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Trust & Lies

Oneshot Fan-Fiction

Desolate03

It was midnight when the fire call came.

Draco had just finished painstakingly going through all of his patients' reports, when the flames flickering in the fireplace turned from a merry red to a volatile violet. He swept around his desk grabbing a fistful of floo powder and tossed it into the flames; they flared bright green and he stepped through immediately.

"What's happened?" He asked the Medi-Wizard who had called him.

"Healer Malfoy, there was a car accident involving a witch and wizard. It was a very bad accident Sir, the witch has lost her child and Medi-Wizard Longbottom is at his wits end trying to find an herbal remedy that will staunch the blood flow." Draco took the file as they both strode down the hall towards the stairs that led to the Emergency Wing.

"What about the wizard?" Draco asked in a detached voice. The Medi-Wizard blinked at the odd tone, but noticed the signs of a Healer centering himself before entering a room to work on a patient. "The wizard," Draco asked again, his voice low and steady.

"He was thrown from the vehicle. His right arm is completely broken, two ribs are broken, a lung has collapsed, and that doesn't cover the assorted cuts he has from going through the windshield." Draco nodded absently and straightened his shoulders before pushing the double doors wide open and stepping into chaos.

Blood was everywhere. He saw Longbottom working on a female witch along with two competent Healers at his side. He moved to the next table and glanced down. His eyes widened and his heart clenched; Harry Potter lay before him, his emerald green eyes glassy. Draco hesitated before quickly taking Potter's vitals. He glanced at the various spells wound around his patient's body. A strong Stasis spell kept the blood from draining from Potter's various wounds. He denoted a few spells that were for clotting blood, and another to mend the broken bones. Draco placed a hand over Potter's torso and head; he centered himself again, fully immersing himself in his task. His magick rolled through Potter's body.

"Healer Malfoy?" Draco didn't move his hands, but he turned his head minutely; his mind still on his patient.

"Yes?"

"Mrs. Potter is dead." Longbottom - that was Longbottom's voice. Draco pursed his lips into a grim line. He looked down at the mangled body of the man before him and turned his attention full back onto his patient.

"Very well," He murmured, "however, Mr. Potter is not dying, not tonight."

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Neville Longbottom and the two Medi-Wizards's watched in fascination as Draco fell into a healing trance. His gray eyes were staring sightlessly before him; his hands were fully entrenched in Harry

Potter's blood. Neville had only been witness to this once before and it still shook him to his core. To be able to go into a healing trance was a rare gift indeed. Healers who could were in high demand.

They watched Draco as he first closed broken vessels, knitted torn muscle, and then began to set bone. It was an arduous process, and a costly one. Neville stood by and watched over Draco as he continued to work. People stepped around them, cleaning up Ginny's body for burial, some standing to watch the Healer work. Neville shoed them all away after a time.

He caught Draco when the Healer collapsed. He eased the man into a waiting chair, folding his arms gently on the side of Harry's bed and laying Draco's head on top of them. Neville pulled up another chair and sat silently. Grey eyes blinked at him, as Draco shrugged off at least some of his fatigue.

"How is he?" Draco rasped. Neville handed him a glass of water.

"You outdid yourself this time." Neville commented lightly. "I doubt he'll even have any scars left." Draco snorted and then smiled tiredly. "You should go rest."

"He is still in a coma." Draco murmured, "There is still a chance that he won't make it."

"Nonsense, Harry will be fine. Go home Draco, Scorpius will expect to see you when he wakes up." Neville reminded him. Draco said nothing but continued to watch Harry. Neville stood and walked towards the door. He heard the chair scrape against the floor as Draco rose. He turned in time to see Draco lean over Harry and kissed him gently. He blinked in surprise; what was that all about? He turned quickly, and glanced back, seeing Draco approach.

"Tell no one about what you saw." Draco said coldly. Neville winced at the tone but nodded.

"Sure thing Draco," Draco arched an eyebrow but nodded to him and made his way slowly down the hall. Neville made sure he made it to the lift before retreating towards his office, confused but resigned to never figuring out what that kiss meant.

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3 days later...

Harry knew even before he opened his eyes that he was in a hospital room. There was always this sickly smell that permeated the air, which made him always think of sick people. Plus, the beds were really uncomfortable and made with scratchy sheets and comforters.

Harry leisurely stretched, reveling in the feel of the butter soft sheets underneath him. He turned over and smiled tenderly reaching for—

"Bloody hell," He muttered as a bright light pierced his eyes, making him squeeze them shut. The memory shattered around him as he blinked away the dancing spots in his eyes. As his vision cleared he turned his head towards the enchanted window. He relaxed marginally; well, at least he was still in the wizarding world. He began to fidget around restlessly, very surprised to find himself remarkably whole. "How is this possible," he muttered to himself.

For a moment, he was back in the car with Ginny – and then that tree came from nowhere and – *crunch of the metal as the force of the impact scrunched the car into the tree. The windshield breaking into millions of shards cutting his face, arms, shredding his stomach and legs. Agony of hitting the tree and crumbling to the ground like a puppet and then the sea of red – blood flowing over him like river and he was drowning in it—*

"Mr. Potter? Mr. Potter! Are you alright?" Harry shuddered at the vivid memory, blinking again staring at the blurry figure in front of him. The voice had a drawling quality to it; almost but no quite like melody of a song, but the brisk coolness in the tone grated on his nerves.

He hated when Draco spoke like that and – "Draco Malfoy?" Harry yelped as he held his throbbing head. "What are you doing here?" He grouched.

"I work here, and am the current Healer assigned to your case." Malfoy's voice went from cool to ice cold in seconds. Harry winced; he hoped this wasn't Malfoy's regular bedside manner otherwise the man must get a lot of complaints.

"Oh, I didn't know you worked here." Harry mumbled, "Do you know where my glasses are and could you find Ginny for me? We were in an auto accident and I'm worried about her." He blinked at Malfoy trying but failing to pull a decent image of the man in his mind and as he tried he realized that Malfoy was still as stone and just as quiet. "Oi, Malfoy, what's wrong with you? Didn't you hear me? I said -,"

"I heard what you said Potter." Malfoy said quietly, the tone very different from what Harry expected to hear from the proud man. The tone was somewhat surprised and apologetic at the same time. Harry felt a knot begin to form in his stomach; it never boded well for him when he heard that tone.

"Well then, go get Ginny for me man, I'm sure she's worried about me and can you please stop getting perverse pleasure out of watching me squint up at you like a bloody fool and get me my glasses?" Harry snapped, his fear leaking into his voice.

"Unfortunately your glasses were broken in the crash." Malfoy said in that same quiet tone, "and I can't summon Mrs. Potter for you because – she died from her injuries." Malfoy finished gently.

Harry shook his head, turning away from Malfoy. "No, Ginny's not dead, she can't be; *she can't be!*" His voice rose with his fear and anger. "You're lying to me! Get out and don't fucking come back you bloody wanker! "

"Mr. Potter – please listen-!" Malfoy let out a grunt as he was slammed back into the wall by Harry's magick.

"Get. OUT!" Harry hissed in Parseltounge. He saw Malfoy hesitate and he couldn't place the expression on that blurred face, but the man left as he wished. Harry collapsed back onto the bed, tears falling from his eyes. She couldn't be dead, not Ginny, not his vibrant wife.

Harry turned onto his side, curling into a fetal position at the thought of his wife dying. What was he going to tell the children? James loved his mother fiercely; this would devastate him. And Albus, Merlin he was only three years old. Harry shivered uncontrollably.

He stayed curled like that until a nurse came to speak with him.

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Draco watched Harry ask for his wife again, and his fists clenched. When the nurse reiterated what he'd told him; he watched the handsome face crumble into agony and tears. Draco turned away and walked back towards his office.

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1 day later...

Harry blinked at Neville and then said, "What did you just say?" Neville sighed in exasperation.

"Draco has been a Healer for a little over a decade, perhaps twelve years. He delivered Albus, Harry, how could you forget that?" Neville asked in concern. Harry shook his head; bewildered.

"I don't know." He said truthfully, he just didn't know. "Is he a good Healer?" Neville's eyes widened comically.

"*Good?* He's by far the most sought after Healer in England, if not further abroad. You couldn't get a better Healer to care for you." Neville paused and then added gently, "He expended a lot more magick than usual putting you back together; you would've died if it had been anyone else."

Harry didn't say anything for a moment and then he ran his fingers through his hair in agitation. "I don't know - I don't know anything right now." Neville placed a comforting hand on his shoulder and squeezed gently.

"You'd only want the best; and he *is* the best. He is willing to let you go to another Healer if you don't want him anymore, but you must tell him first. Also, Ron's brought Albus and James to come and see you. Who do you want to see first?"

"My children," Harry said quickly, "Send Malfoy in later." Neville snorted.

"You don't *send* Draco anywhere that he doesn't want to be. He'll come when he's ready." Neville chuckled and then opened Harry's hospital door. Two children rushed through and Harry laughed as he was bowled over by his boys. A sheepish Ron walked in behind them and he looked over Harry with a critical eye before nodding.

"Draco is quite the miracle worker." Ron said, "Never seen you look better mate." Harry stared at Ron in shock.

"You call him Draco?" Harry asked. Ron's teasing grin faded and he frowned at Harry in concern. "What?"

"Why would you be surprised by that Harry? Draco and I have been on speaking terms for the last three years, ever since -," Harry's hospital door opened again and Draco walked through. Now that Harry had

had his eyes corrected, he felt his heart thud at the sight of him. Draco's hair was cut short in a stylishly messy way that made him look as if he'd rolled out of bed after having a good shag.

His eyes were piercing grey, though they softened as he took in Harry's children. He turned to Ron and smirked. "You were about to stick your foot in it." Draco chided him. Ron rolled his eyes and crossed his arms belligerently.

"I have no idea what you are talking about." He said dryly. Albus' head popped up and his small arms let go of Harry's neck as he threw himself into Draco's arms.

"Dragon!" Albus exclaimed happily. Draco chuckled and pinched Albus' pert nose gently.

"How are you poppet?"

"Good, Daddy was hurt, you fixed him." Albus said bluntly. Draco grinned as Harry looked on in wonder; what the bloody hell was going on?

"Albus and James run along with your Uncle Ron. I have to speak with your daddy alone." Draco murmured softly. Albus nodded and James untangled himself from his father's arms and followed Ron, obediently, out of the room.

"How do you know my children? Why are you and Ron on speaking terms? What the fuck is wrong with me?"

"You hit your head pretty badly in the accident. It seems like you've lost some of your memories." Draco said succinctly. "I had my suspicions when you didn't remember that I was a renowned Healer. This just confirmed them." Draco sat in the chair beside Harry's bed and gazed at him intently. "You named me Albus' Godfather after I helped you and Mrs. Potter in delivery. He was breached and they both would've died, if I had not interfered. That was three years ago; Ron and I have been on speaking terms ever since."

"You haven't said Ginny's name yet at all." Harry accused, "you weren't friends with her?" Something in Draco's face changed and Harry knew at once that there was no love lost between Ginny and Draco.

"We were cordial when we had to be, but we never mingled otherwise." Draco admitted. "Physically you are fine, "Draco said briskly getting back to work, "but mentally only time will tell. Some partial amnesia is always suspected when accidents like this happen. Do you remember any of the accident at all?"

"Flashes here and there," Harry mumbled. "When will I be released?"

"Tomorrow," Draco said, "You do remember where you live and work; don't you?"

"I work...I don't know. I know I live at Godric's Hollow; Ginny and I rebuilt my ancestral home." Harry looked up at Draco. "Where do I work?"

"You don't work right now." Draco said softly. "I helped manage your finances so that you could spend as much time with the children as you wanted to. You use to be an Auror, and then you worked as an

unofficial advisor to the Minister of Magick for a time. Now you are a father; a great one in fact." Draco hesitated and then added, "You are also a great godfather to my son Scorpius."

"Where is he?" Harry asked curiously. He saw flashes sometimes in his dreams of a small clever child with platinum blond hair and sharp blue gray eyes. Now that Draco had explained a few things, it seemed more and more clear that their lives were interwoven together.

"He is with his mother right now." Draco grimaced, "Astoria is moving abroad shortly and has given me full custody of him."

"Good, she wasn't a very good mother." Harry muttered to himself. Draco arched an eyebrow.

"You remember her?" He asked, "You've barley spoken to her in years."

"I just get this –impression that I didn't think very highly of her." Harry said sheepishly. Draco grinned slightly.

"You never did, both of you were always at odds with one another." Draco said lightly. Harry nodded and then he looked Draco over intently. "What is it?"

"I'm sorry for my outburst yesterday." Harry admitted. Draco waved a negligent hand. "No – I mean it, I'm sorry."

"Don't worry about that Mr. Potter. It's completely understandable given the circumstances." Draco said politely.

"Why do you call me Mr. Potter? Call me Harry." Harry blurted out before blushing. "I-I just get the feeling that we aren't so formal with each other." He added. Draco stared at him for a moment before nodding slowly, a soft smile forming.

"Alright Harry and yes you are right, we haven't been formal with each other for years." Harry cocked his head at that.

"Were we friends then?" He asked curiously. Draco hesitated but nodded.

"Of a fashion," He said vaguely before leaving Harry's room quickly after that.

Harry watched him go; what the hell did that mean?

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Ron watched Draco run from Harry's room as if Voldemort was nipping at his heels. He looked in casually on his friend and saw the confusion written all over his face. Ron knocked on the door before entering, ushering the kids in as he did.

"What's up with Draco?" He asked, and then added, "And what did he say is wrong with you?"

"Oh he said that I have partial amnesia from the accident. My memories should come back in time. And I'm not sure what wrong with Draco. I asked if we were friends and he gave some vague answer and then left." Ron blinked in shock and then realization; well damn.

This wasn't good at all.

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Harry knew that Ron knew something about *whatever* made Draco leave so abruptly. He made a note to ask him later. He looked down on his two boys and smiled, just pleased to be with them again.

It was all that mattered right now.

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2 months later

Harry sat facing the window in the den of his home. It was going on one in the morning and he couldn't sleep. He was so tired, but still there was something that was keeping him up at night and he just didn't know what it was.

Draco had given him a clean bill of health and had stopped by on many occasions to make sure that Harry was readjusting well. The funeral for Ginny had taken place a month ago and though Harry did mourn her death; he felt like he'd already said his goodbyes and was ready to move on. His boys needed him and he needed his boys and that was just how it was going to be.

But late at night, like this, he felt so *alone*, like something was missing. At first, he had thought that it was Ginny he was pining for, but it wasn't her that haunted his memories. Memories—they were such fickle things he'd come to find. Sometimes they were so vivid that the thought he was experiencing them in real life and sometimes they could be as vague as one of Snape's Potions lectures.

Harry stared into the flames, his hand already reaching for the floo powder before his thoughts caught up with him. The flames glowed green and he called, "Malfoy Manor!" At first there was nothing, but then Draco's head appeared in the flames.

"Harry?" He blinked sleepily and then his gaze sharpened. "You look like shit." He said bluntly. Harry laughed hollowly.

"I can't sleep." He stated, "I don't know what is wrong with me, but I just can't sleep. I can get comfortable and-,"

"Hold on a second." Draco murmured and then disappeared for a few minutes. When he came back, Scorpius was in his arms fast asleep. "Step back." Harry stood back and a few moments later Draco stood before him, his child in his arms. "Let me put him to bed." Draco murmured. Harry nodded and went and started a pot of tea on the stove. As he waited he stared out the back window into the night. His mind was very muddled, but whispers in the back of his mind continued unabated as they had for the last couple of months.

"Let me put him to bed darling." He murmured into his lover's ear.

"You've become so attached," his lover murmured, amused. Harry kissed the small head lying on his shoulder.

"Harry?" Harry shook his head, the memory fading, as he came back to the present. Draco stood above him, hot tea in hand. He gave Harry a cup, kept one for himself and led the way back to the den where the fire blazed. "Another memory?"

"How did you know?" Harry murmured and Draco snorted.

"I called your name for at least a minute and your eyes were glazed over." Draco smiled. "It is quite common Harry." Harry scowled.

"Well it needs to stop. This is a bunch of bullocks. I – I get glimpses, but nothing that will give me any hint to who he-,"

"He? Are you not remembering Mrs. Potter?" Draco asked his brows arched in surprise. Harry flushed with embarrassment and he squirmed under Draco's gaze.

"I – I think I was having an affair."

"With another wizard?" Draco asked and Harry nodded, "how interesting. And—have you seen his face?"

"No, I only hear his voice but even that is slightly distorted." Harry told Draco candidly. "I – uh—well that is, it seemed like we were very much in love." Draco hummed in interest.

"Really and why do you think that?"

"The memory I just had was of me taking his son to bed." Harry mused, "That belies that he trust me very much. I have a feeling that he loved his son above all others."

"It would make sense that he'd trust you if he let you even touch his child." Draco said with a smirk. Harry rolled his eyes but smiled at his—friend. Yes, he guessed that was how he would think of Draco now. The Healer had been with him every step of the way through his recovery and the months it took to re-acclimate to parts of this life that he'd forgotten. It was amazing just how much Draco already knew about his life. The only thing that Draco could never, or perhaps would never, discuss with him was Ginny. Anytime she came up as a subject, Draco's eyes grew cold and his responses clipped. Harry didn't know what she'd done to Draco, but obviously she had left a bad taste in his mouth.

"It's of no importance now. I just want to get some sleep; will you give me some Sleeping Draught or something?" Draco shook his head.

"That is out of the question. You still have a head injury and I will not give you something that may cause adverse effects to you." Draco told him haughtily.

"But Draco,"

"No Harry." Draco frowned. Harry sighed in disgust.

"Well what am I supposed to do? I have to sleep some time." Harry said petulantly. Draco said nothing but then he sighed.

"Come on then." Draco said, "Your bedroom is this way correct?"

"What are you on Draco?"

"If it is a warm body next to you that will help you to sleep, then I shall provide it." Draco said calmly. "It is late, you need rest and so do I. Please do not turn this into some big production. I'm too tired to deal with your silliness right now."

"You make me sound like a child." Harry mumbled as he led the way to his bedroom. The room was large, the bed spacious. Harry threw his robe to the floor and collapsed into the bed.

"If the shoe fits Harry," Draco murmured, sighing as he picked up Harry's discarded robe and put it and his own in the chair next to the bed. He climbed into the bed resting right beside Harry. "Sleep Harry."

"Easy for you to say," Harry mumbled. Draco chuckled.

"I'll stay through the night. Just take deep slow breaths and let yourself fall to sleep. You've been probably thinking too bloody much *to* sleep."

"Wanker," Harry mumbled sleepily. He heard Draco chuckle and then there was blessed darkness.

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Harry woke up languidly. He blinked slowly and then turned on his back and came face to face with wide blue grey eyes. He sat up in surprise and the little boy by his side smiled as if nothing was out of the ordinary.

"Good Morning Papa Harry." The little boy said grinning. Platinum blond hair fell around his face in a soft cloud and his skin was as pale as Draco's.

"Good Morning Scorpius." Harry said with a smile. Scorpius turned and shimmied off the bed, running to the door and then shouted outside.

"Al! Your Papa is awake!" Scorpius yelled quite loudly, but then again he was three years old. A little black haired blur came bounding into the room and Harry laughed as Albus pushed into his arms.

"Daddy you sleep good?" Albus asked and Harry nodded.

"Yes, I slept very well Albus, where is your brother."

"He's with Dragon." Albus said. "In the kitchen," Harry got out of bed and pulled on his robe.

"Come along then," Harry, said giving his one hand to Albus and one to Scorpius. "How did you sleep Scorpius?"

"Good Papa Harry." He said. Harry blinked, that was the second time Scorpius had called him 'Papa' Harry. He'd have to ask Draco about it. Harry let the chatter of the children wash over him as he followed them towards to the kitchen. He saw James standing on a stool, helping Draco to stir batter while Draco himself heated the pan on the stove.

"Cooking? You cook?" Harry asked teasingly as he came behind his lover, kissing him on the neck. As Harry wrapped his arms around him, his lover snorted.

"Of course I can cook. I can cook quite well thank you. You have never complained." Harry chuckled and let his hand wander along the chiseled abs at his fingertips, and then let his hand move downward. His lover groaned as Harry took his cock in hand. "Harry, I'm b-busy."

"Well – keep cooking then, I'm starving." Harry whispered hotly in his ear. His lover let out a ragged chuckled, tried to keep cooking the eggs he had on, but after a few well-placed strokes, Harry watched as his lover dropped the spatula in the pan and stepped back as his lover turned and kissed him hard.

They had had to redo breakfast.

Harry shook his head and found Draco staring at him. "Another memory," Draco asked gently and Harry nodded. Draco hesitated, as if he wanted to say something, but though better of it. He looked at Harry and then turned back towards the stove, speaking with James before falling silent.

Harry bit the inside of his mouth to keep from asking what Draco thought was better left unsaid.

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1 month later...

Harry clawed his way to wakefulness and then sat up, holding his head in his hands. He felt someone shift beside him and he stiffen until he remembered that it was Draco. Harry watched the man sleep, his feelings raging like a storm inside of him. His memories were becoming more frequent now, and from what he was able to piece together; he knew that his marriage with Ginny had not been a happy one the last three years. Harry frowned as he thought, not noticing Draco watching him through sleep muddled eyes.

"What's wrong?" Draco asked and Harry, startled, nearly fell off the bed. Draco let out a sleepy chuckle and then propped himself up on his elbow and looked at Harry expectantly.

"Memories," Harry murmured, "Of Ginny and me. We were fighting about something, I can't make out what it was about but, she was pregnant with Albus at the time, looked to be almost due." Draco said nothing merely waited and Harry continued, "I was so upset with her." He murmured, "It had something to do with you."

"Many of your arguments with Mrs. Potter did have something to do with me or Scorpius." Draco sighed heavily. "She was angry at the amount of time we had started to spend together."

"But I thought that we didn't become friends until after Albus' birth." Harry protested. Draco said nothing but then grimaced.

"You wanted to quit your job and spend more time with the children. She didn't want you to give up your career as an advisor to the Minister. You had asked around and found out that I was very good with investments and came to talk with me a few months prior to Albus' birth." Draco looked at him intently, "We were cordial and then those talks led to meeting up at the pub, and then the night Albus was born you found out that I was a Healer and we were friends ever since."

"Yes," Harry breathed, as Draco had been speaking, the memories began to come to the surface of his mind. Things began to fall into place, and Harry could remember now that later – after Albus' birth, many of his fights with Ginny had been centered on the friendship he had with Draco.

"You spend more time with that man than you do your own family!" Ginny yelled at him as she held a wailing Albus in her arms. Albus was ten months old and James was two, going on three. The little boy watched his parents with wide green eyes filled with tears and Harry sighed wearily.

"I do not spend more time with Draco. I am usually taking care of the children – like I wanted to. If we do meet up usually it's for a play date with the kids. Why are you being so defensive about this?" Harry asked pleadingly. "Can we please do this later, without James watching?"

Ginny turned to her oldest and pursed her lips. "James go play in your room." She said, in a tone that brooked no argument. James hiccupped, tears running down his face as he ran away. Harry cursed under his breath and then glared at her.

*"Look, take your anger out on me, but **never** take it out on the children." Harry reached for Albus, taking him from his wife's arms and began to murmur nonsense to the child. The boy quieted immediately. Ginny looked on jealously.*

"He seems to like you more than me." She said petulantly. Harry sighed.

"If you would stop working these crazy hours perhaps things would get better."

*"Not everyone **wants** to stop working Harry. Some people can't **afford** it."*

*"**We** can afford it Ginny. Draco may have been snotty in school but he's changed, he's been very helpful regarding teaching me about my investments. We don't have to work if we don't choose to." Harry told her with a frown. "And plus I know that you don't want to spend all your time with the children. I would never ask it of you. All I'm asking is that you just cut back some time on your work that's all; not stop it completely."*

"I am not going to Harry, end of discussion."

Harry sighed despondently and he jumped when he felt a hand clasp his own. "Hey, it's going to be okay. Your memories are returning that's a very good thing."

"But what if I don't want to remember? What if I just want to start over?" Harry murmured. Draco didn't say anything for a few minutes and then he sighed.

"The memories will come regardless, however, if that is what you want then do it. Live your life as if the past never existed." Draco said quietly. Harry got the distinct feeling that Draco didn't want him to forget the past.

What was it that Draco was hiding from him? He knew it was something and Harry also knew that Ron was in on whatever it had been. He laid back down next to his friend and watched Draco fall back to sleep almost immediately.

Harry stayed awake until the sun rose.

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"Hey mate, how's it going?" Ron asked. Harry slumped in his seat and he gave Ron a weary smile.

"I know that you and Draco are hiding something from me." Harry said bluntly. Ron, who had been chugging down his beer, choked and beer, went everywhere. Ron turned beet red and then scowled at Harry.

"Oi, you really know when to say something don't you!" Harry laughed. Ron sighed and went about helping to clean up and then he looked at Harry. "What makes you think that we are hiding something?" Harry rolled his eyes.

"You are quite easy to read Ron." Harry joked and then went on to explain the memories he had last night and Draco's hesitation regarding helping Harry fill in the gaps. "So? What is it that both of you are trying to hide from me? Does it have to do with the lover that I don't remember?"

Ron's gaze shifted and he began to squirm in his seat. Harry smiled triumphantly.

"So it *does* have something to do with him. Do you know this guy or something?"

"Yes, I know him very well." Ron said with a smile. Harry blinked at him in shock. "He's a good guy, has a kid, and he treats you and the boys very well." Ron sighed and ran a hand through his hair in agitation. "You and Ginny – well you just weren't happy anymore together. And though you tried, it just wasn't getting any better. You remember that much right?"

"Yeah – now that you are speaking about it, the memories are becoming clearer. I can't believe I had an affair. I feel so awful about it." Harry said sadly. Ron snorted.

"Don't feel bad about it. Shit happens." Ron shrugged, "besides you weren't the first to – fuck." Harry's eyes widened and Ron just stared back at him, his lips pursed in a grimace. "I screwed that up big time."

"Ginny had an affair? She cheated on me first?" Harry asked and Ron nodded. "But why? I don't understand."

"That is for you to remember. I'm not saying anything else. I'll be in enough trouble as it is for telling you as much as I did." Harry tried to cajole Ron into telling him who it was but Ron was adamant. He said nothing else on the subject and Harry didn't ask.

Harry apparated back to his house to find James playing with Albus in front of the fireplace and Scorpius asleep on the couch; Draco was at the dining room table bent over a stack of potion's books, every so often looking towards where they boys were playing. He smiled when he saw Harry and Harry felt his heart thud against his chest. What was it about Draco that made him want to see the man every day? The nights that Draco was away from him were sleepless and when the blankness of his memories frightened him, Draco was always there to make things better. Harry didn't know why he felt so comfortable with the Healer, he just did.

And if it had anything to do with the memories that he didn't have back yet – well, Draco wasn't saying anything.

And Harry was too afraid to ask.

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Draco knocked back another shot of fire whiskey. His eyes watered as it burned its way down his throat, but he was too far into his thoughts to think he should still keep his silence, but Draco wasn't so sure about that anymore. The more time he spent with Harry, the more it reminded him of all the things that were still wrong with the man.

His memory didn't seem to be returning.

And it was breaking Draco's heart. They hadn't meant to begin the affair, but it had happened anyway. One month had flowed into two, and then the months had turned into one year that turned into two years and then – tragedy. Ginny Potter dead, their unborn child dead, and Harry with no memory of the last three years.

Karma sucked, Draco thought to himself. He rolled his head along the lounge to look out the window of the Manor and he swallowed heavily. Memory or not, Harry was already working his magick on Draco once more. He just couldn't live without him. How the fuck had that happened?

Draco didn't know. He didn't know what to do about anything anymore.

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Harry sighed heavily as he stared forlornly out of his bedroom window. Draco had been very aloof the last few weeks and Harry couldn't help but think that it had something to do with him. He didn't know why he thought that way, he just did. It was quite strange to him how attached he seemed to be to Draco, but Ron didn't appear to think anything was suspicious.

In fact, the damn man seemed to be egging them on.

Harry had asked him why once; Ron had just smirked.

Harry hadn't asked again. And it didn't make him feel any better that his memory seem to returning in little spurts, but the memories he kept seeing were really not what he thought they would be.

Arguments between him and Ginny seemed to have escalated that last couple of years of their marriage. It all seemed to happen after Albus was born, but Harry remembered little things that had been happening even before then. His memory of his lover was still murky, but even he could realize that he had spent more and more time in the man's company and had even let his children meet him.

That had to count for something right?

Harry let out a frustrated curse, climbing out of bed and then began opening dresser drawers, finding his favorite sweats and then slamming them back when he couldn't find the sweatshirt that went with them. He then yanked the bottom right drawer out to see perhaps if he'd left it in there. The drawer slid out completely and Harry, startled, fell back as a secret door was unhinged and items came out, including his favorite sweatshirt.

Curious, he lifted a ring from the pile of clutter. It was intricately made with platinum and gold, making an eternity symbol. He gazed at the ring in awe and then without really knowing why, slipped it onto his middle finger, where it fit like a glove. He let his gaze roam over a stack of what looked the letters, and as he picked one up, he realized they were Muggle pictures. He turned one over; his face paled.

It was him – and Draco. Both of them were smiling at the camera, looked so happy. Scorpius and Albus were grinning with each other in Harry's arms and James was smiling in Draco's. Unbidden a memory came with the pictures.

"You look like one big happy family," An elderly woman said after she took the picture. Harry had smiled at her as he watched Draco round up the children.

"Yes—yes I think we are."

"Merlin," Harry choked out, and then he flipped over more of the pictures. As he did; his memory became clearer and clearer with each passing moment.

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Ron groaned as he groped for his pants and stumbled from his and Hermione's bed. Who the bloody fuck would be banging on his door at 3 in the fucking morning? He was going to *crucio* someone's ass! "I'm coming you sodding bloody pain!" He growled and then yanked the door open.

Harry looked mad and miserable at the same time. He'd been crying, his eyes were bloodshot and his cloak had been hastily donned.

"Harry what the hell -?"

"I remember!" Harry blurted out. "I remember everything." Ron leaned against the door and cursed.

"Fuck."

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"How did you find it?" Ron murmured gently. Harry looked at him in confusion until Ron pointed at the ring on Harry's left hand.

"I was looking for my sweatshirt – you know the deep green one? I – I ripped open the drawer and the secret panel fell out. It was there, everything was in there." Harry looked at him; anger making his eyes glow eerily in the dim light. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"I didn't think it would make anything better. Harry you'd just been in an accident. You lost your wife, you lost your child, and your memories were gone. What was I supposed to do? Walk in there and just bloody tell you; 'Oi mate, you've been bugging around with Draco for the past two years because your wife had an affair and you were miserable in your marriage.'" Ron asked scathingly. Harry blushed.

"When you put it like that it does sound awful."

"Draco didn't want me to tell you. Especially when we realized how far back your amnesia went. You didn't even remember you both were friends, Harry, let alone lovers." Ron shook his head. "It was just a mess. And then when it didn't look like you would remember at all -,"

"I see your point. The children, what did he tell the children?"

"He said that you had had a bad accident and your head was hurt really badly. That was it. He didn't ask them to change anything, just that you were still not a hundred percent better like they thought you were after seeing you that first time." Harry nodded.

They didn't speak for a long time, but finally Harry stood up. "I have to go. Albus will wake up soon."

"Harry, what are you going to do?" Ron asked. Harry sighed heavily.

"I don't know."

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1 week later...

Harry still didn't know what to do.

His house didn't feel like his home. He knew that was because in those last couple of months before the accident, he nearly moved in with Draco at Malfoy Manor. The fights with Ginny had been getting worse and worse and then that last night –

"Ginny? What the fuck are you telling me?" Harry has asked angrily.

"This baby isn't yours! It isn't yours, and it never will be." Ginny sounded smug. She looked at him with anger and hatred in her eyes.

"I thought you said that you had stopped seeing him after that first time?" Harry said. Ginny scoffed.

"Of course I didn't stop seeing him. He made me happy."

"I could make you happy! I did make you happy!"

"Until you gave up your job Harry, and just wanted to sit at home with the kids." Ginny snapped. Harry rolled his eyes heavenward.

"Ginny not everyone is a workaholic like you. You know my reasons for that!"

"Oh yes, the same sob story with your childhood being shit! Well get over it, not everyone can have a great childhood."

"Look Ginny, I can still provide for my family without working in some exalted position at the Ministry, I don't need that to be happy!"

"Well I do, and he gives that to me. The status, the nights out, everything! And that is why I never stopped seeing him. Not that you really care anymore, you've been fucking around with Malfoy for a while now haven't you? You haven't been interesting in having sex with me for ages. Well – except that one time three months ago; not a stellar performance in my book. That may be because you've only had practice taking it up the arse for the last few years!"

"That's such a low blow Ginny. I tried to make you happy and it didn't work. You're the one who started having the affair and staying late for work. I missed you, our children needed you and you weren't there. I was lonely and Draco was a good friend. We never meant for it to happen!"

"Whatever Harry, our marriage was over years ago!" She looked around hunting for her keys and jacket. "So? Are you fucking coming to this dinner or not?"

"Of course I am, I'm still your husband remember?" He said sarcastically. Ginny shrieked at him like a shrew and stomped away.

"I'm getting a divorce and taking half of all that fucking money Malfoy has helped you invest! You better watch it Harry!"

Harry closed his eyes to the memory, thinking that it would make it go away, but it didn't.

They had never made it to that dinner at her job. Ginny had been driving way too fast for the bad weather. Harry had pleaded with her to slow down. She hadn't listened. Something had darted in front of them, a deer maybe, and she'd swerved too hard.

He could remember, now, as he had been lying in the rain, bleeding, that his last thoughts had been of Draco and what his love would do when they wheeled his body into the hospital. And then there had been nothing.

Harry looked around his and Ginny's house and he made his decision.

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Draco looked up from a patient's file when he felt a familiar presence standing in the doorway to his office. He smiled as he saw Harry and then the smile faltered slightly when Harry just continued to stare at him. It was a very penetrating look and Draco had not seen that look in –

"Harry?" He asked coming around his desk to stand in front of him. Harry reached for him, hooking his hand behind Draco's neck and pulling him forward. Draco swallowed heavily and looked up into Harry's eyes. What he saw scared the shit out of him. "You remember." He stated.

"I do. You lied to me. I trusted you with my life and you lied to me." Harry whispered. Draco tried to jerk away but Harry had wrapped an arm around his waist to hold him there indefinitely.

"What is true trust and what is a true lie?" Draco asked angrily. "You trusted me with your life, and I saved it. You woke up and couldn't remember that I was your lover and your best friend. What was I suppose to do? I may have lied, but I did it to spare you unwanted and unneeded pain when you were at your lowest. You didn't know me! You – you didn't know me." Draco leaned into the tall lanky body he'd come to love through the years.

"I know, and I'm sorry, but why couldn't you have told me when we became friends again?"

"Would it have made any difference Harry?" Draco asked tiredly. "You still had no clue about what went on between us. What would've been the point to it all? I just wanted to be near you and I would've been happy with that." Harry looked at him with an arched brow.

"Oh really," he said deadpanned. Draco scowled at him and punched him in the gut.

"I would have tried!" he said peevishly. Harry chuckled and then laughed. Draco's heart warmed at the sound. "You really remember?"

"Yes," Harry murmured as he bent down and ran his tongue along the seam of Draco's mouth. Draco gasped and Harry took full advantage; gently teasing Draco's tongue with his own before turning the tentative kiss into one that made Draco's toes curl – as they always did, when Harry kissed him. "I remember that you get cold so easily in the winters, and that you steal a certain green sweatshirt from me every time I wear it. I remember that you're teaching James how to make your famous pancakes and the way you sneak Albus and Scorpius chocolate frogs at breakfast. I remember the way it felt to have your cock buried inside of me, as well as if I suck your cock just right you'll come only after a few strokes. I remember everything Draco, but most importantly I remember how much I loved you and how much more I love you now."

Draco couldn't speak, didn't dare try to because if he did, he knew he's be blubbering around like an idiot. Harry smiled and kissed him again. "May I make love to you Draco, now and forever?"

"Oh yes." He finally murmured.

And Harry did just that.

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The next morning...

Draco came awake slowly; his body aching pleasantly in a way he thought it never would again. Harry was lying on his stomach, one hand under a pillow, the other tangled with Draco's under the covers. Draco smiled happily dozing.

He heard feet scampering across the floors, and the whispering before long. He opened his eyes when one black and one blond head popped up along his side of the bed. He patted the comforter and Albus and Scorpius scrambled on top of it.

"Morning Dragon Papa," Albus said shyly. "Is Daddy better?" Draco smiled and ruffled his hair.

"Yes, your daddy is all better." Draco murmured. "Go wake up James; tell him we can make pancakes."

"Pancakes!" Scorpius and Albus cheered and they were gone. Draco heard a chuckle behind him and he smiled at Harry.

"You've made them the happiest little boys in the world." Harry murmured sleepily. Draco laughed lightly and he kissed Harry on the cheek.

"And you've made me the happiest man."

"Ditto."

The End