

Generans Purus (The Breeder)

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Generans Purus (The Breeder)

by [jujukittychick](#)

Summary

Voldemort is dead, Harry's at the end of his sixth year, and the Malfoys have been cleared of all charges. Life is good...until Harry finds out he's what's commonly known as a Breeder and the family he's destined for is none other than the aristocratic blondes that have made his life hell for the past six years.

Notes

If any of the listed warnings squicks you out, don't bother reading, I don't want to hear it, you have been officially warned. Any and all of the above may come into play at any time, if there is anything else you should be aware of, I will add it when posting the applicable chapter as it comes up. Harry and Draco are 16 going on 17 at the beginning of the story, so may be underage where you live. Due to AFF no longer being around apparently, I've decided to move this story to here as well as FF. If you have read it at any previous sites, it does not contain any new chapters as of now, I'm sorry. I've had wonderful responses to this story everywhere it's posted and want to make sure it doesn't disappear.

Disclaimer: I do not own Harry Potter in any form, be it written or filmed, it belongs to its respective owners/authors/production companies, and I am not making money from this in any way, shape, or form, it is solely for amusement.

Beta: NONE! Any mistakes are my own.

****Generans Purus - Latin for Pure Breeder (according to google translate at least)**

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Chapter 1

Voldemort was dead by Spring of Harry's sixth year. Unfortunately the casualties on the "Light" side were still many, the most significant of which, at least as far as the wizarding world as a whole was concerned, being Dumbledore himself.

Harry thought maybe, just maybe, his life would finally find some semblance of normalcy. He could finally let himself find a girlfriend...or a boyfriend; his life had been so crazy he'd never even given himself a chance to figure out if he had a preference.

He was looking forward to actually being able to focus on his classes for once as well. Maybe he could actually get all high marks on his NEWTs instead of the barely average scores of his OWLs.

Yes, he was looking forward to his seventh year. Too bad he forgot that Fate was a fickle bitch that apparently had a grudge against him.

o.O.o

The trials for Severus Snape and the Malfoy family started at the beginning of May. As one of the key character witnesses for all four of the accused, Harry was required to attend. He found it an interesting process in that "Please, Merlin, by all that's holy, never let me have to do this again" kind of way.

It might have been easier if he wasn't slightly distracted the entire time. He had always considered himself to be a normal teenage boy, with normal urges, though if he was honest with himself, he'd never indulged those urges quite as much as his dorm-mates, aside from the occasional quick wank in the shower.

So, needless to say, he was a little concerned by the half-aroused state he seemed to be in throughout the entire trial, the feeling only abating strangely enough when he was back inside Hogwarts. He even tried going on a couple long walks around the lake with Ginny who kept strongly hinting at her willingness to go out with him. As much as he tried, as much as he wanted, his feelings simply didn't seem to want to cooperate with him and he was left apologizing to Ginny for not returning her interest.

It was the last day of the trial, a week before the end of school, when the situation finally resolved itself, though not in any way Harry, or anyone involved, probably would have predicted. Due to Snape's role as a double agent, he was cleared of all charges. The entire Malfoy family was put under house arrest, extending to include Hogwarts in Draco's case, as it was proved through veritaserum and testimonials from others, including Harry, that Voldemort had been holding the lives of the family against each other in a sort of emotional blackmail to ensure their cooperation.

Some official decided it would be a brilliant show of good faith if Harry, Boy-Who-Lived, Savior of the Wizarding World, posed for some pictures with the family. Harry had never been more thankful for his baggy clothes that concealed his partial erection as he was

manhandled over to the area designated for the photo-op. But then, suddenly it seemed, he was less than an arm's length away from the three blondes and he was instantly and, thanks to the restrictions of his jeans, painfully hard, his face flushing in embarrassment.

Lucius gave him a strange look then gave an apparently *meaningful* look to his family before that customary blank mask seemed to overtake his features once more. Unsure what to make of it, Harry took his position between Draco and Lucius, with Narcissa standing to the other side of her husband and Snape lurking behind his godson, and tried his best to appear calm.

The session seemed to drag on forever with Harry fidgeting, damn near *vibrating* with the intense *need* pulsing stronger through him with every heartbeat. Finally, *finally*, it was over, the last journalist and official gone, leaving Harry alone with the four. He was just about to bolt so he could find the nearest loo and take care of his little problem before he went crazy.

Instead, Lucius extended his hand, ungloved for once, that strange look gracing his patrician features again as he spoke. "Potter...Harry, if I may... please accept my sincere apology on behalf of myself and my family for every harm done to you and your friends, as well as our most profound thanks for your assistance in our trials."

Harry studied their faces carefully before reaching out to cautiously clasp the extended hand. The words of acceptance that hovered on the tip of his tongue fled as their palms touched and an intense wave of desire rolled over him, leaving him staring dazedly at the older man.

Lucius didn't look much better, but with a quick nod to his family, dragged Harry into a nearby empty office, shutting and locking the door behind them.

Drawing a shuddering breath, Harry finally managed to force out the question pounding inside his head. "What...what's happening to me?"

Lucius tugged the boy closer so mere inches remained between them. "Have you ever heard of *Generans Purus*? If not, it's understandable, they're not very common. Essentially, in pureblood families there will occasionally be born a child, male or female, that upon their magical inheritance becomes what is known as *Generans Purus*, or simply Breeders. A Breeder will find that they are drawn to a certain family; that they, in essence, resonate with the members of that family. Traditionally the Breeder would be drawn to a family that their family already had a strong link to. This guaranteed the continuation of both family lines and strengthened the ties between them. I believe, Harry, you may be one of these people."

Harry had to force himself to concentrate as Lucius spoke, though his words did little to ease the confusion racing inside him. "But...why now? My birthday... was last year. And our families... have never been close."

Lucius tugged him that one step closer so their bodies touched, seeming to align perfectly and sending a pleased shudder through them both. His voice was husky as he spoke, peering down into startled emerald eyes. "When in the past year have you been near any member of my family when you have not been in danger? And I guess they don't have to be strong *positive* feelings for each other."

And the next thing Harry knew, Lucius was squeezing his hand hard as he claimed his mouth in a harsh, hungry kiss, and he was suddenly cumming harder than he ever had before, Lucius' other arm wrapped around his waist the only thing keeping him upright as his knees buckled.

The next few minutes passed in a blur for Harry. Once he was able to stand on his own again, Lucius cleaned him up with a quick Scourgify and gave him the Floo directions to Malfoy Manor, asking him to visit that night so they could discuss matters further in private.

As disconcerted as he was, Harry simply nodded, stuttering some kind of acceptance and, gathering his magic, Apparated directly to his bedroom in Grimmauld Place, completely ignoring, or more accurately, forgetting, the anti-apparition wards surrounding both the Ministry and the old house, and leaving a startled Lucius and a building full of panicking people behind as alarms sounded throughout the Ministry.

Harry showered and changed clothes, still feeling dirty after the little *incident* at the Ministry, even after the Scourgify. Clean and dressed in one of his better looking sets of jeans and t-shirt, he packed an overnight bag and wrote a quick note to Ron and Mione letting them know he was going to be staying with the Malfoys, though he left out the reason why, and not to expect him back until Sunday night, figuring Friday night, all of Saturday and most of Sunday should be plenty of time to sort things out. He knew they'd have questions as to why he was staying with the *Malfoys* of all people, but at least someone would know where he was in case of an emergency. That taken care of, he Flooed directly to Malfoy Manor, stumbling out of the fireplace and straight into Lucius' waiting arms. His bag hit the floor as he clung to the older man, returning the almost desperate kiss that was bestowed upon him.

o.O.o

Harry lost his virginity to Lucius that night on the very comfortable couch in what he later learned was the Floo Room. And as they lay cuddled together on said couch, Lucius feeding him bits of fruits and cheeses that a house elf had brought them, the man explained more about Breeders and their place in wizarding society.

When a Breeder received their magical inheritance on their sixteenth birthday, the surge of magic changed their bodies to accommodate their new status, making both genders highly fertile and adapting the males' bodies so they were capable of carrying and birthing a child, the idea of which both freaked Harry completely out and, at the same time, made him feel warm and happy as he realized he'd be able to have a family all his own after all.

Furthermore, instead of marrying a single person, the Breeder essentially married into the entire family as they were drawn to members of a certain bloodline, in Harry's case, the Malfoy line as he was attracted to Lucius and not Narcissa and, by extent would probably be drawn to Draco as well, though they hadn't had a chance to test that theory fully yet. But considering the overwhelming reaction he had had when standing between the two at the photo-op, Harry just chalked it up as fact.

A small part of Harry's mind was screaming at him, wanting to know how he could in *any* way be alright with what was happening. Lucius himself had been a key player in so many

situations designed to kill Harry or his friends, starting with the diary in his second year. That wasn't even taking into consideration everything *Draco* had done since the first day they met.

Unfortunately for that little nagging voice, the rest of him was all but purring in contentment at the moment. After the initial wave of lust the two had experienced on his arrival and the subsequent bout of impassioned sex, Harry was feeling calm and oddly elated. And he was beginning to understand what Lucius had meant when he said Breeders "resonated" with their chosen family. He couldn't truly describe what he was feeling deep inside, but it was like a humming pull that seemed to lead directly to the man beneath him. If he focused on it, he could feel another pull in a different direction, though it was faint, as if the mental "thread" that was connecting him was stretched thin, and he had to assume it was to Draco and that he was back at Hogwarts. Which made him wonder where Narcissa was and what she thought about the situation. Which led to another thought that had him blushing.

"Umm, Lucius, if a... a Breeder is drawn to a *family* and not a *person*, than whose... I mean how...what..."

Lucius chuckled and took pity on the boy. "I'm guessing you are trying to ask whose children you would bear?" At the embarrassed nod, Lucius smoothed back the messy black locks and leaned up to place a gentle kiss on the swollen red lips that seemed to beckon for more. "The answer is both of ours, mine and Draco's, though as head of the household, mine would be first so as to provide another heir in case something should happen to Draco. The next would be Draco's to be his heir, after that, it is up to you truly, and of course, they all would be your heirs to carry on the Potter name as well as Malfoy. Usually the families the Breeders would find themselves drawn to were very small, as would be their own line, thus both families were ensured to continue."

It seemed that for every question answered two more were spawned for Harry's poor mind to deal with. "But... but what about your wife? And isn't Draco supposed to marry Pansy or something? So I become... what? The mistress for you two? A kept man? I... I couldn't live like that, hidden away..." his mind dredging up images of small dark rooms where he lingered, ignored, until one of the two men decided they wanted sex.

Unaware of Harry's exact thoughts, Lucius nevertheless could feel the panic building in the boy, the racing pulse, the tensed muscles and pulled him close, running his hands soothingly up and down his back. "Shh, shh, pet. It's nothing like that. On your own, you are still Lord Potter, and I am assuming with your godfather's...final disappearance, you will become Lord Black as well. As for your status in our household, you would become a second "wife" of sorts to me. As for Draco," and here a small, knowing smirk tilted his lips, "I think you two will have to work it out on your own, but I do not believe that Pansy will be, in any way, an issue."

Harry calmed slightly, Lucius' soothing touch and matter-of-fact explanation going far in settling his troubled thoughts. The mention of Sirius' "death," as everyone was calling his fall into the Veil, had him ducking his head, pressing his face against Lucius' neck as he fought the typical wave of sadness that filled him. Breathing deeply, he thought over Lucius' words, trying to decide if he could go through with it, if he could live the rest of his life like that. But

then, he didn't really have a choice, did he? Lifting his head, he gave Lucius a questioning look.

"Do you feel this... connection between us, or is it just me? Will I ever feel attracted to anyone else? Will I always feel like jumping you two as soon as I see you?" An alarmed look pulled at the teen's features at his next thought. "How am I supposed to get through school? At least half my classes are with Draco."

Lucius laughed softly, shaking his head as he cupped Harry's face with both hands, trying to forestall the panic rising in the teen yet again. "Harry... Harry, pet... calm down. There's no need to get yourself worked up yet. Yes, I feel the connection between us, not quite as much as yourself, I don't think, but it is there. Much like with Veela and Weres, there is an... impulse of sorts to care for our mate, our Breeder, both physically and emotionally. From what I understand, these feelings will deepen as time passes."

"As for you becoming attracted to other people...well, who have you normally been attracted to? You are a healthy teenage male; I assume you've been dealing with the normal urges?"

Harry blushed, ducking his head and mumbling something. At Lucius' questioning look and impatient sigh, Harry finally admitted his thoughts from earlier in the day. "Not really, not compared to the rest of the guys in my dorm at least. Usually, it's just been after an occasional Quidditch match, or a random class or trip to Hogsmeade. Nothing that ever made much sense to me."

Lucius gave Harry a patient smile. "Those Quidditch matches wouldn't happen to have been against Slytherin? And you didn't happen to have a confrontation with a certain blond heir during those classes or Hogsmeade trips did you?"

Harry's eyes grew wide, an almost horrified expression on his face as he thought back over the incidents he could remember, and sure enough... "Oh, bollocks! You mean all this time I've been feeling this way? Well guess that answers that question. But then why did I feel so strongly today?"

Lucius was trying his best not to laugh at Harry's apparent disgust at his past behavior. "As I said before, I believe today was the first time you've been near us since your change without some kind of conflict. Not to mention, in the past, you were normally only around one of us at a time, so until you found a true outlet for your emotions, the urge to 'jump' us was slightly overwhelming. Tell me, do you still feel the urge to 'jump' me, pet?" Lucius grinned and let his hands trail down Harry's back to cup the rounded cheeks of his ass, squeezing gently.

Harry gasped, his hips pressing down automatically as he ground his newly awakened erection against Lucius' thigh. "Are you trying to distract me?"

Lucius laughed huskily, his own body quickly responding to the teen's enthusiastic reaction. "Merely testing out a theory. I believe that as long as you and Draco refrain from any intimate contact, you should be alright. However, as you just learned, a small deviation from polite touches and you respond quite enthusiastically, which in turn excites your partner." Lifting his hips, he shuddered as his own growing erection rubbed against the teen's abs.

Claiming Harry's mouth for a deep, lingering kiss, Lucius trailed a finger down the cleft of his ass, fingertip brushing over the tight entrance before pausing at what he felt. No, after the cleaning spells, there shouldn't be... He pressed his fingertip against the puckered flesh, breaking the kiss to stare in shock at Harry as his finger was drawn into the slick passage, pulling a soft moan from them both.

"Merlin, Harry...did they teach you anything about sex in school?" At his nod, he continued speaking, his finger thrusting slowly in and out of the tight passage. "You're wet, Harry, like a female would be. I didn't notice the first time, I just assumed... I can't believe this; your body is naturally preparing itself for sex."

Harry was doing his best to focus on Lucius' words as fireworks tried going off behind his eyes every time Lucius' finger thrust forward, brushing, what Harry assumed was, his prostate. "You mean you...don't know everything?" He asked with a shaky laugh. "Isn't it a good thing?"

"Much to my dismay, no, I do not. Further, everything I do know about Breeders I read about as brief mentions in several different books many years ago. But to answer your question," he slipped a second finger into the tight passage, stretching him further, eliciting a moaning gasp from the teen as he teased him. "Yes, it is a good thing. It will certainly make things a lot more convenient if the need arises suddenly."

Harry really was trying to listen to Lucius, knew it could be important, but at the moment the rest of his body was too focused on what Lucius was *doing*, not saying. "Please Lucius... please, I can't take it...I need..."

Lucius looked up at Harry, panting and flushed and begging as he writhed against him, and didn't think he'd ever forget that moment. Giving into what they both wanted, he slid his fingers from him and cupped his ass, lifting him enough to position the head of his cock at his entrance and slowly thrust upwards, a pleased groan slipping from him. "Oh, Merlin... You feel so good, Harry. Sit up, pet; ride me."

Blinking in surprise, Harry did as instructed, a startled moan slipping from him as the action drove Lucius' cock that much deeper. Using muscles developed from Quidditch and years of manual labor at his relative's house in a way he never expected, he raised and lowered his body, hesitantly at first, unsure of his actions, but as the results proved to be quite pleasurable to them both, he soon fell into a steady rhythm.

Lucius watched as Harry rode him, apparently lost in desire, eyes closed, head thrown back, lip caught between his teeth, and though he knew Draco had never seen the other teen like this, he could suddenly understand his son's years-long fascination with the brunette.

And then Harry shifted slightly and all rational thoughts were driven from his mind as the teen's fingers grasped at his arms, whimpers and moans torn from the smaller male as he moved faster, harder, striving for orgasm. "Luc...Lucius, please...so close, I can't..."

Lucius reached between them, long elegant fingers wrapping around Harry's cock, smearing the pre-cum leaking steadily from the tip down the shaft before stroking him in time with his frenzied movement. Moments later, Harry was crying out his release, blunt fingernails

digging into Lucius' arms and coating the man's hand with his seed. Hands sliding back to grip the teen's now trembling hips, Lucius thrust upwards, pounding into him now and wringing another pleased cry from him. After everything, and with Harry's impassioned cries filling the air and body clenching rhythmically around his cock, Lucius didn't last much longer before he was cumming also with one last hard thrust, burying his cock as deep as possible inside his lover's body, the vague thought that he was forgetting something flitting briefly through his mind before Harry collapsed on top of him and he was distracted with casting cleaning spells and making them comfortable before joining his little lover in a light doze.

o.O.o

What felt like mere minutes later, Harry was woken by the sound of a throat clearing. Blinking sleepily, he blushed, realizing he was still naked and once again curled up against the blonde man under him. Finally noticing the house elf shifting nervously from foot to foot and tugging on its ears, he shook Lucius' arm. "Luc...Lucius" he paused to clear his throat, sore from all the noise he'd been making earlier, "Your house elf is trying to talk to you."

Lucius groaned as he stretched sore muscles and resolved to move the two of them to a real bed; he was getting too old to be sleeping on couches, not to mention the fact that there were well over a dozen unoccupied beds at the moment. Turning his head to look at the elf, he grumbled, "This had better be important."

Squeaking in alarm, the elf tugged furiously at its ears. "Ma... Master Lucius, Sir, Dibsy is most sorry, but Mistress Narcissa is here and wanting to see you. She...She said she would come looking for you..."

"Damn, I wanted a little more time..." distracted from his thoughts by Harry's terrified look and sudden scrambling to get untangled from him, interspersed with pained winces, he turned once more to the waiting elf. "Fetch a healing potion and my house robe, and then bring tea for three. What time is it anyway? Never mind, bring us food for whatever meal is closest."

Turning his attention back to the frantic teen who had finally managed to extricate himself only to fall on the floor, he sighed exasperatedly. "Harry...Harry! Calm down, Harry. Har... Potter! Oh, for Merlin's sake!" Snapping his arm out, he grabbed him by the back of his neck, hand gripping him firmly as he spoke commandingly. "Pet, calm down!" Unsure whether it was his words or him grabbing the boy, Lucius was nevertheless surprised when Harry suddenly stopped his frantic scrambling for his clothes and sat back on his heels, blinking up at him in shock. "That's interesting. I'll have to look into this."

Harry stared up at Lucius, shocked to his core even as an odd peaceful feeling seemed to fill him. One moment he was in a full out panic, Lucius' voice barely registering over his own racing thoughts; the next and he felt like someone had flipped a switch inside of him and calm was flooding his system, seeming to radiate from the steady pressure on his neck. Closing his eyes, he could feel that humming thread between Lucius and himself almost pulsing through the contact. He heard Lucius' curious words, felt the fingers relax their hold and shook his head quickly, not wanting to give up that, albeit false, sense of peace quite yet. "No! No...your hand...I can feel the connection. It's sending calm through me."

It was this scene that Narcissa walked into.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

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

Last Time:

Harry stared up at Lucius, shocked to his core even as an odd peaceful feeling seemed to fill him. One moment he was in a full out panic, Lucius' voice barely registering over his own racing thoughts; the next and he felt like someone had flipped a switch inside of him and calm was flooding his system, seeming to radiate from the steady pressure on his neck. Closing his eyes, he could feel that humming thread between Lucius and himself almost pulsing through the contact. He heard Lucius' curious words, felt the fingers relax their hold and shook his head quickly, not wanting to give up that, albeit false, sense of peace quite yet. "No! No...your hand...I can feel the connection. It's sending calm through me."

Now:

It was this scene that Narcissa walked into, her husband sitting naked on their couch holding the neck of an equally naked Harry Potter who was kneeling on the floor in front of him, though she was spared the full view by the pile of, she shuddered, *muggle* clothes on the teen's lap. It should come as no surprise that her normally reserved façade was shattered for a moment. "Really, Lucius, in the Floo Room? Anybody could have come through."

Harry's startled look accompanied by the arrival of Dibsy with the requested items and the appearance of a full breakfast on the table in the corner, had her waving her hand at them in exasperation. "Oh, for Merlin's sake, will the two of you get dressed so we can have a proper conversation?"

Harry, blushing bright red, was quick to obey her command, and though reluctant to lose the emotional support provided from the connection, ducked out of Lucius' grasp to hastily tug on his clothes.

With much more dignity, Lucius rose and donned the offered robe and handed Harry the healing potion before moving across the room to give his wife a welcoming kiss on the cheek. "Narcissa, I wasn't expecting you until this evening. I apologize for the surprise."

Returning the chaste kiss, she brushed by her husband, for the moment ignoring the fidgeting teen in favor of looking over the breakfast offerings before taking a seat. "Yes, well, Draco and Severus were at it almost as soon as we got to Spinner's End and then this morning were in full form discussing potions and ingredients. I decided I would be better off here at home where I can at least catch up on my correspondence. Harry, stop gawping, you look like a fish. I know for a fact now that you're muscle and bone. Doesn't anyone feed you, child?"

Harry was indeed standing there with his mouth opening and closing as he sought to say something intelligent, but the situation was just so bizarre. And he couldn't help but wonder what her comment about Draco and Severus meant; he couldn't really see the two fighting

with each other. Her last question finally jolted him out of his confusion, it seemed yet another wizarding mother was intent on seeing him fed. With a muttered, "Only Molly and Hogwarts," he made his way cautiously to the table and began fixing a small plate. Finally working up his nerve, he looked up at the Malfoy matriarch, "Aren't you...umm, upset...or something, Mrs. Malfoy?"

Narcissa watched disapprovingly as the teen barely even filled the small plate he had picked up, but refrained from mentioning it for the moment. Shaking her head, she began filling her own plate as Lucius joined them at the table. "Just call me Narcissa, Harry. Apparently Lucius was right in his assumptions about your status?" She looked to Lucius for confirmation before continuing after he nodded. "Yes, well, he usually is right about these sorts of things. As such, you will soon be a member of the family, so there is no sense in continuing with titles."

"Yes, ma'am. So you knew...what was going to happen last night?" Picking at his food, his normally small appetite almost non-existent due to nerves, he risked looking over at her again.

Tapping Lucius' arm, she glanced pointedly at Harry's barely touched plate. Sighing softly at his question, she nodded slightly. "After Lucius told us his suspicions after your startling flight from the Ministry, which we need to discuss with you later, young man, I understood that it was a definite possibility that you two would become... intimate. You should know that Lucius and I have had an... open relationship of sorts in the past; however this is the first time I've been confronted with the knowledge of who his lover is. To say the situation is odd is an understatement. Not to mention your age and our respective standings in society. I won't lie to you, Harry, there is going to be fallout from this."

"Oh, bloody hell!" Harry stared at the two adults in horror. He hadn't really thought through what all this was going to effect outside his own love life. His friends were going to freak. Oh Merlin, Ron was going to go ballistic... and the Order members too. At least he wouldn't have to deal with his relatives after that summer. And Rita! That stupid cow would have a field day with the news.

Looking a little green, he pushed his still-full plate away and focused on breathing, thinking a little hysterically *Who would guess the Savior would be prone to panic attacks*. Suddenly, a large, warm hand was holding the back of his neck, thumb rubbing soothing circles behind his ear as calm poured through his system. Emerald eyes blinked and he became aware of his surroundings once more, Lucius standing beside him and Narcissa's delicate, manicured hand holding his own calloused one, the breakfast dishes and remaining food scattered across the table.

Giving Narcissa an apologetic look, he held out his free hand as his wand suddenly flew across the room to smack solidly against his palm before waving it towards the table top, watching as everything righted itself and the spilled food disappeared. Focused on his task as he was, he missed the startled looks the two blondes gave each other at his casual use of wandless, wordless magic. "I'm sorry; my magic has a tendency to get away from me when I get upset."

Lucius slowly relaxed his hold on Harry, and as nothing untoward happened, took his seat again. "Harry, don't work yourself up over this. Narcissa only said something so you would be aware of the ramifications. You're not going to be left to deal with this alone. As you know, we will do anything to protect our family, and you are now part of our family, despite our history with each other."

Narcissa patted Harry's hand. "If you are finished eating, why don't you go take a shower and freshen up. I'm sure you'll feel more like yourself afterwards; you've had a lot to deal with since yesterday."

Harry looked between the two and nodded hesitantly. "I think that would be a good idea, thank you."

o.O.o

Harry stood in the shower letting the hot water pound down on him as he rested his forehead against his crossed arms braced against the tiled wall, trying very hard to not think about, well, anything.

Lucius had summoned another house elf to take Harry to what he called "the Green Room." Expecting some Slytherin monstrosity, he was pleasantly surprised when he was greeted with a room very reminiscent of a forest instead. And the bathroom... even the Prefects' bathroom wasn't as grand.

He didn't know how long he had been standing there, lost in a fog, when he heard Lucius calling to him softly.

"Harry, are you alright? You've been in here for quite some time. Harry?"

Harry opened his eyes, turning to look through the glass door, spelled to remain fog free, at Lucius and realized that the room was cloudy with steam and his skin had started to prune. He wanted to reassure the older man that he was fine, he actually felt quite numb, but no words spilled forth.

Lucius watched his young lover with concern, the blank gaze that finally landed on him doing nothing to calm him. Shrugging out of his robe, he slid open the shower and stepped in behind the teen, letting his gaze slide over the slender form. Narcissa had been right, he really was little more than muscle and bone. Hopefully that would change under their care.

As Harry remained in his, admittedly defeated looking, position, Lucius picked up a bath puff and worked some soap into it until it reached a nice lather. When no objections, or words of any kind, came forth, he began to gently wash the teen, letting his own thoughts wander.

Harry wasn't the only one finding the situation odd. Just last year they had been necessary enemies thanks to the Dark Lord, then they were uneasy allies as Harry testified on their behalf. And now... now the boy was his lover, and soon to be family. He knew he would have to sit down with Draco and Narcissa and have a real discussion with them about the situation; the hurried explanation back at the Ministry was simply not enough. He knew Narcissa was upset, though she wouldn't let Harry know; she knew it wasn't the teen's fault,

was familiar with the bond between mates due to her own Veela relations, but he knew it still hurt her.

Harry felt himself coming slowly back to reality from the numb state he had fallen into as Lucius' gentle ministrations began to get a reaction out of his body. The feel of the hot water sluicing over him, the soap suds sliding teasingly over his skin, of Lucius' talented hands massaging tense muscles, soon had his cock achingly hard, and as Lucius gently ran the bath puff over the throbbing length, he moaned and arched back. "Luc...Lucius, please. I want you...need you. I need to feel grounded... connected. I feel so lost."

Lucius groaned hearing Harry's words, watching as he braced his hands against the wall, legs spreading slightly, offering himself so beautifully. He really didn't think that sex was the answer to Harry's problem, but... he was only human. "Harry, are you sure? I don't think..."

"Lucius, please" Harry cut him off, looking over his shoulder at him pleadingly.

Lucius watched those emerald orbs focus on him, their normally sparkling depths dulled with lingering shock. How was he supposed to resist a look like that? "If you're sure..."

When Harry offered no objection, simply turned to face the wall once more, Lucius murmured a lubrication spell to help counteract the water still cascading over them and stroked his own pulsing member once, smearing the oil over the sensitive flesh, before aligning himself with Harry's exposed entrance. Gripping the slender hips firmly, he began to press forward, slowly easing into the tight depths of his little lover's body.

Harry gasped when he felt Lucius enter him, his body stretching in that almost painful way that still felt so good. As Lucius began thrusting into him so incredibly slow, he whimpered, the slow strokes seeming to hit every possible nerve ending as well as his prostate and make his entire body burn with desire. This wasn't the flash-fire like passion that had instantly consumed them before. This was a slow, steady build up and all the more intense because of it, leaving Harry writhing in Lucius' grip and clawing at the tiled wall as he tried not to succumb just yet, wanting this overwhelming pleasure to last as long as possible.

And through it all, entwining with the pleasure, adding to it while also bringing comfort, was the humming connection with Lucius, grounding him while binding him closer to the other male. And he could feel the connection not just where they were so intimately joined, but in each touch Lucius bestowed on him, from each finger running over his slick skin, from the press of their thighs against each other, from the gentle, repetitive slap of Lucius' hips against his arse.

Harry whimpered as Lucius thrust forward once more, his thick length filling him and bringing him to the edge of ecstasy without pushing him that last bit over. "Luc, please...I'm so close...I need..." But he didn't know what he needed, just simply *more*, harder, faster, *something*.

But Lucius, bless him, seemed to understand exactly what he was asking for and, in a heartbeat, that large, warm hand had hold of the back of his neck once more, tightly this time, fingertips pressing into his flesh almost painfully, forcing his head forward and bowing his back as his other hand tightened its grip on his hip and he began thrusting into him faster,

harder. The wet slapping sound of flesh meeting flesh seemed to echo in the confined space almost drowning out the harsh breathing and moans coming from the two of them. *Yes... yes...this was what he needed...so close...*

Harry could feel the pre-cum leaking non-stop from his cock as he bucked his hips back against Lucius, meeting his pounding thrusts. He gasped for breath in between long, keening moans as Lucius drove him ever closer to the edge. He never noticed his magic rising up, becoming an almost tangible force surrounding the two of them, and as Lucius thrust forward sharply, brushing that wonderful little bundle of nerves inside him, he started to cum, his seed jetting out from his untouched cock as he screamed his release, his magic pulsing in a wave and sending the room into darkness as the sound of breaking glass joined the cacophony of sounds already filling the bathroom.

Lucius, startled by the magical disturbance, slammed his hips forward, burying his cock inside the clenching depths of his lover as he followed him into oblivion, feeling his seed spilling from him, filling his mate, for the first time truly able to feel the humming connection binding him to Harry as his body pressed fully against the smaller male.

As his breath steadied, Lucius blinked and realized that the darkness was not caused by his eyes being closed after all. Further realizing how much he was leaning on a still-panting Harry, he released the grip he had on the teen and stepped back carefully, his softened cock slipping almost reluctantly from his lover's body.

Feeling the water pour over his over-stimulated flesh, washing away the remnants of their love-making, because truly, nothing as powerful as what he'd just felt could be classified as just sex, he realized exactly what he'd forgotten each time he'd been with Harry. With a muttered, "Oh, fuck," he could only pray to the gods that Harry's body was not yet to the fertile stage.

Harry. The boy hadn't made a sound since that last pleased scream, the memory of which sent a shiver through him. And what had happened to the lights? "Harry? Harry, pet, are you alright? Talk to me, please." Lucius reached out carefully in the darkness for Harry's shoulder, shaking the boy slightly.

Harry groaned slightly in response. He felt...different. He could still feel the aftershocks of the powerful climax rippling through his body, could feel the ache in his arms and legs from clenching the muscles for so long, the slight pain in his arse from their activities, small pinpoints of almost pain along his neck and one hip. But beyond that he could feel the connection with Lucius humming strongly between them, could swear he could see the golden thread connecting their hearts when he closed his eyes. And oh, he felt energized, alive in a way he'd never felt before.

Curious, Harry sent a small pulse of energy along the golden thread and smiled as he heard Lucius gasp. Looking for that other thread he knew was there, he found the connection to Draco, though much fainter than the one to Lucius, and sent another small pulse along it, wondering what Draco's reaction would be.

Miles away Draco gasped, his hand coming up to press over his heart as a tingling pulse of something seemed to go through him. Shifting restlessly in his seat, he tried to sort out the feelings, arousal and an acute awareness of... He couldn't figure it out. It felt like he was missing something suddenly.

Severus looked over at him questioningly, and all he could do was shake his head, his hand still rubbing absently at his chest. "Just a funny feeling I got all of a sudden. Probably just from all the stress recently." But even as he spoke the words, he wasn't sure he believed them.

o.O.o

Opening his eyes, Harry realized it was pitch black, the only difference he could see was the loss of his glowing connections. "Lumos." Hearing Lucius gasp once more as a little ball of light appeared in front of him, he turned to face the older man. Lucius' startled expression made him realize what he'd just done and he winced. "Ummm, I can explain?"

Lucius stared at Harry in the flickering light cast by what should have been an impossible ball of light, at least from that simple spell. "I think that would be a good idea, but first we need to get out of here and dressed."

Sliding the shower door open, Lucius stepped carefully onto the bath mat, his hand reaching out to feel for the door knob as he walked slowly in that direction before the ball of light floated out to apparently follow him, lighting his way. He couldn't help the shudder that went through him at the thought of the power needed for something like it.

Opening the door, he blinked as light spilled into the room. Turning to get a towel to dry off with, he froze as he got a good look at what remained of the bathroom. Not only were the lights dead, the large wall length mirror across from the shower had shattered as well as the various bottles lining the counter.

Blinking blindly, Harry grabbed a nearby towel and began to dry off, unaware of the damage and unable to see Lucius' expression without his glasses. Holding out his hand once he was dried, he felt his glasses smack into his palm and put them on, frowning as he realized one of the lenses was cracked. Muttering the spell that Hermione had used to repair them oh so many times, he finally saw what had happened and Lucius' shocked form standing wet in the open doorway.

Carrying a dry towel over to the other man, he held it out, looking up at him sheepishly, not knowing what he could possibly say to explain what he recognized as the results of one of his magical outbursts. "Oops?"

Lucius finally looked down at the teen shifting nervously in front of him, and couldn't help reverting to his old habits. "Mr. Potter, you definitely have some explaining to do. Dibsy.." Not taking his gaze off the now-blushing Harry, he spoke to the elf as it appeared. "Have Narcissa summon Draco and Severus. We need to have a talk."

Yes I know the phrase is "skin and bones" but he's not quite that. He's got muscle from all the work and fighting and flying he's done, but since he's also malnourished, he's got no fat stores either (though technically his body would probably be eating the muscle to sustain itself first, but still). All that to say, please don't gripe at me about my word choice, it's the best short word choice for his physical description.

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Draco finds out about things...and reacts about as well as you'd expect.

Chapter Notes

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

Last Time:

Lucius finally looked down at the teen shifting nervously in front of him, and couldn't help reverting to his old habits. "Mr. Potter, you definitely have some explaining to do. Dibsy.." Not taking his gaze off the now-blushing Harry, he spoke to the elf as it appeared. "Have Narcissa summon Draco and Severus. We need to have a talk."

Now:

Harry dressed quickly in another t-shirt and pair of jeans. Lucius had left him with a command to get dressed and meet him outside the room before leaving to get dressed as well.

Harry was still fighting the embarrassment he'd felt when Lucius had mentioned having a talk with the whole Malfoy family. He couldn't believe his magic had gotten away from him for a second time in one day, and so spectacularly at that.

Sighing, he stood in the doorway to the bathroom and waved his hand, watching in the flickering light of the Lumos orb as the mirror and bottles repaired themselves, though the lights still didn't come back on.

Banishing the Lumos orb with a thought just as he heard a sharp knock on the bedroom door, Harry moved across the room quickly, though he hesitated as his hand landed on the door knob. Berating himself for his case of nerves, wondering where his Gryffindor fearlessness had gone, he opened the door and stepped out.

Glancing up at Lucius, Harry saw the disapproving look the older male was giving him and ducked his head, turning to head back downstairs, his cheeks flushing once more in embarrassment. Catching movement out of the corner of his eyes, he turned his head in time to see an open hand coming towards him. Freezing where he was, his eyes closed as his shoulders hunched reflexively, expecting a blow that never came.

Lucius prided himself on being observant, he had to be to survive under Voldemort, so it was no surprise that he caught the embarrassed look on Harry's face, and assumed he was as disgusted with the horrible Muggle clothes he was wearing as Lucius was.

What did surprise him was the automatic defensive posture he'd assumed. So too did the small flinch he could feel as his hand landed gently on a narrow shoulder. Who was this submissive victim and what had happened to the lively, defiant teen he'd always met?
"Harry? Harry, look at me."

He watched Harry turn his head to look back at him, but noticed he wouldn't meet his gaze. Sighing, he tilted the boy's chin up 'til he could look him in the eye. "Harry, I'm not mad at you; I simply desire answers that only you can provide. There is too much we don't know about each other and if we are to all grow closer as a true family, we need to address those things together. Understand?"

Harry hesitated, but seeing only sincerity, nodded slowly. He felt further embarrassed about his involuntary flinching, and thought about simply remaining silent on the subject, but he decided that it was only fair to let Lucius know it wasn't anything he'd done to cause it. "Sorry about how I reacted, it wasn't because of you. My...relatives had a tendency of slapping or hitting me if I upset them." He let it remain unsaid though that *everything* he did upset his relatives.

Considering the matter settled, Harry continued down the hall to the stairs, not realizing that Lucius wasn't following until he reached the bottom of the grand staircase and turned to ask him where to go. "Luc?"

Lucius stood in shock as Harry calmly announced that he was frequently beaten growing up, and by his family, those that were supposed to protect and love him. Finally coming back to his senses, he quickened his pace to follow the teen. It seemed the longer he was around him, the more questions and concerns he had.

Hearing the nickname as he descended the stairs, he couldn't help the short laugh that escaped him. "Luc?"

Harry blushed, not realizing the nickname had slipped from him. "I'm...I'm sorry, Lucius."

Lucius reached out and cupped the boy's cheek, his thumb brushing over his plump bottom lip, all too easily remembering hearing the nickname called out in the height of passion. "It's alright, Harry, merely a surprise. In private and around the family I don't mind if you call me that, just make sure you address me by my true name in public."

Harry shivered as Lucius' thumb slid over his lip and he had to fight the urge to suck the digit into his mouth, to taste him, but he knew if he did it would probably lead to other things and they had people waiting on them. People that would not be happy waiting while Lucius fucked him on the stairs.

Taking a shaky breath to steady himself, he pressed a chaste kiss to Lucius' thumb and stepped back, freeing himself from the tempting grasp and offered his lover a small smile. "Yes, sir. Thank you, Luc."

Following Lucius through the entry hall and down a side hall, they finally arrived at a small, well at least for the Malfoys, sitting room, the occupants of which had Harry freezing in the

doorway. He knew they were going to be there, and though he had been instrumental in their freedom, he still couldn't stop himself from falling back into old habits. "Snape, Malfoy."

Narcissa stood as Lucius and Harry entered the room but before she could say anything, Harry's suddenly cold voice broke the silence. Giving him a pointed look, a small frown tugging at her lips, she let her disapproval fill her voice as she spoke. "Harry..."

Harry looked over at Narcissa, ducking his head slightly at the unspoken chastisement. Sighing softly, he looked back at the two males. "*Professor* Snape...*Draco*."

Severus arched one raven brow and looked from Harry to Narcissa. "It seems we should have hired you as a professor, Cissa, only Albus was able to get Harry to show me the proper respect."

Harry laughed, surprising the three blondes, and moved further into the room. Having grown used to bantering with his snarky Potions professor during the months leading up to the final battle, he didn't hesitate in his response. "Well if you hadn't been a right bloody bastard to me since the day we met, maybe I would have tried harder."

"Harry James Potter!" Narcissa's outraged exclamation, Draco's stunned silence, and Harry's unapologetic grin had the corner of Severus' mouth twitching in the smallest of smiles. It was Lucius' actions and Harry's reaction that had him looking on in disbelief.

Harry felt Lucius' hand settle on the back of his neck and realized that the former Death Eater wouldn't have any idea about the truce he had made with his Potions professor. Turning his head, he rubbed his cheek against Lucius' fingers and gave him a warm smile, appreciative of the gesture. "I'm alright, Luc. *Professor* Snape and I reached an agreement during the war."

A distinct spluttering noise brought his attention back to the rest of the group. Draco's normally pale face was now flushed in agitation, a state Harry was all too familiar with. Sighing, he waited for the forthcoming outburst; destined mate or not, some things never changed.

"Luc? Father, what the bloody hell is going on? First you send Mother and I away, right after we're freed, I might add, with some half-arsed explanation about *needing* to be with Harry Bloody Potter, of all people, and now this? I demand an explanation!"

"Draconis Lucian Malfoy, don't you speak to your father that way!"

Ignoring Narcissa's outburst, though he personally thought it funny to hear Draco getting dressed down, Harry merely rolled his eyes at the other teen's ranting and turned to look at Lucius once more. "You know, some days it still surprises me that he's in Slytherin. You think that neck thing will work on *him*?"

Lucius tried his best to restrain the laughter that Harry's comment and accompanying mock-innocent look brought on, only a smile tilting his twitching lips betraying his true feelings. He noticed Severus coughing suspiciously as well. *This*...this was the Harry he knew, all fire and challenge and irreverent attitude. He had to wonder whether it was his son's presence or Severus' that prompted the change. Gauging by Harry's smug smile and the way Draco kept

trying, and failing, not to glare at the brunette as his mother chastised him, he assumed he had his answer. Raising an eyebrow questioningly at Severus, he watched his friend roll his eyes and give a long-suffering sigh.

"They've been like this since first year, Lucius, you can't expect them to change immediately." Severus paused, looking at the way Harry and Lucius stood so comfortably next to each other, recalled the casual touches and the easy banter between them. "Then again, perhaps you can."

Lucius thought about that for a moment and, spotting an opportunity as Narcissa paused for a breath, motioned for Draco to come closer. "Come here a moment, Draco."

Draco had only taken a couple steps across the room when Lucius heard Harry inhale sharply. Feeling the teen's body tremble slightly, he shifted his fingers slightly to rest over his pulse, and as expected, found it racing. Holding up his free hand to halt Draco's movement, he released Harry and took several steps backwards. "On second thought, Draco stay there. Harry, you go to him." At Harry's surprised look, Lucius offered him a small smile and glanced toward Narcissa and Severus. "I don't think we need a repeat of what happened at the Ministry, do you?"

Harry blushed bright red at Lucius' words, remembering all too well how quickly he had come undone. Shaking his head slightly, he took a deep breath and headed across the room to meet his other mate. He had to admit, he wasn't feeling quite as strongly as he had at the Ministry; maybe bonding with Lucius helped lessen the impact. Did that mean once he bonded with Draco that he would actually go back to feeling normal around the two males? Of course that meant he'd actually have to have sex with the obnoxious git, but then again that hadn't seemed to be an issue with Lucius. Maybe a few of those "non-polite company" touches like Lucius had mentioned would be all it took.

Stopping just inside arm's reach, Harry closed his eyes for a moment, blocking out Draco's suspicious gaze and focusing on the two glowing connections inside him, and just as he thought, the other one ended directly in front of him. Gathering his scattered thoughts, he opened his eyes and gazed up into the cold silver depths. "Malfoy."

Draco watched his childhood rival suspiciously as he stopped in front of him. True, Harry had helped free his family from Azkaban, but there had to be some hidden motive he hadn't figured out yet. There had to be; he and his father had made the boy's life hell for the past six years, so why would he ever help them unless he was getting something out of the situation. Then again, he *was* a Gryffindor, he probably just did it because it was the *noble* thing to do. Fool.

But none of that explained his father's strange actions since he'd talked to the other teen in the Ministry the day before. And the way they had been touching... Sighing, he figured there was only one way to get the answers he wanted. Looking down into Harry's, admittedly remarkable, emerald eyes, framed as they were by those absolutely horrendous glasses, he realized that at some point he'd outgrown the other teen.

Taking an unconscious step backwards, Draco actually *looked* at Harry for the first time since their unfortunate meeting at Madame Malkin's all those years ago. He took in the tousled

black hair, his petite build that he knew was in good shape from years of seeing him in his Quidditch gear, even if you couldn't tell under the horrid excuse for clothing he was wearing, of course the beautiful eyes, and, for the first time, noticed the lush pink lips that were currently being chewed on nervously. Of course there was the question of why Harry *was* so small, he'd seen pictures of the Potters after all, and they had both been tall, so how did their son end up so small.

A tremor went through him as he finally realized that Harry Potter was *pretty*, in a masculine way, yes, but his features would never allow him to be considered handsome, he was too delicate looking, even if he knew there was a core of steel underneath the deceptive appearance.

He was trembling when he realized he was fighting the urge to reach out and pull the other teen into his arms, knowing instinctively that the slender form would fit perfectly against him. He sucked in a quick breath as he felt a spike of jealousy go through him when he thought of the casual touches between his father and Harry, the familiar nickname Harry had used and wondered once more what their relationship was. He didn't realize his voice had dropped to a husky whisper as he finally voiced his question. "What are you to my father, Harry?"

Neither teen noticed Lucius motioning for the other two to follow him outside, nor did they hear the door click shut or feel the silencing charm fall over the room.

Harry watched Draco's eyes change from ice cold to molten hot as the blonde studied him, saw the faint tremors going through him, watched his eyes dilate and felt his own body respond. Tongue darting out over his abused lip, he felt his pulse racing. There was an almost palpable tension in the air, much like there had been back at the Ministry with Lucius. He could feel their connection humming inside him. Draco's use of his actual name simply made it that much stronger. Harry's voice was husky and trembled slightly as he spoke quietly. "The same thing I am to you, Draco, his mate...your mate, the bearer of your children."

Draco sucked in a quick breath, Harry's words sending a spike of desire through him straight to his groin. His imagination all too readily supplied images of Harry writhing underneath him, begging for release, of him round with his child. Then part of what he said actually registered and a small frown tugged at his lips. "Mate to both of us? How?"

Harry gave a small laugh though there was no real humor in it. "Same as every strange thing that's ever happened to me...magic. From what your father said, I'm to be something of a second 'wife' or something to you two. I'm connected to you both. When I close my eyes I can see this glowing thread connecting us...here."

Closing his eyes, he saw the connection to Draco, the golden thread seeming to pulse with their heartbeats. Lifting his hand, he followed the thread 'til his fingertips met Draco's chest. Feeling the racing heartbeat, he flattened his palm against the muscled chest under his hand, fingers splayed wide, absorbing the body heat radiating from under the silk shirt.

Opening his eyes, he stepped forward, unable to resist the draw, his head tilting back to look up at his former nemesis. Merlin, he was gorgeous, his platinum blonde hair stylishly cut to

flatter his aristocratic features, tall and muscled, though not overly so. He really did look like the Ice Prince he'd been nicknamed in school.

Draco groaned as Harry stepped closer and clenched his hands at his sides to keep from grabbing the other teen. With his head tilted back, lips slightly parted, the boy was just begging to be kissed. "May I touch you?"

Harry trembled at Draco's words, imagining just how the blonde *could* touch him. "Carefully, yes. Touches have a way of getting out of control."

Draco's tongue darted out over his suddenly dry lips; he could feel Harry trembling through the hand still pressed against his chest. "Out of control, how?"

Harry would never know what prompted his next words, perhaps that Gryffindor recklessness he was always being accused of. "Like you stripping my clothes off and fucking me into the floor."

"Fuck, Harry!" It was the last straw. Draco grabbed him, arms wrapped tight around the slender form as their lips crashed against each other. Their first kiss, much like the majority of their encounters over the years, was passionate and fierce, the two vying for dominance, neither willing to yield and neither minding in the least, six long years of pent up emotions freeing themselves in that moment.

Harry's fingers tangled in silky blond locks, keeping Draco's head tugged down to continue the kiss. Draco spun them and backed Harry against the wall, his hands sliding down to cup the taut globes of Harry's ass, melding their bodies together. Using the wall as leverage, Harry hopped up, wrapping his legs around Draco's hips and brought their cloth covered erections into direct contact with each other.

Harry gasped, head falling back as his hips automatically rocked forward, grinding against the blonde. Draco took advantage of the tanned expanse of skin exposed when Harry's head fell back, his lips and teeth mapping the column of his neck, his own hips rocking forward to meet Harry's frenzied movements.

In mere minutes, which felt like both hours and a blink of the eye to the participants, the two were cumming, Harry crying out Draco's name as the blonde buried his face against Harry's neck, biting down over the thundering pulse and leaving a wicked looking love bite behind.

It took several more minutes for the two to catch their breath and recover enough to move. Harry let his legs slide free from their hold on Draco, his nose wrinkling as he felt his boxers and jeans cling wetly to him as he moved, and made sure his legs would carry him before he released the hold he had on Draco's shoulders. Blushing, he peeked up at Draco, afraid of what the other teen might say.

Draco's mind was reeling. He couldn't believe he'd just...just done *that* with Harry Bloody Potter. He didn't know what bothered him more, having done it in the first place, how much he'd enjoyed it, or, looking down at the shy, blushing face and kiss swollen lips, how much he wanted to do it again.

Reluctantly freeing the brunette, Draco stepped back slightly, his gaze falling to the livid bite mark and he couldn't help the satisfied grin that tilted his lips as he felt Harry shiver when he dragged his thumb over the spot. He was honest enough to admit he'd always had a bit of a... possessive streak, and to see Harry with *his* mark...well, he had a feeling he wouldn't be letting it fade completely any time soon. "So...things like this happen a lot?"

Harry blushed even brighter. "Umm, Luc said until we were bonded for a little while, things could get out of hand easily."

"So you and Father..."

"Three times since last night..."

"And now with me? I wonder how many times you could..."

"Stop! Please don't, Draco. We have people waiting on us and you'll get me started again." Feeling flustered with the direction their conversation was going, he side stepped to get away from Draco's overwhelming presence. Muttering a quick Scourgify to clean them both up as he felt his clothes cling to him once more, he looked around the empty room, clinging to any distraction he could find at the moment. "Wonder where they went."

Draco jerked in surprise feeling the spell wash over him. "How...how did you do that? You didn't have your wand. But they're probably in the library. I'm more concerned with *when* they left." It was Draco's turn to blush now, imagining his family's response to his undignified behavior.

Harry waved a hand absently in response. "Oh, Luc probably realized what was about to happen and got them to leave us alone. He put up a Silencio."

Looking toward the door, he cancelled the spell he could feel attached to the room and looked back at Draco who was now staring wide-eyed at him. Sighing, he shrugged slightly. "It's a long story. Let's find the others. I don't want to have to explain more times than I have to."

Chapter End Notes

I should probably warn anybody new to this story (who isn't just re-reading it here after having it posted on other sites) this only has 5 chapters written. I started writing this about 5ish years ago, life happened, and I've never gotten back to finishing the next chapter much less any more of it. So, I'm sorry, but I figured I better warn you now once I have the rest of the chapters posted, you can consider this on hiatus like most of my WIPs

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Story time...or Harry explains his past

Chapter Notes

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

Last time:

Looking toward the door, he cancelled the spell he could feel attached to the room and looked back at Draco who was now staring wide-eyed at him. Sighing, he shrugged slightly. "It's a long story. Let's find the others. I don't want to have to explain more times than I have to."

Now:

Draco led Harry out of the room and down the hall to the library, his thoughts bouncing all over once more. Between his physical reaction to the other teen and his casual use of wandless magic, well, he was left with more questions than ever. Why did he suddenly have this overwhelming attraction to Harry, was it simply the mate thing he was talking about? And how was that supposed to work anyway? And when did Harry get the ability to do wandless magic? What else was he capable of?

Harry followed Draco quietly, leaving the other teen to his thoughts. Truth be told, his own thoughts weren't too clear either. He couldn't believe he'd just done *that* with Draco Malfoy, Slytherin Ice Prince, absolute stuck up git, and school bully. But he had, eagerly, and even worse, he wouldn't mind doing it again. But was it really any worse than what he'd already done with Lucius? For some reason, it felt like it was.

True, Lucius had set into motion the events of second year, but Harry had also seen him being punished for failure and losing one of Voldemort's horcruxes through one of his visions. And he'd been there in fifth year fighting him and his friends, but he was just another soldier for the Dark. Maybe that was the difference. Everything Lucius had done hadn't actually targeted him specifically, he was just acting on orders. Draco, though... well it had always been personal between them, every prank and taunt that had passed between them over the years had been targeted precisely to hurt the other the most.

So lost was he in his thoughts, Harry failed to realize that they'd come to a stop in a richly furnished room lined with bookshelves, nor did he hear the voices calling to him. It wasn't until the one person whose smooth voice was honed to the perfect volume and intensity after years of chastising wool-gathering students spoke did Harry focus once more on his surroundings.

"Potter! If you are quite finished day dreaming, I do have other things I would like to do with my day." Severus rolled his eyes at Harry's sheepish look and pointed to an empty couch near a fireplace across from a cozy looking sitting area where Lucius and Draco were settled. "And what grand revelation have you come to that you've left yourself completely unaware of your surroundings and open to attack?" Severus sat on the couch he'd pointed out to Harry, muttering to himself. "And to think *he* was the one to defeat Voldemort."

Harry blushed slightly as Severus rightly guessed what had him distracted, not surprised in the least that the man had figured it out. "Umm, I'd rather not say, but it's not like I was in any real danger. You'd protect me if I was attacked, they're my mates and wouldn't fatally attack me, and she wouldn't do anything to harm her son's mate." Harry pointed to each of them in turn as he spoke, justifying his response.

Shrugging carelessly, he headed to the couch. "Besides, Ron and Hermione know where I'm at and if I don't contact them by tomorrow, a whole squad of Aurors would be at the front door and all of you would probably wind up going directly to Azkaban for daring to hurt their precious *Savior*." Rolling his eyes at the nickname, he flopped onto the couch with his normal lack of grace, completely oblivious of the stunned silence left in the wake of his declaration.

The silence only lasted a moment before the other men started speaking at once. "So sure of your plan are you, Potter...I was right, you are out to get us after all...Harry, surely you don't really think that we'd do something like that now after everything..."

The masculine voices were shortly overrun by one decidedly feminine voice raised in outrage. "Harry, what *is* that on your neck?"

Startled, Harry turned towards Narcissa, a very helpful "Huh?" slipping from him as he unwittingly flashed the bright red love bite to the rest of the occupants.

Narcissa was quickly clued in to the cause of the mark at least when Draco suddenly blushed. Lucius coughed slightly, covering the laugh that threatened to escape as Severus raised a mocking eyebrow at his godson. Narcissa glared at the three of them before settling her attention on her son. "Draco! You did *that*? How...how utterly common!"

Determined to get rid of the vulgar mark, completely ignoring her husband's now unabashed laughter, she pointed her wand at Harry's neck. "Epis.."

"No!" Harry slapped his hand over the mark as he plucked Narcissa's wand from the air with his free hand before it could hit him after unconsciously summoning it. He noticed the startled silence this time and levitated her wand back to her. "Sorry, but I... Ikindalikeitandwanttokeepit." Harry blushed brightly and mumbled quickly, embarrassed to admit how he felt about the mark.

Severus, already used to Harry's magic displays, focused on his words and the interesting reaction to them. "Mr. Potter, I have repeatedly told you about your annoying tendency to mumble. Now repeat yourself, clearly this time."

Harry stared at the carpet, unwilling to look at the others as he spoke up, clearly this time, his fingers playing absently over the mark. "I said I like it and I want to keep it. I've never had one before. I like how it makes me feel."

Looking down as he was, Harry missed the heated look that Draco gave him. Severus, however, didn't have that problem and couldn't stop the smirk that tilted his lips. "And just how does it make you feel, Potter?"

If possible, Harry blushed even brighter, his voice dropping to just above a whisper, but with the absolute silence in the room, he was still able to be clearly heard. "Like...like I belong to someone."

Oh, this was too perfect. It was Christmas come early. Severus grinned wickedly as he watched both father and son react to those innocent words, the heated looks, rapid breathing, and sudden shifting in their seats. If there was one thing true of all Malfoys, they were very possessive and jealously guarded what they considered theirs...and Harry had just told them he liked being claimed. For the first time since Draco and Harry had started at Hogwarts, he might just get through the year without them attacking each other.

Narcissa wasn't quite sure what to think about the situation. On the one hand it went completely against her sensibilities and how she was raised, but on the other hand... What did he mean it made him feel like he belonged to someone? Sighing softly, she glanced at Lucius and Draco, seeing that they had calmed down before she spoke. "Very well, but you will keep it under glamour in public."

Harry smiled, relieved as she consented, and nodded hastily. "Yes, ma'am"

Under control once more, Lucius raised an aristocratic brow questioningly at Harry. "So, I take it you two...?"

Harry blushed again and shook his head. "No, not completely."

Lucius laughed softly and looked at Severus. "Ah, remember those days? To be a teenager again..."

Pointedly ignoring her husband's words, Narcissa decided to bring them back on topic and gave the elder Malfoy an impatient look. Lucius coughed slightly, covering his grin with his hand. "Yes, well, now that that's settled, perhaps you'd care to explain what you meant by your earlier statement. Surely, you don't think any of us would still attack you? Not after you just helped save us and finding out you're mated with us?"

Lucius studied the young man seated across from them as he saw him squirm almost guiltily. How one person could bounce between such extremes of emotion so easily he couldn't understand. One minute he was the brash, confident Savior, the next a blushing virgin, then another shy and hopeful; it was mind-boggling.

Toeing off his trainers, ignoring Narcissa's moue of disapproval, Harry pulled his legs up under him, settling further back into the corner of the couch. "Honestly, I've learned to always expect being attacked in one way or another. But for the quick explanation of what I meant,

Severus has been saving my life since first year, even though I didn't realize it at first. And you two...maybe it was the mate thing, but you've never tried to outright kill me, even in the worst of our battles. And Narcissa...I have no doubt you could be vicious to protect your son, but knowing I'm his mate, once again, I don't think you'd do anything to kill me, and honestly, anything short of death I'll get over given enough time. The Auror thing is just logical, 'Mione and Ron would go to Professor McGonagall who would contact them, and even if you guys had killed me, you would still be held responsible and punished accordingly. It's just good sense to have a backup plan."

The Malfoys stared at him in varying degrees of shock. How could he be so calm about injury or potential death. Did he truly value himself so little?

Draco really wasn't sure what to think about the other teen; his whole perception of him had been obliterated in the course of a couple hours. It didn't help that Harry looked even smaller than normal huddled on the couch as he was. "That's a very Slytherin way of thinking, Potter; manipulating the situation that way."

Harry shrugged carelessly, eyes closed as he picked at the fraying hem of his t-shirt. "Probably 'cause it's where I was supposed to be sorted from the start."

The resounding chorus of "What?" had Harry laughing lightly. Opening his eyes, he looked over at Draco and smiled. "And it's primarily your fault that I wasn't. Just think, Malfoy, we could've been roommates all this time."

"Wait just a minute, what do you mean my fault, Potter?"

"Perhaps, Mr. Potter, it would be best if you start at the beginning." As amusing as it was watching the Malfoys gaping like fish, Severus did have other things he wanted to do and it was past time for Harry to explain things to his new family.

Harry sighed, frowning once more as he looked over at Severus. He knew he owed them all some explanations, but up until that point nobody knew everything. Sure the Weasleys knew some and Dumbledore had guessed some and even Severus had figured out some, but nobody knew it all. But if he was going to have to make a life with these people... Sighing, he looked down at the loose threads he'd been picking at. "All of it then?" Glancing back up at Severus, he saw his professor nod and, resigned to his fate, wiggled into a more comfortable position and closed his eyes before beginning his story.

"Well, as you all know, about sixteen years ago, Voldemort attacked and killed my parents and temporarily destroyed himself trying to kill me. The part only a few people knew is that Dumbledore rescued me and took me to the house where my mum's Muggle sister and her family lived and dropped me off with a note. Apparently they found me on the doorstep in the morning when Aunt Petunia went out to get the paper. Needless to say, they weren't exactly thrilled with the surprise."

With his eyes closed, he missed the horrified looks on everybody's faces, though he did hear some upset sounding muttering come from the direction of the three blondes. He couldn't help sounding bitter as he moved on to the next part of his story, as much as he would have preferred otherwise; some hurts just ran too deep.

"So anyway, they took me in, raised me to be a great little servant; I had my own bed in the cupboard under the stairs and learned how to cook and clean as soon as I was big enough to reach the counter standing on a chair. They were so kind as to give me my cousin Dudley's old clothes that he outgrew, which didn't take long as he ate anything and everything he could get his greedy hands on."

"As I got older, I got my exercise doing yard work and running from Dudley and his friends when they'd decide to go 'Harry Hunting' and climbing trees to escape Aunt Marge's dog, Ripper. The scar around my ankle is from the first time Ripper came after me and I didn't move quick enough."

"Let's see, I finally learned my name when I went to school, before that I thought my name was 'boy' 'cause that's what they called me all the time. As I got older and strange things started happening around me, what I now know as my accidental magic manifesting, they started calling me 'freak' too. Of course that also led to them trying to get the magic out of me by any means necessary, usually through a combination of beatings and starvation, they even tried exorcism one time after I managed to apparate myself on top of the school." Cracking his eyes open to glance at the four horrified people, he added wryly, "I don't suggest that option, it's quite unpleasant."

Sighing again, he closed his eyes, head resting in the corner of the couch. "Everything and nothing changed the summer of my eleventh birthday. All these owls started showing up and I got my first ever letter, but Uncle Vernon destroyed it and all the ones that followed before I could read them. Finally, to escape all the owls, he dragged the lot of us to this dilapidated lighthouse in the middle of nowhere. This time, instead of an owl, Hagrid showed up."

A fond smile tilted his lips as he remembered that night. "I celebrated my first birthday that night; Hagrid brought me a cake with my name written on it and everything; of course I didn't actually get any of it, Dudley ate it while I was distracted talking to Hagrid. That was also when I found out I was a wizard and what had really happened to my parents; my aunt and uncle told me they'd been killed in a car accident up until then. Well, Hagrid took me from there and brought me to Diagon Alley." Here, Harry paused, a slightly disgusted look marring his features. "And there I learned that even in this new world, I was still a freak, The-Boy-Who-Lived. What a load of shite. Special because I didn't die like everyone else. Set apart by some stupid scar caused by an event I'll never truly remember, though I do get to hear my mother screaming when Dementors get near me."

Taking a deep breath to calm himself, he slowly let it out before continuing. "Anyway, I got my first real present that day when Hagrid gave me Hedwig. And that was the day I met Draco. After listening to Hagrid tell me about how *You-Know-Who* and all the other evil wizards came from Slytherin, I run into this obnoxious prat who was prattling on about stuff I'd never even heard of and was reminding me way too much of Dudley, and lo and behold, he wants to be in Slytherin. Then he insulted Hagrid who had just rescued me from the Dursleys. Then, on the train, he went on to insult the first kid to ever be nice to me, Ron."

He could vaguely hear Narcissa's disappointed "Oh, Draco..." which made him turn his head to smile at the blonde teen. "So is it any wonder that when the Sorting Hat mentioned putting

me in Slytherin, I objected? Though to be fair, I didn't tell it to put me in Gryffindor, just 'not Slytherin'."

"I think you all know most of what happened after that." He started counting off instances on his fingers. "First year I met Hagrid's pet Cerberus, Fluffy, and defeated a Voldemort possessed Quirrell. Second year, fought the basilisk, which is where I got the scar on my arm, Fawkes' tears kept its bite from killing me, but that's it, and destroyed a Voldemort possessed diary. Third year, was kind of dull by comparison, dodged Dementors and a werewolf and saved Buckbeak and Sirius. Fourth year had to fight my way through that damned tournament that I was falsely entered into and was used to bring back Voldemort. Fifth year, suffered through visions sent by Voldemort, lost my godfather, was tortured mildly by Umbridge, that's where the scar on my hand came from, her blood quill. And then this past year, came into my full magical inheritance and spent most of the year re-learning how to use it without destroying anything before finally destroying Voldemort for good."

He refused to look at the other by this point, waiting until he felt his emotions calm some before he accidentally destroyed something again. "Of course, the summers were always spent back with the Dursleys where I was so graciously given Dudley's second bedroom to stay in, after those first letters were addressed to me at 'Cupboard Under the Stairs, 4 Privet Drive', they were kind of afraid that they were being watched. Of course that's being generous since there are bars over the windows to keep the owls out and five deadbolts on the outside of the door to keep me in."

He risked a quick glance at Narcissa before focusing on his shirt hem again. "You asked about me eating. While I'm there I'm given exactly enough food and water to keep me alive. The only times I get access to a decent amount of food is at Hogwarts and the Weasleys. Unfortunately, after so long barely eating, I don't have much of an appetite and stress makes it worse. Usually by the end of the school year I'm up to a decent, if not normal, weight, but then I lose it all again when I'm with my relatives. This year with everything that happened, I've actually lost more weight. Madame Pomfrey thinks my increased magic actually heightened my metabolism so I'm burning through my body's stores even faster than normal, hence the reason why I'm 'muscle and bone.' I'm afraid to see what I'll look like at the end of this summer. Of course, that's assuming I'm going back to the Dursleys, but with Voldemort dead, there's no real reason I should have to, but then where would I stay, the Weasleys have enough people to care for. Guess I could stay at Grimmauld or the Broomsticks..." Harry trailed off, lost in his thoughts as he considered his options for the summer.

Severus cleared his throat expectantly as it seemed Harry had forgotten his audience, startling the boy from his thoughts.

Harry blinked in surprise and flushed guiltily. He was having a bad problem with forgetting himself; Severus had been right. He dared a quick look at everyone though he didn't linger long enough to gauge their reactions to everything he'd said. "Um, so yeah, that's the quick history of The-Boy-Who-Lived. Not quite the pampered prince you've been thinking I was all these years, huh?"

He laughed shortly, though there was no humor in it. "And here I was thinking I might actually have a normal year next year now that Voldemort's gone. Guess that idea's gone right

out the window. Once again, I'm a freak. You want to know my one big secret... I'd give it all up, the name and fame and fawning, fickle fans to just be normal and have a normal, boring life with a normal, loving family. But it's never going to happen, and for that I will always hate Voldemort and curse his soul to a thousand Hells."

He swallowed hard as he heard the windows rattling and sucked in a shaky breath. Rubbing his face, he felt the trails of tears he'd unknowingly shed and dragged himself to his feet. Refusing to meet anyone's gaze, he muttered an apology, "Sorry, I think I need to lay down for a minute." Apparating out of the room, he left four normally outspoken people sitting quietly, at a loss for words, as all their beliefs about the teen crumbled around them.

Chapter End Notes

I'll be posting my last written chapter in the next day or so, after that, I'll be changing the status of this to "on hiatus" as I'm not sure when I'll get back to working on it, sorry

Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

Deep thoughts all around

Chapter Notes

Alright, folks, I'm sorry, but this is the last chapter I actually have written. Hopefully my muses will decide to come back so I can get some more work done on this and my other WIPs. For all of you who have favorited and bookmarked and commented, thank you so much! I'm so glad you've liked this.

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

Rousing himself from his dark thoughts, many of which centered around practicing his Death Eater skills on a certain Muggle family, Lucius gave Severus a concerned look. "Where would he have gone? He shouldn't have been able to apparate out of here in the first place, but in the condition he's in, I don't like the idea of him being alone somewhere."

Severus snorted and shook his head. "The boy apparated out of the Ministry, for Merlin's sake, your house wards wouldn't bother him in the least. Merlin's beard, the boy can get in and out of any part of *Hogwarts* any time he wants, though we've tried to impress on him the inconvenience caused by someone ripping through them willy-nilly."

Severus laughed to himself at the startled looks on the Malfoys' faces. It was impressive enough that Harry could get through Grimmauld and the Ministry's wards, but Hogwarts was older than both and infused with ancient magic as well as the newer wards. Even Voldemort hadn't been able to break through, and yet, one wisp of a boy slipped through as if they simply didn't exist. None of the Order members truly wanted to think about how much power it meant Harry had, it was simply kind of frightening. Personally, Severus believed the old castle had an affinity for the boy anyway, perhaps because he was the direct descendant of at least one of the founders. It was much easier to accept than the idea that the brat was going to be equivalent to the next Merlin. Now *that* was a scary thought.

Dragging himself back from that particular train of thought, Severus returned his attention to the blonds. "To answer your question, though, he's probably in his room upstairs. He said he was going to lay down, not leave."

Having something to focus on instead of the miserable childhood Harry had described, Narcissa summoned an elf. "Check to see if Harry is in his room." Waiting for a minute for

the elf to disappear and reappear, babbling an affirmative, she nodded. "Very good, take him a pot of tea and... Does anybody know what his favorite treat is?"

Without hesitating, Draco responded. "Earl Grey and treacle tarts." As his family turned surprised, but amused, looks on him, he huffed and crossed his arms defensively across his chest, blushing faintly. "What? We've essentially been stalking each other for six years, he probably knows all my likes and dislikes as well."

Narcissa managed to suppress a laugh at her disgruntled son, though her lips twitched in a broad smile. "Yes, well..." Turning her attention back to the elf, she fell back into the calm personality she normally showed the world and that she found worked best when dealing with the overly excitable house elves. "Take Harry some treacle tarts and a pot of Earl Grey and let him know that we await him whenever he feels up to joining us again."

Lucius looked to Severus, hoping that just maybe Harry had been exaggerating about certain things. "Was he exaggerating by any chance? Any of it? What he's told us... he should be dead or on his way to being the next Dark Lord."

Severus sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose. "Some of what we were told was new to me as well, though it does explain quite a few things, his weight and stature for starters. Severe malnutrition and improper care during his formative years would explain why he is so much smaller than his year mates. His questionable 'care' at the hands of his relatives would also help explain his odd emotional outbursts and personality quirks."

Snorting in amusement, he looked over at Draco. "And his repressed Slytherin side would explain the masks he's formed to hide his true self... if he even knows what that is at this point with how many different expectations have been placed on him."

Draco, who'd only been paying minor attention to the discussion going on, was lost in his thoughts once more. The incident from earlier replayed through his mind as well as Harry's emphatic refusal to lose the mark *he* had left on him and he had to fight down a wave of desire. To think they could've been in the same House all this time if he hadn't decided to show off all those years ago. They could've been friends, roommates... lovers? An image of Harry spread out on his bed in the dorm, flushed with desire, his coloring a perfect compliment to the green and silver sheets flashed in his mind and left him choking back a moan as he shifted restlessly on the couch. He could swear in that moment he could feel that connection Harry had told him about and could follow it with his eyes closed directly to his little mate.

And wasn't that an odd thought, a mate... who he would share with his father. It left him feeling lost and unsure of himself, something he couldn't stand. A Malfoy always had a plan and a course of action and knew himself. Well, what did he know? He wanted Harry, but then he'd always wanted him, from the very beginning. He felt possessive; he didn't want to share the other boy's attention with anyone else. He automatically thought of the other two thirds of the golden trio and resisted the urge to growl. He had to fight the urge likewise when he thought of the other students and teachers. He turned his thoughts to his family, his father particularly, and found he felt nothing out of the ordinary, perhaps whatever magic was behind the bond made him subconsciously alright with the situation. Thoughts of Harry around his mother prompted only mild irritation, and thoughts of Uncle Sev... Well, now *that*

was interesting. He had the same non-response that thoughts of his father had produced. He had to wonder what it meant.

He was abruptly pulled from his thoughts as though someone had called him. When he opened his eyes, he saw Harry shifting nervously in the doorway, his eyes red and puffy looking from his earlier breakdown, his hands twisting in the end of the hideous Muggle shirt that he now knew had been handed down to the other teen. He looked so small and lost, Draco found himself on his feet and moving across the room before he consciously made the decision to move, feeling his father's presence behind him as he came to stop just out of reach of the brunet. Unable to decipher the emotions roiling inside him, he resisted the urge to reach out to his mate, his hands clenching at his sides instead. "Are you..."

"I'm okay. I'm sorry if I made any of you worry." Harry looked at each of them, seeing only concern in their gazes, well except for Snape who was his normal indifferent self. Turning again to his two mates, he felt himself tremble, though it wasn't nearly as strong as it had been before; maybe the incident with Draco earlier had helped after all. But looking at them standing there, appearing so strong and caring, if unsure of their welcome, had him unconsciously swaying towards them, seeking comfort.

Lucius, seeing both boys' actions, fought back a smile. Lifting his hand, he placed it on the back of Draco's neck just as he'd done for Harry and leaned down to whisper in his son's ear. "Go to him and hold him as so." He tightened his hold on his neck slightly to explain before releasing him. "It will help calm and ground him."

Draco stepped forward, looking into Harry's eyes as he started to lift his hand before letting it drop again, feeling suddenly insecure with his family watching. "Harry, I... I'm not sure... I'm not used to..."

Harry gave him a shaky smile and stepped closer so there was less than a foot separating them. He appreciated what the blonde was doing more than the other teen probably knew. He'd had so few people offer him comfort in his life that the very fact that he was at least *trying* meant a lot. Sending a small pulse of magic and appreciation along their bond, his smile grew as Draco gasped and stared at him wide-eyed. "It's our connection. I've found I can play with it as well as see it. Here, Luc found out that this helps me... helps keep me calm. Guess you should know what my 'off' switch is just in case I need it when we're back in school next year."

Harry gave a small nervous laugh, wishing the two of them were alone again; he just felt very self-conscious with the three adults watching-not-watching them. Taking a fortifying breath, he reached out and took Draco's hand, biting his lip to distract himself from the pleasurable tension he could feel building inside, and guided it to the back of his neck. Draco's touch was hesitant at first, but quickly gained confidence as his hand seemed to settle naturally into place, his thumb brushing gently up and down the pale column of Harry's neck.

Lucius watched as an unnoticed tension seemed to leave both boys with the small contact and smiled softly. Yes, Harry may be his mate, and due to the bond he felt a sense of affection and protection towards him as well as lust, but it was nothing compared to what the two boys felt towards each other naturally. All that passion and fire they'd been expressing as anger all these years would soon have a more natural outlet he was sure. Glancing over at Severus, he

noticed the intense look on his friend's face as he watched the boys and wondered what the normally reserved man thought of the situation. Perhaps after the boys had retired for the evening, they could talk; it would certainly be an interesting conversation.

Chapter End Notes

The end of this chapter never really flowed that well for me, but after all these years, I still can't think of a way I'd like to tweak it, so there it stays.

Until I start working on this again, a new tag is going to be added to indicate that this is ON HIATUS. Sorry again and thank you again for all your support :)

End Notes

As several people commented in the past that the first chapter seemed "rushed" or something, it's supposed to feel that way, Harry's pretty much been swept away by everything and I wanted it to come across that way. The rest of story moves to a more normal pace.

I've tried to explain how this magic is going to work and how the relationships will fall out because of it; it may get elaborated on some more in future chapters, but if you're completely confused, let me know and I'll try to explain it better.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!