bonding part was short but I didn't think Draco or Harry would go for a long ceremony, especially for an arranged marri

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Chapter: 13

Whoo Hoo! Two chapters in one night. Whatever will people think?
Be warned. There is sex in this part. It's not graphic but it is there. I believe I managed to stay with the R rating.
Disclaimers et al in part 1
Chapter 12 - A New Way to Fly
The feast was lovely although very few actually knew why they were dining better than usual. Even the house elves didn't know what was special about the meal. What they didn't know, they couldn't tell, if only by accident. All most anyone knew was it was a wonderful meal.
Draco and Harry didn't eat much and they let the others do the talking. At that moment, they were working on a case of nerves that was threatening to consume both of them. Finally, they decided to call it a night. They said their good-byes and headed for their quarters.
It was a quiet walk, neither talking until they reached the portrait guarding their door and Draco whispered the password. The portrait swung open and they walked inside. They still hadn't said anything. Finally, they moved farther into the room, allowing the door to close behind them.

"So," Harry finally said.
"Right," Draco whispered. "Do you want something to drink? I think there's some pumpkin juice in the kitchen."
"I'll get it," Harry said, heading that way.
"All right," Draco said. "There's something I need to get out of the bedroom."
Harry returned carrying two glasses of juice just as Draco walked out of the bedroom. Harry handed him a glass and they sat on the couch.
"Is that it?" Harry asked quietly, noticing the vial in Draco's hand.
"Yeah," Draco nodded. "Uncle Severus said you had to take it at least thirty minutes before... before we..." he swallowed, "before we had sex." He handed the vial to Harry.
"Oh." Suddenly, Harry straightened. "No use putting it off," he said. He pulled off the stopper. He brought the vial to his mouth and drained it in one shot. He started coughing when it was empty. "Merlin, that's horrid!" he managed to say. "You'd think he could make it taste a little better."
"I'll be sure and mention it to him," Draco chuckled. "At least, it's over."
"That part of it anyway," Harry said. He looked down at the robes he was wearing. "I don't know about you but I want to get out of these robes."
"So do I," Draco agreed. "Why don't we take a shower and change. You can go first."
"All right," Harry said, standing up. After a moment, he leaned over and kissed Draco. "A united front," he said.
"A united front," Draco echoed. They smiled and Harry walked into the bedroom.
By the time Harry walked out of the bathroom wearing nothing but a towel, Draco was sitting on the bed wearing nothing a pair of silk boxers. The blond's eyes went wide as he got his first good look at his husband. He hadn't realized just how well Harry's robes hid his body. While naturally slim, Quidditch had toned his muscles, making him look fit and toned. Harry noticed the look Draco was giving him and his face turned pink.
"Your... your turn in the bathroom," Harry stammered.
"You look great," Draco said. He stood up and walked over to Harry.
"Thanks," Harry said. He looked Draco up and down. He was slimmer than Harry but a few inches taller and the same muscle tone as he had. "So do you."
Draco slipped his arms around Harry and pulled him close. "We may just make it through this," he said. He kissed Harry soundly then released him and walked into the bathroom.
By the time Draco came out of the bathroom, Harry was already in the bed and under the sheet. He was holding the other vials in his hand. "What are these?" he asked.
"Are you wearing anything?" Draco asked. When Harry shook his head no, Draco dropped his towel and climbed under the sheet. "This is lubrication," Draco said, taking the clear vial.
"And this?" He was holding up the purple one.
"Uncle Severus said it was a mild aphrodisiac," Draco said with a sigh. "He said it was to help us along in case teenage hormones couldn't overcome wedding night jitters."
"Do you think we'll need it?" Harry asked as he eyed the vial.
"If we do, we can take it later," Draco shrugged. Harry placed it on the night stand. They fell into silence.
"So," Harry said, breaking the silence. "I guess we should get started."
"I guess we should," Draco said. More silence. Finally, he sighed. "This is ridiculous," he said. "We're friends, right?"

"Right."
"And friends can have sex, right?"
"So we're just friends that have sex?" Harry asked.
"Right."
"Just friends that have sex to make a baby," Harry said quietly.
"I know," Draco whispered. He reached for Harry and pulled him closer until their foreheads were touching. "Don't think about the baby part of it," Draco told him. "For right now, it's just two friends having sex and making each other feel good." A single tear ran down his cheek, shadowed by one on Harry's. "A united front." Harry nodded.
"We could kiss," Harry suggested.
"Kissing's good," Draco smiled. They leaned forward until their lips met.
After a few moments, Draco's tongue reached out and licked Harry's bottom lip. Harry gasped, allowing Draco entrance. They both moaned as their tongues moved back and forth. Harry wrapped his arms around Draco's neck and laid down, pulling the other teen down with him.
As they continued to kiss, their hands roamed over each other's bodies, touching everywhere they could reach. Draco moved his lips down, kissing a line from Harry's lips down his neck to his chest. He nibbled on one nipple while his fingers stroked the other. The moans coming from Harry just made Draco more excited, just as excited as Harry was becoming from all the attention.
Being teenage boys with teenage hormones, it didn't take long before both of them where hard and leaking. After a few more minutes, Draco pulled himself up to look in Harry's face. He ran a finger down the dark-haired boy's face. They looked into each other's eyes for a moment then Harry nodded.
"Turn on your stomach," Draco said quietly, picking up a pillow, "and place this under your hips." Harry did so with his arms tucked under his head. He was trying to lie still but there were fine tremors running through his body.
"You okay?" Draco asked.
"I'm fine," Harry assured him. "Just let me know what you're doing, okay?"
"No surprises," Draco nodded. He leaned over and grabbed the clear vial off the night stand where he had placed it earlier. "I'm going to use my fingers first," he said, "to stretch you. Let me know if I hurt you, all right?" Harry just nodded. Draco kissed his cheek. "It'll be okay," he said.
Draco spread Harry's legs and settled on his knees between them. He coated one of his fingers then poured a little on Harry. He ran a single finger down the crevice, stopping to massage the entrance. That caused Harry to suck in his breath.
"You okay?" Draco asked.
"Yeah," Harry whispered.
"I'm going to slip in one finger now," Draco said. "Try to stay relaxed."
Draco put a little more oil on his finger then eased the tip into Harry. Harry hissed and Draco stopped but didn't take his finger out. After a few seconds, Harry nodded and Draco eased his finger further in. He stopped for a moment when he got to the second knuckle then pushed it the rest of the way in. After a minute, he began to move the finger slowly in and out.
Draco pulled his finger out then, adding a little more oil, he crossed two fingers and slowly inserted them. Once they were inside, he uncrossed them and began to scissor them as he moved them in and out. After a few minutes, he repeated his actions and added a third finger. As he was moving them in and out, they moved over a small bump. That caused Harry to yelp and push

himself onto the fingers.
"What... what was that?" Harry asked, breathlessly.
"I think I found your prostate," Draco mused. "It's supposed to feel good."
"It did," Harry gasped.
"Almost ready," Draco said. "Just one more finger." Harry nodded, trying to get his breathing under control.
As Draco pushed in with the four fingers, he managed to hit that bump to make it easier on Harry. When Harry began pushing back, Draco knew it was time to complete it. He pulled his fingers out, causing Harry to moan.
"Easy, Harry," Draco smiled. "I think you're ready." He grabbed the oil and coated himself well. He pulled Harry to his knees. He had one hand on Harry's hip and the other holding his cock. He placed it at Harry's entrance. "I want you to take a deep breath," he said. "When I tell you, let it out and bear down."
"I'm ready," Harry said then took his breath.
"Now," Draco said and began to push.
Harry's breath whooshed out as he began to bear down. Suddenly, Draco made it through the first ring, causing Harry to give a small cry, and he stopped. Draco rubbed the small of his back.
"You okay?" the blond asked. "Does it hurt a lot?"
"Just a little," Harry managed to say. "Burns."
"Try and breathe slowly," Draco said, continuing to rub his back. "I won't move until you say it's all right."
It took a minute or two but Harry finally nodded for Draco to continue. Draco began to move again, slowly pushing forward. It took a few minutes but he was finally fully inside Harry. He paused, leaning over Harry's back and resting his forehead there. Both boys were covered with sweat and breathing harshly.
"Harry," Draco panted. "Can I move?"
"Please do," Harry panted back.
Draco sat up and began to slowly pull out then eased back in. Gradually, he began to pick up speed until his hips were slapping against Harry. Harry couldn't move himself because Draco had a tight hold on his hips. He did manage to move one of his hands and began to stroke himself. It didn't take long before both boys were screaming out their completion.
Harry collapsed on the bed and Draco followed him, catching himself on his arms so he didn't land on him. As soon as their breathing began to slow down, Draco eased himself out, causing Harry to hiss, then collapsed next to him. For a few minutes, neither of them spoke or moved. Finally, Harry managed to turn on his side.
"Are you okay?" Draco asked. He reached over and brushed Harry's sweat-soaked hair out of his eyes.
"I'm a little sore," Harry admitted. "How about you?"
"I'm okay," Draco said. He reached for his wand and quickly cleaned them both up. "So," he said. "Do you think we can do it again?"
"Probably," Harry shrugged. "I'm on top next time."
"If you insist." They both chuckled.
"I don't know about you, but I'm tired," Harry said. "Something tells me things are going to get very busy before long."
Draco nodded his agreement. They leaned in and gently kissed, then without moving away from

each other, they closed their eyes and drifted off to sleep.<p

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Chapter: 14

Disclaimers et al in part 1
Chapter 13 - Well, It Ain't Niagara Falls
"Bloody Hell!"
Those words and the thud that followed woke up the blond lying on the bed. Before anything else was said, Draco grabbed his wand as he sat up and pointed it in the direction the noise had come from. It took a minute but it finally dawned on him that he was alone in the bed.
"Po... Harry?" he called, lowering his wand.
"Down here."
Crawling over to the edge of the bed, Draco looked down. Harry was lying on the floor tangled in one of the blankets from the bed.
"Why are you on the floor?" Draco asked.
"Because when I woke up, I saw who I was in bed with, remembered everything that had happened yesterday, got mad, then fell out of bed when I got tangled in the blankets trying to get up," Harry replied, his voice getting louder as he talked.
"Oh," Draco said quietly.
Harry looked up and saw Draco's face. "I'm not mad at you," Harry assured him, "just the situation." He untangled himself and knelt by the bed.
"So am I," Draco agreed. "How are you feeling?"
"Sore," Harry admitted. "It's not too bad." He chuckled. "What book did you memorize?"
"The beginner's one," Draco shrugged. "I thought we could save 'The Joy of Gay Sex' for our anniversary."
"Very funny," Harry said. He got off the floor and sat on the edge of the bed. "So what do we do today?"
"Well, we're supposed to be on our 'honeymoon'," Draco said. "I guess that means we can do whatever we want. We should get dressed, eat then see what happens."
"Tomorrow is Christmas Eve," Harry said. "I'm sure we can find something to do."
After breakfast, there was plenty to do. They managed to find a small Christmas tree for their sitting room and decorated it, placing their presents under it. Once that was done, they headed down to the great hall to see what was going on there.
Most of the other students who were staying over for Christmas were in the hall. Some were playing games while others were reading, studying or amusing themselves in other ways. The first person Harry and Draco saw was Dumbledore.
"Good morning," the headmaster smiled, his eyes twinkling. "I'm surprised to see you both this early."
"I thought we'd let everyone know we both survived the night," Draco smirked.
"More or less intact," Harry added.
"So I see," Dumbledore chuckled. "Any plans for the day?"

"Not really, sir," Harry said. "We thought we'd see what happened turned up."
"Very well," Dumbledore said. "Mr. Malfoy..."
"Which one?" Draco asked. He nodded at Harry. "His last name is Malfoy as well."
"Actually, it's Potter-Malfoy," Dumbledore corrected. "As I was saying, Draco. Your father expressed his wish that you and your husband join him for Christmas."
"No," Harry said. "If your father wants to spend Christmas Day with us, he can do it here."
"You'd be safe at the Manor," Draco said.
"I understand that," Harry said, "but, right now, after everything that's happened, everything your has done, I don't feel quite like stepping into the spider's den. Maybe later, but not this soon."
"All right," Draco said. "I'm sure he wouldn't mind. We can have dinner in our quarters along with Uncle Severus and Aunt Moria."
"I told him as much," Dumbledore said. "He said he would be here at eleven. Dinner will be at one served in your quarters." He nodded to them then left them for his office. The teens watched him go.
"We are definitely being manipulated," Draco said. "I'm just not really sure by whom."
"Neither am I," Harry said. They headed into the great hall.
They spent the rest of the day either in the great hall with the other students or roaming the castle. They ate dinner with the others then retired to their quarters. They spent a couple of hours working on their studies before Harry finally slammed his book shut. Draco looked up at him.
"What's wrong?" Draco asked. "Aside from the obvious, I mean."
"You and I are sitting here like nothing out of the ordinary is happening," Harry said. "We need to be doing something... anything."
"I'm open to suggestions," Draco said. "Got any ideas?"
"Look for all we know, I'm pregnant," Harry said.
"You said that without stuttering," Draco smiled. "I'm proud of you."
"Smartass," Harry muttered then continued. "What I mean is we're going into this blind. We know absolutely about wizard pregnancies. We need to find out about that. Hell, we need to find out how to even tell if I'm pregnant. We're going to need a medi-wizard we can trust to help with this."
"With Uncle Severus making the potion, we're going to be parents," Draco said. "He doesn't make mistakes like that."
"Not accidentally, at least," Harry said.
"My father was probably holding something over his head as well," Draco said. "That's the only way he would have agreed to this."
"You're probably right on all counts," Harry mused. "He wouldn't have done it otherwise."
"We need to find out why my father was so insistent on this marriage and baby in the first place," Draco said, "but I don't think he'll tell us."
"We'll find a way, with his help or without it," Harry said. "Tomorrow, we need to go to the library and find some books on pregnancy, male pregnancy specifically."
"Aunt Moria will help us with whatever we need," Draco said. "Money won't be a problem, either. I'm sure Father will be willing to spend however much it takes to make sure everything is all right and we have everything we need or want. You're carrying the Malfoy heir, after all."
"Which is why he'll do anything to protect me," Harry said. His eyes grew wide. "At least until after the baby is born. After that, he'll have the heir and won't need me anymore."
"He won't hurt you," Draco promised. He reached across the table and grabbed Harry's hand. "I'll

make sure of that. Malfoy's are very protective of their spouses and don't take lightly to them being threatened, even from other members of their family." Harry gave him a small smile.
"Thanks," Harry said quietly. "Look. There's more going on here than either of us know about. The two main players in this little game are Lucius and Dumbledore and neither of them are going to willing to share what they know with us."
"We need allies," Draco said, "and I know the perfect people."
"Uncle Severus and Aunt Moria," Harry said. "Do you think they will help?"
"If we approach them the right way, I'm sure they will," Draco said. "Uncle Severus doesn't like being manipulated and Aunt Moria has been against this since she found out. They'll help if just to make sure we're safe."
"Once we find out if I'm pregnant, I'm owling Sirius and Remus," Harry said. "Once they find out about this..."
"And we convince them not to kill my father or Dumbledore," Draco interjected.
"They'll help us as well," Harry finished. "You know, once people find out about this, things are going to really weird."
"Harry, this entire situation is weird," Draco said.
"All right, weirder," Harry said. "Like my life can get any weirder."
"Obviously, it can," Draco said. "I mean, we're married and you're pregnant."
"Like I could forget that," Harry said. He wiggled in his seat. "Especially after last night."
"You had fun."
"So did you."
There was a moment of silence then they both started laughing. It got stronger and louder until both of them were almost falling out of their chairs. After a while, it died down and they looked at each other.
"You know, this could only happen to us," Draco said.
"You know, I wish it would happen to someone else for a change," Harry said. He yawned. "I don't know about you but I'm tired. Why don't we leave all of this until after Christmas? We can still visit the library tomorrow but I don't think there's much we can do until after Christmas."
"You're probably right," Draco agreed. "We'll make it through the hols then start making plans, we start taking back our own lives." They nodded to each other then got up and headed for the bedroom.
After showering and getting ready for bed, they sat on opposite sides of the bed. Finally, with a collective sigh, they pulled back the covers and climbed into the bed.
"We've had sex," Draco said.
"We should be able to sleep in the same bed," Harry said.
"Friends that have sex," Draco said.
"A united front," Harry said. Silence. "So, Draco, do you like to cuddle?"
With a smile, Draco reached out and pulled Harry next to him.<p

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Chapter: 15

Sorry this took so long. Real Life is a bitch and not a very happy one either. After this chapter, the story should pick up. School will be back in session and the world as most people know it is about to be turned on its ear.
Thanks again to all my reviewers.
Disclaimers et al in Part 1
Chapter 14 - The World is Full of Grey
There was no one in the library when Harry and Draco arrived the next morning. Even Madame Pince was taking time off. They stood inside the doors looking around.
"So where do we start?" Harry asked.
"I'm not sure," Draco said. "Let's try the biology section." They headed in that direction.
Twenty minutes later, they had found nothing... well, not actually nothing, just nothing on pregnant wizards. They started walking up and down the aisles to see if they could find the books they were looking for.
"Yes!" Draco exclaimed.
"Find something?" Harry asked as he hurried over to the blond.
"I found several books," Draco said. He held several of them up. "'What to Expect when You're Expecting (and a Wizard)', 'Yes, You Are Pregnant', 'Charms and Potions for the Pregnant Wizard', and 'Wizard and Child from Conception to Graduation'. There's more but I think these will do for starters."
"Let's see which one has how to tell if I'm pregnant," Harry said. They sat down at one of the tables and each one opened a book.
"Listen to this," Draco said after a while. "'A pregnant wizard suffers from the same pregnancy related problems as a pregnant witch but they start sooner and can be more intense due to the influx of female hormones associated with pregnancy since a wizard does not normally produce these hormones'."
"What problems?" Harry asked. "Does it say what problems?"
"Oh, the usual," Draco smirked. "Morning sickness, water retention, sensitive nipples, blotchy skin, emotional wreck." He looked at Harry. "Are you sure you want to go through with this?"
"Wasn't my idea, remember?" Harry scowled Draco just shrugged. "Does it say how to tell if I'm pregnant?"
Draco turned a few more pages. "It says there's a spell," he answered, "but you have to wait at least a week from the date of... conception to use it."
"So it'll be right before New Year's Day," Harry said. "What a way to celebrate."
"It also means you'll be pregnant through the summer and after our seventh year starts," Draco said.
"So along with everything else, your father has lousy timing," Harry said.
"Looks like it," Draco said. "Let's take these back to our rooms."
After stopping by the kitchen and asking Dobby to bring them lunch, Harry and Draco headed for their suite. They didn't run into anyone, luckily, so no need to explain why they were together.
"Will your aunt cast the spell?" Harry asked as they entered the room and the portrait closed behind them.
"I'm sure she would," Draco said. "Merlin knows what she plans to do to the nursery. And you know she'll have to pick out the nanny."
"What nanny?" Harry asked.

"The baby's nanny," Draco said matter-of-factly.
"What do we need a nanny for?" Harry asked.
"Harry, someone has to look after the baby while we're in school and after school when we're at work," Draco said.
"I don't want some nanny raising my... our child," Harry said. "I grew up without parents. I won't do that to a child of mine."
"That's up to you," Draco shrugged. "I'm sure if you tell Aunt Moria what kind of nanny you want, she can find a perfect one. Oh, and a tutor as well. Some of the best ones have waiting lists." Harry was staring at Draco. "I keep forgetting you grew up in the muggle world."
"Ah, the life of the idle rich," Harry sighed heavily.
"Don't laugh," Draco smirked. "From what Father says, the Potters were quite well off."
"The family is if the vaults are anything to go by," Harry said.
"How many?" Draco asked.
"Ten last count," Harry shrugged, "but I've gotten hints from Dumbledore and Gringotts there's more. There's my vault, Mom and Dad's personal vaults, five family vaults and two business vaults."
"Have you seen inside any of them yet?"
"Not yet," Harry said. "I don't have access to most of them until I'm seventeen. I couldn't tell the people I was living with about them. If they knew I had money, they would have done anything to get their hands on it."
They turned as they heard a sound in the kitchen. When they walked in, they saw Dobby setting a tray full of food on the counter. There was almost enough food for a feast.
"Mr. Harry Potter, Dobby be bringing lunch for Harry Potter," Dobby said.
"Thanks, Dobby," Harry said. "Just leave it on the table."
"Does Mr. Harry Potter be needing anything else from Dobby?" the house elf asked. Just then, he saw Draco standing near Harry and gasped. "Mr. Harry Potter is being all right?" Dobby asked, eyeing Draco warily.
"I'm fine," Harry assured the elf. "Draco lives here as well. He won't hurt me." Dobby wasn't sure about that but said nothing.
"I promise I won't hurt Harry," Draco said. Dobby looked at him then, nodding finally, disappeared.
"That is one weird elf," Draco said.
"You should have seen your father's face when I tricked him into freeing Dobby," Harry grinned. "It wasn't a pretty sight."
"Not pleased?"
"He would have cursed me, maybe worse, if Draco hadn't sent him flying down the corridor," Harry said. "He landed on his back about halfway down then slid for a few more feet. Needless to say, he wasn't happy when he got up and left. He said my parents were meddlesome fool and I would meet the same sticky end."
"Father does have such a flair for the dramatic," Draco said. "Let's eat then study for a while. Tomorrow's Christmas and I refuse to open a book all day." They grabbed their books then sat down to eat.
It had snowed sometime during the night so Christmas morning, the school grounds looked a muggle Christmas card. Harry was the first to wake up. Climbing out of bed, he pulled one his robe as he walked over to the window and looked out. The pure white gave everything an

innocent look. Harry knew, however, what was hidden under the snow and that it could reappear as fast as snow melts on a sunny day. With a sigh, he turned and headed for the bathroom to get ready.

When Harry came out of the bathroom, wearing nothing but a towel, Draco was just waking up. Harry watched in amusement as the blond almost fell out of bed trying to get out from under the covers. His chuckles got him a glare from his husband.

"I'm glad you think is bloody hilarious," Draco growled.

"As if you wouldn't be laughing your ass off if it was me," Harry retorted, raising an eyebrow.

"That's different," Draco said. He finally managed to untangle himself.

"Right," Harry drawled. "When are Moria and your father going to be here?"

"Noon and the Christmas feast is at one," Draco said. "We open our presents after the feast with tea at six. What time is it?"

"A little after eight," Harry said. "Dumbledore said there would be a small breakfast in the great hall at eight-thirty."

It was then that Draco really looked at Harry and saw what he was wearing, or rather, what he wasn't wearing. He turned a bright pink as he struggled to pull his eyes away. He scrambled out of the bed and headed for the bathroom, mumbling something about taking a shower, a cold shower. Harry watched him, shaking his head then turned to get dressed.

Breakfast was a happy affair. Joyous sounds came from most everyone gathered there, the notable exception being Severus. He did, however, contain his usual sneer and smirk. There would be plenty of time for that after the holidays. Most of the children had already opened their presents and were sharing their bounty with each other. The food was simple, saving room for the very large feast that would be laid out for lunch.

Harry and Draco were sitting toward one end of the table near the professors. Professor McGonagal was sitting next to Harry and she noticed a definite lack of hostility between the two teens.

"You and Mr. Malfoy seem to be getting along," she remarked to the young man.

"I guess we are," Harry shrugged. It would take a little bit of... not lying but misdirection to keep his head of house from finding out what was really going on. He lowered his voice. "He's been dropping hints about how he doesn't want to follow in his father's footsteps," he said. That wasn't entirely untrue. "I thought if he and I could come to some sort of understanding, it might help him decide in our favor."

"Just be careful," McGonagal warned.

"I will be," Harry assured her. "Professor Dumbledore and I have spoken. He knows what I'm doing." Not exactly a lie, either. The professor nodded.

"If he's sincere, he would be quite an asset," she said. She sighed. "And I am tired of losing children to that madman."

"It'll be over soon," Harry said.

"You're growing into quite a young man," she said, giving him a smile.

"Thank you," he said, quietly, "for everything." With that, they returned to their breakfast.

After breakfast, Harry and Draco spent some time with the other students. The younger ones were anxious to show the older boys what they had received for Christmas. Even the ones without family received plenty of presents. Dumbledore and the professors made sure of that.

It was a little after eleven when Harry and Draco made their way to their way to their suite. Moria and Lucius would meet them there before the feast. After that, they, along with Severus

would return to the rooms to open the very large stack of presents that surround their tree.
Harry was putting away the last of their books when, precisely at noon, there was a knock on the portrait. Draco opened it and admitted his father and aunt. Moria hugged both boys as she walked into the room.
"Happy Christmas," she smiled.
"Happy Christmas," the boys echoed.
"Draco, Harry," Lucius said with a small nod.
"Happy Christmas, Father," Draco said.
"Mr. Malfoy," Harry said, returning the older man's nod.
"I think you can call me Lucius," the man said. "You are, after all, my son-in-law."
"All right," Harry shrugged, not giving in to urge to tell the man exactly what he thought of his father-in-law. Draco noticed this and gave him a small smile.
"So how are things going with you both?" Moria asked.
"All right," Draco said as he motioned to the adults to sit on the couch. They sat down while Draco and Harry took seats across from them. "No one has said anything so it's safe to assume it's still a secret."
"Although after school starts again, I don't know how long that will last," Harry said. "Once everyone realizes we're not in the dorms, they're going to start asking questions. They may not guess about the bonding but they'll find out we're living together and will want to know why."
"Then I suggest you start working on a story to tell them," Lucius said.
"Whatever story we tell won't matter much if Harry is pregnant," Draco said.
"If?" Lucius asked.
"There's still a few days before any pregnancy test spell can be done," Moria smiled. "although I do have faith in Severus' potion making abilities."
"He'll be pleased to hear that," Draco smirked. He sobered. "What I mean is once Harry starts to show, it won't matter what story we tell. People are going to demand to know what's going on with The Boy Who Lived."
"And, for some reason, none of your business doesn't seem to be an acceptable answer," Harry said. He glared pointedly at Lucius. "For some reason, all sorts of people think they have some say in my life, that they can muck around with it however it pleases them and to hell with what I might want."
"For good or ill, The Boy Who Lived belongs to the wizarding world," Lucius said.
"But Harry does not," Moria said. "Unfortunately, until the battle is decided, one way or the other, your life is not your own." Harry scowled. "I don't say this to upset you, Harry," she stated, "but to prepare you. As you know, people expect certain things from you. Being married to Draco and having his child are not among those things. There will be repercussions and you should be prepared for them."
"You think I don't know that?" Harry hissed. "My second year, people found out I'm a parselmouth. From then on, I was the Heir of Slytherin and the next Dark Lord. My third year I had to deal with the fallout of having an accused murderer and Azkaban escapee for a godfather, who everyone thought was out to kill me. And let's not forget his best friend who just happened to be a werewolf. My fourth year, Moody who wasn't Moody, entered my name in the tri-wizard tournament. I lost quite a few friends over that. Thanks to Crouch, a boy was murdered and Voldemort is back. People don't want to believe that. They'd rather believe I had something to due with Cedric's death, that I'm mentally unstable. It's easier to believe that then believe their

worst nightmare has returned. We won't even discuss last year when I almost lost the one person who means more than anything to me. At least people now believe me, even if they still consider me slightly mental."
He stopped and took a deep breath to calm himself before continuing. "This marriage was just the last in a long list of things that aren't under my control," he said, quietly. "My life will never be my own, no matter what happens in the future. I've accepted that, for the most part, but that doesn't mean I like it."
For a long time, no one said a word. Draco finally broke the silence. "You know, you really learn not to keep your feelings hidden," he said, doing his best not to smile. "You should tell us how you really feel." That got a chuckle out of the adults and a sheepish grin from Harry.
"Sorry about that," the dark haired teen apologized. "I didn't mean to spoil the day,"
Lucius waved away the apology. "It is no crime to say what you feel," he said, "at least not among family. Hiding them from others, however, is a necessity. It gives them too much power over you."
"Even you?" Harry asked.
"You are family," Lucius said. "I am a manipulative bastard, to be sure, but I shall try to refrain from interfering with you and Draco for the time being."
"And they say women are the emotional ones," Moria drawled. "It's almost time for the feast. Why don't we head for the great hall?"
The feast was wonderful. Turkey and goose and all their trimmings filled the table. People were surprised to see Lucius Malfoy in attendance, especially when he walked in with not only Draco but Harry as well, but no one said anything. Dumbledore's speech was thankfully quite short and everyone began eating.
The moon was high in the sky as Harry sat on the window seat. It had been a long day and, although nothing really bad had happened, he was glad it was over. He and Draco had received quite a number of presents. Harry had even received one from Severus, which had surprised him. From the look on the potions master's face, the book he'd received from Harry was just as much a surprise to him.
He rubbed his stomach. Moria would return in two days to perform the pregnancy test, although he knew she didn't need to do it. He knew he was pregnant and had for the past twenty-four hours. He hadn't said anything to Draco about it. He didn't think the other boy would believe him.
There was a life growing inside him, a son or daughter. A son or daughter that belonged to him and Draco. A grandchild for Lucius Malfoy that the man was so anxious for him to have, for whatever reasons he had. That caused a smile to cross Harry's face. Whatever plans Lucius had, they had only a fifty fifty chance of succeeding, he was sure of that. There were too many variables for the man to account for, two of which were Sirius and Remus. Harry decided he would write to them right after school resumed. He was sure that Dumbledore wouldn't mind if they came to visit for a while.
"Harry."
Harry turned around and saw Draco standing there. It was obvious that he had just woken up and came looking for Harry.
"You should be asleep," Harry said.
"So should you," Draco said. "I woke up when I reached for you and you weren't there."
"Sorry," Harry said. "I just had a lot of thinking to do."

"I've decided something," Draco said, sitting on the seat next to Harry.
"Oh?" Harry asked. "What would that be?"
"After we graduate, we're moving away," Draco said.
"And where would we go?"
"I haven't really decided," Draco said. "Out of Britain, for sure. Maybe the continent. We could go to the Far East or maybe even America. Once we're gone, we'll be away from everyone that wants to have a say in our lives."
"It's a nice dream," Harry chuckled.
"I know," Draco sighed. He reached out and pulled Harry to him, wrapping his arms around the other teen. "It'll be a long time before we have any say in our lives. Something tells me even when we're as old as Dumbledore, someone will want to tell us what to do."
For a long time, they sat there watching the moon, neither boy saying a word.<p

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Chapter: 16

Disclaimers et al in part 1
Chapter 15 - A Snowball Starts Rolling Downhill
"Harry, are you okay?" Moria asked.
"Yeah," Harry said, quietly. He slowly sat down on the couch behind him. "It's just so... real."
"But I thought you said you already knew," Draco asked, confused.
"I did, but there's a difference between knowing and really knowing," Harry said. It didn't make sense to Draco but he wasn't going to argue.
"Are you going to use Madame Pomfrey for your prenatal care?" Moria asked.
"Do I have a choice?" Harry asked.
"You can find another one if you like," Moria said, "but there's a risk that someone will find out."
"There's always a risk," Harry said.
"One of the books we read said to use the concealment charms sparingly," Draco said. "It said the continued use of magic could be unhealthy for the baby. Something about not letting its own magic develop like it should. It was how we planned on hiding the pregnancy."
"You're going to have to tell your professors as well," Moria informed Harry.
"No!" Harry exclaimed. "We can't tell them!"
"Harry, what would happen if you got hit by a stray hex in Defense?" Moria asked, quietly, "or one of Hagrid's creatures went after you?"
"Okay," Harry sighed. "I'm going to have to write Sirius as well." He looked at Draco. "So much for keeping it a secret."
"In a way, this is good," Draco said. Harry and Moria just looked at him. "The more people who know, the less my father will be able to away with."
"Good point," Harry said. "I still haven't decided what to tell everyone, though."
"Well, you could tell them we got drunk one night and I took advantage of you," Draco said with a smile. "When we found out you were pregnant, Dumbledore and my father forced us to get married. It's not too far from the truth."

"Too many people would believe it," Harry said with a frown.
"I don't mind," Draco shrugged. "What do I care if they see only what they want to see?"
"But you're not like that," Harry protested, "at least, not any more."
"We all have roles we have to play," Draco said.
"Changing the subject," Moria smiled. "When do you want to start decorating the nursery?"
Draco groaned while Harry fell over on the couch.
"So the potion worked," Severus said later that afternoon. Moria had gone to his chambers after having lunch with the two teens.
"Don't sound so surprised," Moria told him. "You knew it would."
"Well, one always likes to hear the results of one's hard work," he sniffed. She wasn't fooled.
"You have every right to be proud of your work," she said. "More than one company would love to have you in their research department. You know that."
"Believe it or not, I like teaching," he confessed. "I just wish..." His voice trailed off.
"One day, all the masks will come off," she said. "One way or another."
"From your mouth to the gods' ears," he said. He took her hand. "Any plans for New Year's Eve?"
"Lucius is going to a party with some... 'business associates'," she said. "Knowing my brother like I do, it will probably turn into a bacchanal. I, on the other hand, have no plans."
"Would you like to spend them with me, Ms. Malfoy?"
"I would be honored, Professor Snape."
"We need to tell Dumbledore," Draco said.
"Can't it wait until tomorrow?" Harry moaned. "I just know the minute we tell him, that damn twinkle in his eyes is going to take up his entire face."
"I thought I was the only one that twinkle annoyed."
"I'm pretty sure he's annoyed everyone with it at least once," Harry said. "We've tell him after breakfast tomorrow and then we can talk to Madame Pomfrey while he informs the rest of the professors. Right after that, I need to write Sirius and Remus."
"Any idea what you're going to tell them?" Draco asked.
"The drunken night of passion is sounding damn good," Harry sighed. "It doesn't matter what I tell them. The minute Sirius hears about it, he'll show up here."
"Are you going to tell him the truth?" Draco asked.
"I like him out of Azkaban, thanks," Harry said, "which is where he'd land if we did because he'd try to kill your father."
"You're assuming Father lets him get that close," Draco pointed out.
"There is that." There was a moment of silence. "This is going to be bad, isn't it? Really bad."
"Yeah, it is."
The meeting with Dumbledore the next morning didn't last very long. Harry told the headmaster that he and Draco needed to speak to him after breakfast. When everyone was through, they walked silently back to his office.
"Do you already know or do we actually have to say it out loud?" Draco asked the headmaster moved to sit behind his desk. The two boys sat across from him.
"Say what, Mr. Malfoy?" Dumbledore asked. There was that damn twinkle.
"The potion worked," Harry said, forestalling any other discussion. "I'm pregnant."
"I see," Dumbledore said. "Have you decided whom you are going to tell and what you are going to tell them?"

"At first, we thought about not telling anyone," Draco said. "Unfortunately, that isn't a choice. We won't be able to use a concealment charm like we thought so once Harry starts to show, we're going to have to tell them what's going on. As for what happened, a story about too much smuggled in firewhiskey seems to be the best way to go. That and the fact you made us get married."
"Would I do that?" Dumbledore asked.
"In a heartbeat," Draco answered. Harry just looked at the old man.
"I guess I had my reasons for doing so," Dumbledore said. "I suggest you let anyone who knows the true story know what you intend to tell people."
"We will," Harry said.
"You best be off to see Madame Pomfrey now," Dumbledore said. "She's be most displeased if you don't start letting her take care of you from the beginning." The two nodded and left the office, both wondering how the man knew they were going to use Hogwart's Medi-witch.
After they had left, Dumbledore sent a note to all the teachers telling them there would be an important meeting in the staff room after lunch that afternoon. After that, he sat back in his chair, musing about this current events.
"Lucius, it has begun," he said, quietly. "Merlin help you if you harm either of them or their child."
Madame Pomfrey walked out of her office just as Harry and Draco walked into the infirmary. She frowned when she saw both boys. The only time they usually showed up in the infirmary together was when they had been hexing each other.
"Well, what have the two of you been up to to bring you here this early?" she asked. The boys looked at each other then Harry mumbled something she didn't understand.
"Excuse me, Mr. Potter?" she asked.
"I said I'm pregnant," Harry said again.
"I see," she said. "What makes you think you're pregnant?"
"I did a pregnancy spell," Draco said. "It was positive."
"And why were you the one doing the spell, Mr. Malfoy?" she asked, looking at the other boy.
"Because I'm the father, the other father," he told her.
"Did you curse him?" she asked.
"No!" Harry exclaimed. He calmed down. "I mean, it wasn't anything he did... at least not by himself. I mean, it's both our faults."
"What he's trying to say is that we got drunk one night and ended up in bed together," Draco said.
"Haven't either of you heard of contraceptive spells or potions?" she asked then sighed. "No matter. What's done is done. Just how far along are you?"
"Two weeks," Harry said. He didn't think it would hurt to fudge on that a little.
"I see you've done the honorable thing," she said, noticing the bracelets.
"Father insisted and Dumbledore agreed," Draco said. "Father said something about a Malfoy heir having to be legitimate."
"Well, let's have a look at you," she said. "Remove everything but your undergarments and lie down on the bed."
Harry blushed bright red as he followed her instructions. Once he was on the bed, she walked up and ran her wand over him several time then checked the chart at the end of the bed where the results appeared.

"Is everything all right?" Harry asked.
"For the most part," she said. "You're a little underweight and being a teenager doesn't help anything either. You'll have to be extra careful to make sure everything goes as it should."
"And the baby?" Draco asked.
"At this stage, it's too early to get anything except general readings but those appear to be normal," Pomfrey said. "It'll be a few more weeks before we can tell anything definite. Get dressed while I get some information for you out of my office." She turned and walked away as Harry sat up.
"That wasn't so bad," Draco said.
"Says the one that wasn't laying in the bed nearly starkers," Harry muttered. He grabbed his clothes and began dressing. He finished just as the medi-witch returned.
"Here's a list of do's and don'ts," she said, handing him several pieces of parchment. "There's a list of symptoms that, if you experience, I want you to come and see me immediately. There's also a list of foods you should avoid and ones you should each more often. There's one other thing. Sex is all right for the time being but if it becomes uncomfortable or a danger to the baby, you stop at once. There's other things we'll need to discuss but they can wait. I will see you again in two weeks."
"Yes, ma'am," the boys said in unison. They turned and hurried out of the infirmary.
"Do you think she believed us?" Draco asked when they were well away from that part of the castle.
"It doesn't matter," Harry said. "The only person she'll say anything to is Dumbledore and he'll misdirect her if he needs to."
"At least we're not the ones who has to tell the professors," Draco said. "We might want to avoid them for the next few days."
"I think you're right about that," Harry said.
"Come on," Draco said. "Let's call Aunt Moria and see if she'll take us to Hogsmead."
Moria agreed, saying she would pick them up and they could have lunch at the Three Broomsticks then do some shopping. The boys decided to pass the time by going over the lists that Madame Pomfrey gave them.
"Oh, no," Harry moaned. He was reading the do's and don'ts list while Draco looked over the food list.
"What?" Draco asked.
"No more flying," Harry said. "I'll have to give up quidditch."
"I hadn't thought of that," Draco said. "It makes sense, though."
"What?"
"What if you fall off your broom or get hit with a bludger?" Draco asked. "It could kill the baby."
"I know, I know," Harry sighed, "but that doesn't mean I have to like it."
"No, you just have to do it," Draco said. Harry stuck his tongue out at the other boy, making the blond laugh. "Come on. Let's get ready to leave."
They met Moria at the front entrance and set off for town. As they walked, they told Moria about the story they'd concocted and the visit to the medi-witch. She asked them a few questions about what Madame Pomfrey had said. They promised to show her the lists they had received.
After lunch, they went strolling down the streets of the town. There was the required stops at Honeydukes and Zonko's. Moria indulged them at the candy shop but quickly ushered them out of the joke shop. She was muttering something about not wanting to get herself in trouble much

less the boys.
They were passing by clothing shop when a display in the window caught Harry's eye and they stopped. There was a set of baby wizarding robes. The robe itself was dark blue. There was a matching cloak the same color but covered with silver and gold stars. The set also included a hat, socks and booties. As he looked at them, his hand went to his stomach.
"Is something wrong, Harry?" Draco asked. He and Moria noticed the lone tear that ran down the other boy's face.
"Damn them," Harry said. "Damn them all to hell!" With that he turned and started running down the street.
"Harry, wait!" Draco called as he and Moria hurried after him.
They caught up with him just outside of town, Draco first then Moria a minute or two later. Harry sat on an overturned tree trunk while Moria sat next to him and Draco leaned against a tree.
"Damn who?" Draco asked when he'd gotten his breath back.
"Your father for forcing this on me," Harry said, practically screaming. "I'm sixteen. Sixteen. I'm supposed to be worrying about the next quidditch match, not whether or not my baby is going to be all right. Damn Dumbledore for not finding a why out of this. He could have done it, I know it. He could have found a place to hide Sirius and Remus where no one could have found them. Damn Snape for being so good at his job. Damn Voldemort for making me the Boy-Who-Lived. Damn the wizarding world for making me take care of problem they can't or won't do themselves." He fell silent.
"And me?" Draco asked after a while. "Do you include me in that list. I mean, I am the one you're married to and the one who got you pregnant."
"Not your fault," Harry said. He looked at Moria. "Yours either." She took his hand and squeezed it.
"Do you feel better?" the woman asked, handing Harry a handkerchief.
"Sorry about that," Harry muttered. He wiped his face. "I shouldn't have yelled at you. I mean, neither of you caused it."
"We were handy, I suppose," Draco shrugged. "Personally, I'd like to yell about it myself."
"You have permission to yell at me any time you like," Moria said.
"Thanks," Harry chuckled.
"Harry, listen to me, both of you listen," Moria said. "Your life was full of highs and lows before this. The marriage and especially the baby is just going to increase that. I just want you to remember that if you ever need me for anything, even if it's just to talk, all you have to is call me or owl me and I'll be there. Everyone else may have their own agendas but my only one is you two and this baby. Remember that, okay?" Both boys nodded.
"Good," she smiled. "Let's finish shopping. I'll even buy you that baby set you were looking at."
They got up and headed back into town.
What no one noticed was the beetle that had crawled up the tree trunk just in time to hear the last part of the conversation.
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Chapter: 17

Geez, everyone thinks I'm evil just because of the last line of the last chapter. smirk Know what? I am.
This chapter is dedicated to Lady Lightning, my 100th reviewer.
See after chapter for review responses.
Disclaimers et al in part 1
Chapter 16 - The Defecation Collides with the Aeration Device
While Harry was being upset in Hogsmead, Albus gathered the teachers together in the staff room. He waited until he had everyone's attention then stood up, looked at everyone and began to speak.
"Not long ago, two of our students, Mr. Potter and Mr. Malfoy, decided to bury the hatchet, as it were," he said.
"Probably in each other's back," someone muttered.
"Unfortunately, they decided to do it over a purloined bottle of fire whiskey," Albus continued. "Because of that, they have found themselves in quite a situation."
"You don't mean..." Flitwick started.
"Which one is it?" Minerva asked with a sigh.
"Mr. Potter is the one who is pregnant," Albus said. He waited for the moaning and groaning to die down. "Of course, I had no choice but to inform Mr. Malfoy's father of the situation since he did admit to being the baby's father. Once Lucius arrived, he insisted that the two become bonded. After all, as he pointed out, Harry is carrying the next Malfoy heir. Once they were bonded, Lucius gave me a wizard's oath that he would not cause Harry any harm while he is pregnant or allow anyone else to harm him."
"And you believed him?" Hooch asked.
"Lucius is many things," Albus said, "but he would never break a wizard's oath. Because of this certain measures must be taken. "No flying, no quidditch," Minerva groaned, "no dueling. Certain potions will be off limits due to their effects on the developing fetus. Severus, I'm sure you know which ones they are."
"Indeed, Albus," Severus said. "I will make... alternate arrangements for Mr. Potter."
"Where are the 'happy couple' staying?" Sinistra asked.
"They have their own suite of rooms near the staff area," Albus said. "They will also be staying here during the summer holidays since Harry refuses to live at Malfoy Manor. Add to that, the child is not due until after they begin their seventh year."
"Who all knows about this?" Minerva asked.
"Aside from us, just Lucius and Moria Malfoy," Albus said. "Until such time as Harry and Draco decide to tell anyone one it will remain that way. It is their choice as to when it is made public."
There was a few minutes more discussion before the teachers filed out. Soon Albus and Severus were the only ones left.
"Nice story," Severus smirked. "I almost believed it myself."
"Actually, young Mr. Malfoy came up with the story," the headmaster said.
"Do you think people will believe it?" the potions master asked.
"Severus, my boy, it has been my experience, that some people will believe anything you tell them and others won't believe anything you tell them," the elder man said. He paused for a

moment. "You and both know there is more here than Lucius is telling anyone."
"And just what can we do about it?" Severus asked.
"Unfortunately, at the moment, there is nothing we can do," Albus said. "Lucius would follow through on his threats and, while you don't care for Sirius, even you wouldn't want him to be sent to Azkaban for something he didn't do." Severus just glared at him. Albus finally shook his head. "Just let me know if you discover anything."
"I always do," Severus said.
"Are you sure about this?" the man asked.
"Very sure," the woman said. "I overheard them talking."
"Rita, you know something like this could be, hell, is explosive," he said, "but there's a couple of problems."
"Such as?" Rita asked.
"You have no proof," he said. "While I know this has never stopped you before," Rita glared at him, "the owners are taking a hard line, especially with Harry Potter. And with the Malfoys involved, you had better be able to back up whatever you like."
"Right," she said. "Get proof."
"Shouldn't be too hard for someone like you," he said. "The second one is that little geis that friend of Potter's put under a couple of years ago. You can't write anything about Potter."
"I can't write anything that isn't the truth," she said. "As long as I write the truth, or what I believe is the truth, there won't be a problem."
"Are you sure you want to do this?" he asked. "If you do, let me warn you. If something goes wrong, it'll be you the owners will let be crucified. True or not, they won't take the heat for it and you'll be on your own."
"Hey, as long as I have proof and tell the truth, there's nothing anyone can do," Rita smiled. "They can't touch me."
"Hey, Paddy," Remus said as he walked into the kitchen. "You just got an owl from Harry."
Sirius' eyes grew wide and he smiled as Remus handed him the letter. He tore open the letter and looked at it.
"It's to both of us," Sirius said.
"So what does our favorite godson have to say?" Remus asked.
"Dear Siri and Rhemy,
I hope your Christmas was good. Thank you for all the presents you got me. I really enjoyed them. Christmas was good here as well. Professor Dumbledore made sure everyone stayed busy and the ones without parents had gifts under the tree as well.
Before you read the rest of this letter I need for both of you to be sitting down. I have a couple of things to tell you and I don't think... no, I know you're not going to like it. I just hope by the time I finish, you won't hate me.
Yes, I know I'm stalling but this isn't easy to say or write.
Siri, I'm pregnant. Yes, you read that right. I'm pregnant. And the father is Draco Malfoy. I know there was no easy way to say it.
As to what happened, he didn't hex me or force me or anything like that. One night, we decided to talk. I knew where there was a bottle of Ogden's so we started talking and drinking. He was just as drunk as I was. One thing led to another... Now I understand why everyone says we're too young to drink.
When we found out I was pregnant, we told Professor Dumbledore and he informed Draco's

father. This leads me to the second thing I have to tell you. Because of that, Draco and I are now bonded. Mr. Malfoy said something about wishing it had been a proper Slytherin but since it would be an heir to the Malfoy estate, it was only proper that it be a legitimate heir. He gave Professor Dumbledore a wizard's oath that he wouldn't hurt me or the baby and he believes him. Draco and I have our own suite at Hogwarts and will be living here until after the baby's born which should be some time in September. The only other people who know about this are the professors.
Please write me back and tell me you don't hate me. I couldn't stand it if you did.
Harry
(now Harry Potter-Malfoy)"
Neither man said anything for the longest time. Remus looked at his friend. He had a strange look on his face.
"Sirius, are you okay?" he asked.
"What? Oh, sorry," Sirius said. "I was just thinking."
"About what?" Remus asked.
"About how many ways I can kill Lucius Malfoy," Sirius said. "Getting drunk and ending up in bed with someone you hate, I can understand. Merlin knows it's happened to me before. I can even understand the pregnant part... sort of. But why in nine hells would Lucius Malfoy force them to get married. All it would take for the baby to be an heir would be for Draco to acknowledge it as such. There was no need for the bonding."
"Well, in a way, this insures Harry's baby will be the heir," Remus said. "Should there be any other... Malfoy progeny running around out there, this would make sure this baby's claim would come first."
"You know, you're taking this more calmly than I thought you would," Remus said. "I thought you would be screaming your head off."
"Oh, I fully intend to but I'm going to do it in person," Sirius said. "Come on. We need to pack." He got up and headed for the bedroom.
"Do I even need to ask where we're going?" Remus asked as he followed.
"To see my godson and his husband."
Harry and Draco were just coming out of the great hall when the entrance doors flew open and Snuffles stormed in followed by Remus at a more sedate pace. The dog ran up to Harry and started barking. Harry looked at Remus as the man joined them.
"I take it you got my letter, huh," Harry said. He spoke a little louder than normal to be heard over the barking.
"Oh, yeah," Remus said. "Snuffles, quiet." The barking stopped.
"Bad?" Harry asked.
"Could've been worse," Remus shrugged. Snuffles started barking again. "Could've been better."
"Ah, Remus," a voice said. Albus walked up to them. "So good to see you again. And I see you've brought Snuffles with you."
"As if I could have left him behind," Remus said.
"I'm sure," Albus smiled. "Harry, why don't you and Draco take Remus and Snuffles and show them your quarters. I'm sure they'd love to see them. I'll be in my office if you need me." He turned and headed in the opposite direction.
Sirius changed back as soon they were inside. "Harry James Potter, what the bloody hell is going on?" he asked.

"Just what I told you in the letter," Harry said. "I'm pregnant and we're married."
"Hasn't anyone taught you about contraceptive spells or potions?" Sirius asked.
"Well, it's not like we planned to have sex," Harry said. "We didn't think..."
"You bloody well didn't," Sirius growled.
"Sirius, stop now," Remus said when it looked like Harry was about to cry. "That's enough." He walked over and sat next to the black-haired boy and slipped his arm around him. "What's done is done and yelling about it won't change anything."
"Sorry," Harry said, wiping his eyes. "The hormones have started already."
"It's all right," Remus said, rubbing Harry's back.
"I'm sorry as well," Sirius said. He looked at Draco. "Why don't you tell me what happened?"
"Not much more than what Harry told you in the letter," Draco said with a shrug. "We got tired of fighting with each other. I mean, there are bigger things going on that who's the biggest and baddest in the castle. We decided to see if we could come to a truce of some sort."
"And you decided to do this with a bottle of fire whiskey," Remus said.
"It seemed like a good idea at the time," Harry shrugged.
"By the time we agreed not to fight any more, we were both drunk," Draco continued. "Anything after that is pretty much a blur. We wouldn't even have known we had sex if there hadn't seen the evidence. Please don't ask what it was. You know everything else."
"And the bonding?" Sirius asked.
"My father's idea," Draco said. "He kept on about the baby being legitimate." He looked at Harry. "I would have never denied a child of mine and Harry knows that."
Sirius rubbed his face. "So what happens now?" he asked.
"Nothing really out of the ordinary," Harry said. "I go to classes, spend the summer here then have a baby in September."
"Not too out of the ordinary," Remus said, shaking his head.
"Sirius, are we... do you hate me?" Harry asked, quietly.
"Ah, Harry," Sirius said, kneeling down in front of him. "I could never hate you. I am a little disappointed but I don't hate you."
"And you'll be staying for a while?" Harry asked.
"I think we can manage a few days," Remus smiled.
"And that'll give Draco and I a chance to get to know each other better," Sirius said, looking at the blond. Draco swallowed hard.
"Rita, are you sure about this?" the man asked.
"I've managed to get a copy of the marriage certificate that's on file at the ministry," Rita said. "I also have someone who will swear he heard Potter's pregnancy being discussed, they used his name, and the fact that he was pregnant before the wedding. This person signed a statement saying that."
"All right, we'll run it," he said. "It'll be in tomorrow's edition."
"Perfect," Rita chuckled. "School starts the day after that."
"HARRY POTTER PREGNANT, MARRIES FATHER DRACO MALFOY"
"by Rita Skeeter
This reporter has learned that The-Boy-Who-Lived Harry Potter is pregnant with none other that the child of Draco Malfoy. Because of this, at the insistence of Draco's father Lucius Malfoy, the two were married in a private ceremony officiated by Hogwarts Headmaster Albus Dumbledore that took place on December 22. The only ones in attendance were Professor Severus Snape,

Lucius Malfoy and his sister Moria.
It has been learned that the child was conceived after the two teens engaged in a night of drinking. At that is the story the two are telling everyone. This reporter wonders if there is not something else going on with pregnancy and marriage. As you know, Lucius Malfoy was alleged to have been a follower of He-Who-Should-Not-Be-Named, although he was found not guilty in a subsequent trial.
After speaking with several medi-wizards who specialize in childbirth and lineage, it is believed that child of Harry Potter and the heir of the Malfoy line could be quite powerful. Could this be the actual reason for this pregnancy and marriage? Will this child be for the Dark or the Light. This would also be a high-risk pregnancy since both parents are male. The medi-wizards I spoke with said Mr. Potter, or rather Mr. Potter-Malfoy will have to be watched very closely to make sure both her and the baby survive... or should it not?"
When Harry and Draco walked into the great hall for breakfast, they noticed two things. One, that everyone was looking at them, and two, that everyone had a copy of the Daily Prophet.
"I have a bad feeling about this," Draco said.
"So do I," Harry said. Remus walked up to them, carrying his own copy. "Remus, what's going on? Where's Snuffles?"
"He's out running around the grounds to let off some steam," Remus said. "Harry, there was an article in the Daily Prophet this morning. It's about your marriage and the baby."
"What!" the boys shouted together. Draco grabbed the paper out of Remus' hand and began to read.
"Well?" Harry asked. "What does it say?" After another minute, Draco handed Harry the paper.
"Oh, Merlin," Draco said. "This is bad, really bad."
"Harry, I'm sorry this happened," Remus said. "I know you didn't want anyone to find out, especially not like this."
"I wanted to tell them myself," Harry said. "I thought they would take it better coming from me." He looked around at people looking at him but trying not to look like it. "I'm not hungry anymore," he said. "I think I'll go back to our quarters."
"You want me to come with you?" Draco asked.
"That's all right," Harry said. "Right now, I think I'd rather be alone." He turned and walked out of the hall.
"This not good," Draco said. "It'll be his second or fourth year all over again."
"What do you mean?" Remus asked.
"Second year, they found out he was a parsel-mouth and everyone that he was the next Dark Lord," Draco said. "You know about the tri-wizarding tournament. It was worse when Harry's name came out of the goblet, especially when Cedric was killed."
"What will your father do?" Remus wondered.
"I'm not sure," Draco said. "I'm more worried about what his friends are going to do."
Ron had just taken a sip of tea when he read the headline of the Prophet. Because of that, he spit it across the table. Molly Weasley walked into the kitchen just in time to witness this.
"Ronald, do be careful," she said, cleaning the table.
"Mum, you got to read this," he said, handing her the paper. Molly read the article, dropping into the chair across from her son.
"Oh, Merlin," she whispered.
"Do you think it's true?" Ron asked. "I mean, there is no way Harry would marry the little ferret

much less get pregnant by him."
"I know one way to find out," Molly said. She walked over to the fireplace. "I'll speak with the headmaster.
That was just the beginning. By the time the evening meal arrived, owls had been running non-stop, carrying letters and howlers for Harry and Draco. The headmaster had diverted them into a room where Sirius and Remus took care of them. After the first few howlers, they decided there was no way they were letting Harry see them.
"I can't people can say this to a couple of boys barely more than kids," Sirius said after another howler exploded.
"Believe it," Remus said. "You should have heard the things they said to me when they found out I was a werewolf. It was almost this bad."
"This is going to be hell on both of them," Sirius said. "They're going to need all the help and support they can get."
"For a very long time," Remus nodded.
"Lucius, have you seen this?" Moria asked, practically stomping into Lucius' office. She threw a copy of the Prophet on his desk. "That Skeeter reporter has done it again."
"Has she now?" Lucius said as he skimmed the article. He looked at his sister as a small smile crossed his face. "Well, I'm sure we can take care of this little problem."
"If you don't, I will," she said and stormed out of the office.
Once she was gone, Lucius walked over to the fireplace and tossed in some powder. When a face appeared in the flames, he smiled.
"I have a little problem I need you to take care of."
tbc
Thanks to all my reviewers - physic oracle, PeachDancer, Pixy, Moony-Black, NayNymic, Reika, Anda, ShadowBandit, Furies, Lady Doncaster, Neila, Luisa, Partygirl, Chelsea, Marie, Dracoqueen, SapphireRaine, Anna May, PhoniexFire Pixie, Cadrina, Caz Malfoy, Mars MoonStar, fire-bebe, ice, zeynel, Golden SunnyGirl, kneazles, Asielah, Sweetpea Fairy, Honor, Madame X, Tfsweetchick, Maridale, Ramund Linitura, Layce, Coriel, Malfoy Snogger, Sailor Baby, Lorna, Miss Shadow Prowl, Mystical Dragon, Cassa-Andra, Chantel Malfoy, Kristen, apfboriqua, wereMoonywolf, Kayla, qkslvr, Pip3, girl-prodigy, iluvnick
Brenna - We're not that lucky.
Makalani Astral - I've got a way around that.
Ralna - Not depressed. Just mad and becoming a touch hormonal.
Wizarding Witch - Nothing wrong with being evil
bakachan - don't worry. she'll get hers.
Kendra1117 - Makes perfect sense. They're teenagers, thrown into this and neither is sure of the other or themselves. In their minds, they've always been enemies so how can they feel anything for each other? Talk about your confli

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Chapter: 18

Sorry this took so long to get out. My son came to town for the first time in two years so I spent most of my time with him.
Disclaimers et al in part 1
Chapter 17 - Hail, Hail, The Gang's All Here!
If someone were to look at the Hogwarts Express as it made its way back to the school, they wouldn't see anything out of the ordinary... unless, of course, they knew what they were looking at. Everyone of the sixth-year Gryffindors were sitting in one of the compartments. The topic under discussion, of course, was the article in the Prophet.
"How do we know it's true?" Lavender asked. "We all know how Skeeter lies about Harry."
"Not this time," Hermoine said.
"Mum called Professor Dumbledore," Ron said. "The article's true."
"I can't see why Harry would marry Malfoy," Dean said, "even if he is pregnant."
"Malfoy must have tricked him," Seamus said.
"But now Harry's carrying the 'legitimate' heir to the Malfoy estate," Hermoine said. "After Draco, this baby will inherit everything."
"Like Harry's not rich all ready," Lavender said.
"What do you mean?" Seamus asked.
"The Potters have been around almost as long as the Malfoys and almost as rich," Ron said. "I don't think Harry even knows how rich he is."
"I wonder if Malfoy does," Hermoine mused.
"Meaning what?" Neville asked.
"With Malfoy married to Harry, he has access to his estate," Hermoine said.
"Would Harry have the same access?" Dean asked.
"No, because Draco isn't Lord of the Manor," Lavender said. "If Draco has access, you can bet his father does."
"Doesn't seem fair, that," Neville said.
"Do you think that's why they got married?" Dean asked.
"I don't think the headmaster would allow that," Hermoine said. "He's the executor of the Potter estate."
"Still," Ron said, "we really need to talk to Harry."
"How do you know all this about Harry's inheritance?" Seamus asked.
"Harry showed us one of the letters he got from Gringotts," Ron said.
Another group of sixth-years was meeting in another compartment. This group was from Slytherin. The topic of discussion was the same as the other group.
"I can't believe Draco married Potter," Pansy fumed.
"You're just mad because now he can't marry you," Blaise smiled.
"We were practically betrothed," Pansy said.
"He might have married you," Zabini said, "but he wouldn't have been in your bed any longer that it took to get an heir. Draco's as pouf as they come."
"Like that matters," Millicent snorted. "From what I hear, his father has had as many male lovers as female ones, if not more."
"We're getting off-topic here," Pansy said.
"The only way Draco would marry Potter is if his father made him," Vincent said. "Besides, he might still have you as his mistress."
"All the perks, none of the problems," Greg murmured.

"He's got a point," Millicent said. The three seemed to forget what had been said earlier.
"We'll just have to get Potter out of the way," Pansy smiled.
"Which you can't even think about doing until after the baby is born," Blaise said. "Whatever else is going on, Potter is carrying Lucius Malfoy's grandchild. Anything happens to that baby and Lucius ever finds out who's responsible, that's one body they'll never find."
Everyone was quiet for a moment then Pansy spoke up. "So we can't get rid of him," she said. "Doesn't mean we can't make his life a living hell."
"Just make sure Draco isn't in the line of fire," Millicent said. "He's almost as bad as his father."
"Harry, are you ready?" Draco called. He was standing in the bedroom waiting for Harry to come out of the bathroom.
"I'm not going!"
"Harry, it's the returning feast," Draco said. "You have to be there."
"Everyone will be staring at me!"
"Harry, would you come out of the bathroom, please?" Draco asked. "I really hate talking through a door." It took a minute but the door finally opened and Harry walked slowly into the bedroom. "Now, why don't you want to go to the feast?"
"Because everyone will stare at me," Harry said. "I hate when they stare at me or point. They always whisper to each other while looking at me. Conversations stop when I walk into the room." He flopped face down on the bed. Draco sat next to him.
"I know it'll be bad but putting it off won't make it any make it any easier," Draco said. "In fact, it would be worse."
"What makes you say that?" Harry asked.
"This way, they'll be used to the idea before it becomes obvious you're preggers."
"I guess you're right," Harry sighed. He turned over on his back. "Our child will have a normal life."
"Sorry to be the one to tell you this but our child will not be normal," Draco said. "He'll be a Potter AND a Malfoy. He won't know what normal is."
"He won't be a clone of you," Harry said. He snorted. "'He'. It's not as big as my finger and you've labeled it a he."
"Of course, it's a he and no, he won't be my clone," Draco said. He laid down on the bed next to Harry propping himself on his elbow. "He'll be better." Draco got a faraway look in his eye. "He'll have a father that will let him choose his own path, not the one his father wants him to follow. His father will see him as his son not just his heir. He'll love him no matter what he does."
Harry reached up and touched Draco's cheek. "Why do I get the feeling we're not talking about our baby right now?" he smiled. He pulled Draco down for a gentle kiss. "We'll be good parents."
"We'll be the best," Draco said. "Now get changed so we can go down to the great hall." Harry moaned but got off the bed to get ready.
The great hall was slowly filling as the students made their way to their respective tables. The main topic of conversation was, once again, Harry and Draco's wedding and their baby. Just as everyone had taken their seats and Dumbledore had stood up to welcome them back, the doors opened and Harry and Draco walked in.
Harry was right. Everyone stopped what they were doing and stared.
Harry almost turned around and left but Draco grabbed his arm and steered him toward the Gryffindor's table. They came to a stop next to Ron and Hermoine.

"Mind if we join you?" Draco asked. It took a moment for anyone to say anything.
"S..sure," Hermoine finally said. They had left a place for Harry but she moved over so there would also be room for Draco.
"Thanks," Harry said as they both sat down. After they were settled, Dumbledore began to speak. "I want to welcome everyone back from their winter holidays," the headmaster said. "I'm sure you are all ready to once again begin gathering knowledge. As I am sure you are all aware, there was an article in the Daily Prophet concerning two of our students. The article, for the most part, is true. Mr. Potter and Mr. Malfoy are bonded and are expecting." This caused murmurs to circle the room. Harry wanted to fall through the floor. Dumbledore held up his hand and the room quieted again. "For this reason, several things have happened. They have been given their own quarters," he continued. "Because of his condition, there are certain things which he is forbidden, most of which have to do with his classes. All those concerned have already been informed. I would asked that you refrain from casting any spells on Mr. Potter-Malfoy as they can harm his unborn child. Thank you. Now eat up."
"I could have done without that announcement," Harry muttered.
"Well, at least everyone knows now," Draco said.
Harry glanced at the head table and saw Remus and Snuffles sitting there. He gave them a small smile and Remus smiled back. Harry just hoped they never found out the real reason this was happening. He shuddered inwardly just thinking about what would happen if that came out in the open.
"You're not going to be living in the tower any more?" Ron asked.
"No," Harry said. "We've got our own rooms now. Dumbledore thought it might be easier that way."
"Easier how?" someone asked.
"Not as far from the classrooms or the hospital wing," Draco said. "It won't be as far for him to walk when he's farther along."
"Look, I really don't feel like making a public speech on what happened. Hermoine, why don't you and Ron come by our rooms this evening," Harry suggested. "It's in the faculty area behind the portrait of the Wizard's Fair. You can tell everyone after that." He whispered the password into her ear.
"You're not eating," Draco observed.
"I'm not hungry," Harry said.
"You need to eat," Draco said quietly. He brushed the hair out of Harry's eyes. "If not for you, for the baby."
"You can do guilt very well," Harry said.
"It's a gift," Draco shrugged. "Now eat."
"So it really happened like the paper said?" Hermoine asked later that evening.
"Just like it said," Harry nodded. Dobby had brought them tea and some snakes.
"I'd just like to know where she got the information," Draco said.
"I thought what you did to her meant she couldn't write about Harry," Ron said.
"It meant she couldn't write any lies," Hermoine said. "If she writes the truth or puts her name to something someone else writes, she can get around it."
"So how mad was your father?" Ron asked Draco.
"You don't want to know," Draco shuddered. "It wasn't pretty. If my Aunt Moria wasn't there, it would have been a lot worse."

"I can't wait for you to meet her," Harry said. "She's very nice."
"And she can't wait to start decorating the nursery," Draco reminded him. "If it hadn't been for her, Father would have probably had this big lavish affair that neither of us wanted."
"We hadn't planned on you finding out like this," Harry said. "We wanted to tell you in person."
"How did Remus and Sirius take it?" Ron asked.
"They were not pleased," Harry said, "although Sirius was the more vocal of the two."
"No surprise there," Hermoine chuckled.
"He calmed down quickly enough," Harry said. He turned to Draco. "You never did tell me what you two talked about."
"Oh, the usual," Draco said, airily. "Plans for after school, plans for the baby, threats of slow torture if I ever hurt Harry. That kind of stuff."
"He is very protective of me," Harry said with a smile.
"Now, Harry," Hermoine started.
"Yes, I'm seeing a medi-witch," Harry said. "I've already told McGonagall I'm quitting quidditch. I'm following the diet Madame Pomfrey gave me. I'm being very careful when I'm practicing for class" He looked at her. "Did I forget anything?" She just glared at him while Ron and Draco chuckled.
Ron and Hermoine stayed for a little longer then headed back to the tower. Once they were gone, Harry looked at his husband.
"Thanks," he said.
"For what?" Draco asked.
"For being nice to Ron and Hermoine," Harry said. "I appreciate it."
"I just thought since I had probably lost whatever friends I may have had in Slytherin because of that article, I best make some new ones," Draco shrugged.
"Well, for whatever reason, I'm glad," Harry said. "We're going to need all the friends we can get." He yawned. "I think I'll turn in. Classes start in the morning. Coming?"
"Yeah," Draco said as they stood up. "We've got potions first thing." Harry just groaned as they got up and walked into the bedroom.
Rita Skeeter dropped onto her couch with a sigh. It had been a very long day. She was still getting several howlers a day about her latest article about Harry Potter. She had just kicked off her shoes when she noticed a man sitting in the shadows.
"Who the hell are you?" she asked. "And how did you get past my wards?"
"Who I am doesn't matter," the man said, "and as for those pathetic excuses for wards, I just hope you didn't pay too terribly much for them. I'd tell you to ask for your money back but after tonight, it won't really matter."
"What do you want?"
"Sorry, you've had your allotment of questions for the day," the man said. He snapped his fingers and two men walked out of the next room. "These two gentlemen are going to be escorting you to another location where you'll meet some of my... colleagues." He got up and walked over to her. "You should have learned by now who you can and cannot write about. Now, I fear it is too late. Stupefy." One of the other men walked over and picked up the reporter.
"Make sure she's not found for a very long time," the first man said. "My client doesn't want anything that would lead anyone to even suspect him."
"Not a problem," the third man said. "By the time anyone finds her, most people will have forgotten who she was." With a pop, he and the second man disappeared. The first man looked

around.
"I take such pride in a job well done," he said then disappeared himself.
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Chapter: 19

A/N - This chapter is going to cover several months, up to shortly before the prologue takes place.
Thanks, as always to my reviewers.
Chapter 18 - As Time Goes By
January
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Lucius had a very good idea what Voldemort wanted when he was called the same day that school resumed after the holidays. When he walked into the sitting room where the Dark Lord was, he dropped to his knees and bowed.
"You summoned me, my lord?" he asked.
"Lucius, my faithful servant," Voldemort said. "You seem to have gained a family member over the holidays."
"Yes, my lord," Lucius said.
"Please, Lucius, enlighten me."
"It was not something I planned, my lord, but purely happenstance," Lucius explained. "I received an owl from Draco telling me that he and another wizard had engaged in a night of drunken debauchery and that the other wizard had become pregnant. It wasn't until I arrived at the school that I found out who the other wizard was."
"Harry Potter," Voldemort mused.
"Yes, my lord," Lucius nodded. "Once I learned the identity of the other wizard and ascertained that he was indeed pregnant, I insisted on the bonding. I told Dumbledore that it was because I wanted the Malfoy heir to be legitimate. If it had been anyone but Potter a monetary payoff and a few select words would have been all that was necessary."
"To what end?"
"I realized that any child born to Potter would be very powerful," Lucius said, "no matter who the other father was. The fact Draco is the other father will just make the child that much more powerful. By insisting that they bond will give me access to both the father and the child, a child that can be trained from birth to serve you."
"And what of Potter?" Voldemort asked. "I doubt he would willingly give up his child to anyone, especially to you."
"Once the child is born, I intend to get custody," Lucius said. "I have certain... contacts in the ministry that will be more than happy to insure that happens. Once I have the child, it can be used to keep Potter in line. If he knows that his child would die if he opposes you, he will be very easy to control. Once you have defeated the light, this child will be totally under your control, living to serve only you."

"Very good," Voldemort smiled.
"Thank you, my lord," Lucius said, bowing again.
"And Lucius," Voldemort said. "Crucio." He held the death eater under the curse for less than a minute before releasing him. "Please remember to inform of such things. I do so hate finding these things out from the paper."
"Yes, my lord," Lucius said, quietly, trying to breathe through the pain. Voldemort waved his hand, dismissing him. Lucius bowed again then stood and left the room.
'It'll be a cold day in the ninth level of hell before you get your hands on my grandchild,' Lucius thought had he made his way out of the Riddle Manor. 'No, Tom Riddle, this child will be raised to do my bidding, not yours. He will serve me, not you.' He reached the apparation line and returned to his manor.
Harry sat up in bed, panting like he had run the length of the castle and his heart beating triple time. As he sat there waiting to calm down, Draco turned over and opened his eyes.
"Something wrong?" he asked.
"Not really," Harry said. He reached up and rubbed his scar.
"Have a nightmare about the dark lord?" Draco asked. Harry nodded.
"Do you think he knows?" Harry asked. "About the baby, I mean."
"I'm sure he does," Draco said. "If my father didn't tell him, spinning some tale to cover his own arse..."
"Of course."
"Then he found out when the paper announced it," Draco finished.
"That's not good," Harry said.
"Harry, you knew he'd find out," Draco said. "If it hadn't been now, then in a few weeks." He pulled Harry down and pulled him close. "I promise you. I will do whatever I have to to keep our child safe."
"I know you will," Harry said. He yawned then Draco gently kissed him.
"Go back to sleep."
'REPORTER MISSING - NO CLUES AS TO WHEREABOUTS'
February
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"Harry, what's wrong?" Ron asked.
"It's February first," Harry moaned.
"So?"
"That gives me only fourteen days," Harry said. "Actually only thirteen days since I have to have it by the fourteenth."
"What are you going on about?" Ron asked.
"Valentine's Day," Harry said. His tone said 'Don't you know anything?'
"Oh," Ron said. "So are you and Malfoy planning anything?"
"His name is Draco and we haven't talked about it," Harry said. "I need to find his present."
"Well, don't you think you should before you start making big plans?" Ron suggested.
"But I want it to be a surprise," Harry said. His eyes went wide. "You could talk to him. Ask him, you know, subtly if he has anything planned."
"Me?" Ron asked. "You want me to talk to Ma... Draco about his plans for Valentine's Day."
"Please, Ron," Harry whined. "You could get Hermoine to help. It's really important." Harry switched on his seldom-used but very successful puppy dog eyes.

"All right, all right," Ron caved. "Turn off the eyes. I'll do it." He sighed. "But you owe me big for this."
"Tell me again why we're doing this?" Hermoine asked. She and Ron were walking down the corridor heading for the library.
"Because Harry wants to find out if his... husband has anything planned for Valentine's Day," Ron said.
"And you agreed to this?"
"He pulled out the eyes," Ron said.
"Oh, well, that explains everything," she said sarcastically as she rolled her own eyes.
They walked into the library. They spotted Draco sitting by himself at a table in the corner. Walking over to him, Ron sat next to him and Hermoine across from him. He didn't acknowledge them for a moment. Finally, he closed the book he was reading and looked up.
"Something I can help you with?" he asked.
"Your husband wants to know if you have something planned for Valentine's Day," Ron said. "If you don't, he wants to plan something."
"Oh, that's subtle," Hermoine muttered.
"Why didn't he ask me himself?" Draco asked.
"It's a surprise," Ron said.
"At least, it would have been," Hermoine said.
"Well, you can tell him that you subtly found out that I do have something planned for that day," Draco informed them. "I won't tell him about this conversation."
"Please don't," Ron said. "He's been rather... touchy lately."
"It's the hormones," Draco and Hermoine said at the same time.
March
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Harry looked up as Moria sat down across from him and placed a stack of parchments in front of him. He gave her a puzzled look.
"What's all this?" he asked.
"Applications for nannies for one," Moria said. "There's a form in there for wizarding day school if you decide to go that way. Otherwise, you need to start taking applications for a private tutor."
"The ones for the nannies I can understand," Harry said, "sort of, but why do I need to apply for a day school or find a tutor now? The baby's not even born yet."
"Harry, the best schools are very hard to get into," Moria explained. "Even with you being who you are and Draco being a Malfoy, you still need to start early. Places in these schools are very sought after. As for the tutors and nannies, the best ones have their next job lined up before they ever finish their current one."
"I suppose I can't get out of this, can I?"
"I'll do the ones for the school and tutors but you and Draco will have to choose the nanny," She said. "And remember, any nanny will also have to be approved by the headmaster since she'll be living here during your last year."
"Well, whoever we chose will have to understand I don't intend to let her raise my... our child alone," he said.
"You can tell them that when you interview them," Moria said.
"Interview them?" Harry asked.
"Well, you can't hire anyone without talking to them first," Moria told him.

"Of course not," Harry said.
"Now have you and Draco thought about how you want to decorate the nursery?" she asked.
Harry just dropped his head on the table.
April
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"Have you been following your diet?" Madame Pomfrey asked.
"Yes, ma'am," Harry said. "I'd be following it even if I didn't want to. Draco enlisted the house elves in the cause. They make sure I have three meals and two snacks a day."
"Good for him," Pomfrey said. "Now if you would undress and lie down, we'll have a look at you."
Harry did as he was told, getting undressed and lying on the bed. He pulled the sheet up until it was just under the growing mound of his belly. The medi-witch cast several spells to check Harry's health and the health of the baby. When she finished with that, she put down her wand then began to gently poke and prod Harry's abdomen.
"Everything all right?" Draco asked.
"Everything is just fine," Pomfrey smiled. "The baby is growing exactly as it should. Your nutritional level is a little low so I'm going to put you on a supplement. I'll have Professor Snape make it for you. You'll need to take it every week."
"It's not life threatening, is it?" Harry asked.
"It can be if it's not taken care of," the witch said. "It usually causes the baby to be born either prematurely or underweight and leave you very malnourished. You see, and I know this sounds terrible, the baby is a leech. It will take the nutrition you put into your body first. If you don't take in enough for it, it starts taking it out of your body, not leaving anything for you. The supplement will make sure that doesn't happen."
"But other than that, he's fine, right?" Draco asked.
"Right," the medi-witch said. She smiled and picked up her wand. "I have a surprise for you today." Waving her wand over Harry's abdomen again, she chanted a spell. The area was soon filled with whooshing noises going very fast.
"What's that?" Harry asked.
"That, my dears, is your baby's heartbeat," she told them, "and a very strong one, at that."
Both teens were wide-eyed with wonder. Slowly, smiled began to cross their faces. Draco leaned down and kissed Harry.
"That's our baby," Draco said, quietly. Their eyes filled with tears.
"Yes, it is," Harry said.
May
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"How are you feeling?" Hermoine asked.
"Like a whale," Harry sighed. "Worse, I look like Dudley."
"No, you don't," Hermoine said.
"Yes, I do," Harry said. "I pulled out one of his old shirts yesterday and put it on. It fits now."
"Harry, you're not fat," she sighed. "You're pregnant. There is a difference." She looked at him. "Is something wrong, Harry?"
"Not really," he said.
"You're not regretting keeping the baby, are you?" she asked.
"NO!" he exclaimed, his hands flying to his belly. "I mean, I could never get rid of it, no matter

how it happened."
"Then what is it?"
"It's Draco."
"He's not mistreating you, is he?" she asked.
"Just the opposite," he said. "He's being very nice. When this first happened, we agreed to be civil to each other, you know, try to be friends and all, maybe a little more than that if we wanted."
"Friends with benefits," she nodded.
"Exactly," he said. "But lately... lately, it's starting to feel like more than that. I like being with him. He's very funny when he wants to be and smart and very protective. He hexed Pansy because she wouldn't stop making remarks about me. He seems to know what I want or need before I do. He spent three days hunting a certain kind of chocolate just because I was having cravings." He lowered his head. "I like it when he kisses me. Sometimes, at night, we'll sit on the couch and he'll just hold me."
"Harry, are you falling in love with Draco?" she asked.
"I think so," he said. "I think he loves me, too."
"Well, good," the young witch said.
"You mean you're not mad?" he asked.
"Why would I be mad?" she asked. "Look, even Ron has said Draco's a lot nicer than he used to be. With Draco and the baby, you'll have the family you've always wanted. I'm glad you'll be happy and loved. Have you talked to him about it?"
"I was afraid he'd laugh at me," he admitted.
"You need to talk to him," she said, "and he won't laugh at you."
"But what if he doesn't feel the same way?" he asked.
"Then at least you'll know one way or the either and can stop worrying about it," she said. She took his hand. "Come on. It's time for your snack." They headed for the kitchen.
'BODY FOUND IN MUGGLE LONDON SUSPECTED TO BE MISSING REPORTER'
TBC...
Next chapter, the fun sta