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No Other Way but To Love You

A Harry Potter Fan-Fiction

Desolate03

Prologue

Lucius never thought that it would end up this way. Had he given up two decades of his life to a demented Dark Lord to see this befall the wizarding world? Had he and his lover suffered all for nothing; had they given up their love, marriage, and fidelity to each other for nothing? Voldemort had been dead for a year and in that year everything went to hell.

The first thing that happened was his son, his beautiful precious son, had been taken from him. Collateral, is what Dumbledore called him; as if he were a piece of meat, or a mound of galleons. He'd been a spy for that man for twenty years, he'd sweat, bleed, tortured, raped, pillaged, and killed for that man and what does he do? Takes his son and gives him to the bloody Harry Potter as a pet. A pet. Draconis Lucien Malfoy is the Heir of the Malfoy fortune. He is Lucius' one pride and joy out of that cold marriage he'd had with Narcissa. And he was given to Potter as a bloody fucking pet?

Lucius turned away from his study window a pained look in his silvery blue eyes. Malfoy Manor was so cold and stark; no more laughter, nor Draco's piano and cello playing, nor his singing. Draco had the voice of an angel, he only sang for Lucius and his beloved Severus, but now he would sing no more. He barely spoke. He bore his new status in life with the ever present grace and dignity that all Malfoys possessed; his cold arrogance frozen in his dull silver eyes and poised walk. Though Dumbledore meant to teach all those who followed Voldemort a lesson, Draco didn't give him the satisfaction of being broken.

Lucius was proud of his son. Lucius was bloody furious at the man sitting in front of him. "To what do I owe the pleasure Dumbledore?" He asked coldly. The Headmaster of Hogwarts, and subsequent ruler of the Wizarding World, stared at him through half-moon spectacles with his blue eyes twinkling.

"It must relieve you to be out of Voldemort's clutches." Dumbledore says as he sips his tea.

"It does." Lucius snapped coolly. "You did not come here to ask my wellbeing Dumbledore, after all," Lucius turned towards him and arched an eyebrow, "weren't you the one who asked me to spy for you all these years? You never once asked my wellbeing then, or when I went to Azkaban." He had the supreme satisfaction of seeing the old coot flinch; that's right squirm let your conscience eat at you. "It's funny that you would be concerned now. Voldemort's dead, your precious weapon did his duty and how did you reward him, oh yes, how could I forget, you took my son and gave him to Harry bloody Potter as a gift! Like he was some piece of cheaply wrapped chocolates! And you dare to sit in my home and asked my how the fuck I am!" Lucius had lost his cool, but he didn't care. To hell with Malfoy poise, for just this one conversation he would speak his mind. "I am bloody furious with you! I want my son back, you owe me Albus Dumbledore! You owe us! Because without Severus and me there, you would be dead at Voldemort's feet." He lowered his voice, reined in his anger.

"Darling are you all right?" The worried in that smooth deep tenor soothed him somewhat. Severus Snape-Malfoy strode gracefully into the room; the year of peace had done wonders on him. His pale skin was smooth a creamy and glowed with health. His hair was healthy and thick, falling gracefully down his back in a loose pony tail. He had put on a little weight, but he was still tall, statuesque, lithe, and beautiful. His eyes sparkled as he saw Lucius, but then dimmed and finally the happiness died as he saw Dumbledore sitting there.

"Ah Severus my boy."

"Don't call me that." His voice was as chilly as an Arctic wind. He came to stand by Lucius' side, silently giving his support as he stared down at his former employer. "I trust you are well Dumbledore?" Lucius smiled slightly; trust Severus to be unfailingly polite even under these circumstances.

"I am well." Dumbledore said. "I trust both of you know what is going on in the world?"

"Do you mean what is not going on Dumbledore?" Lucius drawled. "Fudge is the most incompetent Minister that has ever graced the doorstep of the Ministry. He has no concept of leadership or money; he fails at everything he does. When will he be dismissed?"

"Well I find him quite a nice man."

"Nice has nothing to do with it Dumbledore." Severus said coolly. "He is a bloody idiot and a coward. I thought Arthur Weasley was going to be taking his seat as Minister?"

"He is."

"Then what is taking so long? The longer Fudge sits in office, the more his greed is going to punish the rest of this world." Lucius narrowed his eyes. "Severus and I did not give up our lives to see this world fall apart due to Fudge's incompetence or your manipulations." Dumbledore looked at them both and smiled quite merrily.

"Well then you will be pleased to know that Fudge is stepping down today and Arthur is taking up the reins of the Ministry. It is why I came over." He looked quite pleased with himself. "Of course Lucius, with all your contacts, I would hope that information that Fudge has so insistently hidden from me is found and brought to me?" Severus gripped Lucius' arm as he felt the muscled ripple and his hand clench into a fist.

"Of course Dumbledore, I will see what I can find and everything will be given to you."

"Good, very good my boy. It was nice speaking with you." He said smiling and began retreating.

"Dumbledore." Severus said and the old coot stopped and turned. "How...How is Draco and when can we see him?" It was softly asked, pleaded almost. They hadn't seen Draco in almost a year. Dumbledore had the audacity to smile.

"You'd have to ask Harry if he'll allow you to see your son Lucius, Severus." No one said a word. "Have a nice day!" And then the manipulative wizard was gone. Lucius stood rigidly until a small chime notified him that the man was truly gone from his property.

"That damn bastard!" He roared and threw a priceless antique scotch decanter, gifted to the Malfoy's by Salazar Slytherin himself, at the mantel place and watched it shatter. Severus sat heavily on one of the plush black suede couches in the office and stared at his husband's powerful profile standing by the mantel, glaring into the flames.

"We did everything he ever wanted of us." Severus whispered. "Everything and anything, to see this war done. And then he does something like this. What purpose does it serve, but to keep us in his sights, to keep us under his thumb, to call when he needs us. Draconis is strong Lucius, he will survive. All we need is a little more time."

"Soon there won't be anymore. He's bound to Harry Potter, love." Lucius said mournfully. "By one of the most powerful spells known to wizarding kind. It is what bound Salazar to Godric for Merlin's sake. How can we hope to break something like that?"

"Their bond was born out love, this one, the one that has Draco bound to Harry is one born of duty and sacrifice. On those grounds alone it is breakable." Severus sighed sadly, "However, you are right in a sense. We have one more year before it becomes permanent, but we can't even see him Luc, what hope do we have of seeing whether or not Harry is truly caring for him?"

"I guess we have to have hope?" Lucius said sneeringly. Severus touched his heart; he could feel his husband's pain and hopelessness. After all that they had survived together, they had hoped that after Voldemort's demise that Lucius, Draco, and himself could live a happy life.

Severus didn't think he had any more hope left. And looking at Lucius' hurt face...He knew that his beloved didn't have any more either. But... "We have to, for Draco." A beautifully sad smile melted the cold arrogant mask of Lucius Malfoy. He held out his hand and Severus gladly stood and took it. Lucius grasped it and kissed his knuckles lovingly.

"I love you Severus, thank you for waiting for me." Severus placed a regal hand along Lucius beautifully cut face.

"And I love you too." Severus said haltingly. "And we have to have hope for Draco, because if not us, then who will?" Lucius wrapped an arm around Severus shoulder, holding him close as they both walked out of his office and towards their master bedroom.

"Yes, who will?" Lucius echoed sadly. "Who will?"

"Is everything to your liking?" It was something Harry never thought he'd hear from the likes of Draco Malfoy, but here he was, sitting in Draco's London flat, with a plate of food prepared by Draco himself. Harry was salivating, if there was one thing he'd learn over the past year; Draco was a fabulous cook.

"Yes, thank you." He looked up and smiled at him, but he felt that smile fade at the dull gray eyes that stared back. Draco nodded and poured him a glass of red merlot to accompany the steak that he'd requested and then disappeared into the kitchen placed in his enlarged rooms. A few moments later Harry heard water and the clicking of dishes. He took a bite of the delicious steak and to him it tasted like lead because of the dead look in those gray eyes. What the bloody hell had Dumbledore been thinking?

Voldemort was dead; had been for a year. And Harry knew that if he and the rest of the wizarding world hadn't had the help of Lucius and Severus Malfoy, they'd all be dead. Twenty years...Merlin, how could they survive twenty years of being spies for Dumbledore and still live through Voldemort's twisted

psyche? Harry's admiration and respect for both of them had gone up tremendously after it had come out in the end that Lucius was a spy as well, had been from the very beginning. And how did the bloody old coot repay him?

He gave Draco to Harry as practically a bound slave.

Harry had stared into the identical shocked gray eyes of father and son before he'd turned to Dumbledore and screamed are you off your bloody rocker? Severus hadn't been there, but when he's heard about what taken place from his shell shocked and furious husband, he'd done the only thing he knew could hurt Dumbledore; he'd given his resignation and taken the only copy of the Wolfs bane potion in the entirety of the wizarding world; if Lupin wanted it, he'd have to come to Malfoy manor to get it and pay top galleon for it as well.

Harry had bought him a supply to last him at least two years....there was a sizeable dent in his vault now.

That had been a year ago. Hermione and Ron regularly came over to chat with him, but he was getting tired of them trying to pick fights with Draco, especially Ron. Yes, he'd made their lives hell for the first six years at Hogwarts, but it had been a part he'd had to play. That was one thing Harry had learned of all Slytherins that final year at Hogwarts. Slytherins showed the world what they wanted everyone else to see, and kept their true feelings hidden behind mask after mask, it was a survival technique and it served them well.

Harry didn't think Draco deserved any more ribbing at all. He could feel the cool impassive walls of Draco's shields in the back of his mind, though he could probably take them down without a thought, he didn't want to try again. The first time he'd done it, secretly while Draco had been asleep, he'd seen Draco playing a beautiful black grand piano and singing for his father and Severus. The joy and life in his eyes and that of the two usually cold men had made him feel like a piece of shit. Dumbledore had taken this from him, the joy he'd had with his father and Severus and in return had given him to Harry, bound him to Harry for all eternity.

What kind of trade was that?

"You have barely touched your food." Harry blinked and looked at the now sitting former Slytherin. Draco was staring at him a small frown marring his beautifully impassive face. Oh Harry wasn't dumb or dead for that matter. Anyone with a healthy sexual appetite could see that Draco was the most beautiful man they'd ever lay eyes on. His hair reached almost to his rear now a days and he kept it in a loose braid while he cooked. He would always be skinny, but muscle and age had filled him out to have a nice lithe muscular body. Alabaster skin that looked as soft as silk, full thick eyelashes, sensual lips...Harry mentally cursed Dumbledore again for this bull shit.

"It's wonderful as always Draco, thank you for cooking. I was just thinking." Draco nodded and stared out the large bay windows overlooking the city. Harry looked down at his untouched plate. "Aren't you going to eat?" He asked softly. Draco sighed.

"I really not hungry," he said, "I usually don't eat this much meat." Harry felt even worse.

"Oh, well, we could've eaten something different, we didn't have to..."

"Harry, you asked for steak and potatoes, I cooked steak and potatoes." Draco said a little exasperated. "I am your pet, I do what..."

"No you aren't!" Harry snapped back. "Look, I'm sorry okay. I never thought that he would do this, I never even dreamed that Dumbledore would do this to you after all your father and Severus did for him." Harry said quietly, "please you have to believe me, when I say this; I was just as surprised as you were. I'd make it right, if I could."

"Well you can't," Draco snapped. "You live in my home, you eat my food, I cook, I clean up after you, and I am bonded to you for all eternity. It will never change." Harry stared at him guiltily. "I am yours, Harry, please learn to live with it, I have."

"How, how have you learned to live with it? You shield yourself from me even in sleep; both of us tire because of it. You walk around like you are half dead, do you call that living? It's been a year Draco."

"Yes, a year of my life, I have catered to your every want and need." He said deathly quiet. "Day and night I think of ways to please you, to make sure you are most comfortable, how do you think that feels for me? I'd rather be reading in my library at the Manor or playing my piano or cello or singing for my fathers but where am I?" Harry bowed his head and swallowed back the bile that threatened to come from him. Draco's pain was palpable; he was hurt and yet he sat there his face and eyes blank and spoke as if it were of no consequence. Harry wondered again in awe, how long it took him to perfect this mask. "I am here with you, in my own home caring for you. You, Harry bloody Potter, the Savior of the Wizarding World. Hah, if it weren't for Father and Daddy, this world would be running red with its own blood."

"Draco, please," Harry said tiredly, "I'm tired of this. I'm tired all the time now. The bond is growing stronger and I don't know what to do. I've looked in every book you have here and it says the same thing; this bond can't be broken. I'm not even sure it was meant to be."

"It can still be broken within the first two years of its birth." Draco said softly. He began to cut his steak into tiny pieces and slowly began to eat. Harry, too, picked up his fork and knife and began to eat once more. They ate in silence that was never comfortable nor without tension. "It is an old spell, one that was first cast between Godric Gryffindor and Salazar Slytherin."

"Merlin." Harry breathed sadly; such a powerful spell. "How did they cast it?"

"They didn't, it just came to be and bound them together." Draco said softly.

"And how did they break it?" Harry asked. Draco paused in his eating, and placed his fork on his plate carefully.

"They didn't break it Harry, this spell that Dumbledore used in its original form does not have a counter spell to go with it. They couldn't break it and they didn't want to...they loved each other Harry, this bond is an eternal one, and their souls are together even as we speak."

"But you said that it could be broken." Harry said a little confused, "if it has no counter then it goes without saying that it can't be broken." Draco shook his head and a small sad smile flitted across his face.

"The only way for it to break in the first two years is if one of us should die Harry. There is no other way to break it." Draco stared at Harry from across the antique ebony oak table. He raised his wine glass and took a sip before putting it down again with a grace that Harry had come to envy. "If one of us died, then the spell would be broken, the bond would disintegrate and the one person left alive could move on. After these two years, if one person should die, the other will follow in two week or less. The stronger the bond the sooner the other half of the bonded pair will go and meet his or her spouse." Draco paused and then added, "It is said that when Salazar was killed, Godric dropped dead on the other side of the castle merely moments after feeling the passing of his lover."

"Damn," Harry said softly. "I..."

"Please, do not apologize anymore. I am tired as well." Draco halfheartedly ate the rest of his food and then looked up at Harry. "Do you think...that I may be able to see my fathers soon?" Harry could feel his hope, hear the pleading note in his voice as clear as a song, but his heart twisted at the thought of anyone going near him. Draco was his. No one else's. Though he knew that it was the bond, Harry couldn't let go of the jealous possessiveness that had caused him to say 'no' every single time Draco had asked him the question before. "Please."

"I..." Harry watched as that spark in his gray eyes die and he didn't want to see those gray eyes dull anymore, he wanted to see them as they had been; alive and glowing a bright silver with the intelligence, wit, and arrogance that had made Draco Malfoy the bane of his existence. "Yes, yes you can see them soon." Pleasure rush down the bond in his mind and he got to see Draco actually smile, a soft smile but a smile nonetheless.

"Thank you," he said simply and rose to take the dishes. Harry rose with him and placed his larger hand over the more slender one.

"I'll do the dishes." Harry said. Draco frowned slightly.

"But I am..."

"You are not my slave Draco, that is what Dumbledore meant to happen, but I won't have it. Because of Lucius and Severus I am alive today and the wizarding world is safe. If we are to be bound together, then I would have us as friends rather than enemies all the time. I will not treat you like something beneath me after your family has put their lives on the line time and time again for me." Harry said. "This subservience from you stops now. If Godric and Salazar could fall in love and make this damnable thing work I believe we can as well." Harry's emerald eyes sparkled with wry humor behind his glasses. "After all, we are the two most powerful wizards that Hogwarts has seen in centuries."

Draco stared at him for brief moments before a slow smirk made its way to his lips. "Very well then, partners then if you will. Well, this changes everything." He eyed Harry's wardrobe distastefully. "Tomorrow, promptly at ten o'clock we are going to be going shopping for you. I am the Malfoy Heir and you are Lord Harry Potter with both the Potter and Black fortune behind you and you dress like a slob."

Draco sniffed. "I will not be seen out in public with you looking like that. Be ready at ten. I will be in the library for the rest of the night, do not wait up for me." And with a graceful turn, Draco strode elegantly from the room. Harry stood there for a few seconds before he started laughing.

The old Draco Malfoy was back.

Life was going to be a lot more stressful now. Harry smiled as he picked up the dishes and carried them to the sink in the kitchen.

He wouldn't have it any other way.

Chapter One

A year ago, October 1

"Dumbledore, you cannot do this." Harry said. "*Why* are you doing this?"

"I feel that it is necessary."

"Necessary for who? Lucius Malfoy has put his life on the line for you for twenty years and now you are handing his son over to me like a pack of meat. Not only are you going to give me Draco Malfoy, but you are also going to bind him to me in servitude for the rest of his life? What did they do to warrant such disfavor from you?" Harry spat angrily. "I won't do it. Lucius, Malfoy, and Severus have been through far too much in the last couple of years, I am not about to make it worse." Dumbledore's eyes were twinkling.

"But you wouldn't be making it worse. Draco would be under the protection of the most powerful wizard, since Merlin."

"As a slave!"

"Well, you can't win everything." Dumbledore said with that infuriating calm. Harry looked at him through narrowed emerald green eyes.

"What are you up to? You must be up to something. Listen to me, I already told you that I'm through. The wizarding world can kiss my sodding arse for all I care; I will not kill and fight again. And I'm very tired of your manipulations, so if this is one of your halfcocked schemes then save it for someone else and definitely do not do this to the Malfoys."

"Harry, now that Voldemort is dead, Lucius and Severus feel that I should relieve them of their services to me."

"You should, they've wasted twenty years of their lives, in the service of a madman for the 'greater good' of the wizarding world." He sneered. "You risked their lives time and time again and now that is over you won't let them go?"

"They are still useful, especially Lucius, he has contacts all over Europe and some contacts in other places. I need those contacts."

"Why?"

"I will tell you later."

"Bullshit." Harry bristled. "I won't do it. Leave them and me alone."

"Harry if you won't do this I will find someone else who would love to have Draco Malfoy as their slave....someone like Ronald Weasley?" Harry went pale.

"You wouldn't."

"Oh believe me, for the information that Lucius and Severus can bring in I would do anything."

"Ron would try to break him. Ron hates Malfoy." Harry said. "You're bloody mad." Dumbledore shook his head, smiling slightly.

"No, just desperate."

"No, you just don't want them out from beneath your thumb, if Draco is with me than he's a bargaining chip because Lucius would do anything for Draco."

"Precisely."

"You're mad." Harry said between clenched teeth, but by the triumph in the Headmaster's eyes, he knew he had Harry.

He knew he had him good.

"Would you care for a glass Potter?" Lucius asked him calmly. Harry nodded slightly.

"Yes, I'd like that Your Grace."

"Lucius, Potter, just call me Lucius or Malfoy, however since Malfoy is what you call my son then I suppose my first name will have to do." He said lightly as he poured two glasses of red wine and handed one to Harry. Harry sat in a well-lit upper class restaurant with both Lucius and Draco Malfoy and Severus Snape. The younger Malfoy was staring at his plate, but every once in a while he would look up at Harry and his eyes would get a little colder each time.

"Very well Lucius. I'm glad that you all met with me, I know I am probably the last person on earth besides Dumbledore that you would want to see, but I took the liberty of meeting with the Headmaster again to see if I could dissuade him myself." Harry swallowed and stared out the window at the London skyline. "He won't change his mind." He told them bluntly and then rehashed what else was said.

"I don't understand, why after all these years..." Severus said softly but then his ebony eyes turned glacial, "damn that man."

"That is not much of a choice." Lucius said quietly as he fingered the stem of his glass. Draco snorted as he reached for his own glass as he looked coolly at Harry.

"That isn't a choice at all. I'd rather be a slave for Potter than a Weasley any day especially that Weasel." Draco said calmly. "When is this bonding supposed to take place?"

"Tomorrow," Harry said sadly, "he said he didn't want to give me time to change my mind. Or try to get you out of the country." Harry arched an eyebrow. "I'm sure you've all realized that we are all being followed?"

"Yes, they are not the most silent people are they?" Lucius drawled, but Harry could feel his anger; it rolled off him in waves. Severus Snape sat next to him and he gazed at Lucius with soft eyes, something that Harry never thought he would see.

"Lucius, darling, hold your temper." Severus said quietly. Lucius took a deep breath, his eyes becoming a little bit colder, and his body just that much more rigid. Severus placed a hand over the one that was now clutching the stem of his wine glass. "Lucius,"

"I'm fine love." Lucius' voice was a resonating deep tenor, but now it was a cold and deadly as the wind. "I just have one thing to say to you Potter." Harry felt his heart stop with fear as Lucius turned that cold gaze towards him. "If you hurt my son, I will kill you." No one said anything after that. Harry couldn't formulate a thought much less speak as Lucius excused himself and Severus gave him a nod of departure and gracefully, though hurriedly, went after his lover.

Draco stared at Harry and Harry stared back. Harry saw his anger and his hurt, but also that he accept his fate. And Harry knew that Draco saw his confusion and his own defeat in his eyes. What could you say to the person who was about to become, in every sense of the word, your master?

What could you say to the person whose father and godfather had spent the last twenty years fighting for a man and that very same man sells the son like chattel, to become a slave? There really wasn't anything left to be said.

So nothing else was said.

The next day, Draconis Lucien Demetrius Malfoy, Heir to the Malfoy Fortune and Dukedom of Slytherin, Marques of Greenwood, Earl of Westmoreland, and Viscount of Sidney was bonded to His Grace Harold James Potter, Duke of Gryffindor, Marques of Wellington, and Earl of Hilton.

And so began the year of hell.

Present Day

Draco slowly ran a brush through his silvery blond locks as he stared at himself in the mirror. A year, it had already been a year? He felt his body shudder as he remembered the feeling of the foreign magick run through his body, binding him to Harry. It had been cold and felt dark, but then he knew something had happened differently than what Dumbledore had planned.

Draco knew what a bonded slave acted like, and he knew that he had never acted that way. He still had his will, he still had his own mind, but he also knew without a doubt, that he was still and truly bonded to Harry Potter. So if that was the case, then what kind of bond did they truly share? Draco turned as he heard the shower turn on and then his gaze fell on the wardrobe where he automatically began methodically going through Harry's clothes to lay out what the man would wear.

There were some things such as this that made him not think too hard about the bond in general. This is what he was supposed to do, take care of Harry, see to his needs, but Draco knew that he did it because it felt like he was supposed to do it. Not because the bond reminded him every time of what needed to

be done to please his master. No, Draco did it because he wanted Harry to feel special, wanted Harry to know that he was there for him.

Draco frowned slightly as he laid out the only pair of coal black slacks Harry owned and one of his father's own silk emerald green shirts. He smiled as he fingered it softly, he remembered when his father had worn this and Draco had begged to have it.

"Why would you want this little Dragon mine? You will never be able to wear it." Lucius smiled warmly at his eleven year old son. Severus chuckled at Draco's antics and Lucius smiled tenderly at his lover.

"Because it's silk and it's emerald green, it such a beautiful color. I want it please Papa let me have it." Draco pouted and Severus laughed with Lucius.

"Very well, a non-aging spell has been put on it, it will looks just how it does now, even many years from now." Lucius winked, "Please don't mess it up."

"How dare you even consider it? I am a Malfoy, Malfoys do not mess anything up." Draco said haughtily and his father's soft smile lit up his world. To see his father smile like that was a gift in and of itself. "Thank you Papa."

"You are most welcome."

Draco shook his head and laid out the shirt for Harry to wear. Just then Harry walked out of the bathroom in nothing but a towel wrapped around his waist and a smaller towel being dragged through his hair.

"Thank you," he said softly; he always did. Draco gave him a slight smile.

"You're welcome, come hurry up, we have an appointment with the Madame."

"You know, we really do not have to do this." Harry said as he began to dress. Draco turned back to him with something akin to horror etched over his perfect features.

"Have you gone bloody mad Harry, you dress like a pauper! You are lucky no one from the wizarding world has seen you dressed so deplorably. You are a Duke for Goddess sake, dress like one."

"I never knew I was a Duke until that blasted ceremony." Harry mumbled as he shrugged on the emerald green shirt with a frown. "This isn't mine."

"It was my father's. My clothes don't fit you, it was the only thing in my closet that would."

"Why do you have it then?" Harry asked curiously. Draco hid his face behind his silvery blond locks.

"Daddy gave it to me when I was eleven, before I went to Hogwarts for the first time. It was a...gift." Harry fingered the silk in awe; never having felt something so fine on his own skin before. He felt honored that Draco would even let him touch let alone wear it.

"Thank you." He said softly and Draco merely nodded, still a little uncomfortable with their truce. He shook his head and reverted back to being as cool as a cucumber.

"If we don't leave now we will be late." He reminded Harry as he walked out of the bedroom. Harry followed, hopping into his shoes.

"Draco, Draco wait a bloody minute." Harry said snapping and Draco abruptly stopped by the door. He turned and looked at Harry and Harry hurriedly put on his shoes.

"Are you ready now?" He asked softly. Harry looked at him.

"Yeah, we can leave now." Draco's entire body seemed to relax and he nodded and walked out the door. It was then that Harry realized that the magic of their bond had stopped Draco in his tracks. "I'm sorry." He said softly as they walked towards one of the entrances to Draco's car garage.

"It's alright." Draco said, smilingly slightly.

Harry frowned; it wasn't okay to him. As he got into the C class black Mercedes Benz and started the engine, he vowed to himself that he would find a way to break the bond.

He had to.

"Draco how much longer will it be?" Harry whined. Draco rolled his eyes as he walked up to Harry, who was standing on a dais, getting his pants tailored.

"It will take as long as it has to, do you understand me? You have obligations...at home that must be attended to."

"Ahh, yes obligations, I thought I fulfilled all my obligations by ki- um, making sure that murderer was caught and put in prison forever." Harry said eyeing the tailor. The man merely raised an eyebrow and continued measuring. Draco breathed a sigh of relief and then gave Harry a cool appraisal.

"You should know that your work is never done, at least not to your Headmaster."

"He is your Headmaster as well." Harry said softly. Draco looked out the window and then back at Harry; the light in his silver eyes had dulled yet again.

"And this is the repayment I get." Draco simply stated softly. Harry couldn't come up with anything else to say. The tailor cleared his throat.

"Will that be all, Sir?" He looked to Draco for the answer, which ticked Harry off. Draco looked him up and down with a critical eye. He circled the dais and then gave a firm nod.

"Yes, this is excellent work." He commented offhandedly. "Very well, His Grace will need an entire wardrobe, dress clothes and casual clothes included, for the fall and winter. Is that understood?"

"Yes Sir," the Tailor's eyes went wide when he looked at Harry. "Forgive me Your Grace, I had no idea..."

"Don't worry about it Dr- Greenwood and I didn't say anything so it isn't your fault." Harry watched the man's eyes grow even larger and then nearly cursed; he'd just used Draco's highest title; now the man knew he was a Marques.

"I would like them to be delivered to my flat post haste if you don't mind." Draco said casually, as if he'd removed himself from the conversation completely only momentarily before.

"Yes my Lord, right away. My Lord, which colors?"

"Let's see a set of black, emerald green, silver, amber, every color blue except turquoise, and the deepest red silk shirts you have." Draco eyed Harry critically and then nodded to himself. "Black, buck skin brown and gray slacks, vary the type of material, however even day wear needs to be of the best material." The tailor was actually writing all of this stuff down. Harry looked at them both as if they lost their minds. "That will be all for now, we'll come back in the spring and summer to get new wardrobes then."

"Will you need anything for yourself Marques?" The tailor asked and Draco shook his head.

"No, my tailor back home has already taken care of it. If you don't mind I would like you to be His Grace's personal tailor from now on. You will still be able to work here of course, mind you, anytime His Grace has need of you, you will be free is that understood?"

"Yes, milord," the tailor said.

"What is your name Sir?" Draco asked.

"William Massey, Milord," William said. Draco smiled slightly.

"Very well, Mr. Massey this is His Grace Harry Potter, Duke of Gryffindor. His solicitor will come by tomorrow to address your pay. When can we be expecting his wardrobe?"

"By the end of the week Milord, we will put everything else aside until it is all done."

"Very good, Gryffindor we have a meeting in an hour, change and then we can go."

"Greenwood," Harry muttered as he went back into the changing room to change. By the time he emerged, Draco was standing by the window, looking out into the bustling streets of London with a pensive look on his face. "Where did Massey go?"

"I dismissed him." Draco said simply. "Come, we have to go to Diagon Alley to get you some quality dress robes." Harry followed him out of the store and let him lead the way to the Wizarding World.

"It is quite strange." Harry mused softly. Draco tucked a silvery-blond strand of his hair behind his ear and looked at Harry with question in his eyes.

"What is strange?"

"You are supposed to be my slave correct?" Harry asked, Draco frowned but nodded nonetheless.

"Okay, so why are you able to tell me what to do? By law and magick that is not possible. You should be in pain right now Draco." The lithe and beautiful man next to him averted his gaze and tried to walk ahead of Harry, but Harry wasn't having it. "I am not stupid Draco, I know that there is something wrong with this bond that we have." Draco said nothing, "you know it too. You've probably known longer than I have, haven't you."

Draco still said nothing. Emerald green eyes flashed.

"Answer me!"

"Yes." The word came out haltingly, as if Draco hadn't wanted to answer, but had to anyway. "The bond is different."

"Why?"

"I don't know." He said. He looked up into Harry's penetrating gaze and said again, albeit softer, "I don't know, Harry."

"You can't lie to me can you?" Harry said sadly and Draco shook his head. "The bond forbids it?"

"Yes."

"What can you tell me?" Harry asked. Draco looked around but, seeing no one listening to their conversation, he sighed.

"All I can tell you is that it is not the bond Dumbledore wanted to bestow on us. I truly do not know much about it. I only know the legend."

"You mean the stuff about Godric and Salazar?"

"Yes,"

"But you told me that they created that bond themselves."

"I know." Draco said quietly, "that's what I was told."

"But you don't know for sure?" Harry asked. Draco sighed and shook his head.

"No, no I don't." He looked at Harry and sighed. "Come on, let's just go. I don't want to be here longer than I have to."

"Why is that?"

"I have the worst luck; we'll probably run into Granger and Weasley." Draco mumbled. Harry merely looked both ways before opening a seemingly invisible door and ushering Draco inside.

"Well if it isn't the Slave Ferret."

Draco stiffened and Harry gritted his teeth and smiled grimly.

"Hello Ron."

Chapter Two

As Harry walked through the crowded streets of Diagon Alley to the Madam's robe shop, he could feel his good mood dwindle until it was nonexistent. He asked himself repeatedly why he had become friends with Ronald Weasley in the first place. The only conclusion he could come with now, after nearly three minutes in his company, was that he had been drunk...or something had clouded his judgment.

"So Harry, what do you have your *slave* doing for you now?" Ron asked snidely. "After all he had to give you his own home that still gets me. So, have you given him some kind of chores to do, or..."

"Ron, would you please shut your bloody hole." Harry asked tiredly. "I have not made him do anything that he hasn't taken upon himself. Draco must we go to the Madam's right this second?" He asked. Draco blinked and slowly turned to look at him. Harry merely stared back and then the blond man sighed.

"I've already made the appointment Harry." Draco said softly. "Would you like me to go ahead and cancel?" The last was said a bit hopefully and Harry sympathized; he didn't want to be in Ron's company any more than Draco did at this point. However, it seemed that Lady Luck was not on their side today.

"Harry, how are you?" Hermione Weasley said with a smile and then she sniffed when she saw Draco. "Oh, so you're with him today?" Harry felt Draco stiffen beside him and the ex-Slytherin's presence in the back of his mind faded slightly as well.

"I'm fine Hermione," he gritted his teeth. "Now, if you both could excuse us we have an appointment with the Madam." Harry nodded at the robe shop that was just up ahead.

"What does the Ferret need with new robes Harry; he's a slave for Merlin's sake." Ron said loudly laughing. Many wizards and witches had begun to stare and as soon as they saw Draco, the entire scandal from the year before seemed to erupt once again into full force.

Harry please, can we just go? I'm sure I can reschedule. Draco's voice was uncommonly pleading in the back of Harry's mind. He took Draco's hand and gave it a squeeze.

I doubt that anyone would let us leave unscathed, you know this Draco.

I know; I'm just...very tired of all of this. Who the bloody hell does Weasley think he is? He has no class and no more tact than a roach, and I'm thoroughly appalled by Granger's attitude, and I thought she was the smart one of the bunch. Harry had to hide the grin as Draco's tirade became even more scathing. He was about to ask Ron and Hermione to move again when Draco stiffened next to him and he heard the familiar drawling and scathing voice of his old Potions Professor.

"Mr. Weasley, what in bloody hell do you think you are doing? I do believe you are on the wrong side of Diagon Alley anyway, aren't these stores you are approaching just a tad bit expensive for you?" Harry watched as Ron and Hermione stiffened and turned around.

Lucius and Severus Malfoy stood behind them both dressed in expensively tailored black robes that were of Oriental style. Lucius was holding his cane in his right hand and his other was resting on the small of Severus' back.

"Lucius, Severus," Harry said nodding towards them. Draco looked at his two fathers and a small smile flitted across his impassive face.

"Fathers, fancy meeting you here." He said calmly.

"Draco, Potter," Severus said before turning his attention back towards Ron and Hermione. "Granger, I thought you had more common sense than to marry this imbecile. And Mr. Weasley I do believe a bludger has more class and tact than you have shown here today."

"We were just talking to Harry, Pro- I mean Mr. Malfoy." Hermione said almost haughtily. Lucius gave her a cutting look.

"Dear child, you are speaking to the Consort of a Duke, it's 'Your Grace', Merlin what did they teach you at Hogwarts. I was sure you were supposed to be the young witch who set nearly all the records at Hogwarts for your brains, what has happened to you?" Harry and Draco watched as Severus and Lucius systematically insulted Ron and Hermione until both of them made hasty excuses and disappeared into the throng of people moving around them. "Well, what retched manners." Lucius said coolly plucking a nonexistent piece of lint of his immaculate robes.

"Yes, it was appalling wasn't it?" Severus agreed. Harry felt Draco touch his sleeve.

"We have an appointment to keep, Harry." He reminded him softly. Harry nodded.

"Would the two of you care to join us?" Harry asked and he felt Draco's surprise and then happiness. Lucius and Severus accepted and Harry led the way to the Madam's and she was very happy to see all of them.

"Oh, what a surprise! Young Master Malfoy you are looking wonderful and Lord Potter who would've thought you had such clothes in that closet of yours. I see Master Malfoy's handiwork." She winked and Harry muttered under his breath. "Master Malfoy be a dear and have him stand on the dais, for fitting, oh and your wardrobe for fall and winter should be arriving at your flat any day now."

"Thank you Madam." Draco said as he ushered Harry to the dais.

"Your Graces! What can I do for you today?"

"Nothing Madam," Lucius said as he kissed her hand, "merely coming to see Potter make a fool of himself."

"Hey, I heard that!" Harry said indignantly. Draco clucked his tongue.

"Father means to provoke you Harry, do not rise to the challenge." Draco said softly. "He's ready Madam."

"Okay very well, now what were you thinking for Master Potter here."

"He needs a complete wardrobe for fall and winter, if you could have it delivered within the next week that would be perfect."

"That is something I can do, what else?" Draco walked around Harry seemingly running things off in his mind.

"Alright, we will need..." And as far as Harry was concerned, the torture began. The Madam, poked, prodded, stretched, tightened, and did everything conceivably possible to make him as red as a tomato and twice as embarrassed because Lucius and Severus were there to see it. However it was all worth it, in his mind, because of the underlying happiness he felt from his bond with Draco and the bright light that shone in those beautiful silver mercury eyes. Draco was in his element and he was enjoying himself.

It was Harry could ask for really.

"Okay Lord Potter, I believe we have done all we can."

"Finally," Harry sighed happily as he quickly stepped down from the dais. Draco moved to talk with the Madam, but then turned back and looked at Harry his eyebrow arching in question. "Go." Harry said softly and Draco nodded and followed her into the backroom. Harry gritted his teeth as he felt the bond become taut. Goddess, did he hate that. It had been unbearable during the first few months of the bond for both of them. Draco had not wanted to be with him all day and night, however after the second month when both of them had practically had to be locked in a room together or die...they had both come to an agreement; to get to know one another and also to spend time with each other on their own without any help from the person who got them into this mess in the first place.

It had been hard, but they had survived it and had come out with a healthy respect from the bond and its demands...and each other.

"How is he doing?" Lucius' cool voice entered his thoughts and Harry took a steady breath and smiled slightly.

"He's fine; actually we both are a lot better. I'm sorry if you said anything before and I didn't respond, the bond and well," Harry sighed and ran a hand through his hair. "We really haven't been out of each other's presence for a while, any time that happens the bond is unusually tight for the first few minutes, but he'll be okay." He looked at the two older ex-Slytherins. "And how are the two of you. Congratulations on your marriage by the way."

"Thank you Potter," Severus said coolly, "and we are fine except we were hoping that the two of you might be able to visit once and a while. Lucius has missed his son." Severus added quietly. Harry winced but nodded.

"Of course, Draco has missed him too, *both* of you really." Harry paused and then looked up at, "Um, there was one thing I wanted to ask you?"

"Speak up then Potter," Lucius drawled, but his eyes narrowed assessing him.

"The bond...Draco and I believe that it isn't the bond that Dumbledore wanted to have us under. The bond we were supposed to have was something similar to what Godric Gryffindor and Salazar Slytherin had am I right?"

"Yes, the bond is very ancient, where he got a hold of it, I do not know." Lucius said anger coloring his tone. "How did you and Draco figure this out?"

"Well, he, Draco's able to boss me around." Harry felt himself flushing at the smirks that warranted him. "He's able to make his own assumptions, his own decisions, with the constraints that Dumbledore put on the bond when he read it and placed it upon us, if Draco were to do any of those things he would be in severe pain. Both of us had been concentrating so hard on how to break the bond, we really didn't notice how the bond was different from the one we were supposed to initially have had."

"I've never heard of a bond going awry like that." Severus said with a frown. "And that's all that's different?" Harry nodded.

"I would have to ask Draco if there was anything else that he found different with it, the bond was placed on him rather than me, so I would assume that he would know better than I." Harry felt his body relax as Draco walked back into the room and he immediately moved to Harry's side. His face was drawn and pale. "Are you okay?"

"Yes, it's just been a while." He replied, Harry took his hand and immediately color began to come back into Draco's alabaster skin. They'd learned the hard way that after being out of each other presence that physical touch more than anything helped the effects go away faster. Severus and Lucius said nothing, but Harry could see that they were concerned.

"Sev, Daddy, how are you?" Draco said softly, but he smiled at them openly, now that they were inside and out of the public eye.

"We are very well Draco," Sev said, his cool tones warming a bit as he smirked gently at the younger wizard. Lucius smiled slightly, his silver mercury eyes shining softly. "How are you doing?"

"I'm doing a lot better than I was a year ago." Draco said calmly. "Harry has been very kind to me." He paused and looked at the three of them and frowned. "You three have been getting along right?"

"Of course Draco," Lucius said quietly. "I have missed you." Harry felt Draco's sadness and concern through their bond but his eyes merely softened as he looked at his father and smiled softly. It was a rare occasion to see Lucius, hell Harry thought, *any* of these Slytherin open like this. It didn't happen very often.

"As I have you; Harry are you hungry? Perhaps Father and Sev can join us for lunch?" Harry frowned: why did he get the feeling that he was being played? Draco stared at him innocently, and Lucius and Severus watched the conversation with barely concealed smirks on their faces. "Please Harry?" Draco implored. How could Draco get any more beautiful? Those eyes, those lips pulled into a delicate pout and...

"Alright." Harry said a bit breathlessly. Draco grinned; his father's chuckled, and Harry groaned. "Draco,"

"Come along Harry!" Draco said haughtily, "Father, Sev, and my favorite place to eat is this way. Good Day Madam!" Harry turned and saw the Madam standing behind him and laughing.

"Good bye young Master Malfoy! Lord Potter, treat him right now you hear?"

"As if he'd let me treat him badly." Harry muttered under his breath. As the four of them made their way to a very exclusive restaurant in the wizarding district, Harry saw a brief flash of red out of the corner of his eye. He turned to look but whoever it had been was gone. He frowned and unconsciously wrapped an arm around Draco's waist. Draco paused in his conversation with his fathers and stared at Harry in puzzlement.

"Harry, is everything alright?" He asked. Harry was startled out of his thoughts and he gave Draco a lopsided smile.

"Of course, why wouldn't it be?" Harry said. Draco began to scowl, but Harry shook his head and squeezed his waist gently.

It's fine Draco, enjoy the day with your parents. Harry told him quietly. Draco arched an eyebrow and then his mercury eyes flashed.

Don't patronize me Harry James Potter, and we are not finished. He warned before going back to talking. Harry sighed; disaster averted, but...still...he turned back to where he was sure he has seen Ron watching them before and frowned.

What was he up to?

And what did it have to do with Draco and him?

Chapter Three

"I would like to know what startled you in Diagon Alley yesterday." Draco said softly as he brushed his hair at his vanity. Harry put down the book he was reading as he lounged on the bed and stared at Draco's face in the mirror. Silver eyes flashed at him in the mirror, "And don't try to beat around the bush either."

"I wasn't going to." Harry said quietly. "I thought I saw Ron watching us when we were going to the restaurant." Harry felt rather than saw Draco's agitation, Draco dropped his eyes and placed his brush down on the vanity as he sighed.

"And?"

"And, nothing; he disappeared before it was of any consequence." Harry said with a small sad smile on his face. "You were happy for the first time in months yesterday Draco, I didn't want to spoil your day." Draco turned to face him, his silvery blond locks swayed gently, covering half of his robed torso in their wake.

"Thank you for that." Draco said, "For yesterday." He clarified when Harry cocked his head to the said in question. "You didn't have to do it."

"I wanted to." Draco said nothing, but he did smile slightly as he discarded his robe and climbed into the bed.

"Thank you anyway." Draco said softly. Harry nodded and watched as Draco turned over on his side, his back to Harry. Harry sighed softly and waved his hand in the air, the lights turned off and Harry drifted off to sleep.

Ten months ago...

Draco hurred into the toilet yet again for the fourth time in an hour. He refused to give into the bond tying him to Harry and he was paying dearly for it. Harry himself wasn't fairing too much better. Rumor had it that he had just collapsed and was sent to the Madam's Hospital Wing. Draco sat heaving on the cool marble floors that his godfather, Severus had placed in his private bathroom. Said wizard was gently pulling him up into his body and stroking his hair as he caught his breath.

"Sick again?" He asked coolly.

"Yes."

"Potter is in the Hospital Wing, lack of food and water and sleep finally got to him." Severus murmured blandly. Draco winced at the prognosis; well, he wasn't too far behind then.

"Pity that." Draco murmured as he closed his eyes; nausea seeping into his system once more. Severus chuckled sadly.

"You are stubborn Little Dragon mine." He said quietly. "But you are not stupid. He is dying and you will follow him if something is not done."

"I know." Draco murmured just as softly, his voice gravely from the many times he's thrown up. "I...I am afraid."

"Yes, Slytherins like you, your father, and I do not except emotions well nor bonds of any kind for that matter. We do not let ourselves care nor love until we already have experienced the emotions for some time that it is no surprise when we finally admit it. No?"

"Yes, that sums all of us up quite nicely." Draco drawled. Severus chuckled and smoothed his hair back yet again.

"Yes it does, now this bond business." He felt Draco stiffen in his loose grip. "It was put into place because Dumbledore doesn't want to lose his influence over Lucius and me, however, he will lose some if not all of it."

"Sev?" Draco asked.

"I have put in my resignation Draconis; I will no longer be here as soon as you graduate." Draco pushed his weak body up and then around as he stared up into the fathomless gaze of his godfather.

"But you love to teach, it is one of your very few passions." Draco protested.

"I will still be able to do Potions," Severus countered, "As an engagement present Lucius built me a very well made laboratory at Malfoy Manor. You forget Draco, that...despite how cold your father and I are in public, we really do love each other. We love each other very deeply and Lucius *is* the one true passion in my life. Without him...everything else is gray Draco. If we did not have you, our lives would be meaningless. And both of us refuse to lose you to this damn bond that Dumbledore concocted. So, if you could get over your stubbornness and go to Potter, than we can figure out a way out of this." Severus finished, arching a cold eyebrow at his soon to be son. Draco chuckled and smirked.

"As you will it Sev."

"That's what I thought." Severus said smugly. "Come we must get you cleaned up and then you will march yourself straight to the Hospital Wing and take care of your bonded." Draco nodded and let himself be helped to prepare for the task ahead.

The first thing Harry saw when he opened his eyes the next time was Draco, sitting serenely on his bed watching him. "Draco?" He asked his voice cracking from disuse.

"Harry," Draco nodded his head elegantly. "How are you fairing?"

"Better, not as good as I could be, but better." Harry replied truthfully. Draco graced him with a half-smile, which lit up his eyes, making them startling silver rather than a dull gray.

"Does this help?" He asked as he placed his hand hesitantly on top of Harry's that were lying on top of his blanket. Harry closed his eyes as a rush of magick rushed over and through him. When he opened his eyes he saw that Draco was now a bit more relaxed than he had been, the lines furrowing his brow had eased and a calm and content look swept across his face.

"It seems that we were both trying to kill each other." Harry murmured. Draco nodded sagely. "I would like to live a bit longer than eighteen don't you?"

"Yes."

"Truce?"

"Truce." Draco said as he shook his hand.

Present...

Harry rolled over as he woke the next morning and gazed at Draco's sleeping visage. Harry still could not quite believe how gorgeous the other wizard was. To be so beautiful should be considered a sin. Draco shivered slightly and Harry curled around him protectively. It seemed he would have to up the warming charms he'd placed in the room and request that the fireplace be readied to prepare for more fires in the future. October was waning into November and with it the ever pressing cold of winter was slowing appearing.

Harry was slowly edging back into sleep when he heard the musical chiming of the alarm, letting him know that someone was coming through the floo network in the living room. Easing away from Draco, Harry quickly donned the heavy velvet robe that he'd carelessly dropped last evening and quickly covered Draco with as many blankets as he could, knowing the other man got cold easily. Harry opened the door quietly and then disappeared down the hallway. Waiting for him when he reached the opulent living room was Lucius Malfoy.

"Lucius, how can I help you?" Harry said before waving his hand and a pot of tea with two cups appeared on the coffee table in front of them. Lucius nodded in thanks and then sat down on the couch while Harry sat in the love seat diagonally across from him.

"I trust Draco is doing well?"

"Yes, he is still sleeping right now." Harry smiled a bit as he took a sip of his tea, "I will have to start making fires soon. Draco doesn't like being cold at all." Lucius' eyes softened and he chuckled softly.

"Yes that is true." They sat in companionable silence for nearly fifteen minutes before Lucius spoke again. "I came to invite Draco and yourself to dinner with my beloved and I tonight. I...Think of it as a way to say thank you for the delightful outing we all had two days ago now."

"Of course we will come." Harry said, "Draco would like that."

"And you Harry, would you like it as well?" Lucius arched an eyebrow. Harry glanced at him and sighed.

"I feel that I owe a great debt to you and your consort Lucius. You both have undoubtedly saved my scrawny hide on more than one occasion." Harry looked back towards the bedroom doors and said quietly, "What has been done to your family is an injustice and if I can make it easier on all three of you than I shall. I would be honored that you would even accept me at your table."

"You are my son's bonded Harry, you are always welcome." Lucius said as he looked Harry in the eyes. Harry stared at the older wizard for a moment before smiling sheepishly and then nodding.

"What time would you like us to be there?"

"How about around seven," Lucius said as he rose from his seat. Harry followed him towards the fireplace and smiled.

"That would be perfect, we will see you then."

"Take care of my son Harry." Lucius said in a hushed whisper.

"Always," Harry said simply; Lucius paused for one brief moment before nodding and then vanishing before Harry's eyes.

Severus cocked his head to the side when a soft knock sounded at the door. "Enter," he said curiously as he added dragon's claws to his potion and began to stir in into a counter clockwise motion; as per the instructions in the book. Strong arms wrapped around his waist and lips ghosted along his nape. He sighed and closed his eyes, leaning back into the embrace he had come to love over the past twenty years.

"May I have a moment of your time Master Snape-Malfoy?" The deep tenor of Lucius' voices sent a shiver of anticipation down Severus' spine.

"Yes you may, my Lord Malfoy," He murmured, "I have to let this potions simmer for two whole weeks." Lucius watched him with an indulgent look on his face as Severus tidied up his Potions Lab that was stationed in one part of the Manor basement. Once he was done, Lucius took his left hand and clasped it with his right and guided him up the marble stairs of their opulent home. "Is something amiss Lucius?" Severus asked him.

"No, not really; His Grace Harry Potter has confirmed dining with us tonight with our son. They will be here promptly at eight o'clock." Severus snorted with dry amusement.

"Harry Potter has never been early for anything in his life. I'm sure Draco has had his hands full taking him to task about being early or at least on time for his many appointments." Lucius smiled at his husband and gave an amused chuckle.

"I am sure that is the case."

"There is something else that bothers you." Severus said knowingly. Lucius waved his hand slightly at the large double glass doors leading to the veranda at the back of the house opened effortlessly to his whims.

"Why do you say that?"

"For one, your magickal aura is a bit turbulent, for two, we are going to the gardens for a stroll." Severus arched an eyebrow, "Since when do you like to take strolls in the garden?"

"Couldn't I have learned for you to enjoy nature's beauty?" Lucius asked gallantly and Severus laughed out loud.

"Never beloved, you are more than happy to sit in your office over a pile of musty books about dark magick sating your curiosity of the ancient yet volatile history between light and dark wizards." Lucius sighed almost disgusted with how well his husband knew him...almost. He raised Severus knuckles to his lips and kissed them.

"I love you my consort." Lucius said solemnly. Severus stopped walking and tilted his head slightly to look Lucius in the eyes.

"What troubles you husband?" He asked gravely. Lucius shook his head and guided Severus deeper into the vast gardens of Malfoy Manor.

"When Harry told us of his suspicions about the bond being wrong, it made me curious. I was looking up something about bonds in one of my books. I found a particular bond that sounded disturbingly similar to the one that Dumbledore uttered when he bonded Draco to Harry." Lucius paused and then looked at Severus seriously. "It was in a book called *Dark Bonds and Rituals*. The bond he cast was ancient in origin and very much unknown now in this time."

"But I thought Salazar and Godric created the bond that they had?" Severus frowned. "At least that is what is written in the books I've read up on the subject."

"Yes, but that bond was the voluntary version of it. It came from a darker more pure source and that is the bond found in this book." Severus felt a sense of foreboding come over him.

"Why would he use a bond that is so ancient, unless..."

"Unless he wanted to make sure we had no way to counter the bond. It is irrevocable Sev; there is no hope for Draco ever being free from it."

"But you heard Harry yourself, something is wrong with the bond, if what you say is true, then Draco should be a slave to his whims, not able to have his own thoughts or anything." Severus protested.

"That is what disturbs me. Could it be possible that with the amount of magickal ability Harry possess that it has somehow warped the bond?" Lucius asked him. Severus thought for a moment but shook his head.

"No, it would have to be something else." Severus said. "Though Harry is exceptionally powerful, Draco is no slouch either and both of them have an infinite amount of potential that they've yet to tap into." Severus mulled it over in his mind a little bit and then his eyes widened slightly in realization. "It never occurred to us, but do you think that they might have felt something for each other besides rivalry and hatred? It is the only way I could think of that the bond could be warped. If Draco already felt something for Harry or began to feel differently, then the bond would be moot point, don't you agree?" Severus asked quietly. Lucius frowned in thought but agreed with Severus' logic.

"Regardless, we need to keep our musings to ourselves right now until we are sure. I merely wanted to bring it to your attention."

"Well thank you for that love," Severus said calmly, "I really appreciate it." Lucius gave him a warm smile and then kissed him gently.

"I'm sure you do."

Chapter Four

"Harry, what are you doing in there?" Draco asked as he stood in front of his mirror hurriedly brushing his long locks one more time before tying them back with a blue silk ribbon that matched his silk shirt.

"Trying to find a bottle of wine to take to your house that your father doesn't have," Harry called back as he finished shrugging into his tailored black blazer that went smoothly over his green silk shirt.

"You will never find one. Get the red wine that we bought yesterday; I think it is French; it's always been his favorite. And stop worrying, you will be fine." Draco said as he joined Harry in the living room. Harry turned to look at him and reply to his words, but they died in his throat. It should have been a sin for someone to look so good. Draco's slacks clung to his long legs like a second skin, accentuating their leanness and made them seem endless.

"You're gorgeous." Harry breathed softly. Their gazes locked for the briefest of moments before Draco let a small smile soften his aristocratic features and a soft flush infused color into his cheeks.

"Thank you, you look very good as well. Shall we go?" He asked briskly. Harry nodded dumbly as he picked up the bottle of wine as Draco shrugged into an expensive leather jacket. He strode past Harry with fluid grace and Harry sighed as he grabbed the keys to the car and locked and warded the door on his way out.

Malfoy Manor was absolutely stunning and terrifying at the same time. Harry practically quailed at the sheer size and opulence that seemed to dwarf everything in its vicinity. "Merlin, Draco, I knew your family was rich but this is ridiculous." Harry gasped. Draco smiled at him in that quiet way of his and shook his head.

"The term is wealthy Harry. Anyone can be rich, but it takes generations to make someone wealthy. You yourself are wealthy having inherited the bulk of your money."

"Hell, I don't even know how much money I have." Harry snorted, "Compared to you it would probably be a paltry amount indeed." Draco looked at him blankly for a moment as if he were waiting for Harry to ask a question. "So? How much am I worth, I am sure you know."

"But of course," Draco said dryly. "With your parent's money, plus your Uncle Sirius' as well, and then those monies that were inherited by your father in the Dukedom of Gryffindor, you are worth nearly fifteen billions galleons." Harry seemed to pale right before Draco's eyes.

"Bloody hell, I could just live off the interest alone for the rest of my bloody existence." Harry gasped.

"Of course you could, but it goes without saying that you will not. I cannot imagine you just sitting anywhere and just spending money when you could earn more." Draco smiled, "It is not in you to behave that way. Now come along, there is James, he will park the car."

"And you Draco, how much are you worth? I'm curious to know since we are on the subject." Harry said smoothly as they both stepped out of the car. Draco sighed and rolled his eyes, narrowing them slightly as he thought.

"Well, I would say that my inheritance alone is around twenty-five billion galleons. My father said that his was that much too." Draco paused and then nodded to himself, "I estimate that now the Malfoy family fortune is approximately resting at a hundred billion galleons, not including interest." Draco turned towards the doors and began up the marble steps, but when the bond rebelled he realized that Harry hadn't moved for where he was standing, gaping up at Draco like a beached fish.

Draco frowned, "Close your mouth Harry or you'll be catching flies. Now come along, we do not want to keep Father and Papa waiting." Harry picked up his jaw off the floor, and hurried up the steps and fell into step with Draco. Just as they reached the doors they were opened by Severus who had a small soft smile on his face. Draco fairly beamed back at him and gave him a quick but heartfelt hug. "Papa, it's good to see you again."

"Welcome home Draco, Harry Potter you are looking a bit frayed at the ends." Severus arched cool eyebrow, "Is there something amiss?"

"Yes, I just found out that I'm a billionaire and not only that but compared to Draco and this family, I could fairly be considered a pauper." Severus blinked and then a smirk appeared on his face.

"Like you just said Potter, you are a billionaire, I am not sure that that constitutes being a pauper in anyone's eyes. Come in, and make yourself at home, after all we are now practically family." Harry smiled at his old Potions Professor and was secretly happy for the man. He looked well, very well actually. There was a contentment in him that hadn't been there those years at Hogwarts, understandably so. However, as he and Draco were led to a small intimate dining room where Lucius was already waiting for them, Harry knew that Severus' contentment rested with this one man.

Lucius shook Harry's hand and gave him a once over and then a nod of approval. "I knew my son would get you right with your wardrobe, it is the one thing he excels brilliantly in." There was a spark of mischief in Lucius' eyes as Draco fairly squawked in indignation at his father's comment.

"I'll have you know that I excel in a great many things Father," Draco sniffed in disdain and arched an imperious eyebrow at his sire. "This is the welcome I get? Why I never..." Draco didn't get to finish as Lucius chuckled warmly and opened his arms. Draco stood there for the briefest of moments before walking straight into them and holding his father tightly.

"How has my little dragon been?" Lucius said softly. The cold aristocrat seemed to vanish before Harry's eyes and in his place was a loving and caring father. Harry felt as if he were a voyeur almost, knowing that these displays of emotions for these three particular men were as rare as a rose blooming in the depths of winter.

As Lucius and Draco talked to each other in low tones, Severus pulled Harry aside, motioning to the dining room table filled to the brim with food. "Come let us sit and give them their privacy."

"Aren't you going to join them?" Severus paused at the question but smirked and shook his head.

"Luc and Draco need time to catch up with each other. They were very close before the mess with Voldemort and then Dumbledore split them apart. I will give them their time together and then it will be my turn. I don't think that Luc and I have ever told you how much we appreciate the fact that you actually went through with the bond to Draco. I am sure it was a hard decision for you." Severus said amenably. Harry shook his head and he sipped his wine.

"There are no thanks needed. If I hadn't done it, Dumbledore would have bonded him to Ron and I knew Draco would rather rot in the depths of hell before enduring that." Harry sighed as he stared at the lithe figure of his bonded. "What was done to all three of you was an injustice; it was the only thing at the time that I could do to make it a bit more bearable for everyone. I am still not certain what Dumbledore is doing, but I do intend to find out." Severus said nothing merely drank his bourbon slowly as he thought.

"You really care for him don't you?" Severus said softly. "Draco I mean."

"I...well that is...yes I guess." Harry said his face flushing a bit. "We've had to live with each other for a year. For Merlin's sake we sleep in the same bed together and more often than not are wrapped up around each other in the morning. The bond is happier that way. I can't even really remember that last time we've fought, I mean really fought, in the last year. I think of him as a friend now not as an enemy."

"Perhaps you think of him as more?" Severus asked gently. Harry stared up at his former professor, but whatever he would have said was lost as Lucius and Draco made their way to the table. Draco frowned at the wistfulness he felt gently running down the bond.

"Harry are you alright?" Draco asked. Harry touched Draco's hand and smiled up into the silvery blue eyes that had become so familiar that past year.

"I am perfectly fine, come sit down and enjoy the evening with your family." Draco frowned slightly but then sighed in exasperation and sat next to him and began eating.

Dinner was quite nice actually, in Harry's opinion. It was an education as well, and in some ways it humbled him to be able to see this side of the usually cold Slytherins. Lucius, with his regal bearing was quite humorous at times, in his sarcastic way. And then Severus, whose bark was a whole lot worse than his bite, was able to converse on just about every topic under the moon and sun. And then Draco...Draco, Harry thought as he watched his bonded talk with his father and stepfather. Harry had never truly seen him so animated before. His silvery blue eyes fairly glowed, the smirk ever present on his face had given way to a soft smile, and his usually drawling tones were replaced with that of an eager twenty year old young man, who wanted to please his parents.

All in all, Harry knew that the evening had been a success.

They retired to one of the smaller drawing rooms for their after dinner drinks and as Draco and Severus talked amongst themselves, catching up with each other, Lucius made his way over to Harry as the young man stood on the balcony overlooking the vast gardens that spread out behind the Manor.

"Did you enjoying the evening Potter?" Lucius asked as his eyes rested on that of Harry's. Harry smiled sipping his fire whiskey and nodded.

"I have Lucius and you may call me Harry. I thought we had already had the discussion of using my surname."

"Ah, that we have but I do not mean it has an insult."

"I know you don't, but there has been much animosity between my family and yours and now that we find ourselves irrevocably entwined, I feel it is best if we can just strive to get along." Harry said softly. Lucius said nothing for a moment but then chuckled as he finished his bourbon.

"Wise words for one so young, but then again you had to grow up fast." Lucius spoke in almost a bored tone, but Harry knew he meant what he said. "Your father would have been proud of you."

"Are you so sure?" Harry asked, "I am friends with his enemies, I am not sure he would have approved of that." Lucius gave him a side long glance.

"Perhaps not, but he would've respected your decision. It is more than I can say for my own parents." He looked up inside at Severus and Harry could see plain as day how much he cared for him. "When they found out I was in a relationship with a man, they truly didn't bat an eyelash." He sneered, "But when they found out just how it was, Merlin it was like I had married a Muggle. I found myself married to Narcissa Black so fast my head was spinning when it was over. And then it was coupled with the fact that she was pregnant with my child." Lucius sighed, "Of course that led to Voldemort and then that led to my being a spy...and now here we are twenty years later, finally married and yet still under that manipulative old coot's thumb. It irks me."

"It irks me as well." Harry said. "I have no reason why he would do such a thing, after you and Severus gave up so much."

"He likes to be in control Harry, haven't you learned that yet? He will never let you go; this is another way of controlling your actions." Lucius turned and looked Harry in the eye fully. "Dumbledore want the information and contacts that Severus and I have. We are valuable assets to him and now that the war is finished he doesn't want us to be free agents for anyone else. Bonding Draco to you was the only way he could really make sure that Sev and I would stay in line, like good obedient bloody Gryffindors and not make waves." Lucius sneered and Harry shuddered, so that's where Draco got it from. "He hasn't seen anything yet."

"You are planning something?" Harry asked nonchalantly. Lucius snorted and then nodded.

"Yes, Sev resigning his position and taking the only Wolfsbane formula with him was just the first part of it. The next will be me moving all of my business interests from London permanently. Many of his little underlings are working for me. They report back to him everything that is done or said there. He has a great deal of information on some of my businesses and it will not be tolerated."

"That is a lot of people without jobs." Harry said in alarm, Lucius merely waved a well-manicured hand.

"Worry not, I have given all of them sterling references and up to a years' worth of salary. Within a few months most if not all will have found new jobs working somewhere else as per my arrangements with some of my fellow business partners." Lucius said. Harry thought some more about and then said bluntly.

"He get most of his backing for the Order from you doesn't he?" Harry said lowly. Lucius nodded and then Harry could see what he was doing. "Bloody hell, that's brilliant. Because of his ties with the Ministry he is able to plant moles in your businesses therefore giving him easy access to the happenings on there. But you also fund the Order substantially with those profits. You move your base of operations elsewhere then he loses all that money and information." Lucius gazed at him with smug approval.

"I'm glad you realize what I am doing and approve. What is even better is that the countries that I am moving my business to are independent of the British Wizarding Ministry and Dumbledore all together. He will not be able to bribe anyone at all. Oh I am sure he will try, but he will soon find that the other Wizarding communities within Europe have their own Ministries and their own rules. He will have to bypass a lot of red tape to be able to do this and that is both tedious and time consuming." Harry laughed.

"It serves him right." He smiled but then gazed at Lucius, "Does this mean that you and Severus are leaving?"

"Possibly, I will be able to manage from home well enough, but in time yes, I will have to move sometime soon. That is another reason why I wished for you to come tonight. I would like you to do something for me when it becomes necessary for Sev and I to leave. It is for Draco as well."

"Name it Lucius and it is done." Lucius studied him for a moment, as if weighing his trust in Harry but then he slowly continued.

"I'm hoping that when we leave that you will move Draco and yourself into the Manor and live here." Harry's jaw dropped, and Lucius went on, "I am also giving Draco his inheritance at this time, which means that..."

"He will be Duke of Slytherin." Harry said dazedly. Lucius nodded and Harry looked at him in concern. "You are seriously going to do this? Up and leave and step down as the Malfoy patriarch? Draco will be devastated."

"No, Draco will understand and I need for you to do the same." Lucius snapped. "Listen and listen well Harry." Harry snapped his mouth shut and waited until Lucius continued. "I love my son with all of my heart and soul that I haven't already given to Severus. It is his birthright to have this money, these titles, everything. Dumbledore has fairly stripped him of his free will. Granted," Lucius said when he saw that Harry was beginning to protest, "you give him as much as you are able, but the truth is, is that this bond should have never been and it has tied you both together, perhaps for all eternity. Who knows what the future will bring? I want him to be ready; I want *you* to be ready.

"With the might of the Malfoy fortune and titles behind him, along with you, I doubt Dumbledore will try anything to serious in some time. Oh he will try to manhandle you both, but I have seen you in action Harry, and I know you will fight him tooth and nail to protect what you deem as your own." Harry

wanted to melt into the floor and the knowing look in Lucius' eyes. "You care for my son more than you would ever admit to me, Sev, hell even yourself. I know you will take good care of him. I have faith in you both and that you will find some way to work this out."

"This is happening too fast, how can you say you are leaving possibly in a few months' time when Draco has just been able to see you both again. You have no idea how much he has missed you both!" Harry protested fiercely. Lucius sighed.

"Severus and I have wanted to see him since he left with you that dismal day a year ago. It is really all we've thought about, but with all that time we've come to realize that with us here, it is jeopardizing Draco and your lives. Dumbledore knows that he can use Draco against us and he knows by default that we would never hurt you as well. With that kind of leverage he can get away with almost anything. The only thing we've been able to think of is to remove ourselves from the equation.

"I am obtaining immunity for both Sev and I in a few countries. We already have dual citizenship in France, so it is not needed there, but the others it will definitely be wise. If all goes well, in a matter of months we will be gone."

"Will you ever come back?" Harry wondered.

"Perhaps, after Dumbledore has been taken care of."

"How do you propose I go about doing that?" Lucius smirked yet again.

"Why don't you just overthrow him after all you are the Boy Who Lived are you not? You could even marry my son and take a place in the Ministry, destroy it from the inside. With both the Malfoy and Potter fortunes and prestige to contend with and your charming personality, I am sure they will not stand a chance." Lucius shrugged regally, "There are a number of different ways of getting him out of your hair, find one that works and use it."

"Marry Draco?"

"You are already bonded and I have a feeling that the Fates are correcting that even as we speak."

"What do you bloody mean by that?" Harry asked harshly.

"Both you and Draco admitted yourselves that the bond is not acting like it should. It should be slave bond and nothing else and yet Draco has free will and looks to nearly have you wrapped around his fingers like a smitten fool. You cannot mess up a bond such as the one Dumbledore placed on Draco and yourself. So the question is; what is happening to the bond? Perhaps it's changing on its own, it is highly rare but not completely unheard of." Lucius narrowed his eyes, "However all I will say on this matter is this and then it will be time for you and Draco to go home. Severus and I believe that your and Draco's feelings for each other had changed so much that the bond couldn't stay intact as it was meant to be.

"A slave bond only works when both parties hate one another or at least dislike each other intensely. It is the only way for the bond to work, and cause the pain it's supposed to. The bond you share with my

son is very different. In fact the closest bond I have seen it being close to is a Soul bond or True Mate's bond. It is the bond between lovers that were meant to be; soul mates if you will."

Harry said nothing, but deep down he knew that Lucius was right; maybe not about the whole soul mate thing, but definitely about the bond being different.

"Just think about it Harry, that is all I'm asking." Lucius said softly.

"I will," Harry promised, "I will."

"You are very quiet, Harry." Draco said as they drove back to London. Harry sighed and looked over at Draco and smiled faintly.

"Worried about me?" He teased.

"As a matter of fact, yes I am." Draco said bluntly. Harry blinked and gazed at him curiously. "You've been acting strange all evening, what is going on with you? Your emotions are so turbulent, what did my father say to you that set you off so badly?"

"It is not my place to say, but I am sure he will let you know when he's ready." Harry told him gently. Draco gauged Harry's words and emotions carefully and finally sighed in resignation.

"Keep your secrets, you are right Father will probably play his hand soon enough." Draco murmured.

"Thank you for the thought though Draco," Harry said, "I really appreciate it." Draco scoffed and stared out into the clear night. Harry reached over and squeezed the hand that was resting in Draco's lap. "I really do mean Draco thank you."

Draco still said nothing, but Harry felt him lace their fingers together and give him a slight squeeze back. The gesture made his heart beat that much faster and his blood become molten fire in his veins. His magick pulsed gently around him and he felt Draco's magick respond in kind, completely synchronized with his own.

Chapter Five

Draco lifted the cookie sheet from their oven and set it down on one of the cooling racks he had set up around the spacious kitchen. Almost every available space was filled to the brim with cookies, pastries, cakes, muffins; you name it Draco baked it. He didn't know what was wrong with him; all he knew was that he was agitated. And when he was agitated he did one of two things: one, terrorize Gryffindors, but since that was so first year it was discarded in a blink, or two; he baked.

"Draco, what are you doing?" Draco whipped around, another cookie sheet in hand to find Harry leaning negligently in the doorway of their kitchen, watching behind his wire-rimmed glasses, his emerald eyes glowing with amusement. Draco huffed and went back to what he was doing, giving Harry a very long good look at his posterior. Harry looked his fill; Draco had one cute butt.

"I'm baking you nimrod, what does it look like?" Draco said and then went back to the sink where he had started to clean dishes.

"Draco I think you have backed enough to feed a small army of children and give their parents the migraines of their life trying to take care of them." Harry walked up to him and gently pulled him away from the dishes so that he would look at him. "I know how much you like to cook and bake, but you only bake this much when you're agitated so what's bothering you Draco?"

"What do you think is bothering me?" Draco asked hotly, "Two months ago we have dinner with my fathers and then every week or so one of them comes over to spend 'quality time with us both' as they put it and now? Now both of them are gone! I knew Daddy was up to something but I didn't think it would be this drastic!" Draco huffed and then busied himself again with the dirty dishes of his baking expedition. Harry sighed and ran a hand through his raven locks and let them fall messily around his head yet again.

"I'm sorry Draco what did you want me to tell you: Hey Draco, it's wonderful that you get to spend time with your family again, oh by the way they'll be up and leaving for Merlin knows where in a few months' time? I couldn't do that to you, you were so looking forward to seeing them again." Draco looked at Harry out of the corner of his eye and saw the hopeless look on Harry's face. He sighed and then waved his hand.

"I believe you Harry so stop looking like a kicked puppy." Draco sighed and tucked some loose strands of his hair behind his ears. "I just wished they had told me."

"They did in their way you know."

"Yes, they did. 'An extended vacation' that is what they both called it." Draco looked around the kitchen and a slight flush came over his aristocratic face. "You wouldn't happen to know someone with an army of kids to give all of these to do you?"

Harry laughed.

Draco watched the flames dance merrily in the fireplace as soft music floated throughout the flat. Many things had changed for him in the last year. Some things were for the better and others...well, they could have been a bit better than they were. He snorted to himself at that thought. Who in a million years would've thought that he and Harry Potter would be living together, bonded as they were, without nearly strangling each other to death? It was a revelation of a sort, but a good one. He found that he liked being with Harry...he liked it a lot; maybe even too much.

Draco turned towards where Harry was lying sprawled out over the suede crème leather couch flipping through a Quidditch magazine. Messy raven locks framed his chiseled face nicely. His rich emerald eyes glowed from behind a nice pair of wire rimmed glasses that perched on his Roman nose. His skin was still a healthy golden color from the summer and fall and his long lean muscled body was encased in a cashmere emerald sweater that brought out his eyes and a pair of corduroy black pants. It was in that instant that Draco realized how attractive Harry was in his eyes and as if he spoke aloud, Harry lifted his head and shifted his gaze towards him.

"Draco, is everything alright?" Harry asked. Draco blinked and gave him an absent smile.

"Yes, everything is fine." He said solemnly. "I was just thinking."

"About Lucius and Severus?" Harry asked.

"Yes about them and some other things."

"You realize that they are just fine right? I think your father said something about them going to France for a time before trekking across Europe." Harry said calmly. Draco laughed.

"Malfoy's do not trek like commoners Harry. When Father says something like that, you best believe that he will be traveling in style." Draco told him in wry amusement. Harry chuckled himself at the thought.

"I thought he would want to stay under Dumbledore's radar for a while before showing up someplace that was distinctly not England."

"No, that would be conceding defeat and skulking off to lick one's wounds. Slytherins do not do that. If they are up to no good, most people will see their greatest feat while they flash it in style. Father and Sev will show up in the crème de la crème of Europe's wizarding society." Draco explained. "They will go to every major society event and flaunt it in Dumbledore's face that he cannot touch them. And while he is trying to get to them, they will be whispering in the ears of every politician and seat of power within the European Wizarding Aristocracy and woo them to their side. Dumbledore will rue the day he crossed two Slytherins as cunning as Father and Sev."

"I think he already is." Harry commented dryly. Draco raised a brow.

"Oh?" He said. Harry nodded a small smile on his face as he did.

"Lucius has moved all of his businesses abroad onto the international playing field. Dumbledore has lost his largest financial backer of the Order of the Phoenix. There are no other English noble houses that would side with him during the war. He will essentially go bankrupt."

"Unless he has access to your vaults." Draco said, but Harry shook his head and chuckled.

"Lucius and I went to the bank a few weeks ago and made sure that Dumbledore will never be able to access the Potter or Malfoy fortunes again. As soon as he tries to dip into our vaults again, we will be notified and can press charges." Draco stared at Harry in shock. Harry flushed under his scrutiny.

"What?"

"Why Harry, you sounded quite Slytherin just now. Are you sure you aren't feeling the least bit poorly?" Draco asked in a dry tone. Harry rolled his eyes, but motioned for Draco to join him on the couch. Draco's heart skipped a beat, but his emotions didn't show on his face as he walked over to the couch and sat down in between Harry's spread legs. "What is it Harry?"

"I've wanted to talk to you about this since that first dinner with your family." Harry turned towards him, his face serious. Draco felt a shiver of foreboding run down his spine.

"What is it that you want to ask me?" Draco asked.

"Your father mentioned that the only way that they would be able to return is if Dumbledore has been taken care of. Perhaps he meant dead, perhaps he meant that Dumbledore must be stripped of his power, I haven't a clue and I don't want to try to know what goes on in your father's genius Slytherin mind." Draco chuckled at that. "He did advise me to get into the Ministry somehow and work to overthrow Dumbledore from there."

"Harry, that's..." Draco trailed off for a brief moment but then rallied himself again. "He is right; you could do it from the inside. With you being who you are and having your fortune you would hold great sway in what goes on inside the Ministry. However, most of the Lords who take their seats on council in the Ministry are married. Their wives or husbands are the backbones of their success. You would need to marry someone that you could trust, someone who would know all about politics in the wizarding community and..." Harry placed a hand on top of Draco's to catch his attention. Once he had it, Harry spoke again only this time very softly and very seriously.

"I know all of that." Harry said with a small smile. "And your father knew that too when he suggested what I am about to ask you."

"What?" Draco ground out.

"Will you marry me?"

Harry and Draco woke up about the same time the next morning. The fire in the fireplace in their bedroom was stoked gently into a roaring flame to keep Draco warm in the January cold. Draco sighed as he nuzzled Harry's chest and curled into his body for warmth and for comfort. Harry stared at the ceiling as he ran his fingers through Draco's long locks gently.

"Are you awake?" Draco asked softly.

"Yes," Harry said a bit sleepily. "Why do you ask?" Draco bit his bottom lip but sat up anyway and stared down into Harry's eyes. His silvery blond lock cascaded around their heads and Harry stared up into his gorgeous face as if he could stare at it forever.

"Yes," Draco said simply and Harry arched an eyebrow.

"Yes about what?" He said quietly.

"Yes, I'll marry you." Draco murmured. Harry felt as the tension in his body ebbed into nothing and he smiled gently up at Draco.

"Thank you, for that." He said and Draco arched an eyebrow.

"Why thank me?"

"Because you've made me very happy," Harry told him simply. Draco blushed and rolled off of Harry to lie on his back once more. Harry propped himself on his elbow and stared down into Draco's embarrassed face. "There is no need to feel embarrassed, I just spoke without thinking. Draco chuckled.

"You always speak without thinking first Harry." Harry grinned.

"I do, but I have thought about what I am going to ask you now." Draco blinked up at him and a small smile flitted across his lips.

"And what is that?"

"May I kiss you?" Harry asked, his voice growing deeper as his desire grew. Draco in turn didn't say anything, he merely reach up and pulled Harry over him, his lips parting as Harry kissed him deeply for the first time ever. There were no awkward pauses, no hesitation, just one seamless kiss turning into another and another.

Draco had never felt such bliss before as he did on that January morning.

Things changed a little after that morning. Harry noticed that the bond didn't feel as strained as it usually did. Draco was much happier and every now and again Harry would hear him singing to himself as he cooked or baked or even when they went out shopping together. Harry thought it was an intimate look inside of what made Draco who he was and he loved it when he did sing like that.

Lucius and Severus were delighted to hear from them their good news and made it a point to be back in time for the very small ceremony that would take place on the thirtieth of January. Now it was exactly a week before the wedding was to take place and Harry really couldn't hold in his excitement for much longer. He'd never dreamed that he would be alive to get married let alone that he would be getting married to Draco Malfoy of all people.

He was so lost in his thoughts he didn't realize that Draco had come back from his outing until he was kissed gently on his forehead. "Get your head out of the clouds Harry," Draco said teasingly. "You might get stuck in them and never come out." Harry blinked and then smiled at Draco.

"How was your outing?" He asked and let Draco's chatter wash over him. He laughed at some parts in the story but mostly he was just happy to see Draco so animated. "I'm glad you had a good day."

"And what of yours?"

"I finished everything that I had to do in the Wizarding world and came back to wait for you." Harry said. Draco nodded as he put his overcoat away and then busied himself in the kitchen making afternoon tea and crumpets. "Are you certain you want the wedding at the Manor?"

"Yes, though I loathe going through Diagon Alley to get to the precise apparition point, I feel that I should be married in my childhood home. It was where my Daddy and Narcissa married and also where Daddy and Papa got married as well." Draco came back in with tea and the pastries.

"And how do you feel about moving back there?" Harry asked as he took up his tea and had a healthy sip.

"The Manor is gorgeous and I love it there, it will be no hardship on me to live there, I am most concerned about you? Are you sure that you want to move there?"

"For what I have seen of it Draco I'm sure that I will be very happy there or anywhere else for that matter as long as you are there too." Harry said smiling. Draco flushed cutely and ran a hand through his long locks nervously. "It will be alright. The wedding is in a week; we will put something in the paper about it and be done with it. We will be the hot news of the week and once everyone gets used to it, then we will fade into obscurity again."

"Oh baa, I am not worried about the media, as the Malfoy Heir I am used to it, I know how to handle them. What I do not know how to handle is Mr. and Mrs. Weasley. You do recall your so called friends that tend to pick at me every time we step foot into the Wizarding world. Merlin, it's like they have a homing beacon or tracker spell on us where ever we go." Draco snapped.

"I don't think I can call them friends any longer for the way they have treated you over the past one or so years. And we will deal with them just fine. Besides they won't be let within ten feet of the premises if we don't allow it." Harry argued. Draco said nothing as he sipped his tea and they fell into companionable silence until he broke it some untold time later.

"You are willing to give them up to marry me?" Draco asked softly.

"It isn't even a matter of giving them up; they chose to leave a year ago when they started belittling the bond that we share." Harry told him solemnly. Draco stared at him for a moment but then just nodded in acceptance. Harry thought that he might have been more upset with his abrupt answer, but then Draco set down his cup and moved to sit by Harry and then lay his head on his shoulder.

Thank you. Draco's voice was a caress over his mind and Harry reveled in it.

You are most welcome.

The thirtieth of January dawn sunny and cold. Harry Potter and Draco Malfoy were married in a small discreet ceremony in the opulent gardens of Malfoy Manor. Severus and Lucius were the only witnesses to the wedding besides the minister himself.

Though unbeknownst to the grooms themselves the minister was truly baffled. He had never seen anything like it. Why would these two men want to be married to one another...when they already were married? He could see the bond as clear as day fluctuating steadily between the two of them. A more perfect bond he had never seen; though the bond that bound the Elder Malfoy's came close.

Odd quite odd indeed.

Chapter Six

"What?" Harry said in shock. The minister had pulled him aside and the things that he said shook Harry's core.

"You both were already married, not that I begrudge anyone wanting to renew their vows, but it seemed moot point what with the level of trust and strength that was laid bare between the two of you by the bond that connects you both."

"Oh, well, we had never known that...Dumbledore..."

"I know what he did." The minister's voice had gone a bit chill, "I heartily disapproved of it as well, but it is of no matter now. At least the dark parts of the spell he used to bind you seemed to have faded away all that was left was the bond of true mates and true marriage that I saw today. Congratulations Your Grace. Your consort is truly a magnificent wizard." The minister bowed low and then stepped away towards the entrance of the house.

"Harry what was that?" Draco asked as he came up behind him. Harry frowned after the minister, laying a hand on the small of Draco's back as he led him towards his parents.

He said that we were already married.

What?

That's what I said, but he seemed really serious about it. Harry said. He felt Draco's concern rise up in the bond but then Draco shook his head.

Should we tell them? Draco asked motioning towards Severus and Lucius.

No, let's not worry them.

Draco washed the dishes that had been used for their dinner a little longer than necessary. He heard a chuckle behind him and he turned, rolling his eyes as he saw Severus standing in the doorway.

"Have you come with words of wisdom?"

"About what...I'm sure you don't need the lecture on the 'birds and the bees' do you?" Severus sneered. Draco chuckled and placed the dishes to the side of the sink.

"No, I am sure that I know what goes on, if I don't, I believe I'm in trouble." Draco said highly amused. Severus laughed at him and then came into the kitchen.

"You will be fine; it's not as if this is a competition." Severus said with a bit more care than usual. Draco sighed and began to fiddle with his hair in agitation.

"Easy for you to say, you have been there and done that and all of that nonsense." Draco said sarcastically.

"And what a grand time it was." Severus drawled and Draco flushed.

"I don't want to hear about it."

Severus laughed at him.

"You'll do just fine."

"Are you okay with this?" Harry asked as they were finally alone. Draco turned to him slightly and smiled.

"You sound like you are about to go to the executioner's chambers."

"I'm sorry, but this is..." Harry fumbled for the right word.

"Awkward?" Draco prompted.

"Awkward." Harry said smiling. Draco chuckled and approached Harry and kissed him gently.

"We don't have to do anything." Draco said softly, "Not until we're ready." Harry nodded and kissed Draco back.

"Not until we're ready." Harry agreed.

"Draco where are my glasses?" Harry asked as he rushed through the room. Draco sighed and grabbed Harry on his umpteenth go around.

"Darling, they are on your head." Draco said calmly, "you lifted them when you were perusing through the new laws they are trying to pass." Harry paused and chuckled at the exasperated look on Draco's face that bordered on amusement.

"What would I do without you?" Harry asked. Draco laughed and kissed him.

"I believe you would be finished." Draco murmured. "Are you ready to go to the ball?"

"I guess I just really don't want to go."

"You are against their proposal?" Draco asked.

"Yes, it isn't in the best interest of the people." Harry said solemnly. "Granted the tax would be able to get more money for the Ministry itself, but in the long run, it is of not benefit to the people at all. They

say they want to install it to help protect the society or some such nonsense and as you know, the board is filled with gold diggers." Harry sighed. "They are just mongrels, all of them."

"What has Dumbledore said about this?" Draco asked as he ran calm efficient hands over Harry's body, checking his shirt, robe, and finally his hair to make sure everything looked entirely in place. Harry clenched his jaw.

"He would like it to be in place because he says it will give the people the feel of being more secure. Draco it's a load of bullocks, the man just needs more money."

"Yes, after the what for you gave him when you took away his ability to bleed money out of your account." Draco replied with quiet pride. Harry gently lifted his left hand and kissed his fingers, primarily the one wearing the platinum band that Harry himself had put there nearly six months ago.

"I look fine darling; there is no way I couldn't." Harry's emerald eyes danced teasingly, "You changed my outfit a mere six times before deciding on this one." Draco rolled his eyes and tugged at his hand but then melted against his husband as Harry kissed him slowly and thoroughly.

"You need someone to look after you." Draco replied breathlessly as Harry lifted his head. His eyes were hot as they stared up at Harry and Draco smiled, "If it weren't for me you'd be the fashion disaster of the century." Harry laughed and pulled him towards the door where a maid was waiting for them.

"Your Graces," she murmured, "Your company has just arrived." Harry nodded and sighed. Draco merely linked his arm around Harry's waist and pressed into him.

It's only for a few hours, and then we can have the Manor to ourselves for the evening.

Good, I don't know what possessed me to take this job. Draco grinned.

I think for the look on Dumbledore's face when you calmly entered the House of Lords a married man was priceless enough to ensure that you would love this job.

Harry chuckled as they descended the elegant marble stair case and turned left towards their ballroom, where he could hear the function was in full swing. "Yes, there was that." They didn't get to talk much after that. Draco was whisked away by some of the men and women who were here with their political minded spouses and Harry went and talked with a few of his strongest supporters. As he approached Blaise Zabini, Gregory Goyle, and Vincent Crabbe, he smirked a bit at the turn of events that led him here to this day where he knew that he could call them friends.

After their wedding, Draco and he had stayed in Manor for their impromptu honeymoon. Considering both were uncomfortable with the idea of having sex together, they decided to just stay home. Draco showed Harry the ins and outs of his ancestral home and Harry soaked up the information like a sponge. They stayed there really not speaking anyone else for more than two weeks as they learned how to live with each other once more, only on a more personal basis.

As the months passed by, and Harry was more confident in his role as a Duke and the political arena that was the Ministry, he firmly placed himself at the Ministry taking his seat among the Lords of their realm

and having a say in what went on in the wizarding world. The look of pure unadulterated astonishment on Dumbledore's face as the Headmaster had walked into one of the meetings would probably live with Harry forever. He had been so surprised to see him, sitting there nonchalantly in the seat that was designated for Malfoy family, with a small smile on his face.

It was the start of operation: Take Down Dumbledore.

"I can't believe how happy you look." Pansy Zabini murmured to him as they watched their husbands talk amongst themselves. "I really didn't think you'd survive the year, let alone marry the bloke." Draco turned to her and smiled.

"Harry has a way of growing on people. Look at Blaise, Greg, and Vince. I'd never thought I would get to see the day they were consorting with a Gryffindor husband or no." Draco grinned back at her and Pansy rolled her eyes at him but chuckled nonetheless. She stared at Draco in quiet contemplation, smirking on the inside and wondering...

When was he going to realize that he had fallen in love with his husband?

"So what are we going to do about this stupid law they want passed?" Blaise asked.

"I'm not sure, perhaps just take them outside and throttling them would work, but then that would be brutish." Vincent said chuckling. Harry smirked and then rolled his eyes.

"That still can't be your answer to everything."

"You'd be surprised at how well it works." He commented and they all laughed. "But seriously, what do you think can be done?"

"I'm not sure, they seem pretty adamant about wanting to pass it." Harry murmured. "Well it raises taxes, so most people won't want it based on that alone, but it also taxes heavily on those who'd allied themselves with Voldemort during the war." Harry arched an eyebrow at the ex-Slytherins in front of him. "You do know that they are trying to get you all, as well as myself and my husband now, to fork over most of our fortunes as an 'apology'?"

Blaise snorted, "Of course Potter, don't be daft. We could read the fine print that they didn't want us to see; however, if we state our case basically on that alone they will veto us on it. It would look like we had a personal stake in what happens."

Greg nodded in agreement, "Blaise is right perhaps if we brought in a few of the middle class? Or perhaps even some of their close family relatives who are against the law being passed. I know of quite a few that are not quite happy with their political family ties right now because of it."

"I think that would be our best option." Harry said as he sipped a glass of bourbon. His gaze traveled around the room until his eyes caught those of Draco's. The young man saluted him with a soft smile and a raise of his glass; Harry did the same and then engrossed himself in the conversation once more.

When the final person left, Harry sighed happily and leaned on the door. "Thank Merlin; I don't have to host the next one." Draco laughed at his antics and pulled him up the winding staircase to their bedroom.

"You make it sound like torture, when in fact I know you were enjoying yourself, if the laughter from you little group was anything to go by."

"Well, we were coming up with rather inventive ways to get our way in the Ministry; however, I think we did settle on one."

"Oh?" Draco asked as he went about readying himself for bed.

"Yeah, we're going to sponsor a few people to come to one of our meetings and speak their mind about the upcoming law. There will be a few key people thrown into the mix as well to make it hit home for them that it is not in their best interest to continue on this route."

"I see," Draco watched as Harry hung his robe and then pulled off his shirt with a happy sigh. Draco swallowed slightly and his gaze became hooded as he stared at Harry's bronzed muscled back. Emerald eyes locked on his as Harry turned around and neither of them moved for a second.

"See something you like?" He asked quietly. Draco didn't respond, but merely took the tie from his hair and turned around and approached Harry slowly. Harry met him half way and they kissed once, then twice, and finally Draco's arms tightened around Harry and he moaned into Harry's mouth as feelings of lust and something deeper ripped through him. Harry ran his hands along Draco's slender frame until he cupped Draco's ass and lifted. Draco gasped and wrapped his legs around Harry's waist as he carried him over to the bed and laid him onto the comforter below him.

"Are you sure?" Harry murmured thickly as he kissed his way down Draco's neck and quickly got rid of Draco's shirt. Draco tugged on Harry's hair to pull his head up to look at him and when those rich green eyes met his he replied softly.

"I've never been surer of anything in my life."

Harry couldn't sleep; he was too busy memorizing the past few hours to care about his fatigue. Draco was curved around him, his head on Harry's chest and long hair in a tangled heap down his back. Harry glanced down at his husband's gentle breathing and smiled tenderly. He never would've guessed that Draco would be so passionate, but then again he was always a bit dense when it came to certain things; people being one of them. As he thought Harry ran his hand through Draco's hair; untangling in gently before moving onto the next few strands.

Draco snuggled even closer to Harry and fell deeper into sleep as the night continued. Seeing him like this made Harry realize how precious the man was to him. He never wanted to lose his Draco. *I love you Draco.* Harry thought softly.

Mmmm, what did you say Harry? Even Draco's thoughts were sleepy. Harry kissed brow tenderly.

Go to sleep Draco, I didn't say anything important. Sleep... Harry breathed a sigh of relief when Draco fell asleep once more. That would've been a disaster in the making. He couldn't let Draco know his feelings had changed. But then again, if their bond was as strong as most people thought...would he really have choice in whether or not Draco found out.

Harry didn't think so. He let it go, wrapped an arm around Draco and buried his head in the pillow and fell into a restless sleep.

A week later, Dumbledore stared down at the end of the table at Harry, a hard glint in his usually twinkling blue eyes. Due to the fact of the testimonies of ten wizard and witches, including some of the own Ministry members' family, the tax was vetoed by an almost unanimous vote.

Harry stared at Dumbledore and then tipped his head regally. Dumbledore said nothing but his eyes narrowed. He stalked out of the meeting hall that day. As Blaise, Greg, and Vincent congratulated themselves and him on their victory, Harry had a vague sense of foreboding.

Dumbledore was upset yes, but it felt like he was hiding something. Harry stared after the retreating figure; a frown marring his handsome face.

What was that old coot up to?

Chapter Seven

Harry nipped Draco's neck causing the man to gasp and sink back further onto Harry's cock, which in turn caused him to moan deliciously as his prostate was hit. Harry laved at his skin and picked up the pace just a little. "Hmm, you like that don't you?" He purred along Draco's flushed skin.

"Oh...Merlin," Draco gasped and tried find better leverage to reach his orgasm, but Harry chuckled darkly and gripped his waist, making sure that he couldn't move at all. "H-Harry...you...fiend," Draco said breathlessly. Harry wound Draco's long locks around his wrist and tugged his head back, taking his husband's mouth into a kiss so deep when they came up for air both were more breathless than ever. Draco's silver eyes were glazed with pleasure and he halfheartedly tugged at the silk ties that bound his wrist together to the headboard of their bed. "Harder...Harry...please..."

"Your wish..." Harry whispered hotly in Draco's ear and proceeded to fuck him senseless. Draco cried out and clutched at the headboard until his knuckles went white, pleasure heating up his body and mind from one end to the other. Harry's magick poured into him through their bond and he knew his was reaching back, merging together until anyone that sensed them would think they were one person. Harry's moans in his ear were like music to his ears and told him that his husband was close too. It didn't take long, Harry hit his prostate one last time and Draco was undone. He cried out as his orgasm rolled over him in wave after wave of ecstasy. Harry groaned behind him as Draco's body tightened around his cock like a vice and Harry came inside of him.

Harry pulled out of Draco with care and then untied his arms from the headboard. Draco dropped to the bed and a sated heap. He felt lips on his own and he kissed Harry languidly and watched through dazed eyes as he walked into the bathroom and came back out with a warm towel. "Mm, thank you darling," Draco whispered gratefully as Harry wiped him clean first and then himself, wrapped Draco in his arms and covered them both with the comforter.

It gets better and better every time. Harry caressed his body and Draco smiled happily at the touch and the thought.

Yes it does. He replied. What he didn't share with Harry was his fear. Every time they came together, it seemed like the bond was pulling them closer and closer together. It had been a mere three months since the first time they had made love, but to Draco it had begun to seem as if they'd been doing this forever. He knew what Harry was thinking before he said it; he could feel the man even when he was kilometers away; and any time Draco was out of Harry's presence for longer than a few moments he began to feel empty and depressed.

"What has you thinking so hard?" Harry said sleepily pulling Draco closer to him as he did. Draco merely shook his head and kissed him gently.

"Nothing important my dear," Draco murmured, "Go to sleep; you have a lot of things to do on the morrow." Harry blinked at him and then pouted.

You are going to tell me what is bothering you later. Don't think you've won. You've won the battle, but not the war.

"Yes my liege."

Smart ass, Draco chuckled and fell into a restless sleep.

Lucius and Severus didn't comment; but watched, fascinated, at the interaction between Draco and Harry. They were visiting for only a few days before going abroad once again; this time they would be traveling to Russia. The two younger men didn't say anything but they interacted with a grace and uncanny perception that belied true intimacy. Harry pulled out Draco's chair while reading the newspaper, Draco sat and began to fill Harry's plate with all his favorite food, Harry accepted the plate while giving Draco the business section of the paper, and Draco smiled took the offered paper and settled in to read and drink his morning tea.

Severus lifted a raised brow in Lucius' direction and the older wizard merely shrugged; what were they to do? Lucius knew for a fact that he and Sev interacted the way, but never to the degree that Draco and Harry had just displayed and never that early. It had taken years.

"So how is your trip coming along Father?" Draco asked after a few more minutes of silence.

"Very well, most other countries are thriving within their wizarding communities and the Ministries are well tended. Sev and I haven't had any problems traveling as would have here. How is politics here?"

"The Ministry is as incompetent as ever," Harry murmured, "They are trying to ratify a bill that would now make all purebloods of a certain financial wealth pay a hefty tax that would go towards the rebuilding of the wizarding world." Harry smirked, "It won't get passed."

"Is that like the bill they wanted to pass three months ago?" Draco asked. Harry nodded and took a sip of tea.

"It's the exact same one, just with a more lenient view, not everyone would have to pay, just a few people." Harry snorted, "it just so happens that the only people that would be able to pay the tax without suffering even a remote set back are all considered to be 'dark families', I'll let you all guess who was at the top of that list." Draco rolled his eyes, Lucius sneered, and Severus mumbled something about the Ministry being run by monkeys. "Yes, that was my reaction as well."

"Did they ask you to pay the tax out of good faith even though the law will not pass?" Lucius asked.

"But of course they did. It was the first thing out of their mouth after Blaise, Vincent, Greg, and I turned them down flat." Harry sighed and ran a hand through his hair. "Things never change."

"No, but it does tell me that you are making them sweat, which is a good thing. Word in the world is that Britain is not as wealthy as the Ministry would like to believe."

"Oh?" Draco was intrigued and Harry turned to look at Lucius with a gleam in his eye.

"It seems that through mismanagement and corruption, not to mention the Voldemort's tyranny, the Ministry has been bleeding Britain's coffers dry. So this 'tax' is probably coming about because they want to use the money that they would get to line the coffers again and let it accrue..."

"And then the same thing will happen again and again." Harry said. Draco motioned for a house elf to replenish the pots of tea on the table and turned to Harry and began to speak.

"Harry darling, perhaps with the support that you are garnering from the lower lords and even those employed by the Minister you can not only overthrow the law like you did the last one, but permanently stop them for using those funds."

"I'm not getting what you are saying Draco." Harry said quietly. Draco smiled and then gazed out the window as he replied.

"They want more money; so why don't we give them some?" Before his Father and Papa could balk he hastily went ahead, "Not that I am saying pay the astronomical amount that they requested, but a mere fraction of that. I am sure that Blaise and the others would be willing to do the same; as a sort of good will donation if you will. That way when asking for more support or favors it will smooth out the steps that you will have to take to do that. The lords at Council will think they have you all by the end of your wands and then you and the others have bargaining chips for later manipulations." Harry grinned and kissed him soundly.

"I knew I married you for something other than your gorgeous looks." Harry murmured. Draco rolled his eyes and then smirked.

"Yes, my fashion sense, because without it dear, you'd be in a whole heap of trouble." Harry scowled and Lucius and Severus laughed.

Hermione Weasley was walking down the Diagon Alley to the upper class boutiques and shops when she saw Draco Malfoy, well Potter-Malfoy now, exiting an expensive restaurant with his husband by his side. Her mind seemed to have more problems than she did with accepting the fact that Harry Potter had not only married into the Malfoy family but also that he seemed to be quite happy. If the tender smile he was bestowing upon the slightly shorter man was anything to go by.

She had to admit, although grudgingly, they looked good together. Harry was wearing rich emerald green Mandarin style robe with black slacks. Draco was also wearing a Mandarin robe only it was a silvery blue color with black slacks. They walked arm in arm down the street, seemingly unaware of the stares of awe and lust followed them. They were the epitome of wealth, good looks, and awe inspiring power.

Ron had been telling her of all the changes Harry was making in the Ministry and she knew that her husband was frustrated on wondering why. But Hermione could easily tell him.

It was Harry's magick and wealth. His power was incredible, surpassing even that of Dumbledore, though the older wizard had more experience. However, even that could not win against Harry's charm, and chilly determination. Couple that with his fortune and not only his but that of his spouse, Draco

Malfoy, and you had a formidable enemy to strike down. Draco was no slouch in the magick department either. Just walking down the street behind him and Harry, she could feel his magick. Though he wasn't as strong as his husband, he came very close to it.

She could also tell Ron that they were all fighting an uphill battle. Harry would win if they weren't careful. And after what they had put him through, they would rue the day they ever sought to hurt him and his husband, Draco.

Ron glared spitefully at the happy couple as they walked past the dark alley he was lounging in. From what he had been hearing on the street as well as from Dumbledore, Harry was on the rise in the Ministry along with his *new friends*. Ron snorted angrily at the thought. He had stood by him every step of the way even when Dumbledore bound him to that little snotty git Malfoy and what does he do? Leave him out to dry that's what. Ron walked out of the alley and began to follow them still brooding. He couldn't believe they were so happy. Jealousy poured through him as he thought of his strained relationship with Mione.

The woman was becoming annoying and also hesitant about Dumbledore's plans. Ron just had to figure out some way to deal with those two powerful wizards, so that Harry's mind would be as far away from politics as possible. Ron narrowed his eyes as Malfoy stopped abruptly and closed his eyes. Harry caught him as he swayed, steadying him with a concerned look in his eyes. Malfoy smiled and kissed him on the cheek and shook his head when Harry asked if there was anything wrong.

Ron smiled; he'd seen other wizards and witches behave the same way. The git Malfoy was pregnant. Who would have thought? Ron chuckled darkly to himself and then began whistling happily as he found another alley a disappeared away.

"Congratulations, your Grace." The Medi-Wizard said smiling. Draco merely blinked and the doctor chuckled; every wizard in this condition had the same expression. First it was disbelief, then fear, and finally such happiness that they can't thank him fast enough before running to tell their partners. Though as he watched the Duke of Slytherin, he had to admit he was impressed with the way he handle it.

Draco had come into the office, sat gracefully in the chair, and had explained in detail that he'd been feeling slightly fatigued and had had a few dizzy spells for the past two weeks. He explained the first one hit him on an outing with his husband, the Duke of Gryffindor, precisely two weeks ago and from that point with increasing regularity. The Medi-Wizard himself had asked to do a scan, which Draco had submitted to without complaint, and as soon as he saw the glow that usually took on expectant mothers in his care; he knew.

"How far a long am I?" Draco asked after the period of silence.

"You are about two months along. That would make conception sometime in late July."

"What is your name sir?" Draco asked.

"Hawthorne, your Grace, Medi-Wizard Hawthorne, but you will probably be calling me Daemon by the time you are to deliver." Draco smiled and Daemon could see why Harry Potter would look at no one else but his spouse; Draco was gorgeous.

"I like you Medi-Wizard Hawthorne...Daemon." Draco stood and closed his eyes as he got his equilibrium back. "I will probably be having the rest of my appointments at the Manor." He said briskly and Daemon nodded. "I don't want word of this getting out. There are probably a few people that would like to do me harm." Draco paused, "to get to my husband."

"I understand."

"Thank you."

Pregnant; he was pregnant. The elation that filled him made him want to jump around and behave as uncouth as a young child, but it also filled him with a chilling fear and foreboding. So many enemies to think about; Draco placed a hand over his still flat stomach and whispered a silent prayer that everything would go smoothly.

As he walked back towards the limousine Draco felt as if he was being watched. He narrowed his eyes and turned around just in time to catch a glimpse of bright red hair disappear into an alley; Ron Weasley. Draco frowned but did nothing. Not before he spoke to Harry. "Where to your Grace?" he was asked.

"Home Rogers, let's go home."

"Right away your Grace."

When Harry stepped into the Manor he heard the most beautiful sound ever; Draco was singing. He gave his outer robe to the butler absently and walked towards the parlor in a trance like state. Before stepping into the room, Harry just stood at the door and leaned against it watching Draco's elegant hands danced over the keys of the grand piano. He let Draco's rich and sultry tenor voice take him to place that everyone hoped to reach and few ever found; peace.

If he hadn't loved him before; Harry knew that he would've fallen in love with Draco after seeing him like this.

"What are you doing standing there?" Draco asked him. Harry smiled and went to him, kissing him softly on the temple.

"Watching you and thinking I was the luckiest wizard on the planet." Draco flushed with the praise and yet, Harry knew there was something else going on as well. Draco had looked to be glowing almost from the inside for the past couple of weeks or so.

"I have some good news to share with you." Draco said quietly. Harry grinned.

"Really, and what news is that?" He asked.

"I'm pregnant." Draco said and Harry felt as if his jaw fell to the floor.

"What? But how? I mean I know *how*, that is to say..." Harry cradled Draco's face in his hands, "you're going to have a baby?" Draco chuckled and flicked Harry's nose.

"Yes, I am going to have a baby. Did you not know that wizards too can get pregnant?"

"I had no idea, but that doesn't mean I'm not happy about it." Harry grinned and then hugged Draco and let out a whoop of pure pleasure and joy.

"Harry!" Draco sounded scandalized, but he was smiling. "Does this mean I can wheedle something out of you?" Draco teased.

"Sweetheart you can have anything you want." Harry said utterly serious. Draco grinned and leaned up and kissed him hotly. Harry groaned and pulled the lithe body closer.

"Good, because I don't want much. I just want you."

"He's with child?" Dumbledore asked and Ron sneered and nodded.

"Yep, I'd guess he's right along two months or so."

"Do you know who is Medi-Wizard is?" Ron glowered.

"Yeah, Daemon Hawthorne. He was Ravenclaw, but discretion is his middle name. He won't give up anything. Not even for the right amount of galleons." Dumbledore waved a hand at that like it didn't matter.

Ron watched as a soft smile appeared on Dumbledore's face, but then the hairs rose on the back of his neck at the manic gleam in the Headmaster's eyes.

"Draco is pregnant," Dumbledore murmured, "how...convenient."

Chapter Eight

It was December before everyone knew it. Harry took off his glasses and stared blankly into the flames of the largest fire place in the Manor. Draco was sleeping, head in his lap, one arm was underneath his head and the other was absently rubbing his stomach, which had grown over the last few months. He was now five months pregnant and Harry couldn't be happier.

He slipped his glasses back on and glanced over in the direction of Lucius and Severus, who were quietly talking to each other on the opposite love seat in the large family room. Lucius stared at Draco's sleeping figure and a soft smile came over his austere features. Harry wondered how the world could have been so wrong about the older wizard. They said he was cold, cruel, and downright evil. And yet, Harry had seen him laugh, smile, tease, and be the best father and husband ever.

"Perhaps you should take him to bed." Lucius said softly. Harry nodded and gently lifted and Draco's head and laid him gently on the sofa before picking him up, cradling him against his body. Draco moved closer, his eyes half mass as he wrapped his arms around Harry's neck and let his husband take him upstairs. Harry stripped him out of everything save his pajama pants and covered him with plenty of blankets before lighting the fire in their room with a thought.

"Harry?" Draco murmured sleepily. Harry smiled down on him and then kissed him gently.

Go to sleep my love. Harry murmured to him in his mind and then his eyes widened. Draco was staring at him now.

My love? Draco asked. Harry fidgeted but then he kissed Draco deeply enough that the pregnant man gasped in surprise and then moaned in pleasure.

I love you Draco, I have for months. Harry told him and Draco chuckled.

I love you too.

Severus chuckled at the dazed expression on Harry's face as he came back. Lucius snorted. "Did he finally tell you he loved you?" Lucius smirked, "not that him having your child would be any indication." Severus laughed harder at Harry's blush.

"Shut it." Harry mumbled, but was smiling.

"Congratulations." Severus said, still chuckling to himself. Harry rolled his eyes and flopped back onto the couch.

"Yes, yes, laugh at the fool." Harry sighed but his eyes were glinting with mischief.

"It is about time you both admitted your feelings for each other." Lucius scoffed.

"Like it didn't take you *years* to admit your feelings for me darling." Severus murmured, poking him in the ribs. Lucius winced and frowned at his spouse.

"Can't you let me have a little bit of fun love?" Lucius asked petulantly. Severus looked at him and arched an eyebrow.

"What are you....five?" Severus asked. Harry watched them bicker with a soft smile. It was good to watch them like this. Harry let their voices wash over him as he closed his eyes and just sat there taking it all in.

Draco's eyes snapped open and he struggled to sit up in the bed. Something was wrong. He reached for Harry with his mind and found him sleeping in the family room. Draco let his senses go over those of his fathers' and they were sleeping as well. Draco felt the wards around the Manor and they were up as well. So why did he feel as if something was off?

He scooted to the edge of the bed and stood carefully, pulling on a light robe as he did. Walking towards the entrance to their suite Draco looked over everything and frowned; he knew something was wrong. He pulled the bell pull that called the house elf and one popped in front of him wringing its ears. "What is your name?"

"Winky your Grace. Winky do something wrong?" The house elf asked and Draco shook his head.

"Are the wards up around the Manor?"

"Yes sir, Winky feel wards sir." Winky said whimpering. Draco sighed, if the wards were up and Harry and their fathers' were down stairs then...

"Winky, what house elves are working in the Manor right now?"

"Um, Winky, Gumpy, Dobby..."

"Wait, we don't have a house elf named Dobby any longer." Draco said sharply. Winky cowered.

"But the Dobby say he a house elf of Malfoy Manor." Winky wailed. "Dobby tell Winky that Dobby on staff."

"Where is Dobby now?" Draco asked as he slammed the doors to the suite shut and let the natural wards of the house encompass it.

"Winky don't know!" The house elf gulped and then its large eyes went wide. Draco whirled around and went ashen white. Ron Weasley stood there with Dobby in tow.

"Hello Ferret." Ron purred darkly.

HARRY!

"Draco!" Harry gasped as he was woken up by Draco's resounding scream. He fell off the couch in his haste.

"Harry...what...?" Lucius and Severus both were on their feet after him. Harry didn't stop running until he reached his and Draco's suite and he tried opening the doors...they wouldn't budge.

"Draco!" Harry banged on the door. Lucius shoved him out of the way and narrowed his gaze at the door.

"He locked it from the inside." Lucius said, "And he did it with the ancestral wards of the house."

"He thought something was wrong." Severus said, fear bleeding into his cold voice. Harry looked at the door and gathered his chaotic magick and *pushed*. The doors groaned and Lucius and Severus stepped back in time before the doors caved. Harry rushed into the room, his worst fears realized.

Draco was gone. The bed was mussed from where he must have gotten up and then Harry retraced his steps into the sitting room where it looked fine. No struggle or anything...except a quivering house elf in the corner. "Where is Draco?"

"Winky bad bad Winky bad bad bad!" Winky cried. Harry gritted his teeth as the bond tying him to Draco became taut with tension and painful as the distance between him and his husband increased.

"Winky," Harry roared, "Stop sniveling and tell me what happened!" Winky hiccupped but stopped crying and said very quietly.

"Dobby came to Manor with red-headed wizard." Winky cringed at the eerie green glow of Harry's eyes and swallowed. "Red wizard took his Grace."

"Fucking Dumbledore," Severus hissed. Lucius stood with his jaw clenched and his aura of magick volatile angry cloud. But even that wasn't as fear inducing as the way Harry stood so still.

"Harry..."

"Don't." Harry said coldly. He turned to look at Lucius and Severus his eyes still glowing faintly, his magick rolling around him like a helix of nothing but power. He said nothing merely walked out, grabbing his winter cloak on the way. Lucius went to follow but Severus grabbed his arm.

"We are not supposed to be here." Severus hissed, "Don't let that man catch you. He already has Draco and our grandchild, if he takes you or me he wins. Let Harry deal with him." Severus held Lucius until he was sure his husband wouldn't do something rash. Lucius took a deep breath, his face was an emotionless mask yet again, but Severus shivered at the darkness in his eyes.

Dumbledore had pushed too far. Severus spoke again only softer. "We can follow him, but our presence can't be known to the Headmaster." Lucius nodded stiffly but the darkness in his eyes never faded.

If Harry didn't finish it, Severus knew Lucius would.

Harry walked outside the wards of the Manor. He was already covered in snow from the blizzard running through Britain. He growled underneath his breath. Ron had kidnapped Draco and dragged him out in this atrocious weather with no winter cloak. Harry closed his eyes and took a gentle grasp of his and Draco's bond and fed it some of his energy, just enough to where he'd be able to find them.

Draco, Draco love can you hear me?

H-Harry...we are-

Harry bit his lip as the connection faded, but then grinned slightly as Draco burst through with one last message before the connection closed completely.

Hogwarts-

Harry apparated with a *crack*.

Draco bit his lip as Ron shoved him into a dank room in the dungeons. He collided with the wall back first, his head cracked against the stone. As he slipped to the ground his vision blurred with blood and tears. The bond was screaming along his body. Pain from physical injury and being ripped from his husband caused Draco to shudder. He couldn't feel Harry anymore. He felt so alone. Whatever they had done to the room nullified the bond to the point where it was almost nonexistent.

"Not so tough now are you?" Ron sneered. Draco said nothing, not liking the mad glaze to his eyes. Draco curled around his stomach and twisted and then cried out as Ron's booted foot caught his back. "Are you?"

"That's enough Ron, he will bring Harry to us and for that he needs to be in one piece." Dumbledore's voice was patronizing but the gleam to his eyes made Draco sink further away from him and into the shadows of the room.

"Why do you need Harry?" He asked shaking from cold and agony. Dumbledore smiled at him.

"Harry is my greatest weapon; he is the best that I have ever cultivated. Why would I want to let him go?" he asked rhetorically. "With Severus and Lucius, who have contact around the world and the might of Harry behind me, who would be willing to try and stop me?" Draco swallowed heavily.

"What would you need them for?"

"It's not about needing them per se, but the perception that they give others. If I have three of the most powerful men behind me, no one could stop me. But it gets better." Draco inched away from him as the older wizard stepped closer to him. "You and Harry have created such a powerful child." Dumbledore whispered. "Think of what I could do with such a gifted child? A child born from the Malfoy and Potter lines, the two most powerful bloodlines after the Founders themselves. It is fate, that child is the ticket to uniting the wizarding world under one rule."

"You'd be no better than Voldemort." Draco whispered. The manic gleam hardened at that but Dumbledore still smiled.

"You just don't have the vision Draco. With one united world there would be no room for such petty differences. Everyone would be under one common law, and have one influence. Nothing like what happened to Voldemort would ever have to happen again."

"It wouldn't because you'd essentially be him." Draco hissed, "Just like now. Minister Weasley may be the Minister of Magick but *you* are the Puppet Master behind the machinations that have enslaved this country for the last few years." Dumbledore frowned and Draco clenched his jaw and let the silence permeate through the room.

"Well I am sorry you feel that way. But you really have no choice. That child will be mine, and your husband and fathers will be mine."

"And I?" Draco asked, "Where will I be?" Dumbledore smiled and began walking away.

"Harry has allowed you to become willful. We can't have that." Dumbledore turned and smiled. "The bond between you and Harry will be stripped from you and you will belong to Ronald Weasley, I am sure that he will be able to subdue your natural inclination to rebel. Have a pleasant evening Draco."

Draco's face paled as nausea threatened to take him. The smug smirk on Ron's face haunted Draco.

Harry please hurry.

Hermione sat in the Great Hall waiting for Ron and Dumbledore to come back and continue the meeting. She didn't have a clue where they went, but she was uneasy nevertheless. Those two had become thick as thieves and she worried that the things that they had started were beginning to go too far. Her head snapped up as Hogwarts groaned as if under too much pressure.

"Hermione what's going on?" Ron shouted as he and Dumbledore appeared at the entrance to the hall. Hermione scowled at him.

"How should I know?" She shouted back. Dumbledore narrowed his gaze and then closed his eyes.

"Someone's breached the wards."

"What!" Hermione said over the racket. "That's impossible. No one can..."

A fierce bolt of light crackled along the walls of the room before shorting out with a *crack*. A lone figure stood where the bolt had once been and the figure flipped back his hood.

"Harry." Hermione breathed. His eyes glowed fierce emerald green. His aura crackled around him and he lifted his wand and pointed it directly at Ron. Ron's eyes widened at the look of pure rage that clouded Harry's handsome features. His other arm stayed empty at his side.

"You. Are. Mine." Harry growled; Ron narrowed his eyes and began to speak, he didn't get out one syllable. Harry's empty hand came up and Ron went smashing into the wall behind him. Hermione cried out at the sickening *crunch* of bones breaking against stone and watched helplessly as her husband fell to the floor in a heap. Harry turned to her and she gulped. "Weasely, you had better move and go find my husband." He said coldly.

"I don't..."

"Where do you think he'd be?" Harry asked sweetly. Hermione cringed at his anger and hastily moved.

"They put him in the dungeons..." She whispered; Harry snarled at her and Hermione fled out the doors of the Great Hall. When she looked back, Harry's attention focused on Dumbledore.

"Hello Headmaster, surprised to see me?" Harry asked snidely. Dumbledore smiled thinly.

"No you are right on time."

Hermione stumbled on the stairs as she rushed towards the dungeons. She had no clue if her hunch was right, but it was the most likely place. Ron wasn't very creative and Dumbledore himself was over confident. She choked on her own bitter laughter at the sheer insanity of what they had tried to accomplish. Harry had been manipulated his entire life; was that really supposed to make him more malleable? Dumbledore thought so.

Well they were wrong.

Dead wrong, if the anger in Harry's face was anything to go by. Hermione shivered again at the feel of his immense magick circling around him like a double helix; churning and building on itself with every spiral. She ran aimlessly for a moment until a sickening cough echoed through the halls.

"Malfoy!" She called out.

"G-Granger?" The drawling voice was weak, but unmistakably Malfoy. She leapt at the door and tried every unlocking charm she knew until the door opened. When she saw Draco's hunched form she gasped in horror and looked away guiltily. He was pregnant. They had dragged a pregnant wizard out into one of the fiercest storms Britain had seen with no winter cloak and had thrown him in a dank cold dungeon.

Fate would not be kind to them for this; that Hermione knew for sure.

"It's okay," She murmured softly and slowly and gently lifted him into a sitting position. Malfoy was pale, so pale, his lips were turning blue, and he was shaking so hard. "I've come to help." He looked at her and snorted weakly. Hermione bit her lip. "I guess I deserved that, but lean on me and we will get you out of here." She carefully lifted his arm and placed it over her shoulder and wrapped an arm around his waist. "Alright on three we'll try to stand okay?" She got a weak nod, his eyes were glazing over and that was when she saw the blood caked around some matted blond hair. Damn it, he could have a concussion. "Stay with me do you hear me Draco? On three; one, two, three!"

Draco staggered to his feet with her help and leaned heavily on her. He blinked and then moaned in pain. Hermione murmured softly spoken calming words before trying to get them to walk. They had made it into the hall when footsteps finally reached her ears. They were coming closer...closer...Hermione lifted her wand, determined to undo the wrong that Ron and Dumbledore and herself had wrought.

"Give him to me!" Lucius Malfoy was fearsome in his anger and yet when he touched his son, he did with love and a gentleness that belied the fierceness of his face. Severus Malfoy was behind him and immediately began assessing the damage.

"He's got a concussion, Luc, and I think he's in the beginning stages of hypothermia." Severus said with worry. "We have to get him out of here and..." The castle shook dangerously around them and Hermione gasped.

"What was that?"

"Harry and Dumbledore." Lucius snapped. He hurriedly went through the pocket in his robes. "We can't take him to the hospital wing because of the duel going on above us, ah here it is." He retrieved a small ring and gave it to Severus. "Darling, this is a portkey back to the Manor, but it also will call Draco's Medi-Wizard...Hawthorne, I think is his name. He will be there to meet you." Lucius kissed Severus hard and then stood and faced Hermione with an emotionless face. Severus disappeared with Draco an instant after Hermione backed away from Lucius.

"Where are you going my dear?" He murmured candidly, but his eyes were alive with cold smugness, "I have a very big bone to pick with you."

"I was afraid you'd say that." Hermione whispered. Lucius laughed out right.

That definitely didn't make her feel any better.

Chapter Nine

Harry quietly edged his way around the rubble that now littered the Great Hall. He felt Severus and Lucius' magickal signatures as well as Draco's and Hermione vanish a few moments before. He just hoped that Draco was okay. He quickly dodged a spell aimed at his head and then threw his own spell back at Dumbledore which he side stepped and let crash and destroy the head table. "Why are you fighting me Harry, we should be of a like mind when it comes to ridding the wizarding world of all its impudence."

"What are you talking about you barmy idiot?" Harry snapped.

"Harry," Dumbledore said chidingly, "just think of all the good that could come of this. We could reinvent the Ministry; ratify new laws that would make the freedom of this world secure."

"If what you and those other idiots are doing in the Ministry right now is called 'reinventing' the Ministry, I think I will have to pass. You and your cronies were going to make life miserable for those who are from darker families."

"They shouldn't have fought on the side of Voldemort." Dumbledore said coldly. Harry snapped back.

"Well, whose fault is that they felt they had to? I am not laying the blame solely at your feet or anyone's but I've learned that most people do certain things when they think it will work better than the alternative. And for your information, if you have forgotten so quickly, Severus and Lucius were Death Eaters for over twenty years working for you and Voldemort, so don't you dare besmirch their honor and turn a blind eye to all of their suffering."

"If they would stand with me..."

"Why would they? You have given them no better reason to trust you than Voldemort did." Dumbledore sputter in protest. "You haven't! You take Draco away from them, blackmail them into staying in your services, and you wonder why they left you high and dry. They murdered, raped, pillaged, and bled for you! They nearly died for your ideals and as soon as they get out from under one monster, the one they've trusted the most has betrayed them as well."

"I was doing what I thought was right." Dumbledore's protest sounded weak to Harry's ears.

"Making their son a slave is not the way to garner their trust Headmaster." Harry said coldly. "And kidnapping and abusing my husband doesn't garner you any sympathy or support from me either."

"I wouldn't have had to go to such lengths if all three of you listened to me. The fight was not over after Voldemort was killed. This world was in ruins, boy! With Lucius and Severus contacts and your power behind me, we could've revolutionized this world starting here in Britain and then moving further into Europe, uniting all the countries into one big wizarding world. We would rule over them all."

"You are no better than Voldemort." Harry whispered. "You've gone mad." Dumbledore laughed maniacally and his magick surged. Harry was thrown back into the doors of the Great Hall and he fell to the ground with a grunt. Dumbledore had his wand pointed at Harry and his face had again gone calm.

"I'm sorry about this my boy, but you leave me no choice. If you and Lucius and Severus will not back me, then I will take your child and make them my weapon and start all over. You were a good weapon Harry, easily malleable, easily swayed. It wasn't until you began hanging around those Slytherins that you became uncontrollable. Your child will be mine and your husband will be Ronald's slave and you...you will be dead." Harry's eyes widened and he leapt behind a table as another raw burst of magick was thrown at him.

"You won't touch them." Harry growled.

"Who's going to stop me?" Dumbledore taunted. Harry smiled grimly.

"Me."

Medi-Wizard Hawthorne was pacing in the foyer of the grand Malfoy Manor when Severus appeared from nowhere with Draco. "Merlin!" He immediately rushed to the pregnant man's side and gently touched his head and began running his hands over him, his eyes closed.

"Will he be okay? Will the baby live?" Severus asked harshly. Daemon sighed and nodded.

"He has a concussion and is suffering the first stages of hypothermia; we must get him out of these clothes and someplace familiar and warm." Daemon turned away but Severus grabbed him and shook him harshly.

"The child!" He snapped; Daemon smiled.

"The child is fine. The reason Draco is in such bad shape is because he's been pouring his magickal essence into the child to sustain him or her." Severus breathed a sigh of relief. "No let's get him settled shall we?"

Arthur Weasley sat in his comfy office chair biting the inside of his lip. Harry was proving to be a very intelligent and cunning adversary. They hadn't known he would marry the Malfoy heir, take his seat in the Ministry, and basically start a revolution. It hadn't been meant to work like that.

But what else could he do?

Arthur sighed and then yelped, startled, when his office door was thrown open. As soon as he saw who it was he shrank back into his chair. Lucius Malfoy strode in as if he owned the place and sneered as he dragged a bedraggled woman forward and pushed her to the floor in front of Arthur's desk. Arthur got up angrily, staring Lucius down.

"What the hell is this? And why is my daughter-in-law being treated so disrespectfully.

"Your *precious* daughter and son, have made my family's life miserable you sycophantic piece of shit." Lucius stared at Hermione coldly and then glared at Arthur. "You tell him everything you told me."

"But..."

"Now!"

Hermione told Arthur. The pallor of his skin turned ashen grey in shock and he slumped back into his seat. Lucius stood like an ominous dark cloud behind her, his sneer infuriating and terrifying at the same time.

"Hermione, what have you all done?" Arthur murmured; Hermione bowed her head. "You all could be thrown into Azkaban for this!"

"I didn't know it would get this bad." Hermione sobbed. Arthur's eyes flashed with anger and his face flushed in ugly red.

"You didn't think at all!" He snapped. Hermione winced at his anger and then he sighed and turned to Lucius. "What is it that you want?" Lucius' sneer widened.

"I have an offer for you Minister and it would be in your best interest to take it."

Harry sagged against the stone wall close to the dungeons gasping for air. His magick was almost shot; he'd been using so much of it. Dumbledore truly did know how to duel and had a remarkable reservoir of magick, but it too was slipping. He walked stealthily down into the depths of the dungeons to by himself some time. He was already formulating something that could probably take him down, at least with enough intent behind it.

Question was should he use it?

A stray bolt of magick nearly took his head off. Harry clucked his tongue.

Well that answered his question.

"I will stop you Harry." Dumbledore said; he was gaining on him. Harry closed his eyes and took deep slow breaths. His mind blanked, and his magick went quiet. "Where are you Harry? Come out boy. We have so much to discuss..."

Accio Dumbledore's wand. Harry thought; Dumbledore grunted in surprise as his wand went flying. Harry stepped out of the shadows pointed his wand straight at Dumbledore.

"Veneficium segniter," Harry murmured. Dumbledore's eyes widened and then he stumbled to the ground. His hands shook and he coughed up blood, but then it was over. He glared at Harry as the wizard took his wand and broke it in half, tucking the pieces into his pocket.

"What did you do?" Dumbledore asked as Harry walked by him. The beginning of shouts and people running down to the dungeons filled their ears.

"Made you suffer." Harry said simply as he watched the first of the Aurors come down the stairs. They past him and roughly hauled Dumbledore to his feet.

"Are you alright your Grace?" A young Auror asked. Harry nodded and then watched as they took Dumbledore away. Dumbledore glared at him.

"What did you do to me Harry?" Dumbledore roared as the Aurors led him away. Harry sneered and Dumbledore shuddered at that expression.

Look it up Dumbledore. I'm sure you'll be able to figure it out. Harry told him and then apparated.

Harry ran up the drive to the Manor and opened the doors quickly. "Sev!"

"Harry, where have you been? Dumbledore was arrested by the Ministry; some say you cursed him or something, what the hell is going on?" Severus asked. Harry blinked then chuckled.

"I didn't know word would spread so fast. But then again Rita was probably there when they brought him in." Severus snorted and promptly took him to where Draco was recovering.

Draco was sleeping peacefully in their large bed. Daemon was by his side monitoring him quietly and he looked up and smiled when he saw Harry. "Ah, your Grace, your husband is fine. We caught the hypothermia before it got out of hand and his head is in good condition after the hit it took against the wall." He paused and then frowned. "The only thing I'm concerned with is the large bruise on his back near his spine and over his rib cage. It seems like someone kicked him hard. The ribs cracked, but did not break, but it will make him uncomfortable for a few nights while the cracked ribs heal."

Harry took a deep, his anger slowly faded to a simmer and he smiled. "Thank you for all that you've done. Is the baby...?"

"Right as rain." Daemon said. "Draco used his own magick to protect the child. Tell him to get plenty of rest. And I will see you both for your next check up in a few weeks."

"Thank you again." Harry said and Daemon bowed as he left. Harry took his seat beside Draco and took one of his hands gently in his. Draco shifted slightly his eyes opened and he blinked them to get the room to focus. He sighed and then turned to Harry. A sweet smile spread over his face.

"Harry," he murmured. Harry kissed his knuckled gently and Draco chuckled. "Knew you would make it."

"Shush you, go back to sleep beloved. The baby is fine, your fine, and our family is safe. That is all that matters." Draco tugged Harry down and kissed him chastely.

"Love you Harry." He murmured.

"I love you too Draco."

Severus glanced at Lucius out of the corner of his eye. The man was positively giddy, well, for him anyway. He was sitting as calm as you please. But the satisfied light in his eyes not to mention he was drinking his favorite port that he kept for 'special occasions'. Severus knew something was up.

"And why do you look like the cat that got the crème?" Severus asked.

"The Weasley chit, proved useful. She spilled her heart and soul to the Minister. He sent Aurors after Dumbledore. And as you found out Dumbledore is now incarcerated or will be incarcerated into Azkaban."

"And what else?"

"Then there is the fact that I paid a small amount of money to that we are able to come back into England and live here unmolested by the Ministry." Severus narrowed his eyes. He knew that a 'small amount' to Lucius could be anywhere near almost a billion galleons. After all, when your inheritance is already in the billions, what's losing a few hundred million to a billion galleons?

"And how much was that?"

"A few hundred million galleons." Lucius said. "More than I was willing but they were desperate. The Ministry has no money whatsoever. This is good starting point for them."

Severus rolled his eyes. Lucius chuckled and sipped his port and sighed in satisfaction. "Though I loved our tour of Europe love, I will always call England home." Lucius gave him a heated look and Severus felt as if his body lit on fire from that look. Lucius set down his port and stalked towards Severus, drawing his husband in his arms and kissing him to within an inch of his life. "My grandchild will be born in a few months and I would like to be here for it. Spending the money was the only way to get them off our back. And what with me giving Rita Skeeter a whole handful of small tidbits to put in her column, we will have the Wizarding World eating out of our hands." Lucius practically purred against Severus' ear.

Severus shivered. "I'm glad that we will be here." He whispered back. "It's good to be home."

"Yes," Lucius said kissing him along his neck, and pulling at the heavy black velvet cloak his Sev always seemed to favor. "Why do you like all these buttons?" Lucius growled as he went about his task. Severus laughed and then groaned as Lucius bit his neck in retaliation.

"It... amuses me to...oh Merlin, to see you try to unbutton *all* of them." Severus finally got out. Lucius arched a regal brow and then Severus' eyes widened as he heard and saw Lucius rip the robe in half and throw it into the fireplace. "*Lucius!*" He hissed and Lucius laughed.

"Who's the amused one now?"

Draco blinked slowly taking in his surroundings and carefully moving around. Most of the splitting pains that had radiated from his head and back were merely dull pricks now. He sighed and then quickly felt his stomach and felt magick radiating there and completely relaxed. The baby was safe; that was all

Draco really cared about. "Hello my dear." A deep voice murmured in his ear. Draco smiled, his eyes closed and then his lips were taken in a sweet chaste kiss.

"Mm, what time is it?" He murmured as Harry massaged his head. Harry chuckled.

"Around two or so in the afternoon; you needed your rest beloved." He said. Draco murmured in contentment and they laid there in comfortable silence together for a period of time until there was a knock at the door and Lucius came through.

"How are you my little dragon?" Lucius came to the bed and smiled down at Draco. Draco smiled tiredly back.

"I am well. Better than I was last night." He gave a tired grin and then his brow puckered. "Granger helped me, for some reason."

"I told her to go and get you, but I guess she really didn't have to do that, so obviously she was not aware that Weasley and Dumbledore had gone so far." Harry said his voice taking on an edge as his anger reemerged. Lucius nodded.

"She didn't know that it had gone so far." He said and then chuckled, "I took her to the Minister of Magick. Arthur had no idea it had gotten as bad as all that. I cut a deal with him. They won't be bothering us anymore." Harry blinked and Draco rolled his eyes.

"How much did you pay them Daddy?" Draco said with a smirk.

"A few hundred million, that's all." Harry choked and Draco laughed.

"You forget Father is one of the wealthiest businessmen in England. A few hundred million is nothing to him." Harry looked at them both and then sighed heavily.

"I'll never get used to it." He said and Draco and Lucius laughed at him.

"Ah, Severus my boy." Dumbledore said almost eagerly from his cell in Azkaban. Severus arched a cool brow and didn't respond. He turned to the guard who bowed.

"You have fifteen minutes your Grace." Severus nodded and the guard departed. Dumbledore seemed to peer at him eagerly from the bars and Severus cracked a faint smirk. If Lucius found out he was here he'd probably go ballistic.

"I am not your boy Albus and I never really was." Severus said quietly. The light in Dumbledore's eyes dimmed at that but they quickly regained their shine.

"So why have you come to visit?" Dumbledore said. Severus chuckled dryly.

"To see for myself that you were indeed behind bars for that chaos that you've caused." Severus said coldly and then he stood up and began to leave.

"Wait, Severus, wait!" Dumbledore snapped. Severus turned around slowly and then looked at him disdainfully.

"Yes?"

"Harry hexed me I think in the end. I wanted to know what it was."

"What did he say?" Severus asked; his curiosity piqued.

"Veneficium segniter," Dumbledore said. Severus' eyes widened and then he sneered.

"It was considered a Dark spell almost fifty years ago, but now it is just uncommon, I'm surprised you haven't read about it."

"Is there much literature on it?"

"No, it's quite obscure for being so straightforward; it means quite literally poisoning slowly. As far as I know, it cannot be reversed. It was used when a wizard or witch was betrayed by another and that wizard or witch thought their life was in peril and there was no other recourse but to slay their opponent." Severus said slowly.

Dumbledore's eyes went wide.

"Have a pleasant life Albus." Severus murmured and left as quick as he'd come.

And Dumbledore was left alone.

Hermione sat by Ron's bedside at St. Mungo's. His spine was being repaired slowly. Ron had broken three ribs, both his legs, cracked a vertebra, and had a range of bruises. Hermione sighed and then looked out the door at the armed guard they had. As soon as Ron was well he'd be going to Azkaban, unless one of the Malfoy's or Potter-Malfoy's said something.

His hand squeezed hers and Hermione smiled gently. There was a gentle knock on the door and she looked up and her heart constricted. Harry Potter-Malfoy stood in the doorway with his Father in law Lucius Malfoy. Both wore expensive winter cloaks that she knew were made by Armani and they took them off and carried them over their arms.

"Weasely," Harry said as he bowed to her and then he looked at the bed. His eyes glowed with anger but he nodded toward Ron and said nothing. Ron's eyes had widened with fear as Lucius and Harry came to stand on his other side across from Hermione. "Father wanted to speak with you both." Harry smirked, "Something about a deal."

"I will make sure that you, Mrs. Weasely are not incarcerated for the very fact that you did what Harry told you and went to get my son." Lucius stared at her coldly. "That is the only reason you will not be going to Azkaban with your sorry excuse of a Headmaster and husband."

"Now for you Mr. Weasley," Lucius sneered, "You can pay a piece of the restitution Harry and I plan to get back from the Ministry for all the unjust ruling against our families and especially my son Draco."

"H-How much?" Ron rasped. Lucius arched a brow.

"Twenty-five million galleons." Hermione went stark white and Ron went red with embarrassment and anger.

"You know I don't have that." Ron gasped angrily. Lucius shrugged and turned to Harry.

"Will you give him leniency?" Lucius asked. Harry turned to Ron and looked at him with a thoughtful frown on his face.

"Daemon, Medi-Wizard Hawthorne, told Severus and I that it looked like someone kicked Draco in the back, cracked a few of his ribs." Lucius' jaw tightened and Hermione inched back in fear and Ron's face went chalky white. "Did you do that?" Harry asked softly; deadly soft.

Ron said nothing and Hermione began to sweat. *Merlin he did do it.* She thought frantically. "Speak up!" Harry snapped. Ron jerked and looked up at both of them.

"Y-Yes." He said brokenly. Harry's fist curled and the air in the room seemed to vanish. Nothing but the heavy thrum of volatile magick was left. Harry said nothing for a brief moment and then he gracefully pulled on his cloak and headed for the door.

"He gets no leniency from me." Harry said coldly. Hermione started crying and Ron sat there petrified and stared at Lucius, who was smiling but coldly.

"It seems my other son has spoken. Have a pleasant life Weasley, milady." Lucius bowed mockingly and closed the door behind him and Harry. The guards stayed by the doors.

Two days later, when Ron was released, he was arrested and sent to Azkaban.

The Ministry was slapped with a law suit from the Malfoy's and by the second week in January, they were paying back Lucius Malfoy the money that he had bestowed upon them. When Severus brought this up Lucius smiled and said, "That is why I didn't hesitate to give it to them in the first place. I knew I would be getting most of it back." Severus, Lucius, and Draco had a good laugh. Harry chuckled and muttered,

"Slytherins."

Arthur Weasley was forced to step down as Minister of Magick and after much deliberating they appointed Lucius in the office as interim until Blaise Zabini became of age. "There needs to be a young leader in power. As soon as he's of age, I can step down, and then you can guide what goes on in the Ministry from behind the curtains." Lucius told him. Harry turned to stare at him puzzled.

"Why would I do that?"

"Because I will be teaching you how to run your very profitable estates; you are a Duke Harry and a very wealthy and powerful one at that. Duke's don't become Ministers of Magick; they have a hand in politics and become friends with the Minister so that they may sway them to their own way of thinking." Harry rolled his eyes.

"Bloody sneaky Slytherins," Harry muttered.

Epilogue

Two years later...

"Natasha, please sit down, you'll get your dress dirty." Draco said without turning around in his chair. The giggles and thumps ceased and then there was a tiny tug at the knee of his pants. Draco looked down into mischievous green eyes and fell in love all over again with his little bundle of endless energy. Natasha Alexandra Potter-Malfoy was an exuberant 18-month old with black curly hair and big green eyes. She had the Malfoy cunning and the Potter adventurous streak. Needless to say, Draco and Harry were both glad that they weren't going grey already.

"Daddy play!" She said sweetly. Draco picked her up and she snuggled into his lap as best she could.

"Daddy has to work right now." Draco murmured quietly. "But I will make it up to you later I promise."

"Promise!" Natasha crowed. Draco chuckled. And then looked up as he felt the thrum of his bond with Harry come alive; Harry was home. He finished the last notations of some of the family business and then set Natasha down and held her hand gently and walked, while she skipped, down the long marble hallway to the entrance way. Natasha squealed, "Papa!" And off she went into a laughing Harry's arms.

"How is my princess?" Harry asked as he tickled her. Natasha giggled. "Some other people would like to see you." Harry murmured and as he said it Severus and Lucius stepped into the Manor and closed the door. Natasha laughed and held out her arms to Severus who gladly took her.

"Sevy! Lucy!" Severus winced at the nickname and Lucius rolled his eyes, but they indulged her nonetheless. Harry let them coddle their granddaughter and went to his husband.

"How was your day love?" Draco murmured as Harry released him from the deep kiss he held him in.

"Good, how was your day?" Harry pressed a hand to Draco's protruding abdomen. "Not to sick today?"

"Morning sickness is gone." Draco said with relief. "Now I just have to deal with those pesky hormones again." Harry chuckled and kissed him again.

"Mm, I love you." Harry breathed. Draco smiled up at him.

"Love you too." He said. "So, what was the verdict?"

"Dumbledore was sentence to stay in Azkaban. Minerva is acting Headmistress from now on. Blaise is climbing the ladder to the Ministry as per Father's plan for him." Draco sighed with relief at the verdict for Dumbledore. It really didn't even matter that much. The dark spell that Harry had placed on him was taking its toll; he'd probably be dead before long. He grinned at the information on Blaise.

"He'll be a good Minister. He only has a few more years until he's 25 and can legally take office." Draco murmured. Harry snorted.

"He's Slytherin; you all are bias and ready to take over the world." Draco laughed out right and Harry grinned. "He will be good, and I'm glad that I wasn't suggested to do it. I like being a Duke who only works half the day." Harry leaned down and kissed Draco again, "I like spending the rest of the time seducing you."

"That's how I got in this condition." Draco pressed his pregnant body closer to his husband and Harry leered.

"It was quite pleasurable I remember."

"And embarrassing, we got caught in your office." Draco said dryly and Harry blushed as he remembered. Draco looked over and watched contentedly as Lucius and Severus playing with Natasha in the parlor. They'd bought her more toys. "She will be so spoiled."

"No really?" Harry asked sarcastically and then grunted when Draco slapped him in the stomach.

They walked together out into the garden in a companionable silence. Draco leaned against Harry then said quietly, "What about Weasely?" Harry's arm tightened around his waist.

"He will be paroled in about five years, but I have it on good authority he won't be having a wand anytime soon and Mrs. Weasely has told me she will keep an eye on him as well."

"How is she anyway?" Draco murmured. Harry thought about Hermione as he saw her in the courtroom. She looked a lot older. Whatever time she spent with Ron and the fall out of what they had done had taken a lot out of her. But she was sincerely sorry and willing to make amends.

"Maybe later we can go visit her. I think she's lonely more than anything. However, she's sincerely sorry and wants to make up for it." Harry said. Draco pondered it and then nodded.

"That sounds like a good idea. She'd want to meet Natasha at any rate." Harry groaned.

"And then the little terror will have even more toys." He bemoaned. Draco eyed him incredulously.

"This from the man that already bought her two ponies, a room full of baby dolls, and another filled with wizarding toys as well as muggle toys?" Draco asked. Harry flushed and then started to defend himself, but Draco just chuckled and kissed him. "I know you were deprived as a child and want to make up for it. Just don't complain about anyone giving her more toys." Draco chided him.

"How do you put up with me?" Harry asked teasingly. Draco looked up at him in quiet contemplation and then smiled beautifully.

"I learned to love you, and now I will continue to do so. Is that okay with you?" Harry was humbled at that moment and as he kissed him in their garden he thanked every god he knew of that this wonderful wizard was his and his alone.

The End

