

Brand New Man

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Brand New Man

by [Sablesilverrain](#)

Summary

Harry has undergone some changes after taking down Voldemort, and he's about to gain another powerful enemy. One that he's known for a very long time. Enemies become friends, friends become enemies, and two lucky men become so much more to him, and each other.

Notes

This is VERY BAD WRITING, at first, and way OOC, like I stated in the tags. Roll with it until chapter 16, and see if you can handle it when that comes out, because the rest of this was written years ago, and I've vastly improved since then.

I'm SO SORRY about the first 15 chapters! But I still like this as is, and I just want to continue it, not do a re-write.

If you like Malfoycest, give it a shot. But mind the Daddy Kink, it is STRONG in this one.

If you're into that, proceed. If not, well, proceed WITH CAUTION.

Brand New Man

Harry Potter opened his eyes, turning off his alarm clock and fumbling around in the dark for his glasses. He finally found them and put them on. Squinting a bit, he read the digital display on his clock. Why was he still dressed? And why had he set the bloody thing for midnight?!

Then he remembered.

It was finally his seventeenth birthday! He could leave! He was *free*!

He hurriedly packed, then shrunk his trunk and Hedwig's cage, putting them in his pocket. He told Hedwig to go to the Leaky Cauldron, that he'd meet her there.

Finally, he slid his window open, sliding onto his broom and flying a few blocks down the street, then shrunk the broom and summoned the knight bus, not wanting to be too conspicuous.

He was finally going to begin living for himself.

When he finally got off the bus, he hurried inside the Inn, and quickly paid for a room for the week. He probably wouldn't need it much longer than that, seeing as he had quite a sum of gold that he could put toward buying a house, because he was *not* going to live at Number Twelve, Grimmauld Place.

He hurried to his room, after he got Hedwig, who had been waiting outside for him, perched on the sign. As soon as he got his trunk and other items out and resized, he changed and laid down. He was asleep almost instantly.

Harry woke up and smiled. It was his first day as a free man. What was he going to do? He went to his trunk and opened it, looking at the contents.

He briefly remembered the beginning of the summer, and the myriad changes he had gone through. He was finally completely disillusioned and fed up with life as the Gryffindor Golden Boy. He had not only become rather cynical, but he was an overall angry person, as well. He doubted Ron and Hermione would recognize the man he had become, but perhaps that was for the better. After all he had been through, he thought it best if he let the sorting hat put him in Slytherin after all.

He had, among other things, accepted the fact that he was gay. He wasn't sure how he had denied it so completely for so long, but it was now a part of him just like any other. And he liked wearing leather and fishnet, although he wore silk sometimes, too. He just let his mood

dictate his apparel.

He smiled, pulling out his tight jeans and a black fishnet shirt with full sleeves. He wasn't going to wear anything over it. He wanted to show a little skin. He was feeling adventurous and he wanted to show off his new, toned torso. He wanted men and women alike to stare and crave. He wanted to end his days as the Golden Boy and become a sex symbol instead. He wasn't the Boy-Who-Lived any longer. He was the Man-Who-Killed-The-Dark-Lord.

He headed downstairs and ordered breakfast, chuckling when Tom told him he'd be getting more than just stares if he left in that. When his breakfast came, he quickly ate it and headed out, looking around.

He spotted a tattoo and piercing parlour, and headed toward it, receiving a few catcalls and whistles on the way. It seemed no one recognized him as their saviour.

He walked in and earned a surprised look from a young woman who had more holes in her than Swiss cheese. "Well, hello. You're Harry Potter, aren't you?"

When he merely smirked and raised a brow, she let out a low whistle, looking him over closely, then smiled.

"Welcome to the dark side, Harry. More or less." She said, laughing. "So, do you want ink or holes? Or both?"

Harry considered this for a moment. "Both." He finally said, deciding to get everything out of the way at once.

She smiled. "Alright. I'm Kara, by the way." She said, leading him to a chair and arranging some piercing tools. "So, where do you want the holes?"

Harry smiled and stuck out his tongue.

Kara laughed and quickly pulled out some tongue rings. "Which one?"

Harry looked. Four of them seemed to be house colours from Hogwarts and Kara looked as though she expected him to choose the one with swirls of gold and red. He smiled and pointed to the green and silver one.

Kara took it out, raising a brow, but got him pierced without a word. "Oh, you may be talking funny for a while, but once you get used to the ring, that should go away." She explained. "Anywhere else?"

He grinned and tugged on the lobe of his left ear.

Kara smiled knowingly. "Ah. That explains the tongue, doesn't it?" She said, laughing, and pierced it, using the silver and emerald stud Harry had quickly pointed out.

Harry smiled, looking in the mirror. "Nice." He said, wincing at the lisp he had seemed to

develop.

Kara laughed at his annoyed scowl. "Don't worry. Like I said, that's just temporary. Soon you'll get the hang of normal speech again."

Harry nodded, and contemplated getting his belly button pierced. He decided against it, thinking that if he wanted, he could get it done later.

Kara smiled. "Tattoo time?"

Harry nodded. "Just one. A green and silver snake."

Kara grinned. "Do you want it stationary, or magical? The magical ones tend to move at will. They can wander over the entire body."

Harry smiled. "Magical, then." He said.

Kara nodded, taking out her wand.

Harry paid his bill and stayed awhile to chat with Kara, seeing as he had nothing else to do. "Are there any good muggle-style clothes shops around here?" He asked.

Kara bit her lip, thinking. "Hm... There's a store called Never Mainstream, down by Eeylop's, it's pretty good. I've been there a bit." She smiled.

Harry smiled. "Cool."

"Hello. I'm here for my first tattoo. Finally." A voice behind Harry drawled.

Kara smiled happily. "Draco! How nice to see you again. What do you want?"

Harry turned as Draco answered. "Just the Slytherin one." His eyes fell on Harry and his jaw dropped. "Dear Merlin! Potter?!" He asked in shock.

Harry smiled. "Hello, Malfoy. What's the matter? You look surprised that I'm still alive."

Draco mentally shook himself. "You look... Different. You've changed a lot." He observed. "And what's with the new speech problem?"

Harry chuckled, then stuck his tongue out.

Draco sighed. "Very mature. Oh! Well. I never would have expected that from the Golden Boy."

Kara was watching the exchange intently.

Harry just shrugged. "Like you said, I've changed a lot. I'm not the same person I was at the end of last year." He said. "Now, if I remember correctly, you were here to get a tattoo? Don't let me stop you."

Draco nodded. "Right." He said, and went to sit in one of the seats while Kara quickly gave him the same tattoo she had given Harry.

Draco smiled and got up, then handed over the money as they walked to the front of the store.

As Kara handed him his receipt, she smirked. "So, are you willing to date me now?"

Draco shook his head, chuckling. "Sorry. Still gay." He said.

Kara sighed, looking over at Harry. "All the cute ones. Is there some conspiracy or something?"

Harry shook his head, laughing. "Not that I know of. I think I'll check out that store now." He said, leaving the piercing parlour. Draco followed him.

"Potter, why are you dressed like that?" He asked.

Harry laughed. "Because I couldn't leave the Inn without clothes, so I put some on."

Draco sighed disgustedly. "You know what I mean. You're all... Goth. It's weird."

"Is that what you think?" Harry asked, distracted. "Since I don't want to chat in a clothing store, how about we talk over a drink and then you can get all your answers, hm? If you still want to follow me, then you'll at least have less to say."

Draco smiled, following him into a pub.

They both ordered Firewhiskey. "So," Draco asked after they got their drinks, "What's with the new look and attitude? Who are you, Potter?"

Harry sighed, taking a sip of his drink and staring into it thoughtfully. "If I had the answer to that, I'd tell you. Trust me. I'm not sure even *I* know anymore."

Draco took this in. "Oh. So you're looking to find out?" He guessed.

Harry nodded. "I figure if I keep up the mask I've been using for the last six years, I'll never be able to let go of it."

Draco smiled. "I don't think many people would mind." He pointed out.

Harry snorted. "I know. But I would."

Draco sipped his drink, looking at Harry thoughtfully. "You know, I think we should call a truce. You seem to be becoming a more genuine person, and the world tends to look down on

that. You need at least one friend who will stick by you no matter who or what you turn out to be." He said.

Harry smiled at him. "I'd like that."

Draco nodded. "Then it's settled." He watched his new tattoo circle his wrist, smiling at the green and silver snake, the mark of Slytherin.

Harry saw it and felt confused. "So that's the Slytherin tattoo, huh?" He asked Draco.

Draco looked up, startled. "Oh. Yeah. Why?"

Harry blinked in confusion. "Because..." He pointed to his chest where a coiled-up snake was showing through the fishnet. "I saw it in a dream and wanted to get it ever since." He explained, as Draco's eyes widened.

"That's really weird, Potter." He said.

Harry smiled. "If we're going to be friends, let's not use last names, alright?" He asked.

Draco smiled. "Fine. But you're removing the barriers that protect you from my advances. Do you really want to do that?" He teased.

Harry shrugged. "I don't mind." He answered, grinning.

Draco raised a brow. "If you say so. What were you saying about a clothing store?"

Harry smiled, looking through a rack of jeans in varying states of destruction.

Draco sighed. "Why would you spend extra money to buy trousers that look like you just escaped a run-in with a hungry dragon?" He asked.

Harry smiled, pulling out a faded pair and holding them up. "Because I can. What do you think?" He asked, showing them to Draco.

Draco shrugged. "They're very shredded." He said.

Harry nodded decisively. "I like them, too." He replied.

Draco stared at the leather and chain *thing* Harry had also decided to buy. According to Harry, it was a pair of trousers. To Draco, it looked like a torture device.

A rather *kinky* torture device.

Harry smiled, pulling out a loose-fitting emerald green silk shirt. "This is nice." He said,

putting it with the trousers and heading to the register.

Draco sighed, following behind him silently. "Silk and leather and shredded jeans? Potter, your taste in clothes is all over the place. Can't you pick just one style?"

Harry laughed. "Nope. I'd get bored too fast."

Draco tried to ignore the fact that Harry had started flirting with the man at the register. He felt his heart sink a bit. Was Harry only interested in older men? If so, Draco wouldn't stand a chance. However, he could still hope.

"So, how long are you going to be here?" Harry asked around the jawbreaker in his mouth.

Draco shrugged, pulling the blood-flavoured lollipop out of his mouth to swirl his tongue around it suggestively. "Until I decide to go home. I told Father that I might just get a room at the Leaky Cauldron tonight, if I found someone suitable to share one with." He purred, leering at Harry.

Harry shrugged. "I don't jump into bed with arch-rivals *that* easily, Drake."

Draco choked at the nickname. "Drake?!" He sputtered.

Harry looked at him, an eyebrow raised. "You'd prefer Dray? Or how about Dragon? Because I refuse to call you Draco. It makes me think of Dragonheart." Before Draco could ask, Harry clarified. "It's a muggle thing, you wouldn't understand."

Draco mumbled something. Harry clearly made out the word 'Dragon.'

"What?" He asked.

Draco glared at him. "I *said*, 'Only my mother calls me Dragon!'" He hissed.

Harry laughed. "Cute. Anyway, as I was saying, you'd best wait and prove yourself if you want me to get in bed with you any time soon. You'd be best served waiting until after I'm re-sorted." He told the blond.

Draco sighed. "Fine. If you insist?"

"I do." Harry said lightly. "Oh, let's go in here!"

Draco sighed, following Harry into yet *another* clothing store.

"Merlin, you spend money like it's falling out of your arsehole, Harry!"

Harry shrugged. "Might as well be. I inherited the Potter *and* Black vaults. I'm loaded." He said lightly.

Draco raised a brow. "*Really?*"

Harry nodded. "Yeah." He walked into the leaky cauldron. "You getting a room?" He asked.

Draco shook his head. "Nah. I'll Floo home. I'll see you on the express?"

Harry smiled. "I'm sure you will."

Draco smirked, leaning down to lightly brush his lips against Harry's. "Bye, then." He said, walking to the fireplace and Flooing to Malfoy Manor.

Harry cursed, heading to his room. 'Well, if I wasn't already looking forward to a lonely wank before bed, that kiss clinched the deal. Maybe I should have let him stay. He may be my ex-worst-enemy, but he'd at least make a great first time.'

Harry woke, looking over at the clock and growling at his door, which insisted on being pounded against at...

"Three AM?! Bloody fucking *hell!*" Harry got up and strode to the door, wrenching it open to scowl at whoever was on the other side. He stared in shock at the battered form of Lucius Malfoy, holding a limp and bloodied Draco.

"Draco told me where you were before he passed out. I mean you no harm. Can I bring him in? We need a safe place to stay tonight. Somewhere we won't be found." He explained.

Harry stood aside, dumbfounded.

Lucius carried Draco inside and Harry quickly transfigured the couch into a bed, where Lucius laid Draco.

"Why are you... Here?" He wanted to ask why they had been fucked up, and who had done it, but knew that if he was to know, Lucius would choose to tell him.

"It was MacNair." Lucius said shortly. "Narcissa was... Upset that I divorced her."

Harry nodded. "I see."

Lucius sighed. "I'm sorry to impose like this. You should go back to sleep." He said.

Harry shrugged. "I'm up now." He said. "Is there anything I can do?"

Lucius cast a Scourgify on Draco, revealing that most of the wounds had stopped bleeding. "I think he'll be fine. Thank you. I understand that this is... Highly unusual. But he's my only

heir, and frankly, I don't feel like lying with another *woman*, so I'd like for him to live." He sneered, spitting out the word 'woman' as though it were foul.

Harry frowned. 'Okay.' He thought. 'Like father, like son, I guess.' He looked Draco over closely. 'He looks rather... Angelic, when he's not smirking, or sneering, or leering, or anything like that.'

Lucius stared at Harry for a moment, his eyes glazing over slightly. He shook himself. "Do you have anything strong to drink?" He asked.

Harry smiled. "Scotch. Or Firewhiskey." He offered.

Lucius smiled. "Firewhiskey is always acceptable." He said.

Harry poured them both a drink and sat on one of the two armchairs in the room. "So, why did you come here?"

Lucius sighed. "They are watching the Manor. Three against one are not very good odds, Mr. Potter."

Harry sighed. "Call me Harry, please. When can you get back to the Manor? Because I *do* start school soon."

Lucius shrugged. "I'll have to wait for some time. I can go to one of our other homes, but not with Draco, in his state. He can't be moved by apparition, Floo, or Portkey. It would put too much strain on his body."

Harry nodded, looking down at his glass, realizing that it was already half empty. He refilled it, then held out the bottle to Lucius, who nodded, accepting a refill. "Mr. Malfoy, what if—"

"Lucius, if you don't mind. Mr. Malfoy makes me feel *so* old."

Harry grinned. "Old enough to be my father?" He shot back.

Lucius gave him a droll stare.

Harry cleared his throat, still smiling. "Right. Well, Lucius, what if I take Draco with me when I buy myself a house, and I'll watch over him? I was planning on inviting him over anyway. We've decided to become friends."

Lucius nodded. "So he's told me. Better late than never, I suppose. I think he'd enjoy spending some time with you before school. He seems... Enamoured of you."

Harry blushed. "You don't mind? His... Preferences, I mean." He asked.

Lucius smiled slowly. "Why, Harry, why would I *mind*? If I weren't, as you put it, 'old enough to be your father,' I'd have to try for you myself. Sadly, I don't think I stand much of a chance with the age gap between us."

Harry gulped, staring at his drink, then drinking the rest of the glass down. He took a deep breath. "Actually, Lucius," He said softly, "I don't care about age. Most of the people my age don't understand what I've been through, anyway. I just want someone that cares, regardless of age."

Lucius stared at Harry intently. "Is that your way of saying that you'd accept a relationship with me?" He asked cautiously, not wanting to misinterpret Harry's words.

Harry nodded.

Lucius smiled. "And it's not just the Firewhiskey talking, is it?"

Harry smiled back, chuckling. "No. Although it *did* help, I suppose."

Lucius sighed. "Draco will not be pleased. He's liked you for quite some time." He said. "Perhaps I should let him be with you first, and you can come to me if it doesn't work. After all, he's one of the few people your age that really *will* understand what you've been through."

Harry shrugged. "I don't know. Let's just sleep and discuss things in the morning with Draco. Maybe he has a good idea."

Lucius smiled. "I can agree to that. Where do you want me to sleep?"

Harry looked around, then cursed, blushing. He cast a quick charm to expand the bed, then turned to Lucius. "Stay on your side?" He asked.

Lucius laughed. "Your virtue is safe with me, Harry. At least until we've decided where to go from here." He said.

The Tradition

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Harry woke, feeling the warmth of another body in front of him for the first time ever. He opened his eyes and found Lucius staring at him, a pensive look on his face.

“What?” He asked, blushing and scooting backward a bit.

Lucius smiled. “Do you have any idea how utterly innocent you look when you sleep? Like an angel.” He said.

Harry frowned. “Oh, great.” He said sarcastically. “Thanks. I’ll remind you, I’m anything *but* innocent. I’m a murderer, remember?”

Lucius chuckled. “Necessity. You didn’t decide to kill him in cold blood.”

Harry sighed and got out of bed. “I’m gonna take a shower. We’ll discuss our predicament when Drake wakes up.” Harry headed into the bathroom, stripping and getting into the shower. He flicked his wand toward his CD player, which had speakers plugged in and ran on magic. He smirked as “Closer” began to play. He turned it up as far as it could go without blowing the speakers.

Draco opened the door and came in as Harry tossed his wand onto the counter and started the water.

“You have no respect for privacy, do you?” Harry asked, grinning at him. There was a water-repelling charm around the tub, so there were no shower curtains. Harry didn’t mind. He wasn’t very modest anymore anyway. He *knew* he looked damn good.

Draco glared at him. “I need to take a piss. Bugger off.”

Harry snorted. “Aren’t we just a little ray of sunshine this morning?”

Draco raised his eyebrows as he heard the lyrics of the song. “I want to fuck you like an animal?!” He asked incredulously.

Harry shrugged, grabbing the shampoo. “‘Closer’ by Nine Inch Nails. It’s a good song. Don’t knock it.” He said, then began singing along, his hips swinging to the beat as he lathered his hair.

Draco gulped, his mouth going dry. Oh, yes, he had to have Harry in his bed sometime soon, or he’d go crazy with wanting him.

Harry smirked at Draco. “Enjoying the view?”

Draco sneered and relieved himself quickly, then stripped. “Shove over, I’m getting in.” He said, joining Harry in the shower.

Harry laughed. “Afraid there won’t be any hot water when I’m done?” He asked.

Draco snorted. “Hardly. I just wanted a chance to accidentally grope you.” He said, reaching over and giving Harry’s semi-hard prick a quick stroke. “Oops.” He said lightly, reaching for the shampoo. “Sorry. My hand slipped.”

Harry smirked. “How devious.”

Draco licked his lips. “What part of *Slytherin* don’t you understand? We’re like that.”

Harry hummed. He grabbed the shampoo out of Draco’s hand and poured some into his palm, then rubbed them together and began smoothing the lather through Draco’s hair.

Draco moaned, tilting his head back to allow Harry better access. “That’s nice.” He said breathily.

Harry smirked, massaging Draco’s scalp gently. “I know. ‘Mione had to wash my hair for me after the final battle for a week, since my hands were damaged by the backlash.”

“Backlash?” Draco questioned.

“The Avada Kedavra that killed Voldy caused a shock wave, remember? I was the one it hit hardest.” He shrugged. “It damaged some of the nerves in my hands. Snape bound them before we left the battlefield and Pomfrey told me not to move them for a week to let the nerves heal themselves.”

Draco nodded. “Right. I remember that being all over the Daily Prophet. I’d hoped it wasn’t serious. I *do* still enjoy duelling you. Since Sev trained me for the final battle, you’re the only person our age that can give me a challenge.”

Harry chuckled. “Full of yourself much?” He asked, rinsing his hands. “I’ll do your back if you’ll do me?” He offered.

Draco leered at him. “I’d *love* to do you, Golden Boy.” He purred.

Harry laughed. “I’m sure you would, but that wasn’t the offer exactly.” He said, turning around and handing Draco the washcloth. “Wash. No funny business.”

Draco sighed. “That’s no fun.” He poured some body wash onto the cloth and began running it over Harry’s back, slowly, savouring the banter and easy intimacy they were sharing. A shared shower may not have seemed intimate to him before, but the act of washing another person was not something you’d share with someone you didn’t trust. And truly, intimacy was about familiarity, closeness and trust. It wasn’t a sexual term at all, and allowing someone else unfettered access to your body was all about trust.

Harry sighed, letting Draco's gentle touches ease the tension he seemed to always carry with him. "Drake, could you scratch- Yeah, right there... Thanks."

Draco laughed as Harry arched into the scratching. "What are you, a cat?" He joked.

"Meow. Turn around." Harry said, turning and taking the washcloth from Draco.

Draco smirked and turned. When Harry began to wash him, he sighed deeply, tilting his head forward. He straightened, squeaking when Harry's hand dipped a bit further south and the washcloth slipped between his cheeks.

"Oops." Harry purred. "Sorry. My hand slipped." He said, chuckling.

Suddenly, there was a knock at the door. "I hope you two aren't molesting each other in there."

Both Harry and Draco blushed, looking at each other guiltily.

"Harry," Lucius continued. "Remember that we still have to have that talk."

Harry cursed. "Right. Let's get out." He said, turning off the water.

Draco looked at him. "Talk?" He asked.

Harry blushed. "Um. I'll let him explain."

They dressed without any mishaps, and both left the room together.

Harry sat at the head of his bed, letting Draco and Lucius sit on opposite sides, next to each other, facing him.

"Draco," Lucius began, "Do you remember that Pureblood tradition I spoke to you about on your birthday?"

Draco's eyes widened. "Yes. Why? And what does that have to do with *Harry*?"

Lucius sighed. "When I brought us here, Harry and I talked. And we discovered that we have one thing in common."

"Oh." Draco's heart dropped. He had known his father had lusted after Harry for quite some time, but he had kept his distance because he hadn't thought he'd ever have a chance with him. "I see. I'll step aside, then." He said, sadly.

Harry's mouth dropped open. "No! *Lucius*!" He said, glaring at the older man.

Lucius sighed again. "The tradition, Draco. You remember it, you said?"

Draco sucked in a breath, realizing what his father was saying. “Yes. When a Wizard or Witch comes of age, they are allowed to choose to have their parent of choice initiate them into the erotic arts, if they want. But...” He trailed off, looking confused.

Lucius smiled. “That also allows for a father and son to share lovers, if all parties are of age and consent to it.” He said.

Draco’s jaw dropped. He looked at Harry. “You’d be... Okay with that?” He asked.

Harry smirked. “Well, you’re both extremely hot, not that you need your egos stroked anymore.”

Lucius raised an eyebrow. “Well?” He asked.

“I consent.” Draco said eagerly.

“Me, too.” Harry said.

Lucius smirked. “As do I. Then it’s settled. And, Draco?”

Draco looked over at him, unable to keep a smile off his face. “Yeah?”

Lucius gave him an inscrutable look. “As I said on your birthday, I am not adverse to the idea of being with you, if that is something you want. However, if it is, remember that you must come to me first. Otherwise, we will only share Harry.”

Draco nodded, then pounced on Harry, pinning him to the bed and kissing him.

Harry surrendered to the eager kiss, moaning and wrapping his arms around Draco’s neck.

Lucius watched them, smiling. They looked good together, and even if he had to share Harry, he’d be content. Besides, it may lead to more than he was anticipating...

“Mmph!” Harry pushed at Draco’s shoulders after a few minutes of making out, realizing that Lucius was watching them, an amused smirk on his face. Once he had gotten Draco off of him, he sat up, hair mussed more than usual, eyes darkened to a forest green and lips bruised. “Um.” He said, blushing, looking at Lucius’ chest.

Lucius just smiled and lifted Harry’s chin with his index finger, forcing the teen to meet his eyes. “Don’t be worried, Harry. It’s not going to bother me. I actually found it quite erotic to watch.” He said softly, then kissed Harry gently, tasting his son on the moist lips as well.

Harry blushed. “Oh. Well, that’s good, then.” He said.

Draco smirked. “So, what are the plans for today?” He asked.

Harry bit his lip. “I want to look into getting a house. So, we need to stop by Gringotts and

talk to Griphook.” He said.

Lucius smiled. “Then let’s get dressed. Do you mind if I shower, since you two have already done so?”

Harry blushed at the devious look Draco shot him. “Sure.”

Lucius gave Harry another soft kiss, then headed into the bathroom.

As soon as the door was closed, Draco rounded on Harry. “Don’t you *dare* wear that!” He said, pointing at the school uniform Harry had on.

Harry grimaced. “I wasn’t going to. But what can I wear around your father that won’t send him screaming in the other direction?” He asked.

Draco raised an eyebrow. “He won’t care what you wear. Just not *that*, please.”

Harry sighed. “Fine.” He dug through the bags of clothes he had gotten the day before, finally deciding on black leather pants and a sheer emerald-green silk shirt. He buttoned the bottom two buttons, leaving the rest hanging open.

Draco hummed, tapping his lips thoughtfully, staring at Harry’s bare torso. “Definitely a belly button ring. And…” He smirked. “Oh, yes! A nipple ring too!”

Harry flushed, looking down at himself. “You think so?”

Draco nodded, grinning. “It would drive father mad. Me, too, come to that.”

Harry smiled. He’d have to stop by the piercing parlour again later that day, then.

Draco mussed Harry’s hair carefully, gelling it to give him that just-shagged look, then watched in horror as Harry stepped in front of the mirror and carefully applied a thick layer of eyeliner around his eyes.

“*What the bloody fuck are you doing?!*” Draco screeched.

Harry turned to him, smirking, when he was done. “See for yourself.” He purred.

Draco stared. The eyeliner accented his eyes, making them appear bigger, brighter, and, well, sexier. He gulped. “Oh. Okay.” He said breathlessly.

Harry laughed. “I thought so.”

Lucius stepped out of the bathroom at that point, freezing in the doorway. He stared at Harry. “Dear Merlin.” He breathed, his cock hardening instantly.

Harry looked over at him and grinned. “Not quite, but I guess I could be persuaded to do some role-play, if that’s what you’re into.” He said.

Lucius shook himself and grabbed his clothes, transfiguring them into different clothes for the day. A Malfoy could never wear the same thing twice in a row, after all.

Harry gulped as Lucius unabashedly dropped the towel, proudly displaying his body without a hint of embarrassment, his cock jutting out from his body. He was lean and muscular, his chest broad and covered with just the lightest smattering of silvery hairs. Harry gulped as he followed the thin trail down to Lucius' waist, and further, then his breath left his body in a whoosh of surprise.

'Well, apparently Malfoy men are justified in their overconfidence.' Harry thought. Lucius' cock was long, but not obscenely so, and it was thick enough to give Harry a momentary pang of fear. 'Will that even *fit* in me?!' Harry decided that even if it didn't, he'd have a hell of a time trying.

Harry watched, spellbound, as Lucius dressed in a pair of black trousers and a tight, form-fitting, silver shirt. 'Oh, Merlin, I'm going to die of lust overload! He's too hot to be real!' The teen thought.

Draco was smirking at Harry, eyebrows raised. "Like the view?" He asked.

Harry nodded dumbly, and then turned to glare at Draco, blushing. "No! I have no idea what you're talking about!"

Lucius smirked. "Is my body displeasing to you, Harry?" He asked, his hot breath blowing directly into Harry's ear, making the teen shiver.

Harry turned and found himself nearly chest-to-chest with Lucius.

Lucius smirked at Draco. "Shall I show you how to treat your lover, Draco?" He purred, staring at Harry's slightly open lips.

Draco smirked back. "Please do, Father." He replied.

Lucius grabbed Harry around the waist and pulled the teen flush against his body, holding him there tightly. He locked his eyes with Harry's, bending slowly and claiming Harry's mouth passionately, forcing Harry's body into a slight curve as he deepened the kiss. Harry's legs gave out as he clung to Lucius and mewled. Lucius growled and broke the kiss, lowering his mouth to Harry's neck to kiss and suck a path downward, pausing at the collarbones and raising his head. "Now, shall we head to Gringotts?" He whispered into Harry's ear.

Harry's boneless body was slumped against Lucius' chest, only held up by the man's arms around him. "Mm, me too." Harry mumbled, and then raised his head, gazing up at Lucius, his eyes foggy and unfocused. "What?"

Draco laughed. "Wow, Harry. My father must have the most amazing mouth in the world." He said, sounding a little jealous.

Lucius smiled at his son. "Would you like me to teach you what I know?" He asked.

Draco smirked. "And how do you plan to do that?" He asked.

"By showing you, of course." Lucius answered.

Draco blushed. "I thought you said I had to make the first move." He said.

Lucius inclined his head. "And so you must. I will do nothing with you without your consent."

Draco bit his lip, cheeks still tinged with pink. "Tonight. When we get back." Was all he said.

Harry entered the room he had been led to, Draco at his left shoulder, Lucius at his right.

Griphook was seated at a desk, looking over some papers.

"Hi." Harry said, sitting in the chair in front of the desk.

Griphook looked up. "Ah, Mr. Potter." He said. "You're here about your inheritance, I presume?"

Harry shook his head. "Actually, I'm here to get my first house."

Griphook raised a brow. "Are you aware that there are a number of estates belonging to the Potter family?"

Harry blinked. "No. I wasn't."

Griphook smiled. "I thought not." He handed Harry a signet ring. "This ring is the crest of the Potter family. It will tune you to the wards, allowing you unfettered access and will allow you to Portkey to any of your properties as you wish, bypassing the wards. Luckily, only an heir of Potter blood can wear it."

Harry put it on, surprised.

Griphook handed him a sheaf of papers. "These are your properties. All the information about them is there, along with any legal things you need to know about them, and any other pertinent information. You should look them over carefully. If you concentrate on any of your properties, you should be able to see them in your mind's eye, even without having been there before, so long as you are wearing the Potter ring."

Harry blinked in surprise. "Oh. Thanks."

Griphook nodded. "Now, if you'll excuse me, I'm in the middle of a legal transaction I'd like

to get done.”

Harry nodded and left, Lucius and Draco following him.

Draco smirked. “Wow. Smooth.” He said teasingly.

Harry shrugged. “Okay, so I’ve got even more money than I thought. That’s a good thing, you know.” He said, handing the papers to Lucius. “Could you look through these for me? I have something to do.” He asked, as they walked into Think Ink, the place he had gotten his piercings done yesterday.

“Harry!” Kara called, waving from her spot next to a teenage girl in one of the tattoo chairs. “I’ll be there in a sec!” She called out.

Lucius looked at the papers, making sure no important information was omitted.

Kara finished with the girl’s tattoo and quickly took her money and made change. “What are you doing now?” She asked.

Draco smirked and leaned in to whisper to her. “He’s getting his belly button and left nipple pierced.” He said.

Harry pursed his lips. “Oh, sure, just decide *everything* for me.” He said sarcastically.

Draco smiled sweetly. “But of course! I can’t let you botch it, can I?”

Harry sighed, looking down at his bared chest, imagining a silver ring through his nipple. “Do you really think he’ll like it?” He asked, as Kara led them to a back room, where they did the piercings that required body parts being exposed.

Draco nodded. “Trust me, Harry. He’ll *love* it.”

Harry sighed. “I hope you’re right.”

Harry hissed as the piercing needle slid into place.

Draco hummed in satisfaction. “Yeah, that’s hot. He’ll love it.” He said.

Harry smirked. “Don’t you mean *you’ll* love it?” He teased.

Draco shrugged. “Well, that too.”

Harry examined the nipple in the mirror. “Wow. I like it.” He said. “Even if it is a little sore.”

Draco nodded. "You'll like it better when you see Father's reaction. It'll drive him *wild*."

Harry shrugged. "You're the one getting mauled tonight. By the way, I will be watching. I think that'll be gorgeous to see."

Draco blushed. "Right. Let's go." He said, reaching down to flick the emerald dangling in Harry's navel.

Harry grinned. "Alright."

He got up and followed Kara to the register, smiling when Lucius indicated the papers and nodded in approval. He paid for the piercings and they left.

Lucius raised a brow. "So, how much did you change your body? Did I mention that I liked it the way it was?"

Draco chuckled. "Don't worry, Father. He's only made a couple of minor improvements."

Lucius looked at Harry. "And these would be...?"

Harry smirked. "I'll let you figure it out yourself."

Draco sighed, throwing himself onto the bed in Harry's hotel room. "So, we're leaving this den of iniquity tomorrow, right?" He asked.

Harry shrugged. "If we can find a place we can all agree on. I hope you two don't mind red and gold decor."

Lucius sneered. "I prefer green and silver. I can handle black, even."

Draco sighed. "Red is such a ghastly colour."

Lucius pulled his shirt off and grabbed a few glasses and Harry's Firewhiskey.

Harry glared at him. "Don't drink my stuff without asking!" He yelled.

Lucius smirked. "Then come over here and drink with me." He purred.

Draco slid off the bed and accepted a glass from his father. "Come on, Harry. Loosen up. We won't rape you. We'll just molest you for a while."

Harry gave him a droll stare. "It's the same thing."

Lucius chuckled. "Harry, I need to get you into the mood to tell me what you did. Let me get you drunk?"

Harry laughed. "You can try." He said, accepting the glass.

Draco leaned up against his father, taking the drink from his hand. "Besides," He murmured, "I need to get drunk enough to go through with this. I mean, snogging my father isn't something I would normally find easy. I've never even made a pass at him yet." He said, staring at Lucius the entire time.

Lucius smirked. "You'll be used to it by tomorrow." He promised.

Draco shrugged and pulled his shirt off, throwing it onto a chair. He took a gulp of the Firewhiskey.

Lucius smiled, looking at Harry thoughtfully. "Aren't you going to relax a bit? You're a little overdressed."

Harry smirked and removed his shirt, tossing it on top of Draco's.

Lucius' breath caught at the sight of the platinum hoop going through Harry's left nipple and the emerald dangling from his new belly button ring. "Dear Merlin, that's hot." He whispered, looking at Draco. "Your idea?" He asked.

Draco smirked. "Isn't it nice?" He purred.

Lucius licked his lips. "You're a genius, Draco." He replied.

Harry took a sip of the alcohol. "Well, when do I get to see you two snog?" He asked conversationally.

Lucius chuckled. "Let Draco get a bit more alcohol in his system. He needs to be able to submit to the debauchery awaiting him."

Draco finished the glass, holding it out to Lucius. "Another glass, Father. Then we'll proceed." He said, raising a challenging brow.

Lucius smirked and refilled the glass, leaning in to brush his lips over Draco's.

Draco blushed.

Harry pressed himself against Draco's back, leaning next to his ear to whisper, "Just imagine what we'll do when we're home over our breaks." He nipped the earlobe. "And aren't you lucky I'm switching houses? You get me in your bed every night at school, too." He said, chuckling lowly when Draco's blush deepened considerably.

Lucius shook his head in amusement as Draco gulped the drink down. The two teens were going to be the death of him, he was sure. Of course, he'd thoroughly defile them before he went.

Draco smirked at his father, and then crawled onto the bed, settling himself against the

pillows at the head. “Well, Father? Will you show me what you know?” He asked.

Lucius strode over to the bed, joining Draco atop it and straddling the teen. “What do you want, Draco?” He asked, brushing a stray lock of hair out of the mesmerized blond’s eyes. “Tell me.”

Draco’s voice was a whisper. “Kiss me, Daddy.” He begged.

Lucius groaned, grabbing Draco’s hands and pinning them on either side of his head as he leaned in and captured the blond’s mouth.

Draco gasped, moaning when his father’s tongue entered his mouth, carefully mapping out every inch of his mouth, *devouring* him.

Lucius pulled back to nibble on Draco’s lower lip, then he kissed along Draco’s neck, laving the collarbones, then returning to Draco’s mouth to ravish it again. He delved inside, loving the way his son tasted. Draco tasted of pure sin, something his should never have even begun to sample, but he was addicted now that he had.

Draco moaned and arched against his father, rubbing upwards against the hardness above him.

Lucius ground down, his hardness and Draco’s sliding against each other through the layers of fabric separating them. He sucked in a breath and threw his head back, gasping as Draco tensed and cried out below him.

Harry gulped, watching both blonds reach synchronized yet vastly different orgasms. Lucius simply arched and gasped, while Draco actually stiffened, arched, and cried out, his eyes squeezed shut and face flushed.

Lucius recovered almost immediately, leaning down to press a chaste kiss to Draco’s lips.

Harry smiled, grabbing his pyjama bottoms. “Well, I’ll change in the bathroom and let you two make yourselves resemble haughty aristocrats again.” He said, grinning. “By the way,” He added, seeing Draco’s blush, “That was fucking sexy.”

Draco scooted out of his father’s embrace, grabbing his new pyjama bottoms and casting a quick Scourgify before he put them on.

Lucius grabbed the silk pyjama pants he had bought that day but hoped not to wear. ‘Oh, well, there’s always tomorrow.’ He thought.

Re-reading the chapters and naming them as I go. I will need time to do that. More will be up, either tonight or tomorrow.

The Magus Gene

Harry woke, feeling a warm body on either side of him. He stretched, trying to figure out who was who by the feel of their bodies. Well, the person behind him was lean, but muscled nicely, and had a raging hard-on that was currently being rubbed against his ass. Draco, then.

He chuckled, pushing his hips backward, hearing Draco gasp. “Good morning.” He said.

“Dammit, Harry, don’t *do* that!” He snapped, pulling Harry onto his back so that they could see each other.

Harry snorted. “Do what? Interrupt you frothing against my ass? Why not? It *is* sexual harassment, you know.”

“It’s only sexual harassment if one party is unwilling.” Lucius’ voice cut in.

Harry turned his head and found the older man watching them, a small smirk on his lips.

“I never consented, therefore I’m unwilling!” Harry stated, folding his arms across his chest.

Lucius hummed, reaching down and grabbing Harry’s cock, stroking it slowly. “Sure you were. Now, would you mind telling me where *this* came from?” He purred.

Harry blushed. “I’m seventeen years old. Do you even need to *ask*?” He replied.

Lucius continued stroking him, smirking. “*Are* you, now? Well, that makes me feel like a bit of a paedophile. After all, my son is seventeen. Oh, wait, I’m involved with *him*, too.” He mused, while Harry glared at him, panting.

Draco chuckled. “Father, Harry seems to be having a bit of difficulty. What should I do?” He asked, earning his own death glare from Harry.

Lucius pretended to think for a moment, though his hand never paused. “I think you should see if last night helped you at all. Kiss him, Draco. Remember what I taught you.”

Draco leaned down and ran his tongue over Harry’s bottom lip, then claimed Harry’s lips with his own. He eased the brunet’s lips open, then began tracing every corner of Harry’s mouth, wringing mewls and whimpers out of Harry. He buried his hands in Harry’s hair, holding the teen’s head still, and nibbled at his lips.

Lucius felt Harry’s cock pulse, and smirked. “Muffle him, Draco.” He ordered.

Draco covered Harry’s mouth with his own, swallowing his scream of completion.

Harry laid back, panting and spent, as the two blonds got out of bed and began to dress. "I hate you both." He said when he could speak.

Draco smiled at him. "We know. We love you too."

Harry rubbed his face with both hands. "You two need new clothes." He groaned, looking Draco and Lucius over.

Lucius grinned. "I quite agree." He said.

Draco looked over from the mirror. "Oh, are we going shopping?" He asked.

Harry sighed. "We have to, really."

Lucius shook his head. "No. Once we have a place to stay, I can get us more clothes from one of our smaller houses. I'll go get us new outfits for today, and give the dirty clothes to the house elves." He said, gathering his clothes and pulling on his boxers.

Draco quickly stripped, throwing his clothes to Lucius. "Get the navy blue silk shirt and the light grey trousers, Father. The ones that match my eyes. Also, I want my black boxers. The ones from Sev. They should be at the cottage."

Lucius nodded. "As much as I *hate* you telling me what to do, I'll do this for you since you can't very well risk getting into another fight in this state. You're still not at full health, and I find myself quite unwilling to lose you." He said, wrapping Draco in a quick one-armed hug.

He Disappeared, and Harry smiled. "Mm, naked Drake. What will I do with this opportunity?" He purred, striding over to stand in front of Draco.

Draco smirked. "I think I have a suggestion." He responded, his eyes flicking down to Harry's lips as he spoke.

Harry wrapped his arms around Draco's waist and settled his mouth over Draco's, moaning as he ravished the blond's mouth.

Draco whimpered, his knees weakening as he clung to Harry desperately.

Harry raised his head and smirked. "Well, what should I wear?" He said, turning and looking through his clothes.

Draco glared at him. "That was *not* funny." He grumbled.

Harry snorted. "I dunno, I thought it was."

"You're sense of humour is twisted, Potter." Draco said, turning back to the mirror to ogle himself some more.

Harry chuckled, absently, pulling out his bondage trousers and a black Def Leppard T-shirt.

He pulled on a pair of red boxers, then dressed, laughing when Draco turned around and grimaced. “What, Drake?” He asked.

Draco looked at Harry’s trousers in disgust. “Those things are hideous. And I mean, *hideous*.” He stated.

Harry shrugged. “So?”

Draco stared at Harry for a moment. “You really *are* hopeless.”

Harry smiled and nodded. “Certainly seems that way, huh?” He agreed.

Lucius appeared in the room and stared at Harry in astonishment. “*What are those?*”

Harry smiled. “I call them my bondage trousers.”

Lucius smirked. “Do they work?” He asked.

Harry frowned, looking down at them. “I dunno... Hmm...” He slid his hands through two of the straps and waddled up to Lucius. “Tighten them.” He ordered.

Lucius did so, licking his lips.

Harry tried to pull his hands free and smiled. “Hey, they *do* work!” He announced.

Lucius smirked. “Oh, how *delightful*. Draco, would you mind getting him on the bed?”

Harry squeaked as Draco led him to the bed, chuckling, then pushed him down onto it. The blond crawled on top of him and opened his trousers just enough to free his cock. “Is that good, Father?” He asked sweetly.

Lucius nodded, staring at Harry raptly. “Perfect.” He purred.

Harry gasped as Lucius’ mouth covered his and Draco’s mouth engulfed his erection. “Mmph!”

Draco choked as Harry bucked, shoving himself down the blond’s throat. He held Harry’s hips down and redoubled his efforts, hearing the small noises that Lucius wasn’t quite able to smother.

After a few more moments, Harry’s body tensed, and he pulled away from Lucius’ mouth to scream as he came for the second time that morning.

Draco chuckled as he scooted up the bed to kiss Harry. “You really *are* vocal, aren’t you?”

Harry blushed. “Sod off.” He grimaced. “Now I need another shower. And new clothes.”

“Okay, I think we should check out the houses in order of how recently my family has lived in them.” Harry said, shuffling through the paperwork.

“Then the first is The Den, in Wales. It’s a four bedroom cottage.” Lucius said.

Draco smiled. “The *Den*?! That sounds promising.”

“Alright, hold onto me and we’ll Portkey there.”

Draco grabbed Harry’s hand, lacing their fingers together, and Lucius slipped an arm around his waist.

Harry concentrated on The Den, then he felt a pull, and they were there. He frowned. “That didn’t *feel* like a Portkey.” He said.

Lucius chuckled. “That’s because Head of Family rings connect directly to the Wards. It’s more like apparition, but it’s impossible to Splinch yourself, you can use it undetected even if you’re underage, and it can bypass anti-apparition Wards, much like a Portkey.”

Harry grinned. “So I can leave Hogwarts with this? Cool!”

Draco pouted. “Hey, how come *I* don’t have one?”

Lucius smiled, holding up his right hand. A silver ring with the Malfoy crest on it adorned the middle finger. “Because *you* are not yet the *Head* of the Malfoy family.” He pointed out.

Draco huffed. “Whatever.”

Harry started for the house. “Well, let’s check it out.” He said.

Draco and Lucius followed him.

Harry opened the door and burst out laughing. “The Den, indeed!” He shouted, doubling over and howling.

Draco and Lucius visibly paled, which was quite a feat for them.

Their entryway was maroon and gold, with pictures of lions everywhere.

“No.” Draco said flatly.

“Certainly not.” Lucius agreed.

Harry recovered, shaking his head bemusedly. “Well, I *did* warn you.”

“I *will not* stay in this house if even the mirror in my own bedroom calls me a Nancy Boy!” Draco snapped, stomping down the stairs in a huff.

“Well, you *are*.” Harry said in amusement.

“Say that to my face!”

“I *did*.”

“*Father!*”

“Harry, perhaps we should find a house that has a bit less red? It really makes me look awful. Does *nothing* for me.”

“Father’s right, the décor here is really too much.” Draco seconded, looking around in disgust.

The next four houses were no better.

“Which one’s next?” Harry asked, clearly annoyed.

Lucius looked nauseous. “The coup de grace, I’d assume. Potter Manor.”

Harry raised a brow. “When was that one last occupied?” He asked.

Lucius sighed. “Seventeen generations ago.” He said. “Let’s hope they kept house elves.”

Harry nodded. “Let’s go.”

Potter Manor was a huge grey building with beautiful expansive gardens and not a single gnome in sight. Harry smiled. “I like it here already.”

Draco gaped at the Manor. “It’s bigger than ours, Father!”

Lucius frowned. “Indeed. Just how much money do you *have*, Harry?”

Harry shrugged. “A lot.” He said, heading for the door. He opened it and stepped inside, his eyes widening. “Wow.” He whispered, walking into the first room on his right. He headed to the tapestry that contained the family tree. He found his parents’ names and lovingly traced them, a sad smile touching his lips briefly.

Draco watched, biting his lip as he ached for Harry’s loss.

Lucius looked at another tapestry and sucked in a breath, his eyes widening. “Draco.” He whispered, beckoning the boy closer. “Look.” He pointed to the title. ‘The Magus Gene From Salazar Slytherin To Present.’

Draco gasped as his father started at the top, Salazar Slytherin and Godric Gryffindor, and followed the silver line as it became dormant, occasionally appearing again, and finally, as it flared into being once more at the name Harry Potter.

“Impossible.” Draco breathed. “He’d be manifesting any day now! We’d have *noticed*! He’d be-“

“Restless? Energetic? Trying to get things in order so that he has no vulnerabilities? Trying to find out *exactly* who he really is?” Lucius said.

Draco gulped, realizing exactly why Harry was feeling as if he’d been playing a role not meant for him. “Us. The Manor. The new persona. He’s... Been preparing.”

Lucius nodded. “Indeed. He’ll be ready soon. We’ll talk about this later. He’ll need to know.”

Harry frowned, turning from the family tree. “What are you two whispering about?”

Lucius pursed his lips. “Have you ever heard of a Mage?” He asked.

Harry thought. The word sounded familiar. He remembered Hermione mentioning something about how a Mage was better able to channel their magic through rune work than a normal wizard or witch because they were more in tune with Earth Magic. “Well, I’ve heard the word, but can’t say I know exactly what it *is*. Why?”

Draco smirked. “Because, Potter. You *are* one.”

Harry frowned. “How do you know?” He asked.

Lucius pointed to the tapestry. “The silver line traces the Magus Gene. The names in silver, like Salazar Slytherin, are the people in whom the Magus Gene is strong enough to manifest.”

Harry looked at his name, shining silver against the forest green tapestry, and groaned. “Wonderful. So, what do I need to know?” He asked in defeat.

Draco smirked. “Just that you’ll manifest soon. You’ll be even stronger, and your magic will lean either toward dark or light, which you have no control over. You’ll also be able to do Wandless magic and nonverbal magic with little effort. You’ll be able to do Earth magic, which is *wicked*! You can develop a telepathic link with people you trust enough. You may be empathic, and be able to subtly influence others’ emotions, too, which would be *great* in Potions class. You’ll probably start being able to sense life forces. Extra Animagus forms, you get more depending on how much power you have. *Some* Magi, but not all, can redirect magic under duress. Actually, you’ll probably have that ability. That would explain the whole deflected killing curse thing. You’ll be more in tune with the magical currents around you, as

well. Basically, you'll be *part* of the magic, instead of a channel for it to travel through." He ticked them off on his fingers, smiling smugly. "Magi are rare, but any family would *kill* to be able to claim one as their ancestor."

Lucius smiled at Draco. "There's one more thing Magi can do that other wizards cannot." He said.

Draco looked puzzled. "What? I've never heard about anything else."

"It's not something most people have an interest in, but..." He pointed to the top of the tapestry. "What do you see?"

Draco frowned. "Salazar Slytherin and Godric Gryffindor. So?" His jaw dropped and his eyes widened as he realized what his father was implying. "No bloody *way*!" He breathed.

Lucius smiled. "Indeed. Harry, you can become pregnant, and you may be able to impregnate us. I'm not exactly sure on that score, but once you manifest, *you* will know."

Harry groaned and swayed, dizziness rushing over him. He sat down hard, staring blankly at the wall in front of him. "Bloody, buggering *hell*." He whispered.

Draco sat down next to him. "Why are we sitting on the floor?" He asked conversationally.

Harry looked at him. "Because I didn't want to fall on my head, so my ass was the next best choice, and you decided to sit next to me because you're an idiot." He replied.

Draco nodded thoughtfully. "I see."

Harry stood. "Well, we might as well find out what the rest of this house is like." He said.

Draco scowled. "If I see a *single* room done up in Gryffindork colours, I'm leaving. I don't care if you two stay, but I will *not*. The same goes if any of the mirrors insult me."

Harry snorted. "Note to self: honesty gets you nowhere with Drake. Flattery gets you everywhere."

Lucius chuckled. "Well, he *is* the quintessential Malfoy."

Draco preened. "Exactly. Therefore I should be worshipped as befits someone of my flawlessness."

Harry grinned. "Sure. Um, how will I be able to find out if there are any house elves here?" He asked, suddenly wondering why none had shown up yet, even though it looked as though the house was cleaned daily.

Lucius smiled. "Ask for them." He said.

Harry frowned. "Okay. Are there any house elves here?" He shouted, feeling stupid.

Suddenly, Draco shrieked as a house elf appeared right next to his feet. “Dear *Merlin*, don’t you have any concept of *personal space*?!” He snapped.

The house elf only had eyes for Harry. “Master Potter?” It- *she*- asked shyly.

Harry smiled. “Yes, I’m your Master.”

The house elf burst into tears, throwing herself onto the ground at Harry’s feet. “Lottie is so *happy*! Lottie is waiting so long for her new Master, but it is being a very long time since Lottie is having a Master to care for! Lottie will do *anything* for Master, she will even kill herself if Master wishes!”

Harry shook his head, kneeling next to her and helping her to her feet as her sobs turned into hiccups. “I don’t want you to kill yourself. I just wanted to know if you could make us something to eat while we looked at the other rooms in the house. We might be living here, so you’d have *three* new Masters to care for.” He said, smiling.

Lottie shook her head. “Lottie is only belonging to *one* Master! There is other house elves to care for Master’s consorts!”

Harry blushed, about to deny that they were his consorts, but Lottie kept speaking.

“Lottie is only belonging to the one who carries the Mage Gene inside, and as long as there is Mage blood in the family line, Lottie is bound to life, to be caring for the next Mage born. It has been *so long*!” She said again, her eyes wide and worshipful.

Lucius chuckled softly.

Draco raised his eyebrows, smirking. “Oh, look. A new member of the Harry Potter Fan Club!” He said in mock excitement. “What *fun*!”

Harry glared at him. “Oh, shut up.”

Lottie straightened. “What would Master like to eat, and when does Master want it ready?” She asked, suddenly all business.

Harry hummed. “I don’t know. How about... Manicotti?” He asked, looking up at Draco and Lucius.

Draco wailed. “Oh, but it’s so *fattening*! All that *cheese*!”

Lucius sighed and cuffed Draco on the head. “Honestly, Draco, how many times do I need to tell you? You don’t need to worry about your weight. You have *my* metabolism. You won’t become outrageously fat. And if you did, I’d put you out of your misery.”

Harry snorted. “Manicotti it is. And have it ready in an hour. If we’re still busy then, you’ll find us, right?”

Lottie nodded. “Lottie is so happy to serve you, Master!” She said, smiling, then disappeared.

Harry groaned, standing again. “Wonderful. I have a personal house elf that thinks the sun shines out my arse.”

Draco snickered. “Deal with it, Mr. Magus.” He teased.

Harry sighed and headed out into the hall. He followed it and found a study with a couch and a leather chair facing each other, a large fireplace, and a desk facing a window. There was also a liquor cabinet that caused Lucius to smile widely when he examined the contents. “Oh, your ancestors had quite the discerning palate when it came to drink, Harry.” He said approvingly.

The next place they found was the dining room, which had a table large enough to seat twenty comfortably. All the dishes were laid out, not a single one being cracked or chipped at all. “Oh, Harry, look!” Draco said, running in and picking up one of the clear goblets that sat at almost every seat. “*Crystal!*” He said excitedly. “They’re beautiful!”

Harry picked up the one at the head of the table. He looked at it and his eyes widened. It showed a lion and a snake sleeping peacefully, the snake draped in thick coils over the lion’s back. It, unlike the others, was made of metal and was painted in colours that even after so long, still held all the vibrancy of fresh artwork. Harry turned it and his breath left his body in a rush. “Merlin! They really *were* together!” He whispered, running a finger along the Gryffindor crest, the Slytherin crest, and then another, which was a mixture of the two. Harry looked down at his ring, and smiled. That was the one that had finally become the Potter crest.

Lucius sighed. “Harry, Draco.”

They looked at him.

“As fascinating as the cutlery no doubt is, there are still more rooms to be examined. Shall we continue?” He asked.

Harry chuckled. “Yeah. Come on, Drake.” He said, leaving the room.

They found a ballroom next, and surprisingly the colour scheme was green and gold.

Draco smiled widely. “Wow. I really *like* this! Nice.” He said, looking around. “Well, we’ll have to throw parties here! This ballroom just *screams* of wealth!”

Harry laughed, shaking his head. “Of course, Drake. We’ll pander to your ego.”

They headed upstairs next. After looking at the first two guest suites, they found the Master suite. It had a sitting room decorated in gold and silver, a bathroom done in white marble and silver, and a large bedroom decorated in black and gold. Harry was speechless by the time they found the bedroom.

Lucius simply smiled. “Fitting, that a Mage have such opulent rooms, isn’t it, Draco?”

Draco smirked. “Of course, Father. Harry, understand that once you manifest, you’ll *expect* this kind of treatment. Magi are *revered*, even now, because of how rare and powerful they are. Furthermore, even a newly manifested Mage is different than they were before, both in the way they treat others, and the way they expect to be treated. You’ll understand once you manifest.”

Harry blinked a few times, then nodded. “If you say so.” He said quietly.

Lucius saw a door leading off the main bedroom and went to open it. He smiled at the sight of a room decorated in sea-foam green and powder pink. Harry peeked in and gasped. “Is that...?”

Lucius smiled. “Yes, it is. This will be your child’s nursery.” He answered.

Harry bit his lip. “But... Whose child will I *have*? Won’t it be weird if I have kids by both of you?”

Lucius chuckled. “We’ll cross that bridge when we come to it. You’ll see.” He said, running a hand through Harry’s hair as he bent to kiss the teen on the forehead.

Harry blushed. “Don’t do that!” He said. “I’m not a little kid!”

Lucius gasped. “You aren’t?” He sounded aghast. “Then I’m not corrupting a child, after all? Well, there go my plans of guiding the next Dark Lord into being.” He teased.

Harry groaned, smiling. “Just shut up, Luc.”

Lucius buried his face in Harry’s neck, chuckling. “Yes, My Lord.” He murmured, nipping at the skin lightly.

Harry giggled. “That tickles! Stop!”

Draco sighed. “Oh, I feel so neglected!” He pouted.

Lucius walked up to him and grabbed his waist, dipping him. “Ah, my love!” He said, then kissed him deeply.

Draco blinked when Lucius pulled back, pulling him back to his feet. “Well, that’s better. Harry?” He turned to Harry expectantly.

Harry chuckled and slid his hands into Draco’s hair, kissing him slowly, savouring the taste of Draco and Lucius combined.

Draco sighed when they finally parted. “Good. Now that that’s settled...” He walked into the bathroom, looking at himself in the mirror.

“Ooh, what lovely hair!” The mirror cooed. “And such clear, bright eyes! You have such elegant features, too! What a delight!”

Harry laughed. “I think we’re staying, then.”

Draco’s voice rang out from the bathroom, ecstatic. “Of *course* we are!”

The Manifestation

Harry sighed, sitting back in his chair and picking up his goblet, looking at it thoughtfully. “You know, I could get used to this whole Mage thing. At least the elves know better than to crowd me. Lottie made sure she was the only one allowed near me.”

Draco smiled. “That’s because Magi feed off of magic around them when they are pregnant or injured. If you take in magic from too many non-human beings, it can make you ill. She’s the only house elf allowed near you because she’ll be the one to tend you if you get hurt. She’ll also be the one to wait on you after you have your children.”

Lucius smiled. “And, of course, you’ll have us to feed off of as well. We are, after all, your ‘consorts.’”

Harry smiled. “Not yet.” He purred.

Lucius inclined his head in agreement. “But soon.” He finished.

Harry opened his eyes, feeling Draco’s slow, even breaths against the back of his neck and seeing Lucius staring at him. Again. He sighed. “That’s just a little creepy, Luc.” He said.

Lucius chuckled. “Good morning, Harry.”

Harry smiled, then the smile faded as all the colour drained out of his face. “Move. Now.” He said.

Lucius rolled out of the bed in one fluid movement, landing on his feet unabashedly naked.

Harry scrambled out of bed and into the bathroom.

As Harry bent over the toilet and emptied his stomach, Lucius smiled and woke Draco. “Draco? It’s starting.”

Draco opened one eye blearily. “Hm?” He heard Harry being sick, and yawned. “Oh. So it’s today? I’ll owl Blaise and spend the night with him, then.”

Lucius frowned. “Are you sure?”

Draco raised an eyebrow. “Are you *serious*?! It *has* to be you! I certainly can’t handle a virgin! I *am* one, for Salazar’s sake! Besides, my first time, I plan on having *both* of you

lavish me with attention, as is my due.” He stated confidently.

Lucius chuckled. “Alright, then. Oh, and Draco?”

Draco sighed impatiently. “Yes?”

“Thank you.”

Draco just smiled and closed his eyes. “Hm. Never wake me before eight again.” He replied.

Lucius snorted. “Lottie!” The house elf appeared. “Get your Master some warm water with a lemon slice in it.” He said, as Harry groaned and started brushing his teeth.

The elf disappeared quickly, only to come back a second later with the water. “Does Master need anything else?”

Lucius smiled. “No, Lottie. That is all.”

Lottie bowed and disappeared again.

Lucius took the water into the bathroom and handed it to Harry, who was glaring at his reflection.

“Here.” He said. “Drink slowly. It will help settle your stomach.”

Harry smiled. “Thanks.” He said, taking a small sip.

“You’re going to manifest today.” Lucius said softly.

Harry sighed. “So *that’s* what this is? Can’t say that I *like* it.” He said.

Lucius smiled, watching Harry as he slowly sipped the water. The teen was surprisingly beautiful, even when he was sick.

Harry sighed, staring at Lucius out the corner of his eye as he pulled the cup away from his mouth. “Again, Luc. Kind of creepy.”

Lucius shrugged. “I like watching you. You’re gorgeous, you know.”

Harry flushed. “Yeah, well, I’ve been in Quidditch for some time, and I did have that whole Dark-Lord-trying-to-kill-me thing going on for a while.” He said. “That does tend to buff one up kind of quick.”

“Harry, come back to bed.” Draco’s voice came from the other room, whining plaintively.

Harry chuckled. “How can I say no to *that?!?*” He joked, walking back into the other room.

Draco smiled sleepily at Harry. “Hey. Come in here. Under the covers.” He said, patting the

empty space in front of him.

Harry chuckled and climbed back into bed, scooting over to Draco. “This good?” He asked.

Draco sighed, curling up against Harry, burying his face in his chest. “Very good.” He said happily. “Mm. Love you, Harry.” He murmured.

Harry wrapped an arm around Draco’s waist, pulling him even closer. “Love you, too, Drake.” He said.

Lucius looked at the two teens, curled chastely around each other, and smiled tenderly. “I’m going to write to Severus. You two rest some more.” He said softly, hearing Harry murmur a sleepy reply. He padded out of the room, grabbing his robe on the way, and closed the door with a soft ‘click.’

As soon as he was sure his father was out of hearing range, Draco raised his head. “We need to talk, Harry.” He said firmly.

Harry sighed. “How did I see that coming? What, are you breaking up with me?” He asked teasingly.

Draco curled his lip. “Oh, no. If you were the type for me to break up with, why would I date you in the first place?” He shook his head. “No, this is serious. After a Mage manifests, they almost *always* want sex. I’m going to spend the night with Blaise tonight.”

Harry opened his mouth to speak, but Draco held up a hand, silencing him.

“Before you ask, let me explain. I am giving you my permission to have sex with my father without me, Harry. Don’t waste this opportunity, don’t regret it once it’s done, and don’t expect me to be angry about it. I trust him to use a contraceptive spell, he’ll never hurt you more than necessary, and I don’t want you to always remember your first time as teenage fumbling. You deserve better. You deserve someone who’s *good* at it.” He smirked. “I’ve heard that my father is *exceptionally* good at it, so you should enjoy yourself *very* much.” He purred, pushing Harry back into the pillows. “But, for now...” He pressed his hips against Harry’s, “How about a bit of teenage fumbling, hm?”

Harry chuckled, then gasped, arching up against Draco. “Mm. Sounds like a good idea.” He moaned.

Draco smirked and leaned down, nibbling Harry’s neck.

Harry froze, biting his tongue to stop himself from yelling—loudly.

Draco raised his head. “Are you okay?”

Harry nodded, his face turning red as he tried not to hyperventilate.

“What’s all that about?” Draco asked.

Harry grinned a bit. “That felt *soo* good, Drake. You really have *no* idea. I think I’m extra-sensitive right now.” He said.

Draco raised an eyebrow. “Oh, *really*?” He asked interestedly, then went back to nibbling and sucking, even more enthusiastically, as he rubbed himself against Harry’s hardness eagerly.

Harry moaned, pulling the pillow over his face, muffling the noises. Draco pulled the pillow off, tossing it away, then he grabbed Harry’s hands, pinning them above the teen’s head. “I want to *hear* you, Harry. Come for me.” He purred.

Harry arched against Draco’s body as the blond bit down hard on his neck, coming spontaneously, a scream on his lips.

Harry’s release caused his already impressive amount of magic to swamp Draco, causing the blond to cry out, orgasming as well from the feeling coursing through him.

Draco collapsed on top of Harry. “Fuck.” He panted.

Harry grinned stupidly. “Yeah.” He agreed.

The door was thrown open, a worried Lucius standing in the doorway. “Mm. I assume the screams were of a carnal nature, then, and nothing for me to worry about?”

Draco and Harry blushed.

Harry paused his reading as he felt another wave of nausea. He got up and ran to the bathroom, leaving Draco and Lucius staring after him.

Lucius shrugged. “Must be rejecting his lunch. I told him not to eat too much today. Oh, well.” He said, looking back down at the Daily Prophet as Draco snorted and returned to his book.

Draco looked up as Harry growled, squirming in his chair, glaring at the fire.

“Harry, why are you wriggling around like a Flobberworm?” He asked.

Harry huffed. “My damn back is *tingling*! And it won’t stop!” He shouted, looking very frustrated with the whole situation.

Draco snorted. “Alright. Scoot forward.” He said, getting up and climbing over the arm of the chair to sit behind Harry. He began scratching him right between the shoulder blades. “That the spot?” He asked.

Harry hissed in a breath, his muscles going limp. “Yes...” He moaned, arching into the touch.

Draco chuckled. “Well, your magic is building up now. Won’t be more than a few hours until you manifest.” He smirked. “Try not to manifest during dinner, okay?”

Harry groaned. “Drake, shut up.”

Draco snorted. “You love me, don’t deny it.” He said smugly.

Harry huffed. “Shows how much you know. I *despise* you, Drake.” He retorted.

Draco leaned forward and sucked on the base of Harry’s neck, causing the teen’s head to droop forward as he moaned. “Noo, Draake!” He whined.

Draco pulled away, chuckling. “Of course. Despise. So, do you get this hard for everyone you *despise*, or am I just lucky?” He asked, cupping Harry’s erection through the loose silk pyjama bottoms he was wearing.

Harry leaned back against Draco, grinning. “Only blond, aristocratic men with a penchant for evil schemes.” He replied, tilting his head back for a kiss. It was sloppy, it was mostly upside-down, it was *very* clumsy, and it was quite possibly the most innocent thing either of them had ever enjoyed.

Draco sighed, brushing Harry’s hair out of his eyes. “So, do you plan to grow this out?” He asked, tugging gently on it.

Harry pursed his lips, thinking. “I don’t know. Do you *want* me to?”

“Well, it might look nice if you had long hair. You could keep it tied back, and you’d look like a *real* Mage. They tend to grow their hair out.”

Harry smiled. “Why not?”

Harry froze, his fork halfway to his mouth, as his body suddenly grew cold. He stood up, shivering.

Lucius also stood. “Draco, get to the study. I’ll help Harry.”

Draco stood and ran from the room.

Lucius came up beside Harry, taking his hand and placing his free hand on Harry’s opposite shoulder. “Come on, Harry. Let’s get you to a warded room. You wouldn’t want to destroy your manor, would you?”

Harry shook his head, trembling. He was thankful for Lucius’ calming presence beside him, letting the man lead him out of the room and down the hall as he watched his breath form

small clouds before him.

Lucius smiled. Harry was even turning the air around Lucius freezing cold. He was about to become very powerful, indeed.

Draco was sitting on the couch, nearly vibrating with excitement. After all, it wasn't every day that one got to witness their boyfriend becoming one of the most powerful wizards alive.

Lucius led Harry to the leather chair and helped him sit. "Harry, can I take your wand? You might overwhelm the core if you have it on you when you manifest."

Harry pulled his wand out of the arm holster it was in, his hand trembling uncontrollably as he handed it to Lucius.

Lucius took Harry's wand and tossed it to Draco, who frowned. "Wow. This wand feels *weird*." He said.

Harry gasped and bent over, wrapping his arms around his stomach and moaning.

Lucius knelt in front of Harry as the air around him heated up. "Harry?"

Harry panted through his teeth. "Hurts." He said.

Lucius laid his hand on Harry's knee. "I know. Your body is changing and your magic is gathering. It's bound to be painful. Your magic is creating new pathways throughout your body to travel through."

Harry's cheeks were growing red and he was sweating. "How long will this take?"

Lucius sighed. "I don't know. It's different for everyone. All you can do is wait it out. The rewards will be worth it."

Harry gasped, and his hands flew to the arms of the chair as his body began tingling again, but this time, the tingling was all over. The sensation grew, and Lucius stood and backed away as Harry began glowing. Harry's whole body was buzzing. He was starting to think his molecules would separate, and the Dark Lord's minions and Dumbledore's men wouldn't be able to put Harry together again.

Lucius watched in awe as Harry grew brighter and brighter. Suddenly, the light expanded outward. Lucius and Draco closed their eyes against the bright flash of light. When they opened them, Harry was calm and composed, staring at them intently.

Lucius held out his hand to Draco, who reverently placed Harry's wand in his father's hand, remembering protocol for dealing with a Mage.

Lucius took the wand and stepped up to Harry, kneeling in front of him. He held out Harry's wand to him, on the palms of both his hands, raised to the level of his bowed head. "Lord Potter." He murmured.

Harry smiled. "It's still Harry to you and Drake, Luc. At least, when we're not around enemies." He added thoughtfully, taking his wand.

Lucius stayed silent, not rising.

Harry looked down at the top of his bowed head. "Luc, do you have something to say?"

Lucius raised his head, looking up at Harry. "Lord Potter, I pledge myself lifelong to your service. I wish to be marked as your consort."

Draco stood, then knelt beside his father. "As do I, My Lord." He said.

Harry smiled. "And so you shall. *When* I find out exactly what my mark will be. I don't know yet, so you'll both have to wait."

Lucius smiled, taking Harry's free hand in his own. "I can wait, Harry."

Draco frowned. "And here I thought not taking the Dark Mark meant my body would never be anything less than perfect. Father, what *exactly* did I just request?" He asked.

Lucius chuckled. "Draco, I think you should ask Harry. His instincts will have told him what we want, and he'll be able to better explain exactly what it means. Magi are very secretive about consorts and how they are made."

Harry grinned wolfishly. "Yes, Drake. *Ask* me." He purred, trailing a finger down Draco's cheek, adding a hint of power to the touch, just enough to intoxicate the teen. "I'd love to... *Explain* things to you."

Draco moaned. "Harry..." He breathed, looking up at Harry with glazed eyes.

Harry withdrew his magic, leaning forward to kiss Draco gently. "Do you really want to know what it means to be a Mage's consort? Because if I tell you, you won't have the option of backing out of it later." He warned.

Draco nodded. "Yes. I love you, Harry. I want to be yours, but I'm curious to know *what* I've agreed to." He said impatiently.

Harry smiled, humming in approval. "Well, Drake, I'll find out my mark sometime soon. Hopefully, it will be more aesthetic than Tom's, the raving lunatic." He added, curling his lip. "Anyway, that will be the mark that I'll use, if I take followers, or consorts, or some such group. Followers get the mark... Well, you already know, don't you?" He asked, waving his hand toward Lucius and murmuring, "Tu es libertas(You are freed), by the way."

Lucius looked at his forearm and the Dark Mark melted into his skin, leaving its milky whiteness unmarred. He gasped in awe, tears of wonder forming. It was as if he was suddenly absolved of all the horrors he had helped to commit. It could no longer touch him, because his soul had been cleansed.

Draco ran his fingertips over his forearm. “So, I’ll have to wear long sleeves all year? Not so bad, considering.”

Harry smirked, leaning back in his chair. “Oh, *no*. A consort’s mark doesn’t go on the forearm.” He said flippantly. “It’s a much more *special* place.”

Draco covered his privates, blushing. “*Harry!*” He shrieked.

Harry winced. “Merlin, Drake! You scream like a bloody *girl!* Fuck’s sake! No, it doesn’t go *there*, either, you idiot. It goes over your heart.” He explained softly, looking at both blonds lovingly. “To show that you both gave your hearts to me even as I have given mine to you. Plus it will combine our magical cores, which will allow you both to occasionally tap into my inherent talents.” He smirked. “Like, say, *Parseltongue*.” He purred. “And just *imagine* how useful that could be. No one else speaks it, do they?”

Draco snickered. “So we can cuss out Dumbledore to his face. Sweet!”

Harry smiled. “Drake, be good, or I’ll make you impotent.” He warned.

Draco paled. “Right. Well, I should probably be going to Blaise’s now. Can... Can I tell him?” He asked, stopping by the fireplace.

Harry waved a dismissive hand. “Go ahead, warn your friends. Let them know that I won’t take any disrespect. I *will* retaliate.” He said, his voice cold.

Draco shivered, nodding. He threw a handful of Floo powder into the fire and yelled, “Blackwood.” Then he was gone.

Harry turned his eyes to Lucius, the emerald orbs searingly intent. “Let’s go to bed, Luc.” He purred, standing and offering his hand to the man. “I want you now.”

Learning the Ropes

Harry led Lucius into the bedroom and locked the door. "I think we're overdressed." He said, stripping them both with a wave of his hand.

Lucius raised a brow. "Impatient?" He asked, smirking.

Harry pouted. "I want you. You aren't going to deny me, are you?" He asked coyly, sauntering over to the bed and laying in the middle, wriggling sinuously to get comfortable. He sighed, then trailed one hand down his chest and over his abs, wrapping it loosely around his bare cock, while the other toyed with his nipple ring. "Well? Are you going to *come* over here and help me out?" He purred, locking his heated eyes on Lucius's interested cock.

Lucius licked his lips, slowly moving toward the bed. "Oh, I'll *come* alright. Sooner than you might like if you keep doing *that*." He said, grabbing Harry's hands and pinning them above his head as he crawled onto the bed, straddling the teen. He leaned down and nibbled at Harry's lower lip, pulling away when the teen tried to deepen the kiss.

"Ah, ah, ah. Let me show you. I lead, you follow. Trust me, Harry." He said, flicking his tongue out to taste the teen's neck briefly.

Harry shivered, moaning. He cursed mentally as he felt his face heat. Great, now he was *blushing*!

Lucius hissed in a breath at the moan that escaped Harry's mouth, then nearly moaned himself when his cheeks pinked ever so slightly. Merlin, the boy was too delicious! Those beguiling Avada green eyes were hazy with the beginnings of desire, and his mouth was open, small breaths whispering over full, pink lips. Lips that Lucius *had* to taste.

Harry gasped as Lucius's mouth *finally* closed over his, hot and wet and demanding total submission. His tongue tangled with Harry's, duelling the Mage's fiercely, stealing the teen's breath and his will to fight all at once. With a small sigh of defeat, Harry's body lost all will to resist, and he surrendered to Lucius's will, for his first night of pleasure. One of, hopefully, many to come.

Lucius felt Harry's mouth go from firm to soft and compliant within a few moments and smiled into the kiss. He delved in deeper, feeling Harry's tongue mirror his movements, rather than trying to lead them. The boy was learning. He would soon surrender without the help, safe in the knowledge that a Malfoy would never exploit their lover, and would never let them come to harm, especially within the heat of passion. Even with Narcissa, Lucius had been gentle and attentive, and with the love he had for Harry, he knew he would be infinitely more so.

He raised his head, looking down at Harry's face. The boy's face was beatific. Flushed, lips red and swollen, moist from kisses, eyes half-closed and drowsily aroused, tongue darting out

to catch the taste of Lucius still on his lips. His chest was heaving, small whimpers occasionally escaping, as Harry shifted his hips, staring at Lucius beseechingly.

Lucius couldn't take it anymore. He leaned forward, placing a soft kiss at the base of Harry's neck, then released the teen's hands to slide down his body. He paused at his chest to flick the nipple ring with his tongue, then give it a gentle tug with his teeth, before moving on, pleased with the small, pleased cry Harry had gifted him with. He raised a brow at the teen's leaking cock, tracing the bare skin around it. When he had seen it earlier...

"Harry, when did *this* happen?" He asked, trailing a finger up the length, slowly.

Harry shook his head, panting, "M... Mag..." He let out a choked cry when Lucius' hand wrapped around it and stroked him *so* slowly. "We don't grow hair down there!" He shouted, then cried out as his back arched. "Oh, *fuck*, and it's more sensitive!!" He screamed, as his cock twitched, as if in agreement.

Lucius blinked at the admission, eyeing the organ thoughtfully. 'More sensitive?' He licked at the beads of fluid leaking from the tip, and the taste of power, something he had never before sampled, exploded on his tongue. He closed his eyes and moaned, as Harry sobbed.

"No, Luc! I... Oh, *Merlin*, don't do that again or I'll *come*!" He yelled, tears leaking from his tightly closed eyes as his head thrashed from side to side, sweat causing some hair to stick to his reddened face.

Lucius licked his lips appreciatively. Harry was indeed powerful. Even his precum held a tangible amount of power. The teen was a marvel.

Harry felt Lucius' teeth nipping at the crease between his buttock and thigh, and sighed in relief. "Oh, thank you!"

Lucius chuckled. "Oh, no need to thank me just *yet*." He purred, hoisting Harry's legs over his shoulders and holding the boy's ass in both hands, kneading the flesh tenderly. "Just wait until we're done." He added, exposing Harry's entrance.

He watched as it quivered, Harry's confused expression turning to shocked disbelief an instant before Lucius' tongue swiped over the small pucker, then slid carefully inside.

Lucius felt a small flash of worry. 'He's so tight! *Too* tight! I'll hurt him if I don't prepare him thoroughly.' He thought, thrusting his tongue in and out, going in as deep as he could, coating the teen's passage with copious amounts of saliva. He cast a Wandless lubrication spell on his fingers, easing one in alongside his tongue, then adding another, scissoring them as he raised his head, watching Harry's face for signs of pain.

Harry's head was thrown back, mouth open wide, both hands fisted in his hair as he moaned wildly, pushing back against Lucius' fingers. His mouth would occasionally form the words 'fuck' or 'good' or 'Luc,' but no sound would accompany the words.

Lucius added a third finger, and Harry sobbed, his body arching.

“Welcome, Mr. Potter, to your prostate.” He purred in amusement.

Harry shrieked as Lucius ran his finger over the small gland again. “Great!” He shouted, gyrating his hips feverishly. “Prostate! Okay! I want *you*, Luc!”

Lucius growled, pulling his fingers out of Harry. He cast a quick lubrication charm on his shaft as he slid back up the teen’s body, then positioned himself. “Stay relaxed, so I don’t hurt you.” He said.

Harry nodded. “I am. Do it to me, Luc.” He begged.

Lucius positioned himself and sank deeply into Harry’s body in one smooth thrust. Harry screamed, and Lucius noticed with satisfaction that it was a scream of pure pleasure. He stopped when he was fully seated to regain his breath and stave off the orgasm that was threatening. Harry’s inner muscles were gripping him in a vise-like grip, and though he liked his lovers tight, he had to admit that the level of tightness Harry’s body had achieved was absolutely *ridiculous*. How was he supposed to last more than one, *maybe* two thrusts?

Harry whimpered needfully, and Lucius’ cock throbbed.

Especially when *that* voice joined the fray!

“Luc? Luc, *please* move!” Harry whined, wriggling his hips.

Lucius gritted his teeth. “Harry, I’m sorry, but if I move right now, or if *you* keep doing *that*,” He added, “I am *quite* sure that I will end things in a *most* unsatisfying way. For you.”

Harry frowned. “Oh, is that all?” He waved his hand.

Lucius sighed in relief as he felt a constriction around the base of his cock, holding his orgasm at bay. “Well, what a useful talent to have.” He mused.

Harry rolled his hips, moaning.

Lucius watched as the boy began fucking himself, gyrating his hips, Lucius’ cock moving in and out of his body in small increments. Lucius smirked and pulled his cock out halfway, then thrust back in. Hard.

Harry’s eyes crossed.

Dear Merlin, that thing was *huge*! Harry realized that Lucius was larger than average, but *damn* the man knew how to use his weapon!

Lucius grabbed Harry’s hips, holding them still, and slowly pulled out of Harry’s body until only the head of his cock was still inside, then slowly pushed back in, his cock brushing Harry’s prostate slowly, causing Harry to nearly hyperventilate. He continued at that torturous pace as Harry tossed his head, tears streaming down his cheeks.

Finally, Harry stilled and screamed, his come coating his stomach as his magic rolled over them both. He opened his eyes and looked up at Lucius, bemusedly, a goofy grin on his face.

Lucius was staring at him with a blank expression, completely still.

Harry giggled. "Sorry." He said lazily.

Lucius smiled. "No, you're not." He corrected. "But you *will* be. I think you can release the spell now."

Harry released it. Instead of Lucius coming, the man had apparently regained his control. He began thrusting into Harry at a feverish, bruising pace, pinning the teen's hands above his head and claiming his mouth fiercely as Harry screamed in sensory overload.

Finally, just when Harry was feeling a hint of soreness added to the pleasure, Lucius roared with his release, collapsing on Harry, spent.

Harry whimpered, his body still shivering from overload. Finally, he was able to speak. "Luc?"

Lucius opened one eye to stare at Harry. "Hm?"

"When you came in me, it felt kind of... *Wrong*. Why?" He asked.

Lucius sat up, groaning. "Of course the Great Mage Harry Potter is a talker. Well, I believe it was due to the fact that you, as a Mage, can feel magic. As I had cast a contraceptive spell earlier, I was, in essence, shooting blanks. So it held no magical signature. The absence of magic is probably what felt so wrong." He explained.

"Oh." Harry said, quietly. Then, he pulled Lucius down and rested his head on the man's chest. "Kay. Sleep now." He said.

Lucius pulled the naked, sweaty boy closer to his side, cleaning them both with a muttered charm.

Harry murmured happily and Lucius smiled, joining his lover in slumber.

Harry opened his eyes, looking at Lucius. Finally, the man was still asleep! Harry had almost started to think he never slept in.

Harry snickered quietly, leaning in and flattening his tongue at the base of Lucius' neck and drawing it up the man's throat slowly in a long, wet lick.

Lucius tipped his head back, moaning and murmuring unintelligibly in his sleep.

Harry took the opportunity to nibble at the hollow between his collarbones, before sliding under the sheet they were covered with and flicking his tongue out to tease the man's nipples.

Suddenly, Lucius' hand was on the top of his head, urging him downward. Harry heard him mumbling and sighing and realized that he was still half-asleep. He snorted and raised an eyebrow.

'Okay.' He obliged the hand and slid further toward the foot of the bed, coming face-to-face with Lucius' morning wood. 'Right. I can suck it. No problem.' He thought, flicking his tongue out to swirl around the head, earning him a loud moan in reward. He wrapped his lips around it and sucked, sliding his mouth down, taking Lucius to the root.

"Fuck!" The hand in Harry's hair tightened, pulling slightly, then pushing his head down again.

'Well, he's awake *now*.' Harry thought, amused, swallowing over the head of Lucius' cock.

Lucius gasped, arching and shoving himself further down Harry's throat.

Harry moaned around him and Lucius cried out, coming in thick spurts.

Harry swallowed, each swallow causing Lucius to gasp anew. When every drop was gone, Harry worked his way back out of the sheets, smiling proudly at Lucius, who was dazed. "How was it?" He asked coyly, a light flush on his cheeks.

Lucius turned glazed eyes to him. "Fuck." He said. "Fuck, Harry. Do you *always* wake people up like that?"

Harry smirked. "Only one way to find out." He purred.

Suddenly, Lucius' eyes widened. "What's this?" He asked quietly, tracing Harry's collarbone.

Harry frowned. "Hm?" He looked down, then smiled. His tattoo was finally off his ankle. "Oh. Got that the same day as Drake." He explained.

Lucius frowned. "Why would you get matching tattoos?"

Harry shrugged. "We didn't know they'd match until after we both had one. I got mine before he even came in."

Lucius hummed, then smirked. "Well, we all match now, at least."

Harry frowned. "Huh?"

Lucius turned onto his stomach so that Harry could see the snake coiling and uncoiling on the back of Lucius' shoulder. "My seventeenth birthday." He explained. "This tattoo has been a Slytherin tradition since before I was born."

Harry smiled. "Wow. Cool. And soon, you and Drake will match even more."

Lucius raised a brow. "Already?" He asked.

Harry nodded. "Mm-hm. In my dream. At least it's prettier than Tom's. And, I think you'll appreciate the irony, when you see it."

Lucius chuckled. "Really? Mm, my little Mage." He said, nibbling at Harry's neck.

Harry giggled, squirming. "Luc, can I go and bring Drake home? I miss him. And I feel like I need him." He said, looking slightly confused as he said it.

Lucius nodded. "Your body is trying to find the other person you're using as a magical support, but he's not here. If he doesn't want to come home, you two can stay there for a while. It will give you a chance to meet some of your new housemates before school. You will be home before dinner, no excuses. Agreed?"

Harry rolled his eyes, smiling. "Cut out the big bad Death Eater act, Luc." He said, amused. "I can reach into your body and pull out your still-beating heart if I wanted. You really don't have any hope of *scaring* me into compliance, and it's just *funny* now."

Lucius grinned back at him. "Well, it was worth a try. You'll be back by dinner, though?"

Harry smiled. "Mm. With Drake in tow. Don't worry, I'm looking forward to hot sex with two blonds. Why would I pass that up?"

Daddy

Chapter Notes

This chapter is where the Daddy Kink REALLY sets in. There's lots of it, and it's not involving Harry. If the thought of Malfoycest with Draco calling Lucius "Daddy" squicks you, now would be the time to turn back.

Otherwise, this is where the hedonism really begins.

Enjoy!

Harry stepped out of the fireplace, brushing imaginary soot off the ceremonial robes Lucius had found in Harry's room.

Harry knew that the black silk with silver runes marked him as a Mage, but he also knew that it might interfere with getting to know Blaise, and Pansy, if she were there.

He heard Draco's loud voice coming from a room just outside the receiving room, and he frowned. 'That's not like him.' He thought.

He followed the sound and opened the door to see a thick cloud of smoke billow out into the hall. He blinked, stunned, and inhaled deeply. "Merlin, Drake! *Marijuana*?!" He shouted, walking into the room and closing the door behind him.

Draco giggled. "Mr. Magey! C'mere, Love! I missed you!" He said, patting the floor beside him as he ashed his cigarette into an empty Butterbeer bottle with his other hand.

Harry snorted, but took the seat, grabbing Draco's pack of cigarettes.

Draco frowned. "Didn't know you smoked, Harry." He said.

Harry shrugged. "When in Rome..." He lit the cigarette, taking a drag. "These are bad for you, you know."

Blaise shook his head, pulling the pipe away from his lips. "Nope. They're not Muggle smokes. You get the high without the risks. Good deal, huh?" He turned to Pansy and shotgunned her, holding the kiss for a bit longer than necessary.

Harry shrugged again. "Okay. Oh, and Drake, Luc wants us back by dinner. And you were right. He was great."

Draco scowled. "Oh, yeah, rub it in. You know, I'm a little jealous, in case *that* escaped your

notice.” He said, gesturing to the empty Butterbeer bottles around him.

Harry frowned. “If you smoke, how come you haven’t been smoking around me? Aren’t you addicted?” He asked.

Draco smirked. “Not addictive, but habit-forming. I don’t need the feeling or the nicotine from them, but I *want* them in certain situations. When I drink, when I’m high, after sex might be good, too...” He trailed off, thinking.

Pansy nodded. “Yes. Especially after a quickie! You’ll *love* it!” She added.

Blaise had been staring at Harry for some time. “Potter.” He said loudly, causing everyone else to fall silent.

Harry looked at him, slipping easily into Mage-mode at his tone. “Yes?” he answered.

Blaise eyed Harry’s robes. “You really *are* a Mage, then.” He said contemplatively.

Harry nodded once. “I am indeed.” He said.

Blaise bit his lip. “When you are ready to take followers, I would like to pledge myself to your service.” He stated formally.

Harry smiled. “Very well. I’m going to have a press conference announcing what I am, then there will be an invitation-only party. It will be at Potter Manor. If you are serious about being my follower, I will see you there. Pansy, you may come too. I would like that. I’ll owl you both when I decide on a date?” He said, smiling at her.

Pansy tossed her hair and giggled. “Of *course* I’ll be there! I never miss a party!” She said happily.

Draco frowned. “Feeling ignored.” He mumbled to himself, picking up his little personal pipe. He took a hit, watching Harry as he held it.

The Mage was obviously feeling the effects of sitting in a room full of pot smoke. He was holding his hands in front of his face, grinning as he shot coloured lightning bolts from one hand to the other.

Draco let out the smoke on a sigh. “Harry.” He whined.

Harry met his eyes. “Huh?” He asked.

Draco smirked. “Rawr.” He said, and then launched himself at Harry.

Harry landed on his back, Draco’s body on top of his. “Ow. You bruised my ego.” He said, chuckling.

Draco nodded, grinding down on Harry’s body. “My sincerest apologies, Love, but it was the

only way." He said melodramatically.

Harry snorted. "Sure it was, Drake."

Draco kissed Harry, then sat up. "Hey, since we don't have to be home for a while, who wants to go slumming?" He asked excitedly.

Pansy's face lit up. "Good idea! I'm almost out of those diet pills! They really work well!"

Blaise sighed. "Well, I *do* like that teriyaki jerky, so why not?"

Harry frowned. "Slumming?!"

Draco nodded, a devious smirk on his face. "Oh, yes. Going into Muggle London and shopping for things that the Wizarding world doesn't offer. We've been doing it for *years*. Loads of fun, really."

Harry sighed. "Where do we go to get our money changed?"

Harry looked at himself in the mirror. "Draco."

"Yes, lover?" Draco purred.

"Well, firstly," Harry drew a deep breath. "You have *no* chest compared to me, I have no *ass* compared to *you*, you're shorter than me and I look *horrible* in black!" He finished, eyes flashing dangerously.

Draco waved his wand and changed the shirt to silver. "There. Better?" He asked cheekily.

Harry growled and waved his hand, resizing the clothes and changing the shirt colour to emerald green.

"Harry, that is so *sexy*."

Harry blinked at the blond. "Hm? What is?"

"Your *power*." Blaise breathed, entranced. Pansy smacked him.

Harry rolled his eyes. "Whatever. Let's go."

Harry snorted as they walked into a muggle store and Draco headed immediately for the energy drinks. He picked up a small bottle labelled '6-hour power shots.' He grinned at Harry. "Ever tried these?"

"No. Why?"

Draco raised his eyebrows, grabbing three of them. "They work better than pepper-up, without the crash afterward. It's wicked, and they're great for working on long potions. You should grab a few." He suggested.

Harry picked a few up and headed to buy some candy. Too bad Wizards didn't have Milky Way.

Pansy was going through the slim-fast bars at the other end of the aisle.

Harry grinned at her. "You don't need those, you know."

Pansy rolled her eyes at him. "Shows how much *you* know. This body takes a *lot* of upkeep. I work hard to look this good." She said, brushing her hair off one shoulder and behind her.

Draco cursed as Harry giggled again. "You're never drinking another energy drink again." He said firmly.

Harry glared at him. "Am, too!" He shouted.

Draco led him to the Floo and they Flooed home, where Draco continued the argument. "No, you're *not*."

Harry pulled out his wand and glared at Draco. "How *dare* you presume to tell me what to *do*?!" He shouted, firing a hex that Draco just barely dodged. "I CAN DESTROY YOU WITH A SINGLE THOUGHT, YOU INGRATE!"

Lucius burst into the receiving room to find his son playing a rather dangerous game of duck-duck-goose with an enraged Mage. "What is this all about, My Lord?" He asked.

Harry smiled at Lucius. "Luc!" He squealed, throwing himself into the man's arms.

Draco met his father's questioning gaze, and blushed. "Energy drinks. Muggle thing. Apparently, they give Magi a major God complex." He explained.

Lucius sighed. "My Lord? How do you feel?"

Harry pulled away and considered the question for a moment. "Like I want to fly." He decided, then levitated and began circling the room. He left, heading upstairs.

Draco and Lucius cursed, then chased him into their bedroom.

Harry was hovering above the bed. He saw them and turned to face the ceiling then dropped six feet to hit the bed and bounce twice before stilling. He leaned up on one arm and grinned

at Draco. "Wanna fuck?" He asked.

"Not until I've had a bath, at least." Draco wrinkled his nose at the scent of cigarettes and Firewhiskey on his clothes.

Harry pouted. "Pity. I'm horny." He whined.

"Well, the anticipation will make it better." Lucius teased.

Harry glared at him and stuck out his tongue.

Lucius pinned the diminutive Mage to the bed and held his hands above his head. "Would you like to put that tongue to use?" He growled.

"Would *you* like it?" Harry purred, rolling his hips to prove just how aroused he was.

Lucius closed his eyes, breathing heavily through his nose. "Draco, bathe. Quickly. Harry—"

"Suck you off?" Harry asked hopefully. "Oh, all fours? I know! Arse up, face in the pillows!" He volunteered, assuming the aforementioned position, still clothed.

Lucius groaned, thousands of delicious images running through his head. "On my lap." He snapped instead. "Robes up." He added.

Harry's face lit up as he laid over Lucius's lap, flipping the back of his robes up to expose his round ass. "What are you going to—Oohhh, *fuck*." He moaned as Lucius's hand connected with a loud smack.

"You've been a bad Mage, Harry Potter." Lucius said, spanking him again, then rubbing gently. "And all bad boys need to be punished."

Harry moaned loudly, arching his ass up to meet the blows, his face flushed. "Oh, you're so heartless!" He sobbed. "Touch me, please!"

Lucius stopped, smoothing Harry's robes back down over his legs. "No. It was punishment, not foreplay. If you'd like, we can finish exploring that realm later. When you've been *good*."

Harry nodded. "I'll be a good Mage, I swear!" He said, eyes glazed with pleasure. "Mm, it still stings."

Lucius laughed. "You little hedonistic Gryffindor." He said, gathering Harry into his arms. "I love you." He said through his chuckles.

Draco's voice called out from the bathroom: "Don't forget me! You love me, too, dammit!"

Lucius snorted. "Of course I do, Draco. I always have."

Harry waited outside the bathroom door until he heard Draco getting out of the tub. He Apparated in, grabbed Draco, still dripping, and Apparated them both onto his bed. "Sex time!" He announced, smiling down at Draco.

Draco raised an eyebrow. "Are you still under the influence?"

Harry smirked. "Nope. But I'm still horny!" He drew a deep breath and then: "LUCIUS! SEX!"

Lucius walked calmly into the room a few moments later. Harry had already gotten off the bed and stripped.

"My Lord?" Lucius asked.

Harry smiled sheepishly. "Yeah, um, I'm off the power trip. Sorry." He said, chuckling.

Draco huffed, crossing his arms over his naked chest. "Naked and wet, here. Can I get some help?"

Lucius froze, holding out a hand to stop Harry from going to him. He took his time perusing every last inch of Draco's body with his eyes, finally realizing just how much time had passed since the last time he had really *looked* at his naked son. Here was none of the babyish charm he remembered, but a young man-child, hovering on the brink of adolescence and adulthood. He had the body of a man, but his presence and self-assurance had more growing to do yet. Finally, his eyes reached the proof of Draco's masculinity, standing proudly erect, framed by a patch of blond curls. His eyes slowly retraced their path up Draco's nude body, ending at the boy's flushed face. He was amused to see that even through his embarrassment, he managed to raise an annoyed eyebrow convincingly.

"Are you *quite* done?" Draco's cock throbbed, as his father's eyes returned to meet his.

"Looking, yes. But am I done with *you*? Oh, *no*."

Draco shivered at the whispered words, watching as Harry climbed onto the bed, shoving him to the side and laying on his back.

"Drake, I want you *in* me. Is that okay with you?"

'Then Father would have to be in *me*.' He thought frantically, then decided to throw societal rules completely out the window. They had come this far, and he'd be buggered if he'd stop now. Or, rather, he *wouldn't* be buggered, and *that* was unacceptable. "That's fine, Harry." He

purred, rolling over and covering the boy's body with his own. He Wandlessly lubricated and stretched himself, easing Draco into him, but not letting the blond move yet.

Harry smirked at Lucius's sharply indrawn breath. "What, Luc? Scared to make love to your own son? Come on, go for it. He's *letting* you." The Mage encouraged him.

Lucius's eyes met Harry's suddenly, and held, as the blond grasped Draco's hips in his hands, then leaned down slowly.

Draco's back arched and he cried out as he felt the slick wetness of a tongue against his entrance. "Father, what—Oh, Merlin, that's—Father, *ew!*" He finally managed.

Lucius chuckled, the hot breaths blowing across Draco's exposed and slightly stretched entrance. "Tell me you didn't like it, Draco, and I'll stop." He purred, then leaned over Draco's back to nip at his earlobe. "Come, now, son. Tell Daddy what you thought of it." He whispered.

Draco locked eyes with Harry in shock.

Harry was watching them with a feral expression. "Go ahead, Drake." He pressed. "Tell your Daddy how it felt." He whispered, licking his lips at the thought.

Draco moaned. "Daddy..." He keened.

Lucius's cock jerked. "Yes?"

"It felt weird. I... Think I liked it, but... It's not right!" He finished, flushing hotly.

Lucius wrapped his arms around Draco's waist, pressing their bodies together and resting his cock in the crease of Draco's ass. "Neither is this, and yet, here we are." He said softly.

“I think it’s a bit too late to use that excuse.” Harry said.

Draco pouted at the Mage. “Fine. And I *did* like it. But... Don’t you think it’s gross?” He asked his father.

“Try it sometime.” Was the only response he got before he was shoved toward Harry and his ass was claimed by that tongue again.

Between Harry and his father, Draco was *more* than occupied. Harry’s mouth kept his own busy with fervent kisses, while his father kept him trembling the verge of orgasm. Finally, he reached his limit. He pulled his head away from Harry’s and sobbed: “Please, Daddy, fuck me!”

And just like that, his Daddy was on him.

Lucius held onto his control carefully, not wanting to hurt his son. He prepared him slowly, and was just about to start adding fingers to his tongue, when Draco suddenly arched his back and screamed the four words that broke his resolve: Please, Daddy, fuck me.

And Lucius couldn’t stop himself.

Harry screamed in pleasure as Lucius slammed into Draco, making him go cross-eyed in pleasure, and pushing him into Harry. “Yes, finally! *Fuck*, yes!” The Mage arched his back, pushing himself against Draco, making sure the blond was as deep as possible before the next thrust began.

Draco gasped, then sobbed in pleasure as his father pushed him into Harry, and the Mage responded by grinding against him. Surely, he was going to die of pleasure! How could anyone survive something so overwhelming?

“Drake! Merlin, *yes!* Harder!” Harry screamed, pushing back against Draco.

Lucius redoubled his efforts, grabbing Draco’s hips and using them to guide Draco back onto his cock, then forward into Harry’s ass. And it was a good thing, too, because Draco was too lost in pleasure to do much more than moan like a Knockturn Alley whore.

“Draco, are you okay? I’m not hurting you?” Lucius’s voice was husky, his breaths coming in short pants as his son’s body gripped him tightly, almost to the point of pain. The boy was almost as tight as Harry’s body had been.

“Mm, it feels goooood! Ah! Harder, Daddy, please!” Draco moaned loudly, hanging his head, gasping when Harry leaned up to kiss him.

Harry sighed after the kiss, looking past Draco to Lucius. “He wants it, Luc. Give him all you’ve got. He can take it.” He said, smirking.

Lucius snarled, gripping Draco’s hips tight enough to bruise, and slammed himself into that tiny, tight passage as hard as he could, moulding the two teens together.

Draco screamed, his voice soon joined by Harry’s, as both boys found their release together.

Lucius sighed, feeling his son’s muscles bring on his own release, massaging his length tenderly. “Mm. My two beautiful lovers.” He murmured, pulling out of Draco and laying down, sated. “You’re both amazing.”

Draco chuckled. “That was great, Daddy. Can we do it again?” He asked eagerly.

“Not yet. I’m sore. That was my *second* go, you know. I think something tore. Ow.” Harry frowned, then concentrated on sending healing energy to where the pain was, and it eased. “Mm. Much better. I think that party I mentioned should be in three days. Yeah?”

Draco nodded. “Sounds good to me.”

“What party?” Lucius was suddenly *very* worried.

Taking his Consorts

Chapter Notes

Here's the horrible abuse of Latin. Be ready.

Harry strode into the room warded for this purpose, his robes snapping as he whirled to face the nude man standing in the centre of the room, eyes downcast.

He slowly walked over to circle the man, his hands cupped behind his body, his eyes trailing over each pale inch of muscle and sinew, every silky strand of silver-blond hair, all of the pale blue flecks scattered through his grey eyes. Finally, he allowed himself a sigh of appreciation.

“Bellus.” He breathed.

Lucius shivered, gasping softly at the word.

That sound brought Harry’s attention snapping back to the man, as he pulled his wand and flicked it at the door, slamming it closed and locking it, and allowing the room to fill with the ancient magic of the Consort Marking. They both easily slipped completely into the roles they would hold in public for the rest of their lives, should they venture out together.

Harry, the powerful Mage, and Lucius, his beautiful paramour.

Harry used his wand to lift Lucius’ chin, forcing the man to meet his gaze. “Vos votum ingravesco meus conjux?” (You desire to become my consort?)

Lucius’ Adam’s apple bobbed as he swallowed, pupils dilating at the power coming off the Mage in waves. It was undeniably Dark, so wonderfully tainted, calling to his soul. “Sic.”

(Yes.) He whispered, knowing that Harry was waiting for a response.

Harry smirked, satisfied. “Ut usquequaque servo mihi, quod haud alius?” (To always serve me, and no other?)

“Sic.” Lucius returned easily, gaining confidence at the questions, as they were promises he had already given to Harry.

Harry’s voice was rough at his next question. “Vos mos pareo mihi, quisquis ego iussum vestrum?” (You will obey me, whatever I command of you?)

Lucius’ eyes widened, and he seemed a bit startled at the authority behind his lover’s words. Harry saw that he wanted to fight the magic bonds, but he let them pull him under after all. “Sic.” He said, handing all his trust into Harry’s hands.

“Vos mos usquequaque servo alius cepi ut meus conjux?” (You will always protect others I have taken as my consorts?) Harry asked, making sure that there would be no animosity between his consorts and/or followers.

Lucius inclined his head at that, understanding that jealousy over Harry’s time would only strain his and Draco’s separate relationships with the brunet, as they would undoubtedly want him alone at times. “Sic.” He accepted that fact quickly.

“Narro vestri voveo, (Speak your vow) Lucius Abraxas Malfoy.”

At those words, Lucius felt the magic in the room stop flowing, instead poising to acknowledge his every word, binding him to whatever promises he made now, irrevocably. “Ego sudo ut servo vos in totis res intus meus concepta, utriusque veneficus quod corporis. Ego sudo subsisto per vestri pars, regimen vos si vos deficio, quod succurro vos sursum si vos cado. Ego ero fidelis vobis, pareo vestri vox supremus totus alius. Vos mos concipio meus tergum quod opes procul vestri dispono, pariter ut meus somes quod mens. Ego sum vestri, meus carus Veneficus.” (I swear to serve you in all things within my capacity, both magical and physical. I swear to stand by your side, guiding you if you fail, and helping you up if you fall. I will be loyal to you, obeying your word above all else. You will have my

backing and means at your disposal, as well as my body and mind. I am yours, my beloved Magician. {Mage}) He finished, shivering as the magic wound itself tightly around him, binding him to his oath.

Harry smiled happily, looking formal and foreboding in his robes, as Lucius finally realized just how naked he was, even his wand left in another room as a sign of complete submission to Harry's will. "Cum ego recipero vos, sic operor ego vindicatum vos, some quod animus." (As I have accepted you, so do I claim you, body and soul) Harry whispered.

Lucius' breathing stopped. "My Lord, I have not-" He began, but Harry shot him a look that stopped the words.

"Trust, Pet, is essential." He said firmly, and Lucius was sure that he heard a shadow of Salazar himself contained in that authoritative voice. "I would not damage my own."

Lucius nodded, accepting Harry's promise of gentleness.

Harry led the taller blond to the bed and laid him down against the pillows, stretching out atop him and kissing him breathless. "Luc, let me love you."

Lucius relaxed, going pliant under Harry. "I want you." He said, entwining his fingers with Harry's. "But I will admit to fearing the pain."

Harry leaned down and sucked on the man's neck, freeing one hand to wrap around Lucius' erection. "I'm going to make sure it's good for you." He purred, sliding down the man's body and wrapping his lips around that thick length.

Lucius groaned, throwing his head back and closing his eyes. "Harry, that feels *so* good." He breathed.

Harry pulled off of his cock to lick at the head, then he moved lower, taking the lightly furred balls into his mouth one at a time, laving them with his tongue and sucking gently before

moving to lavish the same attention on the other one. He felt his heart rate speed up at the delicious moans and mewls coming from Lucius' mouth. So his lover was enjoying himself. Good. "I'm going to fuck you with my tongue, Lucius. Would you like that?" Harry asked conversationally, tapping a single fingertip against Lucius' tiny, puckered entrance.

Lucius heard Harry speaking, but he couldn't make out the words for the feeling of a finger against his asshole. "Yes, yes, please, anything!" He sobbed, trying to push back against that finger.

Harry chuckled darkly. "You have *no* idea what you just offered, do you, Pet?" He whispered, sliding down Lucius' body slowly. He paused to run his tongue over each nipple in turn, causing Lucius to gasp as he jutted his chest forward in a desperate bid for more stimulation.

Harry could clearly see that he was torturing Lucius with all the waiting, but he ignored that fact, instead sliding further down to dip his tongue into the man's navel.

Lucius moaned, tossing his head fitfully. Harry was doing wonderful things, but Lucius just wanted the anticipation of pain to be *over* with. He felt like he couldn't really enjoy himself until the painful part was done.

Harry picked his head up, looking up into Lucius' eyes. "Would you like me to suck you? Or do you want to get the preparation finished first?"

Lucius' eyes rolled back in his head as he moaned. "Prepare me first, My Lord." He whispered, his cheeks turning pink in shame.

Harry laid a chaste kiss on his consort's hip. "Don't be embarrassed around me, Luc. I will never see you as anything less than perfection." He whispered, leaning down and swiping his tongue over the man's entrance.

Lucius cried out, arching as he felt a tongue at his entrance. He moaned as that tongue brushed over his entrance three times, then he felt it breach him.

Harry moaned at the sound of Lucius' sharp cry of pleasure when his tongue finally pushed past that tight ring of muscle. He pulled his tongue back out, gathering up as much saliva as he could, to make the initial penetration much easier, then pushed his tongue back through, coating Lucius' inner walls with saliva. Lucius was shivering and whimpering by the time Harry deemed him ready to be stretched properly.

Lucius opened his lust-clouded eyes as he felt Harry's tongue withdraw from his body. "In me?" He asked hopefully, looking forward to the experience now.

Harry smiled up at Lucius. "Ssh, Pet. Not at this time. Patience." He said, then leaned down and took Lucius' length into his mouth, deep-throating him easily, moaning at the taste. It was musky, bitter, and viscous, but Harry didn't find it unpleasant. It was Lucius, and Harry loved every part of the regal blond. He silently lubricated his fingers, sliding one into his consort's virgin entrance carefully. Once he had that finger in, he wriggled it a bit, pulling back to look at Lucius' face. "It doesn't hurt?" He queried.

Lucius made a face of disgust. "It feels wholly unnatural with you moving it like that." He complained.

Harry laughed, stilling it. "Better?"

"A bit. And no, it doesn't hurt at all. I suppose I was overreacting earlier." He admitted.

Harry slid in another finger, carefully scissoring them as he spoke, holding Lucius' attention with his words, rather than his actions. "There's no shame in being afraid of the unknown, and even less in fearing an unknown level of pain. If I weren't so careful, it could hurt much worse. I could have been a callous bastard and just taken you dry, damaging you severely." He paused to add the third and last finger, stretching them carefully, watching as Lucius couldn't fully ignore the discomfort. "But I would never do that to you, Luc. Because I love you, and you've been nothing but obedient to me. That kind of devotion gets rewarded, not punished." He pulled his fingers out and lubed himself. "Now I am going to take you. Relax as much as you can, and don't take your eyes off of me."

Harry positioned himself and placed his hand over Lucius' heart, feeling the strong beat. He began pushing in, slowly, whispering: "Vos suscipio meus diligo, vos usus meus pectus

pectoris, vos gero meus vestigium.” (You receive my love, you possess my heart, you bear my mark)

Lucius gasped, his eyes widening as he felt Harry’s length gently easing into him. He held the Mage’s gaze, watching as Harry’s words became reality. He felt the heat of marking, though far from as painful as his previous Lord’s mark had been, and exponentially more meaningful. He moaned as he saw Harry’s eyes go from shining emerald orbs to the deep blackness of midnight as the irises were totally eclipsed by his dilated pupils. That wonderfully dark magic was washing over them both now, and Lucius wondered how Harry could manage to contain it all without letting it take him over completely.

Harry groaned, feeling Lucius’ magic bind to his own and vice versa. They were finally and truly one. He thrust home, hearing Lucius’ shout and his own overlapping at the pleasure.

Lucius knew they wouldn’t last long. This experience was like nothing he had ever felt before. Their magic was melding as they moved, enhancing the pleasure for both of them. He felt his orgasm approaching, and moaned in a mix of relief that he had survived this, and dismay that it was over so soon.

Harry gasped as Lucius clamped down on him, tearing his orgasm from him.

Lucius lay under Harry’s body, holding onto him as they caught their breath.

“Shit.” Harry breathed, and then began laughing.

Lucius joined in. “Indeed.” He seconded.

Harry raised his head, smiling down at Lucius. He brushed a damp tendril of hair out of the blond’s face. “How are you feeling?”

Lucius shifted. “Sore, but not too bad. I’ll be fine for tomorrow. You’d better go find Draco before he decides to go somewhere to escape boredom.”

Harry groaned. “Fine. I see. Cuddle later, then?”

Lucius chuckled at the hopeful tone. “You can cuddle with the whole Malfoy family tonight.”

Harry snorted. “Goody. All two of them.”

“Indeed.” Lucius said, pushing at Harry’s shoulders. “Now get up. I have your spunk *in* me and *my* spunk *on* me. It’s disgusting, and I’d like a shower.”

Harry laughed, getting up. “Now, where’s Draco?”

Harry strode into the room to find Draco standing, tall and proud, in the rune circle left from Lucius’ ritual. The blond was still wearing the sheer robe he’d wear at the party, leaving his body visible to show that he was Harry’s property.

Harry stopped in front of Draco, and the teen smirked at him.

Harry’s eyes narrowed. “Bare yourself to me.” He ordered.

Draco opened the robe and dropped it, letting it flutter down to pool at his feet.

“Lower your eyes.”

Draco obeyed, still with a certain amount of cheek.

Harry smiled coolly. Draco was going to be a challenge. Where Lucius had submitted to Harry easily and fully, Draco had not yet had a master. He was wilful and wonderfully belligerent. Harry was going to enjoy breaking down his resistance and seeing him draw closer to losing himself fully to Harry's will.

Harry used his wand to trace the curve of Draco's cheek. "You're proud."

"Yes, My-"

"I did not give you permission to speak!" Harry snapped, grabbing Draco's chin in his hand and forcing the teen to meet his eyes. "You will remain silent until the ritual has begun." He said in a softer tone.

Draco's eyes seemed to glow with an inner fire. He seemed about to speak, then he closed his mouth and merely nodded.

"Good." Harry praised him, letting go of his face, noting with a smile that Draco immediately lowered his eyes again. He began circling Draco as he spoke. "Pride is something you will have to let go of. Not your pride as a Malfoy. But you must learn that you cannot act as though you are superior to *me*. You are *not*. You are not as *strong*, you are not as *famous*, and you are not as *valuable* to the balance of power in this world, as I am. I will treat you as an equal when we are alone and among my followers, but in public you must show proper humility. If you cannot do that, I will be forced to sever the bond. It will be painful, and it cannot be undone. Tread carefully, my love. And do not defy me." He finished, stopping in front of the blond.

That being said, Harry flicked his wand toward the door, closing it, and continued circling Draco, his hands clasped behind his back. "Vos votum ingravesco meus conjux?" (You desire to become my consort?)

Draco smiled, still facing downward, and spoke confidently. "Sic."

“Ut usquequaque servo mihi, quod haud alius?” (To always serve me, and no other?)

“Sic.” Draco was sounding more eager, and seemed excited to finally have proof that Harry loved him so much.

Harry stopped in front of Draco, and asked the next question. “Vos mos pareo mihi, quisquis ego iussum vestrum?” (You will obey me, whatever I command of you?)

Draco felt a shiver go through his body at the insinuation, and replied with obvious relish, “Sic.”

Harry smiled. Draco *wanted* to submit, but Harry needed to be firm with him for it to happen. “Vos mos usquequaque servo alius cepi ut meus conjux?” (You will always protect others I have taken as my consorts?)

“Sic.” Draco answered quickly, the magic carrying him onward.

“Narro vestri voveo, (Speak your vow) Draco Lucius Malfoy.”

Draco drew in a deep breath as the magic in the room focused itself on him. “Ego mos diligo vos vel praeter ego diligo mihi. Quisquam vos votum mei, ego mos tribuo vos si ego sum validus. Meus some mos iam futures tantum pro vestri incondite. Ego mos tribuo totus ego sum vobis cepiose. Ego mos sto procul vestri pars in pugna quod in eo. Ego mos tutela vestri specialis per meus vita quos animus. Ego sum vestri, meus carus Veneficus.” (I will love you even more than I love me. Anything you desire of me, I will grant you if I am able. My body will now exist only for your pleasure. I will give all I am to you fully. I will stand at your side in battle and commerce. I will guard your secrets with my life and soul. I am yours, my beloved Mage {Magician}.) Draco gasped as the magic bound him to his oath, and felt a part of himself that had been resisting this all along, finally slip into place.

Harry smiled, pleased, and used his wand to lift Draco’s chin. He looked into the teen’s eyes and whispered, “Cum ego recipero vos, sic operor ego vindicatum vos, some quod animus.” (As I have accepted you, so do I claim you, body and soul)

Draco's eyes lit up. "Yes." He breathed eagerly.

Harry led Draco to the bed. "You will learn in time that it is safe to submit to me completely. For now, submit to me in this."

"I've been waiting to for a long time now." Draco whispered. "I want you to own me, Harry. Show me that I belong to you."

"And so I will." Harry purred, undressing. "Get on the bed." He commanded.

Draco shivered, walking over to the bed and laying down, face up, arms at his sides. He looked rather tense for how eager he was to do this.

Harry straddled Draco, linking their fingers together and leaning over the blond. "Don't be worried. I would never hurt you. After all, I didn't hurt your Father, did I?"

"You mean...?" Draco's eyes were wide with shock. "He *submitted*?!"

Harry smirked. "You can't expect a Mage to never top their consort. He knows how this bond will work."

Draco smiled. "So top me, lover." He whispered eagerly.

Harry chuckled. "I plan to." He whispered, and then leaned down, claiming Draco's mouth in a heated kiss.

Draco moaned needfully, arching up to press his body fully against Harry's and twining his slim arms around the Mage's neck.

Harry growled, pressing Draco's lower half into the bed with his own hips.

"Merlin!" Draco cried out, throwing his head back at the pressure of Harry's cock pressed so tightly against his. "Please, fuck me!"

Harry pulled back, holding his hips just out of Draco's reach. "I'm sorry, what was that?"

Draco sobbed. "Please! Oh, *please!*" He bucked his hips up, finding nothing but air. "*Harry!*"

Harry chuckled, lowering his hips again, rutting against Draco. "So eager." He whispered.

"I've been waiting for you to be in me for so *long!* I want it!"

Harry traced his tongue along the edge of Draco's ear, then whispered, "*How* long?"

Draco cried out, then answered. "Merlin, Harry, since third year!"

Harry pulled back. "I never knew." He said conversationally. "So, shall I give you what you want and leave the teasing for another time?"

Draco nodded. "Yes, *please!*"

Harry nodded. "Fine. You will find that, when treated properly, I can be exceedingly generous. Watch what you do, and you can have anything you could possibly desire." He whispered, lubing his fingers nonverbally, then throwing his wand onto the floor. He slowly slid one finger into Draco, pausing when the teen gasped and tensed around the finger. "Easy, love. Wait for me, or you'll get sore." He said softly. "I don't want to have to use a cock ring. Yet."

Draco whimpered, breathing harshly.

Harry slowly moved the finger, carefully avoiding Draco's prostate, since the teen was so close already. He quickly added another finger, but after a few thrusts, decided that he had waited long enough. He Wandlessly lubricated himself, then looked at Draco. "Don't look away from me." He eased in, placing his hand over Draco's heart. "'Vos suscipio meus diligo, vos usus meus pectus pectoris, vos gero meus vestigium.'" (You receive my love, you possess my heart, you bear my mark.)

Draco screamed in pleasure, wrapping his arms and legs around Harry as he felt the magic binding them together. "*Yes! Harry!*"

Harry smirked. "Brace yourself, love. It's going to be a wild ride."

Draco looked at him with slate-grey, pleasure-glazed eyes. "Good." He breathed.

Harry began pistoning his hips, slamming into Draco almost brutally, hearing the blond let out a small shout of enjoyment with every thrust. He gritted his teeth and fought his orgasm back, letting Draco enjoy his submission for as long as he could hold out.

Apparently, it wasn't long. Before Harry had time to tire, Draco cried out and came, sobbing in rapture, clinging to Harry and pressing soft kisses to his shoulders and neck. "I love you, My Lord." He whispered, tears beading on his eyelashes as Harry's release claimed the Mage.

Harry collapsed over Draco, kissing him deeply. "And I, you, my love."

Telling the World

Harry lifted a hand and opened the large double doors leading to the ballroom, striding forward confidently. He was once again wearing the ritual robes declaring him a Mage, and Lucius and Draco stood at his right and left shoulder, respectfully, wearing their sheer silver robes. The mark stood out through the fabric, the Sword of Gryffindor pointing downward, encircled by a white snake, the snake's head hovering above the hilt, gazing outward impassively.

Harry walked into the ballroom and up a set of steps just inside the doorway, onto the stage made for this very purpose. He faced the crowd, made up of friends, old enemies, reporters and photographers, among others. He cast a quick Sonorous on himself. "Hello, and thank you all for coming. As the reporters no doubt know, you are all here because there is important news, once again, that directly concerns me." There was a small rumble of laughter at this. "This time, thankfully, it is not a matter of life or death. I have recently manifested as a Mage. I have taken Draco and Lucius Malfoy as my consorts. I will warn you all now: any harm or damage done to them will be viewed as a personal insult to me. They are under my protection *and* my control." He eyed the crowd. "Questions will be taken now."

One reporter, a young man with light brown hair, stepped forward. "My name is Mark Penner, of the Daily Prophet. Lord Potter, when you say they are under your control, do you mean that the bond works like Imperius?"

Harry chuckled. "No more than Voldemort's mark did." A few people still looked uneasy at hearing the name, as if it would somehow bring him back. "However, they know better than to defy me. As my consorts, they are both privy to information most people aren't, both about me, and about my plans for the future."

A petite blond woman raised her hand, quickly stepping forward. "Tina Mavis, Witch Weekly. Lord Potter, Draco Malfoy has been your bitter rival since your first year at Hogwarts. What changed?" She asked.

"I did." Harry answered. "I decided to discover who I really was, and he offered to stand by me through it. Both he and his father helped me through my transition, and were there to greet me properly when it finished." He took Draco's hand, then Lucius', giving them both a small smile. "Both are very special to me, and I love them."

“Maisy Nguyen, Playwitch. Mr. Malfoy, you will no doubt be vilified for being the consort of a man the same age as your son. How do you feel about this?” An older Asian woman asked.

Lucius looked to Harry, who nodded, releasing his hand. He stepped forward. “Age means nothing to me. I had Draco practicing difficult spells, including the Patronus, at the age of nine. *Experience* is what I go by, and My Lord has seen and done much in his life. He is more than of age to be with me, and I am his forever.” He finished, stepping back behind Harry.

Draco dropped Harry’s hand and fell back to stand beside his father.

“Harry.”

Harry scowled as Rita Skeeter stepped forward. “Forgive me, but *when* did I give you leave to address me as such?!” He snapped.

Rita’s smile was sickeningly sweet. “My apologies, Lord Potter. Headmaster Dumbledore is also a Mage, and has been said to be your friend. Are you going to seek education from him on how to become a better Mage?”

Harry’s eyes flashed angrily as he faced her. “Albus Dumbledore is *not* my friend.” He snapped. “Nor is he my enemy. He is a *light* Mage. He is my *balance*. His power, however, seems to be waning. A new light Mage may soon Manifest.” He smirked. “And I think you’ve more than overstayed *your* welcome.”

She screeched as she was forcibly Disapparated outside of the property’s wards.

“Are there any other questions?”

Mark Penner stepped forward again. “Lord Potter, what *are* your plans for the future?”

Harry smiled. “Well, I still need to finish my last year at Hogwarts, of course. After that, who knows? I may be bold enough to run for Minister.”

“Do you plan to take followers?” Tina Mavis asked.

“Of course. Those who want to take my Mark and pledge loyalty will get to after the party. After that, those that ask may have to wait for another opportunity.” He paused and looked around. “If you are finished, pictures will be allowed now.”

There was much shuffling as the photographers rushed to the front, snapping pictures.

Maisy Nguyen held up a camera. “Lord Potter, can Playwitch get pictures of you kissing each of your consorts?” She asked.

Harry smiled. “Of course.” He turned to Draco, wrapping an arm around the blond’s waist.

Draco’s pupils dilated as Harry slid a hand into his hair, then pulled him close and kissed him for all he was worth. The crowd erupted into cheers and catcalls. Draco whimpered, clutching Harry’s upper arms as he kissed back.

Harry broke the kiss finally, smiling at Draco as he placed another light kiss on his full, pink lips.

Lucius watched them, pleased that the attraction between them was so obvious.

Harry turned to Lucius, who flashed him a knowing smirk before he wrapped his arms around Harry. “I will *always* love you, My Lord.” He whispered, leaning in and kissing Harry, giving in easily when Harry tried to dominate the kiss. He sighed, feeling Harry’s fingers caressing the back of his neck.

Harry pulled away, then sighed happily. He looked at the crowd, most of whom were silent, staring at them in shock. Maisy Nguyen was one of the few smiling at them with a knowing

look in their eyes. His eyes found Hermione and Ron. Hermione's eyes were wide, and her hand was over her open mouth. Ron was white as a sheet, and looked murderous.

Harry sighed in defeat this time, realizing that Ron was not going to forgive him this one. Hermione would probably side with him, since she was devoted to making their relationship work, no matter the cost.

Harry gave the reporters and photographers one final smile. "Alright, it's time to start the party. All reporters and photographers, the Floo is through those doors, if you choose not to leave, you will not have the option to step foot on my property ever again, for any occasion." He stated, giving them an unapologetic smile.

The reporters and photographers filed through the doors. Harry smiled as the Floo finally fell silent.

Lucius pointed his wand at the doors, closing them with a nonverbal spell.

Harry smiled. "Shall we party?"

Harry, Draco and Lucius descended the stairs as the house-elves appeared, carrying trays of various drinks and snacks. Harry headed toward Hermione and Ron, seeing Hermione trying to convince Harry's house-elves to leave him.

"That's not going to work. They love it here." Harry said, turning to Lottie as she appeared and taking his goblet of champagne from her.

"Does Master want anything to eat?" She asked eagerly.

Harry smiled at her. "Yes, Lottie. Some fruit, thank you."

Lottie bowed and disappeared.

Harry looked up to find Hermione glaring at him reproachfully. “They *like* it.” He stated.

Hermione hissed through her teeth. “You’re not the same Harry we used to know.” She said softly, her voice angry.

“No.” Harry answered softly. “I’m not. I invited you here to ask if we would still be able to get along. It seems I’m wasting my breath.” He said.

Lottie returned, bearing a tray of fruit pieces.

Lucius picked up a piece of watermelon, offering it to Harry.

Harry ate the fruit, staring intently into Lucius’s eyes as he sucked the juice from his consort’s fingers.

Lucius swallowed, his eyes darkening.

Ron and Draco were glaring silently at each other. Finally, Ron couldn’t hold his tongue anymore. “So, Harry, when did you start sleeping with the enemy?” He snapped.

Harry turned narrowed eyes to Ron. “When my so-called ‘friends’ dropped off the face of the planet.” He answered coldly.

Hermione stiffened. “That’s not fair.” She said softly.

Harry glared at her. “Fair?! You want to talk to me about *fair*?! I’m sorry, but what did your birthday cards to me say? Oh, that’s right, I didn’t even get *that* much! Is *that* fair?! You two start dating, and suddenly, I don’t exist anymore! *How the hell is that fair?!?*” He shouted.

“Harry, mate—”

“When *they’re* together—”

“*Nobody* else exists.” The twins finished together, each clapping a hand to Harry’s shoulder.

Harry turned around, smiling at them. “Fred! George!”

Fred wrapped Harry in an over-exuberant hug, pinning his arms to his sides.

George took the opportunity to ruffle Harry’s artfully-mussed hair.

Harry struggled, laughing. “Insolence! Cease this at *once*! Dammit, let me *go*!”

Fred released Harry, who straightened, smoothing his robes. “I’ll thank you to not do that in public again.” He said coolly.

Draco looked at Harry’s hair in horror. “All my hard work.” He whispered despairingly. “I’ll *kill* them!” He decided, pulling out his wand.

Harry grabbed Draco’s wrist. “Bad idea. They might be assigned to guard you in the future.”

Draco stared at Harry. “*What?!*”

“We’re here—”

“To swear fealty to our Liege Lord.” Fred finished dramatically.

Draco fell back, fuming.

Harry sighed. “Now you’ve made him angry.”

Fred smirked. “That’s our job!”

Ron glared at them both. “Mum’s going to hear about this. Harry’s gone Dark, and you’re *supporting* him?!”

“Ron, I’ve *always* been Dark.” Harry said, amused. “I just hid it well.”

“Lord Potter.”

Harry turned, staring in shock at the man behind him.

Severus bowed low, then extended his wand, handle first, to Harry. “I am at your service.”

“I didn’t think you’d come.” Harry said softly, taking the wand. He smiled. “Your *first* wand. I’m honoured. And the one you used as a Death Eater?” He queried, handing it back.

Severus shook his head. “I have no need of it. It has been destroyed.”

Harry nodded. “Good choice.” He laid a hand on Severus’s left forearm. “Soon, this, too will only remain a bad memory.”

Severus smiled. "I have waited years already. A few more hours will prove no hardship."

Ron threw one last glare at Harry, then spun and headed for the Floo. Hermione followed him, whispering to him.

Lucius wrapped his arms around Harry from behind, feeling the loss through the bond.

"They were the first friends I ever had." Harry said softly.

Draco began fixing Harry's hair, talking softly so no one would hear them. "We'll *never* betray you like that. We are *yours*, Harry. *This is forever.*"

Lucius ran his fingertips over the side of Harry's neck, murmuring: "Only death can take me from your side, my beloved."

Harry sighed, straightening. "Well, shall we mingle? Luc, I think Sev wants to talk to you. Me and Drake are going to find Blaise and Pansy."

Draco followed a step behind Harry. "After the ritual, will there be a Dark Revel?" He asked excitedly.

Harry chuckled. "Yes. But there will be no unwanted pain, no murder, and no rape. Just hedonistic pleasure and public sex."

Draco shivered. "Oh, I *love* you!" He said, nearly moaning at the thought.

Harry spun on his heel, grabbed a handful of Draco's hair, and tilted his head back as he leaned over the blond to whisper to him. "I can't *wait* to see your father writhing under you as you fuck him with your tongue."

Draco *did* moan at that—and loudly—as Harry bit his neck harshly. “Yesss, Master!”

“A little sadistic, our Lord, isn’t he, dear?” Pansy asked as she and Blaise approached Harry.

“Ah, my love, Draco gets off on that kind of thing.”

Pansy giggled as Harry released a flushed and panting Draco. “Apparently.”

“Drake, your friends’ views of you continue to astound me.” Harry drawled, grinning.

Draco cleared his throat, ignoring the erection showing through the sheer fabric of his robe. “They’re perceptive.” Was all he said.

“We’re not *blind*.” Pansy corrected him, glancing down pointedly. “And our Lord is lucky to have such *masculine* consorts.”

Harry smiled at Draco’s becoming blush. “They *are* handsomely fitted, are they not?”

“Indeed.” Pansy smirked. “But so is mine.”

Blaise glared at her. “*Excuse* me!”

Pansy patted his arm consolingly. “Darling, there’s *no* excuse for *you*.”

Blaise sighed wearily. “I need a stiff drink.”

A house-elf appeared with a glass of scotch.

“Ah, good service.”

“Oh, Dray, did you ask?” Pansy asked Draco.

Draco smirked. “After the ritual.”

Pansy clapped her hands, grinning. “Oh, good! We brought some weed and a few pipes, plus some things to make mixed drinks with.”

Draco smiled. “This’ll be fun.”

Harry frowned. “You *planned* this.” He accused Draco.

“Nonsense. I just *hoped* you’d be having a Revel, that’s all.” He replied cheekily.

Harry narrowed his eyes. “You went *behind my back*.” He hissed. “You made assumptions about me and *undermined my authority* over you. You *will* be punished. In fact, I think you need to be punished right *now*.” He grabbed Draco by the hair, forcing the blond to meet his eyes. “Follow me.”

He strode to the throne-like chair that was reserved for the Mage, if he wanted to rest, passing Lucius on the way. “Luc, come.” He snapped, never breaking stride.

Lucius walked beside Draco, looking at his son’s guilty face. “What did you *do*?” He asked, sighing.

“I-”

“Made plans without me, *assuming* that I’d approve.” Harry said coldly. “Luckily for him, I *do*. Otherwise, Drake, your punishment would be *much* more severe.” He raised his eyebrows. “Raise your robes and lie on my lap.”

“*What?!*” Draco shouted in shock. “You *can’t* be *serious!*”

Harry grabbed a handful of Draco’s hair, throwing the teen across his lap and pulling his robes up to fully expose his ass. “I *assure* you, I *am*.” He hissed, raising his hand and bringing it down with a sharp crack. “You behaved like a disobedient *child*, and you *will* be punished like one.” He laid four more slaps across Draco’s pale skin, letting the teen up. “Have you learned your lesson?” He asked.

Draco’s face was flushed, and he looked contrite. “Yes, My Lord. I’m sorry for not asking you first. It won’t happen again.” He said, his voice wavering.

Harry sighed, pulling Draco down to sit in his lap. “No, it won’t.” He said, his voice gentle. “I can’t have my consorts doing things without my consent. I am half of the balance of power in this world, Drake. You *must* defer to me, in *all* things.” He raised the teen’s face to his, kissing him gently. “Do you understand?”

Draco nodded. “I hear and obey, Master.” He whispered.

Harry smiled. “Good. You’ll learn quickly. That’s a good sign. I *do* love you, Drake.”

“I love you, too, Harry.” Draco said, smiling.

“Good. Don’t worry. No one saw what happened. I used a disillusionment charm on the three of us. Next time, I won’t be so kind.” He said, raising his eyebrows at Draco.

Draco blushed. “I understand. Thank you, My Lord.”

Harry smiled. "Shall we dismiss everyone and start the ritual?"

Lucius smiled. "A fine idea, My Lord." He said.

Revelry

“If any of you wish to back out, this is your last chance to do so. I will not ask again, and you *will* be marked, willing or no.” Harry said, standing in the room off the ballroom, reserved for group rituals and revels.

It was decorated as befitted a Mage’s station, richly coloured silk tapestries hanging on the walls, depicting Salazar Slytherin and Godric Gryffindor before they had built Hogwarts, when both were young and very much in love, making Harry wonder why the two houses had so much rivalry between them. There was lush, blood-red carpeting, thick under Harry’s bare feet, and his chair was wonderfully cushioned, with soft pillows behind it for his consorts, so that they could sit while still being below their Lord, as was proper. The room was lit by a skylight, set in the ceiling at the very centre of the room, illuminating the area so that if anyone wished to display something or be the centre of attention, they would be able to do so by moving into the most brightly lit area.

Harry’s prospective devotees stood around him, none moving, even to look around at the reactions of those around them, as they stared determinedly at Harry, waiting for him to move ahead with the ritual. “Very well. Who in here already bears the Dark Mark?” He asked.

Severus stepped forward, boldly. “I do, My Lord.”

Goyle Senior also stepped forward at this. “I do, My Lord.” He said.

Dragonsbane and Hawthorn Parkinson, as well as Adalrico and Henrietta Bulstrode, also stepped forward, admitting that they were marked, and looking truly saddened by this fact.

Harry narrowed his eyes at them, asking sharply: “Do you understand that you will be *watched*, should you accept this? That my trust will not be extended to you immediately? Do you accept this as the way it *should* be?”

All of them lowered their eyes from his stare, save Severus, who was too proud to do so.

“Yes, My Lord.” They answered as one.

“Very well. Tu es libertas.” He waved his arm, and all the former Death Eaters stared in awe at the unmarred forearms, Severus looking years younger, the strain of his double life finally fully eased.

“We shall begin. Lucius?” Harry held out his wand to Lucius, who took it reverently, setting it in the padded box that sat on a small table next to Harry’s seat.

Harry folded his hands behind his back, staring at the group before him. All the seventh-year Slytherins were present, as well as the twins, Severus, Bill and Charlie Weasley, and even Seamus had somehow heard the news, although it looked as though he had become involved with either one or *both* of the Weasley twins.

‘A good start.’ Harry thought proudly. ‘And I’m still very young. I have many years left.’

Harry spoke clearly and firmly, making sure each word was spoken distinctly, letting there be no chance of mishearing it. “Vos votum spondeo vestri fidelitas volo?” (You wish to pledge your loyalty to me?)

He was almost shocked when he heard the chorus of “Sic, dominus domno,” (Yes, Master) rise from the group as one.

He quickly continued. “Vos mos protraho ut mihi in illud res ut sollicitudo mihi?” (You will defer to me in those matters that concern me?)

Again, the crowd answered as one: “Sic, dominus domno.”

“Vos mos adeo mihi ut vos es accersitus, haud res quis vos eratis effectus?” (You will come to me when you are summoned, no matter what you were doing?)

“Sic, dominus domno.”

“Vos mos nunquam resisto meus auctorita super vestri valde vita, si ego sumo sumo is?” (You will never oppose my authority over your very life, if I choose to take it?)

“Sic, dominus domno.”

“Vos mos incubo vestri socius quod meus conjux, nunquam tabellae lemma sto unus in vulnero via?” (You will watch over your fellows and my consorts, never letting them stand alone in harm's way?) This was perhaps the most important part of the group vow. If they didn't swear themselves to live in the service of each other as well as Harry, they were doomed as a group. However, the answer came without hesitation.

“Sic, dominus domno.”

“Vos mos dissimulo totus res vos intereo quod testis dum vos es in meus presentia?” (You will keep secret all the things you take part in and witness while you are in my presence?)

“Sic, dominus domno.”

Harry smiled, raising his arms and gathering his magic, letting it swell over the group in a massive wave, swamping them all, as he spoke, his voice ringing with the echoes of Salazar Slytherin in all his glory: “Ego ceptum vestri voveo. Gero Meus vestigium audaciter, meus vernula.” (I accept your vow. Bear my mark proudly, my servants.) He let the wave crash over them, his magic finding the left forearm of each one, marking them as he felt himself weaken from the impressive display. He realized now why Magi never seemed to join in on their first Revel. They were usually too weak.

Draco and Lucius felt his weakness and rushed to his sides, caressing him and kissing him, making it seem like they couldn't wait another moment to put their hands on him, while guiding him to his seat.

“Thank you, Luc, Drake. I am fine.” Harry murmured, then told the assembled group: “The new rules of Dark Revels are modified as so: No rapes, no murders, and no pain, unless the other party consents to it beforehand. That being said, enjoy yourselves.” Harry said, picking up his goblet from the table next to his chair as he relaxed, to watch the proceedings.

Harry pointed his wand at the wall next to the door of the room, conjuring a table and plenty of glasses and beverages. He smiled as Lucius, talking to Adalrico, reached for a flute of champagne. Harry cast a quick spell right before the liquid passed Lucius’s lips.

Lucius frowned, staring at his drink for a few seconds. He turned to Harry, holding it up. “My Lord?” He queried.

Harry chuckled. “My apologies, Lucius, but apple cider is better than champagne for the baby.”

Lucius paled. “Baby. *Me*?” He asked wonderingly, laying a hand over his still-flat abdomen.

Harry smirked, picking up his goblet. “I daresay you’ll be feeling the symptoms any day now.” He murmured, fighting laughter at Lucius’s shock.

Lucius frowned at his drink again, then sighed. “I wanted to *drink*.” He murmured.

Adalrico smiled. “Ah, but you are truly blessed to be carrying our Lord’s child. You must carry the burden carefully. *Nothing* can happen to this first child.”

Lucius smiled. “I am truly happy to be the bearer of this child, but I wish it had come when I could be with My Lord always. I will be worried for him while he is gone at school.”

Harry smirked at Draco, raising an eyebrow.

Draco nodded and walked over to his father, taking the man's drink and setting it down as he led the man into the brightly lit centre of the room.

Lucius frowned. "Draco?"

"Harry made a request of me earlier. It's time for me to fulfil it." He explained.

He pushed Lucius to the ground and pushed the robe up far enough to expose Lucius's hips, then pulled his father's legs up over his shoulders.

Lucius looked to Harry, who was reclining in his seat, watching them with a satisfied smirk on his face. He nodded, and Lucius sighed, submitting to Draco's ministrations.

Draco parted his father's cheeks, staring at the little pucker they hid. This was his first shot at dominating his own father, and he vowed not to waste it. He swiped his tongue over the small opening, moaning at his father's sharply indrawn breath.

Lucius felt Draco's tongue against his entrance, and couldn't help a gasp as it pushed inside his body, gently breaching the tight ring of muscles.

Draco groaned, feeling the muscles of his father's passage fluttering around his tongue as his father tried to both keep him out and welcome him in. He cast a nonverbal spell to lengthen his tongue, able to more effectively prod at Lucius's prostate with it.

Lucius choked, throwing his head back and panting. "Draco!" He gasped out.

Draco chuckled, making Lucius shout as his hips jerked. Draco finally realized that they were the centre of attention, and that the people watching were starting to undress.

Lucius moaned, his eyes rolling back in his head as Harry began mentally talking to him.

‘I’m going to let Drake fuck you tonight, Luc. While I watch. *Tell* me how much you want it.’

Lucius threw his head back, moaning loudly. “My Lord! So much! Please!” He cried out as Draco’s tongue brushed over his prostate, slowly massaging it.

Draco swirled his tongue around inside that tight passage, as well as he could, drawing shaky gasps and mewls from his father.

Lucius stilled as the tongue began retreating and pushing in again in a steady rhythm, fucking him with fervour. He clutched at his son’s shoulders, trying to keep himself from spiralling out of control from the sensation of his offspring’s tongue doing deliciously wicked things to his unresisting body.

Harry watched, knowing that Lucius was close to coming just from the eroticism of the act itself, as depraved and forbidden as it was. He smirked and sent a thought at Draco. ‘Touch his cock, Draco. Make him come for you.’

Draco groaned, reaching up to grasp his father’s cock in his hand, firmly. He stroked once, twice, and Lucius was shuddering, his release claiming him as Draco’s tongue ran over his prostate once more, the tiny passage clamping down on his tongue.

Draco withdrew, quickly returning his tongue to its proper size, before looking at Harry and smirking. “Did you enjoy the show, My Lord?” He asked cheekily.

Harry grinned, leaning back in his chair. “Immensely.” He replied. “It was lovely.”

Suddenly, Harry heard a deep voice let out a loud moan. He looked to the sound and sucked in a breath at the sight.

Severus laid on the ground, both Fred and George couched over him, seemingly devouring his body with eager mouths, working him into a frenzied state of insurmountable lust. George moved down lower, taking Severus' hard cock into his mouth, as Fred continued to torment the man's chest with his own tongue and teeth.

Severus growled, bucking upwards as he grabbed George's hair in both fists.

Harry smiled, looking away, and saw that Bill and Charlie were both lazily exploring Seamus' body in between sharing deep, languid kisses. Seamus was moaning breathily, eyes closed as he panted, lip held between his teeth.

Harry motioned Draco over to him as Lucius, still flushed, resumed his chat with Adalrico, who was trying not to laugh every time Lucius shifted his weight uncomfortably.

"Was there something you wanted, My Lord?" Draco purred, leaning in to nibble Harry's earlobe.

Harry moaned, enjoying the sensation. "Actually, yes. Call Pansy and Blaise up here for me. And get me some chocolates from the house elves, would you, Love?"

Draco left and came back a few minutes later with a small plate of chocolates as the house-elves started setting all the most delicious finger foods on the table. Pansy and Blaise were having trouble keeping their hands to themselves.

Draco stopped by the table to add a few chocolate-covered strawberries to the plate, and grabbed a flute of champagne.

Harry chuckled as Draco sat on one of the cushions next to Harry's seat. "I see you grabbed something for yourself as well?"

Pansy snorted. "Draco will forever think with his stomach." She told Harry.

Draco glared at her and picked up one of the chocolates, placing it on his tongue and looking up at Harry through his lashes.

Harry chuckled, drawing Draco closer and kissing him, taking the chocolate from his mouth. "Mm." He pulled away. "You're delicious."

Draco smirked. "Of *course* I am." He replied. "That's why you chose me."

Blaise handed his pipe to Harry. "Greens, My Lord?" He offered.

Harry smiled, accepting the pipe. "And *now*, the *real* fun begins." He purred, and then lifted the pipe to his lips.

Harry looked at Severus, noticing that the man was staring at him. He raised a challenging eyebrow at the Potions Master. "Yes?" He asked, causing several pairs of eyes to fall on the potions master.

"My Lord, I was wondering if I could have a word with you, in private." He said, walking up to where Harry was sitting.

Harry nodded, casting a quick spell so that only they could hear words directed at each other. "What do you have on your mind, Severus?" He asked.

"My Lord, I wanted to know what you plan to say to Dumbledore when you return to Hogwarts? He will no doubt hear from your former friends about your plans to take followers. Will this put us at risk?"

Harry smiled. "Have no fear. I will protect you all if it need come to that. Of course, I will be telling him the truth. If he wishes to confront me in the name of Light, I will regret the rash decision on his behalf, but it will be his downfall. I hope he is wise enough to spend what is

left of his life in peace, but I will not bend to the man who placed me in a harsh household, then moulded me to be his perfect soldier. His manipulations are in the past, and I will not hold them against him, but I will not stand for his interference in my life now that I am of age, and have come fully into my own.” He said firmly, then lifted the spell. “Relax, Severus, and enjoy yourself.”

Severus sighed in relief. “Thank you, My Lord.”

Harry just nodded, then turned to Draco. “Drake, would you bring me some of the Elven wine at the table?” He asked, handing his goblet to Draco, whose eyes widened at being trusted not to tamper with a Mage’s drink.

“Yes, My Lord.”

“I’ll be with your father.” Harry said, standing and walking over to Lucius. “Luc, I realize you’ve been given rather big news today. How do you feel about it?” He asked, concerned.

Lucius closed his eyes, gathering his courage. “I am frightened, My Lord. This manor is heavily warded, but you will not be here, and I will be alone should anything go wrong.” He opened his eyes and looked into Harry’s. “I am especially worried that you will not be here when your child is born.” He added, as Draco brought Harry his wine.

Harry hummed, taking a sip to give himself time to think. “Nothing on this *Earth* will keep me from being here when my daughter is born.” He smiled. “And Lottie will answer to anything you need related to the pregnancy. She is now bound not only to me, but also to the unborn Maga within you. She’s the first of her kind.”

Lucius’s eyes widened. “A *female* Mage? You’re *certain*?”

Harry smirked. “I thought that might interest you. Yes, she has the power within her, but it will be inaccessible until she makes the Transition. Her power will not be known to anyone outside of my followers, for obvious reasons. You’ll be fine, Luc. There’s no reason to worry. This is a natural thing. Just let it be what it will be.”

Draco smiled. “You really *are* lucky, Father. Carrying the first female Mage in history. That’s a big honour, add to it the fact that it’s our Lord’s first child. I’m actually kind of *jealous*.” He finished, looking at Harry cautiously, hoping the admission hadn’t made him angry.

Harry smiled, slipping an arm around Draco’s waist and pulling him close. “You also hold a special place in my heart, Drake. As you know.” He whispered, pressing a kiss to his consort’s soft lips. “And once we’re out of school, I’ll carry the next Malfoy heir. You need to follow a career path first, Love. I’ll take some time off to have your child here, safely, before I pursue the position of Minister.”

Draco smiled happily. “Oh, so I can keep my perfect figure?”

Harry chuckled. “No, because I’m looking forward to experiencing pregnancy, and you *do* need an heir, after all.”

“Oh. Will I get to have *your* child?” Draco asked softly, curiosity lacing his voice.

“Once you’ve got a steady job going, we’ll discuss it. If you want to go through the trials of a pregnancy and miss some time at work, you’ll be allowed one, but I don’t think we need to fight the Weasleys for a record. One born of each of us is enough.”

Lucius snorted. “Indeed. Seven, or Merlin forbid, *more* would be a bit much. *Draco* is almost too much for my sanity.”

Harry grinned. “I can tell.” He joked, then kissed Lucius and tightened his hold on Draco’s waist. “Drake and I need to mingle a bit more. Keep a close eyes on the twins for me. They know that pranking my pregnant consort will get them killed, but no one else is truly safe.”

Turnabout is Fair Play

Chapter Notes

~~~The song “Us” belongs to Celine Dion, and I am not being paid to include it here, but I am hoping some of you will listen to it, because it’s beautiful.~~~

Draco let Harry lead him to Dragonsbane Parkinson, who was watching his wife as she danced with Severus, laughing at something he had said.

“She’s very beautiful.” Harry said quietly.

Dragonsbane glanced at him, smiling. “She is, My Lord. And she is also a Songstress. She learned the art while we were in school with Arabella Zabini. She taught Hawthorn as she herself was taught. Both took to it like naturals.”

Harry raised an eyebrow. “That’s a rare trait. I don’t think I’ve ever heard a Songstress sing before. Do you think she’d sing for us?”

“I could ask her when this dance is over. She hasn’t had a chance to speak to Severus in a while. They were together for almost a year in our fifth year. Was there something you wanted to discuss with me, My Lord? I am sure you did not seek me out to talk about my wife’s abilities.” He said, turning to Harry fully.

Harry smiled. “Of course, you are right. How strongly did you sympathize with Voldemort when he came back into power?”

Dragonsbane’s eyes narrowed. “I found that I no longer held to his beliefs when he lost the ability to tell us exactly what we wanted to hear. He had become deranged. I *do* believe in Pureblood *superiority*, but Pureblood *supremacy* is a bit much. If we kill off all those not of pure blood, who will we be superior *to*?” He asked, then chuckled.

Harry nodded. “Wisely said, and I will tell you now that I do not hold to those beliefs myself, but neither will I condemn you for them. You are free to have an opinion, provided that your loyalty to me comes first, whatever your beliefs.” He said firmly.

“My Lord, I will never lay aside my beliefs, and I thank you for not asking that of me. If your commands run counter to what I feel, I will no doubt find the task distasteful, but you are my Lord, and I will do your bidding to the best of my ability, no matter what it is.”

Harry nodded. “Good. I *do* have a task for you. I would like it if you would accompany Luc should he leave this manor, and guard my heiress—and my consort—for me, as I will not be able to do so.”

Dragonsbane smiled widely. “I can do that *easily*. I would welcome the chance to spend more time with him, as he has always been dear to me. He was the one person I could go to in school that was always an open ear for me, and I have not seen him as often as I would like of late.”

“Guard him well, and you will earn my trust fully. Do *not* let me down, Dragonsbane.” He said, looking over as Hawthorn approached. “The dance has ended.” He observed.

“My Lord, Bane.” Hawthorn greeted them both. “What were you discussing so seriously?”

“Just a mission for me, I will tell you when we get home. Our Lord has never had the joy of a Songstress’ performance, my love.”

Hawthorn gasped, turning to Harry. “My Lord, you must take your seat and I will perform! I am sure you will love it.”

Harry smiled. “Thank you kindly, Hawthorn. I will gather Luc and we will watch you. I have heard it is a treat, indeed.”



Harry quickly found Lucius and sat, Draco and Lucius sitting on the soft pillows slightly behind his chair. He was eager to hear a Songstress perform.

Hawthorn moved into the lit area in the centre of the room, and closed her eyes, clapping her hands, a loud crack reverberating through the room, drawing attention to her.

She drew a deep breath, and opened her eyes.

“I want to know why  
You're letting this die  
Without the blink of an eye  
You say that you need time  
I say you'll be fine

If you would only see  
Like you did before  
You became imprisoned  
Can I reopen the door

You say it doesn't matter  
Then tell me what does  
And why that isn't what  
You've been thinking of  
You say it's never easy  
Then tell me what was  
Is it never worth the pain  
Could you believe it was  
When life keeps living  
That's what life keeps giving  
To us

Once we were one mind  
Drifting in one time  
And ever true  
We were friends  
But something is gone from my  
Picture of this life

If we could only see  
Like we did before  
We became imprisoned  
Can I reopen the door

You say it doesn't matter  
Then tell me what does  
And why that isn't what  
You've been thinking of  
You say it's never easy  
Then tell me what was  
Is it never worth the pain  
Could you believe it was  
When life keeps living  
That's what life keeps giving  
To us

The hope has vanished from your eyes  
You were my faith and one truth  
There's every reason to get through  
And you're why I know there's a reason"

As she finished, the entire room seemed to release an awed breath, and hushed talking resumed.

Harry approached her, where she was catching her breath, beaming and flushed with pride. "Hawthorn, that was wonderful. My deepest thanks for that beautiful performance. But I recognized the song. Celine Dion is a Muggle performer." He said, curious.

Hawthorn smiled. "Yes, but she is also popular in our world, because she has a wonderful talent, and that song means a lot to me. It is how I feel my relationship with my husband was when Voldemort was in power the first time. He began to draw away from me, and I fought hard to keep him. Luckily, my love for him was stronger than Voldemort's oratory skills." She said fondly.

Harry smiled. "You are lucky to have found such love." He said, as Hawthorn blushed.

"It isn't always easy, but it is worth every tiny pain to have him in my arms at night." She said softly, her eyes misting. "My apologies, My Lord. I am in the family way, and I am prone to bouts of emotionality."

“I understand fully. As it were, I feel it is time to end this, and we will have another revel near Christmas, where all who choose to can exchange gifts with friends here. I hope to see you there.” He said.

Hawthorn nodded. “I will be there, My Lord. I can’t wait to see Lucius heavy with the Potter Heir.” She said teasingly.

Harry laughed. “He will be a beautiful sight, indeed.” He said, happily.

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Harry sighed, laying back on the couch in the study, draping an arm over his eyes. “Geez, marking a bunch of people at once takes a lot out of you.” He said wearily.

Lucius chuckled, raising an eyebrow. “I could put a little something back *in* you, if you want.” He offered.

“Mm, I think I’d rather watch Drake put something in *you*.” He purred, raising his arm to look at Lucius. “After all, you’ve fucked *him*. It’s only fair that he return the favour.”

Lucius looked at Draco in surprise. “Draco?”

The blond teen smirked. “I’m agreeable to it, Father. After all, Harry is so *very* tired right now.”

Lucius looked at Draco calculatingly, then turned and strode out of the room. “Let’s move this into the bedroom, shall we?” He called as he walked out.

Harry smirked and let Draco help him up. “Looks like I’ll get a show tonight.” He said, pleased.

Draco chuckled wickedly. "I certainly *hope* so."

Lucius took the sheer gown off, hearing his son and lover talking softly as they followed him. He turned as they entered the room. "Where would you like us, My Lord?" He asked.

Harry smirked. It seemed he wasn't the only person finding his outlook on his two lovers was different after the revel. "On the bed." He said, conjuring himself a comfortable chair to watch from.

Lucius laid on the bed, holding out a hand to Draco. "Come, Draco. Our Lord wants a show. Let's give him one."

Draco bit his lip, walking over to the bed and straddling his Father. He tentatively leaned down for a kiss, moaning when Lucius's hand fisted in his hair. He pulled away and pulled his gown over his head, dropping it on the floor. "Ready, Father?" He purred, trailing his fingers over Lucius's chest, his eyes following the same path, stopping when he got to the hard cock jutting up between Lucius's legs.

"Draco, *do* move on with it." Lucius said, his voice sounding just a little strained.

Harry pulled his ceremonial robes off, wandlessly sending them to Lottie, who would wash them and hang them back up later.

Draco glanced over at Harry's naked body, licking his lips, then turned back to his father and bent to take that delicious-looking cock in his mouth.

Lucius gasped, grabbing Draco's hair in both hands, his hips arching slightly off the bed as he moaned softly. "Draco, Merlin, your mouth is absolutely *sinful*!" He groaned, crying out when the comment caused Draco to chuckle around his cock.

Harry smirked, wrapping his hand around his cock and giving it one firm stroke. He'd go slow, and hopefully, he'd last long enough to get a blow-job from one or both of his consorts *after* his show.

Draco pulled his head off of his father's prick, then cupped Lucius's face. "A kiss, Father?" He asked, smirking.

Lucius curled his lip. "After where your mouth just was? I think *not*." He sneered, chuckling when Draco dove in and forced his mouth open anyway.

Draco lifted his head and looked at Harry. "Love, do you think—*wonderful*, thank you." Draco purred as his hand was coated in lube.

Lucius watched as Draco slicked his cock, then moved his fingers out of Lucius's line of sight. The blond gasped as one slid into him. Another one quickly joined it, and Lucius let his head fall back, moaning loudly. "Draco, hurry!" He ordered.

Harry had a sudden idea. "No." He said firmly, stopping the show. "Drake, come here." He commanded, smiling when Draco did as he was told. Harry quickly bound Lucius to the bedposts with silken cords, holding him immobile. "Drake, suck me." Harry ordered.

Draco's eyes lit up at the command as he realized that he was supposed to tease his father by giving Harry a blow-job while Lucius could only watch, unable to even touch himself.

Harry hummed in appreciation as Draco slowly lowered his mouth over Harry's shaft, taking him in to the hilt, adding suction on the way up.

"Yes." Harry breathed, sliding his hands into Draco's hair and holding his head still as he slowly thrust up into his mouth, careful not to go too far or fast. "Good, Drake, *very* good." Harry shivered as he felt his balls draw up, and pulled Draco off of him. "Now, go to your father." He said, releasing the bindings.

Draco checked to make sure he was still slick, and straddled his father again, smirking. “I hope you stayed stretched, because that’s all you’re getting.” He said, smirking.

Lucius’s eyes widened in anticipation as Draco positioned himself and slowly slid in. He drew a shuddering breath at the feel of his own child penetrating him, but that thought fled as Draco pulled out and slammed back into his willing body, and he remembered that somewhere along the way, his little boy had instead become a man of his own.

Draco smirked and angled his hips to find his father’s prostate. He thrust back in, and smiled at the strangled cry his father couldn’t hold back. “Let go, Daddy.” He whispered. “If you do, I can make it even better.”

Lucius allowed himself to wrap his legs tightly around Draco’s waist, pulling his son close. He wrapped his arms around Draco’s shoulders and pulled him into a kiss. As he released him, he whispered, “Fuck me hard, son.”

Draco smirked and grabbed Lucius’s hips, holding them still as he pounded into Lucius’s body, hearing wild cries of pleasure spilling from the man’s throat. “That’s right, Father.” He purred, reaching down with one hand to fist the man’s cock.

Harry shuddered at the sight, and came, spilling himself over his hand. He cleaned it with a thought, then looked at Draco, licking his lips. “Faster, Drake.” He ordered. “Make him come.”

Draco began stroking Lucius feverishly, pistoning his hips, forcing cries of pleasure out of him as Lucius was unable to withstand the rapid pace. Lucius tensed, and as he came, Draco smiled triumphantly.

“That’s right, Father. Come for me.” He said smugly, then gasped and threw his head back, his own climax bearing down on him. “*Ah! Daddy!*” He cried out, as the contractions of his father’s passage around him forced his own orgasm upon him.

Harry smiled, cleaning them both, then got into bed, grunting when Draco rolled off of Lucius to land on top of Harry heavily.

“Hello. Fancy meeting you here.” He said with a grin.

Harry sighed, rolling his eyes with a smile. “Go to sleep, Drake. We have to go to Diagon tomorrow to get our supplies, after all. School starts in a week.”

Draco groaned. “Don’t remind me. Please.”

## Aboard the Express

Harry sighed as Draco ran his hands through his hair, applying gel to it and arranging it artfully. “Drake.” He growled warningly.

“What?” Draco asked innocently. “Your hair is a disaster. Worse, it’s an eyesore.” He said, smoothing more gel into it.

Harry turned and glared at him. “Not only did you make me smear the eyeliner, but I also stabbed myself in the eye with it.” He hissed.

Draco giggled, looking at the huge black dot beneath Harry’s eye. “Oops. Sorry.” He said cheekily.

Harry scowled. “You will be tonight.” He snapped. “I’m going to buy a crop while we’re out.”

Lucius looked up from his Daily Prophet interestedly. “Really? How very perverted of you, My Lord. Am I to assume you’ve taken an interest in BDSM?”

“Perhaps. Just a bit. Drake needs the discipline.” He said, turning back to the mirror and fixing his eyeliner.

Draco pouted. “When will you spank *Father*?” He whined.

“When he *deserves* it.” Harry answered calmly.

“If you’d behave, you wouldn’t be getting this treatment. Learn from your mistakes, Draco.” Lucius said, looking down at the paper again.



Draco huffed, and finished dressing.

Harry looked at himself, satisfied. He wore light blue jeans with holes at the knees and at the curve of his buttocks in back, showing a teasing amount of bare skin to prove that he was wearing nothing underneath, and a Nine Inch Nails t-shirt.

Lucius was, as always, dressed in a silk shirt, of a deep blue this time, and black trousers. He had decided to tie his hair back today, making him look, in Harry's opinion, exceedingly fuckable.

Draco was wearing black trousers and a silk shirt as well, though his was crimson and unbuttoned to his navel, showing off his mark.

"Well." Harry said, turning from the mirror with a satisfied smirk. "Shall we go, then?"

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"After we shop, I can go to the Manor and get our things." Lucius said, as Harry led them into Flourish and Blotts.

Harry nodded. "I'll go with you." He said firmly.

Lucius frowned, but nodded.

Draco smiled. "Father, can Harry and I look at the blood magic books?"

"I suppose." Lucius said, following them a few steps behind as they hurried over to them to see if any were good.

“Lucie!”

Harry turned as Narcissa Malfoy flung herself at Lucius, wrapping both of her arms around one of his. He scowled as she smiled up at his consort.

“Lucius, I want to come back. I know you still love me, and I’ll be good to you.” She said.

Lucius closed his eyes, anger tightening his features. “Release me, Narcissa Black.” He snapped.

Narcissa dug her nails into his arm, her smile becoming sinister. “Take me back. Or I will *ruin* you, and your worthless *son* in the process.”

Lucius stiffened, both from her nails and her words. “He is also *your* son.”

“No.” Narcissa said calmly. “I discovered what you did, and I am *not* very happy about it, Lucius. If you were to impregnate another girl, I wouldn’t have minded. But a *man*? Moreover, a *Potter*?! And then to implant that abomination into me? That’s disgusting.”

“How-”

“Severus is not immune to Veritaserum, did you know?”

Harry cast a stinging hex at Narcissa’s hands. “Who gave you the right to *touch* my consort? I’m sure *I* never did.” He hissed.

Narcissa narrowed her eyes. “Consort? As if you *own* him? Lucius would *never*—”

Lucius knelt before Harry. “My Lord.” He murmured, as Harry stepped in front of him, wand pointed at Narcissa’s face.

“Narcissa, as a Mage, I am commanding you to leave this place, and do not contact my consort in *any* way after this.”

Narcissa scowled, but turned and left the shop, knowing better than to confront a Mage unprepared.

Harry turned to Lucius, glancing at a pale and shaky Draco standing a few feet away, covering his mouth as his wide eyes stared at Lucius. “Lucius, who are Drake’s parents?” He asked firmly.

Lucius glared at the floor. “He was never supposed to know. Narcissa and I made a deal when she was declared barren. I was to find someone to lie with besides her, and then we would implant the embryo into her body with a spell. James Potter and I had been intimate before, and I approached him. I swore that it would be gone before Lily could suspect anything, and he agreed to use a potion to conceive for me. Once Draco was born, Narcissa blood adopted him, and James’s genes were replaced with hers.”

Draco looked at Harry. “That makes you...”

“Well. I have a big brother, then.” He said, smirking. “What a family.”

“I’ve been fucking my *brother*?” Draco asked, horrified.

Harry shrugged. “You were okay with your *father*.” He pointed out.

“You were blood adopted in a special way, Draco. You only have Narcissa’s genes. Not James’. Harry is *truly* not related to you.” Lucius assured him.

Draco sighed. “Whatever. Can we just get our school things and go?” He asked sullenly.

Harry pressed his lips together. “That’s probably a good idea.”

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“Are you *sure* he’s not related to me? I need to know if a child between us would have problems.” Harry asked as Lucius filled a trunk with clothing, opening another one and putting all of Draco’s school things and personal items in it.

“Not a chance.” Lucius said firmly. “When he was born, his hair was almost black, but as soon as Narcissa performed the blood adoption it began growing out silver, and by the time he was five, it had darkened to the colour it is now, and stayed that way. Besides, James’ skin tone was the same as yours, and mine is a light golden tone. Draco is milky pale, the same tone that Narcissa’s skin carries. He is a *Black*, not a *Potter*.”

Harry nodded. “Great. Then let’s summon Severus when we get to the Manor and he can brew a lineage potion to prove to Drake that he’s not sleeping with his own sibling. Maybe that’ll put his mind at ease.”

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Harry unbuttoned Lucius’s shirt, since Draco wasn’t allowing the Mage’s hands anywhere near him at the moment. Harry decided that punishment wasn’t necessary at this time, as Draco was under a lot of stress.

The Mage pressed a finger to Lucius’s mark, and Lucius groaned as a warmth flooded his chest.

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Severus paused in his writing, lifting his left sleeve in surprise. The mark stood out in sharp relief against his pale forearm, but there was no pain. Just a strange warmth.

Was he being called? If so, then Voldemort's summons was painful by *choice*. Severus sneered, realizing that he had done *so* much better for himself this time around.

He quickly hurried to the edge of Hogwarts' anti-apparition wards.

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"He'll be here soon. If we have three of us working, it should only take fifteen minutes." Lucius murmured, as Harry suckled on a pink nipple, looking up at him adoringly.

"Really?" Harry asked, teasing the nipple with his lips now. "But do you think Severus will agree to letting *me* work beside him?"

"On what, My Lord?" Severus asked, stepping into the room.

Harry looked up. "Oh, you're here already?"

"It would appear so." Severus said emotionlessly.

"Can you brew a lineage potion for Drake?" Harry asked him.

Severus frowned. "The boy's lineage is not even in question. I assume you've seen Narcissa recently? But she did the altered blood adoption, and once performed, it cannot be undone." He said firmly.

Lucius sighed. “Severus, he is in shock. He believes that he shares fathers with Harry, and will not even let his Lord touch him, because he believes them siblings.”

Severus chuckled. “I will brew you the potion.” He agreed.

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“He is not your brother, Draco.” Lucius said firmly. “Severus is here, and they are working together as we speak to brew the lineage potion to prove it. Harry is hurt that you are refusing his touch when you allowed mine.”

Draco shook his head. “It’s different. You’re my father, I want to be with you. I *chose* to. But if I’m related to *Harry*... I can’t be with *two* people of my own blood. And I could never have children with him. They’d be abominations, disfigured or squibs, or *worse*, they might die before they even had a *chance*!” He shouted, his eyes filling with tears. “I *want* children with Harry, Father. I *love* him.” Draco said softly, heartbroken.

Lucius wrapped his arms around his son. “Soon, Draco, you’ll see. You are mine and Narcissa’s, no matter who may have had a hand in creating you.”

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Draco watched as Severus brushed the potion over a piece of parchment, the parchment soaking it up instantly. Severus nodded approvingly. “Good. All that’s left is for Draco to apply a drop of blood to the parchment. It will show the family crests of his parents. If the Potter crest is present, you are truly brothers. If it is the Black crest, you are Narcissa’s son.”

Draco licked his lips and took the pin his father handed him. He pricked his thumb, letting a drop of blood hit the parchment and drawing the abused digit into his mouth as the parchment soaked up the blood and two crests began forming.

Draco watched as the Malfoy crest appeared, then it seemed as time slowed down while they watched for the second crest to appear. Finally, the Black crest appeared, confirming that he was not related to Harry. Draco smiled. “Thank *Merlin*.” He breathed.

Harry smiled warmly at Draco. “I love you, you know. Even if you *do* have your rather difficult moments.” He said.

Draco flushed. “I know.” He said sullenly. “I’m sorry I was such a prat.”

“I understand. It was a shock for all of us. Can we just never go through this tension again?” He asked, raising his eyebrows at Draco.

Draco smiled sheepishly. “That sounds like a good idea.” He agreed.

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“I don’t see why we have to ride the Express.” Draco huffed, slouching down in his seat. “Shouldn’t being your consort earn me a free ride and a nice lazy morning?”

Harry smirked. “Hush, Drake.”

“Whatever. Are we going to get our own room?” Draco asked.

Harry folded his arms over the back of his seat, leaning back against them and closing his eyes. “I would hope so, since we’ll be in Slytherin and I happen to be Salazar’s direct descendant *and* a Mage. If not, I’ll *talk* to Dumbledore and procure one.” He said tiredly.

“Will I be able to visit the Manor with you when you go to see Father?” He asked quietly.

Harry opened his eyes and dropped his arms, sighing. “I doubt it, Drake, unless there’s something wrong with your sister. As a Mage, I am allowed to leave when I don’t have classes, doubly so since I am the Head of my family, but since you aren’t *either*... Sorry, Drake, but I think you’ll have to stay behind. I could make arrangements with a follower if you want someone to warm your bed while I’m gone...?” Harry ventured.

“No! Merlin, no! Ugh! I just don’t want to be left behind.” He said a bit sadly.

Harry frowned, nodding. “I see. I *am* sorry.”

Draco sighed. “I know. It’s going to be lonely.”

“Maybe we could sneak Luc in sometime. Or, didn’t he say you have a small cottage near Hogsmeade?”

“What’s that got to do with—”

“Think about it, Drake. Seventh years are allowed to spend the nights at one of the inns in Hogsmeade on weekends, if they want. No one will know that we weren’t at an inn. Except a select few, of course.” He added, as Pansy and Blaise knocked on the door. He dropped the wards, grinning. “Sorry. Don’t know my own strength.”

Pansy rolled her eyes. “Next time try to leave a loophole for those of us who *don’t* want to kill you.” She snapped, glaring at Hermione and Ron, who were glaring right back from their compartment across the aisle.

Harry smirked. “Hey, Drake, you like to piss them off, right?”

“Very much, yes. Why do you ask?” He replied eagerly.

“Wanna make out?”





## Not a Maga

“That was harder than it needed to be.” Harry sighed, collapsing into an armchair in front of the fire, the warmest spot in the common room. “Ow! Drake, get your fat arse *off* me!” He gasped as Draco sat down heavily directly where his stomach had been, shoving all his organs further up and crushing his lungs. “I can’t breathe!”

“’M too comfy.” Draco mumbled, curling against Harry’s chest and closing his eyes.

Pansy giggled. “Forgot to warn you, he gets like that after a feast. He eats too much for his body to take, and then he goes into a coma for almost twenty-four hours.”

Harry glared at the small blond on his lap, and then sighed as his face softened. “Did you have to go comatose on my organs, you bloody prat?” He asked fondly, stroking Draco’s silky hair.

Draco chuckled, and then nodded.

“Hey, you’re still awake!”

“And you stopped stroking my hair.” Draco replied sleepily.

“And I have breasts. Now that we’re done stating the obvious, how about getting to bed? *Some* of us could *use* some beauty sleep, as we are still working through the whole ‘attracting a mate’ portion of our lives.” Pansy said irritably.

“Pans, love, no amount of sleep can help *you*.” Draco replied, feeling Harry stiffen beneath him.

“Um, Drake, mind getting *off* of me *before* she kills you?! I’m kind of in the line of fire, here.” Harry said nervously.

Draco sighed and slid off of Harry, curling up on the floor in front of the fire. “No fair attacking the helpless.” He sighed, then began softly snoring.

“Damn.” Pansy whispered, turning to the dormitories. “I’ll be wanting an apology from your consort, My Lord.” She said as she left.

“You’ll get one.” Harry promised her as he picked Draco up and carried him to the tapestry of a snake that was watching him curiously.

//Are these Salazar Slytherin’s rooms?// Harry hissed at the snake.

//Yes. I am Sirrenus. Enter, Lord Mage, and Marked Consort.// The snake replied, the tapestry sweeping aside to reveal a doorway. Harry stepped through and smiled.

The common room was an exact replica of the Slytherin common room, of course, but the bedroom was decorated in black and silver, green nowhere to be found, with an enchanted ceiling and silver animated serpents painted on the walls.

Harry ignored them as they hissed out greetings to him softly, instead laying down with Draco and immediately falling asleep.

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“Bloody—” Harry gritted his teeth at the letter from Dumbledore. “Old coot wants to *meet* with me. Pansy, Blaise, mind going with me? Drake, as soon as we’re done here, Crabbe and Goyle will escort you back to the common room.” Harry said softly. “No detours. We don’t know what, if anything, he may have up his sleeve, and this is *not* the time for reckless behaviour, got it?”

Draco nodded. "I suppose. Why can't I go with you?"

"I *cannot* have you hurt. If he tries anything, I want you where you'll be safe. Having you in danger is a distraction I cannot afford if I am forced to defend against the Light Mage. He's nearing the end of his time, but he's still formidable." Harry explained. "You must. Be. *Safe*."

Draco slipped his hand into Harry's, giving it a light squeeze. "I'll go. Don't worry about me." He said.

Harry nodded and continued eating his breakfast, knowing that he had to have his strength, just in case.

Draco finished and looked at Harry, who nodded. "Crabbe, Goyle." He smirked as they met his eyes. "Let's go back to the common room."

"Alright, you two, let's do this." Harry said darkly.

Pansy and Blaise each took a side, walking just behind Harry, guarding his back and sides.

They arrived in front of Dumbledore's office, and the gargoyle instantly moved aside, recognizing the magnitude of Harry's power.

Harry stormed into the office, his two followers with him, and faced Dumbledore squarely. "Lord Dumbledore." He said softly.

Dumbledore sighed. "It is as I feared. You've been taking followers." He said, looking at Pansy and Blaise.

Harry chuckled. "I'm afraid you don't know me all too well, do you? I'm fed up with all the fighting. I'm leading a *brotherhood*, not a *militia*." He sneered.

Dumbledore shook his head sadly. "My Boy, that is how it *always* begins."

"Whoever gave you the right to address my by *that* despicable term?" Harry asked, curling his lip in disgust. "It certainly wasn't *me*."

"My apologies, Lord Potter, but I am trying to help you see that you are falling to the darkness." Dumbledore said desperately.

Harry placed both his palms flat on the desk, leaning forward. "And just how would you know that? Are *you* a Dark Mage?" He asked silkily.

Dumbledore frowned. "No, but I can see—"

"Exactly. You *don't* know. Good day." He said, turning and leaving, Pansy and Blaise right behind him.

"If you would use that same fervour to defend your followers, we'll be able to get whatever we want." Blaise said, grinning.

Harry snorted. "Don't expect me to help you get just *anything*. It has to help *me* out in some way for me to work for it."

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Draco was staring into the fire, sighing worriedly, when Harry stepped into the common room.

“Miss me that much already?”

Draco rushed over to Harry. “Thank Merlin! Harry, I just got a letter from St. Mungo’s! Father was out with Dragonsbane Parkinson last night! Someone attacked them while they were coming out of the apothecary!” Draco’s eyes finally closed, and Harry gulped as two tears slipped down his cheeks. “Father was under Cruciatus for almost a full minute. He... They’re afraid he’s going to lose the baby.” He whispered.

Harry cursed. “Sorry, guys, we have to go now. I’ll be back later.” He grabbed Draco’s hand and thought of Prewett Manor.

When they landed in the yard, Harry ran to the edge of the wards and turned to Draco. “Can you Apparate us into the lobby?”

Draco took a deep breath, and then nodded.

Harry stumbled as they landed in the lobby of St. Mungo’s, as Draco ran to the reception desk. “We need to see Lucius Malfoy.” He said urgently.

The receptionist looked up, seeing Draco and Harry. “Are you relations?” She asked.

Draco nodded. “I’m his son, and he’s...” He paused, looking at Harry.

Harry smirked. “His Lord.” He finished.

“Oh, Lord Potter, I’m sorry! Both of you go right through. Third door on your right!” She told them.

Harry led Draco into the room, looking at Lucius, who looked angry and pale. “Luc?” Harry asked.

Lucius turned toward the door and sighed. "I told them not to contact you."

Harry smiled and shook his head. "How are you?"

"I'm fine." Lucius answered, and then winced. "Or I will be as soon as these cramps stop."

"Are they getting worse?" Harry asked.

"No, but they aren't stopping." Lucius said. "The Mediwitch assigned to my care has said if they don't stop soon, they may have to abort her."

"But they can't do that without your consent!" Draco protested.

"Unless I would die otherwise." Lucius replied.

Harry sighed. "Do they know what the problem is?" He asked.

"All they know for sure is that something is wrong with the child. My body is trying to give birth, and it is still much too early. I will *not* miscarry this child!" He hissed, suddenly looking every inch the haughty aristocrat he was, even sitting in a hospital bed.

Harry reached down for Lucius's hand. "I will *not* lose *you*. If she must be sacrificed, we can try again once you've recovered. If I lose *two* lives because of your foolishness, I would never be able to go on." He whispered. "I *love* you. I refuse to lose any more people."

Draco just sat down heavily. "Please, think of us, Father." He begged.

Lucius sighed. "Draco, I can no—"

Lottie popped into the room, looking up at Harry urgently. “Master, Mistress is in distress!”

Harry looked at her sharply. “Is there anything you can do?”

“I is seeing this once before.” Lottie said softly. “And I is able to fix Mistress. But she will not be *Mistress* if I does that.”

Harry gaped at the elf. “Free her magic? You can *do* that?”

“Yes, Master.”

Lucius grabbed Harry’s hand. “She will not be a Maga?”

“No.” Harry replied.

“But she will be *healthy*?”

“Very.” Harry answered. “And she will probably end up just as magically strong as Draco.”

Lucius dropped Harry’s hand, laying back and sighing. “Do it, Lottie, please.”

Lottie held her hands out over Lucius’s abdomen, a soft green glow emanating from them and seeping into Lucius’s body.

Suddenly, Lucius gasped and tensed, his face contorting in pain as his hands clutched at his abdomen. “Dear... Merlin.” He choked out, before losing consciousness.



Draco gasped.

“Lottie?” Harry asked sharply.

“Process is being very painful for mother. Is better this way.” She said calmly, and as the last shimmer of light was absorbed into Lucius’s body, she sighed, her body slumping slightly in weariness. “Master’s child is safe. Lottie will go to Hogwarts now, to wait for Master.”

Harry just rolled his eyes, knowing she would not be swayed. “Fine.”

Harry walked Draco to the Floo. “Go to the Manor and wait for me. I need to thank Dragonsbane for being there.” He said, and then headed into the room he could sense the other man in.

“My Lord.” Dragonsbane said, seeing Harry.

“Dragonsbane. I am sorry you were injured.” He said, glancing down at the man’s bloodied leg. “She enlisted a Werewolf?” He asked angrily.

Dragonsbane smiled without humour. “So you know who it was? And yes, the bitch had a pet wolf with her, as far gone as Greyback was. It’s not about regaining her place in society anymore. Now, it is merely about *revenge*.”

Harry pursed his lips and nodded. “You’ve more than earned my trust, and your task is completed. Take the time to recover, because I may have need of you again. Lucius will be stuck inside the Manor for most of his confinement, so if you wish to visit, you and Severus both will have access to the Manor, as well as the grounds. The wards will *tell me* when you are there, however.”

Dragonsbane smiled. “Of course, My Lord. If I may, is the *child* safe?”

“She is.” Harry confirmed, a small smile on his lips. “Mostly due to you. I will have Severus begin brewing you the Wolfsbane, just in case.”

“Thank you.”

Harry nodded. “Sleep. I will contact you in the future.”

As soon as Harry got into the manor, he headed for the study.

“Harry?” Draco asked, following him.

“Do not enter this room until I have removed the wards. I do not want you injured.” He hissed.

Draco’s eyes widened at the fury burning in Harry’s eyes. “Yes, My Lord.” He whispered, awestruck.

Harry shut the door, throwing up the strongest wards he could, and screamed in fury as items began flying off walls, whirling around him in a wind that had seemingly come from nowhere. He screamed until he wept, then he wept until he screamed again.

Once he was done setting the room back to rights, there were only two things on his mind.

He and Draco had to get back to Hogwarts, which meant summoning Lottie to take them, and

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Narcissa would pay with her *life*.

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“I hope you know that I absolutely *abhor* your mother.” Harry hissed as he and Draco landed in the Slytherin common room.

Pansy stood and immediately rushed to Harry’s side. “My Lord, is your child safe? Did he...?”

“Lucius is fine, and he has not miscarried, though had it not been for Lottie, he may have. Lottie freed her magic, and she no longer holds the power of a Maga, but she will survive, barring any more attacks on my consort.” Harry answered.

Pansy let out a pained breath. “I’m sorry. To lose a Maga... And the first *ever*, at that!” She said, then bit her lip. “Are *you* okay?”

Harry smiled, wrapping his arms around her in a hug. “Pansy, you’re amazing.” He said thankfully, releasing her. “I’ll be fine. I’m worried, though.” He said softly. “Narcissa is out for blood, and I’m not sure if I can protect Luc as well as I should be doing right now. If I want to become Minister, I need to apply myself *here*. But then Luc will be less protected. I’m not sure what I should do. I can do great things in the Ministry, but without Luc, I wouldn’t even *want* to. Merlin, if this had happened to Drake...” He took Draco’s hand and cupped the blonde’s face gently. “Don’t you *ever* put yourself in danger, do you understand me?” He whispered furiously.

Draco nodded. “I never would. I’m really just a *big* coward.” He admitted jokingly.

Harry chuckled, his dark mood lifted. “So I’ve noticed. So!” He turned and faced the room, looking over all the students watching the drama unfold. “Here we are with less than a day before term officially starts! Where’s the party?”

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“No! You are *not* kissing *my* lover!” Draco shouted, glaring at Crabbe.

“But...”

“*No!*” Draco screeched. “I won’t have it!”

“Draco, you’re acting like a spoiled brat that doesn’t want to share his toys.” Pansy sighed.

“Exactly! *My* toy!” Draco huffed, wrapping both arms around Harry’s neck.

Harry chuckled. “Well, it’s not like I *want* to kiss him—”

“*Ha!*”

“But the bottle *did* land on me.” He said, pointing to the offending item.

“*Harry!*” Draco whined.

“Drake, it’s the rules.” Harry said resignedly.

“Ew.” Draco whimpered, releasing Harry. “I’m not going to watch.” He said, closing his eyes tightly.

Harry sighed and leaned in to kiss Crabbe. It was quick, and neither one wanted to deepen it past lips, for which Harry was grateful.

“It’s over, Brat. Your turn.” Blaise said unhelpfully.

Draco glared at him and spun the bottle. It landed on Pansy. “Bloody *hell, every* time!” He snapped.

Pansy smirked. “You know, if you wanted to make out with me, you only needed to *ask*.” She teased.

Draco rolled his eyes. “I hate you.”

“Sure you do.” Pansy said consolingly. “Now pucker up, sweetie.”

# Class Projects

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Harry groaned, feeling Draco's hand slide up his thigh under the table, stopping dangerously close to his cock. "Drake, do you need another spanking?" He hissed, leaning in close to Draco's ear to avoid being overheard.

Draco blushed, and the hand was returned to Draco's lap.

"Thank you." Harry said, smirking.

Draco pouted, eating his dinner and pointedly ignoring Harry.

Pansy giggled. "What did you do to him?" She asked Harry.

"I told him to eat." Harry lied. "He's too skinny."

Draco glared at Harry. "I am *not*! *You're* one to talk! What about how skinny you were first year?! At least I have *some* meat on my bones."

Harry shrugged. "I was starved. Of course I was a bit on the thin side."

Draco huffed. "I do *not* want to be fat." He said firmly.

Harry shrugged. "Fine, but without the proper fat to muscle ratio, you won't be able to carry a child to full term." He said lightly.

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“Harry, come on, I’m *tired*.” Draco whined, pushing Harry away and rolling over.

“And I want sex, Drake. Besides, *you* serve *me*, so what *you* want doesn’t matter. If you’re that tired, just lay there and take it. I’ll do the work for you.” Harry said, parting Draco’s ass and tracing a finger over the small pucker.

Draco moaned. “No...”

Harry raised an eyebrow. He sighed and sat up, taking his hands off of Draco’s body. “Fine, Drake. You sleep. I’m going to the manor to visit your father. At least *he* won’t refuse the attentions of his *Lord*.”

“No, I want it! Please!” Draco turned his head, eyes wide and totally aware. “I’m not tired, I was just playing hard to get!”

Harry sighed. “Don’t. It won’t get me to love you any more, as that would be impossible, and all it will do is make me angry. I don’t want those little Slytherin mind games, Drake. All I want when we are in bed is *you*. Just the two of us, and all the wonderful feelings we can bring to life within each other. I want our bed to be a place where we can escape the world, not drown in it.” He said, carding his fingers through Draco’s hair gently.

Draco nodded, smiling happily. “Okay. *How* do you want me, My Lord?” He asked, smirking devilishly.

Harry returned the smirk. “Bound and gagged.” He purred.

Draco’s eyebrows hit his hairline. “Really?”

“No. Maybe some other time, though. Roll over, let me see you.”

Draco rolled onto his back, letting the cover slip away from his body as he stretched sensuously, giving Harry a smouldering come-hither look. He licked his lips, giving Harry a soft moan as the Mage's eyes zeroed in on his mouth hungrily. "How do I look?" He asked softly, a small smile gracing his mouth.

"Very, *very* sexy." Harry answered, before he leaned in and kissed Draco, teasing the blond's soft lips open, then letting his tongue slip past them in quick darting motions, letting Draco follow the tongue as it retreated back into Harry's mouth. Harry covered Draco with his own body, running his hands through silky locks, then fisting his hands in his consort's hair and claiming his mouth almost brutally.

Draco broke the kiss and threw his head back, arching his neck as Harry's hips ground down on his own. He moaned lowly, and Harry leaned down to kiss and suckle his neck, chuckling against the skin as Draco gave a very unmanly squeak. "Harry, I'm close, so either fuck me now, or do *something* to take the edge off, because I won't last much longer!"

Harry raised his head. "Already? But you used to have more stamina than..."

Draco shook his head, then rolled over. "We're breaking school rules, right under Dumbledore's nose, and there's *nothing* he can do about it! You have no *idea* how much of a turn-on that is to me. I *despise* that old coot." He answered breathlessly. "My Lord, please fuck me."

Harry smirked. "I think not. I'm going to *make love* to you, but I'm going to do it with the silencing spells *down*. Let's start a few rumours, shall we?" He whispered, tracing his tongue over Draco's bottom lip.

"Oh, *yes*!" Draco breathed, his eyes aglow with fervour at the thought that Dumbledore would soon have no doubts that his former Golden Boy was not only a Dark Mage *and* taking followers, but he was also shagging the quintessential Slytherin, and making said Slytherin scream with hedonistic pleasures.

"Hm, you *really* want him to know that we're lovers, don't you?" Harry purred, lubing his fingers and sliding one into Draco as he stroked him with his other hand. "Does it turn you on



*that* much that he can't oppose me, that I can do *whatever* I want to you without fear of reproach? Does it turn you on so much that, even with all my power, I'm *nothing* without you and your father?" Harry whispered into Draco's ear.

Draco's eyes widened at the declaration, and he wailed, spilling himself over Harry's hand, then flushing as he realized that he had just come, *far* too soon. "I'm sorry, I—"

"Don't be." Harry said softly, bringing his hand to his mouth and licking it clean slowly. "I *wanted* that to happen. You need to know just how much you two mean to me. Besides, you're young. Getting you interested again won't take very long." He added another finger as he spoke, and Draco drew in a sharp breath, arching as his prostate was barely brushed against.

Harry chuckled, adding a third finger and stretching Draco languidly, as Draco mewled and writhed against him, relaxing into Harry's touch eagerly.

Draco groaned when Harry removed his fingers and something much bigger was pressing gently against his entrance. "*Yesss...*" He hissed, eyes closed tight as he tried to push back onto his Lord's cock.

"Open your eyes." Harry said, his voice commanding.

Draco gasped, his eyes flying open in shock. Harry had never used *that* tone in bed before. *That* was the tone he used when he addressed someone as a Mage.

Harry looked deep into Draco's eyes, lacing his fingers with Draco's and placing the Malfoy heir's hands on either side of his head, using his weight to keep them pinned. "Keep looking at me until I tell you that you can come. Do you understand me?" He asked.

Draco nodded, feeling his face heat. Holding eye contact during sex didn't sound that difficult, but now that he was asked to, he realized that it was a much more intimate act than he had expected. Harry would see every emotion he felt reflected in his eyes, but then again, Draco would see the same in Harry's.

Harry slid into Draco, slowly, holding the blond's eyes as he sighed, finally allowing himself a small moan when he was fully seated. "You're so tight." He breathed, staring into Draco's eyes. "I love how you wrap around me so eagerly, letting me in and holding me there, inside you. If someone had told me just last year that I would soon grow to love you more than I've loved another being ever before, I never would have thought that they would be right. But you and your father are the most important things in my world right now. Never forget that I am *yours* just as much as you are *mine*." He said.

Draco moaned loudly, his eyes fluttering as Harry began moving. He forced them to stay open, locking them onto Harry's, keeping a silent communication going between them as they both professed their love without a single word.

Harry groaned, thrusting into Draco quickly, grabbing the blond's cock and stroking it, watching Draco fight to keep his eyes open as intense pleasure assaulted his body, making him tremble and sob, and his eyes crossed to keep from closing.

"Come now!" Harry shouted forcefully.

Draco closed his eyes, arched his back, and *screamed*, coming all over Harry's hand and his own stomach, his voice overly loud in the silence of night.

Harry came quietly, moaning softly as he filled Draco, then pulled out, casting a quick cleaning spell over them as he pulled his consort against him and covered them both, as they fell into a deep, sated sleep.

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"Wake up, Harry, we have potions first." Draco said softly, smiling when Harry groaned and buried his head under the pillow.

"Wake me when it's over. Sev won't mind." Harry said sleepily.

Draco chuckled, rubbing Harry's back. "You know if you miss his class he'll slaughter you, Lord or not."

Harry growled and rolled over. "Fine. Get my clothes, will you?" He asked, then yawned, rubbing at his eyes.

"Why *should* I?" Draco asked, pouting as he got up.

"Maybe because you wore me out last night? Besides, I'm your Lord. Do as I say, peasant!" Harry said pompously, waving a hand at Draco.

Draco rolled his eyes. "Yes, Master." He said demurely.

Harry sat up, raising an eyebrow. "I think I like that. You have to call me Master from now on." He decided.

Draco threw Harry's school uniform at his head. "No chance." He said, amused.

"Well, it was worth a try." Harry said, sighing.

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"Mr. Potter, are you paying attention?" Severus snapped, making Harry look away from Draco's hands as they took notes.

Harry grinned. "Not really. Should I?"

Severus narrowed his eyes. “As a Mage, potions can be very useful for you. There are several that only a Mage has the power to brew. So, to put it simply enough for you to understand, *yes*, you *should*.” He hissed.

Harry sighed. “Fine.” He said, taking out a quill and parchment. “Now, you were saying?”

“Detention tonight, for cheek.” Severus decided.

Draco snickered.

“You can join him, Mr. Malfoy.” Severus added.

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“So, what was that screaming I heard last night about?” Pansy asked Draco with a smile. “Sounded like really great sex.”

Draco smiled happily. “It was.” He said, taking Harry’s hand as they headed to Care of Magical Creatures.

Harry had decided that as Minister, he’d do well to know about the creatures of the Wizarding world, as he’d be looking into the laws that governed them to make sure they were fair.

Pansy pouted. “What, no details?” She asked.

Draco snorted. “You obviously heard enough. Harry’s spectacular in bed. I highly enjoy that fact. End of story.”

“What did he do that was so wonderful?” She pressed.

Harry chuckled. “Enforced eye contact and coming on demand. It’s very sexy. You should try it some time.” He answered, making Draco’s face heat as Pansy gave him a surprised look.

“Well, aren’t you the obedient one?” She asked Draco teasingly. “Coming on demand and all. I’ll have to try some of that eye contact stuff with Blaise.”

“What eye contact?” Blaise asked, looking up from the book he had brought on protocols for Magi and those who dealt with them.

Pansy rolled her eyes. “*Try* to pay attention, love. During sex. Supposed to be hot.” She added slyly.

Blaise saved his page and closed the book. “Really?” He asked smirking.

“Well, I think we’ll have extra time to ourselves tonight, at least.” Harry mused, then remembered their joint detention. “Or, maybe not.”

“Hey, maybe Sev will reschedule our detention!” Draco said, excited.

Harry snorted as they neared Hagrid, who was looking more excited than usual about today’s lesson. “And maybe Voldemort will come back to life with a dream of becoming a ballerina.” He replied sarcastically.

“Well, it couldn’t hurt to try.” Draco pouted.

“Oh, actually, it *could*. He brews *poisons* for *fun*, or have you forgotten?” Harry asked, looking at Draco incredulously. “Do you want me *dead*?!”

Draco thought for a moment, then shrugged. “Not particularly, no. Necrophilia is one of the kinks I *don't* want to explore. It's right up there with bodily functions and knives.” He shuddered. “Not that I wouldn't let you cut me, but I wouldn't be *turned on* by it.” He added.

Harry scowled. “Nothing sharp will be going near your body *at all* in our bed. I'm not a sadist, Drake.”

Draco smiled. “I know that. I just thought you should know that I trust you to take a knife to me, if you wanted.”

Harry rolled his eyes. “I will never understand you.”

“I make life interesting. You *shouldn't* understand me. I'd be terribly boring if you did.”

They stopped talking as the rest of the class finally arrived, and Hagrid beamed at them. “Welcome to the N.E.W.T. Care of Magical Creatures class! This year, you will all be assigned a creature that has just been born or hatched, which you will care for, raise, and nurture, and if you do well, you have the option to keep it and bond it as your familiar. Otherwise, we release them into the forest and they live with their own kind.” He said.

Harry and Draco looked at each other, surprised. “Professor, did last year's seventh years do this?” Harry asked.

“No. Dumbledore said that this year was the first year we could try it, since the forest is getting a little crowded.” Hagrid answered.

Draco grinned. “Sweet.” He whispered.

“We're not getting blast-ended Skrewts, are we?” Pansy asked with a shudder.

Hagrid laughed. "Nah. It's gonna be something we think you can handle, based on the abilities you've shown before."

Harry groaned. "So *I'll* have the Skrewt." He said morosely.

Draco snickered.

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Pansy sighed, looking at her Salamander. "He looks sick."

Harry frowned. "Salamanders don't live long. I wonder... Oh! Here, hand him to me."

Pansy handed him over.

"Salamanders never live long, but according to legend, Merlin was able to transfer some his magic to one, and it lived for as long as he did, so..." Harry closed his eyes and looked deep in thought. After a moment, the hands holding the Salamander began to glow, and after a few minutes, the glow faded, and Harry opened his hands, smiling, to show Pansy the newly-revitalized lizard. "There. He'll be fine, now, so long as he gets at least two hours of sitting in a fire per day." He said.

Pansy smiled. "Great! Thanks, My Lord!" She said happily.

Draco glared at Harry, who was sitting on the grass, watching his Demiguise eat the grass a few feet away. "How come you get the non-clingy creature?" He huffed, stroking the baby dragon curled in his lap.

The dragon let out a small growl, nuzzling Draco's thigh and snuggling closer.

Draco's features softened as he looked down at it lovingly. "Not that I don't like you, Sweeting." He cooed, tickling the dragon's belly. He had gotten a new-born female Antipodean Opaleye, and they were already inseparable, although Draco had a suspicion that his new bosom buddy would cut into his time with Harry.

Suddenly, a bird burst into being in the middle of their spread-out group, and Draco jumped up with a curse, as the dragon sunk her fangs into his leg in shock. "Ow!" He howled, wrapping his arms around his dragon.

Blaise ran toward the bird, a loud war cry escaping his lips, as the tiny Diricawl chirped and seemed to explode, feathers covering Blaise as he dove into the dirt, trying to catch the bird. Another chirp sounded from the branches of a tree above them and they looked up to see the Diricawl looking down at Blaise smugly.

Blaise laughed. "Okay, you win! I give! Come here."

The Diricawl landed on his back, and Blaise went limp, lying on the ground. "Now I can't get up." He said, defeated.

Neville and Seamus were several feet away, watching the group thoughtfully as they talked. Seamus' Murtlap was sitting on his thigh, looking like it was ready for a nap, and truly, the babies *did* sleep a lot, and Neville had gotten a Shrake, and was already deciding what he would feed it from his own greenhouse, where he cultivated experimental hybrids under the tutelage of Professor Sprout.

Seamus smiled after Neville's last remark. "I say talk to him. He may surprise you. Besides, you could do worse than Harry. He'll never put us into danger he doesn't think we can handle." Seamus said easily.

Neville bit his lip, nodding. "I'll talk to him soon. Give me some time first."



Here are the creatures, and much thanks to Slashy Snitch, who came up with them for me. (While I was freaking out and googling everything I could think of with minimal luck, LOL)

Harry: Demiguise - The Demiguise is a peaceful, herbivorous creature that can make itself invisible. It resembles an ape with large, black eyes and long, silky hair. This hair can be woven into Invisibility Cloaks. They're native to the Far East.

Draco: Antipodean Opaleye - Native to New Zealand and Australia, this medium-sized dragon has glittering, multi-coloured eyes with no pupils. A large, vivid red flame erupts from its back during flight. The males have iridescent, pearly scales, while the females gain a florescent pink to their stomach when pregnant. They feed upon sheep and smaller prey, as the Antipodean Opaleye is a seventh the size of normal Opaleye dragons, standing at about four feet, weighing an average of three hundred pounds. Their eggs are a pale grey colour and the size of oranges.

Blaise: Diricawl - This plump, flightless bird escapes danger by vanishing in a burst of feathers. Muggles knew this bird as the "dodo" and believed that it was extinct, being unaware of its ability to vanish at will. Because this belief (and associated guilt) has spurred more enlightened attitudes toward the animal world among many Muggles, Wizards have encouraged it.

Pansy: Salamander - A small, brilliant white, fire-dwelling lizard that feeds on flame, although it can survive up to six hours outside a fire if regularly fed pepper. A Salamander lives only as the fire from which it sprang, scampering along burning logs and among the coals, and its colour appears blue or scarlet depending on the heat of the fire in which it appeared. Salamander blood has powerful curative and restorative properties.

Neville: Shrake - A magically-created species of saltwater fish, found in the Atlantic Ocean, which is covered in spines and which deliberately seeks out and destroys Muggle fishing nets. The first Shrake were supposedly created in the 1800s by a group of wizard fisher folk who had been insulted by Muggles. The Shrake, by damaging the nets used by Muggles to fish in that area of the sea, cause no end of trouble.

Seamus: Murtlap - A seashore-dwelling rodent native to Britain. It's a ratlike creature that has back growth resembling a sea anemone, which when pickled can be used to promote resistance to curses. In OOTP, Harry left detention with cuts on the back of his hand, and Hermione recommended Murtlap Essence, which helped his pain. Harry recommended it to Lee Jordan, who later referred it to the Weasley twins when they were seeking a solution to the problem of the boils caused by their prototype of Fever Fudge.

## Turncoats

Pansy burst into Harry and Draco's room at three AM. "Wake up, My Lord, I have news! It's *important!*" She said loudly.

Harry yawned, sitting up, rubbing his eyes. "What? And how did you get in here?" He asked.

Pansy rolled her eyes, pulling up her sleeve to show the mark. "If it's something relating to your safety, this mark will allow me access to you." She said.

Draco snuggled deeper into the pillows. "Well, isn't that just peachy?" He sneered sleepily.

"So, what's this life-threatening news?" Harry asked tiredly.

"I was out doing my rounds, and Weasley and the Mudblood were leaving the headmaster's office. They were talking, so I hid and listened. Hermione was talking about how if they could just get Draco and Lucius out of the picture, you would come back to your senses and become a Light Mage, and then they could be your friends again, and get all the privileges that came with being the friend of the Saviour of the Wizarding World. They think that Lucius and Draco are controlling you." She finished.

Harry was wide awake, now. "Well, then, that settles it. Dumbledore has got to go. Too bad, too. He was an okay bloke, except that he was a bit of an asshole where it really counted."

Draco snorted, and Harry grinned down at him.

"Drake, if you're going to pretend to be asleep, do it more quietly." He said.

Draco opened his eyes, looking up at Harry. "Are we moving out to be near Father?" He asked.

“No.” Harry answered lightly. “He needs to be safe, and the Manor is the best place for that, but we will be keeping in frequent contact, since he’s threatened more now than before. When Hermione puts her mind to something, she works fast.”

Pansy pursed her lips. “Any orders, My Lord?” She asked.

“You and Blaise take turns tailing them, discreetly, whenever we don’t have classes. If they are in the library, try to figure out what they were reading, and what was being said and written about it. Hopefully we can neutralize any threats before they become real.” Harry said thoughtfully. “And call Blaise’s mother. She lives close to Potter Manor, so she can keep an eye on it by visiting every few days for tea. Luc would love the company.”

Pansy nodded. “Yes. I’ll tell Blaise of our assignment and to owl his mother in the morning.”

Harry nodded. “Thank you for bringing this matter to me so promptly.” He said.

“Anything for you, My Lord.” Pansy said proudly.

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Harry stepped into Potter Manor, looking around. Lucius was not in the receiving room, but Harry was almost sure of where he’d find his erstwhile lover.

“Luc?” Harry called, stepping into the study to find Lucius in the arms of Dragonsbane Parkinson, asleep. “Oh.” The Mage whispered, smiling. “Hard morning?”

Dragonsbane laid Lucius out on the couch, summoning a blanket and covering him. “He was having crying jags, and needed someone to talk to. He fell asleep somewhere between ‘My Lord is so evil for leaving me’ and ‘I miss sex.’” He said softly, amused.

Harry chuckled. "I miss having him near me at night, as well." He said, his eyes greedily drinking in every detail of the man on the couch.

Dragonsbane nodded. "I can tell, by the way you look at him. It is a good thing, but it will be hard to be at school while he rounds with your child. And after that child is born, you'll likely be working."

"I know." Harry said regretfully. "But things need to be done."

"Draco is doing well?" Dragonsbane asked, leading Harry out of the room to let Lucius sleep in peace.

Harry smiled. "Yes. He's doing well in classes as well as emotionally and physically. I've been doing what I can to make sure he understands that carrying my child does not make Luc my consort more than he is."

"That can be hard for one his age to accept, but he is mature, and it will not take long, I'm sure."

Harry agreed with a nod. "He's currently looking for a way to stay here more often, so that the three of us can have more time together. Being apart puts so much strain on us." He said wearily. "And now, Dumbledore is making things more difficult."

Dragonsbane looked at Harry sharply. "What is he doing?" He asked.

"He's trying to use Hermione Granger and Ron Weasley to get rid of Luc and Drake, thereby getting rid of my two strongest supports. He thinks he can bring me down once they're gone." Harry said wearily. "I don't want to fight, but I can't ignore this. He has to be defeated, and I'm afraid that death is the only way to remove the threat he poses to the balance of the world."

“He has always hated Dark Magi.” Dragonsbane mused. “I always thought that he hated what they did, but you are doing nothing destructive, and perhaps what he hates is the fact that he has an equally strong opposing force that will keep him from wielding too much power. Do you think he may be just as power-hungry as Voldemort was?”

Harry had been wondering if that was the case, and he was almost sure of it now. “I think so. The only difference is, he’s much more Slytherin about it. He keeps his motives hidden, and takes more frequent, smaller actions, instead of getting things done all at once. He has patience. That alone makes him a far more dangerous enemy than Voldemort.” Harry sighed. “Add to that the fact that most Light families are totally blind to his manipulations and are loyal to him to a fault, and things look pretty bad for us. But I can’t let him upset the balance of the world. Who knows how dangerous things would get if I did? Soon, all the Dark spells and potions would be outlawed, and even the grey areas, like the use of Veritaserum, would be illegal. Not to mention, that if Vampires and Werewolves had to hide even more than they do now, they would become even more desperate and violent in their attempts to be recognized as anything other than a danger. This world needs the Dark as much as the Light. There can be neither without both.” Harry finished vehemently.

“Well spoken, My Lord.” Lucius’s soft voice commented from the doorway to the study.

Harry looked up at him, smiling. “Luc. I’ve asked Arabella Zabini to visit you four days a week for tea. She can keep an eye on things here, and also give you a bit of extra company, as well as answering any questions you may have about pregnancy.”

“Harry, while I love talking with you, I have a serious question to ask.” Lucius said softly.

Harry nodded. “Ask away, then.”

“How long can you stay?” Lucius purred, smirking.

“Um...” Harry cleared his throat. “Dragonsbane, I think I can handle things here. You should head home.” Harry said, walking towards Lucius.

Dragonsbane chuckled, heading for the Floo. As soon as the two felt his presence leave, they came together, mouths fusing and flames igniting as they kissed feverishly.

Lucius broke the kiss, panting. "Let's get to the bedroom." He said desperately.

Harry shook his head. "Too far. In here." He pulled Lucius into the study and shoved him onto the couch.

Lucius groaned as Harry banished both their clothes, climbing atop him and straddling his consort, claiming his mouth again.

Lucius felt a slickness coat his length, and Harry positioned him and slid down on his cock. He hissed in a breath, arching his back and holding onto Harry's hips tightly. "Oh, yes, I missed this!" He groaned, feeling Harry fall against his chest, slowly gyrating his hips.

Harry chuckled. "Drake and I have been rutting like rabbits, but it's not the same. I missed *you*, and I could tell that he wanted you there also. We need to spend a weekend with you soon." He said, then began moving.

Lucius stared up at the Mage happily bouncing on his cock, head thrown back and mouth open in pleasure. He groaned, grabbing hold of the teen's hips and pounding into him furiously.

He growled, his climax claiming him as Harry wailed, his entrance clamping down on Lucius as he came on the blond's chest, then fell forward, coating them both with sticky fluid.

"We're disgusting." Harry said tiredly, his voice amused.

"Indeed." Lucius agreed, his voice filled with distaste at the stickiness between them.

Harry chuckled and cast a cleaning charm. "Better. That was good. Felt right, too."

Lucius stiffened. “Harry...” He whispered, pulling the teen upward. “Tell me you’re taking contraceptives. Severus brews you a potion, right?”

Harry frowned. “No. Drake and I always use a cha—” His eyes widened. “We didn’t use the charm.” He whispered.

Lucius groaned. “No.”

“I’m sure it’ll be fine. We’ve done it without one before, remember.” Harry pointed out.

Lucius sighed. “I hope our luck hasn’t run out. You still need to finish school, and secure your place in a career.”

Harry groaned. “I know. But anyway, enough about that. I need to be back by dinner, so we have forty-five minutes, and I need a shower.” He said, grabbing Lucius’s hand. “Come on.”

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“Well, you’re suffering from Stockholm Syndrome and Lucius is beating you while Draco heals you afterwards. Oh, you also must refer to Lucius as ‘Master’ when you are alone together, apparently.” Pansy said matter-of-factly as she sat down for dinner.

Harry raised an eyebrow, picking up a chicken wing. “Really? How am I holding up?” He asked in mild interest, taking a bite.

Blaise sighed sadly. “It’s not good. They’ve almost got you broken, but if you’re saved within a few weeks, you should be okay.” He shrugged. “You’ll heal, at least.”

Draco blinked in surprise. “What’s the plan?” He asked.



Pansy shrugged. “They haven’t said, they just keep disappearing into the Gryffindor common room.”

Harry groaned. “We need a spy. Someone they trust. They saw Seamus at the party, so he’s not an option.”

Pansy looked up in surprise as a tiny black owl descended next to Harry’s plate, holding out a letter.

Lord Potter,

I wish to join your service. Please set a time for me to be inducted, and allow me to prove my loyalty to your cause.

You may owl me at your convenience.

Sincerely,

Neville Longbottom

Harry smiled. “Nev always comes through in a pinch.” He said softly, leaning in to whisper to Blaise. “Tell your Mom to warn Lucius that next weekend we’re having a Marking Ceremony. He’ll have to check the Manor and make sure it is set up for company.”

Pansy bounced in her seat, happily. “I know of a few others who are interested in joining you. Should I spread the word?” She asked.

“Carefully.” Harry allowed. “This is our chance. We can’t afford to waste it.”

Draco smirked. “Longbottom, a *spy*? Potter, you may be asking a bit much of him.”

“He can handle it. Trust me.”

Draco licked his lips, then whispered, “Only if you call me ‘Master.’”

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Harry smiled, stepping into Potter Manor and stepping aside to allow Draco through the Floo.

Lucius smiled. “A Marking Ceremony, My Lord?” He asked, as Harry came up to him, wrapping his arms around the blond.

“Yes. Neville Longbottom owled me. He wants to help.”

Lucius nodded in understanding. “I see.”

Harry smirked. “Ready to go out for dinner?” He asked. “Drake has plans to go clubbing with Pansy and Blaise tonight.”

Lucius smirked. “I would love to, My Lord.” He said lowly, his eyes raking over Harry, then his son. “Will we get to be together once more tonight?” He asked.

“Of course, Father. We must reaffirm our familial bonds, after all.” Draco said casually, examining his fingernails.

Harry smiled. “He wants you.” He said simply, causing Draco to blush.

“No more than *you* do.” He snapped in retaliation.

“I never said it was a *bad* thing.” Harry pointed out. “Just that it’s the truth. Don’t get all defensive.”

“A Malfoy is never defensive.” Lucius sniffed disdainfully.

Harry raised an eyebrow. “Really? I hadn’t noticed.” He drawled.

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“I see. My Lord—”

“Not right now, I’m not.” Harry quickly interrupted. “Speak freely, Luc, and use my given name, please.”

Lucius smiled. “Harry. I have to say, I don’t like the thought of you going up against Dumbledore.” His smile faded. “He’s a Mage-”

“So am I.”

“And he has *decades of experience* on you. He is manipulative, as you’ve seen, and he will stop at *nothing*, apparently, to neutralize whatever threat he thinks you pose. Turning your friends against you is low, I agree, but I am afraid that, if pushed, he could sink even lower. Bringing your feelings against him into the open could be just the push that would cause it. I don’t want you involved in a Mage War.”

Harry frowned. “You think I can’t defeat him?”

Lucius sneered. “*Hardly*. I think, at this point, that you shouldn’t risk open conflict. You’re in Slytherin now. *Act* like it.” He pressed. “Don’t show your cards just yet. Not until you

absolutely must. Build your forces in secret, until you have the backing needed to win without a doubt.”

“I really *should*, I suppose. I just... I guess I’m just really angry at Ron and Hermione for believing that stupid man’s lies. Can’t they see that I’m still me? This whole thing is just ridiculous!” He said, then sighed in resignation. “But that’s how it is with Mages, until they can prove their strength, I suppose?”

Lucius simply smiled.

“I’m really starting to wonder if this isn’t fate’s way of making my life difficult once again.” Harry said with a dry laugh. “It never fails.”

# Double Dip

## Chapter Notes

New content here. Not much, but the smut is new.

“Well, I think it’s about time he started really fighting back. I mean, what was he doing all those years the war was on?” Pansy asked, throwing her hands in the air in exasperation. “Playing the good little puppet, and it didn’t help him out, not in the least, to look so cowed when he finally *did* manifest. Dumbledore thinks that he’s weak, that he can be easily bested, and that he’ll just lie down and surrender. If we don’t plan carefully, there will be war. And we don’t need another Mage War.”

Blaise nodded. “Too true. But the light families don’t pass down those tales, so they wouldn’t even remember the signs well enough to see this one coming. What we need is a good, solid plan. How can we remove Dumbledore’s power base without an all-out war between his supporters and Harry’s?”

“We need a way to prove that he’s not infallible, that’s the easiest route. But it has to be done publicly.” Pansy decided. “Veritaserum would probably work, but how would we get him to take it? And how could we make it public?”

“Hm... Could we come up with a good reason for a press conference? Or, a debate! With Harry!” Blaise decided.

Draco just shook his head, smiling fondly. “What are you two, his strategists?” He asked.

Pansy glared at him. “Until we have better minds at hand, *yes*! Now either shut up or help us brainstorm.” She demanded.

Draco sighed. “I wanted to go clubbing.” He complained.

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Harry looked around in disgust as the dance floor rapidly cleared, leaving only Lucius and himself on it, as they began to dance. “What, are they too good to dance on the same floor as the Dark Mage?” He muttered.

Lucius pulled Harry closer with a hand pressed against the young man’s lower back. “No. It’s a sign of respect to vacate the floor when a Mage wishes to dance with his consort. They don’t want to offend you by crowding you. Remember, this is an establishment that caters mainly to Dark wizards and witches. Most of the patrons here either hope to become your allies one day, or simply don’t wish to offend the Mage that will represent all they live for.”

Harry smirked. “Oh. Good, then.” He said smugly.

“I quite agree, My Lord. Shall we put on a good show for them?” He asked.

Harry raised an eyebrow. “Lead me true, Luc.” He said in affirmation.

Lucius smiled at him and tightened his grip, and Harry soon found himself laughing happily as he was whirled around the floor, Lucius leading him as the music quickened, drawing them along.

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Harry sighed, sending Lucius’ eagle owl to Neville, telling him he would be inducted in a weeks’ time, during a Hogsmeade weekend.

No one would notice him missing, since he usually spent the time in Hogsmeade in the gardens anyway, and hardly anyone ever went there, as it wasn’t a very interesting venue for the school-age populace. Pansy would slip him a Portkey to Potter Manor as the students got

into the carriages that would take them to Hogsmeade, and he'd activate it once he was alone in the gardens.

The other students being inducted into what Harry had started calling the Brotherhood of the Night would be leaving Hogsmeade via Floo, and since they were all of legal age, and were following a Mage, they were well within their rights to leave the care of their professors for the time the ritual would take.

So was Neville, of course, but Harry needed to keep his associations a secret so that he'd have a spy in Gryffindor Tower. Otherwise, how was he to know what Hermione and Ron were planning?

Lucius wrapped his arms around Harry's shoulders, whispering into his ear. "Why so quiet, Love?"

Harry sighed. "I'm just worried. Hermione and Ron are plotting to take action against you and Drake. Hermione can be scary when she really sets her mind to something. Dumbledore is pulling their strings and they are doing his bidding *willingly*."

Draco slithered his way in between his father and Harry, wrapping his arms around Harry's waist as he pressed against the Mage's back. "Don't worry, it will turn out fine. You'll see. Now, we have to leave this evening. Shouldn't we get back to bed?" He teased, smirking impishly.

Lucius chuckled. "I was trying to achieve that end *subtly*, Draco. But yes, My Lord, *do* come back to bed." Lucius entreated solemnly.

Harry turned to them, a small smile playing on his lips. "When you ask me so prettily, my loves, how can I resist?"

"You can't." Draco said, as if that decided it.

Harry just led the way back to the bed and laid down, patting the comforter on either side of him. "Come on." He said to the two of them as they stopped at the foot of the bed, just looking at each other, seeming to be having a silent conversation between them.

Just before Harry was about to draw his wand and start issuing death threats, Lucius nodded and crawled atop the bed, slithering up Harry's body.

Harry raised an eyebrow. "And Drake?"

"Wants to watch." Lucius purred, then leaned down and kissed Harry fiercely.

Harry moaned, wrapping his arms around Lucius' neck and arching into the kiss.

"Merlin, that's bloody hot." Draco murmured as he walked over to the armchair beside the bed. They had put it there just for this very purpose.

Harry glanced over as Draco got comfortable, and Lucius fisted a hand in Harry's hair and pulled. Harry hissed in pleased pain as his head was forced back and Lucius' teeth found purchase in the tender flesh of his exposed throat.

"*Try* not to ignore me, My Lord, when we're in bed. I may be forced to do something we'd both regret."

Harry chuckled. "My apologies, Luc, but I can't seem to help myself. After all, your *son* just makes me so hot with the way he *stares*." Harry purred, leering at Draco. He was now naked, seated in the chair, and stroking himself very, very slowly as he watched his father and Harry cavorting on the bed.

Draco grinned wantonly, licking his lips. "Oh, but how can I help but stare? This scene is better than any work of art I've ever seen." He purred.



"Indeed." Lucius purred, leaning down to kiss Harry again.

While he kept Harry occupied with his mouth, he slowly twined his fingers with Harry's and cautiously began moving them up, at a rate he hoped would keep the motions from being detected until it was too late.

Harry whimpered and arched up, rubbing the length of his body against Lucius' fit form desperately. "Come *on*, Luc! Touch me already! Or let me go, I'll bloody well touch *myself* if I have to!" Harry beseeched, wriggling in a vain attempt to escape.

Lucius decided it was now or not this time, so he glanced over at Draco, who already had his wand out, surreptitiously pointed at Harry.

He quickly raised Harry's hands above his head and shouted, "*Now, Draco!*"

Draco smirked and pointed his wand at the headboard. "Incarcerous." He intoned.

Harry's eyes widened. "What. Are. You. Two. *Doing?!*" He shouted his last word, straining against the ropes.

Draco chuckled, putting his wand away and joining the other two on the bed. He smirked at Harry. "We only want to talk to you. Kind of." He added, before leaning down and laving his tongue across a pebbled nipple. "Mmm, you taste *divine*." He told the silently fuming brunette.

Lucius chuckled. "Should we move on to the discussion *before* he kills off his youngest consort, or do *you* want to become the main attraction here, as your body's bloody, gory contents become the new wall colour?" He asked Draco.

Harry gritted his teeth. "Quite." He agreed with Lucius' statement.

Lucius turned to stare down at Harry. "We wanted to discuss something that we have been contemplating these past few weeks. Draco and I have been keeping correspondence, and we have begun to wonder if, perhaps, there are some limits you wouldn't mind... *Pushing*. Particularly, on the topic of penetration."

Harry let his head fall back onto the mattress as he chuckled in relief. "Oh, is that all?" He shrugged as well as he could, with his hands bound above his head. "Well, what exactly *is* it that you want to put in me, then?" He asked impatiently.

Draco locked his eyes with Harry's, and then stroked his own cock once, before reaching over to stroke Lucius', raising an inquiring eyebrow at Harry.

Harry's eyes widened dramatically as he realized what Draco was suggesting without a word. "Um, I don't think that's physically—"

"I assure you, it *is* possible." Lucius interrupted with a smirk. "With a bit of patience and plenty of lubricant, plus a few handy charms, this could all be done very *easily*." He told Harry.

Harry gulped. "Well, I *would*, you see, but..." He stammered.

"But...?" Lucius asked, fingers lightly running over Harry's collarbones, slowly driving the teen to distraction.

"But... but..." Harry thought wildly, unable to come up with anything to say to save his ass. Literally. "But I can't bloody *think* when you're doing *that*!" He snapped.

Draco chuckled as Lucius stopped and Harry growled in annoyance. "I didn't say stop." He groused.

Lucius shrugged. "So think fast. *Why* can't you take both of us at once?" He asked calmly.

Harry flushed, and mumbled something that neither blonde was able to make out.

"What was that?" Draco asked.

Harry sighed. "I don't want to tear." He said sensibly. "And there's a very real danger of that in this type of—"

"Not true." Lucius interrupted. "Harry, you seem to be forgetting something?" He asked leadingly.

"Like that my arse is made of *steel*? It's not that strong, I assure you." Harry told him irritably.

Lucius sighed. "Draco, would you care to remind him?"

Draco gave his father a reluctant look. "Do I have to?" He asked, but held out his arm anyway. "Fine, then."

Lucius muttered a quick "Diffindo."

A small cut appeared on Draco's arm, and the blonde winced slightly.

Lucius ran his wand over the wound, chanting softly in Latin, and it closed up. "See, Harry? It's like *magic*." He said.

Harry glared at him. "Lucius Abraxas Malfoy, you are playing with *fire*." He warned.

Lucius paled. “Apologies, my Lord.”

“They will not *always* be accepted, you know. Especially if you push me too far.”

Lucius sighed. “I understand. Draco, release him.”

Draco sighed and banished the ropes.

Harry began rubbing at his slightly rope-burned wrists.

Draco huffed. “Well, if *he* won’t do it, I *will*.” He said in annoyance.

Harry glanced at him. “I’m going to do it.” He said as if he had already told them. “I just don’t want to be *injured* when we’re through.”

Draco smiled brightly. “Brilliant! Then what are we waiting for?!”

Harry pushed Draco down and climbed atop him. “Luc, would you get me ready for Drake?” He asked.

Lucius moved behind him and lubed his fingers, sliding one into Harry.

Harry hummed and pushed back against it, urging it deeper. “Hurry up, let’s get this going.” He said.

Lucius chuckled and added the next two in quick succession.

Harry let the man play with him for a few minutes, kissing Draco as he waited, then pulled away from the younger blond's mouth and told Lucius, "Enough. I can take him now." He positioned Draco and slid down on him, then leaned forward again. "Careful. Go slow."

Lucius chuckled. "Oh, I will. Relax as much as you can." He said, sliding a finger in alongside his son's cock.

Draco hummed happily at the sensation, thrusting up a bit.

Lucius added a second finger and began carefully stretching Harry further. He went slow and steady, working him open.

Harry was moaning, softly, but cut off with a gasp when Lucius added a third finger. "Mm. Okay, that kind of hurts."

Lucius cast a quick charm, and Harry went lax as his entire lower body relaxed.

"That's handy." He said.

"It won't dull your nerves, but it will make this part easier." Lucius said, working Harry open quickly and positioning himself. "Push back. It will be uncomfortable, at first, but you will stretch. Try not to worry."

Harry sucked in a breath as Lucius began easing in and tried to ignore the intense burn.

It was several tense minutes later that Lucius finally sighed. "There. I'm in. We won't move until you are ready, Harry."

"I appreciate that." Harry said in a slightly strangled voice. "Do people actually *like* this?"

Lucius chuckled. “There is more to enjoy once you've relaxed into it and we begin moving.” He told his Lord.

“I'll take your word for it.” Harry said. He slowly stopped clenching and shifted his hips. “Okay, *one* of you can move. *Slowly*.”

Lucius shifted, pulling slightly out and pushing back in.

Draco bit his lip and moaned.

Harry sighed. “That's not so bad. Draco, you can move too.”

Draco and Lucius found a good rhythm, moving in turns, and Harry relaxed atop Draco and just went along for the ride. It wasn't unbearable, and there was pleasure in it, even if he did have the fleeting thought that his arse would never be the same.

Lucius cursed and sped up.

Draco followed his example, and Harry could feel his release coming closer by degrees. If nothing else, the close proximity to Draco's shifting abdominal muscles was stimulating his cock rather nicely.

The movement of both blonds was, surprisingly, pleasant now, and Harry could see why people did this—on occasion.

“Next time,” He gasped as Lucius gave a particularly hard thrust, “Draco is on the receiving end.” He told them.

Draco nodded. “I can do that.” He agreed, then cried out as he came.

Harry felt his balls draw up and bit down on Draco's shoulder lightly as he came hard.

Lucius was the last one to come, but Harry's orgasm brought his on, and he collapsed atop the two, pulling out and rolling to the side rather than crush his son.

Harry sighed. "I could sleep for a week." He said.

Lucius chuckled. "You have three hours, then you need to return to school."

Harry grumbled. "Bloody school."

# Learning to Bow

## Chapter Notes

Sorry for the long wait! I will try to not let that happen again, but I'm not going to promise anything just in case. Just know that I feel horrible, and will do my best in the future!

Harry and Draco were waylaid as soon as they got back to school by Pansy and Blaise.

“My Lord, we think we’ve found a way to discredit Dumbledore and lose him some support!” Pansy said excitedly.

“Oh.” Harry said, then turned to head into his room. “Then won't you two join us?”

Pansy and Blaise shared a look, then followed Harry and Draco into the Dark Mage's bedroom.

Draco took his nightclothes into the en suite bathroom and began changing as Harry sat in the comfortable armchair in his room, conjuring two more chairs for his guests. “So, tell me about this plan of yours.” He invited.

Pansy nodded. “We thought you could hold a press conference with him, answer some predetermined questions, possibly about the nature of magic, and then some questions from the public. If you would consent to take Veritaserum, it would be even better!” She enthused.

Harry hesitated. “If I were to take Veritaserum, we would need to know *in advance* what all the questions would be. I will not be tricked into spilling intimate details of my consorts' love lives with me, or anything that could be dangerous to let slip.” He pointed out.



Pansy deflated a bit. “Oh, yes, I didn’t think of that.” She murmured. “We could put an ad in the Daily Prophet asking for questions to be sent in, and pick which ones are acceptable. We would run any by you before confirming that they will be asked, of course. And we would have both you and Dumbledore answer all of them.”

“How do we get Dumbledore to agree?” Harry asked.

Blaire smirked as Draco came out. “That part is easy. You challenge him to a Mage's debate. To decline an offer like that is just not *done*. The public would be wondering what he has to hide if he declines.”

Harry smiled as Draco sat in his lap, not seeing another chair. He wrapped his arms around the blond and nuzzled into his neck.

“I think it's a *brilliant* idea!” He said.

Harry chuckled. “*Do* you?” He asked.

“Mm-hm.” Draco hummed. “Dumbledore might decline to take Veritaserum, and if he does, that will discredit his words more surely than anything else. Imagine what the public would think!”

Harry chuckled. “And why have you two come up with this idea?” Harry asked.

Pansy shrieked as the demiguise suddenly turned visible right beside her chair. “Merlin, that thing needs a *bell*!” She said, laying a hand over her heart.

Harry laughed. “Hello, love.” He conjured and held out a branch to her.

The demiguise eagerly accepted it and began eating the leaves.

“Go on, Honey, go eat near Pearl.” Harry shooed her over to the corner of the room, where the small dragon was curled up, sleeping.

Blair smiled. “So, Honey? Name or endearment?” He asked.

Harry flushed. “Well, she won't answer to anything else now, so... It's become her name.” He shrugged. “Back to my question?”

“We don't need another Mage War, they are too dangerous, and too many lives are lost on both sides when that happens.” Pansy said. “Any other way to bring him down is preferable.”

“Not you two, as well!” Harry burst out, dismayed. “Doesn't *anyone* believe I can take him?!”

Draco took his face in his hands and kissed him quiet. “We know you *can*.” He said evenly. “But we don't want you to *prove it*. It's dangerous, and we love you too much.”

Pansy was nodding. “We don't want you walking into danger anymore.” She said. “You're a Slytherin now, and we have other ways. *Better* ways.” She added.

Harry scowled. “I want to knock his teeth in.” He muttered.

Draco smiled. “Well, that's going a last resort only. Do this for us, yeah?”

Harry sighed. “I suppose.” He agreed.

“Thanks, love. I'm going to turn in.” He said, getting up and throwing a seductive look back over his shoulder at Harry as he crawled into bed.

Harry sighed. "I'll join you when I can." He got up. "Come on, you two. There is a small office this way where we can hash out details without bothering Drake." He said, showing them a door.

Draco pouted as they left the room.

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"What are your limits, My Lord?" Pansy asked, conjuring a quill and parchment.

Harry hummed as he considered what he absolutely would *not* talk about. "No questions about Drake and Luc's involvement with each other; only my followers can be trusted with that. No questions about children, either current or future. Questions about my past are to be run by me first; I will decide if they are too personal. Anything about my current or future plans is fine by me. I don't need to have secrets from the public unless it is to protect my own. I will not answer any queries as to the identity of any of my followers, it is of course your choice whether or not to make your allegiance known. Other than that, I would prefer more questions about what laws I support changes to, how I see the different branches of magic after my Manifestation, and things such as that. Things to make the public more at ease with me being their Dark Mage and still not being a threat to the world." He said.

Pansy nodded, writing furiously. "We'll get on it. The party is tomorrow, right?" She asked.

Harry frowned. "Yes, but—"

"Then get some sleep, My Lord. We will see you there, since you will probably leave before breakfast." She said, getting up and leaving with Blaise.

Harry smiled and went to join Draco in bed.

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“Drake.” Harry pressed kisses over the back of Draco's neck.

Draco just grumbled sleepily and burrowed deeper into his pillow.

“Drake, we have to get up and head to the Manor.” He tried to cajole him.

Draco mumbled something that sounded suspiciously like “fuck off,” and the nice wake-up call was abandoned. Harry tore the blankets away, pinned him face-down on the bed, and delivered five *hard* swats to his silk-covered arse.

“Would you care to *repeat* that?” Harry asked irritably as Draco rolled over.

“I’m up.” He said grumpily.

“I can see that. Good morning.” Harry said cheerfully.

“My bum hurts, so not really.” Draco complained.

Harry just smiled at him. “In the future, learn to watch your mouth.” Was the only reply.

Draco huffed.

Harry stripped and held out an arm. “Leave the pyjamas here, then take my arm. We’ll surprise Luc pleasantly.” He offered.

Draco shed what he was wearing, and Harry brought them into the bedroom of the Manor, proving that he had learned to properly work the Head of Household ring, and could literally pinpoint his arrival point now.

Lucius looked up. “You're early.” He mumbled, sitting up and yawning.

“Time for a shower and breakfast before people start to arrive.” Harry said happily.

Draco frowned. “He’s still in bed, you should spank *him*, too.” He muttered.

Lucius was sliding his way to the end of the bed.

Harry eyed Draco. “If you didn’t *curse at me* first thing in the morning, your arse wouldn’t hurt, don't take it out on your father!” He said sternly.

Lucius sighed. “Is he being disobedient again?” He asked.

“No!” Draco said belligerently, while Harry said, “Yes.”

Harry gave him a sharp look, and added, “Well, rude, but it’s similar.”

Lucius sighed. “Draco—”

“Why hasn't he spanked *you*?!” Draco shot at Lucius.

Lucius’ face darkened. “Because *I* learned under the wand of a *madman* to *bow my stubborn neck!*” He snapped.

Draco winced.

“*You* never had to learn that the hard way, and while I am grateful for that, it's left you too wilful to do things *easily*. He's not trying to *break* you like I was broken by the Dark Lord, but teach you to *bend*. I don't think he's quite ready to give up on you yet,” He looked at Harry, who shook his head adamantly, “But you need to learn to submit properly. I have a feeling he's going to teach you or die trying.”

Harry smiled. “I will manage it. He's usually well-behaved in public now.”

Lucius smiled. “That is heartening.” He got up and stretched.

Harry raked his eyes over Lucius' body. “You will be sitting on my lap after the initiation.” He said softly.

Lucius flushed. “Yes, My Lord.” He agreed.

Draco noted Lucius' discomfort with the idea, and also his easy submission to Harry's will, and decided he would learn to do that; to put aside his own feelings on a matter and follow Harry's lead.

They all shared a shower, in which much groping and very little washing actually took place, and then dressed in their ceremonial garb before it was time for breakfast.

Harry had decided that this time, Draco would be given... Well, honestly, Draco still wasn't sure if it was a treat or a punishment. He was to kneel on a cushion beside Harry's chair and be hand-fed breakfast, which was fruit and toast with his favourite flavour of jam—raspberry.

Lucius, once Draco had finished and Harry was the only one still eating, watched Harry running one hand absently through Draco's hair as he finished his meal.

“I don’t understand why you are doing that when he was disrespectful earlier today. Are you trying to *encourage* such behaviour?” He asked, a hint of worry coming through. He was wondering if Harry *enjoyed* punishing Draco, and wanted it to happen more often.

Harry chuckled. “Honestly, I’m hoping this will send him into sub-space, at least a bit, so he doesn’t earn punishment at the initiation.” He corrected. “I don’t *like* having to constantly correct his behaviour.”

Lucius nodded. “I see. Is it working?”

Harry removed his hand from Draco's hair and Draco sat there, eyes still closed, head pillowed on Harry's thigh. “Draco? Eyes up here.” He said.

Draco slowly opened his eyes and looked up at Harry, and Harry smiled at the sleepy, far-away look in his eyes. “Good boy. As you were.”

Draco rested his head again, and the fingers running through his hair resumed.

“It's working well enough, for now.” Harry confirmed. “Hopefully it will hold, and he will remember how good I can be when he earns it.” He said. “For now, we should be in the receiving room. People will be arriving soon.”

He gently roused Draco and they all went into the room, waiting for the guests to arrive. It was not a full meeting, as he was inducting a spy.

This would be the first meeting of his personal inner circle.

All the names Pansy had given him were people he felt he could trust.

After all, he had fought alongside many of them already.





## Unexpected Arrivals

Draco was standing just a pace behind Harry, and Harry placed a hand on his hip and urged him in front of himself so he could nuzzle at the back of his neck.

Draco melted into him, humming happily as Pansy and Blaise came through.

“You two are on guard detail. Direct everyone to the meeting room, in groups of at least two. One person that has been here before for every one or more that hasn't. We don't want anyone getting *lost*, after all.” Harry told Blaise.

Blaise nodded. “Yes, My Lord. What do we do if someone unplanned comes in?”

“Can you cast a Patronus?” Harry asked.

“Yes.” Blaise said.

“Can you use them to send messages?” He asked.

Blaise frowned. “Er, no.”

Pansy snorted. “That’s not something most people ever learn or use, My Lord.” She pointed out.

Neville appeared in the room then, clutching his Portkey.

“Nev!” Harry said happily, passing Draco over to Lucius carefully.

Lucius wrapped an arm around Draco's waist as Harry went over and hugged his friend.

“Alright, if someone not invited shows up, hold them here, send Pansy to me or come yourself, and I will decide what to do from there.” Harry said.

Neville eyed Blaise and Pansy. “Hi.” He said.

“Longbottom.” Blaise said lightly. “I assume you can be trusted?”

Harry glared at Blaise. “I trust him with my *life*!” He said firmly. “Come, you three.” He said to Neville, Draco and Lucius. “We don’t need to sit here and take this treatment!”

Pansy's bright laugh followed them into the hall.

Harry reclaimed Draco from Lucius and found that he was coming back to himself. “Doing alright, Drake?” He checked softly.

“Mm-hm.” Draco confirmed.

Lucius nodded to Neville. “Welcome to the group. Harry holds you in high esteem.” He said.

Neville smiled. “We've been friends for a long time; he knows me well.” He said.

“We've been comrades, too.” Harry reminded him. “There’s only a few others I'd trust at my back, and two of them are going to be inducted today, as well.” Harry said proudly.

Neville gave him a look. “Oh? Who?” He asked.

Harry smiled. "Ginny."

Neville nodded. "I can see that."

"And Luna."

Neville looked shocked. "Luna. The same one I know? Because that doesn't sound like her."

Harry shrugged. "And I intend to ask her why when she is here, but for now, no sense in wondering. We'll just drive ourselves mad."

Neville chuckled. "True. But maybe that's her plan." He stage-whispered.

"The world may never know." Harry said.

Harry sat and invited Neville to pick a spot on the floor if he wanted to sit while they waited. "You can conjure a chair, a cushion, a bean bag chair, I really don't care, but when everyone is here, you stand. Sorry, I didn't make the rules, it's a standard Mage thing."

Neville chuckled. "I came expecting to be standing for a long time, until I'm asked to kneel. I'll be fine." He said.

Harry shrugged. "Suit yourself." He beckoned Lucius over. "Did you invite everyone on the list?" He asked.

Lucius inclined his head. "I did, My Lord."

Harry nodded. "Good."

Severus came into the room, escorting Luna and Ginny. “My Lord, am I no more than a glorified *baby-sitter* to you?” He asked.

Harry snorted. “Well, you *are* an inner-circle member of the Brotherhood, and it comes with certain responsibilities as well as perks.” He said.

“I don’t appreciate having to escort *children* around your Manor!”

“We’re hardly children, Professor.” Luna said, approaching Harry without fear or being bidden to do so. She knelt before him. “My Lord, you know I am not here because of leaning or beliefs, so I will explain myself, while there are less here to hear me.” She told him. “I have no wish to cause dissent in your ranks, but I am here only because I cannot follow your current balance. I am light, through and through, but until Dumbledore is no longer my representation, I am your woman. I will help you until the new light Mage is ready, and I only ask that when I ask, you let me leave. You have the power and ability to release me when the time comes.”

Harry smiled. “Rise, Luna. You will be allowed to leave when I right things, and I will keep this a secret until that time comes. *As will everyone else in the room!*” He added sharply.

Severus, Neville, Ginny, Lucius and Draco bowed their heads and responded, “Yes, My Lord.”

Harry nodded in satisfaction. “Good. We are all friends here.” He reminded them.

Severus snorted.

Harry gave him a sharp look. “Do I need to make an example out of you? Disrespect and dissent *will* be punished.” He warned.

Severus tensed. “You cannot possibly be more creative than my previous Lord.” He said flatly.

“I think the punishment I would use would be worse than any of his.” Harry said lightly.

When Severus gave him a questioning look, he smiled widely.

“Bright. Pink. Robes.” Harry said.

Severus blanched.

“Are we friends?” Harry asked.

“Yes, My Lord.” Severus agreed.

“Good.”

Blaise came into the room and whispered something to Harry.

Harry nodded and got up. “I will be right back. Lucius, keep an eye on things.” He followed Blaise out of the room. “I thought you said the others were *trustworthy*.” He said softly.

“Hopkins heard them talking and asked to come along. Zacharias followed, but he seems a little more high-and-mighty than the Brotherhood needs.” Blaise explained.

Harry sighed. “I’ll check loyalty myself. You did the right thing.” He assured the other teen.

Blaise smiled. "Thank you, My Lord."

They walked into the receiving room and met the people waiting there.

Susan Bones, Hannah Abbot, Wayne Hopkins and Zacharias Smith were there, as well as Fred and George.

"Susan, Hannah, good to see you. You were expected; Fred and George will take you to the meeting room." He turned to face Wayne and Zacharias squarely. "You two were not expected, and as such, I need to see why you are here before I decide if you are planning to join for the right reasons." Harry said.

Wayne nodded. "Alright."

Zacharias sighed. "Fine."

Harry met Wayne's eyes and, without a single utterance, fell into his mind.

It was cluttered and disorganized, but there was a need to be a part of something bigger than himself, and a strong thread of mistrust toward Dumbledore that had prevented him from joining the man.

Harry pulled out and found that Pansy was now holding a struggling Zacharias. Harry focused on Wayne for the moment. "*Are* you dark, Mr. Hopkins? I did not sense a particular leaning in your core."

Wayne flushed. "My family is largely neutral, so I could, and am now *allowed* to, go either way. My core will change when I have a preference for what type of spells I use, but it will take some time."

Harry nodded. "I know that. Will this decision put you at odds with your family?"

Wayne smiled. “None of them follow Dumbledore, if that is what you are asking.”

“Good, I don’t want to drive any wedges between family members.” Harry said. “You will accompany me when I go back to the meeting room.” He turned to face the struggling, glaring Zacharias. “Trying to run?” He asked lightly.

Zacharias glared. “I don’t want you mucking about in my head!” He spat.

Harry smiled thinly. “Anyone who follows me must always be prepared to submit to me ‘mucking about’ in their head, Mr. Smith. I thought you were aware of how Magi work? This is *quite* standard procedure.”

“I changed my mind!” Zacharias shouted.

Harry hummed. “Alright. Hold still, or you will be hurt by this.” He laid a hand on Zacharias' shoulder and pushed a bit of magic into him, then pulled his hand back and Zacharias disappeared.

“What did you do?” Wayne asked curiously.

“It’s called an assisted Apparition, and it’s an ability Magi have. He will be deposited in front of the shrieking shack.” Harry grinned. “Unharmd, if he doesn’t fight it.”

Wayne paled. “And if he *does*?” He asked.

Harry shrugged. “He will end up with both ankles twisted, possibly both wrists, too, if he fights hard enough. That is the only punishment for defiance if you are not a follower. I believe it to be lenient.”

Wayne nodded. “It’s more merciful than he deserves for taking this so lightly. That’s a huge breach of etiquette.”

Harry chuckled. “That it is. Come, there are plenty more still to arrive.” He led the other seventh-year to the meeting room.



## A Spy is Made

Harry looked around at the new faces and his inner circle so far.

After this meeting, three new members would join his little group of trusted confidants and advisors.

Fred, George, Severus, Pansy, Blaise, Dragonsbane and Adalrico, those that had talked with him at the last revel and had been open and completely candid, he felt he could trust.

Dragonsbane had risked his life for Lucius already, and had earned a debt of gratitude from Harry in return.

Adalrico had not had a chance to prove himself yet, but had spoken with Harry at length and was interested in his views of magic and his take on the laws in place right now in the land he called home. He was more than willing to help Harry change things if he wanted to.

And Harry did plan to, in time.

But first, his little group needed to grow, and the easiest and fastest way was to accept others into the fold. This time, he was adding some new faces, but also, a few he knew he could trust implicitly already. They would become inner circle members the same way the twins and Severus had: through familiarity and well-established trust.

The inner circle members were standing in a loose circle around the new initiates, silent and watchful.

Hopefully they would trust him and keep the circumstances of their own joining to themselves, because he knew he had different plans this time that could make or break their trust in him.

“You will join in the order I call you up in,” Harry said firmly, “And the first one will have secret vows, so it will be done behind a silencing charm. Know that I am letting my consorts hear her words, and nothing I have her do will be detrimental to our group. She can be trusted, but there are circumstances in play that make her vows a private matter. Dissent will, as always, be punished.” He finished, glaring around sternly.

The inner circle bowed their heads respectfully, and the new recruits looked around, trying to figure out who would be going first.

Harry smiled and decided to break the tension by getting started. “Luna Lovegood, please come forward.” He said.

Luna skipped up to Harry, who smiled at her. “Kneel before me.” He said warmly.

Luna knelt, and Harry encased her, himself, and his consorts in a silencing spell and began. “You wish to pledge your loyalty to me until I release you?” He asked, opting to do the rest of his inductions in English. Latin words held more power, but he had no idea how many of his new followers would know Latin and be able to respond in kind. It was better to err on the side of caution and make sure the new ones knew without doubt what they were swearing to, and even in English the vows were binding.

“Yes, My Lord.” Luna said happily.

“You will defer to me in those matters that concern me until I release you?”

“Yes, My Lord.” Luna said.

Harry knew this next one could be tricky and paused to consider his words carefully. “You will come to me when you are summoned, so long as you are in a position to safely do so?”

Draco blinked. *That* was quite a deviation from the norm. ‘Loony is definitely getting preferential treatment.’ He noted.

“Yes, My Lord.” She confirmed.

“I will not ask for your life, ever. I know it is not mine to take. But do you accept my authority over your actions while you follow me?” Harry asked, noting both his consorts' surprise.

Luna nodded. “Yes, My Lord.”

“You will watch over your fellows and my consorts, never letting them stand alone in harm's way until I release you?” This was, again, the most important point, and he needed to know she would truly function as a support while within his group. There could be no weak links, whether the member were dark or not.

“Yes, My Lord.” Luna's voice was strong and sure, and Harry was confident she would do her best to be a support, not a hindrance.

“You will keep secret all the things you take part in and witness while you are in my presence, even from your new Lord once I release you?” He gave her a stern look, and Luna giggled at it.

“Of course, My Lord.” She answered.

Draco's face darkened at her flippant tone, but Harry brushed a hand along his arm, and he calmed.

Harry took up his wand, knowing that this way would leave him more easily able to enjoy the rest of his day. “I accept your vow. Bear my mark proudly, my friend.” He would not call Luna a servant. She was only his temporarily, and he respected that fact.

Luna cocked her head curiously as he pressed his wand to her skin and her arm tingled fiercely as the Mark bloomed on her skin. “This will be removed when the time is right.”

Harry assured her. He cancelled the silencing spell and whispered in her ear, "Take up a place along the outer edge of the circle."

Luna skipped away and stood between Fred and Severus, equidistant from both.

Harry looked over the others remaining. "Neville Longbottom, please come forward." He called out.

Neville came forward with only a little apprehension, and Harry smiled.

"Your core is grey, leaning light. Are you sure you want to take a path that will be difficult for you at first?" He checked.

Neville chuckled. "Harry, My Lord, my wand has always been yours, and nothing will change that. I will go through any trials you ask of me in order to lend my aid to your cause. I am loyal to *you*." He said.

Harry chuckled. "All right, then kneel before me." He said.

Neville sunk to his knees and bowed his head.

"You wish to pledge your loyalty to me?" Harry began.

"Yes, My Lord." Neville confirmed surely.

"You will defer to me in those matters that concern me?"

Neville's answer came quickly. "Yes, My Lord."

Harry knew this next one would be done in an unconventional way with Neville, but it would still be done. “You will come to me when you are summoned, no matter what you were doing?”

“Yes, My Lord.”

“You will never oppose my authority over your very life, if I choose to take it?”

Neville swallowed nervously, and his shoulders tensed just a bit, but still, the answer came, though a little less surely this time. “Yes, My Lord.”

“You will watch over your fellows and my consorts, never letting them stand alone in harm's way?” Harry knew this could be a sticking point, and indeed, Neville paused before answering.

He seemed to make up his mind, then, “Yes, My Lord.”

“You will keep secret all the things you take part in and witness while you are in my presence?”

“Yes, My Lord.”

Harry had no doubts that Neville would keep his secrets. He was trustworthy.

“I accept your vow. *However,*” Everyone in the room stared in shock. “I am not going to Mark you yet.”

Neville frowned. “But My Lord! Why?”

“I need your skills for a task, and the task is such that my Mark would make you unable to carry it out. You are to watch Hermione and Ron while they are in Gryffindor Tower. Try to figure out what they are planning to do to me. Or to mine. Do not arouse suspicion, but protect my Gryffindors as best you can if they stand in harm’s way. You will report to Ginny when you have news, and she will then report to me or Draco.”

Neville nodded solemnly. “Alright. I will be your eyes and ears in Gryffindor Tower.” He agreed.

Harry smiled, then leaned in and whispered, “Take up a place along the outer edge of the circle.”

Neville went and stood between Pansy and Blaise.

He Marked Ginny next, using the same exact vows and told her to stand around the edge of the circle.

Susan Bones, Hannah Abbott and Wayne Hopkins were Marked and told to take their previous places inside the circle.

Harry stood. “Those standing around the edge of the circle are my Inner Circle, my confidants and those whose advice I will take into account. If you have something to report to me and cannot approach or find me, report to one of them, and they will find me and pass along any messages. If they tell you to do something, assume the order comes from me. If it does not, they will receive punishment. I trust them to be responsible with their position unless they prove to me that they cannot. Everyone of age is *required* to attend revels whenever possible, and will need to explain why they could not or will not be able to if they miss one. I can cause pain and pleasure with these Marks, so if I am displeased with you, you will know as soon as I do, trust me. The next revel will happen on December 20<sup>th</sup>, and I expect everyone to attend, except Ginny, who will come if she is able to.” He added. “Is everything understood?” He checked.

After getting affirmative answers all around, he dismissed everyone and approached Neville. “I will send you back to the garden you departed from, so no one should notice you were

gone.” He said.

Neville nodded. “Alright. See you around.”

Harry smiled. “I will see you. Thank you for coming through for me. You're the best option for a spy, they'll trust you.” He said.

Neville smiled back. “And that will be their mistake.” He agreed.

Harry sent him back and sat with Lucius and Draco as the room cleared. “I suppose It’s time for us to get back to Hogsmeade, too.” He said regretfully.

“I will miss you, love.” Lucius said sadly.

Harry pulled the man onto his lap and kissed him. “I’ll miss you, too, but I can’t just drop out of school and live with you. Drake would *never* forgive me!” He joked.

“And don’t you forget it!” Draco agreed.

“See what I mean?”

Lucius laughed. “Alright, you two. Go back, do some shopping before you have to get back to the school. I'll be fine. Arabella Zabini is coming by tomorrow, anyway. I am not completely alone.” He said.

Harry watched Draco lean in and get a kiss before he leaned in for his own. “I'll see you soon, Luc. Be well.” He murmured against his consort's lips.

“Mm, I will.” Lucius assured him.





## The Nature of Magi

Neville wandered over to where Ron and Hermione were heatedly discussing something in whispers. “What are you two talking about? And what’s up with Harry? Has he gone mad?” He asked curiously. “He's hanging around with Slytherins now.”

Hermione eyed him speculatively. “Haven’t you read the Prophet?” She asked.

Neville took that as his cue and sat down in the chair beside the couch. “Gran hasn’t gotten that in a long time. Why, what has it been saying?”

Ron scowled. “Harry's gone Dark. We're trying to help him back to the Light.”

“Are you sure it's telling the truth?” Neville asked, looking sceptical.

“Seen it for ourselves. That’s why we need to help him find his way back. He won't come back on his own, but we can help him with that.” Ron said surely.

Neville made himself look interested. “Anything I can help with?”

Hermione hummed. “Maybe. We honestly need all the help we can get from his old friends.”

“I like to *think* I was a friend to him.” Neville said softly.

Ron nodded. “Yeah, he liked you, Nev!” He said a little too encouragingly. “Sure!”

*Thanks for the vote of confidence there, Weasley.* Neville thought bitterly. *You didn't know him as well as you think.* “Thanks.” He said out loud with a small smile.

Hermione sighed. "Alright, basically, Draco and Lucius Malfoy have him brainwashed and under their control, thinking he's some *Dark* Mage when he's really Light. We need to get them out of the picture if we're to have any hope of getting through to him." She told Neville. "Do you think you can help with that?"

Neville frowned. "How do you want me to help?" He asked, trying to play dumb to see if that would get him any extra information.

"Well, the best way would be to *kill* either of them, but that might be a bit extreme for you." Neville's brain ground to a halt. *Hermione Granger* was advocating murder! What had changed so drastically that she'd condone such an extreme?! "*Incapacitating* one or both of them might work, but we'd have to act fast while they were still down and out." She finished. "Do you think you could take on Malfoy junior while we tackle how to get to Malfoy senior? I mean, he's in school with us, so he's the easier target right now."

Neville nodded. "I can try." He said seriously. "They are willing to go pretty far in this. Harry needs to know how serious this is, and fast!"

Ron slapped him on the back. "I'll give you some backup!" He said. "Between the two of us, it'll be easy!"

Neville gave him a small smile while his stomach churned.

He was pretty sure this would count as "letting Harry's consort stand alone in harm's way." He'd need to talk with Harry, and sooner would be better.

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"Ginny!" Neville said softly, beckoning her into an alcove where they would not be seen.

Ginny smiled and joined him in the small space. "What's up?" She asked.

Neville chewed his lip nervously. "Hermione wants Draco and Lucius dead." He said without preamble.

Ginny's eyes widened. "Wow. That's serious."

"I got roped into helping Ron attack Draco, and I'm going to need to, to keep my cover. Harry needs to know so he can do what he has to in order to protect him, and so he won't go after me for going after *him*." Neville whispered in clear worry.

"I'll talk to him." Ginny whispered back, then pulled Neville into a kiss as the curtain over the alcove was pulled aside. She broke the kiss abruptly and looked shocked to see Ron standing there. "Do you *mind*?!" She snapped, then turned to smile brightly at Neville. "I'd *love* to go to Hogsmeade with you next weekend, Neville. See you then!" She added one more quick kiss to his lips and walked away with a bright smile as Neville flushed, a bit stunned.

Ron looked angry. "Be good to her." He warned lowly. "Come on, Hermione wanted to run something by us both." He said a good deal kinder.

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Ginny snuck down to the entrance to the Slytherin common room and waited until it opened.

Pansy frowned upon seeing the other girl. "Yes?"

"I need to see Our Lord; this report is very important." She said.

Pansy nodded. "I'll get him." She said, then closed the entrance and returned a minute later, Harry in tow.

“Hey, Gin. What's up?” He asked.

Ginny sighed. “Well, Neville got roped into helping Ron and Hermione take out Draco.”

Harry cursed. “When?”

“Like anybody knows that yet!” Ginny huffed. “Not sure, but he's going to need your permission to let him stand alone and to cast at him, besides.” She said.

Harry nodded. “Alright, he has that. I will do what I can in the meantime to protect Draco.”

Ginny flashed him a wide smile. “Also, now Ron thinks we're dating. I had to kiss Neville when I heard Ron's footsteps coming our way to cover for his report to me. We're going to Hogsmeade together this weekend.”

Harry snorted. “Congratulations?” He asked.

Ginny laughed. “It might be fun. Neville's alright, I can hang out with him for a while.” She said lightly.

“Have fun.” Harry said. “Thanks for the prompt report.”

“No problem, this was important.” Ginny said. “Bye!”

“Be safe, Gin.” Harry instructed.

“Of course, My Lord. I always am.” She said before leaving.

Harry went back in and walked over to where Draco was talking to Blaise and petting Pearl. "Into the bedroom. We have to take some preventative measures." He said.

Draco sighed and went into the room with Harry. "What's going on?" He asked.

"Ron and Neville are going to come after you sometime soon. They're trying to get you away from me, I think. I'm going to look like more of an easy target alone, at least to them. They don't know about my new followers." Harry told him. "I'm going to enclose you in a barrier of my own magic. It should mitigate any harmful spells and alert me as to what was cast at you, if it hits the shield."

Draco smiled. "Sounds good to me." He said.

Harry placed his hands on Draco's shoulders and began layering magic over his whole body.

Draco felt the comforting warmth run over his body and smiled happily. "That feels really good." He murmured.

Harry hummed, a soft smile on his face. "What does it feel like?" He purred, voice infused with the power he was currently using, which he so rarely displayed.

Draco moaned as his magic tinged with a hint of possessive lust and began to tingle all over, most concentrated around his heart, but also seeming to caress him in the places he so enjoyed to be touched by his lover. "It feels like you're touching me all over, mostly in my heart and cock, but also everywhere else, and all at once. Gods, I love it!" His voice was breathy as he relaxed into the feeling, totally at peace for once, feeling every muscle ease slowly but surely. He felt warm, safe, and loved. And he could feel Harry all around him, guarding and watching, but above all, he felt Harry *loving him*. The feeling was unrivalled in its splendour, because it was everything he'd ever wanted from the other teen, and the one thing he'd thought he'd never get, and yet here it was, uncoerced and unforced. And all the sweeter for being freely offered.

Harry laughed, a husky sound as he finished coating Draco in his own magic. “We'll be busy tonight, Drake, but you need to go spend time with your friends right now. I told you earlier, today is for them. Relax and catch up, and you can have me later tonight.”

Draco leaned forward and kissed Harry, then gave him a wide smile. “I look forward to it.” He returned, then headed back out to his best friend and pet dragon.

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“You can’t stick to my arse like a barnacle all the time, My Lord.” Draco muttered teasingly. “Go to the library like I know you want to; I can make it to the common room by myself.”

Harry frowned. “Are you sure? What if they come after you and the fight turns physical?” He asked.

Draco scoffed. “*You* were the only one to ever make things physical. Well, you and Granger.” He amended. “It's because you're Muggle-raised. Wizarding children and teens use words and wands. It’s rare to resort to fisticuffs.”

“Alright, if you're sure you'll be okay.” Harry said.

“I will be. Go on, I'll be in the common room when you get back.” Draco said, then kissed him and sent him on his way.

Harry smiled bemusedly as he headed for the library, trusting his magic to keep Draco safe from any magical assaults. He went in and found a few books he thought would help him understand how common witches and wizards saw magic, to give himself a starting point to explain the differences to his inner circle of how Magi saw magic. A few of them had expressed an interest, and Harry had no clue where to begin.

He was snorting his way through “A Treatise on the Nature of Magic” when Hermione took a seat across from him. He looked up. “Hello.” He said.

“Hello, Harry.” She said, fingering something in her pocket before she withdrew her hand and clasped them on top of the table between them. “Why did you choose to become a *Dark* Mage, Harry?” She asked, sounding earnestly curious.

Harry frowned. “I didn’t choose it, Hermione. It just happened that way. A Mage doesn’t determine what leaning they are given.” He explained.

Hermione shook her head in disbelief. “Dumbledore explained it to me; you get to *choose*, Light or Dark. Why would you choose to go *Dark*, Harry?”

“Is *that* what he's telling you? He's lying, and he knows it. I'm assuming he wants to keep the people dumbed down for some reason. Don't know why, though. I'm actually reading this so I can explain how Magi see magic by contrasting with how the layman views it. The thing is, Hermione, that when a Mage manifests—” He broke off as he felt a spell hit his shield around Draco. It had been a stupefy, and he recovered quickly as his magic let him know Draco was fine. “We are assigned a leaning by Magic itself; we never choose it. The only difference between a Mage and a normal wizard is the amount of magic I have, and the fact that my children will be able to start in the grey area and choose their leaning from a clean slate. I got to pick absolutely nothing, Hermione. I wish you would have stayed with me and listened when I explained what had happened. I *do* miss you, but I can't be a Light Mage when that spot is taken in this part of the world. I had the gene, the previous Dark Mage was deposed, and so I manifested around my birthday.” Harry said calmly.

“But Dumbledore said—”

“*Dumbledore is lying*, Hermione. I don't know *why* he is, but for some reason, he wants you pitted against me, and while it hurts to discover this, I assumed that would be the case. I'm not going to fight a fruitless battle when I'm up against not only him, but your adherence to authority figures and your well-intentioned but misinformed morals, as well. I think by the glint in your eye that you'd never listen, anyway. I have no interest in bashing my head against a brick wall for your sake at this point in my life. I have done enough, I have given enough, my life is *my own* from now on.” He picked up the books he had checked out and stood. “Good day, Hermione.” He said, not unkindly, and left her sitting there, hoping she would consider his words carefully. He knew even then that it still might be too much to hope for.

But he was allowed to hope for whatever he wanted in the privacy and safety of his own head.



## The Way it is

Harry headed back toward the Slytherin common room. He could feel the magic he had poured into Draco's shields, urging him onward, and he was hurrying toward it.

He passed Ron and Neville, Neville shooting him a regretful look, and surreptitiously nodded that he understood, and no harm was done to their agreement. Needs must, after all, in a situation like the one he had been put into.

He found Draco in the common room, snickering to himself. When he saw Harry, the snickers turned into outright laughter. "You should have seen their *faces*!" He said gleefully. "Neville's spell went wide—on purpose, I think—but Weasley's stunner hit me and did fuck-all! He looked dumbfounded. It was great!"

Harry smiled and shook his head. "Next time, pretend it hit. He can't cast non-verbally, so you'll know what he cast, so pretend it hit so we can figure out his endgame. We need to know what he's supposed to do once you are out of the picture, even if temporarily." He chastised gently.

Draco shrugged. "I can do that, I suppose."

"Best not to show our cards too soon." Harry added.

"You have a point." Draco conceded. "Can I hit him first?"

Harry hummed, tapping his chin with a finger as he considered the question. "I suppose, if you can get a spell off before he does."

"The shield warned me they were coming. If I'm going to get advance notice like that, it'll be all too easy." Draco said.

Harry frowned. "That's an interesting effect." He murmured. He hadn't intended that to happen.

"Well, the one I was feeling was Neville. You magic kind of *purrs* when a follower is near, it likes them and makes me feel protected by them." Draco told him.

"Oh." Harry said in surprise. "Well, that's good. You're supposed to feel protected around them, and I expect you to feel *protective toward* them, as well." He said, pleased that his magic was facilitating easier trust between two old enemies. If he could ease the way, it would make for easier integration of what had once been opposing factions, which he was aiming for.

Draco smirked. "I can trust Longbottom. And besides that, Pansy was just around the corner, listening in. She heard Ron's spell as she came out of the Common Room."

"Well, that's good." Harry said. "You need to be able to trust all my followers. They are partially there to guard you when I can't."

"I get that, but trusting those that I tormented for so long is going to take some time. I need to know they and I can both put the past aside." Draco said. "It's going to be hard for some of them. And the difficulty goes both ways. I'm going to have to learn that they deserve my protection rather than scorn. It's a lot to unlearn years of prejudice."

"I'm trusting you to do it, though." Harry said, his voice brooking no arguments.

Draco bowed his head. "Yes, My Lord."

Harry smiled at Draco realizing it was an order, and tilted his face up with a finger. "Good. Thank you, my love." He kissed him. "So, I need to read a bit. I'm going into my room, into the study, and I will not. Be. Disturbed." He said to the room as a whole.

A chorus of "Yes, My Lord" came from his followers, and the rest voiced their understanding without the title. He nodded and left the room.

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"Harry?" Draco poked his head into the room. "Are you done?"

Harry sat back from the desk and sighed. "Come here." He said wearily.

Draco closed the distance between them and Harry patted his lap.

Draco sat with a smile. "Tired?" He asked.

Harry laughed. "These are horribly dry reads." He indicated the books. "But I now have both an idea of how to explain the differences to my followers and the beginnings of a headache."

Draco frowned and began laying kisses over his forehead.

Harry sighed and relaxed into the affection, wrapping his arms around Draco's waist. "You are wonderful." Harry said happily.

Draco hummed. "Wonderful enough to earn a blow job tonight?" He asked hopefully.

"Maybe. If you can give me a massage first." Harry added.

Draco snorted. "I'm sure something can be arranged." He purred.

“First we need to get to dinner. I’m going to have to keep my strength up if those shields around you are going to hold.” Harry said. “Come on, let’s go eat.”

Draco sighed, wriggled a bit, then got up with a saucy smirk.

Harry grabbed the back of his neck, pushed him down over the desk, and laid a firm swat on his ass.

Draco gasped. “Fuck!”

“No teasing right now, love. Dinner first. There will be time to entice each other into a frenzy later.” Harry said, letting Draco up.

Draco looked at him, face flushed and eyes bright. “Alright. Sorry.” He said breathlessly.

“I’m sure you are.” Harry replied sceptically.

Draco just grinned.

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After dinner, Harry and Draco retired to their rooms and Draco took Harry’s hand, leading him to bed. “Lie down, My Lord, and I will see to your relaxation.” He purred.

Harry hummed happily, lying down and pillowing his head on his arms. “Make it good, and I’ll do the same for you.” He promised.

Draco kneaded his shoulders, peppering his back with little kisses, and Harry sighed happily. Draco smiled and made double sure to get the knots out of Harry’s neck, as he carried a lot of

tension there most days.

Harry moaned as Draco got the most stubborn knot out of the base of his neck, and sighed out a lazy, “*Thank* you!”

Draco chuckled. “My motives are not pure.” Draco told him, rolling his hips down so Harry could feel just how hard he was.

“Oh, you’ll get yours. Just keep going.”

“Yes, My Lord.” Draco kept massaging, working the knots out of Harry’s back and relaxing him further, then mostly abandoned kneading him in favour of laying kisses over the expanse.

“That’s not a massage.” Harry teasingly complained.

“The knots are gone.” Draco told him.

Harry nodded. “Yes. Give me another ten minutes of actual *massage* and we’ll call it even.” He said.

Draco massaged with purpose, covering Harry’s entire back twice over and relaxing him into a near-stupor before Harry rolled over and beckoned Draco closer.

Draco straddled Harry and kissed him deeply, and Harry hummed into it, then gave him a slow smile when Draco pulled away. “You’ve been very good for me.” He praised Draco, and Draco smirked.

“I’m hoping you’ll give me something good to make it even.” He said.

“Oh, I plan to. Come here, straddle my face.” He said, and Draco’s eyes lit up.

He quickly moved to straddle Harry’s face and Harry tugged him into place with his cock right in front of Harry’s mouth, and told him, “Grab the headboard and keep leaning forward. You can thrust a *bit*, but if you choke me, I will let you know with my *teeth*, and the first one will be the only warning. Be careful not to go too deep.”

Draco nodded, getting into position eagerly.

Harry opened his mouth and took Draco in, sucking and licking and bobbing his head just slightly.

Draco moaned, letting his hips slowly and shallowly thrust, keeping Harry’s warning in mind when every fibre of his being was screaming at him to just shove himself home.

Harry listened to Draco’s moans and whimpers, loving the sounds his younger consort made, and decided to have a little fun with him and give him *more* than he had asked for as a reward for the great massage. He brought his hands up the knead Draco’s ass and Draco let out a loud moan as he felt Harry’s hands on his arse.

Harry quickly lubed one of his fingers and found Draco’s entrance, sliding it in and earning a loud cry, as Draco’s hips bucked forward in response.

Harry gently but firmly brought his teeth down around the cock in his mouth and Draco quickly pulled it out further, pushing back against the finger as he did so.

Harry redoubled his efforts, knowing that the sooner Draco came, the sooner he would be out of danger of suffocation, and in this state, Draco wouldn’t remember his warning for long.

Draco seemed to be in heaven by the sounds he was making and the way his hips were stuttering forward and back, seemingly unable to stay in one place for very long, but not knowing which sensation to chase.

Harry's finger unerringly found Draco's prostate and he teased at it, rubbing in a circle and causing Draco to let out a long, pleased cry.

Harry sucked even harder, lifting his head and taking Draco in as deeply as he could and *swallowing*, and Draco came right down his throat with a long, loud wail.

Harry moved his head back just in time as Draco flopped over, one leg ending up draped across Harry's mouth.

Harry grinned and reared up to *bite* the thigh right in front of him, and Draco yelped, shifting until he was lying next to Harry rather than half-sprawled atop him.

Draco glared at him.

Harry grinned. "Was it good for you?"

"It was *wonderful*. *Thank you!*"

"You deserve some perks for putting up with me. Every once in a while."

"I'm going to *put up with you* for a long time if it gets me blow-jobs like *that!*"

Harry laughed. "We should get an early night."

"I have to go get Pearl, she's out in the common room." Draco said apologetically.

"Alright, and then come back here." Harry told him.

“I never want to be away.” Draco said happily.

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“Do you know what keeps us alive?” Harry asked conversationally.

“You’re going to say something trite, like ‘love,’ aren’t you?” Draco asked, looking up from his homework.

Harry grinned at him and shook his head. “No. It’s magic.” He answered.

Draco rolled his eyes. “Everyone knows that magic is why we live longer, Harry. That’s not news.”

“Ah, but magic keeps *Muggles* alive, too.” Harry told him.

Draco stared at him for long moments, then said, “You’re pulling my leg.”

“I’m not, actually. The spark of life in every living being is magic, it’s just that Muggles don’t have enough for it to pool within them and create a magical core, while we do, and then we have enough to fuel spell work. Squibs also have a magical core, but not enough left over to work spells.” Harry explained.

Draco set down his quill. “And this is what you’re going to tell your followers?” He asked.

“That’s the plan.” Harry confirmed with a wide smile.



“You’re going to cause mass hysteria, you know that, right?” Draco asked.

“Surely it’s not *that* hard a concept to grasp.” Harry said, unconcerned.

Draco shook his head with a sigh. “It’s not that it’s *hard*, it’s that it turns our entire world-view on its head. Everything we thought we knew is called into question. If even *Muggles* have magic, what makes us so special?” He asked.

“The fact that you can use it to cast *spells*, maybe?” Harry asked. “You have so much *more* of it than a Muggle does, you have *reserves* ten times more powerful than even a squib, and even a squib has five times more magic than a Muggle does. You have *more*, Draco, and *that’s* what makes wizards and witches more special than even the best Muggle out there.”

Draco hummed and nodded. “I suppose that’s enough.”

“What does it matter if that’s *enough* That’s just *how it is*. You need to learn to make your peace with it, because that fact is not going to change, ever.”

Draco abandoned his work and came over to sit in Harry’s lap, wrapping his arms around his neck. “Distract me? You *caused* my current distress, the least you could do is *fix it*.”

Harry chuckled. “Well, then, allow me to kiss the worries from your head.” He said, then began to do just that.

# The Magical Spectrum

Harry pressed a quick kiss to Draco's pouting lips. "I'll see you in just a couple hours. Be good, stick with Pansy and Blaise, and make sure you are the first to come through, I'll have your robes on me." He promised.

Draco's pout turned into a glare. "You're going to spend the time with Father." He accused.

"Ooh, is that *jealousy* I hear?" Harry teased. "And just who has had unfettered access to me all this last month, while he's stuck at home, alone? And *pregnant*, no less?" He shot back.

Draco snapped his mouth shut, but kept glaring mulishly.

"Be good. I'll spend time with *both of you* after, I promise." He told his consort, "Now I have to go if I'm to have time to eat breakfast before you all leave for Hogsmeade."

Draco nodded. "I'll be fine." He relented, though Harry could tell it still galled him to be left behind.

Harry nodded back and left, heading for the entrance hall and outside to find a secluded area to use his Head of Household ring to get to his property.

He found a suitable spot and activated the ring, landing in front of the house. He went in, and felt for Lucius' magic. He felt it from the bedroom and headed that way, Lucius meeting him on the steps.

"Harry." He smiled, and Harry could see how happy he was to see him, though he'd never show emotion as overtly as Draco did.

Harry returned the smile. “Come have breakfast with me before we get ready for the meeting today.”

“You didn’t bring Draco?” Lucius asked curiously.

“He wanted to come, but I needed some time with you alone. Without him repeating the reaction you’re going to have, and giving me a headache before we even begin.” Harry explained, and Lucius frowned.

“Why would we give you a headache?”

“You’re going to object to this. Perhaps violently.” Harry said flatly.

Lucius’ lips pressed together. “I see. Yes, let’s go to the dining room before you say more.” He agreed.

Harry called for breakfast and the elves quickly made them omelettes and small bowls of fruit.

“So what am I going to *violently object* to?” Lucius asked once they had begun eating.

“Well, you know how squibs and Muggles don’t have any magic?” Harry asked.

Lucius inclined his head. “I do.” He said evenly, wondering where this was going.

“Well...” Harry took a deep breath and just decided to get it out of the way. “They *do*.” He said.

Lucius carefully set down his tea, which he had been sipping at, and cleared his throat. “Get out.” He said flatly.

Harry rolled his eyes. “Lucius, this is *my home*, you can’t *throw me out*.”

“*Explain*.” Lucius said shortly, and Harry could *swear* his eye twitched.

“Magic is a spectrum, you see. Every living thing falls along it; it is what keeps us alive. It’s the spark of life, if you will.” Harry told him.

Lucius sighed and picked up his tea again, taking a bracing sip and watching Harry over the rim of the cup.

“Muggles don’t live as long as we do, and that’s because, as far as humans go, they have the lowest amount, but they still have enough to fuel their short lives. But only that much. Squibs have a little more, and they live a bit longer, like us, but they still don’t have enough to fill a core, though they possess one. Muggleborns and Witches and Wizards have *so much more*. We have enough to stabilize a magical core, and then enough to fill it to overflowing, and the overflow is what is accessible to us, to fuel spells and things like that.” Harry told him.

Lucius set down his cup, then shook his head. “You are going to throw the Dark faction into *chaos* with this, My Lord.” He finally said. “I’d be surprised if most of them don’t die on the spot from shock.”

“You understand why I told you first, then?” Harry asked.

“I am suddenly beset with *horrible* morning sickness.”

Harry sighed. “You may go. I’ll be up in a few minutes to dress.”

Lucius gave him a blank stare. “Take your time.” He said in an authoritative tone.

“Remember who is in charge here, Lucius, or your arse will be rather red by the time Draco gets here.” Harry shot back lightly, sipping at his own tea without turning to look at the man.

“My apologies, My Lord. I misspoke.” He amended.

“Forgiven.” Harry told him and Lucius left the room without another word.

*Honestly. Harry thought. If I had known it was going to cause this much trouble with my consorts, I would have found a different way to phrase it.*

But there was nothing for it. What was done, was done.

Harry finished his breakfast and headed up the stairs to dress in his Mage robes, kissing Lucius as he passed the man.

Lucius hummed into the kiss and sighed as Harry went to the wardrobe. “This is going to be a difficult meeting.” He said.

“I know, but at least you and Draco both know now.” Harry replied.

Once they were both dressed, they headed downstairs and Draco met them on the stairs.

“Good, here are your robes, quickly now.” Harry said, handing over the consort robes to Draco.

Draco nodded and ran up to the bedroom to change, then came back down just as Harry’s followers began to arrive.

Harry told Pansy and Blaise to direct people to the ballroom and then once everyone was there, to join them.

“Can do, My Lord. We’ll see you there.” Blaise said.

Harry nodded and left to head to the ballroom and take his usual seat up on the dais.

People filtered in, at times slowly and at times in groups of three or more, and Harry calmly watched the room fill.

Once everyone was there, he cleared his throat. “Mr. Bulstrode asked me to explain how a Mage views magic. I am going to do that now. You should all conjure yourself something on which to sit, because I have a feeling you will need it when I tell you a few things.” He told them.

There was excited murmuring, and everyone conjured a seat and sat down.

“Magic,” Harry began, “is a spectrum.” He looked around the room and continued. “Every living thing is on this spectrum, from the meanest blade of grass, to myself, a young Dark Mage in their prime. Even Muggles have magic, though only enough to keep them alive.”

There was a cacophony at that.

Adalrico Bulstrode stood up. “But Muggles *don’t* have magic, that’s what makes them *Muggles!*”

Harry shook his head. “They do, though. They have just enough to keep them alive, not enough to actually *use* it. They don’t have a magical core, but they have the spark of life, which is what magic is. It’s certainly not enough to cast spells, but it is enough to live their lives. Squibs have more, plus they have a magical core, even though it is not active or filled, but it gives them the longer life spans we enjoy. Wizards and Witches have more than that. We have enough to fill our cores and cause overflow, which is what is utilized to cast spells

and work other magics. We have so much that is literally overflowing our cores, we are overfilled with magic, and that is why as children we have episodes of accidental magic. If we did not, we would literally explode, I believe. The magic finds an outlet when it become too much, and when we are older we learn to use it consciously. *That* is the difference between Muggles and us. Not that we *have* magic, but how *much* of it we have. Now, I don't expect to change the populace's views on magic, so why did I go to all the trouble of looking up the theories and explaining it to you? Because you wanted to know. The knowledge is now yours. You can use it if you want, you can ignore it if you like, but now you *know*. That is the important thing." He finished.

Everyone began talking as he sat down and the elves began carrying finger foods around the room.

"Draco, why don't you go and get yourself some snacks and a drink? I will get Lucius' and mine." Harry said.

Draco was up like a shot, hunting down the elf with the sweet treats, who had disappeared around the twins.

Harry went and collected the things he knew Lucius could have, as well as a plate for himself, which hovered at his shoulder as he walked. Once he had procured the food for himself and his consort, he came back to the dais and handed Lucius his plate. "Eat. I fear it is going to be a long Meeting, everyone is going to want to talk about this."

"Yes, you've caused quite a stir." Lucius agreed as Severus came up to them.

"My Lord, is it true? All of it?" Severus asked.

Harry nodded. "I would not have said it if it were not, I visited some Muggle places after my Mage blood awakened, and yes, even the Muggles glowed with a light that could only be magic. They were much dimmer than the Wizarding folk, but it was still unmistakeable. They have magic, just not enough to use. It is dormant."

"This changes things rather a lot." Severus murmured.

Harry eyed him. “Why? Why does it have to? It’s always been the way of things, so what does it really mean that now they know? Only that they have knowledge they did not before. It changes only what they desire it to change.” Harry said.

“You are aware that you alone have done in the Dark wizards what the Weasley twins combined could not, right?” Severus asked, lips twitching.

“What have I done, exactly?”

“You’ve sown chaos, My Lord.” Severus said, then bowed before wandering off again.

“Should I be worried?” Harry asked Lucius. “He actually sounded a little *proud* of me for that.”

“He can be proud of a Slytherin for executing a perfect plan to cause some chaos, as long as no one gets injured too badly.” Lucius said in amusement. “This is a perfect opportunity.”

“I suppose I can’t argue with that. To chaos, then.” He raised his glass, and Lucius, smiling, raised his.

As they drank, Lucius closed his eyes. After he opened them, he looked down at his glass. “I miss champagne.” He mourned.

“You’ll be able to drink again in time.”

“I’m good at being patient, but sometimes it is hard.” Lucius admitted.

“What are you thinking for a name for our daughter?” Harry asked, reaching down to stroke Lucius’ arm absently.



Lucius hummed. “*Not* a star-related name, that much is for certain. I already have one of those. Perhaps Adonia?” He asked more than said.

Harry smiled. “That is pretty.” He said. “I do like it.”

“Would you like to bestow a middle name?” Lucius asked.

Harry shook his head. “I’m no good with naming.” He said.

“Well, we don’t have a mother to pass down a name. Lucielle?” He suggested.

“Adonia Lucielle Malfoy? It would work. Why give Draco a star name, if you were against it? He’s a *Malfoy*, not a Black. You could have put your foot down.” Harry asked curiously.

Lucius made a face. “Have you ever tried to put your foot down against a Black woman? It’s not easy, and I preferred to live in a peaceful home. It was not a battle I was overly willing to fight, and so Narcissa had her way.”

“Well, this time you may choose the name, and I think you did well. Adonia will work very well.” Harry said.

“My only regret is that my father did not get to see me come so far. He would have been outraged, but I would have been able to rub in his face the fact that I am the beloved consort of a Dark Mage. I think I’ve done very well for myself, indeed.” He said happily.

“That you have.” Harry agreed.

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