Title: Of Geysers, Unexpected Rain and Icelandic Sheep

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Summary: Sometimes a holiday is more than just a trip to another country.

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Disclaimer: Headers are songs by Coldplay.

You will reach your destination even though you travel slowly

= Icelandic proverb =

Of Geysers, Unexpected Rain and Icelandic Sheep

= A Message =

Harry wondered, not for the first time, what had possessed him when he'd agreed to the plan. Usually, he attributed it to those last two glasses of Firewhiskey and Hermione's piercing, encouraging words. After more than eighteen years of friendship he really ought to have known better, but then again — when had that ever stopped him? Looking at the child sleeping in the chair beside him, he smiled. He didn't really mind. Honest.

4 Months Earlier

After dinner at Ron and Hermione's flat and with Teddy in the guest room playing with the toys that were kept there just for that purpose, the three adults sat down on the settee.

"I can't believe he'll be going to Hogwarts soon," Harry lamented. "Andromeda gave me the 'these-years-go-by-so-fast-you'd-better-enjoy-them' speech more than once in the past ten years, but it never hit me as much as recently."

Hermione nodded while Ron just sat back.

"It'll be so strange when he'll be at Hogwarts and not at home, asking me if I got to 'chase bad wizards'." Harry sighed.

"Well...," Ron coughed when both Harry and Hermione fixed their gazes at him, but then continued, "what if you took him on a holiday? I know you've taken him every year, but I thought maybe you could take him, see a bit of the world and just.... spend time with each other before he's off for most of the year."

When Hermione's eyes stayed glued on his, he finally got up and fetched the Firewhiskey and wine. After pouring both Harry and himself a generous glass and giving Hermione a glass of white wine, he sat down again. "So? What d'you think?"

"Well...." Harry actually had to sit back and let the idea stew for a bit.

Hermione, now out of her stupor, chimed in. "It's a lovely idea, Harry. Why not let him pick the destination?"

"Let.. him... pick?" Harry took a large gulp from his glass. "We'd end up in Romania! With Charlie, just like the last four years. And, no offence to your brother, Ron, but I would like to see something other than the Romanian Dragon Enclosure."

Ron nodded. Teddy's love for both dragons and his Uncle Charlie were well-known facts. They sat there in silence, sipping their drinks, until suddenly Hermione's eyes widened in a look Harry remembered from their school days. He leaned slightly forward and waited.

"Oh, I know! Why not use a globe or a world map? Blindfold Teddy and let him put his finger on a country or place!" She looked expectantly from Ron to Harry and back again.

"Use a globe..." Harry thought about it and sipped some more. Somehow the glass ended up empty and Ron went to refill it for him.

"It could work.... But what if he ends up picking New Zealand? Or Alaska? Do you have any idea how cold it gets in Alaska?" That required another gulp and a sigh as he felt the whiskey make its way down.

"Why would that matter so much? You're a wizard. You can cast warming charms," Hermione pointed out in that reasonable voice of hers. "It would be an unforgettable adventure for you both."

There hadn't been much Harry could say against that.

"Oh come on," Ron said, waving his hand in the air, "you know it's a good idea. You get time with Teddy

that you normally don't get when you're in Romania. Besides, it'll be fun for you too. Do some unexpected travelling."

Harry nodded and sipped his Firewhiskey. He had always wanted to travel when he'd grown up. Somehow that hadn't quite happened the way he'd planned.

Holding out his glass, he asked Ron to, "Please, fill her up?" and, when Ron grinned and grabbed the bottle, said to Hermione, "I'll get an atlas tomorrow."

When he told Teddy, his godson cheered. Even Andromeda found it a good idea and offered to witness Teddy's choosing of a location. That evening the newly acquired atlas lay on the table, map of the world open. Harry blindfolded Teddy, turned him around three times and then said, "Go ahead, Teddy. Put down that finger."

With a firm nod, Teddy let his finger wander over the pages and then, when Harry thought it wasn't going to happen, put it down quite firmly.

Harry leaned over Teddy's shoulder to look at the chosen destination. Andromeda shook her head. Teddy giggled. Harry planned a trip to the library.

Teddy had chosen Iceland as their holiday destination and, while it wasn't what Harry had envisioned when he'd decided to let Teddy pick, there was no getting out of it now.

The Trip

= Sparks =

They had been exhausted when they'd arrived at Keflavík airport, despite the naps they both had taken.

At that moment, he had blessed Hermione's nagging that he book the important bits of the trip through a Wizarding travel agent. This meant that they'd be picked up at the airport and driven to their hotel. The next morning the agent would come by and they could talk things through. The only reason he'd insisted on using a Muggle means of transport to go to Iceland, was that he'd wanted Teddy to share in that part of Harry's heritage.

Since arriving in Iceland, he and Teddy had explored the capital, amongst other things enjoying a swim in a couple of thermal swimming pools. Teddy had been impressed that the water had been that hot without a heating charm. They had also been to feed the ducks at Tjornin Lake, a tradition according to their hotel's receptionist. The biggest hit, however, had been the Saga Museum where they were shown how the Vikings lived. All these activities were done in city centre, so Harry had Teddy promise to not mention any magic. This had earned him a frown, a pout and a muttered, "I know! I'm not a baby..." Harry was sure eye rolling had been involved, too.

The next day a Portkey took them to a village just outside of Hveragerdi. The village was a Wizarding town and so no one was surprised when Harry and Teddy appeared near the main street. Teddy was enjoying just looking at all the activity and listening to the people talking in a language he didn't understand. The third person they met spoke a bit of English and managed to direct them towards the lovely farmhouse-turned-inn.

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That was the start of a couple of weeks filled with sight-seeing. They started at Thingvellir, also called 'the parliament's lowland', a national treasure of Iceland, where, near the Almannagjá gorge. The gorge was surrounded by a breathtaking landscape of lavafields, rock formations, framed by mountains. Harry and Teddy had a lot of fun at at Geysir, looking at all the geysers and bubbling pools that landscaped the area. Teddy loved the one geyser that erupted every ten minutes or so, giving Harry the opportunity to sit back and take pictures. Of course Teddy's enthusiasm also meant that he was, within minutes, covered in mud. On their trip went, where they tried to visit many of the places mentioned in the travel guides. Harry made sure there were fun things planned for Teddy, like their trip to one of the hot water springs.

It was a bittersweet sensation, spending these weeks with his godson, Harry mused one evening as he sat reading in their hotel room and watched Teddy sleep. Soon, Teddy wouldn't be there to come

running towards him as soon as he stepped out of the fireplace, talking a mile a minute about what he'd done that day. Andromeda was already making noises about a cottage she'd seen three streets from where they now lived; she'd said that as Teddy went off to Hogwarts she'd move out and let Harry have his own life.

And that was part of his problem. He'd taken care of Teddy and loved him deeply. But, at the end of the day, it was just him on his sofa. Maybe he'd start dating again. Maybe. Somehow there wasn't a person around he considered to be interesting or fascinating enough to ask. And that counted for both sexes; after Ginny and he had broken up he'd tried dating other girls but there had been no spark. Seeing some of his friends date someone of the same gender, he'd thought it over and tried it as well. But no sparks had flown there, either. So, the past five years had been spent in a celibate manner and he was getting rather tired of it, too.

They arrived at Borgarfjördur that evening and, after settling in to the cottage they had rented, Harry and Teddy looked at their plans for the next day. Near the village stood Mount Dyrfjöll and, according to legend and handed-down tales, elves lived in the many hills that surround the fjords there. Harry wasn't even able to finish his proposal to spend the next day there; halfway through his story Teddy was already jumping up and down, saying how much he wanted to go there and look for elves.

The cottage had come with a fully stocked kitchen and pantry and so, after breakfast, the two wizards prepared their backpacks with food and drink for a big lunch. Without Teddy's knowing, Harry muttered a feather-light spell, so that the boy's backpack wouldn't weigh as much. And, after lifting his own pack to put on, put it back down and aimed said spell at his own bag as well.

Then — they were off. The mountain turned out to be farther away than they had thought.

"But why isn't it getting any closer?" Teddy whined after they'd been walking for a good two hours. They'd been assured they could reach the mountain in about two and a half hours.

"I don't know!"

This little dialogue had been going on for the last half hour and, frankly, Harry was getting tired of it.

"I have the map right here, see? And we've been following the blue signs, because the man at the shop said that that was the best way to go." Harry, at wit's end, dragged his hand through his hair. Teddy's giggling made him narrow his eyes at him. "What?!"

Not able to not giggle, Teddy just pointed at Harry's head. "Your... hair.... standing... all.... the ... way.... up!"

Harry was about to retort when they heard bleating. Collective bleating. With a happy squeal, Teddy yelled, "Sheep, Uncle Harry! There are sheep here!" Without pausing to see if Harry would follow or not he was off at lightning speed, in the direction of the supposed location of the sheep.

At first, Harry was too stunned to react and could only think I'm being left behind for a flock of sheep?, but soon realised he had to follow if he didn't want to lose sight of Teddy. Groaning, Harry followed in hot pursuit, intent on not losing his godson. He loved Teddy dearly, he did, but sometimes the boy's impulsiveness and love for exploration drove him barmy at times. Once again happy that he'd put the feather-light spell on his backpack, although for very different reasons, he ran after Teddy.

As he ran, he couldn't help but notice that the sky was rapidly changing. One of the first things the travel agent had warned him about had been the quickly changing weather. Pointing out that, "You may be a wizard, Mr Potter, but Iceland has many things worth seeing that attracts Muggles as well," she had advised him to always bring a warm pullover with him and a raincoat. That was why, on the bottom of both backpacks, Harry had packed a shrunken fleece jacket and a raincoat.

Keeping an eye on Teddy who was following a flock of sheep, he also tried to see if he could remember where he was going. The mountain they had been aiming to go see, did move more to the right as he ran, but he had hope he could catch up to Teddy soon and they could make their way back towards it again. He thought he might have seen something that looked like a log cabin in the distance and wanted to get back on the path that they'd been following.

"Teddy!" he yelled but got no other answer than to see his godson continue to follow the sheep.

After a good fifteen minutes of running, and Harry being thankful he had kept active with sports since he didn't have a broom handy, he caught up to Teddy. Thankfully, the sheep had stopped running, so Harry came up to Teddy and stood there, chest heaving.

Teddy looked up at him, eyes alight and with a high, excited voice said, "Aren't they beautiful, Uncle Harry? Look! They all have different colours!"

After looking this flock over, Harry had to agree. These sheep all had different coats, ranging from white or black, which were in the majority, to grey or brown or either of these coats with a pattern in one of the other colours. Now that they were standing still, some of the sheep came closer, sniffing at them curiously. Some of them even let Teddy pet them, under Harry's watchful eye. When it became clear that the animals weren't aggressive towards them, Harry let go of most of his caution and joined in the petting. So engrossed did they get that Harry actually forgot about the impending bad weather.

The drastic darkening of the sky, however, made him remember the weather all too quickly, especially when it started to rain. Calling Teddy to him, he retrieved his raincoat from his bag and enlarged it quickly. Soon, Teddy was grinning at him from underneath his coat's bright red hood. Having Teddy in his coat, Harry now took care of himself and soon was shrugging into his own raincoat, which was bright green.

Now that the rain was pouring down, Harry cast Impervius on his glasses before taking Teddy's hand in his and looked around for, hopefully, a place to hide. Not seeing anything that resembled a cabin or barn of any kind and not seeing anyone else around, he focused on a group of trees in the distance and Apparated them there. Looking around, he saw a barn in the distance. Pointing at it for Teddy's sake, he got a firm nod of understanding from the boy. Once again preparing to Apparate, he found that he could not. Harry frowned. This was the first time he had noticed any anti-Apparition wards on the island. Shrugging, he gave a small tug on Teddy's hand and took a step forward. As he walked, he felt the ripples of magic, indicating that they had just passed through the wards.

It didn't take them long to reach the barn. A couple of unlocking spells later, Harry was able to usher Teddy inside and close the door. The kind of spells that had been placed on the door made him wonder, though. They hadn't been any ordinary spells used to close doors, not even for those wizards or witches who wanted sturdier spells than the commonly known ones.

Teddy's shivering drew him back to the here and now and, looking around quickly, he found a couple of chairs and a bench standing in one corner. Using the chairs to hang their coats on to dry, aided by a drying spell, he then produced the fleece pullovers and added an extra warming charm. The wind had picked up considerably and could now be heard as it blew along the corners.

Now that he had the both of them warm and, after a spell for the rest of their clothes, dry, Harry concerned himself with other, necessary, things. Finding candles in one of the cupboards hidden in yet another corner, Harry soon had them lit and was handing Teddy some of the rest of their lunch supplies. He didn't dare eat it all, because he had no idea how long this rainstorm would last. All he hoped was that the owner of the barn wouldn't be too angry at them for having used it as shelter.

Clearing out Teddy's backpack, Harry transfigured it into a blanket and wrapped it around him, before he sat on the bench with Teddy in his lap. They cuddled and talked, Harry doing his best to stay calm.

Teddy had just drifted off into a doze, when the door was pushed open with force and a harsh voice, yelled, "Hver ert þú?"

Taking his wand firmly in hand, Harry roused Teddy, sat him down on the bench and stood protectively in front of him. "I'm sorry, I don't speak your language. My godson and I were surprised by the weather and took shelter here. We didn't damage anything and only used some of your candles."

Now the person standing in the doorway stepped forward and muttered Lumos, surprising Harry by his use of English for the spell.

"I asked who you were," the person said, now sounding vaguely familiar; the voice pushing at Harry's memories to make out who it was.

"Oh, right. My name is Harry Potter and I am here with my godson, Teddy," Harry answered, not stepping away from Teddy, who was peeking around him to look at the mysterious person.

"Fate sometimes is a cruel, cruel lady," the person, man, muttered as he took yet another step forward,

now placing himself in the light cast by one of the candles Harry had lit.

"She certainly has a way of surprising you," Harry agreed after he'd seen who was standing in front of him. "I'm not sure where I had expected to ever run into you again, Malfoy, but it certainly wasn't here."

"No, I suppose you hadn't," Malfoy snapped.

Harry held his hands up in defence. "Hang on, I didn't mean it like that. All I knew was that you'd left the U.K. and had settled somewhere else. That leaves quite a number of options open, wouldn't you agree?"

"Maybe," Malfoy grumbled, shivering slightly. "Well, this storm doesn't look like it's going to end any time soon. I guess you and your boy can come up to the house; that'll be warmer and more comfortable than here."

"Thank you!" Teddy piped up. "I'm sure Uncle Harry would like a warm blanket as well."

This caused a brief smile to play over Malfoy's lips and he made a brusque motion with his head. "Well, come on then. Please tell me you weren't only wearing those pullovers?" The sneer was ill concealed.

Teddy must've picked up on the undercurrents, because he, almost defiantly, stepped forward and said, "No! Uncle Harry packed our raincoats as well! They're on the chairs over there!"

"Well, well, the little one has bite," Malfoy mumbled.

Harry couldn't help it, he chuckled. "That he has," he nodded.

"Come on, Teddy," he said, "let's get our things and follow Mr Malfoy to his house."

Quickly he transfigured the blanket back into the backpack it had been, repacked it and then, after they had put their coats on again, turned towards Draco. "Ready," he announced and took Teddy's hand in his.

The wind had picked up in speed and soon Harry was carrying Teddy. Thankfully, it didn't take them long to reach a rather large, farm-style house, built in the typical Icelandic style and painted a pastel green. Malfoy ushered them inside and then quickly locked the door.

"Well, you'd better get those coats off," he said, not entirely unfriendly, and then went on, "and maybe those shoes as well. In the drawer there are slippers you can wear."

Harry and Teddy dutifully did as instructed and, after a quick drying spell from Harry, they were ready to follow their host further into the house.

"Why don't you go into the parlour, that's the third door on your right, and I'll go fetch something warm to drink."

Harry wondered about the absence of Malfoy calling out for an house-elf but decided it could wait. Both Teddy and he could use something to drink; it had been a while since they'd had something. On Malfoy's urging, they went ahead into the room indicated and the first things Teddy did was run towards the blazing fire and then warm his hands.

"Come, Uncle Harry! The fire is nice and warm!" he called out over his shoulder.

"Were your hands that cold?" Harry asked as he, too warmed his hands above the flames.

Teddy nodded. "Only I didn't notice until we were inside."

Just then, the door swung open and Malfoy came in carrying a tray with big steaming mugs. "I made hot chocolate," he said. "I thought you'd need some by now."

Teddy's face lit up. His father's son, his love for chocolate ran deep. Taking the mug between his hands, he sat down on one of the two sofas that were placed before the fire, sat down and heaved a contented sigh.

Harry grinned. "Well, you've made him happy," he said, grateful. Taking a mug for himself, he sat down next to his godson and sipped the hot drink.

Before either adult could say anything more, they heard a soft slurping noise. Looking down, Harry saw Teddy's face emerge from behind the mug and had to bite his lip. Besides a blissful smile, Teddy also had the biggest chocolate milk moustache he'd ever seen. He sighed deeply.

"That was good," he said happily and put the mug on the table.

Reaching in his jeans' pocket, Harry took out a tissue and handed it to Teddy. "Better wipe your mouth, Teddy," he said. "We wouldn't want people to think we don't know what soap looks like." He winked at Teddy, who grinned back. This was an old joke between them.

"Now that you've got something to drink, I would like to know how you managed to get here," Malfoy said, some of the old, superior tone back in his voice.

Harry knew just the answer to that question. "Sheep," he said with a nod and a sharp look at Teddy.

"Sheep?" It was clear Malfoy thought he was taking the mickey out of him.

"Sheep," Harry nodded and Teddy giggled. "You see, we were on our way to Mount Dyrfjöll, partly because we wanted to see it, but also because of the elves that are supposed to dwell there. We were comfortably feeling lost and consulting our map," he shot Teddy a pointed look, "when young Mr Lupin

here heard sheep. This apparently was way more interesting that elves or even his uncle and he took off at a run. I'd been chasing him, but the sheep kept on running and hence, so did he. When they finally stopped, it started to rain quickly and I started to Apparate us in search for shelter."

"Ah. Well." Clearly, Malfoy didn't have much to say against that.

"What colour were the sheep?" he then asked Teddy who blinked, clearly not expecting that question.

"Uhm," he said, tilting his head as he thought it over. "There were a lot of white and black ones, but also some that looked like one of Granny Molly's mixed cakes."

Malfoy's eyebrow shot up at that and Harry explained, "Molly likes to bake marble cake."

Malfoy nodded. "My neighbour's sheep, then," he said. "No wonder they led you all the way here."

During their talk, the rain had steadily been coming down and was beating against the windows.

"It doesn't look like it's going to stop raining," Malfoy said, a hint of regret colouring the statement. "I suppose you'll have to stay the night." He sighed.

"I would've Apparated us back, but you've got those wards up," Harry said, wishing he could just Apparate them back to their cottage. "So I guess we'll stay the night, if you're offering, and go back to the cottage tomorrow, then."

Halfway up from his chair, Malfoy opened his mouth as if to say something, closed it and then opened it again. "Did you have enough to eat or do you want something more?"

Harry looked at Teddy, who was dozing on the sofa, leaning against his side. "He's practically asleep and

I'm fine, but thanks, Malfoy."

He received a curt nod for that and then Malfoy opened the parlour door. "Come with me. Go up the stairs and take a left. The second room on your left has two single beds you can use." Taking out his wand, he muttered something and then followed Harry, letting their backpacks float behind him.

After Harry had put Teddy on the bed near the window and sat down to take most of his clothes off, Malfoy showed him the en-suite bathroom. "The cabinet has extra toothbrushes, soap and other things you'll need. Towels are on the rack."

"Thank you again," Harry said.

"Right. I'll see you tomorrow, Potter." With another nod, Malfoy gently closed the door, leaving Harry to tend Teddy and then himself.

= Daylight =

Harry woke to the sound of rain pounding against the windows and groaned. It was still raining, which meant they'd have to stay at Malfoy's house. He contemplated the other night's events.

Malfoy hadn't been as bad as he could've been. There had been no insults and he had let them stay at his house.... Harry frowned. It had been true that he hadn't expected to run into Draco Malfoy while on holiday in Iceland but he'd also hardly given it a thought where he had gone after the war had ended and the Ministry had come to its senses again.

Should he have? It was true that going through Auror training and raising Teddy had been time-consuming but he'd had Andromeda, Arthur and Molly to help him out when he needed them... The truth of the matter was, that for once he'd been free to do as he wanted and that freedom had been so wonderful that it had, in a way, consumed him.

Fumbling for his glasses on the bedside table, he called his wand to him and cast Tempus. It was 8.30 and high time to get out of bed. Looking around, he took notice of the room for the first time; the night before he'd been too tired to properly take notice of it. Looking around now he noticed that the room was decorated sparsely yet tastefully. He lay in one of the two beds, both of which were topped with a craftily quilted spread on top. The walls were painted a warm yellow, with the wooden frames a light blue. It shouldn't have worked, but it did. There was a closet in the corner and a wooden table with two chairs, all in the same petrol colour. It made for a comfortable room. About the same time he took stock of the room, did Harry notice that Teddy wasn't in bed anymore and that he had made his bed neatly, like always. Wincing at the thought of having to perform a Scourgify instead of wearing actual clean clothes, Harry took his wand and was about to say the spell when the door to the room was thrown open and Teddy came bounding in.

"Uncle Harry! You're awake! That's good, because Mr Malfoy says he has clothes you can either wear or transfigure into clothes that fit and he just did it for me and don't my clothes look nice?" Harry checked, but Teddy wasn't at all out of breath. He wore dark blue denims and on top of it a knitted pullover with a pattern of little sheep.

"Interesting sweater," Harry remarked with a pointed look at the sheep.

Teddy beamed. "Aren't they wonderful? It originally had deer on it, but when I asked him Mr Malfoy changed them into sheep and he made them look like the ones we saw yesterday!"

Harry sighed. "Of course. Where are the clothes Mr Malfoy has for me?" He looked down at the boxers and t-shirt he wore. "Maybe I'd better put on some socks and jeans, huh?"

"No need, Potter, I'm here," Malfoy drawled as he stepped into the room. "I have it on good authority that it won't do to walk around in dirty clothes...." He raised his eyebrow and aimed a look at Teddy, who giggled and nodded.

"Well..." Harry didn't know what to say.

"They should fit," Malfoy went on and eyed Harry critically, "but if they don't I'm sure you could alter them accordingly."

"Yeah... yeah, I can." Harry wasn't sure why he was stuttering. After his years in a boys' dormitory, being part of a Quidditch team and going through Auror training, he was used to being around other males and he'd certainly done his share of looking. But, when he happened to look at Malfoy again, he was sure no one had ever looked at him that way. He wasn't yet sure if that was a good thing or not, though...

"Uncle Harry, please get dressed and come have breakfast? I helped Mr Malfoy set the table and it smells so good and I'm hungry!" It seemed Teddy could only talk in run-on sentences.

Pushing what Malfoy's look could mean to the back of his thoughts, Harry nodded. "All right. Let me shower and put some clothes on first, all right? I'll be down in half an hour. Do you think you and your stomach can last that long?"

Before Teddy could answer a soft rumbling noise came from the vicinity of his belly. He looked at Harry with a frown. "Maybe you'd better hurry, Uncle Harry."

"Maybe I'd better," Harry nodded. "Maybe you could find something to do while I get ready?"

"I'll just go and help Mr Malfoy some more," Teddy decided and went to stand beside Malfoy.

"Is that all right?" Harry asked their host. "He could just as easily wait for me here."

Malfoy shook his head and shot a smile at Teddy's head. "No, it's fine. He's quite... entertaining."

"Is he, now?" Seeing Teddy bow his head, Harry enquired, "What story did you share? Teddy?"

"I told Mr Malfoy about the time you took Uncle Ron to Muggle London to buy Aunt Hermione a... a....,"

he scrunched his nose a bit, "mobile phone, and how Uncle Ron kept shaking it and expected it to make a sound."

Harry noticed Malfoy's amusement, but could detect no malice in it. "If he has time, why don't you go and tell Mr Malfoy about the time you were supposed to help Granny Molly with the gnomes and Uncle George came to visit? That should hold you until I'm done here."

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After breakfast and tea, it finally looked like it was clearing up. Harry had washed his and Teddy's clothes and, with a prolonged warming charm, had hung them out to dry. It had stopped raining and occasionally some sunshine would come through the clouds. Needing some fresh air, Harry and Teddy had gotten dressed and were outside walking around the property.

Eventually they returned to the house where they found Malfoy once again in the kitchen, where they found him packing up boxes with vials and labelling them.

"How is it?" he asked without looking at them.

"Well, it's getting better and better out there," Harry said, relieved not to be trapped inside anymore. "So if our clothes have dried, we can go and let you go about your business again."

Malfoy nodded and added some stuffing to the box he'd been filling before closing it firmly. Muttering sealing and protective charms, he glued a label to it and set it aside.

"All right," he said calmly, not showing if he'd regret their going or not. Harry rather thought he might, given that they'd practically invaded his home due to the storm.

"Do we have to?" Teddy pouted and looked crestfallen. "But I haven't been to see the sheepies yet, or helped Mr Malfoy with sending the parcels...." Hanging his head, he almost whispered, "I wish it would rain for a week!"

Unfortunately for him, both Harry and Malfoy heard his words and Harry frowned. "We'll come back to see the sheep if Mr Malfoy's neighbour says that's okay, Teddy."

"And if you're not in any particular hurry, we could send this parcel right now," Malfoy then offered, but to no avail.

Teddy kept on pouting and Harry thought he saw hints of dark blue appear in his normally brown hair. He sighed and was about to say something on the subject, when he heard Malfoy gasp. Looking at him, he saw him standing at the kitchen window. He didn't need to go there in order to see that the sky was rapidly darkening with clouds again and that the wind was picking up again.

Within ten minutes big drops of rain were coming down fiercely and Harry and Malfoy were looking at Teddy with suspicion in their eyes.

"I... I...." Harry sighed and shook his head. "I don't know what to say, Malfoy, except that it seems we'll be invading your privacy a while longer." He shot Teddy a sharp look but the boy was looking outside and missed it.

"Obviously." Again the impassive face.

Harry sat down on a chair and pulled Teddy to sit in his lap, like when he was younger and needed a talk. "Why do you feel it needs to keep on raining?" Harry asked gently, letting his hand rub Teddy's back soothingly and, he hoped, encouragingly.

"Well," Teddy said and rubbed his cheek with his fist. It reminded Harry of the time when Teddy was four and had raided Molly's garden. He'd sat on Harry's knees much like he was now and had rubbed his cheek while he had told Harry he'd simply wanted to give Molly a bouquet of her own flowers....

"Well," Teddy said again, "I like it here and you and Mr Malfoy already know each other and you aren't fighting..."

Harry frowned. "We didn't get along right away, Teddy. We argued and sniped at each other when we were at Hogwarts..."

Teddy shook his head. "But not anymore! You aren't sniping now!" He gave a little frustrated sigh, telling Harry he was thinking of a way to explain.

"So, why the rain?" Harry had to ask, although he could guess the how and why by now.

"That way we couldn't leave. I like the sheep and you and Mr Malfoy were getting along and..." Teddy took a deep breath and looked up at his uncle through his eyelashes, "and Mr Malfoy is family of Grandma 'Dromeda."

Harry nodded, seeing how for a ten-year-old it could make sense. "Yes he is. Remember when Grandma 'Dromeda had her birthday? A lady came to visit and she had long blonde hair?"

Teddy nodded after a while. "Yes! She drank the special tea!"

"That's right. That lady was Grandma 'Dromeda's sister and she's also Mr Malfoy's mother."

There was, however, one last question. "What does Mr Malfoy have to say about this? We are in his house, after all."

"Mr Malfoy is fine with it, as long as I can run my business," Malfoy drawled calmly. "He is my cousin after all and while you're here, we can get to know each other. I don't get many visitors. Even though it's you, it's nice to have people in the house."

Harry nodded. "Thanks again, Malfoy. Teddy really does like it here. When it's dry I'll head back to the cottage and collect our things. We'll try to not make you regret that offer."

Malfoy nodded and Teddy smiled.

Eying the many jars and parcels yet to be filled, Harry figured he might as well make himself useful. That left Teddy.

"Malfoy, do you happen to have books or games Teddy could play? Now that we won't be able to go outside he'll want something to do," Harry asked.

Nodding, Malfoy said, "Teddy, how about I show you those books I told you about this morning? You're free to read any of them while you are here."

Teddy's eyes lit up and he eagerly followed Malfoy to an adjoining room. This appeared to be the library of the house and, in one corner, Teddy was already sitting on the floor, perusing the many shelves Malfoy had shown him.

Harry was eying Malfoy's fireplace, considering using that to go back to the cottage. "After the weather's calmed down, you're welcome to use it," Malfoy said, having caught him. "The rain usually brings thunderstorms and somehow the static throws the network off, so the network gets cut off."

"Thanks."

"In the meantime, while Teddy reads, is there anything I can do? I mean, while I'm here I might as well help out," Harry said. "Maybe I could help you with those parcels in the kitchen?"

At Malfoy's hesitation, he pressed on. "Oh come on, there must be something I could help you with."

"All right then," Malfoy said slowly. "You can help me check the orders against what I've set out on the counter."

The rest of the day was spent with Teddy reading, colouring or writing a letter to his grandparents and aunts and uncles, while Harry helped Malfoy fill parcels with jars, pots and rolled up and sealed parchments. Malfoy was very tight-lipped about what was in them and Harry decided it wasn't important enough to press the issue. He had, after all, checked everything and hadn't found anything worrisome.

That night, after dinner and Teddy had gone to sleep, Harry sat with Malfoy in the parlour. Each had a cup of tea and a book. Harry had found several interesting books in Malfoy's library and had simply picked one.

When Malfoy had seen which one he'd picked, The Shipping News, he'd raised an eyebrow and smirked.

"What?" Harry asked, slightly indignant.

"It's nothing, just that I hadn't thought you'd read books like that." Malfoy didn't sound degrading but Harry was careful nonetheless.

"It's a bit hard to not read when one of your best friends is a classified bookworm," Harry said without thinking and opened the book to the first page. When Malfoy remained silent, he finally looked and only then realised what he'd said. Only, instead of the expected sneer at Hermione, there was a thoughtful look on Malfoy's face.

"True," he said and then went back to his own book.

Harry blinked at this but, when no other comment came, finally started his book.

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The next day the rain had stopped falling and Harry left Teddy with one of the books while he used the Floo to gather their things at the cottage.

After having been indoors most of the day before, Harry needed to go outside.

"But, Uncle Harry, can I go and play with the sheep?" Teddy asked eagerly.

Malfoy chuckled and went to look out the window. "Potter," he said and waved him over. "See that barn over there?" Harry squinted and, when he finally saw the barn, nodded. "It's my neighbour's farm, the owner of the sheep? He should be in there by now and he won't mind Teddy's presence."

Teddy was already putting on his shoes before Harry was done nodding. Managing to put Teddy into his raincoat and insisting he put the hood up, Harry got dressed in his own and they set off towards the barn.

Malfoy's neighbour was tending one of his sheep and luckily spoke English. Teddy was soon rambling on at him about the sheep and asking question after question. Harry could only smile apologetically and received an understanding nod in return.

"I've got three grandchildren like this one," Malfoy's neighbour said and who, after Harry quickly introduced both himself and Teddy, turned out to be a Mr Gunnarson. "If it's all right with you, I'd be happy to keep him here for the day. With this weather I won't be taking the sheep out. I could use someone to help me with chores and to learn about sheep...." A quick nod of the man's head indicated Teddy.

"Teddy? Did you hear?" Harry asked and received, in response, an excited, "Yes, Uncle Harry! Can I go, please?"

Getting another confirming nod from the older man, Harry sat on his haunches and looked Teddy in the eye. "Only if you promise to listen to Mr Gunnarson and do as you're told. You're old enough to go to Hogwarts, Teddy, so I'm expecting you to show me good behaviour."

After an exciting and tight hug from Teddy, Harry left him in the man's care and walked back to Malfoy's house. While he walked, taking his time, he reflected on their stay there. So far, there had been no insults, sneers or any of the bad things that had happened between them while they had been at Hogwarts. Malfoy had changed, Harry decided. He probably had as well. It would make for a far more pleasant stay at Malfoy's house.

He found he was most curious what had caused this change in Malfoy, especially since he had no clue what had happened to Malfoy after Hogwarts. He'd been awfully quiet, both he and his parents now that Harry thought about it, and had then disappeared from Harry's surroundings.

= Warning Sign =

Back in the house, Harry went in search of Malfoy. Having spent the previous day mostly in the kitchen, he hadn't noticed how large the house actually was. Finally, after knocking on doors and entering rooms, he found Malfoy in a room that was in, if he'd kept track correctly, the lower east wing. Knocking on the door, again, he was told to wait in a familiarly impatient voice. Five minutes later, the door opened and a distracted Malfoy asked, "What? Something wrong with your boy?"

"Teddy is fine; he's with your neighbour and the sheep," Harry said, peering curiously over Malfoy's shoulder. "And I wondered if I could help you again, like yesterday, but then you weren't in the kitchen and I went on a bit of a quest through the house."

Malfoy was quiet and then, deadpan, said, "I see where he gets it from." Before Harry could even think of a comment, he went on, "I'm working on some potions and, if you want to help, I could use someone to cut ingredients for me. Up for it, Potter?" Again a raised eyebrow.

"Sure." Harry nodded and then asked, "Got a room where I can wash my hands? And I hope you've got a robe for me to wear?"

The approving look Malfoy sent him did something funny to Harry's insides but he did not have time to analyse the response because Malfoy was pulling and pushing him to what appeared to be a combination of an en-suite bathroom and miniature cloakroom.

Back in the potions lab, hands thoroughly cleaned and with the robe on, Harry stood by Malfoy's side, waiting for instructions. He might've been pants at potions, but he did remember that it didn't do to startle or hurry potions makers when they were busy stirring in a cauldron.

Malfoy smells nice a voice in his mind said. Harry tried to ignore it, but the more he did that, the more he noticed said smell. Deciding it must be the potion Malfoy was brewing, he started to ignore it.

"Right. Here's the table with the ingredients," Malfoy said and pointed at a well-used table with various containers on it.

"How much do you need of each?" Harry asked, as he walked towards the table and looked at what exactly was on it. Next to the row of containers there was a set of measures, a set of different knives and small boxes and dishes. Taking the piece of parchment and quill Malfoy handed him, he quickly scribbled down how much was needed of each ingredient and the order in which they were needed.

Soon the room was filled with the sounds of chopping and the filling of the boxes and the alternate sound of someone stirring a potion and adding ingredients to it. With the fumes coming from the cauldrons currently in use, Harry had to cast Impervius on his glasses in order to keep them from fogging up. He noticed Malfoy watching but, when no comment came, he went back to what he'd been doing.

Harry found that now that the pressure of a looming Snape was gone, he did remember how to chop certain ingredients, what their size should be and other, for this time, irrelevant details.

"Potter? Done with the horned toad bits yet?" Malfoy's voice enquired, interrupting his wandering

thoughts.

"Yeah, let me get you the dish I put them on," Harry said, putting his knife safely away. Turning around, he handed Malfoy the dish and saw him eye the chopped up ingredient critically. "Not bad, Potter, not bad," mumbled Malfoy as he dumped the contents in his cauldron.

Oddly pleased, Harry nodded and went back to putting the recently cut up porcupine parts in a box. When he was done cutting and chopping and had cleaned his instruments, in between handing Malfoy the ingredients in their order, he sat back and watched his former.... Harry frowned. Nemesis sounded so harsh now. Voldemort had been his nemesis, when he thought on it. Malfoy had been... well... an annoyance, certainly, intensely disliked during their time at Hogwarts, true and he had played a large part in the way things had unfolded. But no, Harry thought, he couldn't say Malfoy had been his Nemesis, although at the time it had felt like he was close to being one.

"Wool-gathering, Potter?" came Malfoy's amused voice. Looking up, Harry found him peering down at him, mouth lightly twitching.

"Some," Harry nodded, seeing no reason to deny it.

"Don't let it tire you," Malfoy said with a hint of a sneer.

"Don't worry, my brain isn't groaning yet," Harry retorted before wondering where that had come from.

"Merlin forbid," Malfoy mocked but when Harry looked at him sharply, he heard a soft chuckle. "I think it's about time for lunch," Malfoy went on, casting Tempus. "I could use your help again this afternoon."

It was good to realise he wasn't the only one thrown off guard by the calm and companionable way the morning had passed, so Harry simply nodded. "It seems your neighbour hasn't tired of Teddy yet, either. Should I go and get him for lunch?" He looked doubtfully outside, where it was still pouring.

"No need," Malfoy said, standing next to him looking out. "I'm sure Njáll won't mind feeding him; he enjoys the company."

"All right then," Harry said. "He really seems to like the sheep and I was glad to see your neighbour willing to let him near them. We were supposed to travel around the island," he went on.

"Was there a reason or do you this sort of thing often?" Malfoy asked, head halfway inside a cupboard.

"Well, we've been on holiday before, of course, but never this long. And, this time Teddy picked the destination on his own."

"And the occasion?" Malfoy was now handing him jars and bags to put on the table.

"He'll start Hogwarts in September," Harry said softly. "I wanted us to have time together, before he'll be away for most of the year. When I decided I was going to raise him, with help from Andromeda, Molly and Arthur, Andromeda warned me that the years would go by before I knew it. At that moment I thought, 'Sure, he's only five months old' or 'He's only two, there's plenty of time'. But then he was ten and we got the Hogwarts letter." His hands fidgeted with the plate in front of him. "And all those years had gone by as if it had only been a year and I felt like I didn't want him to go."

Malfoy remained silent.

"So one night the idea for this trip was born. Teddy picked our destination from a world map and then we got books from the library and bookstores and started planning. He's so easily excited and happy with things. He's a joy."

"What happened with the Weasley girl? Everyone was convinced you two would get married as soon as she got out of school..." Now this was a patented Malfoy sneer, delivered quickly.

Harry blinked but then grinned ruefully. "Yeah, I'm sure everyone thought so. I did, too, for a while.

Eventually, though, it turned out that, at that time, we wanted and needed different things." He sighed.

"Don't tell me you didn't see anyone after her? I find it hard to believe that the great Harry Potter couldn't find anyone willing to date him." The sneer was definitely back now, both in Malfoy's voice and on his face.

"Oh, there were." Sarcasm was in Harry's voice now. "They wanted to be seen with me, no doubt about it. So that they could go to all the parties, could wear expensive clothes and jewellery and would be seen in the papers every. single. time.. Such a disappointment when it turned out I didn't go to every party, that I don't care about expensive clothes and most certainly hate being in the paper every day. Not to mention that I have a godson at home who needs attention from me, and guidance." His voice could've cut glass. "So, it seemed the attraction wasn't for me but more what being at my side could bring them. All I wanted was to raise the godson given to me and lead a quiet life." He slumped in his chair, anger gone just as quickly as it had come.

Malfoy tilted his head and frowned. "You've changed, Potter," he said.

"Not really," Harry said calmly. "I've just had trouble getting people to believe I didn't want the whole world knowing what I had for breakfast, what went on between my friends and me or whom I was dating. The only difference is that now I'm an adult I can finally live my life outside of their attention." Harry took a breath.

"You've changed as well," Harry remarked and found that he meant it. Malfoy had changed, as had Harry. During their Hogwarts days that previous conversation would've been reason enough for drawn wands, mutually exchanged insults and friends coming to aid them. Finding that he didn't need his friends this time because he wasn't angry or upset and had no desire to grab his wand, was indication enough. Harry found that he had been annoyed at some of Malfoy's words, but that he didn't get angry.

Malfoy didn't say anything but only nodded and sat down.

"And what about you then, Malfoy? What are you doing in Iceland?" Harry figured that now that they were exchanging stories, he might as well ask and get his curiosity satisfied.

"Brewing potions for my company," Malfoy said. "It keeps me quite busy."

"Well, I noticed the potions bit. I just wonder about Iceland?" Harry persisted, curious after the how and why of Malfoy's arrival on the island.

With a sigh, Malfoy started to prepare food to eat and indicated that Harry should do the same.

"Well, after everything had settled down, it soon became clear that my chances for any kind of future in the UK were practically nil." Just as casually as he'd said it, he fixed himself a glass of milk. "It didn't take me long to realise that France, although not as bad, wasn't the most welcoming, either. So, I decided I'd take a year and travel and basically stay out of the UK." Taking bites in between words, Malfoy went on. "That proved to be easier than I thought. Apparently they were happy to be rid of me."

"What do you mean?"

"Well," Malfoy drawled, "I was told that if I were to leave the country I wouldn't be permitted back in. Ever."

"And if you wouldn't leave the country?"

"Three years in Azkaban." Now his voice was flat. "They showed me the file they had on me and assured me that the three years they were planning was mild in comparison to what they could demand."

"So basically you were coerced to leave the country," Harry stated, going back to that last year before the final battle and everything that had happened then.

"Yeah."

They were silent as they both chewed.

"So where did you go?"

"I did go to France first," Malfoy said, "to the family's estate there. But soon after I'd arrived I read in the paper that the French government there would be going after anyone that had been involved with the wrong side in their country, regardless of nationality. Within a week I'd left for Portugal and Spain. After that... well... I went where the next option of transportation could get me." He shrugged. "It was interesting and lasted me that first year."

"And after that year? Surely you didn't keep on travelling," Harry observed and this earned him a nod with a slight show of approval.

"Obviously I didn't. Especially when I received word from the Ministry that my parents were no longer allowed to add funds to my vault. So, I went to Russia." It was said so matter-of-factly that it took a few seconds before it registered with Harry.

"Russia?"

"That's what I said, Potter. Honestly, I'm not going that fast. Due to my father's connections, I'd picked up some Russian as I grew up and I quickly learned more. One night, during what later became a bad storm, I happened to be the only one home when one of my neighbour's children fell ill. The girl's fever had run high. So, I brewed a fever reducing potion and made her a dreamless sleep one. Well, one thing led to another and it appears my neighbour's brother's sister-in-law owns a potions lab, and she managed to get me an interview there. Right on bloody time, too, as my funds were starting to run out. Anyway, I ended up working there and I stayed for about five years." Shrugging, he refilled his cup.

While he'd told this story, both men had been eating their food and were now having a last cup of tea. After clearing the table with a practised wand movement, Malfoy stood up and shot Harry a challenging look. "Well, Potter, I'm going back to the lab. Have you had enough yet or are you up for another afternoon of chopping?"

Harry simply motioned Malfoy to go back to the lab. "Oh, I can chop. I said I'd help, and I will."

Malfoy nodded.

The rest of the afternoon was spent mostly in silence; the only words spoken were about ingredients.

= Talk =

After that day, they all settled into an undiscussed rhythm. On some days, Harry would take Teddy to Mr Gunnarson's barn, who seemed to genuinely enjoy the boy's company and hadn't tired yet of his endless questions. Harry had gone over one afternoon, when the potions Malfoy was brewing had to simmer, and had found both Teddy and Mr Gunnarson engaged in a serious conversation about how to feed sheep and what not to give them. He'd left quietly, content that all was well.

On other days, Harry would pack a lunch for both himself and Teddy and they would go exploring, often after Malfoy had told them about this or that spot that was worth seeing.

Today was a day where Teddy was spending time helping Mr Gunnarson and Harry was ready to go to the potions lab to help Malfoy, except that he had to take care of some paperwork first. Harry was in the kitchen and had started the kettle for a fresh pot of tea. While he waited for the water to come to the boil, he let his thoughts go over the past couple of days. Spending all day with someone in a lab, where they worked side by side, would teach a person valuable lessons about the other.

Now that there were no longer any House rivalries interfering and they had both grown up and had each, in different ways, lost their short fuses, Harry found that they got along quite nicely. Well, if you didn't count the little sneers and minor insults going back and forth, but somehow they didn't sting and he actually looked forward to them. They prevented their days in the lab from becoming dull and tedious; instead they livened things up and kept them on their toes.

Chuckling, he filled a big teapot with the now boiling water. Who'd have thought that one day he'd look forward to verbally sparring with Malfoy?

"What's so funny?" While Harry had been thinking and pouring, Malfoy had entered the kitchen.

"Not really funny; baffling," Harry said, evading what he'd been thinking about. Somehow, he needed to think it through deeper before he even wanted to discuss it. "One of those realisations one can have."

"Hmmm." Malfoy's narrowed eyes indicated what he thought of that last statement.

"Ready to go back to the lab or are you just taking a break for tea?" Harry figured the tea might give him a temporary out. Malfoy could be very persistent.

"I want some tea and after that we can go back to the lab," Malfoy said, piercing look still focussed on Harry.

It reminded Harry of one of Hermione's piercing looks; the one she gave either him or Ron when she knew they were up to something and hadn't quite figured out what it was. Ignoring it, Harry poured them both a cup. They drank in silence.

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That afternoon, more than before, Harry was aware of something in the air. He wasn't sure if it was electricity or tension, but whatever it was, it made him highly aware of Malfoy. It started with him being very aware that, if he were to take two steps back and five to his left, he's be bumping sideways into Malfoy's back. When the realisation struck, Harry shrugged and went back to chopping his ingredients the correct way.

Then, when Malfoy came to the table to get some of the ingredients that were ready, Harry got a whiff of his cologne and thought that he really liked the scent. Shooting a glance at Malfoy again, he also couldn't help but think that he'd finally grown into his face. Before, the face had been pointed and sharp; now it had filled out more during the years and somehow fitted him. He also remembered thinking that before and frowned. Why would he think that Malfoy smelled nice and then think it again? Something was going on.

Things progressed from there.

When Malfoy stood beside him, Harry noticed his hands. Then, as they shared a look, Harry thought how he never had known that Malfoy's eyes weren't grey but a shade of blue. This confused him badly enough that he had to stop chopping for a while to get his thoughts in order.

The rest of the afternoon he felt tense and what he most wanted to do was go outside and for a long walk. Not only would this mean that he'd get soaked before he'd left the house behind him, but it also meant he would have to break his word. Things were busy and he really was helping Malfoy save time. He really hoped the rain would stop pouring down soon. They were imposing on Malfoy as it was.

Malfoy must've noticed his unease, because several times throughout the afternoon Harry caught his gaze. Something in that look could be called a hint of worry, but about what Harry wasn't sure. To say it was unsettling to feel that gaze upon him and to know that there was no hatred or contempt in it, was to say Ron had a fondness for the Cannons.

Dinner that night was.... strange.

Teddy came home with plenty of stories to tell about the sheep. He'd started to refer to them by their names and had tales of their adventures together. Harry eagerly listened and asked questions; everything to avoid that steady gaze and his own thoughts.

But, Teddy had to go to bed eventually and after he'd tucked him in and had entered the parlour, Harry's thoughts piped up. Why was he thinking of Malfoy like that? It wasn't that he wasn't interested in men;

he'd had male lovers before, after all. But this was Malfoy. True, but hadn't he been a good host? No insults, hardly any sneers and most of them had been in what could be called friendly bantering. And Harry himself had said that Malfoy had changed.

Harry sighed deeply. He knew what was happening and he wasn't altogether sure he wanted to give in to what his thoughts were telling him he was starting to feel. He groaned and let his head rest in his hands. He could list all the reasons why this was such a bad idea and, strangely enough, the top one was that he didn't know how long he and Teddy would be there, on Iceland. Most of the 'bad idea list' consisted of things like Malfoy's father's role in the war, his own part in Dumbledore's death, everything that had happened during their stay at Hogwarts, the way he'd treated his friends....

Harry was well into his mental list, when the door opened and Malfoy stepped in carrying a tray with mugs and a teapot.

"I thought I'd find you here," he said quietly. Not saying anything more, he made Harry a mug, in exactly the same way Harry always did and then poured his own. Sitting down on the sofa across from the one Harry was on, he calmly waited.

"I think it's time we finished the conversation from this afternoon," Malfoy said after a while, when Harry simply sat there, cradling his mug in his hands, not knowing how to break the silence.

"Maybe," Harry acknowledged, thinking that maybe if he could place Malfoy's journey from when he'd seen him last until their encounter during the storm, he could make more sense of what was happening.

"All right." Malfoy sighed. "What do you want to know?"

"I think we left off with you starting to work for your neighbour's cousin's something in a potions lab," Harry said, frowning as he tried to re-call if that was where they'd left off. And, annoyed, then asked himself why that was so bloody important.

"Hmmm," Malfoy nodded. "Well, I had to go through a couple of tests, of course, but I got the job. At first it was run of the mill stuff, like brewing calming potions, or anti-nausea ones. Not all that

challenging, believe me."

Harry's lips twisted at hearing the very familiar indignant tone. Malfoy saw it, though, and couldn't keep a small smirk off his face, either.

"So, I worked hard, sent for as many books as I could get my hands on and studied. Later they told me that no one had made promotion as fast as I had, but I was determined to make something of this chance."

They both sipped their tea at the same time and Harry found that he was as at ease in this room, on this sofa as he was in his own home or at Ron and Hermione's house. Before he could dwell on it, Malfoy continued his story.

"Of course my rise in the company didn't sit well with some of the employees and I had to demonstrate some of my... unique... skills to convince them to leave me alone." Malfoy didn't sound happy about that at all, Harry observed. "Unfortunately, my... skills... were deemed 'beginner's luck' and I had to repeat them a couple of times before they understood to not mess with the Briton." A sigh and a sip of tea.

"Anyway, once that was established, things went much more smoothly. I worked, they let me go to workshops and I studied at home. When I left I was in charge of an entire department and involved with the hiring of new people." Satisfaction could be heard in Malfoy's voice and Harry couldn't blame him.

"So, if things went so well there, how did you end up here?" Harry was genuinely curious.

"Well, after spending roughly five years in Russia two reasons made me decide to leave," Malfoy said and Harry detected a glint in his eyes. "One was that after those five years I was sick of the intense cold there and the other was that it was very hard for my mother to come and visit."

Harry nodded. Lucius Malfoy had been sentenced to life in Azkaban and would not be setting foot outside again. Narcissa had been sentenced to serving civil duty amongst those that had been affected by Voldemort's rules and actions. Harry had seen how this had changed her, as much as that was

possible, and knew she missed her son.

"Okay, I can understand all that. But why Iceland?"

"Well, the boss of the lab was interested in expanding his network for a bit and had been planning on somehow involving Iceland. So, when I talked to him about wanting to leave Russia he suggested that I go to Iceland. He would take care of housing and the starting supplies. I would be allowed to take from the profit what I needed to keep stock up to date and for my own living, of course, but everything else was to flow back to him for one year. Iceland was so much closer to the UK that I accepted. When I came here I lived about two hours east. After that first year I was able to save up and about one year ago I moved here."

"Iceland's got unique earth magic," Harry said, catching a hint of surprise and then acceptance in Malfoy's eyes.

"Indeed it does," he murmured, nodding.

"I've read up on Iceland, due to the holiday, but it's mentioned nowhere. Yet when Teddy and I visited a couple of places we both felt it quite strongly. We tried to see what it did and if it made us feel any different," Harry said, thinking back to their time in the gorge. "In the gorge I concentrated and somehow, for a moment, as long as I allowed it, it felt as if it made my mind clearer and calm."

Malfoy nodded. "I've heard that it can affect some people. One of the local tales, that you won't find in any travel guide, is that at the start of the Parliament's history there the earth magic decided who was worthy of taking place in it. Those who felt the magic and allowed it into their minds, and who passed another test, were installed as members of Parliament."

Harry nodded slowly. "Makes sense, when you think about it," he said.

For a while, they both sat on their respective sofas, mugs in hand and the fire crackling away.

Breaking the silence, Malfoy asked, "Can I interest you in a glass of elf-made wine?"

Harry perked up at those words. He'd been sorely disappointed when the rainstorm had prevented Teddy and his search for the elves. "I'd love to try some," he said sincerely, sitting up a bit straighter.

= A Rush Of Blood To The Head =

"This is great stuff, Malfoy," Harry said approvingly after a couple of sips from the dark red elf made wine. He took careful sips, knowing all too well that if he drank the wine too fast unexpected things could happen. The blood red drink, while it didn't contain a very high alcohol percentage, was strong enough due to all the magical ingredients the elves added to it.

"Notice anything about it?" Malfoy asked, eyebrow raised.

Letting the sip he'd just taken linger on his tongue, Harry tried to determine what was different about the taste. The colour was mostly the same, he observed, although maybe there was a depth to the colour he hadn't seen before in the other wines he'd tasted. And maybe, now that he let his mind wander on the taste, there was a hint of sweet strawberries. Harry's eyes flew open and Malfoy smirked.

"Tasted them, have you?"

"Bloody hell, it's wonderful!" Harry exclaimed. "The other wines I've tasted always had a hint of blueberry in them..." The self-satisfied look on Malfoy's face made him stop talking. "Your hand's in this, isn't it?" He could tell by the smile that appeared on Malfoy's face. He'd never seen him smile at Hogwarts, Harry thought. He'd smirked, mostly, but never smiled.

"Of course," Malfoy nodded. "but only since two years, so we're still in the starting phase. The sales are

promising, however, so I'm hopeful this'll carry through."

"It should," Harry said, taking another sip. "Nothing wrong with it... nothing at all...."

Oddly enough, his glass had emptied and Malfoy was already filling it again. Only when he'd put the bottle on the table, he didn't go back to the other couch, but sat down next to Harry. Harry blinked, he hadn't expected this, but found he didn't mind.

He also didn't mind when, somewhere in between half of the second glass and the filling up for the third one, Malfoy sat down right next to him, thighs touching. In fact, it was nice having a body to lean against, Harry thought, smiling and well on his way to being quite drunk.

And then, somehow Harry never got quite clear on what exactly had happened, he was kissing Malfoy and Malfoy was kissing him. All at the same time. The strawberry taste was equally good when tasting it on someone else. Maybe better, but Harry'd think about that when he could think properly.

Then, someone was moaning, Harry felt hands on interesting places and, when he needed to breathe and opened his eyes, found that he had his own hands practically fisted in Malfoy's hair and that his glasses started to fog up. He blinked again and then found Malfoy's eyes on his. Malfoy looked like Harry felt; astonished, slightly confused and hot as hell and, to Harry's wine-muffled brain, that was reason enough to dive in for another kiss. This kiss involved even more hands and a lot more tongue and made thinking beyond Harry. All he could do was feel and taste and he let himself go with it.

When next reason returned, mostly because they both needed to breathe, Harry found himself straddling Malfoy's lap and arms wrapped tightly around his waist, his glasses askew on his nose. Panting, they just sat there, looking at each other. Slowly, thoughts started to come to him and Harry blinked. Was he really in Malfoy's lap? Had they really been snogging the doxies out of each other for Merlin knew how long? Hang on — he really was in Malfoy's lap!

And.... he found he had enjoyed the snogging immensely and could, at that particular moment, find no reason why he should have to get up. Malfoy wasn't exactly complaining either...

"Oh Merlin," Malfoy managed.

When Harry focused his attention back at him, he saw realisation dawn in his eyes and felt him tense up. "Well, now I've done it," he said in what Harry thought was a cynical tone, clearly aimed at himself.

"Malfoy?"

Malfoy's eyes, now nearer to grey than blue, looked at him. "I've had my tongue in your mouth several times in the past... half hour," he said with a catch in his voice. "At this point the least you could do is call me by my given name." His entire body radiated a challenge.

"True," Harry said, agreeing with that logic. "As long as you'll do the same..." Why hadn't it bothered him before that they'd kept calling each other by their last names?

Nodding, Malfoy sat up, arms still around Harry. "All right..... Harry." Weird that Malfoy saying his name would make him shiver, Harry thought.

"Draco," he said slowly... and somehow the hint of warmth in Mal- Draco's eyes made him feel warm inside as well. They sat there, faces close by and slowly started to smile at each other. Harry was convinced it was a stupid smile, but couldn't seem to stop or change it.

Seemingly out of nowhere, the clock struck one, shaking them from whatever had held them there. Clearing his throat, Harry said, "Maybe it's time we went to bed.... this way we'll be still sitting here grinning by the time Teddy comes down for breakfast."

"Yeah. Probably." Malfoy didn't sound anymore convinced than Harry had.

Awkwardly, Harry stood up from Draco's lap and waited until he had gotten up as well. "Well... good night, then," he said, leaning in to press a soft, chaste kiss on Draco's lips. "I'll see you in the mor-"

Before Harry could finish his sentence, Draco stepped close and kissed him again. This kiss was a slow, languid one, taking its time exploring and caressing. This kiss touched something in Harry and he actually had to grab Draco's arms to keep himself from stumbling. After it ended, no words were spoken. Instead, there were plenty of looks and a slow touching of hands on shoulders before each went to their respective rooms.

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Breakfast wasn't nearly as odd as Harry had feared it might be. Teddy was up early as usual and when Harry came downstairs he was happily eating his breakfast at the kitchen table, with Draco listening politely and now and then offering an opinion.

"Now that all three of us are here at the table," Draco started, "I wondered if you two would be available to help me with some things."

"Like what, Mr Malfoy?" Teddy piped up politely.

"Well, I've told you about the potions I make, yes?" When Teddy nodded, Draco continued, "To make them, I need ingredients. Quite a lot of them come to me by owl, but for certain potions I need... special things. And since today's rain isn't quite so bad and I'm done with the latest batch, I need to go outside and collect them. Would you care to come and help me?"

Teddy's excited smile told Harry all he needed to know. "Can we, Uncle Harry? I'd love to help Mr Malfoy!" Teddy was all but bouncing in his chair.

Harry readily agreed and soon they were all outside, each in their raincoats, carrying baskets that had special preserving charms on them. Teddy had lots of fun, running around and beaming when either of the adults praised him over one thing or other. Harry was also pleased to see that Draco had a lot of patience with Teddy and, even more telling, that Teddy was at ease with Draco and seemed to really like being around him. Between Harry and Draco many a look passed, as well as a few stolen kisses when

Teddy wasn't looking...

The end of the afternoon found three tired wizards, happy with that day's work, returning to the house. Harry had to try to not look at Draco too much, because the looks that had passed between them made that he wanted to press him against the wall and snog him silly. Instead, he fussed over Teddy.

That night, after Teddy had gone to bed, both men settled next to each other on one of the sofas, sitting as close together as they could. Harry sighed contently, happy with the silence and feeling no need to break it. Leaning in a bit, Harry felt Draco's arm slowly go up and around his shoulder before a hand tentatively started to play with his hair. It was surprisingly pleasant and he sighed again.

"Like that, do you?"

"Apparently," Harry said, eyes falling shut and head finding its way to Draco's shoulder. Draco's hand playing with his hair made him feel... safe and comfortable.

"You don't know what you like?" Draco sounded incredulous.

"I didn't know I liked my hair being played with," Harry retorted, refusing to lift his head. "It's not like there've been many people...," he made a vague gesture with his hand, "... who've had the opportunity to play with it."

"That's not what the papers say." The sudden intake of breath told Harry that maybe Draco hadn't intended to say just that.

"The papers have been wrong more than they've been right," Harry said. "Especially where it comes to my personal life." There was resentment about that, still.

Draco was silent for a while, although his hand didn't falter. "I used to resent you for the attention," he finally said, softly. "Not until the trial and later my eviction from the country did I understand just what

the effect of those paper articles had on someone's life."

"Like I said, you've changed," Harry said, secretly letting himself enjoy that little fact.

"See if you wouldn't have changed with a snakelike madman living in your house for months and seeing your parents cower before him." It was delivered in a dry, matter-of-fact voice, but Harry wasn't fooled.

"I've had him in my head until he hit me with the Killing Curse."

"What?!" Clearly this was news to Draco.

"When he tried to kill me when I was a baby, he accidentally made a Horcrux out of me," Harry said, sighing when he realised that he would have to get up. Pushing himself up straight so that he could look at Draco, who was baffled and confused, he started to tell him the story of Voldemort and his six intended Horcruxes and the seventh unintended one.

When he was done, he let himself lean back against Draco and waited. Slowly, hesitantly, Draco's hand came back and rested in his hair.

"The Dementors?" Draco asked quietly.

"When they came near me in the train, I heard my mother screaming," Harry said. "It's why I fainted."

Draco's hand pressed Harry's head against his shoulder and then he pressed a kiss on his head. "I'm sorry," he murmured.

"It's all right," Harry said, pressing his head against Draco's shoulder in answer. "The scar hasn't bothered me since."

They made tea together and after, settled back into the same position they'd been in. Something was bothering Draco, Harry could tell. Before he could ask him what it was, Draco asked, "So, can I ask you something? About what they've written in the papers..."

Harry nodded, not having a clue what it could be about. Despite leading a much quieter and, he'd hoped, more boring life, the papers still found reason to write the wildest things about him.

"All those people they've claimed to be your lovers or dates....?"

"Not true, most of it," Harry said decidedly. "I mean, the dates were obviously that, dates, but nothing more than that. I haven't had a real relationship with anyone since Teddy was four years old."

"That's.... "

"It's been six long, bloody lonely years," Harry finished for Draco, sighing. Then, as an afterthought, he added, "What about you?"

"Since I went to Russia." Draco's tone was flat. "No one wants someone whose family name has been stained."

"I'm sorry," Harry said.

"Trust me when I say that I know that it's not your fault, Harry," Draco said, hand now stroking Harry's hair. "Mother sent me clippings and letters about what you did for Uncle Severus' name. And then later you even testified in my mother's case.... Trust me, you are the last person I've blamed, oddly enough."

"She saved my life," Harry said softly. "The least I could do was try to do the same for her."

= Shiver =

After that conversation, Harry found Draco to be more open with his affections, although still not in front of Teddy. Their nights on the sofa lasted longer and longer and didn't stop at kissing each other. Harry had, however, insisted that he didn't want to go any further than kissing and some making out until they'd told Teddy. Draco had agreed, reluctantly. It was becoming harder and harder to stop when what they both wanted to do was continue their activities in Draco's bedroom.

The problem of how to tell Teddy solved itself. One night, after he'd entertained them with a story about one of the sheep he'd been watching, leaning back in his chair, he gave them both a piercing look, folded his arms and said, "When are you going to tell me?"

Shooting Draco a nervous look, Harry asked, "Tell you what, Teddy?"

Rolling his eyes, the boy said, "About what is going on with you and Mr Malfoy, of course."

"Uhm...." Harry wasn't quite sure how to answer that.

"Are you friends now? I know you weren't before, when you were both at Hogwarts," Teddy said. "And you're much nicer to each other now." Expectant eyes rested on Harry and Draco.

"Well," Harry started, only to be interrupted by Draco.

"Yes, we're friends now, Teddy," he said calmly. "In fact," he shot Harry a meaningful look, "we're more than just friends."

Teddy nodded. "I know." He sounded a bit smug.

"You..... know?" Harry wasn't sure what to make of it.

"Of course." Teddy emptied his glass. "It's quite obvious, actually."

"It... it was?" Harry felt like somehow someone had stepped in and had given the direction of the entire conversation to Teddy. He wasn't sure if he liked it.

"Yes," Teddy nodded. "You were looking at each other a lot and don't think I didn't see that you were kissing when we were out yesterday." Harry was relieved he didn't waggle his finger at them.

"So, in that case I don't think this," Draco lifted his and Harry's entwined hands above the table, "bothers you."

Now Teddy did roll his eyes and let that be his answer.

Harry looked at Draco and saw now blue eyes shining at him. He smiled and squeezed Draco's hand. Clearly, Teddy's answer was a relief to Draco as well and he pressed a kiss on Harry's cheek.

"Now you won't be all alone when I'm at Hogwarts," Teddy said. "I was worried about that, but Grandma 'Dromeda said that you'd find someone when you were ready." He shrugged. "I guess you're ready now."

Harry marvelled at how simple it was for Teddy and loved him even more for the, seemingly, simple acceptance. Knowing his godson, though, he knew that Teddy had been thinking about this for the past couple of days.

As heated as their kisses got and as enticing as they found each other's bodies, they both were reluctant to take things too far too quickly. After all, Harry and Teddy were only there for a holiday and would be

returning home soon. Both Draco and Harry had agreed that maintaining a long distance relationship, with Draco prohibited from entering the country, would be very hard. However, going their separate ways at night was getting harder and harder, too.

That night they sat on the sofa, as close as they could, enjoying each other's company after a long making out session, when Draco suddenly asked, "Why does Teddy call you 'uncle'? I know you love him like a son and he clearly loves you like one, as well."

Harry's smile was sad. "I... I couldn't take that title from Remus. He deserved to have a mum and dad. So, Andromeda does her best to tell him about Tonks and I tell him about Remus. Well, what I know of him, of course."

"Don't you miss him calling you Dad?" Draco asked, hand softly stroking Harry's arm.

"Not really. After I'd decided I'd have him call me Uncle I thought I might come to miss being called Dad, but I never have." Harry looked up at Draco and received a nod.

"Do...," Draco had to swallow, "do you think he might like to call me something else besides 'Mr Malfoy'? I feel like he's talking to my father, when he calls me that...." At Harry's opened mouth, he hasted to add, "And of course you did the right thing. I mean, when I found you two in the barn, I wasn't exactly ready to be called by my first name by you lot..."

Harry nodded, understanding. "Well... I'm sure he'll bring it up eventually, just give him some time to come to grips with this. Can you do that, wait for him to bring it up, I mean?"

"I can. I'd rather he chose to do it than comply with a request from me," Draco said and nodded, before dragging Harry onto his lap again. Harry only had time to reflect that Draco seemed to have a preference for him there, as he usually ended up in the other man's lap. Then, his head was pulled down again and most thoughts fled as the kiss took him from amused to aroused quickly. Every time they kissed it seemed the kisses got better, mainly because by now they knew where the other liked to be kissed, touched or teased.

Their previous kissing session had left them with unbuttoned shirts and it didn't take long before Harry felt Draco's hands on his bare shoulders. Breaking their current kiss, he quickly unbuttoned his cuffs and let the shirt slide from his arms. It took only one pointed look before Draco had taken his off as well. Leaning forward, Harry pressed his chest against Draco's and both let out small sounds when they felt each other skin on skin.

Latching on to Harry's neck, Draco began to nibble and lick his way around from one ear to the other and then down, towards Harry's collarbone and then down to one already hard nipple. Harry's grip on Draco's shoulders tightened when he felt teeth scratch and pull on the hard nub before they tightened around it. Just before it got to be too much, the hot moisture of Draco's tongue soothed and aroused at the same time.

"Oh, Merlin," Harry moaned and pressed himself as close to Draco as he could. Draco carefully took Harry's glasses off and put them on the table before his hands shifted from their position on Harry's shoulders downwards, along his spine, until they reached Harry's arse. Cupping it, Draco started to move his hips up, his hands guiding Harry's counter-movements. Needing more, Harry pulled on Draco's hair, wanting that mouth to come back to his own. Nothing was said; the room filled only with the sound of bodies moving with and against each other and passion-induced moans spilling out of busy mouths.

Harry didn't remember ever feeling this kind of passion, lust and warmth with another person. His body was nearing its peak already and the thought of what it would be like to do this when they'd both be entirely naked combined with Draco's mouth on his nipple, sucking and licking, was enough to speed up his movements. His hips almost bucking against Draco's and eyes blind, Harry came and half blacked out, oblivious to everything but Draco's smell, his arms around him and the sounds and feeling of him coming as well.

"When we do this on a bed you'll be the end of me," Draco panted, face pressed against Harry's neck.

Hands stroking Draco's back, Harry smiled. "I disagree with you on that. You will be the end of me! And I'd rather you didn't have to explain to Teddy what did his uncle in just yet."

"Now there's a mood breaker," Draco said dryly, "having to explain to a ten-year-old boy why his uncle is in a comatose state in the bed of his male host."

"Yeah," Harry sighed. "Somehow I don't think he'd mind too much if we did that without the comatose part.... But let's not test that theory just yet, okay?"

"Hmmmm."

***

That morning, Teddy ran to the window to look outside. In the glass' reflection, Harry saw him frown and pout slightly. He came to the table after that and ate his breakfast, being uncharacteristically quiet.

About halfway through his meal, the dark clouds gathered. Harry narrowed his eyes in suspicion and when he looked at Draco he saw a contemplative look in his eyes as well. But, before either one of them could bring the clouds up, Teddy looked at the both of them.

"Uncle Harry? Will you be coming back here? After we go back home again, I mean?" He was quite serious.

Harry shot Draco a quick look. "I was planning on it, Teddy, yes," he said as calmly as he could.

Teddy nodded and bit his lip. "Will I get to come with you? When I'm home from Hogwarts?"

Before Harry could nod, Draco said, "I would like it very much if you wanted to come along with your Uncle Harry, Teddy," and rubbed Harry's thigh with his hand.

Teddy smiled at that. "I would really love to come here again, too, Mr Malfoy. I really like all the hills and mountains and Mr Gunnarson's sheep!" Harry and Draco both had to chuckle at that statement; Teddy

had been such a frequent visitor that Mr Gunnarson had come by one evening to check up on things.

"But," Teddy went on, frown back on his forehead, "I can't keep calling you Mr Malfoy, can I? I mean, I can, but... if I call you that, it would still be like when we first got here and you and Uncle Harry weren't friends yet."

"That's true," Draco nodded and Harry bit his tongue, minding himself to let Teddy and Draco handle this. "Have you thought about what you'd like to call me instead?"

Teddy shot Harry a quick look and, when Harry nodded, bit his lip and looked up at Draco, suddenly a bit shy. "I thought, if you and Uncle Harry like each other so much, I maybe could call you 'Uncle Draco'?" Brown eyes were cast up to gauge Draco's reaction, which was to simply scrape his chair back and open his arm in silent invitation. Teddy didn't need anything more and was in them for a tight hug within seconds.

"I'd love to be your Uncle Draco, Teddy," Draco said in his ear, holding him tight.

There wasn't much time for Teddy to dwell on things, because Mr Gunnarson came to get Teddy; one of his ewes was about to give birth and he wanted to know if Teddy wanted to witness it. Teddy, not in the least deterred by the prospect of blood, happily went along.

= X & Y =

With Draco's orders on a schedule, Harry once again found himself in the potions lab, chopping up puffer-fish eyes for the solution Draco was brewing. Thinking about how the routine made him feel calm and gave him a sense of belonging he hadn't really been feeling for a while now, made him sigh and hum softly. He got so caught up that he was startled when two strong, familiar arms wrapped themselves around his waist and he was pulled back against Draco's chest.

Hands roamed his chest as Draco's mouth latched on to the side of his neck. "Dr- Draco?"

"I don't know why, but your humming is really turning me on," Draco said in his ear, making Harry shiver and press back.

"I can feel that," he murmured, secretly pleased, and getting aroused now, too. "Also feels like your solution will be coming out nicely."

"Hmmm... and it doesn't even have all of its ingredients yet," Draco purred in his ear. One of his hands gently cupped Harry's jaw and moved it so that their mouths could meet in an open-mouthed kiss that, when it finished, had Harry panting with his eyes closed and his hands grasping Draco's arms that where they wound tight around him. Before he could say or do anything, he was turned around and his mouth was, once again, claimed in a passionate kiss. While Draco was kissing him, Harry's hands wrapped around his neck out of their own volition, stroking the skin there. Not breaking the kiss, Draco then pushed, lifted and Harry found himself sitting on the counter where he'd been cutting up the puffer-fish eyes only minutes ago.

Opening his now heavy eyes, Harry found himself level with Draco's face and looked into passion filled, dark grey eyes. "I hope you cleaned the counter before you put me on it," he mumbled. "Those eyes leave stains that even Molly Weasley'll have trouble getting out."

"Of course I did," Draco practically huffed. "And while I know they are your family, if you don't want this to end prematurely, please refrain from mentioning Weasleys while I'm in the middle of seducing you."

That got Harry's attention. "Se- seduction?" Harry had to swallow.

"Hmmm." Draco stepped closer, forcing Harry to open his legs. Pressing forward until their hips met in the V of Harry's legs, Draco kissed him again, muddling his brain until all he felt were Draco's lips on his. More and more intoxicating kisses followed until, when air became a necessity, Harry found himself without his shirt, his jeans undone and without his shoes. His socks followed soon after. Standing up again, Draco let his hands slide upwards over Harry's legs, stopping at the top of his thighs and making Harry moan involuntarily.

Leaning in but not kissing Harry, letting his mouth hover inches from Harry's, Draco asked, "Trust me?"

"Hmmm... yes," Harry said, looking at Draco curiously.

When he didn't say anything more, Draco quirked an eyebrow. "No conditions? No buts?"

"None," Harry answered and found that there truly weren't any.

The smile that that statement earned him was blinding; the affection and warmth shining from Draco's eyes momentarily taking Harry's breath away, making him press his cheek against Draco's. For a while they remained like that, pressed closely together, entwined intimately.

Finally, though, the arousal that had been threatening to overwhelm him since Draco's first touch pushed him to start unbuttoning Draco's shirt, needing to touch his naked skin. When he could fold away the shirt's cloth, Harry bent forward and started to make his way down, kissing the skin that became visible after he'd undone yet another button. Restless hands settled in his hair, massaging his scalp and occasionally tugging on the still unruly strands. Wanting to keep going, but finding his seat on the counter becoming uncomfortable, Harry slid off it and dropped to his knees, finding that he was face to face with Draco's belly. Reaching for Draco's waist, Harry impatiently tugged the shirt out of the waistband of Draco's pants, eager to get rid of the last barrier to Draco's naked torso. When he could let his hands go where they wanted, he bent forward once more and started to lick and nip around Draco's bellybutton, occasionally letting his tongue dip inside the small crevice. This really set Draco off, the soft moans from earlier now loud pants and requests for 'More' and exclamations of 'Oh Merlin'.

When Harry let his tongue reach underneath Draco's waistband that was clearly too much; he was pulled up gently yet firmly and his lips taken in a bruising kiss.

"You drive me absolutely insane," Draco hissed, before yanking Harry's jeans off.

"You... say... that... like... it's... a... bad... thing," Harry panted, while he helpfully raised his hips and legs

alternatively, helping Draco along.

"Not... necessarily," Draco said, slowly getting his breathing under control again, "but I have plans for you that I've been thinking of for days now."

"Really?" Harry couldn't help but be intrigued.

"Hmmm...." Draco had a gleam in his eye that made Harry squirm a bit.

"Aren't you going to take off the rest of your clothes?" Harry enquired, wanting to see Draco naked.

"Later," Draco said and, with a speed Harry had seen him use a couple of times in the critical stages of a potion, grabbed his wand and muttered the words of what was either a charm or a spell. While Harry's eyes were darting around the room, trying to see what was happening, Draco kissed him again; a deep, passionate, tongue-all-over kiss that left Harry panting with his eyes closed. As Draco broke the kiss and lifted his glasses off his nose, Harry felt something wrap around his wrists, pulling them up and out to the side. Without his glasses he found it hard to determine exactly what it was, but since it wasn't pulling hard enough to hurt, he simply asked, "Those must be some plans."

"You have no idea," Draco said in his ear, before licking the shell and then blowing cool air across it, making Harry shiver. "Now that I've got you here, like this," he went on in a low voice, one Harry hadn't heard before, "I'm going to take my time.... do everything I've been wanting to do...."

Harry opened his mouth to say something... anything... when he felt Draco start to taste him. There was no other word for it. Starting with the skin right behind his ear, Draco made his way around Harry's neck, to his other ear. Harry groaned; Draco knew this to be one of the things that turned him on and this time was no different. Chuckling, he added tiny nibbles to the licking, tiny enough so that Harry felt them, but not hard enough that they would leave a trace. Just as he'd reached one of Harry's nipples, with Harry panting loudly, Draco backed off, taking a couple of steps back.

"Accio Chocoballs," he muttered and Harry could hear something hit Draco's hands. "I can't get enough of your taste," Draco said conversationally, "so I thought I'd combine your taste with one of my favourite

sweets."

Harry heard a crack and then almost yelped when he felt something cold put on his nipple, making Draco chuckle. "Cold, huh? Don't worry... I'll warm it up for you...." And then Harry's nipple was engulfed by Draco's hot mouth, his tongue licking the strawberry mousse and clotted cream mixture off of it, teasing the hard nub. The transition from cold to hot was so arousing, Harry threw his head back and trusted whatever was wrapped around his wrists to hold him up. Draco repeated this with Harry's other nipple, leaving Harry heavily aroused and fighting for breath.

Feeling Draco kiss, lick and nibble his way down, Harry let out a disappointed groan.

"Don't worry," Draco whispered. "I've got two whole boxes cooled..."

Harry had to force himself to get his breathing under control. "You'll kill me. You know that, right?"

"And you'll love it," Draco's voice said, confidently, from the vicinity of Harry's hipbone.

Harry groaned and Draco resumed his tasting actions. Harry had never known that he had erogenous zones just above his knees, or that he liked his ankle nibbled on... Most frustrating, however, was that he couldn't touch back.

"Draco.... my hands... let me go? Want to touch you, too," he panted, now tugging his wrists, trying to see how tight the bindings were.

"Not yet," Draco said, suddenly standing again and speaking close to his face. "If you touch me it'll be over too soon..." Placing small kisses on his mouth, teasing out Harry's tongue and sucking on it softly, Draco distracted him. "Let me do this? Please?"

Harry could just nod, not trusting himself to speak. After that, Draco drove him insane; there was no other description for it. Draco certainly liked to nibble, Harry managed to think, as he felt Draco's mouth

move over his body, leaving nips and licks everywhere. Well, almost everywhere, since neither mouth nor hands had touched Harry's groin and he was becoming quite desperate.

Finally, though, Harry could feel Draco moving to his front again. "Draco," he moaned, thrusting his groin forward, trusting that the movement was speaking for itself.

"Shhhh," Draco said in his ear before taking Harry's mouth in what became their most passionate kiss yet. The need for air once again interrupted the kiss. Harry felt Draco lean against him, with his face in the crook of Harry's neck and shoulder, his hands sliding over his back and ending on his arse, cupping his arse cheeks.

"Time for another tasting," Draco panted, voice low and husky.

"Nggh." Harry knew he'd meant to say something, but that was all that he got out before he heard Draco biting open another Chocoball and jerked when he felt Draco's fingers putting the cold filling all over his groin area. It took at least four Chocoballs and by the time Draco was finished, Harry was shivering, partly from the strength of his arousal, partly from the prospect of what was to come and partly from the coldness of the sweet's filling.

Draco's mouth, hot breath warming the skin, was licking and tasting him again and Harry nearly came from the mental image that provided.

"Delicious," Draco practically purred, before he went back to lick the filling off of Harry's balls. The feeling of that tongue there made Harry jump in his bonds. The movement allowed Draco to cup his arse, kneading the firm flesh as he moved higher and higher, making Harry bite his lip in anticipation. When that hot, hot mouth finally closed around his cock, Harry let out a half-sigh, half-scream. Harry wished he had his glasses so that he would've been able to see Draco, whose tongue was positively wicked as it went on to bring Harry to such a strong orgasm that he screamed before he blacked out.

When next he came to, Harry was still bound, still without his glasses but felt so mellow that he honestly didn't care. Mainly that had to do with the fact that he was no longer standing, but now lying on a soft mattress, feeling Draco plastered to his back, arms wrapped tightly around him and Draco's now naked cock lodged between Harry's arse cheeks. Pushing back, Harry heard Draco gasp and moan and press his

face against Harry's shoulder blade.

"Draco," Harry said, voice hoarse from his previous scream, "fuck me?"

Draco stilled and all Harry could feel was his chest heaving. "Harry.... are... are you sure?"

Harry nodded, finding that he didn't want this to end without having felt Draco inside him. "Next time I could...." He didn't finish because he felt Draco's nod against his back. "Yeah.. yeah..."

Draco pressed kisses along his spine before turning him on to his stomach and then moving down. Harry, without thinking, spread his legs. Kisses were replaced by licks as Draco reached the small of Harry's back. He called for his wand and cast a cleaning charm, making Harry shift from the unfamiliar feeling. Spreading Harry's cheeks, Draco kissed the flesh, letting his teeth lightly scrape the sensitive skin. Harry alternatively tensed up and melted, going from one sensory spike to another. Things threatened to go on overload when he felt Draco's tongue starting to lick around his anus, slowly but surely loosening the ring up.

"Oh fu-!" He couldn't even finish the word, the unexpected feelings rendering him speechless and unable to speak. Squeezing his eyes shut, he lay there, panting and let it all wash over him. It was all so hot that his arousal grew once more. By the time that Draco was fucking him with his tongue, his own cock was hard again and rubbing against the sheets.

"Draco," Harry moaned

Everything stopped and, after a little while, he heard Draco curse under his breath, felt the mattress dip and then heard the sounds of Draco stumbling around. Judging from the sound of bottles clanging against each other and the muttering, Draco must've stumbled against one of the tables that held empty vials. It didn't take long, though, before he felt Draco climb back on the bed. Then one of Draco's hands was stroking Harry where he could reach him. Again, he heard Draco mutter and felt tingling indicating that spells had been cast before he felt a slick finger trying to enter him.

The soft, persistent rubbing of Draco's finger made Harry push slowly back against it. After years of being

single it took quite a bit of patience and effort to open him up enough.

"Hmmm," Draco hummed, slowly starting to move his finger in a circle, loosing the muscles and preparing them for the second finger that was to follow. "So hot," he murmured as he moved his fingers in and out of Harry.

Harry, meanwhile, was lost in a haze of pure pleasure. Everything felt so good; Draco's hands caressing him, his slow and careful preparation, his restraint... Finally, Harry could no longer wait, good as all of this felt.

"Draco... do it...." It was an almost-whisper, but it made Draco stop what he was doing.

"I'm not sure you're ready yet." Draco's hands caressed Harry's arms restlessly.

"If you don't do it, I don't think I'll survive," Harry said, squirming to get closer to Draco's hands, Draco's body....

"I don't think I can hold out much longer either," Draco admitted shakily.

Harry heard him mutter again and, not long after, he felt something bigger than Draco's finger push against his entrance. Since their first time in the lab, they had alternated being top and bottom. So he tried to relax as much as he could and bore down. Slowly, very slowly, he felt Draco enter him and he had to squeeze his eyes shut against the initial burn. Draco noticed and held still, stroking Harry's arms with his hands. Only after Harry nodded and mumbled, did he slide in further until Harry no longer felt the burn and only the pleasure of being filled. They were both panting harshly.

"Harry...." Draco pleaded and when Harry answered, in much the same voice, "Draco please.... move!" Draco did just that.

After a few deep thrusts, Draco grazed Harry's prostate, causing him to moan loudly. He must've felt the

reaction in Harry's body, because after that he did his best to hit the gland on every other or every third thrust. Soon, Harry's moaning was framed by the sound of flesh slapping against flesh and Draco's groaning.

With the consistent assault on his prostate, Harry didn't take too long to reach the edge of orgasm again and, judging by his sometimes unsteady hands, Draco wasn't far behind. With a harsh shout, Harry came while Draco, almost immediately after, called Harry's name and fell against his back.

"Merlin," Harry breathed. "Talk about a hidden geyser."

"Huh?" Draco's voice was muffled, his mouth resting against the side of Harry's neck.

"Geyser, you," Harry said slowly.

"Why?"

"Who knew you could erupt like this?" Harry chuckled but, when he made an unexpected move, winced as his arms and shoulders protested.

"Sorry," Draco said, noticing. "It's time I undid your arms."

"Isallright," Harry mumbled, feeling mellow and very sleepy. "Whatever you've got holding my arms is strong and sturdy. I can't feel a thing."

When Draco chuckled and ran his hands over Harry, Harry shivered. They were still joined and Draco's chuckle made him move.

"What is it, anyway?" Harry asked curiously. "It kind of looks familiar... but then again, I'm not wearing

my glasses..."

"Flitterbloom," Draco answered, pressing a kiss on Harry's back before he withdrew, making them both hiss.

"Ah," Harry said, feeling relieved that it was Flitterbloom. At least with that plant he was safe from being choked. Experimentally he shook his arm and, when it tingled slightly and felt heavy, said, "My arms have given up. How long have we been here, anyway?"

After quickly cleaning them up with his wand, Draco went about the task of undoing the Flitterbloom from Harry's wrists, smiling apologetically when the pins and needles announced the return of feeling and made Harry wince. Once having freed Harry's arms from the plant, he banished it and gently rubbed until the circulation was back. "All right?" he asked quietly.

When Harry nodded, he quickly transfigured two warm terrycloth robes out of their shirts and shrunk the rest of their things before he cleaned up the lab. "How about a hot bath?" Draco suggested, making Harry grin and nod.

"A soak sounds wonderful," he agreed.

Arms around each other, both holding the other up, they left the lab and made their way upstairs, to Draco's bathroom.

If Harry had been distracted that night, he was rather sure Teddy hadn't noticed, since the boy could not stop talking about the birth he'd witnessed that day. Apparently Icelandic sheep were known for twinning, Harry learned, but this sheep had given birth to triplets. Teddy's eyes had shone with excitement. So Harry and Draco had ooh'd and aah'd and made a big fuss of Teddy having witnessed the event.

The excitement of witnessing the birth had tired Teddy so that he turned in not long after dinner, having been promised to be allowed to help take care of ewe and lambs. Harry and Draco remained on the sofa,

both slightly dozing.

When the clock struck ten and Harry felt like he'd been yawning non-stop for fifteen minutes, he finally looked up at Draco. "Want to turn in?"

"The answer depends on which bed you're planning to sleep in," Draco said, eyes slightly narrowed.

Trailing an unknown pattern over Draco's knee, Harry mumbled, suddenly a bit shy, "I'd thought yours would do..."

"Mine, huh?" Draco asked.

"Well... yeah. I mean, we could sleep in mine but I know we won't fit and we'd only wake up Teddy when one of us falls out..."

"We can't have that," Draco agreed. "Waking up Teddy would be a bad thing, clearly."

= High Speed =

Teddy took their sharing a bedroom rather well. Well, after he'd gotten into a slight panic when Harry's bed was made when he woke up and neither of the adults were downstairs in the kitchen... However, the panic ended when he saw them stumble out of Draco's room with bed hair, stubble and a creatively wrapped sheet...

Teddy had been making noises at Harry about having Draco accompany them on one of their outings. The weather had been like it had been before the initial rain on that fateful day and Harry and Teddy had been off and about often.

"So, how about we all go for a walk tomorrow?" Harry asked as they were having dessert one evening. "We haven't much time left" he said, smiling, "and I was hoping we could convince Uncle Draco to come with us tomorrow?"

This earned him a big, bright smile from Teddy after which he aimed a hopeful one at Draco.

"I'm sure that could be arranged," he nodded, "if I could enlist both of your help with some of my orders..."

"I could help!" Teddy sat up straighter with the idea of being allowed to help with such an important task.

"You could," Draco said, sending him a smile. "It will depend on the potions what exactly you could do, though..."

That night in bed, seemingly out of the blue, Draco said, "He's such a cheerful child..."

"He is and I'm grateful for it every day," Harry said. "He could easily have been sad or moody about having lost his parents in the war... Well, he does miss them, of course, but I've never thought it affected him as much as it could have." A shudder ran through him. "He was so small when I first saw him... It was the day after we'd buried Tonks and Remus and... I held him in my arms and he looked at me with those big eyes... I promised him that he wouldn't run the risk of having to go to an orphanage or maybe having to move to one later... Luckily Andromeda and Molly and Arthur agreed with me and they helped me fight the Ministry for him...." Harry turned and clung to Draco, face against his chest.

"I was so scared I wouldn't be able to teach him the right things or that I'd teach him the wrong things or that I'd be pants at being a father." For Harry, that had been his biggest fear. "I mean, I hardly had a shining example, with my Uncle... In some ways, Arthur and Dumbledore took that position, but never fully... Sirius tried but just as we were growing closer, he fell through the Veil. Remus wanted to, but had his own role to play in the war."

Draco's hands caressed his back. "I understand," he said softly. "They came along later, when you were older."

"Yeah... At one point Arthur sat me down and told me that as long as I had the boy's future in mind and loved him, all would work out. I was seventeen, I had been manipulated and lied to for a large part of my life... How did I know what was right? But in the end, Arthur was right, you know..."

"Looking at him now, I'll say you did a wonderful job," Draco admitted, grinning when Harry's head shot up to look at him suspiciously. "What? I mean it, you know."

That earned him a kiss from Harry.

***

Those last two weeks were spent finding a balance between Draco's business commitments, Harry and Draco's need to spend time together, Teddy's love for Mr Gunnarson's sheep and their desire to go out and spend time together.

The highlight of the outings was, and this was a unanimous decision, their outing to Husavik. They had taken part in a boat ride and seen humpback whales. Teddy couldn't decide what he'd liked more, Mr Gunnarson's sheep because he could pet them and they seemed to genuinely like him, or the whales, which were huge and had shot up water out of their blowholes while swimming around the boat. Eventually, he took solace in the fact that Harry had taken an abundance of pictures, so that he wouldn't forget.

All went rather well, until Harry had to tell Teddy that they'd be leaving in two days.

"Will you come visit?" Teddy had innocently asked Draco. "I'll show you my room and Granny Molly will

bake you a cake and we can hunt gnomes together for her."

"I'd like that very much," Draco had said with a tight voice, "but I'm afraid that I can't."

This confused Teddy and he looked at Harry for help. Sitting down next to Draco and pulling Teddy onto his lap so that he could look at the both of them, Harry tried to explain. He decided that he would keep it as simple as he could; soon enough Teddy would learn all about it at Hogwarts.

"You remember what I've told you about the war, right? Where you mum and dad fought against a bad wizard?"

Teddy nodded. "Yes, I do! You mean when a bunch of people thought he was going to rule so they did all the bad things he wanted?" Looking at Harry and then Draco, "You both fought in the war?"

Harry, keeping the reigns of the conversation in hand, nodded. "Yes, but Uncle Draco's parents were among the people who thought this wizard was someone who would rule the country and they chose to follow him. And because they followed him, so did Draco."

It was as if a cloud settled on Teddy's face. "Oh."

"When they noticed that this wizard wasn't what and whom they'd thought he was, it was already too late and, even if they had wanted to, they couldn't go and fight with the other people. Now, Draco's father is in jail, because of all the years he followed this wizard and the things he did. Draco's mother was there, too, but she's been out of jail for a while now. Draco.... well, he did some things that the Ministry decided he shouldn't have to go to jail for, but instead they told him he had to leave the country and couldn't come back."

This made an impression on Teddy, Harry could tell. "The Ministry hasn't changed that, so he can't come and see you, I'm afraid..."

Teddy nodded and was silent; clearly processing all the information he'd just been given.

"You can't even go and see your mum?" Disbelief was audible. "But you'll go and see him, won't you Uncle Harry? Now that you like each other?" They all heard the emphasis on the word 'like' and Harry and Draco shared a smile.

"Don't worry, I will," Harry said, not only to Teddy but also to Draco. "And you'll get to come with me and visit him, too."

"Okay." It wasn't okay with Teddy, but Harry decided to not go into it for now; he knew that he'd be having another conversation on this topic again very soon. Teddy wasn't known for letting something go as long as he hadn't worked it out in his mind.

= The Hardest Part =

Knowing that their time together was drawing to a temporary close, the moments spent in Draco's bedroom deepened in intensity. It was where they dared to let all barriers go and show themselves to the other.

The night that followed Harry's conversation with Teddy, Harry found himself the recipient of Draco's passion. Having just entered what had become their bedroom, he was tightly hugged and then pushed against the door, his mouth taken in a leisurely yet passionate kiss. When they broke apart to breathe, he was without his shirt and Draco's eyes, dark blue/grey with passion, were fixed steadily on him.

"If there's a reason for this," Harry said calmly, "I must be sure to do it more often..."

Draco stepped closer. "It's for your explanation to Teddy," he said, voice tight with emotion.

Harry nodded, understanding now, and reached out a hand to cup Draco's face. "Haven't we all gone through enough? We've paid a price, Draco, all of us, each in a different way. Why add to it? Why have Teddy, who's already lost both his parents to war, carry that knowledge around when it wouldn't do him any good?"

This earned him another kiss. Draco had been the one to initiate things in the bedroom but tonight Harry resolved to take the reigns, so to speak, and show Draco how much he meant that. First, he took control of the kiss, while walking Draco backwards towards the big bed. Tongues entwined, Harry pushed and then they were on the bed, bouncing from their heavy landing. Having taken care that Draco landed on his back, Harry quickly crawled on top of his lover, pressing his body into the mattress.

"You're overdressed," he said, shooting a glance down Draco's still clothed body, not moving an inch.

"So I am," Draco drawled, "but I'm sure you'll find a way to... remedy that."

Grinning widely, Harry attacked the buttons of Draco's shirt. Making quick work of them, he soon tugged the shirt and started on the button of the jeans. In his haste he'd forgotten Draco was still wearing his shoes and socks; muttering random curses under his breath Harry had to stop tugging on the jeans in order to get rid of Draco's footwear first. Once he had everything off, he started to kiss his way back up, only pausing to nibble softly on Draco's hipbone. That activity was interrupted, however, by Draco's hands pulling him up. Quickly getting rid of the rest of his own clothes, Harry laid on him; both moaning at the sensation of feeling the other skin on skin again.

After licking a path from Draco's neck to his chin, Harry looked into his eyes. "So hot, Draco," he said. Draco's squirming caused a certain body part to brush against Harry's belly which caused him to narrow his eyes. Leaning down and kissing a path to Draco's left nipple, Harry started his assault on Draco's senses, his own arousal growing from Draco's responses. When Harry reached Draco's bellybutton things took an interesting turn. Until now Draco had been relatively silent, moaning and gasping, but just as Harry had started to lick and nibble Draco's belly he found his voice again.

What came out was a litany of moaned and gasped Russian at first, the language surprised Harry but then it turned him on so much that he dived back to Draco's belly and started to lick his bellybutton. From then on the room was filled with red-hot passion, all kinds of endearments and encouragements called out in two languages until their bodies joined and their orgasms tore through them. It took them

quite a while before they were coherent again and thought to clean themselves up and grab for the blankets.

"Who knew?" Harry sighed and lay down with his body plastered against Draco's side, who wrapped his arms around him.

"Who knew what?" Draco's voice sounded really good when it was throaty and curious, Harry thought.

"Who knew Russian could be such a turn on?" Harry looked up at Draco and smiled.

"I'll remember that," Draco said, "for the future."

Draco's arms pulled him even closer. "And speaking of the future," he said, demandingly, "you'd better find out if there is a scheduled Portkey service to Keflavík, Harry, because no way am I waiting for summer and Christmas holidays to see you."

"Oh, don't worry, it's one of the first things I'm going to find out once we're back and settled again." Harry pressed a kiss on Draco's chest. "I'll be here a lot more than just the holidays, count on it."

"Good." Draco sounded happy with the answer. "You'd also better owl me a lot, you know. I'll want to be kept up to date."

Smiling, Harry nodded before drifting off.

***

Their last days together were filled with making a few more memories; their nights were passionate yet

filled with meaning, no matter the words unspoken. Even though they tried, the impending departure was lurking nearby and left its mark. Teddy stayed close to the house, having already said his goodbyes to Mr Gunnarson and his 'sheepies', after making sure Harry had taken copious pictures.

Finally though, there was no getting around it — they had to leave for Keflavík airport. It had already been decided they would Apparate there, allowing them the time to have a leisurely breakfast and put off the trip a bit longer. When there was no time left, Harry stepped into Draco's arms on the left, while Draco picked up Teddy. Harry helped support his body, adding to the group hug. Then, Draco took them to the airport's Apparation point.

Teddy, quiet since he'd woken up, had a tight grasp on Draco's hand. Draco, in turn, had his arm around Harry's waist, holding him close. Holding on to each other like that, they joined the queue for check-in.

"Listen," Draco said, gently tugging on a strand of Teddy's hair. "I expect to get copies of pictures, okay? And letters. I expect quite a few of them, too."

Teddy looked up, face brightening slightly. "Pictures? Letters?"

"Of course," Draco nodded. "I want to hear about the trip home, for starters."

"And," Harry put in, having thought of something, "you can tell Uncle Draco all about how Uncle Ron reacts when we tell him and Aunt Hermione whom we've met..."

"Want to bet on how he'll react?" Draco winked at Teddy and then shot Harry a cocky look.

Harry also shot a wink at Teddy, showing him all was well. "Well, Malfoy, how do you think he'll react then?"

Draco's eyes had a hint of a twinkle, making Harry slightly suspicious. "All right then, Potter... I predict that Weasley will splutter and make a right old fuss. Bonus points for leaving angrily." He nodded to

emphasize his point.

"And you, Uncle Harry?" Teddy was excited now.

"Weeeellll," Harry said, thinking quickly. "I think he'll go white, stumble, then he'll huff and puff but in the end, which won't take long by the way, he'll be all right with it."

Teddy grinned. "And what does the winner get?" He was almost bouncing with excitement.

"Hmmm." Harry had to think on that. "I'm not sure," he admitted. "Thoughts?" he asked Draco.

"Several but none suitable to be discussed in front of your godson," Draco drawled and gave Harry a heated look.

They stayed quiet and meanwhile kept on shuffling, getting closer and closer to the check-in desks.

"How about," Draco finally said, "the winner gets to decide where we all go to for a couple of weeks this summer?"

"Really?"

"Well, yes. You'll be at home with your grandparents for a while and then Uncle Harry will take you to come and see me, but I can't see why we can't go somewhere else on holiday as well." Draco raised an eyebrow and waited for Teddy and Harry's response.

Harry looked at Teddy; Teddy looked at Harry; they both looked at Draco and then said, wide smiles on their faces, "Bloody brilliant!" Harry, in his joy for this solution, pulled Draco's face down and kissed him. It was a lips-only kiss, but in his enthusiasm it made quite a bit of noise, earning them some applause

from the people around them that had been following the conversation.

"Uhm... oh Merlin," Harry muttered and hid his face against Draco's neck. Teddy giggled and Draco sighed.

"Excuse me, you're next!" The slightly impatient voice from the ground stewardess manning the currently empty check-in desk put them back on Earth, making them aware of their surroundings.

"Sorry," Harry muttered and quickly made his way over. Together they loaded their luggage on the conveyor belt and then turned to the stewardess. After handing over their passports they received their boarding passes. They had about an hour and a half before they needed to be at the gate.

Wanting to spend time together, they chose a quiet coffee corner. Teddy sat in Draco's lap with Harry against Draco's side with the his arm around him... They sipped their drinks and talked quietly, not saying all that much but trying to enjoy their remaining moments.

Ultimately, the time came where Harry and Teddy had to go through passport check. With a tight voice, Harry said, "Teddy, you'd better give Uncle Draco one last, big hug, all right? It's time for us to go."

Teddy nodded, lower lip trembling slightly. He flung his arms around Draco's neck and held on as Draco returned the hug, whispering something in his ear and rubbing his back. After Teddy, it was time for Harry and Draco to say goodbye.

"Oh, hang it," Draco muttered before he pulled Harry against him. He kissed him, letting everything that had remained unsaid pour through. Harry actually had to blink when it was over. "Wow," he breathed and gave Draco a smile, even though his own eyes were now suspiciously stinging.

Draco walked with them as far as he could, but had to remain back eventually.

After one last wave, Harry and Teddy walked through, going home after an unexpectedly eventful holiday

and knowing that back home more excitement awaited them. Telling Ron about Draco was bound to stir up things, after all....

= Epilogue =

"Uncle Harry!!!" With a big, bright smile Teddy came running, dropping his trunk somewhere along the way, weaving his way through the rows of children and parents and flung himself at Harry. They shared a tight hug.

"I don't believe it," Harry said with a grin. "You've grown again!"

Teddy nodded proudly. "I'll need new robes next year, Uncle Harry. Oh and... where... is....NOEL!" The last bit was shouted and assured Harry that Teddy's lungs hadn't suffered during his year in Scotland. He turned and was gesturing wildly, apparently at a boy who eerily reminded Harry of Dean...

"Uncle Harry, this is my friend Noel, I wrote you about him?" Teddy was excited to finally have his uncle meet his best friend.

"Hello, Mr Potter," Noel said politely, "it's nice to finally meet you. My Uncle Dean has told me a lot about you."

"No wonder you looked familiar," Harry said, smiling at the boy. "You look a lot like your uncle. Will you say 'hi' to him for me?"

Beaming, Noel nodded. "He'd like that, I'm sure! Maybe he'll even send you an owl!"

"An owl would be wonderful. Thank you Noel," Harry nodded, hoping Noel was right about his uncle. When he heard his name called, Noel hastily said goodbye to Harry, gave Teddy a quick hug and dashed

off.

"Well, are you ready to go?" Harry already had his wand out and slowly floated Teddy's forgotten trunk to where they were.

"Yes!" Teddy was almost bouncing. "I can't wait to see Uncle Draco again and Mr Gunnarson's sheep!!!"

***

Teddy's reunion with Draco was just as joyful as his reunion with Harry had been. It didn't take him long to talk excitedly of the train ride, of his potions lessons and all kind of things. Draco nodded, asked questions and, in between, sent Harry warm looks of affection.

Once Harry and Draco were seated on the sofa, next to the other as directed by Teddy, he ran off to get his backpack. It clearly held some kind of treasure, which he eventually pulled out and handed to the both of them. As Draco held it, he climbed in Harry's lap and then said, "I made this for you, Uncle Draco. I wasn't sure if you got all the papers and Noel and I collected everything we could find."

Curiously Draco looked at Harry, but he had to shrug his shoulders; he had no clue what Teddy was talking about.

After carefully unwrapping the present, Draco held a binder in his hands. It was ash grey with red stripes and on the cover was one of the pictures that had been taken during Harry and Teddy's holiday the previous year. On it were Harry and Draco with Teddy in their midst, standing surrounded by Mr Gunnarson's sheep. Teddy was beaming and all three waved at the camera. Underneath, in Teddy's neat scrawl, was written Clippings from newspapers about Uncle Harry and Uncle Draco.

Opening it, both men gasped and looked at each other. The mentioned clippings were newspaper articles, from papers and magazines, from the Prophet to The Quibbler, all dealing with the aftermath of

Harry's return to Britain after those fateful weeks.

It started, however, with Teddy's gleeful letter describing, in as much detail as he'd been able to, the reaction of his Uncle Ron and Aunt Hermione to Harry's news. Then, what followed, were clippings with headlines like:

HARRY POTTER PETITIONS TO REVOKE DRACO MALFOY'S BAN FROM WIZARDING BRITAIN

LOVE AFFAIR REASON BEHIND PETITION - A VENTURE INTO HARRY POTTER'S SECRETS

HARRY POTTER TO LEAVE BRITAIN AFTER MINISTRY REFUSES TO ACKNOWLEDGE PETITION

MINISTRY TO RE-OPEN DRACO MALFOY'S CASE - COURT TO REVOKE VERDICT?

Draco was quiet after he'd read through the entire binder. Finally he found his voice again and said, "Mother sent me a couple of these, but clearly she kept quite a few out..."

"I think she didn't want to give you false hope," Harry said softly. "And, to be honest, there still isn't much hope that the ban will be revoked. I had a hard enough time convincing Kingsley that the papers were right and that I would leave if this wasn't resolved..."

"You said that to the Minister..." Draco said it slowly as if to convince himself of that fact.

"Oh yes. In fact, we met him at one of those things the Ministry organises. It was a family one and so I took Teddy with me. Kingsley came to talk to us, like he always does, only this time Teddy went up to him and very politely asked him if he could please make it so that his Uncle Draco would be able to come and visit his mum."

Teddy blushed as Harry pressed a kiss on his cheek. "He didn't know quite what to say to that, of course, but two weeks later he wrote to me saying he'd requested the court to look into your verdict."

Now Draco pulled Teddy in his lap and hugged him tightly. "Thank you, Teddy," he said softly.

They sat like that, just enjoying their time together. Eventually, when the clock struck four, Teddy looked up. "Can I go and see Mr Gunnarson's sheep now? Please?"

Not long after Harry saw him run off the Draco's neighbour's barn and felt his lover's arms slide around his waist.

"I might still do it, you know," Harry whispered as he leaned back against Draco's chest. "The occasional weekends and holidays aren't nearly enough. And if the Icelandic Ministry doesn't have a job for me, I'm sure I could always help you with your business..."

Draco's arms tightened around his waist. "You'd leave your family, friends and job for me?"

Harry turned around and looked up at his lover. "It would get me with you. They all know how to use Portkeys, you know. They can come and visit us."

Suddenly, he felt his feet leave the ground and found himself in Draco's arms. "Njáll has plenty to show Teddy," Draco said roughly. "I think it's time I showed you how I feel about that idea."

The End

Don't forget to return to LiveJournal or InsaneJournal to comment and vote!

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