

Second Chances

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Second Chances

by [Slayer_of_Destiny](#)

Summary

Fate decides to play with Harry's life again, giving him a chance at a family but with the most shocking father for his child. After the Order lock him up Harry flees to the father where they both may get a second chance.

Notes

For those of you who like Harry/Voldemort pairings or enjoy this story I seriously suggest you check out 'Schooled' by WyrSmith along with her other works, it is a story I am completel in love with XD

Escape and rescued?

Chapter one

Tom stared stunned at the figure standing in front of him dripping water from his soaked cloak onto his expensive wood floors, hair sticking to his pale and drawn face, green eyes were wider than normal with fear and he was trembling faintly, from what Tom would guess to be cold, fear and tiredness if the bags under his eyes were anything to go by.

"Why are you here?" Tom finally managed to ask incredulously having actually been stunned into silence for the last few moments.

"Because I need to talk to you...privately," Harry added eyeing the four Death Eaters that were standing in the office as well. When he caught the look Tom gave him he sighed and rubbed his eyes tiredly. "Look I have had a really, really shit seven weeks, I found out some rather frightening news, which you need to hear, and I have just managed to escape from the Order of the Bloody fried chicken where they were keeping me prisoner at their headquarters to spend the last four fucking days making my way here using muggle transport so they couldn't track me down! I'm hungry, I'm tired and do you really think I am stupid enough to come here willingly to kill you when you have an entire house full of followers? Even if I managed to hold a duel with you for longer than five minutes I'm in no state to even think of ways to kill you let alone do it, never mind getting back out. So please, I need to speak with you!" Harry snapped. Tom blinking in surprise at the outburst, not only had the Order of the Phoenix been keeping Harry Potter prisoner for some reason, he had escaped them to come here and tell him something important, had admitted that he was in no state to duel him and was clearly in a state.

"Leave us," Tom waved his hand at the now stunned looking Death Eaters who had probably been expecting him to crucio the teen for speaking to him like that before they scrambled out the room in a rush when he glared at them.

"Would you mind?" Harry asked waving a hand to a chair. Seeing him sway slightly on his feet Tom realised he hadn't been exaggerating about his state and nodded.

"Take off your cloak, it's soaked," He sighed standing and taking the item to hang on his coat rack. Harry looked slightly bemused as he found himself led towards the chair by the fire rather than the uncomfortable looking one in front of the desk but as he was freezing he didn't complain and sat down with a sigh.

"Alright, I have no idea what you could possibly say that led you to come here to speak with me but go ahead," Tom sighed settling into his own chair across from Harry, as Harry opened his mouth to start what was clearly going to be a long story he interrupted. "Make it quick," to which he received a glare.

"Fine see if this is quick enough for you. I'm pregnant, your the dad," Harry spat folding his arms and glaring at the stunned dark lord.

"Your...your..." Tom stuttered.

"Pregnant, yes," Harry finished for him.

"And I'm..."

"The father, yes. There you did take it all in, you are a smart Dark Lord!" Harry drawled.

"Do you take me for a fool boy! Even if you are pregnant which is very rare in males, I haven't slept with you, how on god's earth could I be the father?" Tom roared, anger clearly blazing from him as he stood with his wand in his hand. Harry however sensed that there was something more to this than just anger at the thought of being lied to.

"That's why I was going to take time explaining it and not just saying 'hey I'm up the duff and your daddy number two! Think it'll have your eyes or mine?' but no, you wanted to ruin the perfectly good speech I had planned out by demanding a short explanation, no doubt you would have tortured me if I had taken my time so I told you!" Harry snapped.

"That still doesn't explain why you think I'm the father!" Tom snarled.

"Magic. I am well aware that we didn't sleep together thank you, and no I don't need the birds and the bees I am perfectly aware of how babies are normally made. We however are apparently neither normal nor conventional and are toys to the fates or whoever it bloody is that likes to have a play with my life," Harry huffed rubbing his face.

"You're serious? You mean...you really think I'm the father?" Tom choked sitting heavily on his chair.

"I repeat, escape Order of the Phoenix, four day trip here by muggle travel, hungry, tired, to tell you something. If I wasn't 300% sure do you think I would honestly be sitting in the office of the man who has tried to kill me every time we have met?" Harry asked wearily, leaning back to look at Tom with tired eyes.

"Alright...how...how am I?" Tom asked looking lost.

"When you attacked Hogsmeade, do you remember firing that spell at me at the same time as Lucius Malfoy's redirected spell hit me?" Harry asked clearly pulling himself together. Tom scanned his mind and then remembered the incident. He and Harry had been duelling for ten minutes when he fired off a spell that injected some of his magic into the opponents body to weaken their magic, his had hit seconds after Lucius redirected spell had and Harry had dropped to his knees clutching his stomach in pain and then Dumbledore had stepped in to duel him. "Whatever spell Lucius used created the opportunity to get me pregnant, your spell achieved it. The scans showed there was nothing wrong with me besides a little bruising to my abdomen so there was no need to do check any further. When I went back to my relatives house for the summer I started getting sick and dizzy, eventually I passed out and my guard took me to Madame Pomphrey, I was far enough along for it to show on a test that I was pregnant, paternity tests show you," Harry explained.

"So...why were they holding you prisoner?" Tom asked trying to focus on getting the whole picture. Harry however chuckled humourlessly.

"You just hit the million pound question there. When they told me I was pregnant and that you were the father I did the only thing I could and fainted, when I woke up I was surrounded by a shield and everyone was staring at me. They had tried to terminate the baby while I was unconscious..."

"WHAT! Is it ok? Is it harmed, you said you were pregnant not that you had been!" Tom roared, pain showing on his face before he could stop himself. He was stunned to silence however when Harry stood, yanked up his top, grabbed Tom's hand and placed it over the small bump that was there. The warm skin feeling firm underneath his fingers as he unconsciously traced it and stroked it.

"The baby is fine, Hermione did a scan for me and checked a few days later. The shield formed when they tried and blocked the spell, apparently my body had decided it rather liked being pregnant and my magic agreed. It protected the baby. After I rather loudly told them how disgusted I was at them they tried to point out that it was your baby, I pointed out it was mine as well, they pointed out you were the Dark Lord, I pointed out that I didn't give a flying one and wouldn't let them kill my child just cause they didn't like where one side of the DNA came from, they pointed out I had a war to fight in and couldn't do that while pregnant with your child, I pointed out I didn't really give one and they could fight their own war. Lets just say they weren't very happy and decided that locking me away in Headquarters and making their opinions known continuously from every Order member was going to win me over. When they started shooting the abortion charm at me randomly I made my decision. Hermione and the twins helped me escape and I made my way here," Harry shrugged.

"Why though? You could have escaped into the muggle world," Tom frowned still staring at the bump.

"Because you deserved to know. Because I don't want to spend my life running and I don't want my child to have that life. Because after the last seven weeks I'm not really sure the light side is so light or that they are the ones that are in the right. Because I am tired and just want to concentrate on making sure my child...our child comes out alive and well, I don't want to fight, I never have, I just want to be left alone," Harry drooped as everything caught up on him. He found himself being guided back to his chair but Tom knelt in front of him and kept his hands stroking the bump.

"Why are you keeping it? Why so determined? You are young, it is partly my child, why?" confused red eyes met his in a vulnerable expression that Harry was sure only he had seen since Tom was very young.

Looking down he placed his hand over Tom's cautiously before swelling out his magic, Tom gasped as he felt the tingling of Harry's magic in his awareness but also a faint brush of something smaller, weaker, but still there.

"I feel it, in my body, in my mind. I can feel our child every second, my magic tells me constantly that it is ok, that it's safe. It's my child, a baby, a real baby growing in me. I don't care where it came from or how it came to be, it's my child. I...wanted kids, a family from

when I was old enough to understand what one was. To carry my child, to be able to give it life is more than I ever dreamed. I couldn't...the thought...I just..." Harry sighed and dropped his head back.

"What did you expect me to do? When you came here?" Tom asked, his voice completely neutral. Harry didn't bother lifting his head and just sighed.

"I don't know really, I just had to try and hope that the thought of it being your child as well would mean you would at least allow me to give birth to it. After that I wasn't sure, pretty certain it would a big green ending but I had to at least try and make sure it was safe. My magic was getting weaker, I couldn't hold them back any more if they carried on or picked up the amount of charms. This was my last chance," Harry mumbled.

"I'm not going to kill you," Tom muttered back almost petulantly.

"You will when I tell you the prophecy," Harry snorted keeping his tired eyes closed. Because of this he didn't see Tom motioning for Lucius and Severus to be quiet from where they were standing inside the room having entered moments ago.

"And how are you going to tell me the prophecy, it was destroyed remember?" Tom asked slightly annoyed.

"That was just a copy. Dumbledore heard the original and told me it after the whole thing," Harry snorted.

"Alright, go on then," Tom said doubtfully getting up and sitting back in his chair.

"The one with the power to vanquish the Dark Lord approaches...Born to those who have thrice defied him, born as the seventh month dies...and the Dark Lord will mark him as his equal, but he will have power the Dark Lord knows not...and either must die at the hand of the other for neither can live while the other survives..." Harry recited.

"You just willingly told me the Prophecy that I spent a year trying to get and Order a year protecting, just like that. A Prophecy that by all rights should lead me to kill you if I want to win," Tom said incredulously.

"Except I'm throwing in the towel. Right here, right now I swear on my magic that I will never raise my wand against you unless it is to defend myself or our child, I will never willingly kill you or fight against you for the rest of my life. If I break this vow then may my magic be taken. So mote it be," Harry said softly before meeting stunned red eyes. "Prophecy null and void, I have no desire to kill you or use 'the power the Dark Lord knows not' which by the way is a really shit line because no one has any idea what the fuck it is including Dumbledore so don't feel left out," Harry shrugged before closing his eyes again tiredly clearly not having noticed a gobsmacked Lucius and Severus.

"You...you do realise what you just did right?" Tom asked stunned.

"I just gave you the war, yes well aware of it thanks. I'm pregnant not confunded, I told you I don't want to fight. And I especially don't want to fight for the side that locked me up and

threw abortion charms to get rid of the child that I clearly wanted. I just want to give birth to my child, bring it up preferably but I'm not counting my eggs," Harry snorted.

"By Merlin your serious!" Severus choked out not able to be quiet anymore. Harry yelped and jumped to his feet before swaying dangerously as a bout of dizziness hit him. Tom slipped an arm around his waist and lowered him back onto his chair before touching his forehead.

"I'm fine, I don't get sick. Why...how long have they been there?" He frowned at Tom who actually looked guilty.

"From when I asked what you expected when you came here. They are my second and third in command. I'm sorry I deceived you but they needed to hear this as well," Tom sighed wondering about why he felt guilty about keeping their presence from Harry.

"Now that he is aware of our presence, my Lord from what we just heard it sounded a lot like Potter is pregnant with your child," Lucius asked cautiously.

"Yes he is," Tom sighed grabbing the blanket from the back of his sofa and throwing it over Harry who looked shocked but snuggled under the warmth anyway, going as far as to toe off his shoes and tuck his legs under.

"Not to be rude my Lord but...How the bloody hell did that happen?" Lucius choked.

"It's your fault really. Hey, maybe you should be godfather," Harry chirped up smirking at Lucius's stunned look at his announcement.

"Perhaps he should be," Tom snickered softly at the look on Lucius's face.

"I'm not explaining again, m' tired, you can do it," Harry mumbled snuggling down under the blanket and closing his eyes, clearly ready to sleep. Tom blinked at him shocked before shaking his head and motioning for Lucius and Severus to sit down before he explained it to them.

"I was trying to throw a barren hex at the traitorous Black whore who is fucking the werewolf...but apparently I need to research my phrasing," Lucius added slightly sheepishly.

"Good, next time make sure you get it right and actually hit her," Harry mumbled from his blanket.

"Why's that, I thought you cared for their pet werewolf?" Tom frowned.

"That was until they were both at the forefront of the ambushing me at random moments to kill my baby. They both even burst into my bedroom in the middle of the night frequently. They were also both very vocal on what they thought of me for wanting to carry the Dark Lord's child, there was something thrown in there about my parents being disappointed in me, what they did for me, giving their lives for me and what I was choosing to do with that life. By the time I left Fangless had moved onto how they would be rolling in their graves and how much they would hate me. So please, do your best," Harry snorted opening tired green

eyes. Tom frowned before stepping forwards and lifting Harry from the chair. The teen yelped and quickly wrapped his arms around Tom's neck. "Are you chucking me out?" He asked disbelievingly.

"What? No, I'm putting you to bloody bed! You're exhausted and have clearly been through a horrible experience at the hands of people that were supposed to care for you. You're going to sleep safely for the first time in what sounds like seven weeks and we will finish this tomorrow whenever you wake and have eaten. I'm not going to kill you, now or when the baby has been born. But I expect you to stay here at the mansion, we'll discuss the details when you are feeling better," Tom sighed.

"Alright..." Harry mumbled.

"When you wake in the morning click your fingers for a house elf, they will bring you something to eat and show you where the bathroom is, once you're done they will bring you to me," Tom instructed. By this point Harry's head was lolling against Tom's shoulder as tiredness took over his body completely.

"Alright..." Harry mumbled.

"Go to sleep Harry," Tom sighed realising that he was too far gone to really be listening anymore.

Healers and Little Lords

Chapter Summary

Fate decides to play with Harry's life again, giving him a chance at a family but with the most shocking father. After the Order lock him up Harry flees to the father where they both may get a second chance

Chapter two

Harry woke up swaddled in warmth from where he had formed a nest with his blanket and was curled around his stomach the way he had become accustomed to doing. The sheets were soft and made of silk, a heavy duvet covered his body. Stretching slightly he yawned and pressed his hand to his stomach swelling out his magic and feeling the small content buzz of his baby's magic, it was the first time he had felt it being truly content giving that there had always been an edge of fear and worry due to Harry's own worry and the constant barrage of termination spells. Now however the baby was giving warm, happy and content feelings. Grinning he stretched out properly before looking around the room he was in sleepily. Cherry wood panelling with silver and green tapestries hanging from the walls, a pure white carpet covered the floor, and he was in a large king size four poster bed was covered in silver hangings, the duvet was a forest green to match the pillow cases. He was stunned by how beautiful the room was, there was even a large window letting lots of sunlight in as Harry liked.

"Is the room to your liking?" A deep baritone voice had Harry sitting up and spinning to look to the side of his bed, he found a couch against the wall with a slightly ruffled looking Dark Lord sitting up on it as a blanket fell to his lap.

"Y...yes, it's beautiful...why did you sleep on the couch?" Harry asked confused.

"I didn't think you would appreciate waking up next to me in the same bed as you, and you weren't awake enough last night when I was telling you what to do when you woke up. So I slept on the couch so as not to have you wandering around the mansion before I ensure you are safe," Tom responded before yawning tiredly.

"Oh...thank you. The baby is very happy," Harry offered sitting up properly in the bed.

"It is? You can feel that?" Tom asked standing and hesitating. Harry was slightly stunned at the longing and exposure in the crimson eyes of who had been his enemy only a day ago, smiling softly he held out his hand to Tom in offering, he searched Harry's face for a second before accepting the hand and allowing himself to be tugged over to the bed, he sat down on the edge and allowed Harry to place his hand over the bump. Swelling out his magic again Harry allowed the baby's magic to channel through him to Tom. Tom jumped before staring

at Harry's bump stunned and started gently stroking it again, the warm buzz got a little higher causing both of them to gasp.

"It's really there...a baby..." Tom said softly.

"Kind of a shock, huh," Harry smiled settling back against the headboard.

"Just a little, especially considering we...our past relationship. I just can't believe you actually came to me," Tom glanced up at Harry and caught a faint smile on the teenagers lips.

"Eight weeks ago I would never have dreamt of coming to you for anything besides to attempt to kill you. Now..." Harry sighed and looked away.

"And now?" Tom pushed.

"And now I'm not so sure that the light side is exactly what it says on the tin. I...I was never given a choice you know, to choose which side, it was just 'hey Harry your the chosen one, warrior of the light side, so fight for us' no one asked. They lied to me, they kept things from me, Dumbledore pushed and pulled and guided me towards all those confrontations that we had. This was the last straw. I want to have this baby, I want a family, someone that I can care for, that I can love and that will love me back...they tried to take that away from me, they tried to stop me from living, from having a life, from being happy again, simply because they want their little weapon, they don't care whether I'm happy or not they just want to be able to plonk me down in front of you, stick my wand in my hand and hide behind my back. I decided to do something for me instead. Something for us," Harry said looking down at his bump rubbing it tenderly.

"We will look after our baby, we will give our baby the life it deserves, we will protect our child. And while we're doing that you will love and nurture and bring up our child, I will protect you both, provide for us, secure us a proper life, a life and world our child deserves to grow up in. We will make sure that our child has the love and life it deserves, I promise," Tom said seriously.

"Do you mean that?" Harry asked suspiciously eyes searching over Tom's face.

"Your swore on your magic last night you wouldn't raise your wand to me except in defence. Now I'll return the favour. I swear on my magic that I will protect you and our child, that I will keep you and our child safe, protected and well cared for, that you are both happy. I swear to ensure all those things to the best of my ability. I will never hurt you or our child Harry, I swear it," Tom vowed. Harry stared at him stunned, when he had made the vow not to attack Tom he hadn't expected anything in return, the best he had expected was to be allowed to stay to give birth. The very loud rumbling of his stomach interrupted the moment and caused Harry to blush and smile sheepishly. "Have you been able to eat properly?" Tom asked concerned as he stood and pulled a robe from the wardrobe for Harry.

"Not really, I might not know a lot about pregnancy but I do know that stress isn't good for the baby so I would only leave my room to eat, but generally I wouldn't be able to stomach very much no matter how much I tried to force myself to eat given they were always going on about how wrong the baby was and crap like that," Harry sighed.

"I would like you to see a healer, to check you and the baby out properly. You can say no but..." Tom said tightly clearly trying to treat Harry as an equal which warmed something in Harry's chest. He reached out and touched Tom's arm not wanting him to continue.

"I'd be glad to have a healer check that everything's ok, it would put your mind at rest and mine," Harry smiled.

"Alright, lets go get some breakfast then a healer," Tom nodded. The two of them made their way through the halls with Tom pointing out what different rooms were for. Eventually they stopped at the dinning room and Tom opened and held the door for Harry allowing him to slip in. Harry blinked and gulped at the sight of a full set of Malfoy's, Snape, Bellatrix, Rabastan, Rodolphus and Fenrir Greyback seated at the dinning table, their eyes all on him from the second he stepped into the room. Just as Bellatrix was drawing her wand and standing Tom stepped inside and blocked Harry from view. "Harry will be staying with us from now on. He is not to be upset, annoyed, or hurt in any way or I will be extremely angry! If you raise a wand to cast even a silencing charm at him you will regret it. You are to treat him as you would treat me," Tom said in a deadly tone that quickly had everyone nodding, even Grayback who had a knowing glint in his eye as he watched Harry as Tom seated him to his right making everyone have to move down a seat despite the protests Harry made until Tom shot him a look. He got the same look again when he tried to protest when Tom started serving him food. Once he had a bit of everything on his plate Tom stared at him until he started eating.

"That's creepy you know," Harry muttered before he started on his scrambled eggs.

"I'm a Dark Lord, what do you expect?" Tom asked dryly startling a chuckle from Harry. "What do you want to drink?" Tom asked scanning the table sceptically.

"Do you have any fruit tea? It calms my stomach," Harry asked uncertainly.

"I don't think so...Missy!" Tom called startling Harry slightly until a House elf popped in. She wasn't like any house elf Harry had seen before though, she was wearing a miniature blouse and skirt in white and royal blue with what Harry guessed was the Slytherin crest sewed onto her blouse in silver thread. She curtsied daintily to Tom.

"What can Missy be getting for Great Master Tom?" she asked politely.

"I would like you to get some fruit tea for Master Harry, and stock up on it please," Tom requested.

"Of course Great Master Tom, Master Harry Missy will be being right back with your tea," Missy's wide eyes went to Harry as she curtsied before popping out. Harry had no doubt the knowledge of 'Master Harry' being in the building would be passed around the house elves in no time. He could see the rest of the table besides Severus and Lucius gawping at them both, Bellatrix and Draco looked as though they had swallowed something particularly vile, which naturally made Harry have to hide his smirk as he turned to Tom.

"You don't have to fuss you know, any tea would have done," He said softly, blushing when Tom turned to look at him.

"You wanted fruit tea?" Tom said slowly.

"Well yes..."

"And it helps settle your stomach and so make you more comfortable?"

"Yes, but I don't want you putting yourself out for me," Harry mumbled looking down at his plate.

"Harry, Harry look at me. I'm going to fuss over you, so get used to it," Tom said simply before pouring Harry a cup of the fruit tea that popped onto the table in front of Harry. Biting his lip he looked at Tom before sighing and sipping the tea gratefully. Breakfast was a silent affair as Harry was busy eating hungrily, Tom wasn't exactly chatty, Lucius and Severus were watching everything in amusement and the others didn't know what to say about the situation or what was going on.

"Great Master Tom, Healer Burns is here to see you, Missy is being putting him in the green room as you be requesting," Missy popped back in just as Harry was sipping at his tea, happy to have a full stomach and a relatively calm – in comparison – eating atmosphere.

"Thank you Missy, Harry are you finished?" Tom asked.

"Yes thank you," Harry smiled draining his cup with a satisfied sigh.

"Are you sure? Healer Burns will wait as long as you need!" Tom insisted.

"Honestly I'm done, if I eat anymore I'll burst," Harry smiled.

"Alright, Missy you are to serve Master Harry, anything he wants whenever you are to respond straight away. Do you understand?" Tom asked firmly. Missy's eyes were wide again as they looked between Harry and Tom.

"Missy is being understanding, she is looking after Master Harry," Missy curtsied.

"Thank you Missy. Harry if you want anything, food, drink, a book, something to do, a cloak if you want to go outside, if you need to get me, call Missy. Now come, Rabastan, Rodolphus I want you to come as well," Tom was clearly learning quickly as he didn't give Harry time to argue before standing and pulling out his chair for him while the two Lestrangle brothers stood quickly themselves.

"My Lord is there anything you wish for us to do?" Lucius asked politely.

"No you may...actually...I want you to take Draco and Blaise to the Weasley twins joke shop in Diagon alley. Inform them that Harry is safe and that should they or Ms Granger wish to visit they may. Severus you are to go to Hogwarts and see what plans and reactions Harry's escape have brought up," Tom ordered.

"My Lord," both men bowed before Lucius practically dragged a stunned Draco from the room.

"Come Harry," Tom shook Harry from his stunned gawping by placing his hand on the base of Harry's back and leading him from the room. The walk through the manner was silent and to Harry slightly uncomfortable. The Lestrangle brothers kept shooting him curious looks, though Harry was surprised to find a lack of hostility there. Eventually they reached a room which Tom opened the door for and motioned Harry in. The room was aptly named. Jade green walls were matched with an emerald green carpet, curtains and a deep, almost black, green marble fireplace. Two black leather sofa's stood in front of the fire with an ornate coffee table between them, a large bookshelf stood to one side of the room packed with leather bound books and a writing desk and chair stood beside it. It was only after Harry had taken in this sea of green did he notice the man sitting on a window seat of a large bay window. He was tall and slightly gangly, black and grey hair was slightly wild, he was wearing a pair of neat black slacks with a blue shirt un-tucked and navy blue robes laying open on top, the pocket of the robes had a wand and bone crossed on it. Stormy blue eyes were staring at Harry and Tom's arm where it was clearly resting on Harry's back stunned.

"Healer Burns," Tom nodded as Rabastan and Rodolphus stepped into the room and closed the door behind themselves. Tom led Harry over to one of the sofas as Healer Burns stood and bowed.

"My Lord, Mr Potter," Healer Burns said politely walking over.

"I am pleased you came so swiftly," Tom said as he conjured an armchair for the Healer and motioned Rabastan and Rodolphus to the other sofa.

"I have to admit I was shocked to receive your request to come My Lord," Healer Burns smiled.

"Whys that?" Harry asked curiously glancing between Tom and the Healer. Tom pinched his lips together as Healer Burns grinned.

"My Lord finds me too opinionated to put up with generally," Healer Burns said cheerfully getting a laugh from Harry.

"I thought you would prefer someone like Healer Burns than a yes man," Tom said uncomfortably.

"Thank you," Harry smiled at him brightly.

"Ah so I am here for Mr Potter then? What seems to be the issue then?" Healer Burns asked cheerfully looking between them.

"It's not really an issue...I'm pregnant," Harry shrugged. The Healer blinked at him while the Lestrangle brother's jaws dropped.

"Oh...alright...erm...well..." Healer Burns stammered, his eyes flicking to Tom and then back to Harry.

"For Merlin's...yes Burns, the baby is also mine's. Lucius Malfoy hit Harry with a mispronounced and rebounded statim ubertas seconds before I hit him with a pure blast of

my magic to try and weaken Harry. As it is..."

"Ah, very interesting, the blast of pure magic and the statim ubertas reacted together, the purist of your essence in reality and formed the baby. It would only happen in two beings with a lot of power behind them...in fact I doubt it would have worked for anyone with only a little less power than you My Lord, and Mr Potter is clearly very powerful as well to have managed to create and hold a magically created baby," Healer Burns mused.

"Hold? What does that mean?" Harry asked worriedly, his hand automatically going to his stomach.

"Burns?" Tom growled out while placing his hand on Harry's knee.

"Oh no need to worry My Lord, Mr Potter. There is a high risk in male pregnancies of miscarriage in the first month, after that though it is like any normal pregnancy. Your magic is clearly strong so I doubt we run any risk of that. Now how far along are you?" Healer Burns smiled comfortingly.

"Four and a half months," Harry said still looking worried.

"You are well and truly out the danger time then. Now do you have morning sickness?" Healer Burns asked conjuring parchment and a quill.

"Yes, its less frequent in the last couple of weeks but I still do occasionally get sick," Harry nodded.

"That's to be expected, your in your second trimester now, so generally the sickness should pass sometime this month, however each case is different so don't quote me on that," Burns winked at him getting a small smile. "Now when were you last checked by a healer?" Burns asked with a smile before it dropped as Harry tensed.

"I believe the last time Harry was checked by a healer was when it was confirmed that he was pregnant seven weeks ago. Harry has had numerous termination spells shot at him over the last seven weeks," Tom said in tone that sounded nothing but deadly.

"W...what! Who..." Burns gasped staring wide eyed between them.

"The Order, they weren't too pleased with the fact that I wanted to keep my baby when half of it was Tom's," Harry shrugged but his body language clearly told them how much it hurt. Tom placed his arm along the back of the sofa and Harry glanced up at him with a grateful smile.

"How...how are you still..." Burns stammered.

"A shield formed every time they tried," Harry shrugged frowning. "Is that not normal?" he asked.

"No Mr Potter, its not, though considering the two father's and the circumstances. My Lord will I be allowed to shoot a cheering charm at Mr Potter?" Burns asked hesitantly

"No! Harry are you comfortable with me doing it?" Tom asked.

"My Lord, I have some suspicions about the situation so I would like for someone else to cast a spell and then you. You need to be able to trust me with your baby's life My Lord if I am to look after Mr Potter through the pregnancy and deliver the baby," Burns protested before Harry could say anything. Tom stared at the man for a few seconds, Harry suspected he was performing legillimency, before giving a tight nod.

"Very well, but if anything happens to either of them it will be your life!" Tom warned.

"I expected nothing less My Lord. Right Mr Potter I'm going to cast a simple cheering charm, that's all I swear. Ready?" Burns smiled warmly at Harry who gave a tense nod. The charm was cast but just before it hit Harry a green and gold shield sprang to life in front of Harry blocking it. "Alright My Lord, your turn," Burns said excitedly. Eyeing the man in distaste Tom drew his wand and cast the charm watching as Harry burst into giggles.

"What did that prove?" Tom asked as Harry calmed down when he removed the charm.

"It's amazing My Lord, this hasn't been heard of since the time of the Founders themselves! Mr Potter's magic acts naturally to block any threat to him or the baby, because of the circumstances this has become any spell aimed at them, and blocks. However it recognises your magic as being the other half of the baby's essence and so allows your magic through. It means Mr Potter's magic knows you are no threat to him and the baby," Burns explained.

"You mean my magic has become sentient?" Harry frowned.

"In a way all magic is sentient our entire lives, that's why when we are younger and more vulnerable accidental magic is more common, the magic reacts. Was there a situation where you were unable to verbally cast a shielding spell that may have triggered this to start?"

"When we first found out I passed out. While I was unconscious they tried to terminate the baby but my shield popped up and stayed up till I woke, it's been coming up since then every time they cast the spell," Harry said quietly.

"What does all this mean though?" Tom frowned at Burns.

"It means that you and Mr Potter are two of the strongest wizards of our time, and that the little Lord or Lady in there is going to do both her parents very proud," Burns smiled. Harry beamed brightly at his stomach before looking at Tom who had a small smile of his own, the three other wizards in the room staring at it stunned.

"I want you to give Harry a full health check as well as the baby," Tom demanded turning back to Burns who frowned.

"I'll have to check whether the shield will allow medical spells through, I'll try a diagnosis charm first alright?" Burns looked at the two of them, waiting until they nodded before casting the spell. Everyone waited with baited breath as the spell hit Harry and no shield popped up. "That would be a yes, alright lets have a look," Burns scanned the parchment that popped out of thin air with a small frown.

"Is everything alright?" Harry asked concerned as the frown deepened.

"Hm, yes everything is fine with the baby, it is you I am worried about Mr Potter. You have been seen by Madame Pomphrey since you started Hogwarts haven't you?" Burns frowned looking up. The other four in the room looked confused when Harry let out an amused snort.

"Not including my yearly run ins with Tom which generally ended with me in the Hospital wing I am...was one of the most frequent visitors to that place. Why?" Harry had a good idea what this was about.

"If you were a frequent visitor then I have no idea how...its impossible...a simple scan would have brought up alarm bells...this is..."

"Burns! Either you desist from your rambling and tell us what you are going on about or we will be having to find another healer and you will find yourself a patient on the Long term unit!" Tom snapped angrily causing Burns to jump and pale. Harry laid his hand on Tom's arm and frowned slightly at him getting his scowl to ease up a little.

"I apologise My Lord, Mr Potter. I just can not understand how Pomphrey didn't notice this. In fact she had to have and just didn't treat it! Mr Potter you are malnourished, quite badly so, in fact without treatment I would say that the only way you would have been able to conceive naturally would have been with using something like the statim ubertas spell. It is treatable still but two more years and the damage would have been beyond the help of even magic. Your eyes are severely damaged, that will take a lot of repairing, your glasses clearly aren't the right prescription. You have twenty eight mishealed breaks to your bones. My spell also tells me you have...bad scarring," Burns said swiftly his eyes showing his horror at the situation. Harry's hand tightened on Tom's arm where he had still had it laid.

"Harry...Harry look at me now!" Tom gripped his chin and turned his head around so he had to look at him when he refused to do so himself. "Harry...where did you get those scars from? And the broken bones and malnourishment?" Tom asked softly, his tone not deceiving Harry one bit. He could see the growing storm and fury behind Tom's red eyes. He shook his head frantically, eyes flicking away and then back again. "Harry, you either tell me and I deal with it, or I jump to most likely correct conclusions and deal with it," Tom hissed out not releasing his chin or easing his intense stare.

"I...I...It...The...The Dursley's...my relatives...I...they made me sleep in the cupboard under the stairs until I was eleven and got my Hogwarts letter addressed to there...they thought they were being watched and moved me into Dudley's second bedroom...I...I had to do chores from four...they treated me worse than a house elf...I had to cook as soon as I could reach the counter and cooker by standing on a chair...they...they would only let me eat the leftovers...my uncle...he...he...he wanted to...to b...beat the freakishness out of me...said I wasn't normal...a...f...freak...I thought that was my name until I was five and went to school...Dudley would beat me up...he...he broke a bone for the first time when we were six...snapped my arm and just...just laughed...Vernon congratulated him and then said...he said freaks like me don't deserve to be treated...he...he left it to heal and all the others...my aunt would make splints for me...so...so I could do my chores..." Harry stammered out the explanation. His eyes locked on Tom's. He watched the fury building and building before he felt a gentle push

in his mind, the image of Private drive and the outside of number four flashed in front of his eyes before it was gone again.

"They will pay for what they did to you. No one will harm you like that again! No one will touch you!" Tom snarled before standing swiftly. "Burns you fix everything, I don't care the cost or the time, you reverse what those animals did! Rabastan, Rodolphus Harry is under your charge! If one hair on his head is ruffled the wrong way you will regret it! You guard him with your lives! I will come back soon, this is your room now, do what you like but don't wander way from this floor of the wing or Rabastan and Rodolphus until I get back!" Tom demanded before sweeping out of the room. Deadly silence filled the room for the next few moments before someone perched on the sofa beside Harry and wrapped a muscled arm around his trembling shoulders. Blinking Harry looked up into the worried and horrified brown eyes of Rabastan Lestrage.

"Don't worry Little Lord, Our Lord will make sure those beasts can't hurt you anymore, they will get everything they deserve. And we will look after you," Rabastan said gently as he hugged Harry to his chest. The Lestrage brothers were almost identical in their appearances, curly brown hair that fell down to just brush their shoulders. Warm, honey brown eyes, both were about 6,1 and broad to match it, their frames were muscled and heavy. However there was also a gentle, calming air around them. Harry bit his lip before allowing his trembling frame to rest against Rabastan's larger one.

Over the next hour and a half Healer Burns went over all the different potions and healing procedures he would do to get Harry back to the health he should be in and reverse the damage before going over the pregnancy and what to expect with Harry before promising to send some good books over. Burns had only been gone twenty minutes at the most when the door opened and a satisfied Tom walked into the room to find Rabastan, Rodolphus and Harry chatting away. They all looked up cautiously when he walked in.

"Rodolphus, Rabastan you may go. When I am not going to be with Harry I expect you to be close to him in case he needs you. Leave now," Tom said briskly motioning to the open door. The brothers bid goodbye to Harry and bowed to Tom before disappearing down the hall. Tom closed the door after them and came to sit back on the sofa with Harry.

"Did you get them?" Harry asked quietly, not sure what he wanted the answer to be.

"They are currently locked in the dungeons here. Are...are you alright?" Tom asked clearly trying to hide his concern as he scanned Harry's face.

"Yes, I'm fine. Healer Burns went through the treatment, it should take two months of potions and such. He's going to send potions over for tonight but he said he would send the instructions over as you would probably prefer Severus to make them. He's also going to send over the instructions for prenatal potions I should take daily," Harry rambled slightly.

"That is good, he is correct I wish for Severus to make them. We need to discuss our situation. We have agreed not to kill each other, I have agreed to look after you and the baby, but we need to decide for the long term what we will do," Tom said uncomfortably.

"Long term?" Harry asked confused.

"I understand that our past has been...horrific, and that until recently you saw me as no more than a mad, disgusting monster. But you are the other father of my child and I wish for you to be happy and safe, for our child to have a happy childhood..."

"The childhood we didn't have," Harry finished.

"Correct. You have done much for the dark side simply by being here. I wish for you to be safe and for you to be here to look after our child. For those purposes I would ask you to remain in the mansion and mansion grounds at all times while you are pregnant, after that I have no real say in your life besides that I wish nothing to happen to you and that you would remain in the safety here. Until I have the Wizarding world under my control and secured I would rather you stayed here," Tom requested awkwardly.

"Alright...what do you want from me?" Harry asked slowly. Tom however finally turned to look at him confused.

"From you?"

"Well, your offering me safety, my life, our child's life. What do you want from me in return?" Harry clarified.

"I want nothing from you in return besides your promise to stay in the mansion's grounds while you are pregnant and to consider staying afterwards until it is under my control out there," Tom frowned.

"But...you must want me to do something besides what I would willingly do anyway, for your side?" Harry asked completely confused now. However he stilled when he saw the same dark look on Tom's face as he had seen when the Dursley situation had come up.

"I am not Dumbledore Harry. I won't ask for anything you don't freely think up and want to give. If you wish to have nothing more to do with the war then you will stay here, in safety and look after our child, and I will provide protection and do all I can to make sure you are happy living within these walls. You are carrying my heir Harry, you have given me the gift of a child and you have given me the war almost certainly. You have done more than enough if you wish to look at it as paying for your place here," Tom said firmly.

"Oh...no one's ever..."

"No one has ever given you something without expecting in return, no wonder you wished to escape so eagerly," Tom sighed. "What did you think of Healer Burns, is he acceptable?" Tom asked.

"Yes, I liked him. I liked Rabastan and Rodolphus as well...erm did you assign them to be my bodyguards?" Harry asked with a small frown. Tom gave a light chuckle.

"I thought you would like Healer Burns, and yes they are your bodyguards. I plan on holding a meeting tonight and informing the Death Eaters of what has happened. The prophecy and how it is now null and void and why, yourself, the baby and the fact that if anyone touches you they will regret it. but I still want to make sure you are safe. Rabastan and Rodolphus

can't leave the mansion often for the obvious reason, plus they are more soft hearted than most of the others, I thought they would be easier for you to get on with," Tom explained.

"They're not going to turn into Crabbe and Goyle jr are they? Trailing me everywhere?" Harry frowned.

"No do not worry. I am having this wing of the mansion changed for you and the baby, this is the first room that was completed. This wing will be yours and the baby's," Tom explained. "I will simply ask Rabastan and Rodolphus to be close at hand should you need them, and that they are with you when you go outside but only at watching distance unless you request their company,"

"Your having the entire wing changed? For us?" Harry blinked. "Will you be close?" He asked nervously. Tom looked at him curiously, clearly trying to read Harry's feelings on the matter.

"There are four other bedrooms on the same floor as your bedroom. If you wish it, I will have one changed into my bedroom," he eventually said.

"I would prefer you to be closer, especially for later in the pregnancy and when the baby is born. I know you will be busy so it will be easier if you are closer to us," Harry nodded. Tom couldn't prevent the smile that touched his lips this time.

"I will have a living room created for us for the evening times then. This is for the day time, and for hosting," Tom nodded. "Is there anything specific you want to have? Anything, small or big," He added.

"I don't want to be a bother, you are doing enough..." Harry argued but Tom stopped him by pressing a long pale finger under his chin. Harry sat clearly stunned blinking at him.

"Harry if I thought it was a bother I would not ask! And I wish for you to be happy and comfortable here, for you to think of this as home, to do that it has to be something you like. I wish for you to want to stay here as long as possible so I am being a little selfish in trying to make this as ideal for you as possible. Now again, is there anything specific you want?" Tom asked, his red eyes looking amused.

"I...well...could I have a small patch of garden to work in? It relaxes me and I enjoy tending to the flowers and that...and maybe a small kitchen, I enjoy cooking and baking. And though I think you have already guessed, I like rooms with lots of sunlight," Harry said slowly eyeing Tom the whole time.

"Then it will be done, I will arrange a patch of garden for you by the lake, I think you will like it there and for a kitchen to be made on this floor. And I prefer a lot of sunlight myself, my room didn't have a lot of it when I was a child so now...I will also have rooms made up for your Weasley twins and Ms Granger for if they want to stay over at any time," Tom rolled his eyes.

"You'll really let them stay here?" Harry blinked.

"Knowing they can come stay will help you feel more comfortable and happier, plus they did help you escape to me," Tom gave a Celtic shrug. Harry chuckled at his attempt to seem uncaring.

"Thank you, for everything, this is so much more than I was expecting," Harry smiled brightly at Tom.

"Yes, well...come it is nearly lunch time," Tom said uncomfortably, standing and holding out his hand to help Harry to his feet. They made their way back through the corridors to the dining hall where Severus, the Malfoy's and Greyback were already seated. This time a space had been left for Harry opposite Lucius who nodded as Harry was seated. "Would you like some more tea?" Tom asked glancing at the table.

"It's alright I'll have pumpkin juice, its only in the mornings that I really need it," Harry smiled reaching for the jug only to have Tom get there first and start pouring him a glass. "I'm not an invalid!" He scowled at the Dark Lord who just looked calmly back at him. "I can manage to do things for myself!"

"But I wish to do them for you," Tom answered stumping Harry. "And Lucius I suggest you get your son to stop gawping like some sort of teenage girl," he added without looking away from the staring match with Harry. Harry turned to find Draco gawping at them both sure enough, Narcissa was as well but was hiding it better. Turning back amused he found his plate filled and Tom starting to fill his own plate.

"Cheat!" Harry scowled.

"I'm a Dark Lord," Tom shrugged getting another huff.

"You can't use that excuse for everything to get your own way!"

"Would you like some fruit as well?" Tom asked ignoring Harry's response.

"I...Yes please," Harry sighed deflating.

"I found a book I think you will be interested in. I had it sent to the green room," Rabastan smiled walking into the room and sitting beside Harry, Rodolphus took the next seat and then a scowling Bellatrix.

"Oh, thank you, what's it on?" Harry smiled shyly.

"Dark arts, I thought as you were good at the Defence side of it you might be interested in looking at the other side," Rabastan explained as he started filling his plate.

"Oh...I think I would, thank you," Harry smiled at the two men who beamed back at him.

"How did you do at the Weasley twins shop Lucius?" Tom asked turning to the blonde as Harry started eating.

"They were slightly stunned, then they seemed amused. They thanked you for the offer and said they would be visiting within the week and that they will pass the message onto Ms

Granger. They are pleased you are safe," Lucius added looking straight at Harry who smiled and nodded.

"Little Lord you need to eat some more meat," Rodolphus said leaning over to nudge the plate of cold meats towards Harry who blinked but started putting some onto his plate anyway.

"What...what did you just call him Rodolphus, you dare to..." Bellatrix's rant was cut short by Tom.

"I think that is suitable," Tom mused causing Harry to look at him horrified.

"I will not have people referring to me as Little Lord!" He scowled.

"Everyone will refer to Harry as Lord Harry from now on out of respect," Tom said completely ignoring Harry who huffed and slumped in his seat with a glare to the unrepentant looking Lestrangle brothers. Though he had to say the fact that Severus, Draco, Bellatrix and Lucius looked as though they would rather swallow glass made it worth it. "Would you like some of this ham? Its very good," Tom asked calmly.

"Yes please," Harry sighed exasperated.

"Good. I will be calling a meeting this evening. Rodolphus, Rabastan I want you to stay with Harry tonight. The rest of you I expect you to be there," Tom said without looking up from his meal.

"Oh course My Lord, Little Lord," Rabastan grinned at Harry who rolled his eyes and hit him lightly.

"You are not to leave him until I come to you!" Tom warned.

"We won't!" The brothers chorused brightly.

"I don't think its a good idea that the Weasley twins come here!" Harry blinked.

"Why not?" Tom asked confused.

"Because two of them are bad enough, but four! I don't think I can take it!" Harry said miserably.

"Thanks," Rabastan and Rodolphus drawled getting a snicker from Harry.

"My Lord...please...your..."

"Bellatrix! Be quiet, now!" Rabastan hissed seeing where she was going.

"No I will not! I don't know what you are doing, but I'm not going to here pretending that little bastard isn't at the tab..." Bellatrix stopped when she caught sight of Tom's face. Rabastan and Rodolphus both scooted their chairs back quickly so as not to be in the firing line.

"Tom..." Harry drew off blinking when he felt his cheek burning. Turning he found Bellatrix had resorted to muggle methods and reached out to slap him, unfortunately her long, twisted yellow nails had caught the skin as well and when he reached up he felt the blood trickling down his face.

"You dare to call My Lord by his muggle name! You dare mock him!" Bellatrix shrieked, visibly trembling in anger. She screamed however when Greyback grabbed her and threw her against the far wall.

"Alright Little Lord?" Greyback said in a soft growl pushing Harry and his chair out from the table so Rabastan could get to him to heal his cheek. Another scream had them looking to Tom who had Bellatrix's throat in his hand.

"Harry may call me whatever he wishes, anything but Lord Voldemort or my lord. He is your lord, your superior, disrespecting him is disrespecting me! Striking him is striking me! You are nothing but an unreliable, incompetent servant! You aren't worthy to kiss his robes!" Tom snarled shaking the woman. Trembling Harry stood and made his way over to them, ignoring Rabastan and Rodolphus's hands trying to pull him back.

"Tom, please," Harry said softly, not really sure what he was doing. Burning red eyes turned and settled on his face before he sucked in a trembling breath.

"You owe Harry a life debt," Tom hissed at Bellatrix who stopped breathing at the meaning behind the words. "Leave my presence, I don't wish to see you in my home except for meetings," Tom waved a hand. With a muffled sob Bellatrix scrambled out of the room. Tom barely looked at her however as he turned and lightly touched the red mark on Harry's cheek.

"It's fine, I've had worse," Harry smiled touching the back of Tom's hand.

"It should never have happened. You are supposed to be safe here," Tom scowled.

"And I am. You stepped in, and after that show I don't think anyone will think about blinking at me wrong. Plus Rabastan, Rodolphus and...Greyback stepped in. I'm fine," Harry repeated.

"You need to finish your meal. Greyback, my thanks," Tom nodded to the stunned looking wolf as he guided Harry back to his seat. "Do you have anything you want to do this afternoon Harry?" Tom asked after a few moments of silence.

"I was thinking of having a nap. I'm still quite tired," Harry admitted grudgingly.

"It is to be expected with everything. I will be organising the wing this afternoon. If you think of anything extra you want call Missy and she will take you to me. I will be moving my private study myself so I could be anywhere. Rabastan and Rodolphus will be in the wing as well," Tom said as he finished off his tea.

"I will. Could I maybe have a look in the library later? Healer Burns said I need to take it easy for the next few weeks but I'll start getting bored out my mind if I don't have something to focus on," Harry explained.

"Ah, so that is what the dark arts books are for. Of course you can. This is your home as well, I just don't want you wandering around until it has sunk in that you are not to be touched. I don't trust some of the imbeciles to soak it up straight away," Tom sighed. Harry chuckled amused at the put upon air surrounding him and the slightly put out looks on the others faces.

"It's fine, I'm not supposed to walk too far for a while anyway. Healer Burns wasn't very impressed with my cross country escape," Harry shrugged pouting slightly.

"You are inventive, if nothing else," Tom nodded.

"I just found the image of Mad Eye trying to discretely question a muggle bus driver on where I had gotten off amusing," Harry grinned.

"My lord, I have information on the search for...Lord Harry. Do you want me to come to your study with you?" Severus spoke up.

"No, it concerns Harry so you will speak to both of us. Harry are you too tired? We can do it tonight," Tom looked at Harry who was staring at him slightly stunned. "Not Dumbledore, not going to control your life and keep it from you," Tom murmured.

"I think I'm getting that. No, I'm not that tired," Harry smiled contently.

"Very well, go on Severus," Tom motioned with his hand as he settled further into his seat. Harry poured himself a cup of water and relaxed back.

"They realised...Lord Harry was missing a few hours after he escaped but he had them stumped by using the muggle form of travel as he expected. Ms Granger refused to help them and Arthur Weasley just got them even more confused by trying to help with his 'expertise'. Because of the small number of muggle aware people in the Order they could only make up four teams to trace Lord Harry. You jumped and weaved enough times for them to get themselves completely lost, and the longer they leave it the more the trail dies. They are currently still tracing you in Manchester. They haven't even considered the possibility that you have come here. They are monitoring all muggle and Wizarding modes of transport out the country however. They are confused as to how you escaped, but they think that...Dobb...y? helped you. At least that is Ronald and Ginerva Weasley's opinions," Severus frowned.

"Who is Dobby Harry?" Tom frowned lightly turning to Harry who was laughing.

"Dobby is my ex house elf who took to Po...Lord Harry. He saved him during the...the erm...Chamber of Secrets incident," Lucius flushed as he spoke.

"Ah, that house elf. He is loyal to you?" Tom asked Harry.

"Yes he's helped me out a few times since then, he's bound to Hogwarts though. I didn't want to risk getting in contact with anyone, Hermione gave me some muggle money to travel with and buy food but that was it," Harry shrugged.

"Well apparently the House elf is being very hostile and refusing to speak with them at all. It appears you are rather popular amongst the House elves as 95% of them from Hogwarts are refusing to work after finding out they locked you up in Headquarters," Severus smirked darkly.

"Now that is something I wish I could see," Harry snickered.

"Dumbledore is currently torn between the accusations of the Order for alienating you, trying to track you down in both worlds without letting on that he is searching for you, dealing with a castle that is no longer being kept clean, fires made, tidied or any cooking done. Fawkes is also refusing to be in the same room as him," Severus said with an air of supreme smugness.

"Tom...can I speak with you privately before you start with the organising of our wing?" Harry asked suddenly, a plan coming to mind.

"Of course, come we will go to the green room. Thank you Severus, report everything to do with the hunt for Harry and ensure they got no idea that Harry is here! You are all free until the meeting," Tom said before standing and pulling out Harry's chair.

"My Lord's?" Rodolphus asked cautiously glancing at Harry who was distracted as he thought things over.

"I will send Missy for you when Harry is ready to sleep, go ensure Bellatrix is gone," Tom ordered. The walk to the green room was silent as both men were deep in their thoughts but when they entered the green room Tom couldn't prevent his worry anymore. "Harry? Is everything alright? Have you changed your mind?" Tom asked concerned. Harry stopped halfway across the room and turned to look at Tom stunned.

"What? No, no. Tom, I honestly haven't felt more at home or welcome anywhere. Your...your changing an entire wing to make me more comfortable here, your not keeping things from me, your not demanding things from me. This is more than I...I dreamed of. No its just...I have a plan, something I think that will help," Harry blushed at his outburst.

"Missy!" Tom called as he guided Harry over to the sofa.

"What can Missy be doing for Master's?" Missy bowed.

"What do you want to drink?" Tom asked Harry as he settled down next to him.

"Erm...I quite fancy some hot chocolate with cream and marshmallows actually," Harry said thoughtfully.

"And I shall have camomile tea please Missy. I'll need the calm for later on," Tom added in a mutter getting a chuckle from Harry. "So what is this plan?" he asked as Missy came back and placed the cup and mug onto the coffee table. Harry toed off his shoes and curled his legs underneath himself before answering.

"How about we destroy Dumbledore and his followers?" Harry asked with a small smirk.

"Very interesting. How are we going to do that?" Tom's red eyes were attentive as he turned to focus completely on Harry putting his tea cup back down.

"The same way I got out the word about you during my fifth year. Rita Skeeta will snap this up, a chance to completely destroy a huge figure like Dumbledore, plus me and Hermione have dirt on her. We get her here, I do an interview with her, I'll get in touch with Luna and explain everything, I'm pretty sure she'll be on my side in this. Then watch as the Wizarding world turns on Dumbledore," Harry grinned.

"You think they'll really do that?" Tom asked.

"It worked during my fifth year, and doubts will still be in their mind. But I'm the boy hero, poor suffering orphaned Harry Potter, betrayed by his friends and those he thought of as family, just wanting to love and bring up his child. They'll turn faster than a pack of wolves smelling blood. Skeeta will phrase it exactly right to get to the public. Though we mention that they locked me up and threw abortion spells at me will be enough," Harry couldn't help the bitterness that crept into his voice.

"Would you be willing to name names?" Tom asked softly.

"More than. And I can get Severus made Headmaster of Hogwarts with Lucius's help," Harry grinned darkly. Tom's eyebrow rose. "Dumbledore will be destroyed with this, locking up an unqualified, pregnant wizard? Plus I can prove numerous occasions that he nearly had me killed pushing me towards all the end of year conflicts with you, ensuring I had just enough knowledge to have a fighting chance," Harry snorted.

"But McGonagall would be the one to take over," Tom frowned.

"Not when I also give information on the fact that she helped imprison me, threw numerous abortion charms of her own, knew about Dumbledore's little plots. And for the icing on the cake knew that Umbridge was using a blood quill on me during my fifth year and did nothing but pat me on the head and tell me to suck it up when I went to her," Harry grinned.

"Umbridge did what?" Tom grated out.

"Erm she...used a blood quill," Harry bit his lip as he held out his hand, watching Tom read the words there. His red eyes flashed but his grip on Harry's hand wasn't uncomfortable.

"She'll get what she deserves Harry," Tom vowed quietly. Harry wasn't sure why he didn't argue. Tom was clearly going to torture or kill her. He hadn't argued when Tom had gone for his relatives, hadn't even attempted it, he wasn't arguing now. In fact the only thing he felt was warmth at the idea that Tom was serious about protecting him, even from past hurts. "You also need to decide whether you are going to reveal that you are with me or say you are hiding in the muggle world," Tom interrupted Harry's confused thoughts.

"Erm...can I think about that? I'll write to Skeeta and Luna this evening...I'm feeling pretty tired now to be honest. It's been an eventful morning," Harry said absently, his thoughts still locked in his own sudden change in morals. Hell he felt safe with Tom. The man who had tried to kill him numerous times, who had killed his parents...who was caring for him, giving

him a life, a child, a home. He was doing everything to make sure Harry was comfortable and happy, and not just because of the baby. It wouldn't have affected the baby if he had gotten a different healer, but he chose Burns because he would make Harry comfortable. He touched him, smiled at him.

"Harry, I did not mean to scare you. I won't hurt you ever, I promise. I will not speak like that again in front of you if it bothers you," Tom's slightly concerned voice pulled Harry from his thoughts and he glanced up to see worry and...self loathing in Tom's eyes, the hand still holding his was now gripping it tightly as though afraid Harry would pull away.

"It's not that...I'm...startled by how little it does bother me, except to make me feel...safer here. It will just take a little time to get used to all this. I think I have absorbed too much this morning to process anymore," Harry reassured Tom, squeezing his hand back. Tom eyed him for a trace of lie before nodding slowly.

"Alright. Come I will escort you to your bedroom and then get started. Remember just to call Missy if you want something or want to track me down," Tom instructed as he stood and picked up Harry's hot chocolate before holding out a hand to help Harry to his feet as he finished putting his shoes on. Smiling Harry allowed the help thinking he might as well get used to it for when he would really need it, before walking with Tom down the corridor and up a staircase to the floor the bedrooms were on. Tom's hand didn't leave the base of his back the whole way and he came into the room with Harry to place the hot chocolate on the bedside.

"Have fun with the remodelling," Harry grinned toeing his shoes back off.

"Oh I will," Tom rolled his eyes. He stepped forwards to help Harry slip the robe off his shoulders. "I shall have Narcissa shop for some suitable robes and clothes for you," Tom mused folding the robe and placing it on the sofa.

"Oh, I don't want to be a both..."

"You deserve the best, so you shall have it. It isn't a bother. Sleep well Harry," Tom bent down to kiss his cheek lightly before sweeping from the room in a manner that would impress Snape, leaving Harry standing stock still staring after him.

"I don't know what we've got ourselves into here baby, but your daddy certainly isn't what I thought he was. I'm going to have to understand him though," Harry murmured to his stomach as he made his way to his new bed. "Sleep tight,"

Seeing clearly

Chapter Summary

Fate decides to play with Harry's life again, giving him a chance at a family but with the most shocking father. After the Order lock him up Harry flees to the father where they both may get a second chance

Chapter three

Five hours later Harry was padding down the hallway after Missy to where the House Elf told him Tom was. As they passed different rooms he could hear work being done to them and they passed a few elves painting one of the darker corridors cream. Harry had on a comfortable pair of black trousers that fitted if he buttoned them underneath his stomach, Missy had brought him one of Tom's shirts when he had woken telling him he couldn't wear the other one after sleeping in it. The midnight blue shirt hung off him slightly even if it was filled tightly around the stomach area. He had forgone shoes as his feet were sore from carrying extra weight and walking so much during his journey here.

"Be careful with that box, move that over there, maybe a few shades deeper, no a little lighter, maybe a different colour..." Harry heard Tom's voice from slightly down the corridor and walked in to find him surveying the walls of what was clearly going to be a living room in an annoyed way. Lucius, Severus, Narcissa, Draco and the Lestrangle brothers were looking slightly worse for wear and exasperated while trying to hide it. Apparently they had been pulled into redoing the wing.

"Its a lovely colour Tom, leave it as it is," Harry smiled gazing around at the deep blue walls.

"Harry, you're awake. Did you get enough sleep," Tom walked swiftly over, his eyes scanning Harry's face.

"Yes thank you. I just needed a little more rest. I thought I would come see how it was going, do you mind?" Harry asked concerned that he was pushing his luck.

"Of course not, but you should be sitting down. I think you are due a potion as well," Tom looked at Rodolphus questioningly as he guided Harry over to where a comfy looking black sofa with delicate golden flowers embroidered on was sitting in front of a black marble fireplace.

"Erm, yes. But you need to eat something before taking it," Rodolphus said as he read over what looked like an annoyingly long list of instructions.

"Missy be bringing Master Harry some food and hot chocolate and tea for everyone else," Missy bowed from where she had been standing in the corner and popped out.

"Here, you need to take this one at around four to five every day," Rodolphus explained handing over the vial of red potion.

"Thank you Rodolphus. The room looks amazing Tom," Harry smiled placing the vial to the side and gazing around the room. It was a beautiful room. There were two large bay windows, one with a comfy looking window seat with cushions that matched the cream fabric of the sofa. Three sofa's were set in a crude semi circle around the fireplace with a coffee table in the middle. A desk stood in one corner, bookshelves lined one wall and there were various other possible activities set up in the room already.

It felt homely and Harry could picture himself spending plenty of evenings curled up here. Pregnant, or with a child and Tom...Harry blinked at the image his mind provided. He was beginning to scare himself with the way things were going. He had just pictured himself heavily pregnant seated on the sofa reading while Tom worked away at the desk in the corner, and then again with him on the sofa but with Tom beside him, a small dark haired child with green eyes seated between them as they read to it.

"..Ry? Harry! Are you alright?" Tom's concerned voice brought him back from his domestic envisioned panic and he blinked to see red eyes peering at him concerned with Rabastan and

Rodolphus hovering over his shoulder. Shaking himself he smiled.

"Sorry, I was just thinking. Guess I'm still a little sleepy from my nap," Harry admitted sheepishly rubbing his eyes.

"You are alright? You looked...stunned," Rabastan asked concerned still scanning his face.

"I'm fine, really. Did I miss something?" Harry asked embarrassed hoping to get their minds on something else.

"If your sure. The food and drinks came. Here you need to eat it all. Burns suggested that you eat six small meals a day rather than three large ones," Tom explained as he handed Harry a smallish bowl of broth. Resigning himself to being attacked randomly with meals if the look on Tom's face was anything to go by, he took the bowl and started eating the delicious food. He gave a small hum of delight.

"Enjoying that?" Rabastan grinned sitting on the opposite sofa while Tom seated himself next to Harry.

"I didn't realise I was hungry," Harry admitted.

"Don't forget your potion," Tom said plucking it off the side and holding it out to him. Smiling in thanks Harry took to vial and took it wincing at the taste and then groaning as he rubbed his stomach. "What's wrong?" Tom asked concerned.

"Nothing, the taste is just making me feel sick," Harry shrugged weakly, wincing as his stomach rolled again. He placed the broth on the black ash side table as the smell started making it worse.

"I could brew the potions so they have a more pleasant taste, they won't be nice, but they won't be horrible either," Snape said from where he was standing across the room looking incredibly awkward as though he wasn't quite sure that he wanted to be there or not.

"That would be appreciated Severus," Tom nodded watching Harry concerned. "Would you like some fruit tea?" He suggested.

"Please," Harry nodded tightly. He really didn't want to throw up in front of the Malfoy's and Snape especially. He dropped his head back onto the sofa and closed his eyes taking deep breaths to try and sooth his stomach. When he heard Missy popping back into the room he opened his eyes and accepted the mug of tea gratefully. "Sorry for being a pest," Harry sighed.

"Its alright Little Lord, Our Lord was beginning to get ready to pull his hair out anyway. We needed a break," Rodolphus shrugged. Harry was admittedly shocked with the interaction between Tom and what he gathered was part of the inner circle. Though they showed him respect and sometimes a little fear that naturally came with him being the Dark Lord with a bit of a temper problem, they were also quite free with him, having meals with him and speaking as Rodolphus just had about him, but always with a tone of respect.

"If you would just do as I asked then I would not be getting frustrated!" Tom scowled.

"My Lord this room has been about a hundred different shades of blue," Narcissa said slightly exasperated.

"I didn't know there were that many shades of blue," Harry murmured taking another sip of his tea and sighing as the need to throw up now stopped to just a mild churning.

"You are looking less grey, do you feel better?" Tom asked.

"Fine now. I'll just have to remember to take the potion a bit before or a bit after I've eaten," Harry shrugged.

"Is there anything different you want about the room?" Tom asked. Harry sat up a little straighter and gazed around before shaking his head.

"No, this is nice," He smiled.

"Great Master Tom the first Death Eaters be arriving," Missy popped in quietly causing Tom to sigh.

"Alright, Rodolphus, Rabastan remember you are not to leave his side. Harry I would prefer you stay in here, I'll come back after the meeting. The rest of you come on," Tom stood and Harry watched as his Voldemort mask visibly snapped into place before he swept out of the room. Narcissa, Lucius, Draco and Severus hurrying after him already conjuring their masks and summoning their robes.

"The meetings usually last about an hour, depending on how stupid some of the lower ranks are being. He's normally a little grumpy after a meeting as well," Rabastan grinned as he

flopped comfortably onto one of the sofas as Harry got up and made his way to the window seat. Perching on it he found there was a charm of some sort of the cushion as it moulded itself to his body but supported him comfortably as well. The window had a lovely view out onto the gardens of the manor, all well tended for. What looked like a river was flowing close by and he spotted what looked like a small orchid as well.

"This is going to be a big shock to them," Harry said absently as he carried on taking in the view.

"Big shock to them! It's a big shock to us," Rabastan snorted.

"You should have seen Draco's face when Our Lord told him and Narcissa. Priceless," Rodolphus added.

"I'll have to get that memory in a peevish off you," Harry grinned turning around.

"Severus got an update on the Order's search for you, they are now running around in Crewe looking for you," Rabastan told him getting a snicker from Harry.

"I laid a few false trails there before getting the train down to Manchester," Harry told them wandering over to the bookshelves and perusing along them looking for something that might grab his interest to read that evening. "Do you mind if I ask you something?" He asked not looking at the brothers but he could feel the atmosphere in the room change as they sensed the seriousness in his question.

"Of course not Little Lord, I think that's part of the reason Our Lord asked us to look after you as well," Rodolphus said as he sat next to his brother, both of them facing Harry and waiting.

"Do you think...do you think that Tom will really be alright with Hermione being around?" He asked stopping unseeingly in front of one bookshelf.

"Little Lord, what exactly do you know of Our Lord's policies towards Muggleborns and Halfbloods?" Rodolphus asked after a slight pause.

"That he thinks they don't belong in the wizarding world and that they shouldn't be allowed to...live," Harry said slowly turning around.

"Who did you hear that from?" Rabastan snorted causing Harry to turn around confused.

"Well Dumbledore and the Order, but also it's what Malfoy, Draco has been spouting around school the last six years," Harry added when he saw the looks on the brothers' faces.

"Bloody kid, Lucius and Narcissa have turned him into a complete and utter self-important idiot, he's lucky that Our Lord hasn't lost his patience with him already," Rodolphus shook his head exasperatedly.

"Wait, are you saying that that's not what Tom wants?" Harry frowned walking back over and sitting on the sofa nearest to the fire.

"Like anything there are different levels and degrees of belief when it comes to Blood supremacy and the matter of muggleborns, the main problem that comes with them is the fact that so far we have no idea how they get their magic. Some of the most extremists say they somehow manage to steal it, but that's complete rubbish because all wizards and witches no matter your blood are born with a natural magical core," Rodolphus started.

"There are other theories that muggleborns come from a line of squibs, that is an entirely possible theory. But anyway there are different levels of belief towards muggleborns. You do have the extremists that believe they have dirty blood and that they should be killed because they are polluting out blood, admittedly Malfoy's belong closer to this category but they have to pull it back if they wish to follow Our Lord," Rabastan took up the thread. Harry was glad that he had practice with Fred and George knocking a conversation back and forth between them.

"So what does Tom believe in?" Harry frowned finishing his tea and setting the cup down on the coffee table only for it to refill itself.

"Our Lord believes that Muggleborns and Halfbloods are a danger to our society purely because they pass back and forth between worlds, he believes that they need to decide between one or the other and reside there. For example if you have work in the wizarding world then you shouldn't reside in the muggle world. He grew up during the muggle war and he saw what technology the muggles possessed then and how fast they were developing, we are more powerful but should they discover us they have higher numbers and such destructive technology. It would be a witch hunt all over again," Rodolphus shook his head.

"He also believes that muggleborn or halfblood children with a muggle parent should be checked on more regularly to make sure that the muggles are treating them right. Human nature acts out against things that they don't understand, I'm sure you know plenty of muggleborns and Halfbloods whose muggle parents have been perfectly accepting of their magical child, but then you have those like Our Lord, Severus and...well you who are mistreated because the muggles are afraid of magic. Our Lord believes that these families should be observed more closely and frequently from when it becomes clear that a child has magic ensuring they are safe and well treated, should any signs of abuse be a concern then veritiserum should be used to make sure and then the child will either be removed with the other parent to safety or taken off both of them and placed with a magical family," Rabastan explained.

"And what would happen to the abusive family?" Harry asked after a moment.

"They would be given the punishment for abuse as it is in the wizarding world, twenty years in Azkaban," Rodolphus said simply.

"That is the punishment for child abuse in the wizarding world?" Harry gawped.

"Harry, to wizards children are to be treasured, protected and looked after. You can already feel your babies magic can't you?" Rabastan asked and when Harry nodded he smiled. "The bond between parents and child is strong anyway, but when you have been able to feel the baby from an early stage of the pregnancy, that connection with the child, there is nothing like it. It is impossible to abuse your child for the magical backlash it would cause alone. Its

actually one of the reasons that the Malfoy's hate the Weasley's, Narcissa is unable to bear anymore children, while they have seven children,"

"That is actually another reasons why Our Lord advocates the presence of muggleborns and Halfbloods, he calls it D...NA? He says that marrying family members causes defects in the children and can limit the amount of children you can have, miscarriages and still born babies are more likely. He says that we need to add new blood to the lines if they are going to survive, and for our magic to remain strong," Rodolphus added.

"Magic to remain strong?" Harry asked, he had a feeling Hermione would be researching all this.

"Yes, just look at the examples. Abraxis Malfoy was Our Lords right hand man and an extremely powerful wizard, his grandson Draco is an average wizard at best. Then there is yourself, Our Lord and Severus all Halfbloods and incredibly powerful, your mother and your best friends are both known for being incredibly powerful witches, the Weasley family are purebloods whether they acknowledge it themselves, out of the their seven children only three have impressive power levels, the others are average," Rodolphus nodded.

"And the Death Eaters accept that?" Harry asked slightly incredulously.

"That is Our Lord's policy ad the proof is too great to ignore. If we want our lines to continue, if we want children that aren't being reduced to squibs then we need the fresh blood. However we don't need to risk of discovery but also the fact that muggle culture is taking over our world," Rabastan said quickly.

"Muggle customs were brought into the wizarding world but especially Hogwarts to try and make the muggleborn and some halfblood children feel more comfortable in another world, but it has gone too far. Christmas is celebrated instead of the Yule celebrations, Halloween instead of Samhain, the summer solstice is ignored, the traditional blessings for children are falling more and more out of practice, the true role of godparents are being forgotten. All our customs and rites are being forgotten," Rodolphus ranted slightly with a frown.

"What does Tom intend to do about it?" Harry asked softly his mind already spinning with what he was being told. It all made sense.

"Our Lord intends to locate magical children from birth, firstly for the idea of ensuring that they are safe within their homes and with their families, but also so that they can be introduced to the wizarding world sooner and learn about our world, get introduced at a younger age," Rabastan explained.

"I can agree with that one, being eleven and being told hey all those things you can do, your not a freak you're a wizard, a whole world exists out there that you knew nothing about and you'll be going to a magical school where the staircases move, there are ghosts, entire corridors that move on certain days and your going to learn magic, oh and to get there you need to find your way onto a platform that logically doesn't exist but we're not going to tell you how to get onto it," Harry rolled his eyes as he tucked his legs underneath him to get comfortable again.

"Hey Little Lord, try your soup again," Rabastan held out the still steaming bowl of soup. Harry gave a cautious sniff and when his stomach didn't roll at the smell he took the bowl and took a small spoonful. Happily he started eating eagerly again as his stomach rumbled hungrily again.

"I never really thought about what it would be like for muggleborns and muggle raised coming into our world, especially those with birthdays like yours where you only have a month to prepare," Rodolphus said after they waited for Harry to have a few spoonfuls. Harry gave a small hum of agreement.

"Learning about it earlier would be a lot better, it would equal things out. I imagine we go over a ton of stuff that purebloods and Halfbloods raised in the wizarding world already know while muggleborns and muggle raised scramble frantically to try and keep up with the magical theory being thrown at us," Harry murmured absently as he busied himself with eating his soup.

"Maybe we should discuss your experiences coming into the wizarding world," The voice from the doorway caused them all to jump and look up to find Tom standing in the doorway.

"That was quick," Harry blinked, Tom looked mildly ticked off. Only Lucius and Severus were with him, both of them looking slightly worried, glancing at Tom as he made his way across the room to sit beside Harry.

"We were gone nearly forty five minutes, what have you been doing in that time to distract you so much?" Tom asked looking between the Lestrangle brothers and Harry as Severus and Lucius made their way across the room and sat down hesitantly on the other sofa, banishing their robes once they were seated.

"They said you were normally about an hour, I thought it would take a bit longer considering how much there was to tell them," Harry shrugged finishing the last bite of his soup and placing the bowl on the table.

"It was either cut the meeting short or be down half my followers, no matter how moronic the majority of them are I need numbers," Tom huffed. Harry badly smothered a laugh at the offended looks on Severus and Lucius's face which they tried to hide.

"We were discussing your policies," Harry decided there was probably need to change the subject as Tom was clearly irritated with whatever reaction he had gotten to the announcement that Harry was in the manor.

"Sorry?" Tom blinked watching Harry leaning forward to pick up his hot chocolate mug, which like the soup was still nicely warm.

"We were discussing your policies. Rabastan and Rodolphus cleared up some mistakes, well a lot of misconceptions really as to what you are doing and hoping to achieve," Harry shrugged settling back onto the sofa.

"What misconceptions would those be?" Tom asked as he absently summoned a blanket from the small pile of boxes in the corner that had still been left unpacked. The blanket settled

itself over Harry, tucking itself in around him.

"That you want to kill all muggleborns. You know those rumours do act against you getting supporters, really it acts the other way around. If you spread around what you are actually trying to do then you would get a lot more supporters," Harry said casually as he sipped his hot chocolate with a content sigh.

"Kill all muggleborns? Where the hell did you get that from?" Tom scowled.

"You due another potion Little Lord. My Lord I believe that...certain children of your followers have been promoting the wrong ideas around Hogwarts," Rodolphus said as he fished out another potions vial from the drawstring bag he still had.

"Who has been spreading that?" Tom asked sharply as he snatched the vial and gave it a sniff before handing it to Harry who huffed at the green potion this time. "Well...Lucius why do I have a feeling your son's name will be brought up?" Tom scowled at the blonde man who looked like he was trying to make himself invisible on the sofa.

"My...my Lord I...I believe Draco was mistaken in what we stand for, he simply..."

"I allow Draco a certain amount of allowances because he is your son and I respect you and your abilities, much as I appreciated your father's support and powers. But should your son not stop acting like a complete moron my patience will swiftly run out. Do you understand me Lucius? Your son has helped damage our cause, I admit that our mission has been mistaken along the way, but he has not helped!" Tom gritted out. Lucius paled and nodded swiftly. "So now that you do know my policies?" Tom turned back to Harry visibly trying to calm down.

"I agree with what you are saying," Harry shrugged before knocking back the potion. He blinked as he hiccupped and a bright green bubble drifted from his mouth. At least this one didn't make him feel sick.

"You agree?" Severus's shocked voice had him looking down from the bubble to see Lucius, Tom and Severus gawping at him while the Lestrangle brothers snickered.

"Well yes, I've seen how muggles can react, I was their bloody chosen one and they didn't think to check that I was safe with the Dursleys, though admittedly I think part of that has to do with Dumbledore," Harry rolled his eyes.

"Little Lord pointed out that he only had a month to come to terms with the wizarding world, plus that he only had a month to try and learn as much as he could about the wizarding world before being thrown into lessons," Rabastan pointed out quickly.

"A month?" Severus blurted out frowning.

"Yes, I was only told on my birthday that I was a wizard so I only had a month to learn what I could from my texts books about the wizarding world," Harry said quietly but couldn't stop himself from edging slightly closer to Tom, for comfort and because it made him feel a bit safer, he realised with shock.

"But...but you...that's impossible, you're lying!" Severus snapped, clearly before he could stop himself. Harry quickly gripped Tom's arm as he shifted angrily.

"What did I tell you about respect? You are not exempt from that Severus," Tom hissed out angrily. But he did not try and shake Harry off. Harry battled slightly to shift the blanket that was keeping determinedly wrapped around his legs but he kept a grip of Tom's arm, the man visibly fuming.

"With respect My Lord you really expect me to believe that the boy who lived was allowed to go without any magical training or knowledge of magic?" Severus snorted. They all winced at the crack of magic that echoed through the room in response to Tom's raising anger.

"Severus!" Rabastan snapped. Harry glanced at the man, shocked and slightly happy to see that as well as warning there was anger in his face as well.

"Tom," Harry tugged lightly on his arm when it twitched again towards his wand.

"You will believe it Severus because it is true, and I believe that I told everyone that they were to treat Harry as they would treat me, I do hope Severus that that is not how you think it is acceptable to speak to me," Tom's tone was as cold as the magic that was snapping through the room along with his temper.

"I...Of course not My Lord...I just...I find it hard to believe that..." Severus seemed to realise how far he had gone.

"I do not care what you find hard to believe or not, you will never speak to Harry like that again, in or out of my presence, is that understood?" Tom's tone made all of them shiver, even Harry, which Tom clearly felt. Harry couldn't stop the amusement he felt as Tom reached over and tugged the blanket higher around Harry before it retucked itself into the new position.

"I believe Dumbledore wanted to keep me as ignorant to the wizarding world as possible, that mixed with the...treatment I received from my family meant that I grasped onto the first steady, caring figure in the Wizarding world. Him," Harry shrugged trying to look calm but the anger, betrayal and hurt swirled too close to the surface. He started slightly when a hand gripped his wrist, looking down at the long, pale fingers that were gently clasping the wrist of the hand that was still resting on Tom's arm.

"You did not know about being a wizard until a month before you attended Hogwarts?" Lucius asked with a frown. Feeling Tom tensing again Harry tightened his grip.

"No I didn't not until my birthday," Harry answered suspecting that it was a genuine question.

"But...how is that possible?" Lucius's frown deepened.

"It's the same with all muggleborns, we don't know until we get our letter. No idea why we do the things that we can," Harry shrugged, again shuffling a little closer to Tom. "Turned my teachers hair blue once and apparated onto the school roof when I was being chased by my cousin," Harry added with a small grin.

"You know my policies to finding magical children young?" Tom asked Harry.

"Ah ha, it makes sense, and seems like a good idea to keep an eye on them and make sure the family is taking it alright, as well as get them involved in the magical world earlier. You could set up a magical primary school," Harry grinned but then blinked at the look that crossed Tom's face.

"That is a good idea," he said thoughtfully.

"I was just kidding," Harry choked.

"No, it is a good idea. Children learning the basics together and at the same time so that the magic raised aren't being held back for a few months while the muggle raised try and catch up, the muggle raised are integrated into our world sooner and from a younger age and there will be a constant way to watch out for them and ensure that their home lives are well," Tom mumbled more to himself.

"It would also integrate children with others from a younger age," Rodolphus added quietly unsure about breaking Tom's line of thoughts.

"Magical children don't really mix except with the children of their parents friends. Me and Dolph only had each other and a grand total of five other children around when we were growing up, it's a bit of a shock for us getting on the train at eleven and facing so many other children," Rabastan explained seeing Harry's confused look.

"Well that explains a lot," Harry snorted thinking about Draco's attempts to make friends with him in Madame Malkin's and on the train.

"I will have some of my people look into starting a primary school," Tom said seemingly unaware of the conversation that had just been exchanged.

"Hermione would be helpful for helping with things like research, for almost anything you wanted researched, especially in a library your size," Harry said softly, tightening his fingers around Tom's wrist in nerves.

"I have heard that she is the smartest witch of your age," Tom turned to Harry, his red eyes searching his face.

"She really is, once she is onto something she'll research it to death until she finds the answer. And she is scary with a wand, Hagrid once said there isn't a spell invented that Hermione can't do," Harry smiled.

"Then perhaps when it is safe I will offer her a place. I want wait until word has broken and we have made our move with you being here before I approach her. Though should she become worried that Dumbledore or any of the Order know that she had a part in helping you escape she has a place here," Tom said softly keeping eye contact with Harry. Smiling Harry nodded his understanding and settled back against the sofa to listen to Tom and the others start discussing the Magical Primary school idea with an incredibly weird sense of

contentment forming in his chest that was only a small amount to do with the baby's feelings that he automatically searched out.

Confusion and Severus

Chapter Summary

Fate decides to play with Harry's life again, giving him a chance at a family but with the most shocking father. After the Order lock him up Harry flees to the father where they both may get a second chance

Chapter four

Harry blinked blurrily as he woke up in his blanket nest, his hand automatically going to his stomach even as he took in where he was. He stilled when he heard a noise in the room and sat up slowly only to smile slightly when he saw what the noise was. Tom was again on the sofa in Harry's room, this time fast asleep. He had walked a sleepy Harry to his room the night before when Harry had started to doze off with the warmth of the room but he had headed back. Smiling a little wider at the content buzz he got back from the baby he stood and lifted the blanket covering Tom a little higher before he made his way into the bathroom to take advantage of the simply giant shower in his en suite bathroom.

Tom sat up as he heard the shower turning on and rubbed a hand through his hair tiredly. He had walked Harry back to his room the night before and returned to the sitting room for another hour or two before they all went to bed. He had lain awake for nearly two hours before giving in and making his way to Harry's room. Slipping in quietly he had settled back on the sofa and simply watched over the nest of blankets until he was able to drop off.

After everything that had happened in the last couple of days he couldn't blame his mind for spinning. Harry really had put it well when he said the fates seemed to like to play with their lives, him and Harry having a baby together. He knew that he was amazingly lucky that Harry wanted to keep the baby and had been so determined to that he had broken out of Order Headquarters before making his way to himself. Tom knew he wasn't a sentimental person, he wasn't kind or gentle in any manner of the word. When he had finished school instead of accepting one of the marriage offers of the many Slytherin families who were eager to have their child married to the Slytherin heir he had chosen to focus on his mission.

It had started off as him wanting a say in the Ministry but at the same time Dumbledore defeated Grindelwald and suddenly his word was the most listened to in their world. Tom hadn't been able to get his point across to more than a few dozen inside the Ministry. And then Abraxis Malfoy had approached him, only a few years older than himself he had told Tom about a circle of people who were interested in what he had been trying to say in the Ministry, some of them were inside the Ministry as well but a great number of them were the old families.

Suddenly he had a following of people who were listening intently to what he was saying and were agreeing with him. Things moved swiftly after that in his mind and suddenly he was an opposition to 'the light side' who tried to corrupt what his true message was. And then he had realised that there was not going to be a peaceful way to get what he wanted.

Along the way he had pushed aside his desire for a family, an heir, son or daughter, both. A chance at having someone care and love him for himself, and not tinged with fear and respect as he had experienced his whole life, or just a complete lack of love.

However no matter how much he formed himself into the Dark Lord, became Voldemort, hardened himself the way he had to if he were to ensure that his work was done, that small ball of emotion that longed for love, acceptance, a family was not completely destroyed, just it seemed hidden away.

And then there was Harry Potter sitting in his study telling him that he was the father of the child that was currently growing inside his body. Before he could stop himself, before he could control himself that little ball had flared with hope, the feelings trickling back through his bloodstream mixed with a nice healthy dose of yearning and longing, only to be cemented there with the fear and loss that plummeted through him when Harry had told him about the abortion charms.

From the second Harry had pressed his hand against the warm bump of his stomach that protected their child Tom had been lost. The desire to be loved unconditionally, without fear, to have a being that was part him that would look up to him, love him, that he could care for. The idea that for the first time in his entire life he could have a family had made his mind up before he realised it. No matter how he tried to be otherwise, no matter how much of a weakness he saw in he was still human, and he had not lost the desires for acceptance, love and a family. And Merlin help him but he wanted that baby so much, he would do everything in his power to ensure the baby was safe, that it was happy, that it grew up to be the powerful witch or wizard he knew his and Harry's child would be.

What he couldn't really explain was the way he was acting towards Harry. He had automatically given Harry this room because from his time in Harry's mind he knew that he liked bright spaces. He was worried for Harry's health, comfort and happiness for Harry as well as the baby. He didn't need to get a healer that Harry would like, any healer would do, but he had sent for Burns because he knew Harry would like the man. He didn't have to make the oath that he would allow Harry to live, that he would protect him and the baby, but he had. He found himself acting without thinking, doing things for Harry that was for his comfort alone.

And he had no idea why he was doing it. He had always respected Harry's power and bravery, only a fool didn't give the enemy the respect they deserved. But that had shot to new levels when Harry had told him everything he had gone through to ensure the safety of their baby.

"Morning, you look deep in thought," Harry's voice broke him out of his thought. "Sickle for them?"

"That all they are worth?" Tom snorted standing and running his hands through his hair to smooth it.

"Oh ok, Knut," Harry grinned.

"Brat!" Tom growled causing Harry to grin. "May I?" he stepped forward reaching his hand towards Harry's stomach, flickering his eyes between the bump of Harry's stomach that filled Tom's shirt and the sparkling green eyes that were locked on his face.

"You have as much right as I do," Harry said quietly reaching forward to capture Tom's hand and guide it back towards his stomach. Tom closed his eyes as Harry's magic swelled out and tugged his own towards the baby where he could feel that amazing little buzz of contentment and happiness that echoed back along their magic, that little spike of welcome and excitement when it felt his magic tightened something in his chest and made his breath catch.

"Its amazing," Tom sighed opening his eyes. Harry was watching him closely, those green eyes, so powerful, so strong, and so intense. "Come on you need breakfast and one of your potions is due," Tom moved his hand from Harry's stomach to the base of his back to lead him out the room, the emotions welling up inside of him in a tight, uncomfortable and unfamiliar way.

"What are the plans for today?" Harry asked as they made their way down the now cream coloured corridor.

"Well I'm going to be adding separate wards to our wing, I just want to be sure that you are as safe as can be. You are going to spend the day resting," Tom chuckled lowly at Harry's pitiful groan, completely shocking Harry. "What?"

"You laughed...well more of a chuckle but you did it!" Harry grinned.

"I am a Dark Lord I don't laugh," Tom frowned at him.

"What do you cackle manically?" Harry asked with an innocent look on his face but his eyes were glittering with mischief.

"Your getting cheeky again, you are clearly getting better," Tom sighed.

"I didn't feel sick this morning," Harry beamed with a small bounce in his step.

"You didn't feel sick? Morning sickness?" Tom asked.

"Yup, every morning four nearly four months I've woken feeling nauseous, this morning, no nausea!" Harry grinned rubbing his stomach contently.

"That is good, Burns said that your morning sickness should stop sometime soon," Tom smiled slightly.

"My Lord, Little Lord," Greyback stopped and bowed slightly when he stopped outside of the dinning room.

"Greyback," Tom nodded while Harry smiled unsurely back. He had heard so many scary stories about how mad Greyback was, his favouritism for children - which to Harry screamed paedophile - and generally how wild he was that he wasn't really sure how to take this aristocratic, well dressed and intelligent man with no sign of madness. Especially not when he had protected Harry yesterday and had actually seemed concerned.

"My Lord, I was wondering whether I might speak with you later, I have heard some news that worries me slightly," Greyack asked politely. Tom looked at him curiously before nodding.

"I have some matters to take care of but be in my study at eleven," Tom said as he opened the door and allowed Harry to step inside first. It was the same group as the day before minus Bellatrix. Seating himself next Rabastan he busied himself filling his plate before Tom could, grinning when he realised for the first time in what seemed like forever to him he would be able to have breakfast without that lingering nausea.

"I'll write to Luna and Rita after breakfast, I completely forgot last night," Harry said once he had cleared half his plate. The dinning room had been completely silent after Tom had shot glares at the first couple of attempts at conversation, he wanted Harry to be able to completely enjoy his first meal free of nausea.

"It is alright, a day is going to make no difference at all. You were tired last night," Tom shrugged as he topped up Harry's cup with his fruit tea.

"Hm....do you have any grape juice?" Harry asked thoughtfully.

"Missy be getting some," Missy squeaked from the corner quickly popping out.

"Thank you," Harry smiled as the juice was popped back onto the table. "Still I'll get it done as soon as possible, the sooner the better," Harry said before taking a sip of his juice.

"Rabastan and Rodolphus will escort you around for the next couple of weeks until Burns is happy that you are recovered from your trip, and until the wards are in place and settled," Tom told him, but his tone was concerned enough that the prickle of annoyance he felt at being told he would have body guards/shadows effectively for the next couple of weeks was tapered down to a huff.

"Here's your potion for this morning Little Lord," Rabastan fished out the potion from the bag he seemed to have claimed authority over. Harry took the vial filled with a scarlet potion this time with slight trepidation, he hadn't felt sick all morning and he really didn't want trigger it. Taking a breath he knocked back the potion before blinking as he felt as though ice was sliding through his veins. He couldn't stop the shudder that went through him as he scrunched his nose.

"Well that felt weird," he grumbled.

"I have the recipes from Burns, I'll work on making them with a nicer flavour right after breakfast my Lords," Severus spoke softly from where he was sitting. Harry glanced up at the potions master to see that there was a shadow across his face that had not been there the day

before. He was clearly in thought and Harry had a feeling that it was to do with what had been discussed the night before.

"Thank you," He simply nodded before turning back to finishing his meal.

"I will just be in my office, send Missy if you need me. Remember your not meant to be doing anything too strenuous either," Tom said firmly. Harry rolled his eyes and pointedly sat on the window seat and curled up, summoning a parchment pad, quill and ink pot to himself.

"I'll behave and stay un strained I promise," Harry smiled at the hovering Dark Lord. Tom had escorted him to the green room with Rabastan and Rodolphus following behind. Once inside the room however Tom seemed reluctant to leave him.

"I'll be back to escort you to lunch," Tom sighed starting to turn away.

"I'll see you then, have a good morning," Harry said absently as he started writing out Luna's name. For this reason he missed the startled look Tom shot him before hurrying from the room, a smirking Rodolphus and Rabastan did not.

For the next couple of hours Harry scribbled away, sometimes sitting looking out the window thoughtfully, but most writing out the two letters, as the brothers chatted or played a game of chess to entertain themselves. Finally with a sigh of relief Harry signed his name on the letter to Rita and stretched out with a groan of satisfaction.

"Done Little Lord?" Rabastan asked looking up from where he was thrashing Rodolphus at chess, Rodolphus was scowling at the chess board trying to figure out his move that would not get him check mated.

"Yup, finally. Now I just need to owl them," He smiled happily.

"Missy is being taking them to owls if Master Harry wishes them to be posted," Missy squeaked popping out the corner. Harry seriously hoped that Tom wasn't having the elf follow him everywhere.

"That would be great thank you Missy," Harry said handing the letters over.

"Would Master Harry be liking anything when Missy is done?" Missy asked.

"Your due another potion with some food Little Lord," Rabastan added.

"Maybe some hot chocolate and erm...oo banana ice cream with pickles and chocolate sauce?" Harry licked his lips suddenly feeling starving at the thought of the food. Missy barely blinked before nodding and popping out, Rabastan and Rodolphus exchanged horrified glances, Rodolphus's attention dragged away from the board.

"Erm...do you mind me asking what those letters were about Little Lord? You seemed very focused on them," Rabastan asked trying not to think about the concoction.

"Hm oh, I'm writing to Rita Skeeter and Luna, they're hopefully going to help us bring Dumbledore down by publishing everything that has happened to me, including him allowing and even orchestrating the clashes me and Tom have had over the years, not to mention everything that has happened the last few weeks. I have also named some names of the Order members, so they're going to face a tough time and struggle getting support hopefully," Harry explained making his way to the sofa.

"Very clever Little Lord, Luna is Luna Lovegood I pres..." Rodolphus was interrupted by a tapping at the door. Looking up the brothers stood and drew their wands before calling whoever it was in. Harry was beyond shocked when Severus Snape stepped into the room looking unsure, a look Harry never expected to see on the man.

"I apologise for intruding on your time...my Lord but may I speak to you? Privately?" Severus said looking to the brothers pointedly.

"We can't leave the room Severus, you know that," Rabastan answered before Harry could.

"How about you carry on your chess game and we put silencers up, that way you can see me, but we can talk privately?" Harry suggested quietly. Severus looked shocked but he quickly nodded. Slightly reluctantly and shooting the potions master warning looks the brothers sat down and watched the silencing spells Severus placed up with hawk's eyes until he put his wand away.

"Thank you for agreeing to speak to me," Severus said after a few moments.

"I'm curious as to what you want to say," Harry admitted nodding to Missy who brought in his drink and food as well as a cup of tea for everyone else.

"I...may I ask you a few questions?" Severus finally asked.

"I might not answer them, but you can ask," Harry bit his lip unsurely as he answered.

"Please do not take this the wrong way, but I need to ask again. You truly knew nothing of magic before your eleventh birthday?" Severus asked hesitantly. Harry was about to snap at the man when he saw the slightly lost look on his face. Drawing in a breath to calm himself he took a bite of his ice cream mix before he told Severus the story of the week of letters and then Hagrid showing up.

"Very clever, sending Hagrid, to someone who had not had much human kindness, Hagrid would have been like a moth to a flame, you would have listened to his Dumbledore praise and Slytherin bashing and taken it to heart. Especially after telling you about your parents. If you knew nothing about the wizarding world, what did you believe happened to Lily and Potter?" Severus frowned as the thought occurred to him.

"My relatives told me that my mum and dad had been drunks and that dad had been drunk driving," Harry sighed but blinked at the furious snarl Severus let out.

"How dare they...they...Lily died to protect you, how dare they cheapen that with that lie! Even though I did not by any name of the word like your father I would never disrespect even

his death!"

"Did...did you know my mum, I mean were you friends?" Harry asked hesitantly. At the shocked, pale faced look Severus gave him he spoke quickly. "You called her Lily but my dad Potter and the way you spoke then,"

"I. Yes Lily was my best friend, we met before we went to Hogwarts, purely by chance we met and found out the other was magical," Severus sighed, closing his eyes to the memories before he told their story. Harry listened enraptured to the words, the story being laid out. He heard so little about his mum that he treasured everything that he was being offered. When Severus finished Harry's mind was whirling but one fact lingered.

"You loved her?" He asked softly. Severus's eyes which had been shut the entire time snapped open and met his own.

"Yes. I loved her," Severus admitted, his voice was broken and lost.

"I'm sorry," Harry hesitantly reached out to touch the back of Severus's hand, not entirely sure whether any comfort from him would be welcome but not able not to offer it. "You must hate me,"

"No not now, I did at first but...you are all that is left of her. Yes you are a constant reminder that she chose him over me, you are a reminder of what we could have had together, and your eyes...they really are a perfect replica of hers and that hurts. But she loved you so much I can't hate you, she loved you with all her heart and soul and I loved her too much to hate what was the most important thing she ever did in her entire life," Severus reached up slowly and covered Harry's hand with his own.

"Thank you. No one has really told me about her, I hear about dad all the time but hardly about her," Harry admitted, the warm hand covering his own a shock and yet reassuring at the same time.

"I owe you so many apologies Harry. I...I allowed my hatred of James to completely cover my eyes to the reality of what was happening. I wanted to hate you but couldn't, so I ignored the facts, ignored that you weren't the attention seeking, cocky brat that I wanted you to be so I could hate you. I wanted so badly for you to be like James so I could hate you," Severus shook his head before lowering it so his forehead was pressed against their joined hands.

Harry hesitated for only a second before he slipped off his seat and perched on the arm of the sofa without disturbing Severus and started running his free hand through the man's, surprisingly, silky hair.

"Its not too late, we could still try and be friends. For mum's sake as well as ours. I respect you a lot and would like for us to be able to get along," Harry admitted softly. Severus had frozen at his touch but he relaxed shaking his head lightly.

"Why would you respect me, I bullied you from the age of eleven to punish your dead father for what he did to me,"

"I respect you because you are a great wizard, as well as a bloody sneaky one, you have the greatest wizard of the light side honestly believing you are his spy. Your intelligent, quick witted and I feel you would be a good friend to have," Harry said firmly, clearly startling the man as he looked up wide eyed.

"After everything I have no idea how you can say that...but I won't look a gift horse in the mouth. May I ask another question?" Severus asked seriously.

"Go ahead," Harry grinned, happy that he had got somewhere with the snarky man.

"What the hell is that that you are eating?" Severus frowned at the bowl that had been sitting on the coffee table through their talk.

Movement

Chapter Summary

Fate decides to play with Harry's life again, giving him a chance at a family but with the most shocking father. After the Order lock him up Harry flees to the father where they both may get a second chance

Chapter Five

Severus was telling Harry about the magic that Lily and he had done when they were children after they had figured out they were both magical when Tom stepped into the room. Because of the silencers that were still up around them they didn't see or hear his entrance, and for the same reason Tom couldn't hear what the two were talking about.

He scowled deeply at the sight even as Rabastan and Rodolphus jumped to their feet. He wasn't exactly sure why, though there was a niggle in the back of his mind, as to why the sight of Harry sitting next to Severus, too close for polite and what he had thought was unfriendly company, Harry's face was wrapt with attention, his green eyes sparkling as he seemed to hang off every word that an unusually animated Severus was saying, was causing a burning and yet empty feeling in his stomach. He could also feel his temper, something he had never really been famous for having good control of, crumbling away into a black pit of a mood.

After the meeting he had just had with Fenrir he was looking forward to coming and getting Harry for lunch. If he was also looking forward to seeing that bright, warming smile and glittering green eyes, well that was another matter entirely.

Instead he had walked in to find Severus and Harry behind silencing charms looking very... close. With a quick slash of his wand the silencers fell with a crack startling both Harry and Severus out of their conversation. Tom was gearing up to snap, about what he wasn't quite sure, but he was ready to snap when Harry's eyes locked on him and all signs of fright and concern fell from his face to be replaced with a welcoming smile, all for Tom.

"Tom, is it lunch time already?" Harry asked glancing towards the clock as he pushed himself to his feet. Tom felt his anger flaring again as Severus pressed a hand to Harry's back to help him up.

"Yes, apparently you have been busy," Tom knew that his tone was clipped and while Severus, Rabastan and Rodolphus picked up on it and started to look concerned Harry seemed to be either oblivious to it or just chose to ignore it.

"Yes, Severus and myself have made up, well come to and understand where we aren't going to be snapping and snarling at each other. We have been talking about my mum," Harry smiled happily. Now that stopped Tom, the situation with the whole, Tom killed Harry's parents hadn't been brought up between them, it seemed that considering the difficulty of the situation between them already neither of them had been willing to say it. Now however it was being brought up in casual conversation and Tom was having the fact that he took away the chance for Harry to personally know his mother. "No one else really talks about her, so its nice to have someone who knew her. How did the warding go?" Harry carried on speaking, completely unaware of what was going through Tom's head.

"Oh, it went well, the basics have been laid down, I will have to give them a couple more days for the foundations to set in before taking the next step," Tom answered absently. "Are you ready for lunch?"

"I'm feeling a little hungry yes," Harry nodded walking towards Tom. Rabastan and Rodolphus both relaxed seeing that Tom's encroaching temper flare had been averted and cast a preservation charm on the chess board to stop the pieces swapping squares and moved to follow Tom and Harry out of the room.

Severus let out a breath realising how close he had come to being on the wrong end of his Lords wrath as he walked a step behind Tom and Harry down the corridor.

"How are the potions going Severus?" Tom asked after a few moments of silence.

"I have them brewing now my Lord, I will need to give the first an hour before I can make any attempt to making them taste nicer. I have never done it before I am afraid Mr Lord," Severus answered relieved to have something to talk to the Dark Lord about. No matter how much he respected Tom, his seething silences were bloody scary.

"How long have you work at Hogwarts?" Harry asked curiously.

"Nearly fourteen years," Severus frowned confused.

"Fourteen years brewing potions for a hospital wing in a school and you never tried to make them taste nicer?" Harry grinned amused.

"You brats torture me daily, why should I go out my way to mollycoddle you?" Severus snorted, before glancing nervously at Harry.

"And because you were happy to torture us back?" Harry laughed. Rodolphus and Rabastan snickered from behind them and Tom's lips twitched upwards as they reached the dinning room.

"That as well. I have multiple cauldrons of each potion brewing and I will try various different things to adjust the taste without affecting the purpose of the potion," Severus explained.

"Oh Merlin, Severus is smiling at Potter," Draco groaned out loud causing the smile to falter on Harry's face.

"Lucius if you do not control your little brat I will ensure that he learns the meaning of respect! Perhaps a night under my facilities?" Tom hissed sibilantly, causing a shiver to run down Harry's back and not for all bad reasons.

"Of course My Lord, Lord Harry. Draco will remember to hold his tongue!" Lucius gritted out, his gaze boring into Draco.

"What would you like to drink Harry?" Tom asked, his hand going to the base of Harry's back to guide him to his chair.

"Lemonade?" Harry asked softly as he took his seat.

"I believe that you are due another potion H...Lord Harry," Severus said as he sat down opposite Harry.

"Oh good," Harry said dryly accepting the potion that Rabastan handed him with a grin.

"My Lord, Little Lord," Fenrir nodded as he walked in before blinking as he watched the green fading from Harry's face.

"That was...nippy," Harry commented smacking his lips together.

"You do not feel sick?" Tom asked concerned.

"Nope, only a little queasiness this morning. Thank you Missy," Harry smiled as a pitcher of lemonade was placed onto the table.

"You need to have a little more meat this meal Little Lord," Rodolphus piped up as Harry reached out to start filling his plate. Sighing Harry dropped his head before looking at the four men blinking back at him.

"Are you all monitoring everything that I do and eat?" He asked raising an eyebrow.

"Yes," Came four bland responses.

"I am perfectly capable of following the dietary plan that Healer Burns laid out for me, and to know when I need to take my potions," Harry said testily.

"We know you can Little Lord, we are merely looking after you," Rabastan smiled not at all put out with the flare of annoyance from Harry.

"You don't need to hover though," Harry muttered concentrating on filling his plate. The flare apparently already forgotten about as Tom blinked at him unsure what just happened.

"I wasn't hovering," Severus muttered petulantly from the other side of the table causing Rodolphus to have to try and hide his chuckles.

"I got my letters written and sent to Rita and Luna, we should be getting a response soon," Harry told Tom, the soft murmur of the others conversation in the background.

"You think that your friend will support you? Her father has been publishing a lot against our...the Dark side," Tom paused and corrected himself. Harry may be in the mansion, carrying his heir and helping but that did not mean that he wanted to presume that Harry was now on the Dark side.

"Luna and her father aren't so much on the light side, more that they supported me and the right thing. I included the explanation of what your aims truly are, highlighting our intentions towards protecting muggleborn children, and I gave details of what the Order has done. If I know Luna as well as I do, she will support me," Harry said softly. "Luna, despite rumours, is incredibly intelligent and looks at the entire situation,"

"Good. And once that is out there, hopefully we can make a step to correcting the assumptions and misleading information people have been given as to what the Dark side is trying to achieve," Tom pointedly looked down at Draco while trying not to smile at the our that Harry had slipped into, undoubtedly on purpose.

"Rita will publish whatever we tell her she should publish, so the Daily Prophet will be publishing the letter that I sent, word for word. Though now after this last year people will put as much, if not perhaps a little bit more, stock in what the Quibbler says in the issue," Harry shrugged draining his glass and pouring another.

"What exactly do you have on Ms Skeeter?" Tom asked curiously, that heightening and capturing Severus and the brothers attention when Harry gave a mischievous smirk.

"Well after the pieces she decided to write on us Hermione went to town on finding a way to bring her down, she figured out that Rita had to be sneaking into Hogwarts somehow, despite the fact that Dumbledore had banned her, Hermione...Oh!" Harry paused mid sentence as his hand flew to his stomach, his wide eyes flashing downwards quickly.

"What is it?"

"What happened?"

"Are you alright?"

"Are you in pain?"

"Shall I call Healer Burns?" Tom, Severus, Fenrir, Rabastan and Rodolphus all fired off their questions over each other as they stood looking at Harry with concern.

"Calm down," Harry grinned rolling his eyes as he reached out to grab Tom's hand. Carefully he placed their linked hands on his stomach before looking down waiting. The men were about to say something when Tom's eyes widened and he gasped turning fully, his other hand cupping the other side of the bump.

"Oh!" Tom said before an honest, if not small smile crossed his face, clearly startling all his followers.

"What's going on?" Rabastan asked quietly looking confused.

"The baby is moving," Narcissa rolled her eyes.

"Oh," chorused the four men, each of them taking their seats slightly sheepishly. Harry looked up at them grinning, though confusion flashed through his eyes as they settled on Fenrir's face that still held the hint of panic they had felt.

"It's the first time I've felt the baby move," Harry laughed as he felt another roll of bubbles in his stomach.

"Maybe the baby likes lemonade," Rabastan chuckled. "I think I just had a heart attack," He breathed out slumping into his seat suddenly as he covered his heart and let out a breath.

"Sorry I didn't mean to startle you all, it caught me by surprise," Harry's grin was almost hurting his face before he looked back to Tom who was still staring at his stomach with an awed expression. Squeezing the fingers still locked in his Harry's grin became a happy smile as they met each others eyes.

"Thank you," Tom's words were so soft that even Rabastan couldn't hear them, though he was now pointedly looking away and talking to Lucius. Harry just gave Tom's hand another squeeze, everything that Tom said in those words clear in his eyes.

Thank you for keeping the baby, thank you for coming to him, thank you for immediately sharing this with him, thank you for giving him a chance at having what was currently kicking away underneath their hands while giving off excited, happy rolls.

"Finish your meal. We can take a trip to the library once you are done," Tom raised their hands to kiss the back of Harry's before standing and settling back into his seat. Still smiling Harry looked up only meet a set of glaring, furious blue eyes. Draco's face was set in a livid, twisted glare as he stared at Harry causing a bubble of worry in his chest as he met the glare.

"Do you have much to do this afternoon?" Harry asked Tom quietly, trying to throw off the look that seemed burned into his memory.

"A lot of paperwork. Perhaps if you wish to stay in the library for the rest of the afternoon I could have it brought there, if you do not mind the company?" Tom asked awkwardly but Harry began to smile again as he nodded.

"That would be nice," He said softly.

"Rabastan, Rodolphus you have the afternoon to yourselves. I shall be in the library should anyone be needing me," Tom said as Harry finished his meal. Reaching out he helped Harry to his feet before moving to place his hand on the base of Harry's back almost automatically in a way that was becoming scarily familiar to both of them.

"So you mention that you were interested in learning about the Dark Arts?" Tom asked as they made their way down the hallway, Tom guiding Harry as they went. At the change of topic Harry's mind drifted away from Draco and the look that he had given him and onto the afternoon ahead of him, and perhaps a understanding of the magic that Dumbledore had kept him away from.

Irresistible pull

Chapter Summary

Fate decides to play with Harry's life again, giving him a chance at a family but with the most shocking father. After the Order lock him up Harry flees to the father where they both may get a second chance

Chapter six

Harry let out a small huff and shifted slightly, tugging the cushions he was lying on a little further underneath him and wriggled to try and make himself comfy where he was lying on his side in front of the fireplace in the living room that was now frequented a lot.

It had been nearly three weeks since he had arrived in the night at the manor. Things were settling down again after the shocking news of Harry effectively swapping sides and the fact that he was carrying the Dark Lord's baby. It was now safe for him to wander around the gardens, although more often than not when he did Rabastan, Rodolphus, Severus or, when he had time, Tom would accompany him. He found himself not minding the near constant shadows, when they were inside the manor while they were in the same room as him they didn't smother him. They would chat, play games of chess or cards, or just sit and allow him to read while they talked or entertained themselves.

Tom would always come and collect him for lunch and supper, after each he would accompany Harry to wherever he was going and spend an hour or so with him after lunch, after supper they would come to the living room where Tom would finish any paperwork that had to be done, drafting or writing letters, or discussing things with the others when they came back as well. Most of the days now if Harry was in the living room Tom would wander in with his paperwork to sit with Harry while he did it. Something that scarily made Harry happy.

So far every morning Harry had awoken to find Tom sleeping on the sofa in his room. Tom had transfigured it so that it was a little wider and more comfortable, but he seemed to have no inclination to sleep in his own room at any point soon. Not that Harry minded. Crazy it was the complete opposite, now that he was not so tired after the mad dash to Tom he would wake when Tom slipped into his room around midnight and made his way to the sofa, it was only then was he able to slip into a proper sleep, feeling secure knowing the Tom was in the same room as him and would protect him and the baby. He had stopped nesting himself as much in his duvet through the night, sleeping a lot more comfortably. Neither of them had mentioned Tom's sleep arrangements to each other.

Right now it was ten in the evening, it was one of the nights that it was just him and Tom. Tom was working away at the desk, Harry thought he was writing diplomacy missives to the

vampire kiss that resided in London from what he had picked up from talk that day and what Tom muttered out loud to himself while writing away.

Harry had started out on the sofa, sitting down, resting against the arm, lying down on his back lying on his side, sitting with his feet curled up. Then he had moved to the armchair, then he had pulled some cushions onto the floor and tried to get comfortable there, but it seemed nothing was working, no matter how hard he tried he could not get comfortable!

"Harry?" The soft voice startled him out of beating the cushions in an attempt to make them more comfortable and he looked up to see Tom gazing at him. "Is everything alright? You seem...restless tonight,"

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to bother you," Harry sighed feeling well and truly put out, this was what he had been trying to avoid doing.

"You're not bothering me, what is wrong?" Tom asked standing from behind his desk and walking to the fireplace.

"Its nothing really," Harry huffed sitting up and looking down at his lap.

"Harry, if something is bothering you I would like to know. Perhaps I can help?" Tom suggested walking over to Harry, and to his shock, kneeling down in front of him.

"Its nothing major, its just..." Harry hesitated.

"Go on," Tom encouraged him.

"My back is hurting a little, I just can't find a comfy position," Harry grumbled closing his book slightly frustrated.

"Healer Burns did say that especially until the nutrients potions start kicking in that it may be uncomfortable for you....I...would you like me to massage your back? It might ease it enough for you to get comfy," Tom offered unsurely.

"I don't want to..."

"Harry you are not putting me out in any way, I am offering. If you are not comfortable with it then just tell me, but I want to help make you as comfortable as I can, you are carrying our child," Tom gave him one of those little, but honest smiles that were becoming more and more frequent and that Harry, to himself, admitted that he was becoming a little addicted to seeing and provoking.

"If you're sure?" Harry bit his lip glancing up at Tom hesitantly.

"I am. I used to do a lot of potion brewing so I have quite nimble fingers. Missy could you get me the muscle relaxing balm please," Tom requested to the ever near by House elf. "Turn around," Tom said softly pressing gently against Harry's arm to get him to turn.

Still not sure about this Harry turned to face to fireplace and got settled on his cushions, wincing as his back gave another throb of pain when Missy popped back in and handed Tom

the balm. Harry let out a slow deliberate breath when he felt Tom shifting behind him, his body heat making Harry aware of how close that he was to him, his breath ruffled Harry's hair slightly and brushed against the back of his skin in a way that made him have to hold back a shiver.

"Your going to have to take your...my top off," Tom said with a trace of amusement when he looked closer and recognised the shirt that Harry was wearing.

"Your shirts are more comfy, and Missy keeps bringing the for me," Harry murmured, turning with a small grin as he unbuttoned his shirt and allowed it to drop off of his shoulders.

"I do not mind, as long as it is not because you do not like the things that have been bought for you," Tom asked as he took a good amount of the balm out the pot and warmed it a little in his hands.

"Oh no, its all...amazing! Too much," Harry flushed as Tom's hands pressed firmly into his back, running a line from his shoulder blade down to his trouser line.

"Its not too much. You and the baby are going to want for nothing, I want to look after you," Tom said firmly, though part of his mind was distracted. The pale expanse of Harry's back being revealed to him had left his mind in a little bit of a spin. Harry was by no respect muscled, but he was toned, the pale skin glowing slightly in the firelight made Tom's breath catch in his chest and for some reason his mouth went dry. The sight of the silvery scars that lined the white skin slightly had fury rising in his chest knowing what those animals had done to Harry, and it was probably the least of it. He would have to talk to whoever was on duty tomorrow, the animals needed to see a lot more of their hospitality.

Harry let out a soft sigh as he leant forwards a little more, stuffing a pillow into his lap so he could lean forwards more comfortably, as Tom's hands worked on his muscles, relaxing them for what felt like the first time in hours.

"I don't want you to spend a lot of money on me, I don't need a lot of things," Harry mumbled embarrassed.

"I know you don't need it, but you deserve it," Tom's tone was both simple and unsure at the same time, even as his hands kept up an amazing pressure on Harry's back, working out the pain that had been lingering there. Harry didn't know how to respond to the statement however. "I wish to spoil you, and the baby. Give you the things you deserve to have, nice things. But I do not mind you wearing my shirts,"

"That is good, they are more comfortable," Harry smiled shyly over his shoulder, the added fact that the scent of Tom's aftershave and scent on the shirts also gave him a sense of safety. "But we will argue about the spoiling part,"

"Allow me to spoil you, I have not had anyone that I have wanted to spoil before," Tom smirked as he felt Harry giving in at his words. Harry sighed knowing that Tom was manipulating him but knowing that it was going to work.

"That's not playing fair," Harry grumbled before blushing at the groan that fell from his lips as Tom hit a particularly sore and tight patch of muscles that quickly relaxed under Tom's nimble fingers.

"I'm a Dark Lord, I do not play fair. Is that feeling better?" Tom asked concerned.

"Much, thank you, it was making it really hard to get comfortable," Harry sighed feeling the uncomfortable ache easing.

"You're the one that is carrying the baby. Anything I can do to make this more comfortable on you," Tom reassured him.

"What about your diplomacy missives?" Harry asked worriedly.

"They can wait, you are more important," Tom said factually, but it completely stunned Harry. Tom had just told him that he, he, was more important than the war. And he completely meant it. "Harry?"

"Hmm?" Harry blinked turning around so he could see Tom out the corner of his eye.

"You tensed up, did I say something wrong?" Tom was sounding concerned now.

"No, no! You didn't say anything wrong. Its just..." Harry turned back to look at the fire unsure how to phrase it.

"Just?" Tom urged.

"Its two things really. I just thought how concerned I was about coming hear at first. I knew in my gut that it was the right thing to do, that it was the best thing for the baby. But I really wasn't sure what you would do with me, and I wasn't sure how emotionally invested you would be in the baby. It seems so silly now. And...I've never been someone's priority before, been important enough to be put in front of anything else..." Harry trailed off suddenly realising what he was saying and how much he was revealing and exposing of the growing feelings that he had been guarding close to his chest.

"You and the baby are my priorities, you both come first from now on in any choices that I make," Tom promised.

"Why?" Harry asked quietly.

"Why?" Tom asked confused, his hands pausing on the middle of Harry's back.

"Why me? I can understand the baby, but I can't understand why you are looking after and protecting me. I even gave you the option not to telling you that I wanted to have the baby, my own safety was second but unexpected," Harry spoke softly staring into the fire, not sure that he was doing the right thing by staring this up. What if Tom changed his mind? What if Tom realised what he was doing and started treating him badly.

"I don't understand, I can't explain it, I can't...I don't understand why I am acting the way that I am, why I want to look after you, protect you and spoil you. I want you to be happy. I don't

know why right now, I am not good with understanding much about my feelings, I'm just, it feels natural, right to act and treat you the way I am," Tom explained unsurely.

"What do you want from me?" Harry asked quietly, reaching back to capture Tom's wrist, pulling it gently forwards so he could hold it comfortably.

"Time. Time to understand what's going on, to understand why I am feeling the way I am. And tell me if I make you uncomfortable, tell me what you want from me," Tom requested softly.

"I can do that," Harry smiled placing Tom's hand over the bump of his stomach as he felt a shift of movement. Tom gave a sigh of contentment shifting so that his long legs framed Harry's body, his hand still pressed to Harry's bump. Cautiously, unsure if this was going too far Harry leant back so that he was resting against Tom's broader body, the warmth and smell of Tom relaxing him. He threaded their fingers together where they were resting on his bump, the baby shifting occasionally under their touch.

They both sat in front of the fire for a good fifteen minutes in silence, simply watching the crackling flames as they sat absorbing the warmth and closeness of each others presences, enjoying the warming contact with each other while feeling their baby, the thing that had brought them together in a pure miracle underneath their hands.

"Harry...before anything...before we take any step, in whatever direction, I need to ask you something," Tom's voice broke the quiet contentedness of the moment, Harry could feel the worry and nerves coming from the normally composed man. Struggling to stay relaxed against Tom having a good idea where this was going to go.

"Go on," He encouraged.

"How can you want to be close to me like this? How can you even consider where this could be going after our history together?" Tom asked the question that Harry had known would be coming. Sighing he reached around and took Tom's other hand and pulled it around him and snuggled back getting comfortable while reassuring Tom.

"Its difficult, I haven't just forgotten, I can't just forget. But with the exception of when you kidnapped me to get your body back, since I was a baby you have never outright attacked me, I have always been pushed by Dumbledore into our confrontations. And I'm guessing that you weren't quite right the night you came back?" Harry tilted his head, shifting it to rest on Tom's shoulder so that he could see those glowing red eyes.

"You are correct, Wormtail messed up the potion a little. I was not in my right mind with pain and the mess up left me a little...addled. Severus worked for nearly two weeks to stop me from dying, and to get me right. The whole snake thing was obviously not right either, he must have allowed some of Nagini's scales into the potion," Tom sighed.

"Thought so. The most obvious question and problem here is my parents right?" Harry asked. At Tom tensing so hard that it must have heard he started rubbing soothing circles on Tom's wrist. "Yes alright you killed them, you took the chance of me knowing them, of growing up with a normal childhood. But you did what you did to survive. After everything that has

happened in the last five years, hell my whole life I can understand fighting and killing to protect what you believe in, to protect yourself. Yes you killed them, but you are protecting my baby, our baby, you're protecting me, you're looking after me and offering me safety and comfort and asking nothing in return. No one, no one that proposed to love me or care for me has ever really offered that to me before. You did what you did to survive, I can understand that. And while I love who they were and the fact they were my parents, its not the same as loving them as if I had really known them, as if I could remember them. It doesn't really make sense in my own head, I'm not explaining it properly but...from the day I walked into your office, with each hour that passes...I have already forgiven you Tom, and whatever is going on between us, whatever is developing I want to see where it goes. For the baby's sake, for my sake and for your sake," Harry sighed lowering his eyes to their joined hands over the now quite visible bump his stomach made.

"I don't deserve your forgiveness," Tom sighed.

"No, not really. But you have it anyway," Harry shrugged looking back to the fire but keeping his head on Tom's shoulder, it was cute comfortable sitting like this he decided.

"You're very blunt, you know that. Painfully so," Tom huffed amused.

"I'll take that as a compliment. Is this alright?" Harry asked worried, glancing up at Tom.

"I do not know how it makes me feel," Tom said sounding frustrated. "I'm too damaged!"

"Shush, shush," Harry soothed feeling Tom's temper swelling. "Are you comfortable with us sitting like this?" he asked.

"Yes...I feel...content...and there is something...in my chest...my stomach...I...I don't know!" Tom exclaimed starting to try and pull away. Harry however locked his hands around Tom's.

"Tom calm down, its alright. We can work through this together. You feel content with us sitting like this so its ok, we can sit like this. And the feeling in your chest and stomach, is it happiness?" Harry asked as Tom stilled and cautiously tightened his arms around Harry.

"Partly but not completely. I haven't felt it before," Tom frowned. Harry had a growing sense of what that illusive emotion might be, but he reckoned Tom wasn't really ready to face that yet so he just smiled and rubbed the sensitive flesh of Tom's inner wrist.

"We'll figure it out in time. For now lets just move with what feels right for us yes?" Harry asked.

"That...that sounds fair," Tom nodded after a moments thought.

"Do you think that maybe tomorrow we could go shopping for a few baby things?" Harry asked hopefully. He knew that Tom had some heavy duty glamours that he used when he wanted to pass through the wizarding world unrecognised. They were so strong and layered Harry was pretty sure that even Moody would struggle with them.

"I don't know. The Order are still in Aberdeen looking for you, but it could be dangerous," Tom frowned.

"We won't be long, just a couple of hours, I would like to start getting some things in for the baby. I'm sure Rabastan, Rudolphus, Severus and probably Greyback would come with us as a guard," Harry needled looking pleadingly up at Tom.

"They probably would, and Fenrir would be able to smell any Order members, he knows them all by scent now after you gave us their names," Tom agreed feeling himself giving in. "And he is protective of you and the baby,"

"Why is that?" Harry knew he risked losing his argument but he had been curious about the werewolf since the day he had gotten Harry out the way after Bellatrix attacked him.

"Well for one he respects what you did to protect our baby and get it to safety. Werewolf children are so rare that any child is precious to them, more so than in the wizarding world, especially with how their numbers are persecuted. And we have been...friends for nearly forty years now, he has stood by my side through a lot, I think he sees you and the baby as a chance for me to be happy, so he will do anything he can to protect you both," Tom explained.

"The rumours about him attacking children aren't true are they?" Harry asked.

"No they aren't, more of Dumbledore's name besmirching propaganda. As I said Fenrir has stood by my side through nearly my entire campaign. And with him at my side, and it known that I think of him as one of my closest friends the other creatures and beings accept talks and negotiations with me a lot easier. So Dumbledore started these rumours that Fenrir had a thing for children and liked to attack them in the night. As I told you children are precious to werewolves, whether they are wolf or not, and as an Alpha Fenrir would never break those laws,"

"What about Remus?" Harry asked quietly.

"Ah yes, that gave Dumbledore the momentum to the rumours that he wanted. Fenrir had an older brother, his father was unfaithful to his mother while they were bonded and had a child with a man. However Fenrir was the stronger wolf, more powerful, more intelligent and more respected among the pack. When their father started sleeping with the pack's women and men, forcing the younger wolves to sleep with him and threatened to throw them out the pack if they didn't, Fenrir...he exerted pack justice as soon as he turned seventeen. He killed his father and took control of his pack. They love and respect him for protecting them against his own blood, and its one of the reasons that his pack is so strong, he did what was right for his people instead of taking the easy option. Werewolves made their way to his pack from other packs. But his brother thought that he should be the Alpha, despite the fact that Fenrir was the one who had defeated their father and so he the claim to the title. He tried fight Fenrir but he lost and was driven from the pack, he had already been displaying unhealthy appetites. Fenrir had people keep an eye on him, and fifteen years later caught the news that he had started attacking anything and anyone, children, women, men, old, young, it didn't matter to him. Fenrir left the pack under the charge of his second and went to find his brother, he believed he was his responsibility. Remus Lupin was attacked by Marshal Greyback, not

Fenrir. Fenrir caught up with Marshall two months after he attacked Lupin and killed him. But they looked enough alike, and not enough people had seen Fenrir clearly, that Dumbledore was able to use Lupin's memories as 'proof' that Fenrir was the werewolf who had a thing for biting and attacking children, using all the other children harmed by Marshall as further proof," Tom sighed.

"Thank you for telling me," Harry smiled reaching up to cup Tom's jaw. Blinking Tom looked down where Harry was comfortably reclined topless against him and gave him one of his small smiles.

"So you want to go out?" He asked amused.

"I want to get the major things in. Its better to get them while I am still able to move around freely than risk going out once I'm heavily pregnant. Lucius would probably come as well as one extra wand if you and Severus nagged him enough, and you did that look you give," Harry beamed.

"We could get them to just go and get the things we need and that way there is no risk to..."

"No! I want to do this ourselves, pick out the crib and mobile and bassinet and some clothes and toys and things like that. Its our first baby, I don't want to have everything picked out by other people," Harry scowled interrupting him. Chuckling amused as he thought that only Harry would dare interrupt him he tried to think of a way to do this, it was obviously important to Harry.

"Ireland should be safe," Tom thought out loud.

"Hmm?"

"If we went to Ireland to do the shopping, we should be safe. There is a small wizarding shopping centre in Dublin, but its large enough that they have a few baby shops. And the apparation is short enough I will be able to side apparate you there,"

"And I seriously doubt that the Order or Ministry will look for us in baby shops, together in Ireland," Harry nodded.

"If you write to Ms Granger and tell her to be at the corner of Knockturn alley I will have someone pick her up and side apparate her to Ireland to meet us," Tom offered with a smile.

"Rodolphus or Rabastan?" Harry said thoughtfully.

"They will be ecstatic to hear that they are the ones you trust with someone you think of as a sister. They are fond of you," Tom noted, though his voice was a little tight.

"I think they think of me as a little brother. We'll have to get neutral colours and things," Harry said absently, his mind already focussed on what they could get.

"Write to Ms Granger, tell her to be there for half eleven," Tom said amused summoning parchment, a quill and ink over. Harry quickly scribbled out the letter and they summoned Missy to take it to Hermione. Harry had had the idea to use Missy to take letters to Hermione

at her house where she was being watched, the Order completely overlooking the fact that house elves could get through the wards that they had put up. "Are you tired?" Tom asked concerned as Harry yawned.

"A little, I'm just mostly comfortable," Harry grinned.

"Come on, I will escort you to your room and then come back to finish this," Tom stood and helped Harry to his feet carefully before tucking his shirt back over Harry's shoulders.

"You're coming back right?" Harry asked once they reached his room, Tom's hand on its now familiar place at the base of Harry's back.

"Do you want me too?" Tom asked unsurely.

"I'm not ready to share a bed, but I like having you in the room with me. It makes me feel safe," Harry admitted, turning to play with the bottom of the shirt Tom was wearing unable to look at him.

"I think you are the only person that feels safe sleeping in the same room as me, most people won't turn their backs," Tom shook his head as he used his finger under Harry's chin to tilt his head back up. "If it what you want then I will of course be back, I was waiting for you to bring it up, though I admit I was expecting to be told to go and sleep in my own room,"

"I like knowing you're there," Harry shrugged. Biting his lip he thought about it for a second before throwing caution to the wind and stretching up on his toes he lightly pressed their lips together, it was barely a brushing of their flesh but just enough. "Goodnight, I'll see you in a bit," He said slightly breathlessly before hurrying into his room.

Tom stared shocked at the closed doorway, his lips were tingling like mad and that feeling in his stomach and chest was a little stronger, especially when he remembered that blush that had lit up Harry's cheeks before he turned into the room. And there was something else, something that he was familiar with. Lust was steadily making its way through his body and igniting it in a way he had not felt in nearly seventeen years. Letting out a calming breath he started to make his way back to the living room though he doubted he would be able to finish the missive tonight with how much his head was spinning. He was right though, he always had been, Harry was going to be the death of him. Just not in the way he had thought for so long.

Baby shopping with Death Eaters

Chapter Summary

Fate decides to play with Harry's life again, giving him a chance at a family but with the most shocking father. After the Order lock him up Harry flees to the father where they both may get a second chance

Chapter seven

"Tom come on! We're going to be late!" Harry called out as he tugged on the cloak Tom was insisting he wore.

"Have you taken your potion?" Tom asked as he walked into the hallway.

"Yes Tom," Harry smiled. "Now are you ready?" he asked.

"I am ready. Fenrir, Severus and Lucius are going to meet us at Dublin, along with Rabastan and Rudolphus with Miss Granger. Are you sure you want to do this? We could find another way to..." Tom blinked when his attempt was cut off by a pair of lips against his own. Shocked he looked down at Harry who was smiling shyly at him, his green eyes showing his concern.

"I'm sure, we will be fine. We will spend a couple of hours in the shops, get what we need and get back. Fenrir, Lucius, Severus, Rodolphus and Rabastan will be looking out for us. It will be fine," Harry reassured him.

"Very well, come on," Tom sighed wrapping his arms around Harry's waist. Feeling brave he bent his head and brushed his lips over Harry's before apparating them out. Harry grinned pressing his face into Tom's chest right before the uncomfortable squeeze of the apparation.

Seconds later when they popped into the small Dublin town Harry looked around eagerly. The area they were in was a quaint small town centre with numerous different shops, each one brightly coloured and housed in a cottage like building.

"The baby shops are in the next square just round the corner, I did not want us all apparating into the same area. Please stay at my side," Tom asked quietly as his red eyes scanned the area concerned. Smiling at the concern he saw there, and not just for the baby he would guess, Harry slipped his hand pointedly into Tom's. Concern turned to shock before Tom closer his fingers around Harry's and started leading the way through the crowd.

When they turned the corner Harry could stop the chuckling that escape him at the sight that was waiting for them, and faced with the sight and Harry's infectious laughter Tom couldn't stop his mouth from twitching as they approached.

Lucius, Severus, Fenrir, Rodolphus, Rabastan and Hermione were all standing in an awkward huddle in the middle of the square, none of them looking very comfortable, and none of them looking like they knew what to say. They were all looking in different directions, sometimes scanning the crowd, sometimes glancing at each other.

"Ha...hey I missed you so much!" Hermione quickly cut herself off from saying Harry's name out loud and instead hurried to give him a tight hug, snickering when she had to avoid the bump on his stomach. Smiling happily Harry gave her a one armed hug back considering he wasn't getting the other one released. The two friends stayed in the hug for a while until Tom cleared his throat, turning Harry had to fight from keeping his smile from getting wider when he saw the flash of jealousy in Tom's eyes. But he stepped away from Hermione anyway and closer to Tom.

"Tom, this is my best friend Hermione, Hermione this is Tom," Harry made the introductions with a small grin.

"It's a pleasure to meet you Miss Granger," Tom nodded, his eyes scanning over her face.

"Its...erm...well...thank you for looking after Ha...him," Hermione settled on.

"No harm will come to him," Tom promised squeezing Harry's hand. Hermione's eyes widened and she looked at Harry shocked. The Death Eaters and Dark Lord watched shocked as the two seemed to have a silent conversation with each other consisting of head tilts and shrugs, smiles, a sheepish grin on Harry's part.

"Ah you never do anything easy do you Harry?" Hermione sighed eventually.

"My Lord, Little Lord we should get started," Rabastan said softly.

"Little Lord?" Hermione asked Harry with a raised eyebrow.

"Do not ask," Harry grumbled glaring at Rabastan who just grinned back.

"As we discussed," Tom sighed scanning the street.

"Try not to look so suspicious, if you keep looking around like that the shop owners are going to think that we are trying to steal from them," Harry rolled his eyes as Rabastan and Rodolphus moved to stand to their side, Severus and Lucius to their front and Fenrir close to their back. "Wait what about money? We need to stop at a bank before we..."

"Harry we do not need a bank, I have my card," Tom said quietly starting to lead him towards the first shop.

"But..."

"I am paying, now come we have two hours only, I won't risk you being out for longer than that," Tom automatically raising his hand to kiss the back of it.

"We should look at cots first," Harry said with a small blush on his face, tugging Tom over to dozens of cots that they had along the right side.

"This is slightly surreal," Hermione muttered to him eyeing the Death Eaters hurrying after them and then the Dark Lord who was eyeing the cots with a slightly lost look on his face.

"At least no one else can see it, I don't think that would do much for the Dark side," Harry snickered.

"What exactly should we be looking for? Is there anything specific we require?" Tom asked looking back at the others.

"Narcissa hired a shopper to buy all of the things for Draco," Lucius said quickly.

"The women and bearers of my pack buy or make what we need for the young," Fenrir blinked round at all the things in the shop.

"We just need to pick out something that we like," Harry said amused starting to walk down the aisle.

"Surely there is something that you need to look for," Severus frowned peering at the nearest cot as though it was one of his potions.

"Nope, with cots its just what you like the look of," Harry shrugged. "Oh that one is nice," He smiled tugging Tom further down the aisle.

"I do not know what you are looking for Harry," Tom said quietly. Harry glanced up and noticed that he was looking slightly overwhelmed.

"Just say whether you like the look of it or not for the baby, if not then we will find something we both agree on. It just like picking out a bed," Harry smiled.

"This is nice, but I prefer that one," Tom said quietly pointed to one a little further down. Smiling Harry looked at the cot that Tom had pointed to. Nodding he tugged him down the aisle to where the dark mahogany wood cot stood. It was a solid cot, the four posts carved into gently curving swirls that topped with roses facing outwards, the bars of the cot were matching gentle curves.

"I like this one," Harry nodded running his fingers over the petals of the rose and along the top bar of the cot, lifting it and setting it in place before dropping it back down.

"You do not have to just say that," Tom muttered.

"No, I really do like it, its elegant but soft at the same time. Fitting for your heir," Harry grinned up at him.

"Our heir," Tom corrected brushing a strand of hair from Harry's eyes.

"This one then," Harry said patting the side of the cot.

"You are sure?" Tom asked.

"I like this one," Harry nodded firmly. Tom waved his hand at a curious, hovering near by shop assistant who practically ran to them.

"We wish to start a tab, this cot will be the start of it, place the order for when we are ready to pay," Tom instructed him as soon as he reached them.

"Anything else I can do for you sirs? Perhaps I could show you around?" The man asked eagerly.

"No thank you, we want to take our own time," Harry answered quickly, placing his free hand over Tom's chest to prevent his reply.

"Very well, just wave if you need anything," The man nodded before hurrying off.

"Be quiet you two or you will be carrying everything around the shop," Tom said sharply to where Rabastan and Rodolphus were snickering.

"I apologise My Lord," Rabastan snorted. Hermione was standing gawping at Harry after she had been terrified of what the Dark Lord would do to him after he stopped him from speaking, Severus rolled his eyes at the brothers but was relaxing the tension himself from his shoulders from where he had clearly been expecting a reaction from Voldemort, Lucius was watching slightly shocked, slightly hopeful and slightly exasperated.

"What to next?" Tom asked Harry.

"Bassinet, the few books that I have read says that the baby should sleep in the same room as the parents for the first few months, especially when they still wake through the night for feeds, so we need a bassinet," Harry explained as they made their way to the next aisle.

"Potter that is what house elves are for, a child as important as our Lord's heir will be taken care of," Lucius drawled before freezing at the look he got from Tom. Tom had felt the tension in Harry's body, his hand tightening around his own and then the attempt to pull away. Allowing Harry to pull his hand away Tom instead wrapped his arm around Harry's waist, allowing his hand to rest on the swell of Harry's stomach.

"I have already told you how you are to refer to Harry, I will overlook this lapse Lucius but not again, and I really do hope that you are not attempting to tell myself and Harry how we should raise our child," Tom looked at Lucius who blanched.

"O...of...of course not My Lord, my apologies Lord Harry," Lucius said quickly.

"Good, because given the current revelations and actions of your son, your child rearing skills are exceedingly questionable," Tom snapped. "Now go and give the name at the till,"

"Of course my Lord," Lucius nodded his head before hurrying away with an embarrassed flush to his cheeks.

"Tom," Harry said quietly.

"Miss Granger, it is customary in the wizarding world that it is customary for the godmother to pick out the baby's first cuddly toy, Rabastan, Rodolphus and Severus will escort you to pick one out," Tom said to Hermione before looking pointedly at the others who had sobered up very quickly. Nodding Rabastan gently looped Hermione's arm through his own and led her over to the dozens of cuddle toys the shop had. Glancing at Fenrir the werewolf gave Tom a nod before stepping back enough to give them the illusion of privacy despite the fact that they both knew he could still hear them. "What is concerning you about that Harry?" Tom asked concerned, turning to fully face Harry.

"I...I don't want the baby brought up by house elves Tom. As crazy as it is, and I know I will probably complain about it later, I want the baby to have us feed it, to be the ones that get up for the late night feeds," Harry admitted quietly not meeting Tom's eyes.

"Harry, you know about my past?" Tom asked despite them knowing the answer.

"Yes,"

"Then you know that for as far back as I can remember, no one gave me any care, I was left to the bare minimum contact of the carers at the orphanage. I do not want our child to be raised by anyone but ourselves. You and I shall do the late night feeds, taking it in turns so as we are getting some regular sleep, we shall be the ones to change him or her, dress them, feed them. Do not worry, I am not going to palm our child off onto someone else. I have already told you we are going to be the ones to raise this child," Tom reassured him, cupping Harry's face to ensure that he would look at him. Smiling as he met Tom's red eyes Harry nodded.

"Thank you," Harry sighed, relaxing into Tom's touch.

"I meant what I said I do not wish for our child to turn out like Draco. That boy has had everything he wants, but Lucius and Narcissa have always been more interested in furthering the family name and going out places and parties to give him the time and attention that he needed. Our child is going to be spoilt enough, they will need the grounding care that we can hopefully provide,"

"They will be heir to the Dark Lord, and hopefully soon you will be in charge. That is a lot for them to grow up with," Harry worried his lip.

"We will ensure that they are grounded and do not become arrogant or too spoilt," Tom assured him. Hesitating he scanned Harry's face before leaning down to brush a kiss to his lips. "Now come, let us pick a bassinet," He said taking Harry's hand again.

"This one is nice," Harry pointed to a light brown wicker bassinet that had an intricate weave to it, the cover formed a triangle over half of it with a soft white fabric falling down that Harry ran through his fingers with his free hand.

"This one is the nicest. And it will go nicely at the side of your bed," Tom nodded waving at the shop assistant.

"Next?" Tom asked Harry.

"Erm," Harry gazed around the shop.

"I believe though it is slightly premature, you may need a high chair. It saves you from having to come out again with the young Lord or Lady," Fenrir said from where he had stepped next to Harry's other side when the shop assistant had approached.

"That's a good idea," Harry smiled widely at the werewolf, shocking him even as he quickly followed after them when Harry pulled Tom over to the selection of high chairs.

"Harry you have to see this, it is too cute!" Hermione squealed hurrying over with a toy in her hands.

"Which one did you...that is perfect," Harry grinned taking the stuffed white snake that Hermione had picked out.

"An unusual choice for a Gryffindor," Severus commented. Hermione looked unsure while Harry just grinned at the man.

"Well considering that I am half Slytherin, and his god mum is half Slytherin. His father is the heir of Slytherin, a snake is the best choice for him," Harry snickered. "What do you think?" Harry asked holding the snake up to Tom.

"It is a good choice, I most definitely approve," Tom nodded stroking a finger down the snake. "Lucius take it to the counter," Tom told the man just as he reached them holding the toy out. Harry turned back to the high chairs to hide his smile as he saw the man's eyes twitching in annoyance.

"High chairs?" Hermione asked.

"Fenrir pointed out we had best buy one now rather than risk coming out for it later on," Harry said eyeing the different chairs.

"Are you happy with this?" Hermione asked in a soft undertone seeing Tom was busy talking with Fenrir.

"I have instigated most of it. He is different. He wants to look after me and protect me, not just for the baby," Harry explained quietly.

"That's all I need to hear. This is a nice looking one," Hermione added a bit louder nodding to the chair to her left. Harry grinned as he noticed the lions feet at the ends, the back forming two rearing lions. Chuckling he ran his hands over the carvings noticing that they were all charmed with cushioning charms, he tugged the table out and easily pushed it back in before looking at Tom, his eyes unconsciously pleading.

"Rearing lions also indicate royalty. Poignant I believe. If you like it then this is the one we will have," Tom nodded kissing Harry's temple.

"You're sure?" Harry grinned excitedly, completely unaware of Hermione watching the interaction with relief. Harry clearly was twining Tom right around his little finger.

"I am sure. Lucius tell the man that this is the high chair we want," Tom pointed to the high chair before leading Harry to another aisle. "I do know we will need bedding,"

"We can't use blankets for a while, but we need sheets for the cot, a few bumpers, few baby blankets, swaddling blankets..." Harry blinked when a hand was placed over his mouth.

"We will get everything that we need, come one," Tom gave him a small smile leading Harry down the aisle to what they needed, Fenrir following leaving Severus, Rabastan, Rodolphus and Hermione staring shocked after the pair.

"What's wrong?" Lucius asked confused as he stepped back over to them.

"Our Lord just...smiled," Rabastan said stunned.

"At Harry," Hermione nodded forgetting completely who she had been left with.

"It was rather vampire like," Rodolphus commented.

"It was slightly scary. Harry seemed to like it though," Severus blinked. "Are you getting tired?" He added with a smirk at Lucius. Suddenly feeling awkward Hermione hurried after Harry leaving the four Death Eaters standing there.

"Be quiet Severus," Lucius huffed.

"You were the idiot who thought it would be clever to tell Our Lord how he should raise his son, especially when it is clear how our Little Lord wants to raise the baby," Rabastan snorted.

"Be quiet, it is the traditional way to raise pureblood children!" Lucius snapped.

"In the Malfoy family, and with pureblood families that are stuck in the 18th century. And look how well that turned out. Your son is running around five seconds away from being hexed to oblivion by Our Lord, he has besmirched and put back our cause by spreading that we want to kill all muggleborns, and do not think that Our Lord, Little Lord and everyone else haven't noticed Draco glaring at Harry. Our Lord will not put up with it for much longer," Rodolphus said seriously, all trace of humour and teasing gone.

"Draco..."

"You filled his head with the idea that he was going to be Our Lords Consort, you made no secret of your plans to place Draco at his side. You are a fool Lucius if you think someone as conceited and self absorbed as Draco would be someone that Our Lord would want at his side. And you have filled Draco's head and made him so disillusioned to his own place and welcome with Our Lord," Rabastan scowled at the blonde.

"How dare you..."

"Your son is closer to his godfather than he is to you Lucius, and you think that is an acceptable way to bring up a child?" Rodolphus shook his head following after the others

with Rabastan right behind him. When Lucius looked at Severus expectantly he was shocked when the dark haired man just met his gaze and walked off as well.

"These are perfect," Harry grinned happily picking up a bumper and sheet set with stars on them.

"These are also acceptable," Tom picked up a set that had leaves moving in a falling motion down them.

"How about these?" Hermione suggested uncertainly from a little further down the aisle holding up a set with a Griffin, centaur, fairy and hippogriff playing happily on it.

"They are also acceptable. Do you want anymore?" Tom asked Harry who was smiling happily at him as Hermione breathed out a sigh of relief.

"No, three should be enough," Harry shook his head.

"Ok, blankets...we are going to need to get neutral ones or a few of each," Tom frowned.

"We could get a couple of neutral ones and one of each for a boy and girl," Harry suggested eyeing up the various blankets.

"Ok so neutral would be a white, yellow, green, this burnished orange is rather nice...and this light pink is nice," Tom picked up the various blankets and carefully laid them over his arm before reclaiming Harry's hand.

"What do you think, the dark blue or the lighter blue?" Harry frowned looking between them.

"I like both," Tom shrugged. "You pick,"

"Hmm...the lighter one then," Harry picked it up and laid it over the others on Tom's arm, missing the amused look he got from Tom, Hermione and Fenrir. Hermione shook her head slightly, only Harry would treat the Dark Lord with a notorious temper/homicidal problem so candidly and easily. Harry however with distracted for aiming for the swaddling blankets. A white, yellow and green one were added over Tom's arm.

"Is that everything from this aisle?" Tom asked.

"Hmm...yes," Harry nodded.

"Lucius take these to the till," Tom commanded handing the blankets over and the set he was handing, motioning to Hermione to pass the two she was holding to the irritated looking blonde.

"The last thing in this shop is carriers and prams," Rabastan smiled at Harry but the younger man tilted his head and eyed him curiously, easily picking up on the tension around his eyes and the slight forcedness to his smile.

"What's wrong?" Harry asked simply catching Tom's attention.

"Nothing Little Lord," Rabastan shook his head, his smile becoming a little more honest.

"What's wrong?" Harry repeated with a little more force.

"We were just addressing Lucius's archaic ideas of raising a child and some of the ideas that he has placed into Draco's head," Rodolphus sighed.

"Ideas?" Harry frowned.

"Ideas above his station and out of Lucius's control, despite him believing to the opposite. It is nothing to worry about," Tom answered instead causing Rabastan, Rodolphus and Severus to look at him shocked.

"You knew My Lord?" Severus asked stunned.

"Of course I knew do you think I am an idiot?" Tom's eyes narrowed as they turned to take in Lucius's back at the counter.

"Knew what?" Harry asked concerned looking between the Malfoy Lord's back and Tom.

"I will explain another time, today is about the baby," Tom shook his head kissing the back of Harry's hand.

"Hmm, come on then, pram," Harry huffed but he squeezed Tom's fingers as he tugged him to the pram section before his eyes widened as he took in the amount of prams that were lined along the aisle. "This could take a while," He winced.

"I can't see what the difference is!" Harry hissed at Tom twenty minutes later while the shop assistant eagerly displayed and explained two of the most expensive prams. Looking around Hermione and Tom seemed to be the only ones listening, Fenrir was leaning against the shelves next to Harry blinking blankly at the annoyingly chipper assistant, Rabastan and Rodolphus were sitting on one of the display stands that the most expensive pram had been taken from playing an increasingly intense game on rock, paper, scissors. Severus looked as though he was attempting to make the assistant spontaneously combust by glaring holes into him. And Lucius kept yawning where he was slumped against the shelves. "My feet are starting to hurt as well," Harry huffed rubbing his stomach absently.

"Alright. Enough!" Tom's commanding tone had everyone's back but Harry's tensing, the assistant actually froze mid push of the pram blinking.

"Oh thank Merlin," Fenrir muttered next to him.

"Which one do you prefer?" Tom asked Harry, turning so that everyone else was excluded.

"The fourth one that we looked at," Harry pointed to the pram that had been placed back after the shop assistant had worked out that they had unlimited funds.

"That one then," Tom nodded to the pram, the shop assistant sighed and placed the two back before picking up the pram that Harry had picked. As he walked away Harry gave a sigh of relief. "Are you ok? Do you need a break?" Tom asked concerned.

"No I'm fine, my back is just a little sore still...and my ankles are hurting a little," Harry pouted slightly.

"I could give you another massage tonight," Tom murmured into Harry's ear, delighting in the blush that crept across Harry's cheeks and the hitch in his breathing, also easing the worry and nerves that had gone through him at the blatant comment. He pulled back to meet Harry's eyes as Harry's hands fisted in his robes, holding onto him tightly and trying to keep him close.

"That sounds nice," Harry smiled slightly breathlessly.

"Are you sure you don't want a break?" Tom asked scanning Harry's face.

"The longer we...I am out the higher the danger. I'm fine. Carriers," Harry smiled kissing Tom's cheek and using his grip on Tom's robes to tug him further down the aisle with a grin.

"Why do we need a carrier if we have the pram?" Tom asked confused.

"So that we can carry the baby around without having our arms taken up, but keep the baby close. It will be handy for if I want to take the baby around the garden, or when we can go shopping outside, plus I don't really want to be trundling the pram around the manor," Harry explained.

"Hm, you're right it will be handy for carrying the baby around the manor," Tom mused, blinking when Harry started laughing.

"I'm sorry, I just had this image of you sitting at your desk, all seriously doing your paperwork with the baby strapped to your chest," Harry chuckled.

"Yes well, you can't be expected to look after the baby all the time," Tom shrugged causing Harry to start chuckling again.

"So carrier?" Severus cleared his throat.

"This one is different," Rabastan picked up a dark blue one with shining stars on it.

"Oo I like that," Harry took the carrier and poked the inside feeling the layered cushioning charms and heating charms inside of it.

"This one is nice," Tom nodded.

"The straps have been charmed as well, I think there is a feather light charm on it as well," Harry nodded.

"What about a playpen?" Hermione pointed to the six playpens at the end of the shop.

"Oh yes!" Harry nodded hurrying down the aisle with Tom swiftly following after him.

"We should get a few for different rooms," Tom frowned looking the five of them over. "One of each should do," He nodded looking at Lucius who twitched before practically stomping over to the counter.

"I don't think that there is anything else that we need in here," Harry said looking around the shop.

"Rodolphus pay for everything and have it shrunk into bags. Then come next door to join us," Tom instructed passing over a pouch.

"Of course My Lord," Rodolphus nodded heading over to the counter to Lucius as the rest of them made their way outside. Going into the next shop Harry grinned happily seeing the shop was filled with clothes, toys, and all the equipment like bottles that they would need.

To say that the shop assistants were pleased and run ragged at the same time would be an understatement. As in the other shop they had sent up an account, but in this one they had the shop to themselves as Tom after getting nervous about a couple of people in the corner had managed to somehow - and Harry was happy to live in the blissful unawareness of how and just enjoy it - close the shop to everyone but themselves.

And so it had begun. The shop assistants were running backwards and forwards from the group ringing up everything that Tom and Harry were picking out, Rabastan, Rodolphus, Lucius and Severus had become holders for the smaller items, Fenrir for the bigger ones until the shop assistants came back to take the next load.

Vests, socks, sleep suits, shirts, jumpers, pants, jeans, shorts, hats, coats, cardigans, scratch mitts, gloves were all loaded picked out in various numbers and age groups and all in neutral shades.

"Tom look at this," Harry smiled brightly picking out a dressing gown with lion ears on the hood and a tail on the seat. He blinked confused at the look on Tom's face as he looked at him holding the dressing gown over the bump of his stomach. "You don't like the lion?" He asked with a small pout.

"No, no I like it, add it in," Tom shook his head. Grinning Harry handed it to Rabastan's pile before checking out the all in one sleep suits.

"He's adding about double what you do, and he's putting in what you like but put back," Hermione said quietly, eyeing the Dark Lord who was currently piling five different age groups of a set of dungarees with a cute white snake stitched onto the front into Rodolphus's arms.

"I don't want to spend too much, which he knows. He's really happy about the baby," Harry also glanced to Tom before answering Hermione just as quietly.

"You mentioned in your letters that he was happy about the baby. You seem to be...settling," Hermione said before wincing.

"I take it you are asking about our relationship?" Harry grinned.

"Yes, apparently poorly," Hermione laughed.

"There's a...pull to him. He's not what we thought, and definitely not what the 'light' side portrayed him to be. He's still the Dark Lord, but not with me, and it's not just because of the baby, the things that he is doing, how he treats me aren't necessary for the health or happiness of the baby, they aren't necessary to get his heir. He knew that I wasn't expecting to live this out but he's promised my safety. And he treats me well, spoils me, wants to look after me. I... he's struggling to understand why he feels certain ways for me, but I'm pretty sure its affection, definitely lust. If we have a chance, then I'm going to take it. Especially with the baby in the picture," Harry explained.

"As long as it is what you want Harry, and that he is looking after you and not hurting you, then you know I'm behind you," Hermione smiled hugging him tightly. "Its is really weird hugging you now, it feels like you have a melon stuffed up your top," She mumbled into his shoulder.

"Hey!" Harry laughed pulling back to glare at her.

"Do you want to buy some toys Harry?" Tom asked from right behind them. Turning Harry easily caught the flash of anger and jealousy in Tom's red eyes, his glare directed to Hermione who backed away a few steps.

"Sure, I think we have more than enough clothes," Harry laughed glancing over to the counter where the owner was frantically ringing things up. Reaching out he linked his fingers through Tom's and met his glare when he looked down at him, watching as his eyes softened visibly. Smiling Harry lifted Tom's hand and kissed the back of it. "Hermione is like a sister to me, there is nothing there to feel jealous about,"

"I'm not jealous," Tom protested, knowing that it sounded weak even to his own ears, thankfully no one else could hear. Harry's grin however told him that he had read through it.

"Of course not, but should there be the possibility of it, there is no need," Harry assured him. "Now come on, I want to get a mobile," Harry pulled Tom over to the selection of mobiles.

"I remember this song..." Tom's soft voice had Harry automatically tightening his hand around Tom's as they listened to one of the mobiles.

"From when you were a baby?" Harry asked.

"I can not remember it exactly, but it is familiar," Tom mused reaching out to brush his fingers over the different coloured dragons who were lazily flapping their wings.

"I like it, shall we take it?" Harry suggested.

"Yes, that would be nice," Tom nodded absently.

"Hey you ok?" Harry asked concerned.

"I'm just thinking how important it is to make sure that our baby has different starts than ours," Tom sighed.

"You'll make sure they do. You'll protect us, I'll protect and make sure the baby is ok, we'll be a family and the baby will have a good and happy life," Harry told him firmly.

"Are you telling me or ordering me that that is how its going to go?" Tom smiled down at Harry.

"Both. You're a strong wizard and now you have even more to fight for," Harry shrugged.

"I have everything to fight for," Tom sighed leaning down to press their lips together firmly. Harry was completely shocked by the firmness of the kiss, this was none of the light, chaste brushing kisses they had been exchanging. It took him a second to get passed the shock, but then he pressed back, gripping back onto the front of Tom's robes. Harry felt his senses tingling at the pressure of their lips and Tom's heat absorbing into his body.

Sighing contently as Tom pulled away Harry allowed his eyes to flutter open as Tom's hands gently cupped the bump of his stomach. Smiling he placed his eyes over the top of Tom's, ignoring the gawping group that he could just about see over Tom's shoulders.

"We'll be fine, all three of us," Harry said meeting Tom's eyes again.

"My Lord...can I take these over to the counter now?" Rodolphus grunted as he struggled passed them, his arms loaded down with clothes, baby towels, cuddly toys and other baby toys, including the rattle hanging off his finger.

"Hang on," Harry smirked balancing the mobile on top of the pile. "Don't drop anything now,"

"You are evil Little Lord," Rodolphus groaned staggering towards the counter. Hermione quickly hurried forwards to guide him through the aisles considering the mobile now impaired 85% of his sight.

"You have an evil streak in you," Tom chuckled. Harry blinked at the unusual sound, it was a little husky but it warmed him and made his heart jump.

"Of course I do, the hat wanted to put me in Slytherin first after all," Harry grinned at managing to pull a stunned look onto Tom's face and he wandered over to the counter. "I think that's everything that we need for now,"

"Oh thank Merlin!" Severus groaned.

"Is something the matter Severus?" Harry grinned.

"Yes my arms, they are currently in the process of telling me that they are in risk of falling off!" Severus grumbled.

"I would apologise," Harry smirked.

"Except you did have an option to say no," Tom wrapped his arm around Harry's waist as he stepped up behind him.

"We did not realise that we would be buying half the shop," Fenrir snorted walking awkwardly over with a large box that was almost as tall as him.

"Tom, what is that?" Harry blinked trying not to laugh at the awkward hobble.

"You hang it in doorways, there is a seat for the baby. It bounces," Tom explained.

"Are you sure this is everything?" Rabastan said sarcastically.

"Fairly sure, if not I'm sure one of you could come out for it," Harry smiled sweetly.

"You are evil," Rabastan sighed.

"I know," Harry shrugged as he watched their piles slowly diminishing as the workers rang everything up. Leaning back against Tom's chest he smiled a little more at the warm, content feeling of safety and happiness swelled even further in his own chest.

Girl or Boy?

Chapter Summary

Fate decides to play with Harry's life again, giving him a chance at a family but with the most shocking father. After the Order lock him up Harry flees to the father where they both may get a second chance

Chapter eight

"What's that?" Tom asked softly as he walked into their evening living room. Once they had gotten back to the manor they had had a late lunch before Harry had settled down in the Green room going through all the clothes they had bought, folding them and placing them in the chest of draws that they had bought for the nursery, of course it was a huge carved pine piece that would fit in perfectly in the manor, but Tom liked it and Harry didn't mind how fancy it was, the carvings of Griffins around the outside were lovely. Tom had sat alternately going through his paperwork and looking at the different things they had bought.

After supper Tom had had to have his meeting with the Death Eaters before quickly making his way to their evening living room where Harry had been without his 'shadow guards' as he called Rodolphus and Rabastan for the first time. Stepping inside he found Harry seated on his favourite sofa staring at the letter in his hands. When Tom walked in he didn't even look up concerning to the older man, so he made his way over before speaking.

"Oh is the meeting over already?" Harry blinked turning to look at the clock.

"Yes, have you been sitting here the whole time staring at that? What is it?" Tom frowned concerned as he seated himself next to Harry.

"Hermione slipped it to me before Rabastan took her back. It's a letter from Ron," Harry sighed looking back to the letter with a small frown.

"He is your other friend correct? I did not want to ask because you were upset enough but what was his part in everything that happened at the Order?" Tom asked the question that had been burning on his mind for weeks now.

"He wasn't there...by the time that I got to Headquarters Ron and Ginny had been sent to Egypt to stay with Bill and Fleur for the summer to keep them safe. I know exactly what Ginny would say...but Ron...I...I didn't want to think about it, he's not the most understanding and he has a tendency to fly off the handle about things. But it seems that Bill, Fleur and Ron caught wind of what had happened and came back. Ron wrote this and asked Hermione to give it to me, she said I should read it," Harry admitted.

"Then why haven't you?" Tom asked quietly. Harry sighed and dropped his hands into his lap looking back up at Tom.

"Ron was my first ever friend, the first person my own age who had actually been nice to me, and he didn't make me feel like an idiot or wrong for not knowing about the wizarding world and details about it the way Draco did. He's been a prat at times over the years, but they're outweighed by the times he's stood beside me. I love him like a brother. I don't want to open that and read what the others all told me while I was at the Headquarters," Harry admitted quietly. "I've been trying to will myself to read it...but I haven't even been able to open it,"

"What...what if I opened it for you and read it out?" Tom suggested unsurely, feeling that heat pulse through his body when wide green eyes met his.

"Would you?" Harry breathed out in relief.

"Of course! If you don't mind," Harry bit his lip lowering his eyes. Tom found himself moving before he realised it, acting on instinct as he had been doing from the moment Harry had stepped into his office, bedraggled and tired. Reaching forward to gently touch Harry's cheek Tom leant in and brushed their lips together gently, barely a touch before he slipped his hand around to the back of Harry's neck and pressed in firmer, opening his lips slightly and closing his eyes in pressure as Harry made a noise of pleasure into his mouth and followed his example, opening his own mouth allowing Tom to deepen the kiss. The taste of Harry got the better of Tom and he thrust his tongue hungrily into Harry's mouth leaning in closer to him, tilting him slightly back against the arm of the sofa and running his other hand gently over the bump that protected their growing baby to slip further back to cup Harry's hip.

The groan that Harry gave out was pure need and did nothing to help Tom's state. It had been too long since he had had someone in his arms, he was no monk by any means but it had been a long time, and even longer since he had feelings for his partner, and he seriously doubted any of them had been as strong or as seriously complicated as they were for Harry. Harry buried his fingers into Tom's hair and tugged him closer as he awkwardly tucked his leg up onto the sofa and rested it alongside Tom on the sofa so that he could turn properly into Tom's heat.

Tilting his head so he could taste Harry even deeper Tom pressed himself into the cradle of Harry's thighs, carefully keeping himself raised so he wasn't pressing on Harry's stomach, even while Harry's hands tugged demandingly on his hair. When he tore their mouths apart Tom started making his way along Harry's jaw and down his neck as Harry was sucking in deep lungful of air, tipping his head back helpfully for Tom to carry on his exploration before moving swiftly back up and fastening their mouths together. When he felt a slender hand at his belt buckle however he moved quickly to intercept it, parting their lips with a reluctant groan.

"We can't," He shook his head.

"What? Why! I want to, you seem to want to, it won't hurt the baby! Tom..." Harry's plaintive tone along with his alluring gemstone eyes nearly made Tom give in, but he shook his head resolutely. "Do...do you not want me?"

"Merlin Harry don't look at me like that? It's hard enough saying no as it is," Tom nearly pleaded.

"Then why?" Harry's bottom lip was actually pouting and his eyes filling up leaving Tom torn between sucking on that pout before stripping Harry down and shagging him silly, and hugging him close.

"Because..." Tom cleared his throat as his voice actually cracked. "Because Healer Burns said you had to take it easy until your next appointment with him and he gave you the all clear, and today has been busy and stressful enough,"

"I'm not tired!" Harry snapped, the tears and pout disappearing and an annoyed glare and huff appearing instead.

"Mentally no, but I don't want to risk you straining your body!" Tom argued.

"I'm not tired! I'm horny! Half the time my libido in in full gear and I want you! And you're the reason I'm horny! With your touches and now with your kisses and it was your...your... your minion that helped put me in this state so...so fix it!" Harry ranted. Tom blinked at him throughout the rant before his lips twitched. "Don't you laugh at me mister its not funny! I'm walking around with a sore back, my ankles are starting to swell, I have a quaffle stuffed up my shirt and half the time I am half hard!"

"I apologise Harry, I do not find your erm predicament amusing, I am just wondering how Lucius would enjoy being called my minion. And I will fix it as soon as Burns gives us the all clear, believe me you are not the only one that wants this. And you do not look like you have a quaffle stuffed up your shirt, you look perfect," Tom assured him, fighting from smiling as the pout came back.

"Don't lie to make me feel better," Harry huffed crossing his arms and looking to the side. He jumped when he felt his shirt...well Tom's shirt being undone and then gentle brushes of kisses being placed on every inch of his stomach.

"I won't ever lie to you Harry, not even to make you feel better. I would not do you that dishonour. You look perfect as you are. You are carrying a baby, our baby, you are carrying my little miracle, that could never be anything put perfect to me and everything that comes with it, even puffy ankles," Tom said quietly, his hand slipping under the bottom of Harry's jeans to stroke said ankle. "I am not good at saying what I really feel or think, or for it being particularly nice when it comes out," Tom sighed exasperated closing his eyes.

"You're doing just fine so far," Harry smiled, running his fingers through Tom's hair soothingly and getting those eyes to meet his. "I thought you were known for your silver tongue though," he added getting a snort from Tom.

"Yes, with idiotic sycophants who are easy to read. I tell them what they want to hear and draw them in or get them to reveal what I want. Not with someone I care about and when I am trying to say how I feel," Tom sighed.

"Not exactly experienced in that area myself Tom. As long as you tell me to truth I don't mind how you say it," Harry smiled, seeing Tom's raised eyebrow he blushed. "Well, perhaps a little, how you are saying things now is just fine,"

"I...is that..." Tom raised his head wide eyed when he felt something against his cheek where it had been resting lightly on Harry's stomach. Grinning Harry nodded.

"He or she heard knows their dad's voice," Harry said gazing down at his stomach, but he caught the smile covering Tom's lips as he rested his hand onto the slope of the bump.

"That's something we are going to have to think about," Tom said after a moment of waiting for more movement.

"Hmm?" Harry asked absently enjoying the caressing hand on his stomach.

"What do we want the baby to call us?" Tom answered.

"Oh yeah, never thought about that, we can't both be dad. Do you have any preferences?" Harry asked softly, placing one hand on top of Tom's and the other back into his hair.

"I do not want to be father, that is too...no. Did you know I was originally from Wales?" Tom asked seemingly going off conversation.

"I know the manor is in Wales obviously, but I didn't know you were originally here," Harry answered slowly.

"The orphanage I went to was in Cardiff. In Welsh Tad means father, and you could be dad?" Tom suggested.

"Tad and dad. I think that sounds good," Harry smiled nodding.

"Good," Tom smiled honestly back raising himself up to kiss Harry again. He kept it from getting too heated this time, but Harry was still looking thoroughly kissed when he pulled away.

"Sure you won't change your mind?" Harry asked hopefully. Tom groaned at the temptation Harry posed to him, lying there flushed, lips swollen with their kisses, top open revealing more of his perfect skin and his bump, lust hazy green eyes blinking hopefully at him.

"No, not till Burns gives you the all clear, no," He shook his head. It had sounded a lot firmer in his head but oh well.

"And when will Burns be here next?" Harry huffed, his eyes taking on that glaring edge again that did nothing to help Tom's predicament.

"Tomorrow if I can help it," Tom muttered just loud enough for Harry to hear as he pulled himself into a sitting position on the sofa, the smirk on Harry's face telling him he had heard.

"Good," Harry nodded also sitting up. He bit his lip again slightly before he turned and pressed himself against Tom's side. Tom blinked before slowly lifting his arm and placing it

over Harry's shoulders allowing him to get more comfortable against his chest, legs tucked up on the sofa, head and one of his hands resting on Tom's chest. Reaching his hand out Tom caught the blanket that was now Harry's and tucked it around them.

"Here," Harry sighed holding the letter that had started all this out to him.

"Are you sure?" Tom asked already reaching for it.

"Yeah, I can't open it for myself, but its going to drive me nuts," Harry nodded resting his head back on Tom's chest and snuggling into him. Tom blinked down even as he took the letter, no one had snuggled up to him, ever! And was Harry, trusting him and snuggling up to him.

"Alright," Tom twisted slightly so that he could open the envelope without having to remove his arm from behind Harry. "Ready?"

"Go on," Harry nodded fisting his hand in Tom's shirt.

"Dear Harry,

Firstly if you are thinking that I am with these idiots then stop right now! You really think that I would agree with what they did to you? That I would agree with them trying to take something that you so clearly want, never mind the fact that they were trying to kill a person, whether its been born yet or not, and that they attacked you! I would never agree with that. As to it being his well, you can't exactly do anything normally can you mate? Hermione tells me that you are with him, that he is treating you good and that you are actually happy there. Can't say that I don't find it weird, or that this isn't a difficult situation. But if he really is looking after you and you are happy, and that your baby is safe and you are both going to be looked after, I don't have much of an argument. You're my little brother Harry, you come before everything else, you are the first person that saw me with any real worth instead of the youngest Weasley boy. Harry stop your worrying right now, Bill, Fleur and I came back as fast as we could when Hermione wrote to us. We're all on your side! I want you to be safe and happy Harry, don't worry. Oh yes and the Order are know he has a spy in the transport department. I love you Harry, remember that and hopefully I will see you soon. Stay safe and healthy and keep us all updated on the baby, Hermione is chewing her nails out here!

Ron," Tom finished reading out the letter and glanced down at Harry. Harry was staring at his hand on his chest which was clenching the fabric tightly, his shoulders tense.

"I wasn't sure what I was expecting," Harry finally said after a few moments.

"He's on your side," Tom said gently.

"I hoped but I honestly thought...and he warned you about the spy," Harry blinked looking up at Tom.

"That will be helpful to know, we actually have three but if they know there is at least one they will be watching," Tom smirked leaning down to kiss Harry's forehead.

"Hmm, today has been a good day," Harry smiled widely resting his chin on Tom's chest.

"You enjoyed it?" Tom asked curiously settling down.

"Mm hm, we have most of what we need for the baby now, when we find out the sex we can decorate the nursery and get it all set up. And you've seemed more comfortable with this," Harry grinned at him when Tom looked flustered.

"Shush you," Tom grumbled.

"You could make me," Harry raised an eyebrow, watching delighted as red eyes darkened before Tom was sweeping down on him.

That night when Tom walked Harry to his bedroom, his hand on his normal spot at the base of his back, and Harry's mind was ticking over. Hermione was always telling him that he over thought things, and he knew he was, he knew what he wanted but telling Tom was a whole other matter.

"Harry? What is wrong?" Tom's blunt question had him wincing and realising that his time had run out for this.

"I wanted to ask you something, if you don't want to and your not comfortable with it I will understand and I won't be upset or offended or anything I promise but I was just..."

"Harry breathe!" Tom said concerned watching as Harry sucked in a breath. "What is wrong?"

"Sleep with me!" Harry blurted out.

"Harry we discussed this..." Tom groaned.

"No, no I don't mean...no, not like that. I mean sleep, in the bed, just sleep," Harry rambled gesturing with his hands slightly wildly.

"Oh, are you sure? I don't mind sleeping on the sofa," Tom searched Harry's face intently making sure that this wasn't some sort of guilt thing on Harry's part. They paused outside of Harry's room facing each other so Harry captured Tom's larger hands in his own, measuring their hands against each other so he didn't have to look at Tom.

"Its silly you sleeping on the sofa when there is a big bed, I...I like being close to you, I feel safer, and I like having you close, I would like it but if you don't want to I understand I'll..." Harry would deny that the sound he let out was a squeak when he found himself pressed up against his door with a very demanding, hungry and toe curling Dark Lord kissing the life out of him.

When Tom pulled away blinked dazedly at him pressing his fingers to him swollen lips with a grin.

"That a yes?" Harry grinned.

"Yes," Tom nodded firmly herding Harry into the room as though he was afraid he was going to change his mind. Chuckling to himself and ignoring the glare Tom gave him Harry made his way to the bed, stripping off his socks and trousers before slipping into the bed wearing only Tom's shirt.

"Definitely getting Burns here tomorrow or I'll torture the man," Tom muttered to himself where he was blinking at the end of the bed.

"Are you coming to bed?" Harry asked snuggling under the covers. Harry had never seen anyone strip so fast, Tom was down to his boxers in so quickly Harry wondered whether he used magic. Smiling at him when he stood at the edge of the bed Harry lifted the covers for Tom to slip into the bed with him. At that point Harry lost his confidence. Would Tom want him to snuggle with him? Would he get fed up with Harry moving into his arms all the time. Maybe he didn't like cuddling with people in bed and liked his own space. Maybe...

Harry looked up when Tom shuffled his way till he was almost in the centre and held his arm out, his face blank but his eyes showed his nerves. However Harry was already moving and he settled onto his side resting his head on Tom's warm, strong shoulder and slipped his arm over his trim stomach. Seeing Tom almost naked was nearly too much for Harry's rising libido but he had realised Tom was not going to risk him or the baby until Burns cleared Harry so he did his best to stamp down on the rising lust at getting to see the pale, toned and slightly surprisingly muscled form Tom hid underneath his robes.

While he had a slender and lithe frame that Harry would guess came from lack of proper nutrients in his childhood, much like Harry himself, his stomach was nicely toned with a four pack showing that he kept himself healthy and fit, his muscled arms wrapped around Harry's form and held him closely as Harry ran his hand over the dust of black hair over his strong chest.

"Mm night Tom," Harry smiled into the muscles of Tom's chest.

"Goodnight Harry," Tom sighed, contentment clear in his voice as one of his hands settled over Harry's stomach.

When Harry blinked awake as normal he took in everything around him, his normal scan of the baby showed a higher than normal content buzz, there was something warm against his cheek and a hand was running through his hair. wriggling deeper into the warm body and covers Harry yawned as he opened his eyes, finding his head resting in Tom's lap where he was propped up against the headboard reading. When he saw that Harry was awake he stopped running his fingers through Harry's hair and smiled down at him. That smile always made Harry feel accepted and wanted, not to mention special, Tom didn't smile at people outside of the innermost circle, so for him to smile so often at Harry made every one special to Harry.

"Don't stop," Harry sighed moving his head slightly to encourage Tom.

"Demanding," Tom drawled but started again. "Did you sleep well?" he asked concerned.

"Better than I have in a long time," Harry sighed, his eyes fluttering shut again. "Have you been awake long?" Harry asked softly.

"Not really, an hour or so, I sent a letter to Burns and have been reading this," Tom lowered the book in his hands to allow Harry to read the title making him smile when he realised it was one of the books on male pregnancy that they had bought the day before.

"Anything interesting yet?" Harry asked curiously as he carefully slid his hand across Tom's lap.

"You should be eating more red meat," Tom answered. "Harry we discussed this," he said warningly.

"Burns better come today or I am going to torture him," Harry huffed.

"How is the baby this morning?" Tom asked trying to cheer Harry up a little.

"A lot happier than normal, I think it can sense when you are close," Harry indeed perked up grinning proudly as he looked at Tom. "See feel," Harry captured Tom's hand and pressed it to his stomach swelling out his magic. The happy little buzz they got back brought content smiles to both their mouths,

"I do not think I will ever tire of that!" Tom said happily, smiling even wider as he felt the fluttering of movement underneath his hand.

"It definitely knows its Tad," Harry laughed at the feeling. "I am going to miss that when the baby is here," Harry admitted.

"But we will have our little one to hold in our arms," Tom felt his chest warming at the thought.

"That will make it worth it. And I'm sure I won't be agreeing once the baby finds my organs," Harry grinned.

"Come on, shower and breakfast," Tom said sliding out of bed and gently tugging Harry into a sitting position. "How is your stomach today?" He asked concerned.

"Well...I'm really hungry and not one hint of nausea," Harry said triumphantly.

"That is good, I did not like seeing you feeling ill," Tom admitted crouching down to brush a kiss to the bump of Harry's stomach. The nausea had been coming and going in different strengths for the last few weeks, but the last couple of days it had stayed away much to Harry's relief. "Erm, Tom if we are going to wait, you really need to move your left hand," Harry breathed out slightly breathlessly.

"Hm? Oh, my apologies," Tom smirked standing again.

"You could sound a little more sorry," Harry grumbled wiggling his hand at Tom for help. The last week or so Harry had been finding it difficult to get up off of things having to put a hell of a lot more effort into it than normal, and apparently getting up off things was now up there with sex in things Harry wasn't allowed to do.

"Do not pout, I want you and the baby to be as safe as you can be, if that means you being helped up off of things then so be it," Tom said before tilting Harry's head back with his finger before kissing him hungrily and thoroughly. Harry was glad to know he wasn't the only one eager for this.

"Master, Healer Burns is being in the Green Room," Missy popped in with a bow just as Harry was pouring himself a second cup of tea.

"Take your time Burns will..."

"Nope I'm done, come on," Harry shook his head levering himself to his feet.

"What about your tea?" Tom smirked leaning back in his seat. Glaring darkly at him Harry was aware that everyone else was watching the exchange confused.

"Missy could you take my tea cup to the Green room please? Rabastan, Rodolphus come on," Harry smirked back before starting to make his way to the door. The two brothers scrambled to their feet, their orders were to stick with Harry after all. Blinking Tom watched as Missy picked up Harry's tea cup and disappeared before turning to see Harry, Rabastan and Rodolphus disappearing out the room. Shaking his head and looking amused he motioned for Severus to follow him before standing and following Harry.

"Oh you are coming?" Harry grinned over his shoulder as Tom and Severus caught up to them.

"Do not be cheeky," Tom scowled wrapping his arm around Harry's waist as Rabastan and Rodolphus turned their heads trying not to let their amusement show, Severus was just smirking outright.

"Then do not tease," Harry merely grinned up at him. Tom let out a snort of amusement shaking his head.

"You will ruin my carefully created reputation,"

"I've always been different," Harry shrugged.

"Ah My Lord, Lord Harry," Healer Burns smiled as they walked into the room, Tom still shaking his head at him.

"Oh joy, you have heard about the name change as well," Harry rolled his eyes.

"Of course Lord Harry, Our Lord announced it at the meeting after I saw you," Burns nodded looking amused.

"Wonderful," Harry said dryly eyeing Tom who just blinked back at him.

"Alright Lord Harry, if you will lie down please I will run some diagnostics and check on your progress and the baby's," Burns motioned to the sofa. Harry glanced at Tom suddenly feeling nervous. Tom's arm moved around so that he could take Harry's hand and gave it a gentle squeeze.

Once he had lain down Burns set to work, casting various diagnostic spells and randomly writing things down in the file that he had with him. He was clearly doing a thorough check up as it was nearly thirty minutes before he sat back.

"Alright I am happy with the progress that you are making, the potions have already started making an improvement, everything seems to be moving along nicely and you are getting much healthier. And I am very pleased with the baby, it is completely healthy, the magical womb is strong and the amniotic fluid good, the placenta and umbilical cord doing a good job, the baby is developing exactly at the speed it should, and showing awareness to the word around it," Burns smiled at them all.

"So the baby is doing good?" Harry asked letting out a relieved breath as Tom came to sit on the arm of the sofa.

"The baby and yourself are doing very good," Burns nodded.

"So...am I off watch now? He won't even let me stand up by myself," Harry said pleadingly, ignoring the cough that Tom gave to hide his laughter.

"You are fine to move about more now, but take it easy yes? You are still nearly six months pregnant, your activities should match that," Burns said before blinking when Harry's face lit up. "Lord Harry are you alright you look a little...oh, oh! That is also completely natural, and slightly advised," Burns grinned as his eyes flicked to Tom's face before focussing on Harry's again, amusement clear on his face.

"Thanks," Harry muttered embarrassed.

"Now, I can check the sex of the baby and give you a picture of it so far if you would like?" Burns offered watching both men perk up excitedly.

"You can do that now?" Tom asked.

"I have brought the machine used to take the picture and the sex will be simple from that," Burns smiled reaching into his bag and pulling out a slender machine with a pencil thin 8 inch attachment. "Ok Lord Harry if you could just raise your shirt," Burns requested flicking a nervous look to Tom. Shuffling slightly Harry tugged up his shirt to reveal his stomach before settling back down. He looked up at Tom when a warm hand settled on his shoulder noticing the nerves and excitement in those red eyes. Taking a slightly shaky breath of his own he reached up and placed his hand over Tom's before looking down as Burns pressed the pencil like thing to the centre of his stomach.

The machine let out fifteen beeps, he counted them, before there was a faint whizzing noise, Burns tapped the end gently with his wand muttering a spell before they all looked as the larger section of the machine started spitting out a small picture that they could already see

was moving. Burns waited until it was fully done before removing the machine from Harry's stomach and once he set it to the side he picked up the picture.

"Well...we are going to be getting a Prince My Lords," Burns fairly beamed looking up at them and handing over the picture. Harry quickly sat up and shuffled back to rest against the arm of the chair to look at the picture with Tom. There in the centre was the shape of their baby, arms, legs and head clear. Harry watched the little arms moving around, his...his! legs kicking and shifting with his body.

"Harry?" Tom's voice sounded slightly panicked as he heard Harry sniffing. Looking up into awed red eyes with his own watery ones he smiled happily.

"A son," Harry choked out.

"Thank you," Tom barely breathed out bending down to brush a tender kiss to Harry's lips, the contact saying everything that he wanted to say and couldn't in front of the others. Harry's eyes fluttered shut and he pressed his hand to Tom's cheek. Pulling back they both turned their eyes to the picture again to watch their son moving around in the picture. The other four in the room sharing smiles but staying quiet as they watched their Lord smiling and fairly glowing for the first time in their memories.

Articles

Chapter Summary

Fate decides to play with Harry's life again, giving him a chance at a family but with the most shocking father. After the Order lock him up Harry flees to the father where they both may get a second chance

Chapter nine

Harry looked up from the picture he had been gazing at for most of the morning when Severus walked into the Green Room. Tom had been called away to an emergency meeting, it seemed that one of his minions had been caught doing something they really shouldn't have in the Ministry and now Tom and the others had to work to get him out of trouble and smooth it over. Lucius had left grumbling about Fudge, money and couldn't he just fry the little imbecil.

He had been slightly annoyed that Tom hadn't been able to stick around so that they could take care of the little problem that had been discussed the day before, but he was deliriously happy and content after getting to see his baby and know what he was having. After writing letters to Hermione, Fred and George, Ron, Bill and Fleur and, after hesitating, to Neville updating them on everything that they needed to be updated on he had simply sat smiling at the moving picture in his hand. Smiling even wider when he remembered Tom had copied it and taken it with him tucked carefully into his top pocket before he left after a deep kiss for Harry.

"Have you put that down?" Severus asked amused as he held out the vial of potion Harry was due. It went to show his mood when Harry just took the potion and knocked it back.

"Nope. Its weird, I knew I was pregnant, I've seen the bump growing, I've been able to feel the baby, and he's started moving lately, but it feels more real now seeing him...and knowing he's a him," Harry laughed happily finally looking up from the picture as Severus sat down.

"I wanted to give you this. Your mother bought one just like it when she found out she was having you," Severus explained looking a little embarrassed as he held out the neatly wrapped gift. Harry slowly reached out and took the present before opening it with painstaking care to reveal a photo frame with three different sections to it. "She put all your scan picture in there and kept them on the fireplace," Severus told him.

"Thank you Severus," Harry blinked rapidly but the tears were falling before he could really stop himself.

"I didn't mean to upset you, I should have thought! I'm sorry you don't need to be reminded of this today, I'm foolish for..I'm...Harry?" Severus looked down shocked at the hand that was wrapped tightly around his own. Looking up he found Harry smiling brightly at him, though he still had tears in his eyes.

"I love it Severus, thank you, really. Its just my bloody hormones, I cried because one of the house elves had brought me hot chocolate before I asked the other day, the poor things were nearly hysterical," Harry laughed embarrassed.

"You really like it?" Severus asked concerned, a little embarrassed himself at his outburst that Harry was kindly ignoring.

"Really I love it. I can put a picture of the baby in the third bit when he's born," Harry smiled as he slipped the scan into the top section.

"Is everything alright? I can smell tears!" Fenrir burst into the room looking frantically around before settling his eyes on Harry and Severus. "Alright Little Lord?" Fenrir asked cautiously eyeing Severus.

"Yes, just hormones, I got overly happy," Harry smiled as he carefully set the picture frame onto the table in front of him. He shook his head slightly as he took in the hilarity of the situation. He was sitting smiling at the scan picture of his and Voldemort's child, Severus Snape had just given him a gift and was still holding his hand gently as though it was made of glass, and Fenrir Greyback had just burst into the room concerned for him because he had smelt tears and Harry had barely jumped after recognising the fact that it was Fenrir's voice.

"...Arry..Harry!" Severus's voice broke through his thoughts and he looked up to find Fenrir and Severus looking at him concerned. "Are you alright? I called your name several times,"

"I was just thinking how strange this whole situation is," Harry smiled, before quickly assuring them when he saw their worried looks. "Not in a bad way, just strange,"

"If someone had told us six months ago that Harry Potter would be pregnant with Our Lord's first child, living in the mansion happily and even providing help for the war, while talking to us like normal human beings we probably would have cursed them before checking them into St Mungo's for mental checks," Fenrir snorted as he flopped ungraciously onto the sofa.

"How did it go with the Death Eater?" Harry asked curiously as he leant forward to pour them all a cup of tea from the pot that appeared on his coffee table.

"Oh, that was sorted pretty quickly, Lucius flashed some coins under Fudge's nose, our undercover spies in the Ministry prodded in the right direction and we managed to have the Chicken member who had given the aurors the Death Eaters name checked out and revealed to be part of the 'vigilanty' group who are 'hindering the effectiveness in which the Ministry can react to attacks'. Our Death Eater has been given several public apologies and probably won't be looked at twice for months for fear of upsetting him further. Our Lord also spoke to the Death Eaters in the transport section, they're pretty sure they know who the Order spy could be but they're going to work at confirming it for the next meeting," Fenrir smiled wolfishly.

"I still can't believe I didn't know that, Dumbledore must be doubting me for me not to know something like that," Severus sighed.

"So tell him that I am here. That will no doubt get you back into his good books," Harry shrugged.

"What?" Severus and Fenrir both choked out, looking for all the world like Harry had informed them that he had caught Dumbledore performing ballet wearing only the Sorting Hat.

"Well Tom said that it was up to me whether or not to tell the public I am here when the news papers report on what happened. I've decided it will work in our best interests to tell them everything, including the fact that I am with Tom. As much as I enjoy the idea of Moody attempting to track me through the muggle world, it will gain you their trust back if you tell them where I am before it comes out in the news papers," Harry explained.

"That would put you in danger though," Severus frowned.

"Not really. If they find this manner then Tom is in danger anyway, if we paint this the right way then we can make the Order look like the bastards they are, while Tom took in his enemy and looked after me and his unborn son. It will show him in a more sympathetic and caring light to the public," Harry disagreed.

"How the hell are you a Gryffindor?" Fenrir asked stunned as he eyed Harry. With a mischievous grin to Severus Harry answered.

"Well actually the hat wanted to place me in Slytherin, but at that point I had only spoken to Hagrid and Ron, who considering how far under Dumbledore's thumb they were had given me a bad impression of anything Slytherin, and Draco who after already being sorted into Slytherin made me determined to go anywhere but there to avoid having to spend the next seven years with him. So I asked the Hat not to put me there," Harry said before taking a sip of his tea as the two grown men gawped at him.

"It makes so much sense now," Severus groaned dropping his face into his hands.

"What does?" Fenrir frowned still slightly shocked.

"Why I've not managed to catch him for even ¼ of the things I know he's done. He's a Slytherin with a Gryffindor veneer," Severus ranted throwing his arms out dramatically.

"To be fair, some of the things you accused me of I haven't done. It was Crouch stealing your ingredients during my fourth year, Dobby the House elf stole the Gillyweed for me for the Second Task and I was in too much of a panic to ask where he got it from," Harry snickered.

"And during your second year?" Severus raised his eyebrow immediately picking up on the omission.

"Ah yes, well you see, it was me and Ron that caused the explosions by throwing fireworks we had stolen from Fred and George, and it was Hermione that stole the ingredients. We

needed them for the polyjuice potion we were brewing in Moaning Myrtle's bathroom," Harry said simply, before grinning at the stumped looks he received back.

"He managed to steal from George and Fred Weasley?" Severus asked slightly stunned.

"You were brewing polyjuice potion in your second year in a girls bathroom?" Fenrir added.

"Well no one goes into that bathroom because its haunted my Mrytle so it was sfae to brew it there. We brewed it because we thought Draco could be the one that was opening the Chamber of Secrets. We knocked out Goyle and Crabbe and polyjuiced ourselves as them and got into the Slytherin common room to question Draco. In our defence we were twelve," Harry shrugged.

"You thought a twelve year old had opened the Chamber of Secrets?" Severus sneered.

"As opposed to the eleven year old who had actually opened it?" Harry shot Severus a sharp look deflating him rapidly.

"Brainwashed though she was, Harry is correct. You managed to brew polyjuice in your second year?" Tom's voice had them turning to the door to see him leaning casually against the doorframe.

"Well Hermione brewed it really," Harry shrugged smiling in welcome.

"All done My Lord?" Fenrir smirked as he moved to sit beside Severus. Tom glowered darkly at him before he leant down to kiss Harry gently as he lowered himself onto his sofa.

"Yes, I noticed you running out of there like a kicked puppy," Tom smirked when Fenrir scowled at him.

"I really detest the dog jokes," Fenrir gritted out.

"Then next time do not leave me there with that bunch of imbeciles. And do not think I did not see you sneaking off before I could even say anything Severus," Tom added with a look to Severus who tried to make himself sink into the sofa by the looks of it.

"What happened?" Harry asked slightly bemused.

"I informed my followers that they would be getting a Prince. They were starting the celebrations in the meeting chamber when I left," Tom explained.

"Celebration?" Harry asked confused.

"Little Lord, you are carrying the future heir to the Dark sect and the next Slytherin heir. Lots of people were getting worried that the line was going to die with Our Lord as he showed no signs of intending to father a child or marry, and he can not exactly be pressured into concieving an heir," Fenrir explained looking amused.

"You were accepted the minute they found out you were pregnant. You have to remember that many of Our Lord's followers respect and care for the old bloodlines. Yours alone earns

you respect," Severus added.

"Mines? As in plural?" Harry asked confused looking automatically to Tom.

"Obviously you are the last Potter, which alone would earn you a high place amongst my ranks had you decided to change sides, but also you are one of the remaining with Black blood, not to mention that it is highly suspected that the Potters were one of the surviving lines descended from the Peverelles and Gryffindor," Tom explained leaving Harry sitting looking at him stunned.

"Ok, back up. Black? How do I have Black blood in me?" He asked.

"Your paternal grandmother, Dorea was a Black. In order of blood purity the Black descendents go Draco, you, Nymphodora Tonks," Severus frowned. "You did not know?"

"No...no one told me. And the Peverelles, you mean the ones from the Beadle the Bard stories?" He asked slowly.

"Yes. Of course nearly every pureblood claims to be descended from one of the brothers, but only the family trees can tell whether you are or not, but it is widely held even among other families that the Potters come from the youngest brother," Tom nodded.

"Huh....so our son has quite the mixture of dying bloodlines," Harry huffed out a breath as he looked down at his swollen stomach.

"That's not why he is important to us, to me. He's our son," Tom said simply reaching one arm behind Harry and placing his other hand on top of Harry bump. Harry looked up at him with a smile, choosing to put the knowledge that Tom had known what was upsetting him to the back of his mind, as he lifted himself slightly to kiss Tom.

"So they're celebrating the fact he is a boy?" Harry asked when they pulled apart.

"No, they're just using it as an excuse to celebrate further. They already celebrated when I announced I was going to have a child, they would have celebrated whether it...he was a boy or a girl, and they will probably celebrate for days when he is born. Is that alright?" Tom asked concerned.

"It's nice to think that after everything with the Order, that so many people are happy for him to exist," Harry smiled putting his hand on top of Tom's.

"Well currently they are rocking the meeting hall to its rafters and breaking out wines and spirits that have been in their families for centuries," Fenrir grumbled. "And they were killing my ears,"

The door suddenly was flung open and a hysterically laughing Rabastan and Rodolphus stumbled into the room. Harry watched amused as they stumbled in and, still laughing flopped onto the last sofa.

"What may I ask is so amusing?" Tom asked.

"M...Marcus Flint is....is already completely...sm....smashed and he....and he...oh...."
Rodolphus dissolved into laughter again leaving Rabastan to take over.

"He snogged Lucius!"

"Urgh, that's an image I did not need," Harry grimaced before he burst out laughing as he tried to imagine the icy man's reaction.

"Poor Lucius," Severus snickered.

"I'm glad I left when I did," Fenrir snorted.

"Is the younger Flint still alive?" Tom asked dryly, smirking when Harry cracked up even more leaning into him as he laughed.

"His brother Jonas grabbed him and get him out of there before Lucius could recover," Rabastan nodded.

"So they really are settling in for the night?" Tom sighed as he absently started massaging Harry's neck.

"I believe so my Lord. We escorted Bellatrix out before we left," Rodolphus frowned.

"Do you not miss her?" Harry asked unsurely. Rodolphus looked slightly startled before he smiled slightly at Harry.

"Not really, we were an arranged marriage, and as you have met Bella you must know that only a saint would be able to love her, and a saint I am not. Azkaban didn't make much changes to Bellatrix's mind believe it or not. My father signed the betrothal contract between us when we were young and while the Black's had kept her hidden so her unstableness which showed even then did not get out. As soon as Our Lord wins and myself and Rabastan are no longer on the run I will be able to appeal for a divorce," Rodolphus explained.

"I'm sorry," Harry frowned.

"Nothing to be sorry about Little Lord, it's not your fault. It is part of the reason that I joined Our Lord though as a teenager," Rodolphus smiled warmly.

"I don't understand," Harry asked confused.

"Part of my aims is to abolish the marriage contracts. They benefit no one except the parents monetary wise, and as shown with Rodolphus and Bellatrix does nothing to aid the continuation of our lines. And the ministry does not allow divorces," Tom explained.

"What?" Harry choked out shocked.

"It doesn't benefit them to allow divorce Harry. Generally it is the Old families and lines that use the marriage contracts due to their concern about blood purity, the Ministry takes 15% tax from active vaults of the old families as they have the most money, you join old families together and there is going to be more in the vaults combined for them to take from. Its

probably why the Weasley family are so poor, anything that they earn, 10% is taken at the end of every financial year, not to mention how many children they have and the law suit the Malfoy's made against them 150 years ago," Tom told him.

"Law suit?" Harry had a feeling of too much information being thrown at him at once.

"Nate Weasley broke a bonding contract between himself and Christian Malfoy a week before they were due to get married, it was a humiliation and disgrace so the Malfoy's sued the Weasleys and won. Plus Nate had no good reason for doing it except he just didn't want to," Severus reeled off before catching Harry's look. "I enjoy History of Magic when its not just about Goblin wars," he shrugged.

"Yeah, anything you can do about that?" Harry asked Tom who looked back highly amused.

"I'll see what I can do," he nodded.

"Good, the only people who could stay awake in his classes are Hermione and Draco Malfoy," Harry rolled his eyes.

"Wow, that's two more people that managed it than when we were there. Even Severus was drooling with the rest of us mere mortals after second year," Rabastan snickered.

"Oh yes, Severus gave us that frame for the scans," Harry smiled pointing the frame out to Tom.

"Its very thoughtful, thank you," Tom nodded politely, his head however was spinning at the very natural 'us' that had rolled off Harry's tongue, especially as the present was clearly intended just for him. "Come its time for lunch," Tom smiled kissing Harry's hand before helping him to his feet.

"I'm not that big yet you know, and Burns said I can do things for myself," Harry pouted as Tom guided him from the room.

"Humour me," Tom drawled.

"I don't want to humour you, I want to be able to stand up on my own while I can!" Harry shocked even himself with the yell, standing blinking comically at Tom who looked perfectly calm while the other four were standing gawping stupidly at the sight of someone yelling at their Lord and not being on the floor screaming in agony right after.

"You can get up by yourself all you want, but when I am in a room with you allow me to help you a little, considering you are the one carrying our son," Tom said soothingly leaning forwards to brush their lips together gently.

"That's cheating," Harry murmured against his lips as he lightly gripped the silk soft fabric of Tom's robes.

"Dark Lord," Tom shrugged elegantly.

"I'm sorry I shouted, I have no idea where it came from," Harry apologised blushing slightly.

"You're pregnant and have hormones your body isn't used to shooting through them. You don't have to apologise," Tom shook his head kissing Harry again before carrying on down the hallway, his hand warm on the base of Harry's back.

"It felt weird, like a bubble of anger suddenly popping. I don't like it," Harry frowned rubbing his chest.

"It's natural," Tom assured him pulling Harry tighter to his side. "I take it Lucius, Narcissa and Draco won't be joining us?" He asked over his shoulder after a moment.

"I think Lucius escaped fuming back to Malfoy manor. Draco stormed out as soon as you had finished, and Narcissa believes you are being unfair in keeping Bellatrix away from the manor and so went home with her," Rodolphus sighed as they entered the dining room.

"Keep an eye on them. All three. I want to know if any of them have plans to do anything stupid," Tom frowned as he seated Harry and then sat down himself.

"Stupid?" Harry asked concerned looking up.

"Lucius I trust despite his slight arrogance problem. Draco, Narcissa and Bellatrix are a mixture. Bellatrix is too unstable to be able to trust in any manner of the word. Narcissa can be sly and determined when she thinks she has a right to something, or that she is being hard done by. Draco is unknown, Lucius and Narcissa have spoilt, coddled and shielded him to the point where he believes he has a right to anything and everything, is perfect in every way and has no reality in the real world as to how people will react to that kind of behaviour. He has been protected by the Slytherins because Lucius is my right hand man, but once he is out of school he will be in for a shock. And..." Tom stopped and frowned at the meal he had been absently putting on his plate.

"And?" Harry urged with a small frown of his own sensing there was more to this.

"Lucius got it into his head that he could convince me that Draco would make a good consort and bearer to my children. Draco actually believes that I was considering him for the place and so..."

"So suddenly I appear, already pregnant, by complete chance," Harry sighed nodding. He paused and bit his lip looking down at his hands. "Did you consider him?"

"What? No. Merlin no. He is far too spoilt and self interested for me to even have considered him to be the bearer of my children, never mind my husband. Not to mention he clearly does not understand what my cause is. No. Lucius mistook the respect I have for his family, and his place in my ranks as a possibility that he would be able to push Draco to me," Tom shook his head as he reached over and squeezed Harry's hand firmly.

"So Draco sees me as having usurped his place. No wonder he's been glaring at me. He...he wouldn't do anything to...well hurt the baby would he?" Harry frowned placing his free hand

over his stomach reflexively.

"I doubt he would, but to be sure I will be speaking to him and making sure that he understands the situation perfectly clear," Severus said firmly.

"I always got the idea that Bellatrix...well..." Harry glanced from Tom to Rodolphus and back again.

"Oh Bellatrix would willingly warm Our Lord's bed if he so much as hinted at it," Rodolphus nodded completely unbothered. "Personally I always hoped she would mistake a hint and get AK'd when Our Lord found her in his bed," He smirked.

"That is an image I really did not need," Tom sighed pressing his finger to his eyes with a faint shudder Harry felt earning a laugh from the teen.

"Never mind, good job you sleep in my room now," Harry patted Tom's hand before turning stunned at the reactions it had gotten. Fenrir had burst out laughing, Severus had spat his tea across the table hitting Rabastan who was just sitting staring open mouthed between him and Tom, and Rodolphus was spluttering and blushing. "What?"

"I believe their dirty minds are currently concocting scenarios they have no business imagining," Tom glared weakly around the table. If Harry wasn't mistaken he had a faint blush creeping up his neck.

"Just to sleep you perverts," He glowered.

"Ah my Lord, you may want to be careful, at your age you do risk a heart attack," Fenrir snickered.

"If I were a muggle! And you are only twenty years younger than I!" Tom glowered at the werewolf who choked and flushed himself.

"Ah! So you're fifty five!" Rabastan grinned triumphantly.

"Hey, wizards and witches have an extended life span from muggles right?" Harry frowned getting the attention away from Fenrir who was now growling faintly at a snickering Rabastan.

"Yes, double. So technically I am not even middle aged yet," Tom said quickly making Harry smile.

"I'm not worried about age difference, well it's a little strange to think that you have lived so much longer than me but aren't even considered middle aged yet, but yeah, Dumbledore is only technically around 60, why does he look so old?" Harry asked.

"It's a sign of over using manipulation magics like oblivate, mind control, compulsion spells thing like that, keeping up glammers- that damned twinkle in his eyes, and misusing the dark arts when he has no real understanding or respect for them," Tom explained, disgust evident on his face.

"Dark arts?" Harry asked stunned.

"He uses the dark arts and dark magic plenty Harry. Dark magic isn't the same as evil, it just has different rules and aspects to light and grey magic. Using any type of magic you need to understand and respect those rules and aspects. Dumbledore has been using and misusing dark magic since he was a teen and not understood them properly. The blood wards that he placed around your house are good example," Tom stopped suddenly looking uncomfortable.

"The blood wards required a blood sacrifice to be activated, Lily's death. Dumbledore took that sacrifice and molded the wards around your...relatives house using the blood Lily, you, Petunia and your cousin shared. However in not understanding the dark arts they were warped, they should have protected you from all harm, and even then you needed to be loved and happy, you needed to consider that place your home and who you lived with family. Because of the mixture of the two the wards practically didn't exist," Severus explained.

"I just apparated right inside the house," Tom confirmed.

"So if they aren't understood and respected they can age you like they have Dumbledore?" Harry clarified, placing his fingers on the back of Tom's hand discretely as he sensed the uncertainty coming from him.

"Yes. They take a toll on both your magic and your body. And as he doesn't really understand light or grey magic but uses them as well he has been affected even more than he shows no doubt," Fenrir snorted.

Before anything else could be said there was a soft hoot and Hedwig swept into the room carrying two bundles and what looked like three letters attached to her leg.

"Wasn't she in your room this morning?" Tom asked looking at the collection of things Hedwig had collected.

"My Hedwig's brilliant she knows when there is something to pick up for me," Harry smiled as he rubbed Hedwig's chest as she cooed affectionately at him. He set up a bowl of water for her and a small plate of meats before turning to her delivery.

Setting the two bundles in his lap he looked at the letters first. Recognising all the writing he opened the one he wanted done with, scanning it before setting it to the side with a mutter of 'Hermione.

"Harry, who is that from?" Tom asked making him look up and realise they were all looking at him expectantly.

"Oh sorry. Rita Skeeter, basically sucking up and hoping that now I'm with you I won't send you out to kill her basically I think," Harry said before he opened the second letter.

Harry,

Are you serious! I wish I could say that I was shocked at what you said happened, but after the things we talked about last year, and the doubts I had about Dumbledore for a while...well not as much of a shock as it really could have been. Are you safe? Are you happy? Are you and the baby ok? Are you sure the Dark Lord is treating you ok, because I have to say I'm finding it very hard to connect the person you have described before with the man you described in your letter. I'm not saying that if this is what you want then I won't support you, but it is hard to understand the difference, you understand? But if you're happy and this is what you want then I am with you.

And you're having a boy! Congratulations Harry, I'm going out to get you a present right now. What to buy the heir of the Dark Lord and the Chosen One? I really am happy for you, I know how much you want a family, and have a baby! Congratulations!

Love Neville

Grinning happily and feeling a small amount of relief at the words from one of his close friends. Picking up the next letter he quickly opened it and smiled at Luna's loopy writing.

Harry,

It was wonderful to hear from you, I have been worried about how you are settling in at Lord Voldemort's home. It is good to hear that you have settled in so well and are happy. He is looking after you properly isn't he? And of course you were going to have a boy silly, the amount of Dithrils that you have floating around you there was no doubt that your first born would be a boy. As you pointed out in your letter it isn't the logical choice to make, but sometimes it's the none logical choices that make you happiest.

Father and I went and found Ms Skeeter and we did our articles around each other to make sure that a wide spread picture of what is going on gets out there from as many angles as possible, and also I ensured she stayed in control. Of course we are going to publish this story, you don't ever have to question that. Enclosed in the packages are the two articles, merely waiting yours and Voldemort's approval, simply send back a letter saying they are fine or the articles back with any changes you want.

Stay healthy and look after yourself, the baby and Voldemort.

Love Luna.

Grinning even wider at his unique friends letter and feeling a lot lighter he opened and read the articles, smirking in delight at what they had produced.

"Harry?" Tom annoyed voice had him looking up to find irritated and worried eyes watching him.

"The articles that will go in the Quibbler and The Prophet," Harry grinned handing them over to a shocked Tom.

"Are you serious! They are going to publish these?" He asked looking up from them.

"Yup, we just need to make any changes we want to them and send them back," Harry nodded.

"This...this will be a huge help," Tom said glancing over them.

"What do they say?" Fenrir asked impatiently, he and the others having been looking on eagerly.

"I don't know, maybe you should wait and read them along with everyone else," Harry smirked causing Tom's ruby eyes to start shining in amusement.

"What...but...but that could take a week or two!" Rabastan protested.

"I invented the puppy dog eyes, they don't work on me sorry," Harry shrugged. "And they make you look slightly crosseyed,"

"Hey! They always work! Your just...just...cold hearted," Rabastan nodded triumphantly before huffing when everyone burst out laughing.

"If Little Lord is hard hearted I would hate to think what everyone else is," Fenrir snorted through his laughter. "Alright what's it worth to you?"

"I have no idea what you mean, that sounds an awfull lot like you are suggesting I am trying to blackmail you," Harry sniffed.

"You are, and you don't even have being a Dark Lord to blame," Severus said amused.

"Carrying half his DNA," Harry said triumphantly after a seconds thought pointing to his stomach.

"He has a point," Rodolphus nodded.

"Plus he is living in Slytherin central," Fenrir added. "So what's it worth?"

"IOU's whenever I want to cash them," Harry said straight away.

"That's a dangerous thing to agree to," Rabastan frowned.

"Oh well, I'm sure the papers won't take too long to publish them," Harry smiled brightly and started putting the articles into one envelope.

"No! Alright, alright," Rabastan nodded sulkily.

"Fine,"

"Very well,"

"Oh, alright!" The other three agreed before looking at Harry expectantly. Grinning triumphantly at Tom who was watching wholly amused Harry pulled the articles and cleared his throat before reading out loud.

"Dear readers, when we hear the words child endangerment, child neglect, child abuse, kidnap of a minor, unlawful holding of a minor, illegal use of abortion charms, vigilante, thief, liar, killer, and numerous other crimes that make it impossible to even put a name to them, none would think to point the finger to the supposed light side, never mind the leader of that side himself.

Albus Dumbledore, Chief of the Wizengamot, Headmaster of our countries jewel Hogwarts school of Witchcraft and Wizardry, whisperer in the Minister's ear, and the man that most of our country is looking to in this time of confusion. And he is the man that kidnapped and locked up Harry James Potter, aged sixteen, who through the blessings of magic herself managed to become pregnant with a redirected fertility spell and then blasted with pure magic from the Dark Lord.

Naturally upon finding out that he was pregnant young Harry was shocked and very confused as to what he should do, but the young teen who has suffered through so much already showed his true strength and heart, he decided that he wanted to keep his baby and sources close to Mr Potter claim that he is very much already in love with the innocent life growing inside of him. And as everyone knows the history between the Dark Lord and Mr Potter I believe that I speak for everyone when I say that this shows the bravery, warm heart and strength of Mr Potter.

Except that Albus Dumbledore seemed to feel that he needed to make another decision about Mr Potter's life, he kidnapped the young pregnant teen and held him against his will, and my readers I am horrified to tell you, repeatedly shot abortion spells at Mr Potter, along with his vigilante supporters! But fear not, Mr Potter's undoubtable magical strength, not to mention the power that the baby he is carrying will undoubtedly have, protected his baby from the numerous dozens of abortion spells that were fired at him during the day, while he was sleeping, eating, reading and any chance they were able to get.

And the names of these people who have so little respect for life or the wishes of the bearer carrying the baby? Yes reader I can give you them:

Albus Dumbledore, Remus Lupin, Nymphodora Tonks, Molly Weasley, Arthur Weasley, Minerva McGonagall, Hestia Jones, Alastor Moody, Kingsley Shacklebolt, Delius Diggle and Mundungus Flettcher. These horrendous acts were committed upon Mr Potter and his baby for seven weeks, that's right SEVEN weeks! Eventually in an act of complete daring Mr Potter managed to escape away from these highly trained wizards who were keeping him prisoner and threatening the life of his baby and even himself.

Mr Potter then made a four day run across the country to the only place he could think of that he could hopefully find safety for himself and his baby, right into the arms of his enemy and the father of his unborn child, Lord Voldemort...."

"She put Lord Voldemort? We need to change that!" Tom interrupted with a frown.

"No we shouldn't, Tom you're trying to win people over not make them scared of you. If you have everyone calling you you-know-who then you're still the boogy man in the closet, the big scary evil dark lord. You changed your name so you weren't called by your real name, what's the point in that if you don't have people calling you by the other one! Besides we are

going for the sympathy vote and making Dumbledore seem like the bad guy, you the good guy, that won't work if you're still being called you-know-who," Harry frowned back.

"You...I suppose you have a point," Tom sighed with a small shrug.

"...father of his unborn child, Lord Voldemort. Now many of you would question this move, and the safety of Mr Potter. However in Lord Voldemort's home he found safety, a welcoming and Lord Voldemort immedietly had a healer come to check both Mr Potter and their baby.

Mr Potter himself has told me that he cannot remember a time he has felt safer. He says that Lord Voldemort and his side are severely misunderstood and have been slandered, no doubt by Dumbledore and his side who wanted to stay in popularity of the public. You will be happy to hear that both Harry and his baby are in brilliant health and the baby is developing as it should. And Lord Voldemort according to Mr Potter is ensuring that Harry wants for nothing, especially in comfort, and both are preparing eagerly for the arrival of their son or daughter in just over three months time.

Mr Potter has informed me that we will be updated on his situation and that he hopes no one will have to suffer under Albus Dumbledore's manipulations and cruelty," Harry paused and held up the other four sheaths of paper. "These have all the details of the things that have happened in school where Dumbledore has pushed me into dangerous situations and nearly killed me. The Philosopher's stone, the Basilisk, hiring a werewolf in school who hadn't taken his wolfsbane, not getting me out of the triwizard tournament, the fact he didn't realise one of his closest friends was a polyjuiced Azkaban escapee, letting Umbridge free in the school and doing nothing about it, sending me out into the battle the baby was concieved in and ensuring I ended up in front of you," Harry explained.

"And the Quibbler?" Rabastan asked eagerly.

"It basically covers the same thing, and my childhood and the fact that Dumbledore allowed it to happen, with proof, also implicating McGonagall in this one, for not helping and knowing what Dumbledore was up to," Harry wouldn't look at any of them as he put the article back into the envelope.

"Well, they should cause nice ripples and problems throughout the wizarding world for Dumbledore and his supporters," Fenrir grinned, showing all his sharp teeth.

"Not to mention Kingsley, Tonks and Moody won't be let anywhere near the aurors office considering the stand Scrimgeour took on the 'known vigilante groups'," Rodolphus nodded.

"Luna put at the end of the Quibbler article that her father is willing to publish your aims and beliefs in the next magazine if you want, I mentioned to her that we had them quite badly wrong," Harry smiled at Tom.

"I think that would be a large help for our cause," Tom nodded standing. "Come on, we need to talk, we can finish lunch later," he said holding out his hand. Feeling a little confused Harry stood and slipped his hand into Tom's, waving to the others as they left the room. The other four excitedly discussing the articles.

Following Tom Harry wondered if there was something in the articles that had upset him. He hadn't seemed upset when he skimmed through them himself, and when Harry had explained the name thing he had seemed to understand where Harry was coming from.

They stepped into Harry's bedroom and Tom led Harry straight to the bed sitting him down before perching next to him.

"Did I do something wrong?" Harry blurted out scanning Tom's face.

"What? Harry no. I am worried about you, you seemed upset. I thought maybe you needed to get away from the others for a little bit. Seeing your childhood on paper and knowing its going to be published has to be hard, I know it will be for me when we publish mine," Tom smiled gently lifting Harry's legs and placing them over his own so that he could tug him into his side.

"Wait, what?" Harry stared shocked at Tom realising what he was saying.

"You're right, if we are to win this, do it right and maintain power then we need to dispel the whole evil, cruel image that has formed around me. People need to know the real me to a point. Telling people my childhood, the reasons I want to ensure that no one has to suffer the way we did and the suffering Dumbledore allowed will work in our favour," Tom sighed holding Harry against him and pressing a kiss to Harry's cheek.

"No one will think less of you," Harry said softly cupping Tom's cheek. "You're still a powerful, strong, incredible, smart wizard,"

"The same goes for you," Tom responded, his lips barely an inch away from Harry's. Scanning Tom's face Harry felt his breath speeding up as he soaked in the presence, the aura and power of Tom surrounding, caressing and consuming him. He felt his heart thundering in his chest when Tom finally sealed their lips together in a fiery, possessive, hungry kiss. Their tongues frantically battling and searching, Harry's fingers digging into Tom's shoulders as he pulled himself so he was straddling Tom's lap and pressing their hips together despiretly while Tom's fingers dug into his bum and hips with enough force to bruise.

Harry merely mewled into Tom's mouth and pressed himself harder against the ridid, demanding arousal that he could feel underneath his own, pressing his lips even harder against Tom's and nipping hard enough that he tasted blood on his tongue. Tom groaned into his mouth tilting his head so that he had better access as he plunged his tongue into Harry's mouth, gripping Harry firmly as he met Harry's thrusts in a punishing rhythm, wrapping one arm around Harry's hips as the other trailed up his back to grip his shoulder.

Burning blood red eyes hungrily and despiretly took in every reaction, every expression that crossed Harry's face, his ears absorbed every groan, every hum of pleasure, every mew and word that fell from Harry's full red lips as he tilted his head back in pleasure. He shuddered and slammed his hips upwards when deep, emerald green eyes alight with hunger and desire met and locked his in an endless swirl and dance of passion that he could feel burning through his skin, burning through every pore, soaking into every vein and roaring through his bloodstream, sinking into his body and suddenly setting fire to the heart he had tricked himself into believing was a cold, dead barren waste ground.

As he held Harry against his body when they both called out their orgasms for each others ears to hear Tom closed his eyes and felt the heat of Harry's body against his own, his panting breaths against his neck, and the warm bulge of Harry's baby bump against his own stomach. He stroked his hand down Harry's chest while knowing, knowing, that he couldn't give this up, that he couldn't let this go now he had it in his arms, now he had felt Harry warming his cold and damaged soul.

Lust and Fury

Chapter Notes

My computers spell check is sulking with me, as is my q button for some reason. So any mistakes I apologise XD

Harry smiled lightly as he shifted a little more to get comfortable again as he carried on what had kept him busy for the last hour. It was fascinating just lying looking at Tom as he slept, he had woken up early enough when Tom was still sleeping on the sofa to see him sleeping of course. But lying right next to him in bed made it 100 times different for some reason, certainly it was a lot more intimate.

Tom's face was amazingly peaceful and open for the most part when he slept in a way that Harry had only seen when the baby had kicked for the first time, every now and then he would frown a little but when he did Harry reached out and stroked a gentle finger along his forehead and it would smooth back out. His dark hair was falling slightly into his face. Soft breaths were puffing out lightly as every now and then he let out a small snore. He was surprisingly peaceful in sleep, he barely moved or even really twitched but they had only been sleeping beside each other for three days now.

Harry had woken early as the baby seemed to have decided to aim a kick at his bladder waking him up with a start, he had managed to untangle himself from Tom's arms and leg without waking him to stumble to the toilet, making it just in time as the baby delivered another sharp kick. When he had slipped back into bed he had turned to face Tom, he had been awake enough that he had simply settled down to watch Tom for a while but he had become more than content to lie and watch Tom.

He was more than aware of the honour and trust that he was being given, being allowed to be so close to Tom while he was asleep, while he was vulnerable, Tom was paranoid enough - for good reason - that he protected himself as much as possible even here in his own manor, for him to be allowed so close, to be allowed to see him vulnerable. Tom found it difficult to let him in, he found it difficult to not be 'The Dark Lord', complete with capitilisation, and to be Tom with him, but Merlin he was trying. He gave Harry respect and equality as much as he could, he opened himself up to Harry and relaxed around him.

Harry had to smile when he thought about how Tom was about the baby, whenever he was mentioned, or Tom touched Harry's stomach he would....lighten somehow, his eyes would lose some of the weight and hurt Harry could see still lingering in his ruby eyes. Harry had caught him staring at the scan picture, which had taken its place on the fireplace of the evening living room, lots of times during the last three days with a faint smile on his lips.

"How long exactly have you been watching me sleep?" Tom asked without opening his eyes. Harry jumped at his sudden raspy voice making him scowl at Tom as red eyes slitted open and he started chuckling.

"You startled me!" Harry huffed kicking Tom in the shins.

"Hey!" Tom captured Harry's ankle and tugged his leg over his hip so that he was pressed against Tom. "You didn't answer my question," He smirked at Harry.

"An hourish," Harry shrugged nonchalantly settling comfortably against Tom, shuffling closer to him and throwing his arm across Tom's chest as Tom's hand rested on the base of his back.

"You should be sleeping," Tom scowled rubbing his thumb underneath Harry's eye.

"Your son decided to have a kick at my bladder," Harry laughed.

"That doesn't explain why you're still awake now," Tom sighed.

"I got distracted," Harry shrugged.

"By watching me?" Tom frowned.

"Yes," Harry said simply.

"What is so interesting about watching me sleep?" Tom asked confused.

"Its interesting seeing you look so different when you sleep, I was thinking as well," Harry offered seeing the still confused look in Tom's eyes.

"That sounds dangerous," Tom smirked.

"I'm not going to tell you what I was thinking at all now," Harry huffed crossing his arms.

"I apologise," Tom smirked.

"Nope," Harry shook his head as he popped the p.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to upset you," Tom smirked moving closer to press kisses along Harry's jaw.

"N...no," Harry fought down the urge to give into Tom's kisses, the damned dark lord was way too tempting and good at this.

"I'll make it up to you," Tom's voice was heavy with promise causing a shiver to run down Harry's spine before he could control it.

"Nope, I am not feeling forgiving," Harry shook his head.

"I shall make it a good apology," Tom smirked moving quickly and nipping at the skin of Harry's neck which they had discovered in the last few days was exceedingly sensitive. Sure

Harry let out a low groan as his body sparked fully to life. Tom used the moment to uncross his arms and press as close to him as the baby bump between them would allow. His hand drifted downwards while Harry was distracted and gripped Harry's erection through his pyjama pants, using the gasp Harry gave to seal their lips together and thrust his tongue into Harry's mouth.

"I have morning breath," Harry protested, blushing darkly as his head tilted back with another moan when Tom's hand gave a firm squeeze.

"Don't care," Tom shook his head driving in for another kiss before Harry could form another protest. With a small hum Harry relaxed completely into Tom's hold, kissing back as much as he could with a persistent Dark Lord trying to devour him and that talented hand currently working him higher and higher into pleasure.

"Tom...Tom..." Harry pulled back blushing darkly as he considered how to phrase his question. Ever since a deeply blushing Severus had slipped him the books that he had had to hide in his room to read, and had somehow managed to keep secret from Tom, he had thought about this. They had agreed to work their way up to things so the most they had done was hand jobs and a hell of a lot of frottage, but now Harry was ready for another step, if only he could say, or generally indicate what he wanted.

"What's wrong? Did I hurt you? The baby?" Tom asked jerking upwards and running a concerned eye all over Harry.

"Nothings wrong," Harry smiled suddenly realising this wasn't so hard. For some reason, one that didn't make a whole load of sense to him Tom seemed to genuinely care for him and want to look after him, he wanted him.

"Oh, ok. What is it?" Tom asked still looking a little concerned as he brushed his fingers along Harry's jaw.

"I...I want you to...I want..." Harry stopped as he felt as though his face was on fire. Tom was looking at him with interest now and a wicked glint starting to form in his eyes.

"What do you want?" Tom asked, his voice going down into that octave again that made Harry's heart start thumping a bit faster.

"I want you to...I want to..." Harry licked his lips as he tried to get the words out, his blush not easing up at all.

"All you have to do is tell me what you want, just tell me Harry and I will look after you, I'll give you anything you want, you just have to tell me," Tom whispered enticingly into Harry's ear making his breath catch and his fingers clench around Tom's bicep and in the material over his heart. Licking his lips again he bit down before trying again.

"I want...I want your fingers, I want to know what it feels like," Harry blurted out quickly, looking nervously at Tom as he stared down at him, his face unreadable making Harry feel nervous again. Harry frowned a little confused when Tom suddenly let out a deep and very

throaty groan as he pressed his head into Harry's shoulder holding himself tighter against himself. "Tom?" Harry asked shakily.

"You're so...Merlin Harry, you are so incredibly sexy and you do not even know it. I do not think that I have ever been harder in my life than hearing you say that, the thought of any part of me being inside of you, the thought of you thrusting yourself onto my fingers, opening you up, making you come apart..." Tom groaned loudly and hungrily.

"Tom, if you do not get moving I'm going to the bathroom locking the door and taking care of myself!" Harry growled tugging at the sleeve of Tom's shirt to try and get his hand moving.

"You're going no where! Not after saying that to me! I'm harder than a bloody diamond," Tom hissed back gripping Harry's boxers and tugging them down to his ankles in one smooth move before his mouth is on Harry's again, hard and demanding, his hand goes back to cup Harry's bum, stroking the skin there making Harry moan into his mouth and shuffle closer needing something, anything to happen right now.

"Show off," Harry grins against Tom's lips when he feels lube suddenly appearing on Tom's fingers as they brush across his entrance, the feeling of Tom's wordless and wandless magic brushes over his skin a little causing goosebumps.

"Dark Lord," Tom says simply before attaching himself to Harry's neck and nipping firmly as his fingers concentrate around Harry's entrance, circling and pushing gently, a finger tip dipping into Harry before retreating getting a symphony of moans, groans and curses from Harry who is practically squirming in place now.

Just as Harry is about to complain, probably loudly and vehemently, Tom slowly slides his finger inside at a swift rate as he feels Harry relaxing enough. Harry frowned slightly at the feeling of the intrusion, trying to catalogue the different feelings in his body to it. There is a faint burn and the knowledge he is stretching around the limb inside of him, it doesn't feel bad but there is a weird feeling in his stomach as he wriggles a little to try and get Tom to move.

"Ok?" Tom asks, the slight breathlessness in his voice makes Harry look at him slightly startled, he's clearly highly aroused by this, his pupil has blown enough that Harry is gazing into black ringed red, his breaths are coming faster than normal blowing across Harry's skin and when Harry's looks down he can see the hard outline of Tom's arousal in his own pyjamas.

"Feels weird, not bad, just weird, move," Harry nods thrusting his hips a little. Obeying him Tom slides his finger back in and out, picking up a rhythm before he's sliding another finger inside him. This one burns a little more, but as Tom thrusts both of them back in for the second time he scissors them and his index finger flicks across something that makes black spots explode across Harry's eyes, a loud shout falling from his lips as he arches, automatically thrusting down onto Tom's fingers to get more. He hears a faint moan from where Tom is now between his legs hovering over him and as thrusts his fingers back inside, hitting that spot again with both fingers this time Harry through the pleasure faintly feels Tom resting his cheek against Harry's thigh, pressing a kiss to the softer skin of his inner thigh.

By the time Tom had pressed three fingers into him Harry was thrusting back down against them, moaning and panting loudly, and to his utter embarrassment later pleading despiretly as he feels his orgasm hanging just out of reach, Tom the bastard he is has been avoiding touching that spot again, the friction of his fingers inside of him now feeling totally amazing, but not enough. He let out a gasp and reached to grip Tom's shoulders when his fingers hit into that spot and pressed against it firmly and steadily. He about had enough time to gasp before his orgasm was burning through his body, his sight actually going dark for a minute or two before he came before to himself panting and lying spread on the bed. Tom slowly removed his fingers from him, his dark eyes fixed on Harry's face with a hunger that made Harry shiver in all the best ways.

"Come here," Harry tugged on Tom's top when he pushed his bottoms down and went to fist himself. Harry felt his penis give a completely valiant twitch against his thigh as Tom crawled up his body, his eyes still locked on Harry until he was hovering over him. Lifting his boneless body Harry captured Tom's lips and lapped at his lips until he was let inside, tasting and teasing Tom with flitting genstures of his tongue as he skimmed his hand along Tom's body. Tom's groan rumbled into his mouth when Harry's hand found his hardness, gripping it tightly and moving his hand slowly along the hard length to the weeping head. Collecting the liquid at the end he used it to ease the friction between their skin as he moved at a quick speed seeing the need in Tom's eyes.

As his breathing got heavier Tom pulled his lips from Harry and just rested their foreheads together as his eyes flickered shut and he concentrated on the feeling of Harry's warm slightly calloused hand wrapped around him, moving to bring him to pleasure, smaller than his own. Finally he couldn't hold back any longer and with what sounded like a mix between a growl and a groan he spilled himself over Harry's hand and body beneath him, slumping to the side before he risked hurting Harry or the baby.

"Wow," Harry suddenly breathed out from beside him making him chuckle and turn so he could see his face again.

"I'm glad you approved," Tom rumbled leaning forwards to kiss Harry again. This time was a light, gentle kiss, just relaxed and enjoying being beside each other as they enjoyed the after glow.

"I...really need to shower now," Harry wrickled his nose after nearly ten minutes of just lying, the feeling of the drying cum on hs skin no longer ignorable.

"Come on, I'll wash you as I made half the mess," Tom smiled taking Harry's hands and helping him off the bed before leading him to the bathroom.

"Caused the other half too," Harry snickered happily trailing after him, he had learnt yesterday that a wet Dark Lord was a very tasy looking Dark Lord. Maybe he could convince Tom into one more round?

"THOMAS MARVOLO RIDDLE!" The shout echoed down the hallway making Tom, Fenrir, Severus and Lucius look towards the door startled. Harry did not sound happy.

"My Lord, I believe was a partner/spouse/lover says your full name like that that you are in trouble," Fenrir said trying to hide his smirk as Harry's footsteps could now be heard stomping closer.

"I haven't done anything!" Tom argued staring at the door as he visibly tried to figure out what he had done to upset Harry, so he missed the looks being exchanged between the others.

"Little Lord you really shouldn't be hurrying around like this!" Rodolphus's worried voice travelled to them.

"You probably shouldn't be getting yourself worked up like this either!" Rabastan added sounding just as worried.

"Be quiet both of you!" Harry snapped making them all nearly simultaneously raise their eyebrows in shock before the door to the office was blasted open and Harry stormed in looking furious. Had it not been for the varying feelings of shock, confusion and wonder they would have been slightly amused that the 5,6 delicate teen with his baby bump being covered by Tom's shirt which came down to the tops of Harry's thighs and he had to roll back the sleeves of, managed to cause a shiver of fear down the spines of three of the most notorious Death Eaters in the Dark Lord's inner circle, not to mention the slight widening they witnessed of the eyes of the Dark Lord himself.

"Harry," Tom said calmly turning his chair a little so he was turned more towards Harry.

"You! You! You are in big trouble!" Harry snapped storming towards Tom.

"Erm, perhaps you could inform me exactly of what I have done to trigger your wrath and perhaps be given a chance to plead innocent?" Tom asked charmingly.

"Oh you have no chance of pleading innocent to this! Its all over the papers!" Harry slammed the Daily Prophet down onto Tom's desk in front of him.

"What..." Tom stopped with a wince when he saw the headline. Madame Undersecretary Dolores Jane Umbridge reported missing this morning! "Harry..."

"Deny it, go on, look me in the eyes and say you didn't!" Harry interrupted before Tom could say anything else, his voice low and dangerous as he dared Tom to lie.

"I won't lie to you," Tom frowned down at the paper. "I told you that I would not allow her to get away with it,"

"It was a foolish move!" Harry snapped slamming his hand down onto the desk. The other five looked between them worriedly and wide eyed.

"It was a pointed move!" Tom said dangerously standing himself and staring Harry down, Harry however stood his ground staring back, clearly still furious.

"What point?" Harry waved his hands out frustrated with Tom's hard headedness.

"The point that no one hurts you, that no one can hurt you and get away with it, that you are under my protection!" Tom hissed, his red eyes flashing with dangerous warning. With those words the anger seemed to flow from Harry, his shoulders relaxing, his face smoothing, and he let out a small sigh.

"Tom you've just damaged your side! You can't just go snatching people, especially not Madame Undersecretaries, you said you were trying to put a more positive look on your side. Kidnapping people doesn't scream positive, and everyone knows its you!" Harry was thankfully just sounding frustrated now.

"Its worth the point. Even if the people out there don't know what she did, Dumbledore and some of his side do, Severus told them yesterday you are here, they will take this as a warning, they will know you are under my protection now and I am serious about all of them!" Tom said meeting Harry's eyes and asking him to understand what he couldn't say.

"With all due respect Little Lord, you and the baby, and both your safety come first to our Lord, as they rightly should," Fenrir risked speaking up. With a sigh Harry shook his head.

"Please, nothing else, I'm here and safe, you have made your point," Harry asked Tom.

"I can't make any promises but I will try," Tom allowed a small smile in front of the others. Shaking his head exasperated Harry gave in knowing that that was the best he was going to get from Tom.

"My Lord? H...Lord Harry, what is it she did?" Severus frowned looking between them.

"You didn't know?" Harry asked slightly surprised.

"Know what? What did she do?" Severus frowned deeper.

"She was making me use a blood quill in detentions," Harry held out his hand which was quickly taken by Rodolphus's larger one, his face darkening identically to Rabastan's as they saw the words scarred into his hand. Severus gently took his hand from Rodolphus and he, Lucius and Fenrir looked at the scarring.

"She was using this in school?" Lucius asked, his voice betraying his calm mask.

"I think she was just using it on the D.A actually. I just figured Severus would know because McGonagall did," Harry shrugged moving back against Tom's warm body behind him. He still didn't really like being the centre of attention, never mind this focussed angry attention.

"McGonagall knew?" Severus choked out looking faintly horrified.

"Remember that argument they had on the stairs, McGonagall was going on about the use of archiac punishments on students before Umbridge went off about questioning her was questioning the ministry and Fudge himself and could basically be seen as treason. That's what they were arguing about," Harry answered.

"And that's all she did to stop it?" Severus snapped. Luckily Harry knew he was angry at McGonagall and not at him because Severus was in full Professor Snape, Neville just melted

another cauldron, mode.

"Yeah, and I couldn't tell Dumbledore because he was avoiding me, though if McGonagall knew fairly sure Dumbledore did too," Harry shrugged.

"No wonder she didn't touch my Slytherins, if she had I would have flayed her and hung her up in the dungeons," Severus snarled.

"Which is exactly why she didn't come after them. From what we could work out we're pretty sure that McGonagall and Dumbledore worked to keep you, Flitwick and Sprout from finding out," Harry admitted.

"Wait a minute...this is how you plan to get me as headmaster isn't it?" Severus paused mid pace to stare at them wide eyed.

"It was Harry's plan as the best way to get McGonagall out the way, then with Lucius on the board of governors we can ensure that you are the top choice," Tom nodded sitting back behind his desk. The others seemed to take this as indication to sit down as well taking all the available seats in the room leaving Harry standing looking around. With a shrug he made his way over and nudged Tom's chair out a little and sat comfortably on his lap. "You couldn't transfigure a seat?" Tom asked raising his eyebrow, though his arm was curling around Harry's waist even as he spoke.

"You are more comfortable," Harry shrugged wriggling a little. Tom sighed shaking his head before looking up to see his five Death Eaters sitting opposite smirking at them and looking amused.

"You are worse than a kitten or puppy," Tom huffed as Harry just grinned at him unrepentantly.

"You could just shove me off," Harry shrugged looking at Tom with slightly widened eyes smirking when he could visibly see the give in him. Grumbling to himself and ignoring the snickering coming from his Death Eaters he turned back to the papers in front of him.

"Yes well, the papers will be going out in three days, Severus has revealed to the Order that Harry is here, but he has made it clear that you are under extreme protective wards," Tom told Harry feeling the slight tensing.

"I said that none of us are allowed near you without Our Lord in the room with you, and told them that the wards have been increased triple around the wing you are in and the manor itself. I've agreed that I will try and 'rescue you from your foolishness' as soon as I can, I just need to bide my time," Severus rolled his eyes.

"They know nothing about the papers coming out?" Harry asked curiously.

"Oh no, I want that to be a nice surprise for them," Tom smirked.

"And I will be there for when the papers are delivered, those memories will be worth a fortune," Severus snickered delightedly.

"That will be a lovely surprise for them," Harry laughed imagining the looks on their faces when they realised what he had done.

"It's a shame though, apparently Mad Eye got attacked by a group of three old ladies with their handbags when he started trying to grill them for a reported sighting of you," Severus looked pleased with himself when Harry paused for a second before bursting out laughing.

"Oh that would have been amazing to see!" Harry chuckled wiping his eyes.

"He was rather a sight, and he's been like a bear with a sore head whenever I have seen him. It's a little embarrassing for him, the great auror outrun by a sixteen year old, almost six month pregnant teenager who laid down a good enough false trail to have him running around for so long," Severus smirked.

"My, was that a compliment Severus?" Harry grinned picking up Tom's cup of tea and taking a small sip.

"I am capable of them every now and then," Severus said looking amused.

"Well be careful, we wouldn't want you to pull anything," Harry smiled.

"Actually Little Lord there was something that I wanted to ask you," Fenrir suddenly spoke up.

"Fenrir we discussed this!" Tom's voice had a dangerous tone to it that Harry had not heard since he had been led into his office that night. Looking between them he frowned when Fenrir lowered his eyes but didn't look happy about it.

"What did you want to ask?" Harry frowned.

"I said no!" Tom snapped. "Harry is to have as little or as much to do with the war as he wants,"

"With all due respect meant my Lord, this is a good idea, and a good solution," Lucius spoke up, managing only the tiniest of winces when Tom's eyes snapped onto him.

"Tom, asking can't hurt," Harry said softly touching the back of Tom's hand around his waist.

"I know you, I know your weaknesses, you won't be able to say no," Tom scowled.

"Unless its asking me to go right into the middle of battle its not going to hurt me to hear it out and say yes if I want," Harry kept his voice soft to try and keep Tom calm.

"Fine," Tom was clearly, clearly not happy about it, and his arm tightened underneath Harry's bump but he didn't look quite so...murderous anymore.

"I need a place to be able to put some of my wolves, the families, young children, older wolves and such, they basically just need somewhere safe for them to go. I was hoping that you would allow them to stay in one of the Potter or Black houses, unfortunately a lot of

Death Eater names are used so their properties are dangerous to use," Fenrir explained, though he kept his voice low and kept flicking glances to Tom.

"This is what you didn't want him to ask me?" Harry asked Tom exasperated.

"I told you that I don't want you to have to do any more in this war if you don't want to," Tom said quietly avoiding Harry's eyes, making Harry realise what the problem was, he was doing his best to protect Harry.

"I can say no, especially when I am supported to not have to do anything I don't want to. This is something that I don't mind doing," Harry smiled stroking his hand gently down Tom's face. "That's no problem, I will have the Goblin send me a list of properties with the descriptions with them so you can pick which one will be best for them," Harry turned to Fenrir as he placed his hand back over Tom's around his waist.

"Thank you Little Lord," Fenrir smiled.

Tom showed no inclination of wanting Harry to leave as they carried on the meeting, discussing the Death Eaters that were in various departments in the ministry and the moves that they were currently making to ensure that when Tom made his move to take it over.

Harry sat and listened curiously to the back and forth where he was settled comfortably on Tom's knee leaning against his chest. Sometimes Tom's hand would stroke over the bump of his stomach, other times resting underneath it, other times linking with his own fingers. Harry wasn't entirely sure that he was aware that he was doing it but it was pleasant so he didn't say anything about it or draw any more attention to the fact he was doing it, though he had seen the others eyes drifting to Tom's hands in their various positions, none of them said anything but they all avoided saying anything. Tom's relationship with his Death Eaters was very different to what people thought it to be. He used to imagine that Tom would never allow anyone to question him and for them all to be terrified to suggest anything. He knew that the lower ranks did not have as much freedom of speech with him, but he did know from listening to conversations after meetings that Tom would hear out any ideas they might have. But here, with the closest of his inner circle, they all spoke freely, suggested things, argued with him over points.

The trust Tom was showing by not asking Harry to leave and by discussing so openly the details of such an important part of Tom's plans. For the first time he felt as though he belonged, felt as though he wasn't just tolerated but instead was wanted here, mainly in Tom's arms, surrounded by his warmth. He didn't know exactly what their relationship was or where they were going but whatever they had, he was content right now, he was feeling happy with what they had and where they were going right now.

Bowing, Balls and Papers

Chapter eleven

Harry yawned a little as he made his way down the corridor to the garden, he was making his own way there for the first time, Rabastan and Rodolphus would be meeting him there in fifteen minutes, he was happy just to have a little time to himself. The papers were due out the next day and the manor was tense with expectation, everyone waiting for the consequential events of the papers coming out so that they could work them to their best advantages.

He shifted his book under his arm and carried on down the corridor that would lead to the garden when a robed figure stepped around the corner. Both of them froze, Harry's heart rate picking up and his wand hand twitching ready when the Death Eater suddenly dropped into a bow.

"My Lord," he said politely stepping out Harry's way while still in a half bow.

"Erm, thank you," Harry said unsurely, his hand brushing over the swell of his stomach almost nervously and succeeding in bringing attention to it.

"My Lord, may I say congratulations," The Death Eater looked at him nervously, clearly wondering whether he had overstepped his boundaries but Harry started smiling.

"Thank you very much," Harry said warmly, the fact that so many were happy for the existence of his and Tom's son still warming him.

"The best of health to you and our future prince My Lord," The Death Eater smiled brightly bowing deeper again.

"Thank you," Harry nodded his head before carrying on out to the garden his mind spinning a little. He was used to being treated with a little awe, but the Death Eater had treated him with respect.

As he settled down on a bench he had discovered underneath a weeping willow by the small stream cutting through the manor's garden he opened the book on male pregnancy he had brought out with him and settled back with a small smile, a tension and worry that he hadn't even really been aware of releasing in his chest. He was just reading on the differences between a womb and the magical pouch that was holding his son when Rabastan and Rodolphus came hurrying over.

"Is something wrong?" He asked concerned lowering his book as the two men pulled to a stop close to him, almost panting.

"Our Lord has decided to host a meal and celebration to celebrate the baby and the newspaper tomorrow. And he wants you to attend at least the meal at his side," Rabastan panted out excitedly.

"What does that mean?" Harry asked nervously, knowing that there was a little more to it than him simply going considering the looks on Rodolphus and Rabastan's faces.

"He is basically announcing you as his consort and partner," Rodolphus explained.

"You mean like..." Harry drew off shocked.

"He's announcing the intention to marry you in the future, but from tonight on you will unofficially hold the title of Lord Consort, officially if Our Lord announces it," Rabastan nodded.

"Merlin! But...But I'm...I can't be his consort!" Harry shook his head frantically.

"Harry! I thought you two were..." Rodolphus muttered, both he and Rabastan sobering up at Harry's words.

"What?" Harry frowned.

"I thought you were together, that you liked him," Rodolphus said.

"We are, I do! But...I'm sixteen, I hardly know anything about wizarding traditions or laws or etiquette, I know nothing about the Dark Arts, I was the bloody main figure of the light side for the last fifteen years, not to mention there must be about a hundred witches and wizards that are much more suited to being his consort than me, that would do it right, bloody Draco Malfoy would be better at his side than me!" Harry ranted.

"Except that you are the one that he wants. All of those hundreds of witches and wizards would be afraid of him, but would be spoilt by their position, they would be arrogant. You would not, you would treat the position with the respect that it deserves, and you would not treat Voldemort as anything but his partner, you shout at him, you glare at him, you tell him off, you make him smile and laugh and make him happy. And that is why he has chosen you. The rest you can work on and learn in no time with our help, and as for being a main figure of the light side, that wasn't exactly your choice, and you have chosen and helped the Dark side greatly already," Fenrir said as he walked around the side of the tree making Rabastan and Rodolphus both jump and point their wands at him. Harry just blinked at him shocked.

"He is right Little Lord, you may not think it but you are the best choice for Our Lord, you make him happy, and you bring him out of himself. He has never married because he has never felt anything for anyone before the way a married couple should, and because he knew anyone that married him would not be marrying him for himself but because of the position he holds and the position they would get from being his partner," Rodolphus agreed lowering his wand.

"But..." Harry frowned sitting back down heavily onto the bench.

"Do you think you could love him?" Fenrir asked softly sitting down beside Harry. The dark haired teen considered the consequences of answering that question honestly, his time among Slytherins was bringing out his own Slytherin side and he knew about the dangers of giving

people access to your feelings. But he thought that these people truly cared about Tom and maybe a little about himself.

"I think I am already falling in love with him," Harry answered quietly.

"That's all that really matters then. He wants you at his side, officially, this is his way of telling you and everyone else that," Rabastan smiled brightly.

"I'll make an idiot of myself, I nearly fell apart at the Yule ball!" Harry groaned.

"We will guide you, as will Our Lord, now we need to get you back and pick out what you are going to wear tonight, Marco, one of the men from my pack is here to help you dress the best you can," Fenrir said gently lifting Harry to his feet, and ignoring the resulting glare he started herding him back towards the manor.

"Clothes?!" Harry practically squeaked.

"All of Our Lords allies and people are going to be there, it is a banquet, one like he hasn't held before, it is a large celebration, you have to look the part!" Rodolphus said excitedly.

"And as your official bodyguards we get to sit at the top table with you," Rabastan laughed practically bouncing as they made their way across the grounds.

"Don't worry, you won't be expected to know anyone, it is an official greeting for you, announcing your position, celebrating the future Dark Prince, a huge step in the defeat of the light side," Fenrir comforted Harry seeing his slightly wide eyed look.

"People won't be bothered that after all this time I am taking that place?" Harry frowned.

"Harry, I don't think you know how much the Dark side respect you. You managed to avoid being killed by Our Lord six times while you were still young, you are powerful, you managed to best Lucius and a number of other Death Eaters. Our Lord informed everyone of the events with the Order and the escape you made, leading them astray. And then there is the fact you are already carrying the future heir of so many old and almost dead bloodlines, very few people would protest your place at Our Lord's side," Fenrir shook his head.

"Ok, ok," Harry sucked in a few deep breaths nodding. "I'm really not good in public though!"

"My Lord," the fiftyish year old man bowed when Fenrir herded Harry into the Green Room.

"Rabastan, I want Severus!" Harry turned to the man who looked at him a little confused.

"Little..."

"I want Severus here! I want him here," Harry repeated a little panicked.

"Alright, its ok Little Lord, I'll go and get him right now!" Rabastan nodded quickly already backing out the room. Sucking in another breath Harry turned to the man.

"You are Marco?" Harry asked nervously eyeing the man.

"That is me, I am here to make you look your best for tonight," Marco smiled warmly, helping ease Harry's nerves a little.

"Harry? Is everything alright? Rabastan said you needed me," Severus asked as he walked into the room twenty minutes later.

"Ah, sorry, we'll just be a minute," Harry smiled shakily at the others before grabbing Severus's hand and dragging him over to the corner, throwing up silencing charms. "I would really, really appreciate it if you would stay with me because I am kind freaking out a lot and I really, really need someone here that calms me down and you calm me down," Harry rambled clinging onto the sleeve of Severus's robe.

"Ok Harry I'll stay with you, you need to sit down for a minute though ok?" Severus said soothingly leading Harry over to the sofa and sitting him down. "Missy could you bring Harry some chamomile tea please," he asked the house elf.

"Severus we need to..." Fenrir frowned.

"Right now Harry needs to calm down and have a moment to collect himself before his blood pressure goes through the roof," Severus hissed glaring at the werewolf while Missy popped in with a steaming cup of tea and handed it to Harry with a pat to his hand when he smiled weakly at her. "Take some deep breaths and drink the tea," Severus smiled at Harry.

"Thank you Severus," Harry sighed closing his eyes and trying to calm down.

"Its alright don't worry about anything Harry, Our Lord is going to make sure that everything runs smoothly and that you are fine, he won't leave your side all night, and you will probably only have to stay for a little bit after the meal," Severus patted his hand gently.

"Ok, I'm calmer, sorry," Harry sighed.

"Its fine, this is a big thing, don't worry about it," Rodolphus smiled at him.

"My Lord, I think you need to wear something that shows off the baby bump, its fashionable and it is a celebration for the prince as well," Marco said quietly after a few minutes when Harry nodded at him and smiled a little more honestly at him.

" Oh, ok," Harry nodded, that made sense.

"I'm thinking a deep green silk, with silver stitching, encourage the Slytherin colours and it will look fantastic with your eyes and skin colour, some dragon hide boots will be more comfortable for you, maybe some slightly billowing sleeves with tight black sleeves underneath," Marco mused tilting his head a little as he looked at Harry. "May I take your measurements My Lord?" he asked nervously. Nodding Harry stood as instructed and waited as the tape measure flitted around measuring his arm length, leg length, chest width and around his stomach.

The next thing Marco disappeared muttering about silks and shades, and a woman Severus introduced as Maria walked in to do his hair. She took nearly an hour, washing it at a transfigured sink, and then cutting and styling it. When she was finished Fenrir told him he had a few hours to himself but he decided to go back to his room for a nap if he was going to have to face the evening as it was.

When he woke it was to the feeling of a hand stroking softly over his stomach, slowly coming back to himself he shifted slightly before he realised what he was feeling and the fact he had been on his own when he went to sleep. Snapping his eyes open he jerked up slightly pointing his wand only to find shocked red eyed blinking down at him.

"Tom?!" Harry breathed out flopping back onto the bed.

"I apologise, you have not been this jumpy for a few weeks," Tom frowned crawling a little up the bed to brush his hand down Harry's face.

"Sorry, just a little on edge I guess," Harry sighed scrubbing his eyes a little to try and clear the heaviness from them.

"Fenrir said you were a little worried earlier," Tom's tone was questioning.

"Tom...are you sure about this?" Harry asked quietly avoiding Tom's eyes.

"Harry, I know I'm not very good at understanding what is going on between us and my own feelings for you, but I have never felt the way I feel for you for anyone else, I want you at my side as my consort, it is the only place you deserve in my life," Tom said softly, his red eyes gently as they searched Harry's face. "You can say no,"

"Its not that its...I don't want to let you down," Harry sighed.

"Harry," Tom smiled shaking his head before he leant down to brush their lips together. "You could never let me down," He said firmly.

"We can be happy together can't we?" Harry asked softly sliding his fingers into Tom's hair.

"You have already made me happier than I can remember being in my personal life," Tom admitted softly lowering his face to bury it in Harry's neck.

"You've made me happier and safer than I can remember feeling," Harry smiled.

"I know we have a lot to over come. But I want us to be a family, the three of us, and maybe a couple more children in the future," Tom said softly into Harry's neck.

"Three more," Harry grinned when Tom pulled back to blink at him. "We're powerful enough between us, four would be managable," he shrugged.

"Three more," Tom said thoughtfully before smirking in warning before he swooped down and captured Harry's lips in one of his toe curling kisses that left Harry's heart thundering in

his chest and his mind completely blank. Happily he tightened his grip on Tom's hair and kissed back hungrily until Tom pulled back with a groan. "We need to get ready for tonight,"

"Have a bath with me? I want to soak a little," Harry asked unconsciously pouting a little.

"Missy draw a bath for us, not too hot," Tom called out in answer. Seconds later the sound of the taps turning on greeted them from the bathroom making Harry smile happily. Tom gently tugged Harry to his feet before moving to undress Harry with a care that had Harry's heart thumping again. His long pale fingers slowly undoing the buttons of Harry/Tom's shirt before drawing it off his shoulders achingly slowly, brushing his lips over the pale skin he was revealing.

His fingers nimbly undid Harry's trousers which was becoming a little tight again, before sliding them down his legs along with his boxer shorts. He quickly stripped himself of his clothes without care before he took Harry's hand and led him to the bathroom. The first time he had been naked in front of Tom he had felt incredibly self conscious, especially with how big his stomach was now, but after Tom had spent nearly an hour kissing, licking and nipping every inch of his body he realised Tom as attracted to him.

He followed Tom's lean, muscled form through the bathroom to the deep claw footed bathtub that was now filled with warm water and bubbles. Tom quickly stepped into the bath and held his hand out to help Harry in, the teen grinning at him amused at his fussing and carefully stepped into the bathtub. Tom settled down against the back of the bath tub before reaching up and gripping Harry's hand and his hip to help him down as well despite the anti slip charms that he had had Missy layer the bath tub in. Finally Harry settled back against Tom's chest, the Dark Lord's arms wrapped comfortably around his waist with his hands splayed on either side of the baby bump, feeling completely amused as he rested his head back against Tom's shoulder.

"I won't leave your side all evening, I promise," Tom said softly after nearly twenty minutes of them relaxed back and just soaking enjoying the peace and contact.

"Please don't, I'm really not good at pubic things, at the Yule ball I nearly fell apart," Harry winced.

"I won't, I'll be at your side, and when you want to leave just tell me. You are to be the consort Slytherin, you are the highest of all of them there," Tom murmured into his shoulder, stroking his stomach soothingly.

"I met one of the Death Eaters in the corridor," Harry said thoughtfully.

"Oh?"

"He bowed to me and congratulated me on the baby," Harry smiled.

"You already have their respect for the things that you have managed to pull off already," Tom chuckled. "None of them would say it to my face until you were on our side though,"

"I feel like I should be apologising," Harry snickered.

"Mm I don't know, you're incredibly attractive when you are standing glaring at me defiantly," Tom husked into his ear, his hand sliding down to grip Harry already half hard flesh making Harry groan and arch back into him.

"You like it when I get defiant?" Harry managed to pant out, reaching down to grip Tom's wrist.

"When you came into my office last week shouting at me about that toad, merlin, I wanted nothing more than to put you on my desk and make you scream my name in pleasure," Tom's breathed into Harry's ear as he started moving his hand at a maddeningly slow pace.

"Why didn't you?" Harry gasped out closing his eyes as the pleasure always so close to the surface right now fired through his body.

"Because no one, no one, else gets to see you like that, gets to see how gorgeous you look when you cum, see your beautiful body, hear the sounds you make, those are mine and mine alone," Tom hissed in parseltongue biting Harry's ear lobe drawing a loud gasp from Harry.

"Only you, only you," the teen nodded frantically bending his knees when Tom's fingers drifted passed his heavy testicles and down to his entrance.

"Only me," Tom agreed. "Now, how about I help you relax a little before tonight?" He smirked pressing the tip of his finger into Harry.

"It is your duty really," Harry nodded again shifting his body restlessly needing the friction he was being teased with.

"That is true," Tom said seriously before smirking again and thrusting his finger fully inside Harry in one smooth move.

Harry sucked in a deep breath as he brushed his hand along his robes before letting it out shakily. He was feeling a little more relaxed after their bath together and Tom's words, but facing the celebration in half an hour he was feeling shaky again.

"Merlin..." Tom gasp had him turning away from the mirror where he had been surveying himself in his new robes that were fitted around his baby bump, the silk highlighting it and hugging his form closely. He wasn't really sure exactly what he thought about it, sure Tom's shirts were stretched a little around his stomach now, but because of their difference in sizes normally it wasn't as obvious as these robes were. Though he had to admit Marco had done an amazing job, especially considering the time he had had. The green was more of a forest green, fitted black sleeves came just passed his wrists underneath a slightly longer and wider sleeve of the green silk. The robes were fitted down passed his stomach and waist before they billowed out dramatically, the fabric making them seem almost water like. The robes fastened down just passed his hip on the right side of his chest with black jewel buttons that looked suspiciously like onyx. The inside of the robes were pitch black drawing out the colour of the green. He was wearing a soft pair of black trousers, Egyptian cotton he had been informed,

that felt almost as soft as the silk of his robes, and black dragon hide boots were waiting to be put on.

Looking at Tom he had to fight the urge just to run his hands all over that damn gorgeous body that he had been leaning against only half an hour ago. He could see now that Tom's robes were apparently designed to be the antithesis of his own robes. Tom's were jet black on the outside with flashes of forest green showing on the inside of his robes, forest green fitted sleeves came just passed his wrists underneath longer and wider black fabric. They were silk and billowed out at his waist, silver buttons going down the left side of his chest. He looked elegant and regal in his robes, every inch the Lord that he was.

"Merlin, Harry you look..." Tom started to say again but paused apparently lost for words.

"What? Do I not look ok? Does it look silly fitted around my stomach? I like huge don't I? I look like I've had a..." Harry blinked when his chin was gripped and Tom's mouth slammed down onto his, his tongue thrusting into Harry's mouth straight away. "Oh, you like it then?" Harry blinked after he pulled away leaving Tom licking his lips and looking at him hungrily.

"You look completely exquisite," The red eyed man sighed dragging his eyes over Harry's form.

"I've never worn anything like this before," Harry admitted running his hands over the robes again.

"They suit you, and you deserve these and more," Tom took the teen's hands, lifting them to kiss the backs of them.

"You look...amazing," Harry smiled warmly running his hands down Tom's chest.

"I..thank you," Tom looked at Harry slightly lost making him wonder when the last time someone had complimented him, if at put to the back of his mind to do it more as he fluttered his eyelashes dramatically at Tom.

"What do you want?" Tom smiled slightly amused.

"I need help putting my boots on, they're lace up and I can't reach," Harry huffed a little.

"Come on," Tom smiled a little wider tugging the teen over to their bed and sitting him down before he summoned the boots to him as he knelt down in front of him. Harry watched silently with that flame in his chest stoking higher as Tom put his boots on and laced them up for him, a calm and warm open look on his normally blank face, no sign of feeling put upon. That flame had been gradually building higher and higher as the weeks went on really from the evening he had stepped into Tom's office that night not knowing what to expect, and he knew what he had said earlier was true, he was falling in love with Tom.

"Thank you," He smiled at Tom when he was done making to stand up but Tom's hands on his knees stopped him. Green eyes looked down curiously wandering what else was needed, they were running out of time really.

"Harry, I want it left in no doubt, from you or anyone else, what your part in my life is, and what I hope we can be. This was Salazar Slytherin's consort's ring, I would like you to wear it," Tom said softly avoiding looking at his lover as he pulled out a black metal band set with emeralds in a wavy pattern all the way around. The teen let out a gasp covering his mouth with his right hand as he stared at the band.

"T...Tom..." He stammered his eyes wide.

"You can say no, I'll understand," Tom back peddled making to stand up but Harry started sliding to the floor making the older man scramble to help him worried he would hurt himself. Once settled onto his knees Harry gripped Tom's face between his hands making him meet his eyes.

"Are you doing this because of the baby?" Harry asked seriously.

"The baby is part of it, but the largest part is you and me, what you mean to me, and what I want us to be. I want you to be my consort, I haven't felt this way for anyone else," Tom answered honestly. The silence between them seemed to drag on forever to him as Harry knelt scanning his face.

"Yes," Harry smiled finally stroking his thumb over Tom's defined cheekbones as shock crossed his features.

"Yes?" Tom asked unsurely not wanting to get this wrong, and not believing his young lover meant what he thought he meant.

"Yes I'll wear your ring," Harry grinned kissing Tom's nose and then lips. Tom breathed in deeply suddenly realising that he hadn't been doing so properly since he had started this conversation, but he moved quickly to slide the ring onto Harry's finger, smiling again as he watched the ring glow a little as it resized to fit Harry's ring finger.

"Thank you," Tom breathed out smiling a little as he ran his thumb over the band.

"No, thank you, this is, this is..." Harry drew off as he felt his eyes welling up.

"Harry?!" Tom choked looking worried, his smile fading as he noticed the tears.

"I am so sorry! I'm just really happy. Urgh this is ridiculous!" Harry sniffed trying to turn away and wipe his eyes.

"Harry," Tom laughed amused wrapping his arms around Harry's waist and tugged him closer scattering kisses across his face. "I'm happy as well, since you arrived here I have been the happiest I have ever been," he smiled widely and honestly. It was the widest smile that Harry had seen yet on his face.

"That's good, because I have never been happier either. Its so beautiful Tom," Harry sighed happily looking at the ring glittering on his finger.

"No one else has worn it since Francis Slytherin in 1567," Tom said softly running his thumb over the ring again before kissing Harry deeply. "We need to get going," he said reluctantly.

"You're the one that organised this," Harry teased as Tom stood up before bending to help Harry up.

"I'll make it up to you I promise," Tom smirked pressing one last kiss to Harry's lips before he wrapped his arm around his waist to lead him to the door.

Rabastan and Rodolphus were waiting a little down the corridor for them, Rodolphus dressed in stylish light grey robes, Rabastan in deep blood red ones. They both smiled at Harry and nodded encouragingly at him, Rabastan even giving him the thumbs up when Tom wasn't looking. They made their way through the manor to the one part that Harry had very very rarely gone to, this part of the manor was where the meeting hall was.

Severus, Fenrir and another man were waiting for them at the end of the corridor which led to the meeting hall. The other man was good looking in an other worldly way. He was pale, paler than Tom, with inky black hair that was waist long and tied at the base of his neck, when he turned to watch them approaching Harry could see that his eyes were blood red meaning he was a vampire. Tom's arm tightened around his waist and they stopped in front of the group, the three men bowing formally.

"Harry this is Sanguni, my vampire ally and main representation on my side. Sanguni, this is Harry, my consort," Tom's eyes flashed proudly making Harry smile a little.

"It is a pleasure to finally meet you Lord Harry, I have heard a lot about you," Sanguni bowed slightly again, his eyes fixed intently on Harry in a way that made him step closer to Tom's side as he smiled politely at the vampire.

"Sanguni you will do well to keep your eyes away from my consort before you lose my favour," Tom snapped, visibly shocking Sanguni while Fenrir smirked.

"Oh course My Lord, my apologies," Sanguni said quickly taking a step back even as he bowed again.

"Harry is my partner and my equal, anyone that blows one hair on his head the wrong way, I will destroy," Tom said completely seriously, his eyes flashing like blood as they met Sanguni's, the powerful vampire flinching under the threat, even the others who had not had the threat aimed at them seemed to pale a little. And Harry? Harry was feeling that flame flicker even brighter, acknowledging the fact that he had never felt safer in the arm of a man essentially threatening to torture and kill someone for him.

"Of course My Lord," Sanguni nodded.

"Very well," Tom looked to Harry, his face gentling straight away. "Are you ready?"

"Not really but lets get this over with," Harry grimaced.

"I won't be leaving your side. Head up, be proud," Tom said softly as he led his younger lover to the double doors in front of them, ornately carved with apple trees on each door.

"I'm with you, of course I'm proud," Harry said honestly remembering his thought about compliments. Once again Tom stilled for a second before his arm tightened around him again. Then the doors were creaking open and Harry was faced with a huge, beautiful room packed with nearly 200 people he would guess. Tom led him forwards, his feet following the older man's lead nearly automatically as he tried to take everything in. Tom's hall was nearly as impressive as the Great Hall at Hogwarts, just as impressive in a different way.

The ceiling was high, high above their heads and a deep mahogany wood carved in detail with swirls and waves. Almost a dozen carved wooden rafters were carved with perfect precision in high arches. A dozen fireplaces lined the two outsides of the room at even spaces, only half of them lit today but would provide plenty of heat during the winter in the large room. Seven huge chandeliers hung down the centre of the room, the hundreds of candles in them making the diamond and sapphire hanging jewels glitter and shine, beautiful wall sconces lined the walls, the silver shaped into flame shapes the bright torches flickering brightly. The floor was a dark wood, the walls a grey stone that glittered a little, stained glass windows standing nearly twenty feet in the air. Tapestries showing various scenes and figures covered the walls here and there breaking the monotony of the stone walls.

They were standing on a wooden dais at the end of the hall, a long wooden table had been laid out already, a velvet silver runner going down the middle of the table, silver plates were laid out waiting for them. Two chairs sat in the middle of the table, both the same size but bigger than the rest of the chairs at the table and much more innately carved. Snake formed the arms and back of the chair, the very top of the chair having a snake that was eating its tail. Harry blinked at the almost throne like chair as Tom pulled it out for him, and when he sat down in it he realised that extensive cushioning charms had been placed on it to make it one of the most comfiest things he had sat on. The rest of them took their seats at the table, Tom taking the other throne like chair, Severus taking his right side. Fenrir was on Tom's left and then Sanguni. Rabastan and Rodolphus next to Severus. A slightly uncomfortable and disgruntled looking Lucius was sitting beside Sanguni with Narcissa beside him.

And the rest of the room held two long table with benches on either side running the length of the room and as they took their seats at their table everyone in the hall moved to sit down at one of the tables. Everyone was dressed beautifully, and all of them were looking up at their table, or more exactly at him, hardly able to look away, so an almost silence fell over the hall pretty quickly. Harry took note of Draco, Blaise Zabini, Pansy Parkinson, Theo Knot, Goyle, Crabbe and a lot of other Slytherin students he recognised by face sitting on the right table closest to them, along with a good large smattering of Ravenclaws and Gryffindors. Harry noted that Draco, Pansy and a few others were glaring at him a little making him feel uneasy, but Tom feeling him shift placed his hand on top of Harry's on the table.

They sat for a few moments waisting for everyone to settle before Tom lifted his hand and kissed it soothingly, meeting Harry's eyes and clearly trying to communicate a feeling of safety and warmth while his mask was firmly in place while they were in public. Smiling a little Harry nodded his understanding and only after another kiss to his hand did the Dark Lord stand up and face his people proudly. Underneath the table Severus pressed his fingers to the back of Harry's hand where it was sitting on the arm of his chair in comfort as Tom let go of his other one. Harry looked at him gratefully before turning back to Tom as he started to speak.

"For the first time in my reign as Dark Lord I am holding a celebration feast for my people, for we have plenty to celebrate!" Tom called out. He raised his voice only a little but the magic in the hall carried it around the whole space. Harry had of course heard Tom speaking to his people before, he had heard that he had a way of speaking, but this was the first time he was truly witnessing it. Tom's words seemed to resonate in his chest with a power of their own. A loud cheer went through the room at his words and he paused before carrying on.

"Who was my greatest enemy is now my greatest ally, he has practically handed the war into our hands, giving us the names of our enemies and those that stand against us, and tomorrow it will be revealed the biggest win that we have had during nearly the entirety of this war which will help bring our enemies to their knees, waiting for us to strike the final blow!" Tom called out a little louder, and in connection to his words and tone the cheers were louder, people grinning at each other while they looked curious as well, whispers already starting up. "Tomorrow we will take a giant step forwards to finally seeing the end to this war, and having it swing in our favour!" He smirked as he looked around the room at the cheering people before looking down at Harry, his red eyes showing warmth and affection, and that illusive emotion Harry was trying to pin down. Holding down his hand for Harry, he closed his fingers over the smaller hand when it was placed inside his own and guided Harry to his feet at his side. Rapidly the entire hall went silent as they took in this as though someone had cast a mass silencing spell.

"Firstly, after many years in which I feared my line would die with me, mother magic has blessed me with the chance to be a father, with a son, and I know he will do the lines he comes from proud," Tom said proudly only taking his eyes from Harry's face as he looked to where he pressed a gentle hand to the swell of Harry's stomach. The call of 'to the prince' echoed around the room mixed in with the almost ear splitting cheers, bangs and applause.

"And, after many lonely years, I now have a consort who will stand by my side. Harrison Potter-Black has agreed to wear the Slytherin consort ring!" Tom turned back to the crowd who sat in stunned silence except for Rodolphus who was choking slightly while Rabastan was half standing trying to get a better look at the ring on Harry's finger. Harry could feel his face blushing at the silence, and then slowly someone started clapping before it spread rapidly around the hall until it was thunderous, the cheers, clapping, shouts, people banging their fists on the tables and stamping their feet accumulating into a huge cacophony of noise. Tom's hand squeezed his as they stood until the noise finally died down.

"So tonight we celebrate! For tomorrow we will begin our true win of the wizarding world," Tom raised his glass, Harry quickly following along with the rest of the hall as they stood and raised their own glasses to their Lord and Harry before they drank. "Enjoy," Tom called before seating himself and Harry once more. And then a feast to beat even Hogwarts festivals appeared in front of him.

Duck, pork, beef, chicken, mutton, lamb and various other meats, in dozens of different dishes appeared on the table, roast potatoes, mash, boiled potatoes, chips, rice, noodles, endless plates that Harry couldn't take in. He was able to ignore and stares and excited whispers and talking going on around the hall, all directed at him and Tom, as he took everything in.

"What do you want?" Tom asked softly kissing his cheek and linking their fingers together again. The whispers picked up even more but Harry just laughed slightly looking at the numerous plates.

"I have no idea," He shook his head.

"How about I chose for you?" Tom suggested, his face blank but his eyes warm. At Harry nod he started filling both their plates, rolling his eyes at the even louder talks around the room as it became clear Tom was filling his plate first.

"Why do I have a feeling you didn't say anything to any of the others about giving me your ring?" Harry asked quietly taking in the slightly stunned look on Lucius's face where he was sitting not moving and just blinking at his plate, and the rest of their table were looking equally stunned and shocked.

"Because I did not. I was not sure that you would say yes, and I did not want to make a fool of myself," Tom answered back just as quietly, his red eyes showing the vulnerability and uncertainty that he knew while being stamped down was still there.

"The only way I wouldn't have said yes was if you hadn't really wanted me," Harry shook his head. "Besides I think you just wanted to see the looks on their faces," He grinned wanting to lighten the mood.

"That has been a small pleasure, yes," Tom nodded looking left and right down the table where the others were trying to collect themselves, Rabastan was practically leaning on top of Rodolphus's head to try and get a closer look at the ring on Harry's finger.

"You are happy," Harry stated with only a little question in his voice as he looked up at Tom, ignoring for now his full plate, he would never be able to finish it all but he would spell away some of it while Tom wasn't looking.

"Very," Tom said simply raising Harry's hand to place a kiss over the ring making Harry smile brightly at him. "And you?"

"Incredibly," Harry grinned leaning his shoulder against Tom's. "You realise I am going to have to write to the others and let them know as soon as we leave here or I will never hear the end of it,"

"How will your friends take it?" Tom asked curiously, nudging him to make him start eating. "No one else can start eating until we do," He added quietly.

"Oh right," Harry flushed a little and stabbed a piece of what he thought was duck taking a bite out of it, then his eyes flickered shut and he hummed in delight as the tastes exploded across his tongue. The house elves had more than out done themselves.

"Try the chicken!" Rodolphus whispered down the table. Harry took a bite of the chicken indicated and sighed happily again.

"I'm glad you approve, this is your night," Tom said softly.

"Tom..." Harry frowned shaking his head a little.

"It is your night, all that we celebrate tonight is because of you," Tom gripped Harry's chin, the room suddenly quietening down a lot indicating that they were being watched. Tom met his eyes and held them for moments before he pressed their lips together firmly. He vaguely took in the cheer that slowly built up around the room again, but he concentrated on the warmth of Tom's lips against his own.

"Shouldn't it be partly Lucius's night as well," Harry grinned as they parted resting his forehead against Tom's. Severus, Rodolphus, Rabastan and Fenrir all chuckled at the words while Narcissa looked as though she had just bitten into a lemon, Lucius looking completely unsure as to what he should feel.

"Try a little bit," Tom tempted holding the fork out.

"I'm full!" Harry groaned shaking his head.

"Just a bite," Tom smirked.

"I can't eat another bite," Harry shook his head.

"Half a bite then,"

"You aren't going to stop until I have taken a bite are you?" Harry sighed amused looking from the piece of chocolate cake to Tom and back.

"No," Came the simple response.

"Oh, fine," Harry opened his mouth and allowed Tom to place the piece of cake into his mouth. He closed his eyes and hummed delightedly at the taste of the chocolate before realising what he was doing and opened his eyes to glare at Tom. "That's cheating,"

"I'm..."

"If you say I'm a Dark Lord I will hex you, right here right now," Harry glared.

"Except you made a vow not to raise your wand to me," Tom smirked.

"Except to defend me or the baby, I think saving my sanity might count," Harry smirked back kissing the tip of Tom's nose and laughing at his expression.

"Now that we are finished, let us enjoy the rest of the night," Tom called clapping his hands. A curtain from the left side of the room near the back opened revealing a full orchestra that upon receiving their applause started up with a beautiful waltz. Quickly couple trickled onto the dance floor, including Narcissa on the arm of who Harry thought was Lord Dmitri Henders, quite a play boy if Witches Weekly was anything to go by. Harry glanced at Lucius concerned to see that the Malfoy Lord well and truly had his Slytherin mask in place.

"Do you want to stay a bit longer, or do you want to leave?" Tom asked softly stroking the back of his fingers down Harry's cheek.

"A little longer would be nice," Harry said after a moments thought. He was enjoying the evening shockingly and the music was pleasant.

"As long as you want, just tell me when you are ready," Tom nodded. "Would you like to dance?"

"Oh, Tom I can't dance, like really really can't dance!" Harry shook his head frantically.

"Everyone can dance," Tom said amused.

"I really can't! The Yule ball was a complete disaster, I stepped on my partners toes, I nearly tripped over her, I stumbled! Seriously I think the Yule Ball was the cruelest thing about the whole tournament!" Harry rambled.

"You obviously didn't have the right partner. Trust me," Tom held his hand out for Harry to take. Harry bit his lip unsurely looking around the hall at the hundreds of people and then looking back at Tom. "I won't lead you astray," Tom said seriously.

"One dance!" Harry said hesitantly, his stomach knotting a little as he placed his hand into Tom's. The chatter around the room once again quietened down when they realised that their Lord and new Lord were moving to dance, most eyes turning to the couple as they made their way down the hall to the dance floor, especially the fact that they were holding hands and clearly going to dance. Everyone in their way moved to the side and allowed them a clear pathway to the dance floor.

When they reached it Tom stopped close to the edge so they weren't surrounded by people and turned to pull Harry securely into his arms. Harry pressed his face into Tom's shoulder and placed his hand on the other one as Tom lifted their joined hands and wrapped his arm around Harry's waist.

"This might be a little easier without my beach ball of a stomach," Harry sighed shifting uncomfortably in Tom's arms.

"Actually, I find it quite attractive," Tom smirked down at him kissing his cheek before he started to move. At first Harry was tense while he followed Tom's lead, but then halfway through the song he started to relax, with someone else leading the dance, someone as skilled at dancing as Tom, he was able to dance fairly well. He would never be a ballroom dancer by any aspect of the word but he was able to relax and enjoy the dance and music, enjoy the warmth of Tom's body and the security of his hold while they moved together in a rhythm. "See you're not bad,"

"Wow, you couldn't have made that sound any more patronising," Harry snorted.

"I apologise, but it is not too bad is it?" Tom's eyes warmed as he looked down at him, smiling when he wouldn't allow his mask to lift.

"Its not too bad no," Harry admitted.

"Do you want to sit down? It has been our one dance," Tom smirked making Harry glare at him and stick his tongue out.

"Being a Dark Lord is not an excuse," Harry huffed as he snuggled closer into Tom's chest in answer.

"It is and it's a good one," Tom argued.

"I think you should only be allowed to use that excuse twice a week," Harry huffed.

"You wouldn't spoil my fun like that would you?" Tom smirked kissing Harry's cheek.

"That's my evil plan didn't you know?" Harry laughed.

"Ah I did wonder," Tom nodded seriously before looking pleased as Harry laughed again.

"Tom, can we go now?" Harry sighed nearly twenty minutes later from where he was cuddled against Tom's chest, Tom holding him closely.

"Are you ok?" Tom asked concerned pulling back to look at him.

"Just feeling a little tired, and my ankles are hurting," Harry pouted a little.

"Come on then, bed," Tom nodded. "To sleep!" He added amused seeing the look on Harry's face. Harry snickered as Tom stepped to his side and wrapped his arm around his waist and led him back through the crowd.

"I actually enjoyed tonight," Harry said happily leaning against Tom's side a little as his tiredness sank in a little.

"I'm glad, we have more of these to look forward to, when we bond, when we win the war, when the baby is born," Tom listed quickly looking at Harry hesitantly.

"When we have our future children to celebrate, and their births," Harry just smiled.

"Their birthdays, your coming of age," Tom kissed Harry's forehead as they stepped onto the dais.

"My Lord?" Rodolphus stepped up behind them questioningly.

"I'm tired, I'm going to have to call it a night," Harry smiled tiredly.

"One more speech and then we will leave," Tom said softly. "My people, enjoy the party for the rest of the night, drink and carry on celebrating! Lord Harry is tired, but we both want you to enjoy the rest of the night!" Tom called out, silence falling before he had finished his first word.

"Rest well, best of health to you and the baby my Lord!" Someone shouted from the crowd followed by a cheer. Harry looked up at Tom getting a supportive look back.

"Thank you all for your support and concern, it means a lot to the three of us," Harry smiled at the crowd. There were cheers and shouts of support from the crowd that they could still hear as the doors closed behind them.

"You did well, they will love you wholly within a few weeks," Tom said proudly as they made their way back to their room.

"Its so strange to think that I wanted to avoid so desperately attention like that, and I've gone into a relationship where being your partner means likely more attention," Harry chuckled tiredly.

"I don't want to make you do anything you don't want to, if you do not want to attend things like this then tell me. I will try and keep you out the public eye as much as I can," Tom frowned.

"I didn't mind tonight actually. I was nervous and uncomfortable at first because I didn't know how they were going to react to me. I knew you wouldn't let anyone harm us, and that they wouldn't dare, but once we started it was alright," Harry shook his head, smiling a little when they turned into their corridor.

"What's that smile for?" Tom asked opening their bedroom door.

"I just realised that this is home now," Harry shrugged a little stunned at the realisation.

"Home...yes, its become a home to me since you came here," Tom agreed helping Harry sit on the bed before kneeling to tug off his boots as the teen started undoing his robes.

"And you said that you're not good with words in these situations," Harry grinned tugging his robes off.

"I'm apparently getting better, either that or you are easily pleased," Tom chuckled when Harry shoved at his chest with his newly unbooted foot. "Lie back," Tom instructed softly. Harry did as he was told flopping back with a content groan as the pressure was taken off of his back a little. Tom undid Harry's trousers before tugging them off, along with his socks.

Harry let out a loud happy groan, closing his eyes in pleasure as Tom started massaging his foot and ankle, digging his thumbs into the flesh and working the pain that had built up. He groaned almost indecently as Tom worked away at his ankles, carefully and attentively working away at his sore ankles in a way that left Harry boneless and almost asleep. When Tom finished his other ankle he stood and gently lifted Harry up.

"Tom?" Harry stirred a little.

"Shush I'm just moving you so you're lying the right way and under the covers," Tom soothed him placing him down on the bed and tugging the covers over him before he made his way around the bed stripping as he went.

He smiled down at teen fast asleep beside him as he slipped into his own side of the bed, tugging Harry against him before he waved the lights out. Holding the warm body close he ran his hand over Harry's stomach, falling asleep with a smile on his face as he held his growing family close.

If Severus had been a lesser man he would have skipped into Grimmauld Place, but as it was he was able to keep control of himself and stalked into the kitchen.

"Albus I have some information for you," Severus said shortly, gleefully noticing that nearly the entire Order were here. Perfect.

"Is it imperative?" Dumbledore asked.

"No but..."

"Then why sit and join us for breakfast and we shall speak afterwards," Dumbledore smiled brightly. Normally this would infuriate Severus, he knew the man did things like this to make him feel uncomfortable, but today Dumbledore was working right into his hands.

"Albus I..."

"Severus do sit down and join us," Molly Weasley simpered. Sitting down with an air of great reluctance, mentally now bouncing in his seat as he practically counted down the minutes. He wondered absently if the youngest Weasley boy knew anything about what was going to happen today, he knew that Harry was talking to him and that he had been helping where he could.

Looking across the table he found the youngest Weasley chewing on a sausage he had speared with his fork and looking for all the world as though he was thinking about absolutely nothing, but then his eyes met Severus's and there was enough of a glint in them that Severus knew he was waiting as eagerly as Severus was.

"Have you had any news of Harry, why haven't you been able to remove him yet?!" Remus suddenly snapped. Severus almost had to bite down on his tongue to stop from spitting out what he wanted to say to the wolf, but that gave Arthur time to step in.

"He needs to be rescued and be with people who care about him,"

"I completely agree, Harry needs to be with people who want the best for him," One of the twins nodded. Severus was slightly amazed that he was the only one that picked up on the bite in his tone and the hard edge to his eyes.

"Exactly," Tonks nodded, just proving to Severus how idiotic the girl was.

"I'm doing my best, but the Dark Lord has smothered the side of the wing Potter is living in with wards, and the boy doesn't leave his side, I have only seen him twice," Severus scowled.

"We know you are doing your best to look after Harry," Bill smiled at him, the warning in his and his fiancée's eyes clear to Severus, the context different to what those around them thought.

"You do need to try a little harder though Severus time is..."

"ALBUS! ALBUS!" Minerva McGonagall's shrieking proceeded her into the room, Mrs Black's shrieking ignored when they saw the frantic look on the witch's face, her hair coming out of its bun.

"Minerva, what on earth?" Molly stood up but the deputy headteacher slammed the Daily Prophet onto the table. For all his training in spying Severus had to fight to keep the smirk from his face.

He watched intently as Dumbledore reads the paper, getting paler and paler by the milli second, giving him time to arrange his face into the correct expression for what he needed. When Dumbledore looked up at him he was faced with slight confusion, concern and annoyance.

"Did you know about this Severus?" Dumbledore asked lowly as Molly snatched the papers away from him and began reading through it herself.

"Know about what?" Severus frowned.

"Merlin! Albus how can he say this!" Molly shrieked. Severus snatched the paper and read through it, the teen had done quite well actually, he had gone straight for the jugular.

"I heard nothing of this, the Dark Lord was saying something about having a plan against the light side, but he refused to tell anyone what it was," Severus snarled throwing the paper onto the table, mainly so that it would land in front of the wolf for him to read it, which he did straight away.

"How could he do this to us!" Remus gasped. Severus twitched slightly in his seat, and Ron gritted his teeth, covering the move by stabbing another sausage from the bowl in the middle of the table, probably a lot harder than he needed, but considering his previous temper problems he was controlling it quite well.

"Wait, Albus how could he tell anyone our names?! The oath!" Moody growled out from where he, Arthur, Kingsley and Tonks were reading over Remus's shoulder. Severus watched with complete amusement as it dawned on Albus's face, the twinkle was completely lost from his eyes and his face paled to an almost grey shade.

"You did make him take the oath didn't you?" Bill scowled, apparently the elder Weasley had quite impressive acting skills.

"Well...I...no...I thought...Harry would never...he's...he wouldn't betray us like this!" Albus shook his head.

"So, not only did you fail to remove that...that...parasite from Harry's body, but you allowed him to escape, run rings around the Order humiliating us, he ran straight to our enemy, and you failed to put him under the oath!" Hestia Jones hissed glaring at Albus. And there Severus saw it had begun, the unravelling of the Order.

"I will go and see what information I can gather on this to try and do damage control, and if they plan any more articles," Severus said standing and making his way to the door, he was struggling to keep a smirk from his face and he had gotten most of the reactions he wanted. Tonks and Molly were now shrieking at each other, Remus was sitting pale and slumped in his chair, he reckoned the section the Dark Lord had added about 'the werewolf whose friends stood by him through thick and thin, who had never turned their backs on them, had attacked the young pregnant teen who had trusted and cared for him as the last remaining link to his parents and beloved godfather' had hit him hard.

"Professor," Ron hissed hurrying over to him just as he reached the front door, the red head checking over his shoulder as he made his way to Severus.

"Mr Weasley," Severus nodded.

"I was wondering whether you could give this to Harry from us," Ron asked pushing a letter into Severus's hand. "Is it true, you-know-who asked him to be his consort and gave him the Slytherin ring?" Ron asked quickly.

"Yes its true. He...Harry is very happy," Severus told the teen seeing the concern in his eyes.

"Hermione said that they both really seem to care for each other," Ron nodded.

"They do, Harry is falling in love with him, and I think My Lord might be in love with him already," Severus said honestly.

"Thank you," Ron smiled at him shocking the older man.

"Yes well, I need to leave, I'll pass this on," Severus nodded before hurrying to leave the house.

"I just can't wait till they read the Quibbler," Ron chuckled as he closed the door behind Severus, the smirk on both their faces saying exactly how much they were looking forward to it.

Horror, Alliances and Draco

Chapter Summary

Fate decides to play with Harry's life again, giving him a chance at a family but with the most shocking father. After the Order lock him up Harry flees to the father where they both may get a second chance. MPREG

Chapter twelve

Tom yawned slightly and reached his arm out for the warmth that he was now used to beside him of a night time. He paused when all he felt was cold sheets, his hand moving around slightly to confirm what his brain already knew before he jerked upright looking around the room worried. Harry wasn't anywhere in the room and through the darkness he could see that the bath room door was open but there was no light inside.

Scrambling out of bed he hurried to check in the bathroom anyway but found it empty. His heart thundering in his chest and his pulse thundering in his ears he felt sick as he moved to the doorway of their bedroom, reaching out slowly to the door knob and turning it with a growing feeling of dread in his chest, the feeling of a weight pressing down on it and what he recognised as panic drowning through his system and making his magic crackle and burn through his system, desperately reaching out to try and find Harry.

He opened their bedroom door and stepped out into the cold corridor of his manor, moving faster than he had ever done in his life he raced through to corridors that suddenly seemed endless searching in every room for his consort, red eyes frantically scanning each and every room, his heart beat growing faster and faster when every room turned up empty.

As he stepped into another corridor he barely recognised everything seemed to slow down, his heart rate was still a panicked, fast beat but his body felt as though it was weighed down, every step was like trying to walk through quick sand and he struggled to heave in breaths through his pained chest. Reaching out for the door knob of the door he stepped outside he sucked in one painful breath before stepping inside.

It was the room that they had been keeping the baby's things in until they decided on how they were going to do the nursery, Harry had just been teasing him the night before about painting it red and gold before he had burst out laughing when Tom had playfully snapped his teeth beside his ear before nipping the ear lobe.

The room was red, but not completely, it was splattered with red, and as he turned his eyes around the room he felt his heart stop and his breathing stutter as his gaze fell on Harry, Harry who despite everything he had been through was so full of life and laughter, despite

everything always welcomed him with a warm smile and warm green eyes that made Tom feel more at home than he had anywhere else in his life.

His Harry who was now sprawled out in the middle of the floor, the walls and carpet around him stained red with his blood, his stomach that had held and protected their growing son slashed open, an empty space. And as he stared horrified those green eyes, pain filled, lost, nearly dead turned to him.

"You promised you would protect us!" Harry wheezed out accusingly, a small trickle of blood slipping from his lips and staining his white cheek red.

"I...I...I tried...I don't..." Tom shook his head as he stopped to his knees staring at the man he loved, the man he was in love with, dying in front of him.

"You always fail don't you Tom, no matter how hard you try and how much you think you succeed, you'll always fail, always weak, always that weak little boy that came to Hogwarts. I knew as soon as I looked at you how wrong you were. You don't deserve happiness, you don't deserve love!" Dumbledore stepped out of the shadows of the corner of the room, a bloody screaming baby held carelessly in his arms.

"No...please..." Tom reached out his arms for his son.

"You don't deserve love, you don't deserve a son, what have you done to deserve his love? To deserve his son? What sort of father are you going to be to him? You, whose own father was so disgusted by your very existence! You think that you can have this? You truly believed that you were going to be able to play happy families?" Dumbledore laughed, his blue eyes ice cold chips as he raised his wand and pointed it at the small baby in his arms.

"No..." Tom breathed out making to stand up.

"Avada...."

"TOM!" Tom jerked upright trying and failing to catch his breath, his skin was sweat soaked and his heart beat to fast to keep track of. His red eyes frantically scanned around himself until he found Harry's worried green eyes, the teen sitting next to him in bed, his hand still resting on Tom's arm where he had clearly been trying to wake him.

Before he could stop himself he ripped back the covers and yanked up Harry shirt, one hand stroking over the bump there, the other resting over Harry's chest, desperate to find the heart beat there, desperate to feel it underneath his hand.

"Tom, Tom its alright, it was just a dream, its fine, we're safe, we're here, its alright," Harry's soft, soothing voice and gentle hands helped sooth away the immediate panic in him, closing his eyes as he felt Harry's heart beat, his hands stroking his face, the skin warmed metal of his consort ring brushing his cheek bone whenever Harry got that far up.

"I'm sorry, I'm so sorry, I'm so so sorry," the words spilled form his mouth before he could stop them. He was stunned to feel his eyes burning, tears welling up where they had not been in decades.

Lips brushed over his eyelids before sliding over his cheeks and then brushing gently at his lips, all the comfort that they meant sinking in him and warming him.

"Tom it was just a dream," Harry soothing not stopping stroking his face in soothing gestures.

"It was so real, I couldn't...I wasn't there in time he...you...you were...and...the baby...he had the baby and...I couldn't protect you, either of you..." Tom gasped out a shudder running through his body as the memories of the dream shot through his mind again.

"Tom, it didn't happen, we're here, safe with you. I trust you with my life and more importantly I trust you with our son's! I know you would burn every inch of this world and everyone that came in between you protecting him if you had to," Harry said with such surety in his voice that Tom opened his eyes to meet determined, fiery ones.

"You as well," Tom admitted, his hands stroking over the bump of Harry's stomach.

"I'm not some damsel in distress, I know you can protect me, but I will fight tooth and nail against anyone that tries to take me away from you," Harry smiled leaning forwards to kiss him.

"I don't deserve you," Tom shook his head the words from the dream echoing back to him. "I don't deserve this, this chance at happiness, of a family, of love, I don't deserve it,"

"Well you have me now and I'm not going anywhere, and I would burn everything on this earth to stay at your side. Tom you deserve love and happiness, a family and a home as much as anyone if not more, and you already have it, all of it," Harry said firmly, clutching Tom's face in his hands and making him look at him.

"All of it?" Tom frowned uncertain he was hearing this right.

"All of it! I love you Tom, and me and our son, we're not going anywhere now. You're stuck with us," Harry smiled as Tom's breath caught in his chest and he stared at Harry wide eyed.

"You...truly?" He blinked stunned as the words tried desperately to sink into his brain, but it just wouldn't accept them.

"I love you, and our son will love you," Harry nodded.

"I...Harry I can't....not yet I...I'm sorry I..."

"Shush, when you're ready to say them, I'll be ready to hear them. You don't have to say it out loud for me to feel it," Harry shook his head, his eyes still warm and his smile even brighter.

"Now lie down, it's still early, go back to sleep," Harry urged him gently back down onto the mattress and pulled the covers over them.

"I don't want to dream again," Tom breathed out clenching his eyes shut.

"Then dream of something good, I'm here, I'm not going to let anything hurt you, even your dreams, relax," Harry settled down beside him and wriggled into his side, the bump of his stomach resting against Tom's side and just as Harry stopped wriggling there was a swift

thump that Tom felt against his side. "Oh! This position is actually really good!" Harry sighed happily.

"Your back isn't hurting?" Tom asked. The last week and a half it had been slightly difficult to try and find a position for Harry to lie in that was comfortable for him.

"Nope, and it doesn't feel like your son is trying to squish all my organs either," Harry grinned.

"Why is he my son when he is kicking your bladder or lodging himself in your ribs, or trying to squish your organs?" Tom asked amused, shifting just slightly so he could rest his hand on the bump, needing the extra contact.

"Because I don't like to think of the fact that it is my son nearly making me wet myself and playing football against my organs," Harry laughed, the sound soothing something ragged in Tom.

"So he is going to be my son when he misbehaves and yours when he's good?" Tom raised an eyebrow.

"No, he's your son when he misbehaves, and our son when he's good," Harry said with a tone stating he should have known that, playfulness clear in his tone.

"Ah, I understand how it works now," Tom said dryly drawing another laugh from Harry.

"Go to sleep, you have that meeting in the morning," Harry leaned up slightly and brushed their lips together before settling back at his side, his hand gently brushing over Tom's collar bone to shoulder and back again in a soothing motion that, to Tom shock, had him drifting off again fairly quickly, his dreams this time thankful empty.

Tom, Fenrir and Lucius blinked at each other for a second before they were on their feet and racing through the corridors of the manor towards the Green room where, as they feared, the explosion had clearly come from given the smoke billowing from underneath the door. Just as they reached the room the door flew open and Harry, Severus, Rabastan and Rodolphus stumbled out coughing and choking.

"I am so sorry!" Harry blurted out as soon as he saw Tom, a blush appearing underneath the soot marks covering his face.

"Are you hurt? What the hell happened? Lucius summon Healer Burns now! Harry?!" Tom rambled as his hands flitted over Harry trying to check for any harm.

"It was my fault, my magic just...over swelled. Rabastan and Rodolphus were just teasing me like normal but I just...lost my temper and then the next thing...boom! The sofa they were sitting on blew up. I'm sorry, are you both ok?" Harry tried to turn to see them but Tom was still searching him for injuries.

"We're fine, a little crispy around the edges but fine," Rodolphus smiled at him.

"My Lords I...erm..." Healer Burns skidded to a stop blinking at the sight of the four of them covered in soot and smudges.

"I'm fine really!" Harry shook his head.

"Harry please, you inhaled smoke, let him check you out," Tom's tone was tight and held enough of a vein of pleading that Harry sighed and nodded.

Tom led the way back to his study, where they found the four leaders that Tom, Fenrir and Lucius had been in a meeting with pressed against the wards in the front of the doorway which prevented them from accessing the rest of the manor concerned.

"Sit down," Tom ushered Harry into one of the seats in front of his fire place as his guests shuffled quickly out the way, their eyes wide as they stared at Harry.

"Tom calm down, I'm fine," Harry took his hand as he settled into the chair and motioned Burns forward from where he was standing unsurely in the doorway. The magic was crackling around Tom dangerously making even the Healer hesitate. Given the go ahead Burns quickly made his way forward and started running scans on Harry and the baby while the others hovered nervously in the background.

"There was a little bit of smoke inhalation but I have vanished that from your lungs, the baby is completely fine," He assured them a few minutes later stepping back.

"I have no idea what happened!" Harry said frustrated.

"I believe that it is your hormones my Lord reacting with your magic," Severus said from the doorway, clearly fighting not to look amused.

"Its not funny! I just blew up the sofa my friends were sitting on!" Harry huffed.

"Its alright we know you love us and wouldn't really want to hurt us... most of the time," Rabastan laughed.

"Please Merlin do not do that to me again, I thought we were under attack," Tom pressed his lips to Harry's firmly.

"Sorry," Harry winced pulling Tom in for another kiss.

"Lord Harry may I introduce Lord Samuel of the French Werewolf community, Lord Gregori of the Veela community, Lady Cassandra of the Paris Vampire coven and Lady Allison of the seers community in Germany," Lucius made the introductions smoothly. "My Lords, Ladies, this is Lord Harry, My Lords consort,"

"So you are the mate we have been hearing so much and too little about," Gregori smiled as he bowed lowly to Harry.

"I'm sorry for interrupting your meeting," Harry blushed even darker.

"None sense, it gives us the pleasure of being able to congratulate you face to face," Cassandra let out a tinkling laugh that had Harry been a lesser man, cough Ron cough, would probably have had him drooling. The large amount of cleavage her shirt was showing off helping as well.

"Thank you," He smiled at her honestly.

"To be honest it was news of your presence here that made me and my brethren agree to meeting with your mate finally," Allison smiled warmly at him.

"Me?" Harry asked surprised, looking at Tom to that it was news to him as well.

"A man with a mate and a baby on the way can not be as cold and heartless as the rumours said. And indeed it is true," Gregori chuckled, his eyes flicking to where Tom's were absently over Harry's stomach.

"It does make him a little sleep deprived though," Fenrir said amused.

"Hey!" Harry pouted. "He said he wanted to experience as much of the pregnancy with me as possible,"

"I did not exactly have being shoved out of bed at three in the morning to wake me up and send me for mango ice cream, a mars bar and a meat feast pizza in mind when I said that," Tom rolled his eyes.

"I was hungry!"

"You could have called the elves,"

"But they wouldn't have been able to go to a muggle shop to get my mars bar for me!" Harry smirked. "Which you didn't do anyway!"

"I'm a Dark Lord!" Tom glared.

"That's no excuse to go barging into Severus's room at quarter past three in the morning and sending him out to get a handful of every muggle sweet in the shop," Harry glared back. "Its your son that's giving me the damn cravings, you should get them!"

"And I should just walk into a muggle shop with red eyes?" Tom raised his eyebrow.

"Muggles are walking around with coloured contacts in all the time now, it wouldn't get a third glance. And who in the wizarding world is going to believe a sighting of you in the local corner shop buying sweets?"

"He has a point my Lord," Fenrir smirked.

"Don't you start getting involved again," Tom snapped to which Fenrir just smirked back unrepentantly. Harry leant up and pecked a kiss to Tom's lips, relaxing the glare that had started to form and getting a roll of red eyes before Tom leant in to kiss him softly. When

they turned back remembering Tom's four leaders they found them watching the exchange with smiles.

"It is nice to see you so content and with a mate my friend," Samuel smiled, speaking for the first time since Harry had entered the room.

"You're..."

"Worse than a kitten or a puppy, yes I know," Harry finished Tom's exasperated sentence patting his arm.

"We hear that you are having a boy?" Gregori smiled.

"Yup, only two more months left," Harry nodded brushing his hand over the top of his bump.

"Are you all ready for him?" Cassandra asked as Tom transfigured seats for them all in front of the fire.

"Mostly, we have more clothes that we need to get and some more toys from ourselves, but we are being inundated with gifts from our followers for him," Tom said sitting down beside Harry linking their fingers together. Harry had to stop himself from making any expression at the 'our' part of the sentence, he was thankful that his Slytherin side was flourishing surrounded by so many and the heir himself.

"Everyone is eagerly looking forward to the arrival, all over the wizarding world I believe. The Daily Prophet has been kept well informed?" The question was clear in Allison's voice.

"We decided that it would be for the best for Tom's side to tell the wizarding community about the baby and his progress. Tom has had some bad and misunderstood publicity, we're trying to fix that," Harry nodded.

"A baby will do that, I believe the scan picture was well received," Cassandra let out another tinkling laugh.

"That was for Harry's friends as well, it has become a little difficult to exchange communications with them as they are back at Hogwarts or being watched closely, we put the scan in mainly for them to see it," Tom said squeezing Harry's hand. The lack of ability to talk to his friends was upsetting to him, but he knew plans were being made for Yule.

"We hear that the so called light side are having a bit of a tough time of it lately," Samuel smirked.

"The news reports that we issued are more than doing their jobs. The Ministry is also being ripped apart for their severe lack of ability and thought to check in on muggle born and half born children. Several of Dumbledore's Order members have been arrested for being part of a vigilante group, three of whom were on the Wizengamot narrowing down Dumbledore's field of control in there," Tom nodded.

"It's looking extremely hopeful that without those supporters in the meeting we'll be able to push through the start of Tom's laws on Magical Beings," Harry added.

"You think you will be able to start pushing them through already?" Cassandra asked shocked.

"There is enough distrust in Dumbledore now that people are starting to see through his lies and manipulations, the arguments that he makes to hold back magical being and creature laws by pointing the finger towards the Ministry and myself are no longer holding, and with a portion of his supporters removed from the Wizengamot, and others nervous of showing too much support in him the grey families are more likely to side with my own supporters in the Wizengamot. I am seriously hopeful that in the next meeting next month we will at least be able to have the law that states all werewolves must be announced to the Ministry revoked," Tom nodded giving Harry's hand a thankful squeeze.

"The public are beginning to call out louder and louder for the investigation into Dumbledore and McGonagall, they are also calling out louder and louder for Dumbledore to be called out on charges for the things he did against Lord Harry," Lucius added.

"Lucius is doing a wonderful job at stirring up the Governors of the school as well, I would be seriously shocked if they made it to Yule still being at the school, and once Dumbledore loses one base like that he will quickly unravel," Harry smiled at the Malfoy Lord, visibly managing to shock him a little.

"The public are currently torn between yourself and Dumbledore it seems?" Gregori asked Harry, his face friendly but his eyes flashing with political interest.

"Dumbledore has been an active icon in our world for much longer than I have, and they are finding it little confusing and difficult that I am now siding with the person I am famous for defeating and not only that but carrying his heir. We plan on releasing information about Tom's own childhood, his true aims and how Dumbledore has managed to twist his true aims and make them into something that benefited Dumbledore. I am also planning on doing an interview explaining my choices and some of the less personal aspects of mine and Tom's relationship, as soon as the uncertainty as to how I could become involved with Tom is removed I have no doubt that people are going to be turning on Dumbledore very quickly. When a portion of my friends follow, even more so," Harry said calmly.

"Why have you chosen...Lord Voldemort as your mate?" Allison asked slowly, smoothing out a wrinkle in her powder blue dress as the only sign of nerves at asking such an intimate question. Harry considered for a second glancing at Tom before smiling at turning back to the entire room who were clearly eagerly waiting for his response.

"At first, I was exhausted, hurt emotionally and betrayed and terrified out of my mind for my child's life. I wasn't entirely sure what I would face, but I felt that Tom would want his heir and look after our son. So I came here. Within a day I was able to see that he wasn't who I had been led to believe he was, he cared for me as well as the baby and I felt safer here than I have ever done in my life, he got angry on my behalf over wrongs done to me where no one else that was supposed to look out for me aside from my friends had. And then I realised that Tom has the huge potential to love me the way I have always wanted and to be the family that I have always wanted, and I wanted to be the same for him. Love isn't exactly meant to be logical, it just is," Harry shrugged.

"You will be judged, perhaps harshly for this choice," Samuel pointed out.

"I always have and always will be judged for any decision that I make. I would rather be judged for something that I want more than anything and that can make me happier than I have ever known, and make our son happy and safe, than bow down to what some people expect of me," Harry said firmly.

"You yourself will no doubt have be judged for your choice of mate," Cassandra looked to Tom who just smirked.

"Of course they have. It of course helps that Harry has helped practically hand us the war, his presence alone will do a huge part for our side, his bloodlines ease a lot of it as well, the presence of my heir that my people despaired of. But they judge of course the fact that Harry used to be prominently on the light side, fought against me quite strongly and the fact that after so long of being alone I have suddenly decided to take a consort. But I have never been one to make the classical or easy choice, I don't want someone who will bow and cow tow to my every demand, I don't want someone who wants the fame and power my position will give them. I want my consort to want and love me simply because of me, and I want to be able to make a family with someone like that, to have the love that I have never really known that Harry offers me freely for no hidden purposes. He gives me hope and makes me a better version of myself, and those who doubt us will soon see that," Tom's tone didn't change but his eyes warmed and said it all as he looked at Harry.

"Damn it," Harry coughed as he looked down scrubbing at his eyes. "Sorry, sorry, its my damn hormones!" he choked through his heavy tears that had had everyone looking seriously worried.

"We will come back tomorrow to sign our allegiance, you had a scare, we will respect the time you need with your mate," Samuel stood and bowed to the two of them.

"We appreciate it," Tom nodded but Harry could see that he was pleased with the acceptance of his alliance.

"Thank you for your time, both of you," Allison stood and curtsied.

"Its been highly enlightening and interesting. And a definite pleasure to meet the man who managed to capture a Dark Lord's heart," Cassandra smirked.

"I look forward to seeing you both again, and the best of luck with everything, and the best of health to the three of you," Gregori bowed.

"I'm sorry for interrupting your meeting, and for erm, getting overwhelmed like that," Harry blushed slightly making to stand, automatically accepting Tom's hand and his help to stand up.

"There is nothing at all to apologise for. It has been a pleasure meeting you," Samuel shook his head.

Harry stood at Tom's side watching as the four of them flooded out before the Dark Lord motioned for the others to leave them, which they did with bows of their own. Burns looking a little wide eyes and stunned at what he had witnessed. As soon as the door was closed behind them Tom turned and sat down in the seat Harry had just vacated.

"Tom?" Harry asked nervously, worried that he had done something wrong. He knew how little Tom liked to show his feelings and himself to others.

"Come here," Tom held out his hand gracefully. Harry made his way over and slipped his hand into Tom's, allowing himself to be sat on Tom's lap sideways before Tom gripped his face and proceeded to kiss him firmly enough that his toes curled, he had been sure that that was only in the books that Hermione liked to read.

When Tom pulled away Harry gulped in a breath and followed his lips, gripping Tom's robes and tugging him back against him, fire burning through his veins as lust ignited through his body where it lay so close to the surface lately. And as normal Tom seemed able to sense it.

Harry groaned into Tom's mouth when he was lifted and carefully placed onto the rug in front of the merrily crackling fireplace, Tom rolled him a little onto his side to prevent him from being uncomfortable before he moved to gently undo Harry's trousers and ease them down over his legs.

Harry watched with wide eager eyes as Tom slowly and carefully kiss his way up Harry's legs, pausing to nip and lick the underside of Harry's knee, making his way up the tender insides of his inner thighs with more kisses, nips and licks that had him fully erect and panting with pleasure before Tom had gotten him any closer to where he needed Tom's touch the most.

"Tom, Tom please, I need you," Harry murmured, his hands tugging on Tom's shoulders as he writhed slightly.

"What do you want?" Tom breathed out, arousal heavy on his own voice in direct reaction to his lover's need.

"I want you inside me," Harry groaned out freezing Tom in place where he was kneeling over Harry's flushed body.

"You mean..."

"I want all of you inside me, I want you Tom, please," Harry bent his legs up in offering, his green eyes glowing with desire as they looked at Tom.

"Harry, are you sure?" Tom hopes desperately the answer would be yes but he had to ask in case it wasn't.

"Yes!" Harry growled out and then they both looked at each other a little shocked when they were both suddenly naked with only the faint brush of magic over their skin. "Huh, that's much more handy than blowing things up,"

"Considering I as still wearing trousers and underwear I am seriously glad you didn't go for blowing up," Tom snorted before he dipped down and kissed Harry firmly. Harry wrapped his arms around Tom's neck, nipping the Dark Lord's bottom lip in a way that he knew drove him a little wild with lust. Sure enough Tom crushed their lips even firmer together, his hand skimming down Harry's chest in a slow drag of warm flesh that lit Harry's nerve endings a light as though Tom was leaving a faint warm burning path behind him. He drifted down to Harry's stomach where he briefly spanned his hand out over their son before he carried on down, cupping Harry's thigh and lifting his leg again, gently easing it up and open.

His fingers became wet with lube as they brushed over Harry's entrance, his eyes locking Harry's within his own red ones as he gently slipped his finger into Harry in one smooth motion, his eyes warm and tender as they gazed at Harry. When Harry's hips twitched in demand Tom smirked and slowly withdrew his finger to its tip before thrusting it back in getting a breath of pleasure from Harry as his hips wriggled again. Tom quickly but carefully added another finger, thrusting them into Harry in a firm, quick rhythm that quickly drew panting breaths and groans of pleasure as the fire in his stomach started to warm with pleasure as the friction and flicking over his prostate drove the arousal through him higher.

Tom had barely added another finger when Harry let out a loud frustrated groan, his nails biting into Tom's shoulders as he jerked himself down onto Tom's fingers making the older man groan himself in pleasure at the sight of Harry, pale skin flushed delightfully with pleasure and heat, his already red lips a deep blood red from him biting them in his pleasure, his green eyes were almost burning as they looked hungrily at Tom.

"Enough, I need you now! Please!" Harry managed to plead and demand at the same time leaving Tom unable to deny him even if he had wanted to.

"It will be easier with you on top," Tom said trying to get control of himself before his finished much too quickly.

"Yes, anything, Tom!" That was definitely a demand. Tom wrapped Harry's legs around his waist and rolled them so that Harry was seated on his hips. Seeing Harry already wriggling down to his erection Tom quickly summoned more lube and slicked himself up, touching himself as little as possible before he grabbed Harry's hips to help ease his movement.

He dropped his head back onto the rug when Harry reached back and held his erection in place as he lifted himself up and guided Tom to his entrance before lowering himself down with a speed that would have made Tom worried had Harry not let out a loud and clearly pleasure groan, his head dropping back and his eyes closed as he stilled once his arse cheeks were settled against Tom's thighs.

Tom was glad for the pause as he stared up at his beautiful consort, pleasure wracked, his swollen stomach holding the son he had truly believe he would never have, all glowing in the firelight that kept them warm from his left. Unable to stop himself he reached up and stroked over Harry's stomach as his other hand stroked over his hip and bum. Harry eyes opened as he tipped his head forwards again and met Tom's gaze, his eyes holding lust, passion but also love that Tom hadn't believed he would be able to see in someone else's eyes for him.

Harry rested his hands on Tom's chest to get leverage before he gave a testing move of his hips, slowly raising himself and then dropping back down with a hum of pleasure that made Tom tighten his grip on Harry's hips and help guide Harry's next movement taking some of the pressure for him by bending his legs to give Harry something to lean against.

Harry quickly built up a rhythm, noises of pleasure spilling from his lips more and more when Tom shifted underneath him and managed to find the right angle for his erection to brush over his prostate. Tom watched as pleasure rocketed through Harry's system, his hips rocking and moving faster, Tom's own hips moving underneath him, thrusting up into Harry faster and faster himself as their bodies rocked together in sync, moans of pleasure coming from himself as well as he felt his own orgasm rocking closer through his body.

He drank in Harry's loud groan and almost full body shudder when Tom wrapped his hand around Harry red and swollen cock where it was weeping pre cum liberally now over their stomachs.

"Oh Merlin...Tom...Tom...yes..." Harry panted out, his hips speeding up even more until with a loud cry of pure pleasure Harry cried out as he came. It took only two more thrusts into Harry's pleasure tightened body for Tom to spill himself inside of Harry, arching himself and thrusting as deep into Harry as he could manage, groaning out his own pleasure to the room and Harry's ears.

Panting and trying to calm his furiously beating heartbeat, Tom carefully wrapped his arms around Harry and tilted them slowly so they were lying on their sides facing each other, still locked together intimately as their panting breaths mingled between them as they slowly came down from their high.

Tom realised nearly ten minutes later that he had been stroking his hand over Harry's stomach to his back and then repeating gently, unable to stop touching the man who was now his lover in every way.

"Wow," Harry grinned, laughing happily as he leant forwards to brush their lips together.

"You..drive me completely to the edge of my reason!" Tom shook his head making Harry laugh again. "I had plans for your first time to be in our bedroom, perhaps a special meal with just ourselves first, in a bed! Not on the rug in my office,"

"I prefer it this way," Harry said honestly curling his arm underneath his head to use as a cushion. "This is where our relationship changed that first night I came here, and I'm not one for doing things traditionally anyway. As long as it was you, I don't care where we were,"

"I...I love you Harry," Tom said slowly and almost uncertainly, but Harry heart jumped in his chest, the vulnerability and fear clear in Tom's eyes and his face, as well as his certainty.

"I love you too," Harry leant forwards and brushed their lips together gently, almost sealing the words between them where they lay tangled together in front of the fire.

"You think you're so clever Potter!" The snarl had Harry turning around wide eyed, his stomach sinking as he met the furious grey blue eyes of Draco. He had managed to avoid being left alone anywhere with Draco before now, barely being the same room with him at all, but Draco was away from school for the October week break and had apparently come to the manor with Lucius.

"Draco, you're not allowed in here without permission. If Tom finds you he'll be furious," Harry said calmly trying not to show his panic as he tugged himself to his feet, desperately not wanting to be seated in front of a clearly furious Draco who had apparently had time to wind himself up.

"Tom! You disrespect him by calling him by the name he didn't want! You disrespect him in front of everyone!" Draco snarled.

"Its Tom's choice what I call him, he has no problem with me calling him by his name," Harry said a little coolly.

"You're an embarrassment to him and the dark side, you think you can be consort? You think that you can do the title honour at his side?!" Draco sneered at him, his eyes looking him up and down with clear dismissal.

"Not right now no, but I am learning quickly. More importantly though I can be Tom's partner and who he needs at his side as a person and not as a leader," Harry said a little sharper than he had intended.

"You with your dirty blood and you're manipulations, what did you do to make him want you? What did you threaten him with to make him name you consort!" Draco laughed bitterly just as Blaise Zabini, Theo Nott and Pansy Parkinson skidded to a halt in the doorway taking in the exchange with wide worried eyes.

"I did nothing but treat him as a normal human being and offer him a real chance of love and family. I didn't trick or threaten him into it,"

"Please! I bet you threatened to take his heir from him, its not beneath you filthy mudbloods to do that!" Draco snorted.

"I would watch what you are saying and stop while you are ahead Draco. I know you have read the newspaper report on Tom's childhood we released last week, if you are calling me a mudblood then you are calling him even worse. And I would never take his son from him, never!" Harry snapped finally feeling his temper fraying.

"I would never call my Lord a mudblood! You...you twist words just like you twist and steal everything else, you probably threatened to abort the baby yourself unless he named you consort! If its even his!" Draco smirk weakened as Harry's magic visibly snapped around him.

"Don't you dare! I risked everything to protect our son, I went through torture to make sure he stayed alive and you think I would do all that and run into my enemies home on the chance that Tom would hear my out first? Your own arrogance and self worth shut off what

brains you have! And I will remind you that you are talking to your Lord Consort, I suggest you leave now before you damage yourself completely, you're already slipping rapidly out of favour with only Lucius's position at my lover's side keeping you safe!" Harry spoke with forced calmness, unable to stop himself from digging the knife in a little by referring to Tom as his lover.

"You stole him from me! He was going to be mines! He was going to be my lover and place me at his side! I was going to be consort and rule at his side and be loved by the Dark Side and bear his heirs me!" Draco spat.

"Stop being such a blind and stupid, self centred, attention seeking deluded prat!" Harry roared his magic snapping furiously around him, stunning Draco. "You were never going to be his consort, you are immature and so focused on himself you would be terrible as the ruling half of the Dark Side. You are too interested in your own power and what you can get from it. Being a Lord is about responsibility for your people and your side, thinking how you can improve things for everyone and not just yourself! Your father is a good man but he gets ideas way above his station and your mother is so ambitious she is foolish. You were never going to be consort! And Tom is a man, a human being, not The Dark Lord he needs someone who loves him for him and not for the power they would gain at his side, and that is not the bearer that he wants for his children! My son is loved wholly by me simply because he exists, I love him because he is mines and now I love him because he is a part of me and Tom. I don't care about the blood that runs through his veins except for the fact that it is mines and Tom's, I don't care that he is the Dark Prince, all I care is that he is healthy and happy. Can you say that if you bore sons and daughters for Tom that you wouldn't love them first because of what they give you, the acknowledgement that you were carrying on the Slytherin line? You're a fool, and a child playing in games that you don't fully understand! You earn the right to things, you don't demand and expect them, especially not in love!" Harry roared.

"I..."

"I believe my consort has put up with your childishness for long enough," Tom's cold voice came from behind the three standing in the doorway making them start and jump out the way paling rapidly as they bowed.

"I...My Lord I was merely..." Draco tried to smile coyly at Tom before flinching as cold eyes drilled into him before Tom swept across the room to Harry, his hands cupping Harry's face and stomach as his concern showed across his face.

"I'm fine," Harry smiled, a little weakly but he managed to smile, the fear, anger and worry he had been feeling leaving him feeling shaky. Lucius stepped into the room with Severus and Fenrir looking mortified and scared.

"Lucius, this blatant disrespect, attack on his Lord, arrogance and ideas above his station can not be ignored this time," Tom hissed furiously.

"Tom," Harry placed his hand gently over Tom's on his stomach. Tom met his eyes and sucked in a calming breath.

"I would order your torture for this...I do not even know what to call this attack on myself, my consort and my son..."

"I have not attacked you My Lord! I would never do..."

"Draco, shut up!" Lucius grabbed his son's shoulder and shook him hard enough to stun him into silence.

"You attack my decisions, my choice of consort! You think you know better than I who is best to stand at my side! And that pales in comparison to the fact that you chose to verbally attack my pregnant consort in his private rooms! Betraying the privilege you were given to be allowed into my private wing with your father!" Harry watched as Draco paled further with the realisation of the full impact of his actions.

"My Lord, please I beg you, he is young and...foolish, he has been spoilt and given ideas above his station as to what he has a right to by myself and his mother especially. I ask you please show mercy on him," Lucius said tightly, his face drawn with worry.

"Tom," Harry repeated squeezing Tom's hand as he reached up to stroke his hand down Tom's face hoping to cool the boiling fury he could sense in his lover.

"Because of my Consort's forgiving heart and gentle nature and the respect I hold for your father I will show lenience, but you will be punished for this. Your rights to everywhere but the meeting hall is revoked from my manor, you may earn back the right to your freedom here in time, you may not. And you are going to spend the next week in the dungeons, you will be allowed a bed roll and water, you will have the most basic of meals, you will have no visitors, no magic, one blanket and two candles a day - it will be your choice when you use them," Tom gritted out.

"You are very forgiving, thank you My Lord, Lord Harry," Lucius bowed deeply, stark relief on his face a opposite to the horrified look on Draco's. Harry watched him open his mouth clearly to protest only for Severus to grip the shoulder of his robes on the other side to Lucius's hand.

"You barged your way into your Lord's consort's private rooms, even if you do not recognise Harry as your Lord, he is your sworn Lord's consort, his pregnant consort! You are lucky to be getting away without being tortured into the edge of your sanity you fool!" Severus hissed furiously. "Now shut up and stop before your Lord changes his mind!"

"Missy transport him to the dungeons now! The rest of you leave my sight!" Tom snapped. Missy popped in front of Draco with a furious scowl on her face, grabbing his hand and popping them out before anything else could be said. The rest of them hurried out the room as fast as they could, Severus sliding his hand into a worried and sick looking Lucius's just as he closed the door behind them.

Tom swooped down on Harry before he could realise what was happening, the furious kiss translating the worry and panic that was sweeping through Tom. Harry, realising Tom's need for the contact, and needing it himself if he was honest as a grounding for all the furious emotions tumbling through himself, sank into the kiss, gripping his hands tightly behind

Tom's neck and kissing back just as furiously until he was sure that his lips were going to be swollen for a good few hours afterwards.

When he pulled away to try and catch his breath Tom scattered needy kisses over his cheeks and jawline, down his neck before he sank to his knees, pressing his face to Harry's now fairly large stomach and let out a breath that sounded as though he had been holding it in since realising something was wrong.

Closing his own eyes Harry reached down and threaded his fingers through Tom's hair, stroking it gently as he allowed the contact to calm them both down, sliding his fingers into Tom's on one side of his stomach and swelling his magic so the always welcoming jump and thrum of their son's magic echoed back to them. While it was slightly nervous and worried, he was as always more than happy to feel his parents warm magic and Harry concentrated to circulate a feeling of safety through the two most important people in his life.

"We're alright Tom," Harry said once he was sure his voice would come out calm.

"I should never have left you by yourself," Tom gritted out. Reaching down Harry gripped Tom's chin and lifted it making his lover meet his eye.

"Tom I am not going to live in fear in our home being followed around by Rabastan and Rodolphus all the time - no matter how much I like them. I'm not weak, I am perfectly capable of looking after myself. And Draco wasn't going to hurt me," Harry said softly.

"It didn't look like he was having a friendly chat with you!" Tom growled out only to chuckle when the baby kicked out underneath Tom's cheek in seeming response.

"He wasn't going to attack me though. We were school yard enemies, its hard for him to understand that there is a difference now, before he would have hexed me in the corridor or confronted me as soon as he had a problem with me. He's immature and spoilt Tom, he thinks he has rights to things simply because he wants them. But he's intelligent and powerful and Lucius has taught him politically well if he can over come his own self entitlement. He can be a good asset to your side," Harry told him quietly, smiling softly to himself and starting to comb his fingers through Tom's hair again when he shifted so his cheek was resting against Harry's stomach again.

"I wish you had a little more blood lust," Tom grumbled.

"You have enough for the two of us love," Harry smiled.

Harry ignored the almost pleadingly pathetic look that the guard to the dungeon was shooting him and held his head high as he made his way along the cool length of the dungeons, tugging his cloak closer around himself and thanking Merlin that each cell could be magically blocked from anyone outside seeing in while the prisoners could still see out. The guard had insisted on activating it and Harry had not complained at all. He had a feeling that the Dursleys were still somewhere in here and he really didn't like the knowledge that he was in the same place as them. The silencing spells were also greatly appreciated.

He came to a stop outside the only cell he could see inside and so the cell that he had come to visit. Inside Draco was huddled into the corner on a pretty pathetic excuse for a bedroll, one medium thick blanket wrapped firmly around himself and doing nothing to hide the shivers going through him. The cell was large enough for him to maybe take stretch his legs out while seated and just not touch the bars. He was dirt smudged and his hair a mess. He was also glaring balefully at Harry.

"Are you here to gloat?" Draco tried to sneer but failed. Miserably. Sighing Harry drew his wand and conjured a high stool for himself in front of Draco's cell - easier to get off of - and sat down before drawing out the items he had brought with him in his cloak.

Draco stared at him completely stunned as he held out a thicker blanket and then a tied cloth that clearly held food. Shuffling forwards and looking between Harry and the items suspiciously he slowly took the items before quickly retreating to his corner, wrapping the warmer blanket around himself as well and opening the cloth to reveal a block of cheese, four muffins and three apples.

"Why?" He choked out not looking up from the food.

"I know what its like to be cold and hungry and locked away," Harry sighed.

"That....that was really true?" Draco asked quietly.

"My cupboard was about half the size of this without enough room to stand straight in," Harry said in way of answer.

"I am being punished for attacking you and you help relieve my punishment? Why?" Draco finally met his eyes, confusion showing in them.

"You are old enough to think for yourself, and intelligent enough to realise a truth to a situation and think it through yourself and not what you have been spoon fed," Harry said sharply before sighing. "But your mother and father have spoilt you and are the reason that you believe you are entitled to things that you have no right to expect or demand,"

"You always take what is mine!" Draco said but there was no strength to it.

"Nothing is yours by right Draco except the Malfoy Lordship and estate. Everything you believe I have taken from you I have earned the way it should be through hard work, through danger, through time,"

"The Dark Lord,"

"Everything that Tom and I have been through together had been leading towards this moment. I am not afraid to stand up to Tom and telling him when he is doing things wrong, to tell him that he is being a grumpy bastard and to have another coffee for Merlin's sake, I can stand at his side and see his power and influence, see his magical and political strength, see the Dark Lord he is and still see him as a human being who needs love and kindness, who needs understanding and warmth, who needs to be treated as a simple human being. Can you honestly say that you could give him that Draco?" Harry said softly.

"I could try," Draco said mulishly.

"Try isn't good enough Draco. And he needs someone who understands what it is to be alone and hated, to be humiliated and ignored, to be blamed for something that isn't your fault, you simply being. You have never wanted for your parents love, for anything you wanted even if they have spoilt you. Until Tom the other week no one had ever told me that they loved as far as I can remember,"

"He killed your parents," Draco said quietly.

"And that is something that...I haven't forgiven or forgotten but I understand. It was war, they were the enemy, what's done is done. I never knew them, but I have my son to think about now. I decided to give Tom a chance for my son's sake, to try and have a...well not even relationship but for us to at least be able to get on. I fell in love with him without realising what was happening, he's a good man with a lot of love to give and...well your heart doesn't choose with logic or memory," Harry sighed rubbing his hand over his stomach as his son jerked and kicked out.

"I don't know how to be any different," Draco frowned down at his hands.

"You don't have to be different, you do need to grow up. This is a serious situation and you can't stay in it with your childish ideals and out look. Tom had every right to torture you for what you did, you didn't think through the consequences of your actions," Harry said calmly but Draco flinched any way.

"I didn't..."

"Draco I am seven months pregnant, did you think about the fact that getting into an argument could have seriously upset me, that your accusations could have seriously stressed me out. You haven't heard the medical reports from my healer, you had no idea if the abortion charms had caused damage or made a cause for concern. What if you had got me stressed out enough to cause a miscarriage or premature birth? What do you think Tom would have done to you then?" Harry interrupted sharply seeing Draco pale rapidly underneath the dirt on his face.

"I didn't think..." Draco stammered.

"Exactly, you have sworn your loyalty to Tom, if you had caused the death of his son, his heir, your life would have been forfeit. You are intelligent and I know you know how to play the political game. Use your own brain and think for yourself stop believing that everything your parents have told you is law and they are always right. Use your own mind. You are here for another four days, use the time to seriously think through everything you have been told and come to your own conclusion about them, think about your situation and make your own choices!" Harry advised.

"I'll try," Draco said quietly.

"Draco, you can do well and go far in Tom's circle, even take your father's place when the time comes, but you need to stop believing that you are entitled to anything you want, and

you need to start thinking how you can earn the things that you want," Harry stood up to leave but paused when Draco gripped his wrist.

"If I need...advise...can I come and talk to you?" Draco asked quietly not meeting Harry's eyes.

"Of course, I'm not going to be wandering far for the next few months, you'll know where to find me," Harry grinned patting his stomach actually managing to get a short laugh from Draco.

"Aren't you going to get into trouble for this?" Draco asked, visibly concerned.

"Oh he'll have a grumble and a sulk at me for a few hours before he realises he isn't going to win," Harry laughed. "I'll see you before you go back to Hogwarts,"

"Thank you," Draco said honestly making Harry smile warmly.

"What were you thinking!" Tom slammed the door to the evening living room open, storming in with a concerned looking Fenrir, Lucius, Severus, Rabastan and Rodolphus hurrying behind him.

"I was considering strawberries and chocolate sauce or ginger cake and custard," Harry said calmly looking up from where he was propped up on the sofa reading.

"You know what I am talking about, do not lie to me!" Tom snapped.

"I'm not lying to you, I'm trying to avoid the subject because you have clearly worked yourself up to a point where you aren't going to listen to me, and I am tired and not getting into a shouting match with you," Harry sighed rubbing his head.

"What's wrong?" Tom literally deflated only for worry to replace his anger.

"I have a migraine and Healer Burns said I can't take any pain killers for it," Harry winced.

"How long for?" Tom made his way over to the sofa and gently shifted Harry down the sofa before sitting behind him and guiding him back so his head was resting on his chest. Harry groaned as Tom's fingers gently dug into his temples, a little magic trickling through his fingers and taking the worse edge of his migraine.

"Hmm, a few hours,"

"Why didn't you call to tell me?" Tom frowned.

"You were in a meeting," Harry smiled patting Tom's leg.

"Why did you go against my orders?" Tom asked quietly after a few minutes.

"I wasn't aware that I am one of your followers My Lord," Harry said sharply making Tom twitch a little.

"You know what I mean!"

"Either I am your consort and equal to you, or I am one of your followers and have to follow your orders, you can not pick and choose Tom," Harry sighed.

"You put yourself in danger and undermined me," Tom gritted out.

"I made a choice as your consort to go and talk to someone who has the high potential to be an important member of your circle to try and sort out the issues he is having. If I showed him a little kindness at the same time, well that shows my weakness and not yours," Harry closed his eyes as Tom carried on massaging his temples.

"Your kindness is not a weakness," Tom sighed himself.

"I think I managed to get Draco to understand his position more, and that he needs to start thinking for himself," Harry said after a few moments.

"You could have been in danger," Tom said but there was little to no fight in his tone.

"The cells are magically dampened and the guard blocked them and silenced them for me," Harry argued back.

"Please, next time you want to do something like that...at least tell me or take Rabastan and Rodolphus first!" Tom groaned.

"Tell you or take my bodyguards, got it," Harry smiled a little opening his eyes to meet Tom's exasperated red ones.

"Do not be cheeky," Tom huffed leaning down to kiss Harry gently.

Attacks, Judgments and Family

Chapter Summary

Fate decides to play with Harry's life again, giving him a chance at a family but with the most shocking father. After the Order lock him up Harry flees to the father where they both may get a second chance. MPREG Now rated M

Chapter Thirteen

Harry winced as Burns brushed a salve over the wound and bruise on his cheekbone, the sting bringing tears to his eyes but he did his best to hide it as he could practically feel the panic and worry not to mention anger radiating off of the Dark Lord seated behind him with one hand over the bump holding their son and his other hand firmly resting over Harry's heart.

Burns winced in front of him, his eyes worried when a wince that Harry's couldn't hide had Tom shifting, the rage pouring out of him and focusing on the only person in the room that he could really blame right now, Burns, even if it was nothing to do with him and he was in fact trying to help.

"Tom. Stop," Harry said gently but firmly, raising his hand to squeeze the one resting over his heart. The rage tapered slightly as Tom pressed his face into Harry's shoulder, reassuring himself with the warmth, the life in his lover's body. "How are Rabastan and Rodolphus?" Harry asked Severus as soon as he walked into the room.

Severus was looking more than a little worse for wear, stressed and tired, his eyes had dark circles underneath them and worry had lined his face slightly. He however managed to summon a smile for Harry as he made his way over to the chaise that they were seated on while Burns ran every test known to Wizard over Harry's body.

"They are doing fine, they have concussions that not even magic can fix so they will have to be monitored, but they are fine," Severus reassured him.

"The Cruciatus?" Harry asked concerned.

"Minor damage but nothing that they can't recover from," Severus reassured him.

"They were supposed to look after you!" Tom hissed.

"Tom they were attacked! They did their best to protect me," Harry snapped.

"They should have done better!"

"Tom! Enough!" Harry shouted shifting as though to get out of Tom's grip.

"Harry," Tom's tone was pleading enough that both Burns and Severus moved rapidly towards the door at Harry's indication to them. "When I got to our rooms and you were gone and they were on the floor..." Harry's temper popped like a balloon and he turned himself carefully in Tom's arms, aware of his aching muscles, to cup the older man's face.

"I'm fine, I'm safe and I'm here with you. Its no one's fault but theirs," Harry said gently stroking his thumb over Tom's cheekbone before leaning in to press their lips together softly. "Rabastan and Rodolphus were tortured trying to protect us,"

"I'm sorry I just...."

"You think I'm not afraid of losing this as well? That I'm not afraid of you not coming back from a meeting or something? I'm so used to the good things in my life not lasting that I am waiting for the other boot to fall," Harry shook his head at the guilty expression that started crossing Tom's face. "I told you that I would fight tooth and nail to get back to you, and I did, and I had people to help me as well, I'm not leaving your side,"

"I felt as though my heart had stopped. Harry I've never, there has never been anyone like you in my life, never mind our son. I can't..."

"We're both here, and we're both fine," Harry said soothingly, running his fingers through Tom's hair and fluttering kisses over his face.

"Merlin, I can't go through that again. I...I love you...so much," Tom caught Harry's face and held him still so that he could press their lips together. It was chaste and gentle, a reaffirming of the fact that Harry was there, in his arms and safe, warm and alive and his.

"I want them punished," Harry said against Tom's lips ten minutes after they had parted and just sat with their forehead pressed together. Tom's eyes flickered open surprised, meeting Harry's and seeing the green set with resolve.

"Anything," Tom smiled running his fingers over Harry's face gently. "Do you think you will be ok being there? It will look the best if you are at my side when they are sentenced, to show our strength and hopefully put off any further attacks,"

"I don't think I want to leave your side again for at least six months," Harry sighed nuzzling Tom's cheek with his nose before settling his head onto Tom's shoulder.

"That's good, because I don't think I can let you go," Tom sighed wrapping his arms around Harry's waist and settling back to watch over his lover and their son while Harry slept. Plans already twisting through his mind.

"My Lord?" Lucius stepped nervously into the room, paler than normal so that he was nearly grey, his eyes blood shot and ringed darkly. The cut on the left side of his cheek was deep and

painful looking, and that was it healed as much as Tom's best healers could manage it before leaving it to heal on its own. It would leave a scar.

"Lucius," Tom nodded and motioned to the small breakfast table he and Harry were eating at with Severus and Fenrir on the balcony, enjoying what was likely to be the last sunny weekend of the year. Lucius glanced behind him when Draco stepped into the rooms, looking if possible greyer and more nervous than his father.

"Draco," Harry smiled warmly at the other teen and motioned him and Lucius over again. The two Malfoy's looking more nervous with each step they took, though Harry's welcoming smile did seem to be stopping them from fleeing.

"Have a seat, and help yourselves, Missy had gone slightly over the top," Harry snorted amused at Tom's understatement, the table was groaning practically under the weight of all the breakfast foods.

"My...Lord Harry...I...how are you?" Draco asked nervously, eyeing the scratches and cuts, and the large bruise over his eye.

"I'm fine, we both are. Burns managed to heal everything that he could," Harry reassured the worried teen. "How are you doing?" Harry asked concerned, scanning Draco's face and then Lucius's. Tom's hand slipped over his own on the table but he didn't interrupt, he didn't show any indication that he didn't want them to speak so Lucius answered hesitantly.

"We're...we're fine My Lords, we're erm...there is no damage...the healers patched us up ok...we...My Lords..."

"Lucius it isn't your fault," Harry said firmly interrupting before Lucius could carry on.

"I..."

"Harry is correct Lucius, this is not your fault. You saved my con...you saved Harry's life and you saved my son's life. Both of you," Tom added. Harry squeezed his hand smiling at him; he knew how difficult it was sometimes for him to show appreciation to other people, to open himself up.

"My Lord's it was...she..."

"It wasn't your fault," Harry said firmly.

"You could have been killed," Draco choked. Harry smiled warmly at him even as it felt as though Tom was trying to break his hand.

"But I didn't, you got there in time, and I am sitting here safe," Harry assured them all.

"I will ask you both to be standing at our sides tonight," Tom straightened, his eyes flashing dangerously.

"Of course," Lucius and Draco said at the same time.

Harry straightened his robes in the mirror, tugging on the lapels and adjusting the way it fell over his stomach a little nervously. The robes were the finest of silks, a rich deep green hemmed with black, there was silver stitching on the back holding the Potter, Black and Slytherin coats of arms. As all the other robes that had been ordered for him were fitted around his stomach and emphasized his seven and a half month old bump.

The door to his bedroom opened making him turn around to see Rabastan and Rodolphus standing in the doorway looking nervous. He made his way quickly to their sides, his eyes scanning them concerned, taking in the faint bruises that wouldn't heal except with time like his own, the faint tremor of their hands and arms.

"Are you ok?" Harry asked concerned walking towards them.

"We should be asking you that," Rodolphus laughed a little hysterically.

"We're sorry!" Rabastan blurted out.

"You have nothing to apologise for, you did the best that you could, you protected me. And you were injured doing so," Harry glared at them.

"We..."

"No!" Harry said sharply.

"How are you both?" Rodolphus asked softly, his eyes guilty as he eyed the bruises on Harry's face.

"We're both completely fine, there is nothing to worry about. Now are you ready to escort me down? We don't want to keep Tom waiting," Harry smiled, turning to the mirror to once again straighten his robes before sighing and giving up. Turning he found the brothers staring at him shocked.

"Our Lord is trusting us to escort you down? He is not coming up himself?" Rabastan choked staring at him wide eyed along with Rodolphus.

"You're my protectors, you did your job, as he has asked that you carry on doing," Harry shrugged stepping out of the rooms and closing the door behind himself. As he started down the corridors the brothers realized he was moving away from them and hurried after him, framing him between them as they watched him with concern and confusion.

"I...My...Harry?" Rodolphus's use of his name made Harry pause and look at them.

"You did everything you could to protect me, you were tortured protecting me, you did everything that you could. You are not to blame and you did nothing wrong, I know that and so does Tom," Harry said firmly reaching out to grip both their hands and squeezed them before releasing and stepping back from them. He waited for the both of them to nod their understanding of what he was trying to tell them before he smiled and carried on down the corridor.

"Thank you," Rabastan said softly making Harry glance at him.

"Thank you?" He asked questioningly.

"We know that you have to have said something to him, he wouldn't have been this calm and allowing about it without you," Rodolphus explained.

"Honestly he wouldn't have been this understanding and accepting before you came into his life, he wouldn't have been this calm before," Rabastan added.

"You have nothing to thank me for," Harry smiled softly. "I just didn't want to end up with Lucius and Fenrir as my body guards," He added with a grin getting the laughs he had wanted from the brothers, their shoulders relaxing a little.

"My Lord," Rabastan and Rodolphus both nodded when they turned the corner and found Tom standing clearly waiting for them. Aside from the way he eyed Harry concerned Tom said nothing which Harry was grateful for. Reaching out he slipped his hand into Tom's waiting one, squeezing it reassuringly. Tom had been so anxious and so worried whenever Harry was out of his sight for the last few days since it had stroked his thumb over Harry's cheekbone before bending and joining their lips together, gently at first before kissing him firmer and holding him as close as Harry's now quite swollen stomach would allow.

"Are you ready for this?" Tom asked softly keeping Harry close.

"Yes," Harry smiled a little knowing exactly what Tom was asking him, was he ready to face them again, was he ready to put on the mask that he would need to wear in front of Tom's people...not even a mask...more assume the role fully.

"Come then," Tom straightened but kept hold of Harry's hand, Rabastan and Rodolphus falling into place behind them as they faced the doors to the meeting hall, all of them straightening their backs almost automatically, especially the Lestrangle brothers when they realized they would be escorting them inside.

The doors swung open at Tom's motion and the noise that echoed out at them from inside stopped dead as everyone turned to watch them walking inside, the looks on their faces telling Harry that the knowledge of what happened had spread around the troops. They were halfway across the dais when the roar of applause, cheers and well wishes rose up from the crowd. The Black robed crowd were clapping, stamping their feet and shouting as their Lords made their way to the front to speak to them.

Even though he had the blank, firmly held mask that he wore in public on Harry knew that Tom was pleased with the reaction that they received, and he was standing even more straight back as he and Harry stopped at the front of the dais. Tom waited for a moment before he raised his hand for silence that fell straight away. The crowd shuffled to see them better, mutters going through them when they saw the bruises and scratches still on Harry's face.

"You all know a little of why we are gathered here today. Your Lord and future prince were attacked by our own. By those who stood before me in this very hall, who knelt and swore loyalty to me and then betrayed me in the deepest of ways, betrayed their Lord Harry in the

deepest of ways!" Tom barely shouted but his voice carried over all of them, causing a ruffle and shuffle to go through the hall. A few of the younger Death Eaters even shouted in outrage. "Bring the prisoners to be judged!" He shouted.

The shouts that went through the hall as the four were led forwards from the dungeons, chained with manacles and a collar that would have suppressed even Tom's wandless magic, their hair wild, their skin dirty. As they were led through the crowd they were hissed at and spat on, a few people managed to get a few kicks and hits at them. The four of them looked startled at the reaction they were receiving, just reinforcing in Harry's head the madness that he had been sure enough of before.

When they were dragged in front of Tom and Harry and shoved to their knees their gazes turned to Harry with furious glares and one of them opened their mouth clearly to say something insulting when Tom's magic cracked like a whip through the air, startling everyone in the room, though Harry managed to stay calm on the surface with the exception of tightening his grip on Tom's hand, partly out of shock, partly to try and help keep him calm. The green black swirl of Tom's magic around the both of them in warning and anger, palliable to everyone and having the four in front of them shrink back suddenly scared as they realized the full enormity of their position at the sight of their Lord losing his temper so strongly. Not that Harry could figure out how they could have thought that this would go any other way.

"Bellatrix Lestrange, Narcissa Malfoy, Pansy Parkinson and Walden McNair you are charged with attacking your Lord and future Prince, of betraying the oaths of loyalty that you swore to me. Of kidnapping, torturing fellow Death Eaters, Physically harming your Lord, of attempting to use the transferal spell that is known to kill 98% of babies and bearers that it is used on. We have unquestionable proof of your guilt in this, you were caught red handed. This is not a trial, this is your judgment," Tom's voice betrayed the fury he was feeling, his red eyes flashing even while his face remained calm.

The shouts that filled the hall were raised almost to the roof as the people reacted to the knowledge of the transferal spell that they had tried to cast, clearly that had not gone around them then. He shuddered slightly at the memory of Narcissa beginning the spell that would transfer his baby into Bellatrix, her mad cackling filled his head and he tightened his hand around Tom's to stop the panic from showing in his face. Tom held on tighter back as he raised his hand again to silence the crowd.

"My Lord you can not! I was doing it for you I was..."

"ENOUGH!" Tom's roar startled everyone, Bellatrix flinched back staring wide eyed at him. The entire hall almost shrank back at the unusual display of pure, undiluted anger from their Lord. Fenrir stepped out of the shadows of the dais to Harry's right growling furiously and continuously as he stalked across the space to stand at Harry's other side.

"I..." Bellatrix squeaked.

"You were doing it for me?! You were doing it for me? You kidnapped my consort, you attempted a spell that considering your magic levels and sanity would have definitely killed him and our unborn son, my heir! You kidnapped and tried to murder the man that I love. You

did nothing for me!" The quiet that went through the hall at the words from their Lord's confession of love. Harry had the pleasure of watching the horror on Bellatrix's face as well as Narcissa, Pansy and Walden as they realized the full and total implications of what they had done and what was about to happen.

"You are also charged with attacking those within your Lord's closest and most trusted circle, of torturing those who are your superior, but more importantly your family," Harry spoke softly but was shocked to find that with the exception of a quick almost mass glance to Rabastan and Rodolphus everyone attention was focused completely on himself.

"You are charged with attacking within our home, within our wards," Tom hissed angrily.

"And you are charged with breaking the vows you made to you your Lord, my partner, you are charged with breaking the promises of faith and loyalty you made," Harry drew himself a little taller after speaking out loud to someone other than his friends the place that Tom held in his life. The realization that this group, so loyal to Tom and their cause were looking at him with respect, were listening to his words and were angry on behalf of Tom yes, but himself as well, giving him the strength to stand proud in front of them where he would normally be trying to stay as unseen as possible.

The warmth of Tom's grip around his hand told him that his lover was proud of him, as well as giving him his own strength and support. He raised his hand and beckoned forwards, and Harry watched as Lucius, Draco and Severus stepped from the crowd and made their way up the dais to stand on either side of Tom and Harry, Draco very pointedly moving to stand beside Harry between him and Fenrir.

"Draco what are you doing?!" Narcissa hissed speaking for the first time as she glared at her son. Rather than the reaction she was clearly looking for, most likely shame and guilt, possibly support for her. Instead Draco met her eyes and looked back showing none of the things that she was looking for. "I was doing it for you!"

"No, you were doing it for yourself, for your own greed and wants. You were never thinking about me, only what you could get from me," Draco responded sharply before looking concerned at Tom worried that he had spoken out of turn, but Tom inclined his head just enough to show his support. Harry watched as Fenrir's face creased a little with indecision before he reached out and placed his hand on Draco's shoulder.

Tom looked confused when Harry looked away from the two with a slightly smirk and a mischievous glitter in his eyes despite the situation but Harry shook his head, still feeling highly amused, and indicated that he would explain to Tom later. When they turned back to face the crowd it was to find Bellatrix glaring at Harry with hate at the interaction between him and Tom.

"This is not your trial, this is your judgment," Tom repeated raising himself and his magic so that everyone in the room could feel him power tingling under their skin, could feel the words reverberating through their body, could feel the hairs on their arms standing on end. "Does anyone else have any other charges to place forwards?"

"Adultery," Lucius barely said the word as he met his wife's eyes. "Of breaking the most sacred of our bonds and vows that two people can make to each other, sworn upon magic,"

"Like you aren't fucking that greasy little..." Narcissa's words were cut off when Harry's magic flared wildly, snapping out at her almost like a whip before drawing back around him and swirling angrily. Severus and everyone else stared at him shocked at his reaction to the insult clearly aimed at the potions master standing at Lucius's side. Even Tom looked a little surprised, but covered it quickly before anyone else could see and fed enough of his magic over their joined hands to calm Harry's magic down.

"I never once betrayed our vows, no matter how much I may have wanted to," Lucius said softly, looking sadly at Severus who smiled a little shakily. Narcissa looked as though she had been slapped in the face as she realized the truth in Lucius words along with everyone else.

"Adultery," Rodolphus spoke up glaring furiously at Bellatrix who sneered back at him.

"Attempted line theft," The voice from the back of the dais had Harry spinning around wide eyed to watch Hermione, Ron, Fred, George, Bill, Fleur and Neville walked forwards to stand around them as well. When he turned to look equally wide eyed at Tom he found red eyes that he had come to adore looking back at him with all the love that he knew Tom felt for him even though he found it so hard to say. Things like this only proved it to him.

"As Lord Harry's family of heart we demand our own restitutions against those who sought to harm him and our future nephew," Bill said strongly glaring furiously at the four kneeling on the floor before he smiled warmly at Harry.

No one noticed this however as a mutter went through the room building momentum as they realized what type of judgment exactly was being passed on those who had dared to wrong against their Lords. It was an ancient punishment, and a terrible one that needed a lot of power to fuel it. Enough that only Lords and the Wizarding Kings and Queens of old had used it. Enough that it had almost entirely passed out of practice. It called upon the very essence of Mother Magic, it called upon her judgment itself, and it called upon the knowledge that those being punished had deserve it, otherwise it would turn on the casters. Though of course there was no doubt in anyone's mind that the spell would not work. Their people knew that each and every baby was a blessing, a baby of the lines held by their Lords even more so, not the mention the love that their unborn Prince's existence had caused.

"As lover and father I demand restitution for the lives of my Consort and my son that you so freely played with for your own gain, I demand restitution for the pain, for each scratch, bruise, scar and hurt that my consorts body bears, for the trauma and fright that my love had to take, no matter how strong he is, he should never have experienced!" Tom growled out.

"I demand restitution for the breaking of your vows against my Lord. For your betrayal and for the worry and hurt you have caused him with your thoughtless, greedy, cruel actions. I demand restitution for your lack of faith in your Lord. And I demand restitution for trying to steal the man that I love by stealing my son from my stomach!" Harry spoke calmly but his hand trembled in Tom's.

"I call upon Mother magic to see to these claims and judge the four before us! Take them away to the ritual room and lock them in!" Tom cast out his magic, staggering only slightly as his magic slammed out of him and into the wheels being set in place. Harry stood straight at Tom's side as the four were dragging from the room screaming and pleading and fighting with the guards who were taking them away. Once the doors were closed behind them, their shouts still reaching the ears of those inside the hall Tom nodded his head at his followers before he turned and made his way back out the room, Harry at his side, and those on the dais with them following close behind.

As soon as the doors were shut behind them Fenrir was moving to catch Tom as his knees gave way and he sagged, his black hair stark against his paler than normal face.

"You idiot!" Harry burst out, slamming his fist as hard as he could into Tom's arm. Draco, Fred, George, Ron, Hermione, Neville, Bill and Fleur stared open mouthed and slightly horrified at Harry and then between him and the Dark Lord he was glaring out while the others looked a mixture between amused and worried. For their Dark Lord.

"Harry..."

"No! Don't you dare Harry me! And not in that tone! You...you...you...idiot! You complete and utter idiot! You didn't have to use that ritual! And you could have warned me about it! A ritual that sucks the magic out of you! And you are just expecting me to be calm about it!" Harry gestured wildly, his magic licking around him indicating his fury enough that Rabastan, Rodolphus, Lucius and Severus all took wary steps back, clearly remembering The Soda Incident as it was referred to. Rabastan reached out and caught Hermione's arm, guiding her backwards out the line of fire with a courteous bow. Fenrir looked a little worried for himself where he was still standing behind Tom propping him up.

"I would accept no other punishment for them for what they did to you, for what they tried to do, to you and to our son!" Tom grit out.

"At your expense?!"

"I had the magic or do you have so little faith in me?" Tom's question was spat out, but Harry could read the genuine fear in his eyes that Harry would somehow, could somehow think that he wasn't enough for him. Sighing as most of his anger disappeared Harry rubbed his hand over his eyes.

"Of course I knew you could do it, but did you stop to consider what would be going through my head watching the man that I love performing that spell? The father of my unborn son?!" Harry knew he was hitting below the belt but he had to make Tom see that he had two more people to think about, that he couldn't just go around making those stupid decisions that nearly cost everything anymore. Tom blinked at him looking confused enough that Harry reached out and took his hands.

"Harry..."

"I can't lose you," He said softly. "We can't," He placed one hand on top of the bump of his stomach, his green eyes pleading with Tom.

"I'll be more careful. And I will speak to you," Tom promised quietly, levering himself into a fully standing position enough to tug Harry against him, kissing him softly, lightly while holding him close to his body. "I'm sorry," he said softly brushing the hair from Harry's face.

"I'm sorry as well, for exploding like that. I know you were doing it for us, but you scared me. I love you," Harry sighed nuzzling closer to Tom.

"Why don't you take your friends to the living room and have a catch up while I go finish some things up?" Tom suggested after a moment, making Harry remember that his friends were there. Blushing he grinned sheepishly at them, more than a little amused by the varying looks of shock on their faces.

"Will you be long?" He asked, they had barely been from each other's side.

"Not too long. You have a lot to talk about and catch up with. Go on," Tom nudged Harry gently before nodding to Lucius, Fenrir and Severus indicating he wanted them with him. The next thing Harry knew he was being crushed between Ron, Hermione, Neville, Bill and Fleur.

"This is a little awkward," Bill muttered from in front of Harry. "You're pretty huge,"

"Hey!" Harry managed to awkwardly smack Bill's shoulder and then Ron's considering he was laughing, a little hysterically, at the comment.

"Ignore him! You are glowing!" Fleur smiled cupping Harry's face as they pulled away from him and kissing his cheeks.

"Thank you," Harry sniffed pointedly at Ron and Bill before grinning. "Come on, lets go somewhere more comfortable," he started down the hallway before turning to where Draco was standing looking unsure.

"I'll just..."

"You as well," Harry motioned.

"Yes my Lord," Draco smirked a little bowing, but there was a trace of respect there. Harry shot Ron a look when he opened his mouth to protest, that to his shock actually worked. He led them through the manor to their evening living room, opening the door and led them inside, allowing his friends to gawp at the amazing room as Rabastan and Rodolphus transfigured enough seats for them all and Harry placed an order for tea and some food for them with Missy.

"Harry!" Hermione spluttered in shock when she caught the House Elf popping back in with their tray.

"Tom treats his House Elves well Hermione, and there is no other way to run this place. Missy likes working for Tom,"

"And for Master Lord Harry," Missy added a little indignantly making Harry smile.

"Thank you Missy,"

"Missy is looking forward to the little prince as well," The House Elf beamed looking excitedly at Harry's stomach.

"Will you be helping with the baby?" Hermione asked uncertainly looking between Harry and the clearly free thinking, free talking House elf as Harry levered himself into a chair.

"Of course, Master Lords is being wanting to look after baby, but Missy will be being helping as much as she can," Missy smiled handing Harry a cup and a plate.

"Thank you Missy," Harry smiled patting the House Elf's hand. "Ok introductions. This is Rodolphus and Rabastan, this is Ron, Hermione, Neville, Bill and Fleur,"

"Nevi...Neville..." Rodolphus stared wide eyed at the teen before opening his mouth again.

"Harry's already told me that you weren't there. That she incriminated you into it. Its ok. I believed that it was you for a long time, its going to take a while to get used to the knowledge that it was wrong, but I know," Neville said softly.

"If we had known what she was going to do...you were a baby..." Rodolphus shook his head. "We're so sorry,"

"Thank you," Neville said softly.

"Sit down," Harry motioned to the other seats breaking the tension in the air and watching as they all found somewhere to sit. "How did you get here?"

"The...Dark Lord sent a message to us through Blaise Zabini and Theo Knott, they told us what had happened, and that the Dark Lord had offered to transport us to here to see you and stand for you if we could get out the school," Fred explained.

"So of course we did. And as we are separating from the family Bill is the head of family branch, so we told him as well and he came," Ron smiled. "You look really..."

"If you say fat I am likely to hex you black and blue," Harry said dryly as Draco choked back a laugh.

"Good, you look really good," George laughed.

"Everything is ok?" Bill asked concerned.

"We're both fine, they didn't manage anything except a drain on my magic and some cutting hexes," Harry smiled.

"And things with..." Hermione frowned a little looking concerned at the three Death Eaters in the room.

"Things are going really well with us. He treats me really well," Harry said guessing what Hermione was going to ask.

"You shouted at him, you shouted at the Dark Lord," Neville said a little shell shocked.

"And he just let you," Fred added.

"We're partners. Besides I think he likes it when I shout at him," Harry grinned as all of them spluttered shocked.

"Really?" Tom's drawl had Harry laughing as he turned to see his lover standing in the doorway where he knew he had been.

"It's a theory I'm considering," Harry nodded between his laughter as Tom stalked towards him. He had clearly had a pepper up potion or something because he had more colour back into his cheeks and was looking normal in his strength and gait as he walked towards Harry.

"You have a lot of dangerous theories," Tom shook his head bending over Harry and raising his head with one of his long fingers under his chin. Harry just smiled up at him, his eyes glittering as he met Tom's. Shaking his head Tom leant down and kissed Harry again softly until Harry fisted his robes and tugged him down into a deeper kiss before letting him go.

"My Lord," Rodolphus went to stand but Tom just shook his head, gently helping Harry to his feet before he sat down and then eased him back onto his lap. Harry wriggled a little to get comfortable, this made a little more difficult by his worse balance and sore back, but he and Tom had practice now at find the comfortable position quick enough. When Harry looked up it was to find them all gawping at them again making him laugh.

"Tom this is Ron, Hermione, Neville, Bill, Fleur and Fred and George," Harry made the introductions.

"I appreciate you coming here for Harry," Tom nodded to them. Harry pressed his hand over Tom's where it was resting on his stomach.

"Thank you for allowing us the chance to be here and to see Harry," Fred said so seriously that it caught Harry off guard, he looked at the normally jokey twins and his other friends and saw the honest relief to be here with him, to be able to see him.

"We also come baring presents," Hermione grinned dropping her arm shoulder deep into her hand bag and started pulling out various wrapped presents as Fleur did the same.

"Zis is from Maman and papa, zey send zere love. And zis is from Gabriel," Fleur said levitating over presents.

"And these are from us, we were going to start posting them but now we get to give you them in person," Ron said excitedly.

"Thank you," Harry breathed stroking his hand over the presents piled on his lap.

"Well open them! Impromptu..."

"Baby shower!" the twins grinned.

Harry ripped open the first one pulling out a beautiful sea green baby blanket that was silk soft as he ran his hands over it. A cute teddy bear, stuffed lion, collection of baby books, pair of little white booties, several all in ones, some pajamas, a baby bumper and some bottles.

"Thank you so much," Harry couldn't stop touching all the tiny items of clothing and other things reverently.

"Yes, thank you all, they are lovely," Tom himself was fingering the baby blanket.

"Have you seen the size of the booties!" Harry turned a little in Tom's lap to show him the booties. Tom tapped one of them with his finger, the awe clear to Harry even while he looked fairly blank faced.

"We have to get going, before someone realizes we are missing. But before we do go, we can tell you that there have been inspectors around the school and Dumbledore will be being announced before the wizengamot in three weeks," Bill smirked.

"Really?" Harry leant forwards eagerly.

"And he is not looking forward to it!" Ron laughed.

"I have a request for you while we are on this line," Tom said softly catching their attention. "I wish to pull Severus from the Order, Dumbledore is becoming suspicious and he is looking for Severus to take Harry, he will realize sooner rather than later that Severus isn't even trying. Can we rely on you for information from within the Order? On a permanent basis?"

"We would be more than happy to do that. The sooner they come down, the better," Bill said firmly after a few exchanged glances.

"My thanks, and I hope you know that you have a place here whenever you wish it," Tom said formally.

"Thank you. And thank you for looking after Harry," The unspoken 'and for loving him' hovering in the air.

"Urgh!" Harry groaned as he heaved himself onto the bed and flopped back against the pile of pillows.

"Are you ok?" Tom asked concerned coming out of the bathroom and looking at Harry with concern.

"I'm alright, just tired and a little sore," Harry smiled patting the bed for Tom to join him. The Dark Lord prowled towards the bed, sliding on top of the covers and over Harry to kiss him hard and deep, Harry groaned and arched into the kiss, wrapping his arms around Tom's neck and pressing back almost as much.

"I was so proud of you today. You stood as a Lord yourself, as my consort," Tom smiled softly brushing his fingers down Harry's face.

"I want to do you proud," Harry sighed biting his lip nervously.

"You do that and more," Tom shook his head, kissing Harry again.

"Thank you for bringing the others here, I didn't realize how much I wanted to see them,"

"I would do anything to make you happy, you must know that by now," Tom smiled down at Harry causing that damned flip in his heart that he got every time he saw it. Harry reached up and brushed his fingers tenderly over Tom's face. "Now you need to sleep,"

"We both do," Harry yawned. They shuffled around as they both got underneath the covers and settled on their sides, Tom pressed tightly against Harry's back holding him close, his nose pressed into Harry's neck breathing in the soothing smell of his lover, knowing that he was here safe and in his arms.

"Love you," Harry muttered sleepily, already more than half way asleep. This made Tom smile even more as he pressed a kiss to Harry's shoulder listening to his deep breathing as he settled into sleep.

"I love you too," he murmured before settling into sleep himself holding his lover and unborn son close.

Dark Lord's Consorts, Scans and Blasted Arms

Chapter Summary

Fate decides to play with Harry's life again, giving him a chance at a family but with the most shocking father. After the Order lock him up Harry flees to the father where they both may get a second chance

"I have never seen anything so wrong in my entire life," Rodolphus muttered. "And I was married to Bellatrix...and saw her naked," He grimaced.

"It is very disturbing," Severus nodded in agreement.

"Its..." Rabastan just shook his head.

"What are you talking about? Why are you hovering in the doorway?" Tom frowned as he and Fenrir came up to the threesome.

"Something incredibly disturbing and wrong My Lord," Rabastan nodded not taking his eyes off of the sight in front of them.

"Is Harry ok?" Tom asked concerned, frowning at his oddly acting servants.

"Yes he's perfectly fine," Severus quickly assured Tom, taking his eyes off of the scene in front of him.

"Then what's going on?" Fenrir sighed starting to get annoyed.

"I think Harry is adopting the Malfoys," Rodolphus said causing Tom and Fenrir to blink at him shocked. The three motioned for the newcomers to step forwards, they peered through the doorway into the green room and stared at what they found.

Harry and Lucius were seated on the sofa, Draco was seated at Harry's feet. They had paint swatches and wallpaper on every surface around them. Tom and Fenrir had never seen the Malfoys faces so open and friendly except for when they were around Severus, and the few occasions they had been caught off guard. Lucius was smiling as he stroked the sea green baby blanket over his knee and pointed to a certain colour wallpaper. Harry had had a lot of the baby things that they had bought for the nursery brought down and Draco was holding another wallpaper against the cot. And Harry was wearing a warm expression while sitting with his feet propped up practically in Lucius's lap, chattering away happily with the Malfoys, with an expression on his face that told Tom he was in trouble and not getting rid of the Malfoys any time soon even if he wanted to.

Sighed and shaking his head, Tom made his way into the room, the others following close by, wondering at the heart his Consort possessed and his ability to collect the most difficult of his followers and win them around. Rabastan and Rodolphus were charming and sharp witted, but for them to show the loyalty, and not only that but the friendship and how much they liked Harry, that was almost unheard of for the two brothers who had suffered so much betrayal and double crossing in their lives. And they had been getting better, opening up and being more trusting and genially friendly with others, seeming to be starting to honestly trust the few friends that they did have in their lives but had always kept at a certain arm's length. Harry didn't see it because he had never seen the way the brothers were before, but the affect he had had on them was undeniable.

"What are you up to?" Tom asked dropping his hand onto Harry's shoulder.

"Hey, is it lunch time already?" Harry asked looking to the clock.

"Yes, what are you up to?" Tom repeated.

"We only have a couple more weeks till the baby is due and we haven't looked at decorating the nursery yet. Draco and Lucius are helping me look through all these to come up with some suggestions for us both to go through," Harry smiled.

"I...I apologise, I have been so busy the last couple of weeks I had almost forgotten we still have to decorate," Tom scowled darkly to himself. How could he have forgotten that they needed to decorate their son's room?!

"Would you guys mind going to the dinning room ahead of us please?" Harry smiled at the others. Tom caught the pointed look he gave Fenrir right before the werewolf politely offered his hand to Draco to assist him to his feet. A blushing Severus allowed Lucius to thread their arms so that Severus was holding onto Lucius's elbow before they all quickly left them to their privacy. His Consort looking very happy at the two interactions.

"I'm sorry Harry," Tom sighed as soon as the door was closed.

"Sit down Tom," Harry tugged him lightly until he was seated right next to Harry on the sofa, the younger man then threw his legs over Tom's thighs and made himself comfortable. His fingers absently playing with Tom's in his lap as green eyes looked at Tom intently.

"You have nothing to apologise for Tom, no listen to me!" Harry said firmly when Tom opened his mouth. "You have been busy with things that you could not put off, especially considering the baby is coming soon and I am going to expect you to be there for that. Tom there are going to be times where you are kept busy and away from us for a certain amount of time, it comes with who you are. I know that, and our son will too. Just like I know you will always make time for us and be with us when we need you, that you will be there for the important things, and when you do have the time you will be with us,"

"This is important," Tom muttered looking over all the paint swatches, patterns and wallpapers.

"I know it is, so to make it easier, myself, Lucius and Draco were going through all of these to narrow it down to what I reckon you will like as well as what I like, and what will go with the furniture and all the things that we bought. Then you and I can sit down together and pick, this way we aren't spending hour upon hour making our way through all this," Harry smiled cupping Tom's face tenderly. "Tom, my job is to take the unnecessary things from your plate and leave the things that need your attention the most,"

"I should have thought that this needed doing," Tom still wasn't ready to be soothed clearly so Harry leant forwards and brushed their lips together.

"Tom, its only been three weeks since everything with Bellatrix and that, not to mention all the treaties and followers that have been coming in since the final publication of your story. Its more than understandable that it slipped your mind, it slipped mines until Severus told me that Healer Burns was starting to move in ready for the birth," Harry assured him, combing his fingers through the hair at Tom's temples in the way he knew he loved.

"That's cheating," Tom groaned dropping his head back onto the sofa as he just absorbed the feeling of his Consort's warmth and closeness.

"Dark Lord's Consort," Harry said gaining startled laughter from Tom, who cracked open his red eyes to see the cheeky grin on Harry's lips. "That's better," Harry said with satisfaction, wriggling a little so he could rest his head on Tom's shoulder. Tom wrapped his arm around Harry's waist, though he could only make his way half around it considering the large bump of Harry's stomach that seemed to have increased dramatically in the last two weeks, as though their son was reassuring them that he was perfectly healthy after what had happened. Harry was both pleased and miserable about the increase in size depending on the day. Tom had really not known what to do with himself when Harry had burst into tears one evening because he was fat, only to start flinging curses when Tom assured him he looked gorgeous still instead of telling him he wasn't fat.

"Are you ready for our appointment after lunch?" Tom asked softly after both of them had sat in silence for a while just enjoying the quiet. They knew they should be getting to lunch, but Harry's appetite had been getting smaller as he went passed his eighth month, which Burns had assured them was just the baby taking up more space and pressing against his stomach.

"I can't wait," Harry beamed, automatically looking to the mantle place where a copy of the scan sat framed, Severus's frame and the original scan sitting in the evening living room.

"We can send a copy to the papers this afternoon for the evening addition, it would not do to keep your friends waiting," Tom said, amusement heavy in his tone.

"No, they may just storm the manor in the middle of the night to get to see it. You know, we haven't talked about godparents, the books say that its tradition to have them picked out before the baby is born," Harry hummed.

"I am presuming I am right in saying Ms Granger for godmother?" Tom asked.

"Yes, I was thinking though, perhaps more than two godparents?" Harry suggested.

"It is not unheard of, who were you thinking?" Tom asked curiously, lifting his head to look at Harry.

"Well Fenrir, from what I can see he is your closest friend," Harry shifted to rest his chin on Tom's chest to meet his eyes.

"As close as I have to friends yes. And I know that he will do everything in his power to protect and look after the baby," Tom nodded. "Would you be ok with that?"

"I like Fenrir, and you are right, I am fairly sure that I would almost pity anyone that tried to harm the baby with you as daddy and Fenrir as his godfather," Harry snickered.

"The other two?" Tom smirked denying nothing of course. It was common knowledge that Bellatrix, Narcissa, Pansy and McNair were still alive, just, and wrapped in the torture of the curse.

"Well, Ron, I'm more than sure that he could give you and Fenrir a run for your money in protecting the baby," Harry smiled warmly at the thought of how excited Ron was for the coming of his 'nephew'.

"I agree, not to mention the Weasley loyalty is unquestionable," Tom nodded. "And?"

"Draco," Harry said, chuckling when Tom actually choked in shock.

"Are you kidding Harry? I know that you are getting on and that he and Lucius protected you, but he did also try and harm you not that long ago," Tom spluttered.

"I haven't forgotten thank you very much, I have pregnancy not amnesia," Harry grumbled. "I think it would do him good, the responsibility and somewhat of a sure place for him in his own right. And I think he has a lot of love that he can give our son, which he will need every bit as much as protection," He added firmly.

"Harry..." Tom groaned.

"Please, I just feel that this is right, that Draco should be godfather," Harry pleaded.

"You feel it?" Tom frowned.

"Yes, there is just something in my heart telling me that its right," Harry nodded.

"I like to think I am intelligent enough to have learnt to listen to your heart. Alright," Tom nodded.

"Really?!" Harry asked excitedly.

"Yes really. We have our four godparents," Tom looked amused at Harry's excitement.

"Thank you, thank you, thank you," Harry littered kisses over Tom's face before pressing their lips together.

"I'm sure you can make it up to me later," Tom smirked as he deftly shifted them in a smooth move so that Harry was seated on top of him, his hand sliding underneath Harry's paternity shirt he had been forced into a week ago. Harry bit down firmer onto Tom's lip gaining a groan turned growl.

Needless to say they were a lot later to lunch than they had planned, and Harry had had a change of top and had glowing red cheeks which gave them away, as well as his swollen lips. He glared at the smirks Rabastan and Rodolphus gave him as he made his way to his seat, smacking a completely stunned looking Fenrir on the back of the head in retaliation to his snickering. Tom covered his mouth slightly to hide his own amused smile at the expression on Fenrir's face.

"My Lords, Healer Burns is being here," Missy curtsied as she popped into the room twenty minutes later as Harry was just sitting back to sip the last of his lemon tea. Harry laughed when the rest of the table stood along with Tom and looked expectant.

"Come along then," Tom sighed looking put upon, but the excitement and eagerness in his red eyes were impossible to miss.

"Little help?" Harry sighed wiggling his fingers. Draco was there before anyone else could move and helped ease Harry to his feet considering he was struggling to stand by himself most of the time now. Tom looked thoughtfully at the younger Malfoy as he steadied Harry before letting him go. "Ready," Harry beamed sliding his fingers into Tom's.

"Ready," Tom gifted him with a small smile, bending to brush their lips together before they started down the hallway. The others chattering excitedly behind them.

"It smells as though the Death Eaters have started to assemble already," Fenrir told them falling into step as they walked.

"Assemble?" Harry asked looking between the two of them.

"They are here to find out how the baby is doing," Tom told him.

"They have been looking forward to today since last week," Lucius nodded.

"Everyone is getting excited for the birth now," Rabastan chuckled.

"Indeed, I believe eagerly anticipated is an understatement My Lords," Healer Burns grinned bowing as they stepped into the room he had been busy setting up for the last week. It looked like a single healers room, a comfortable looking bed was in the center with comfortable chairs down one end of the room, a couple by the bed. A tray had been settled next to the bed, a full potions cabinet that Severus himself had seen to was stocked with every single potion that might be needed, and a few that probably would never be needed for a birth, by the dozen. A small basinet sat waiting on a table top opposite the bed along with bits and pieces of equipment that Harry didn't want to look too closely at right now. The room had been painted in cream and a light golden colour, relaxing and soothing in a way Harry reckoned he would appreciate.

"The Prince is already loved by many," Severus told Harry squeezing his shoulder.

"Are you ready Lord Harry?" Healer Burns asked motioning to the bed.

"Whenever you are," Harry smiled a little nervously, he couldn't help it whenever they had a check up he was always nervous and shaky until Burns gave them the all clear.

"We will start with our normal checkup, make sure that everything is moving along nicely, and then we can have a listen to the heart beat and have a look," Burns smiled as Harry shuffled up onto the bed with a little help from Tom before the Dark Lord took a seat by the bed, only letting go of Harry's hand when Burns was ready to start the spells.

The others seated themselves in the chairs near by the door and watched eagerly as Burns started the examination. Harry reckoned that it was a good job that Burns was so confident in himself, he was sure anyone else would have wet themselves when being faced with the combined stares of Rabastan, Rodolphus, Lucius, Severus, Draco and Fenrir, never mind Tom's intent red eyes.

"Ok, your blood pressure is still a little high, but with everything that has been going on I would have expected that, never mind pregnancy. How is your back feeling?" Burns asked.

"Sore!" Harry grumbled with a faint glare.

"There is not much that we can do about that I am afraid, it is just your body making space for the baby," Burns smiled. "Ok, everything is completely fine. The baby is already starting to move into the birthing position, he has turned around, I think there is everything chance that he might come early, but there is nothing to worry about at all if he does, he is fully developed," Burns assured them before they could become worried.

"We're going to have to get the nursery set up sooner," Harry said worriedly as Burns started performing the spells to hear the heart beat of the baby and see the scan.

"Don't worry we'll be ready for when he comes," Tom soothed him.

"But..but we don't have a name!" Harry shook his head. His panic froze in place at the soft whooshing sound went through the room. "Never mind," He grinned, his eyes locked on the image that sprung to life over his stomach. All of them watched amazed as the baby shifted slightly in place, his small leg kicking out before he settled into his curled position.

"Oh wow..." Draco breathed from the end of the room leaning forwards as much as he could in his chair.

"He's...he's..." Tom breathed out stared at the image.

"He's?" Harry asked turning to look at Tom, reaching for his hand.

"So real," Tom laughed softly.

"Not long now and we will get to hold him in our arms," Harry wiped his eyes as he beamed at the image of their son. The next few weeks could not go fast enough!

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"My Lord?" A nervous looking Death Eater raced over to where Harry and Tom were seated underneath Harry's favourite tree with a names book watching the sunset. Harry had been busy pouting at Tom considering every name he had suggested had been turned down, while he had refused point blank to call their son Salazar.

Rabastan and Rodolphus quickly stepped out from where they had been smothering their laughter poorly at the arguments the two of them had been having. They stopped the Death Eater at a distance from their Lords, wands already drawn.

"What is it?" Tom asked, switching smoothly from Tom to Dark Lord.

"My Lords, Ronald and Charles Weasley just brought Hermione Granger in, she has been injured!" Harry was struggling to his feet and starting to make his way towards the manor before the Death Eater could finish. "Healer Burns is looking after her!" The Death Eater called as Tom jumped to his feet and wrapped his arms around Harry's waist to help support him.

"Harry, please slow down!" Tom begged. He was fairly sure that Harry had not moved this quickly in nearly two months.

But Harry was completely focused on getting to the room and to Hermione. He wasn't aware of Tom, Rabastan and Rodolphus hovering around him worriedly, or of the three of them nearly having heart attacks as he raced up the stairs. He rapidly made his way through the corridors, those who had obviously heard the news and were gathered curiously in the hallways quickly moving out of the way for him. He raced into the room panting and found Charlie and Ron looking a little singed, however Hermione was lying on the bed unconscious with burns and cuts all over her face and her arms.

"Harry!" Ron and Charlie both hurried forwards looking concerned as a ruffled looking Dark Lord skidded to a halt in the doorway, the Lestrage brothers right behind.

"How is she? What the hell happened?!" Harry demanded.

"She is perfectly fine my Lord," All traces of playfulness and teasing was gone from Burns' face as he took in the crackling magic around Harry and the concern on his face. "I have put her into a sleep while I heal the burns as they would be quite painful, she will be asleep for the next twenty four hours, but there is no lasting damage and nothing that I can't heal,"

"Harry, we managed to grab her out of there before any serious damage could be done," Charlie reassured him wrapping his arms around his little brother and hugging him tightly.

"What happened?" He asked, feeling his heart rate calming down slightly finally.

"She attacked Dumbledore," Ron said in pure awe.

"She what?" Harry choked.

"He wasn't at all happy with the publication yesterday evening of the scan picture and the piece Rita wrote on how you are doing and how happy you are here with the Dark Lord. He started ranting and going on about you and the baby. Then he said..." Charlie drew off looking unsurely at the Dark Lord standing loomingly behind Harry, looking worried as to the reaction he was going to get.

"What did he say?" Harry asked calmly reaching back and threading his fingers blindly through Tom's. He had been practicing a little with his natural magic considering he had had to pretty much cut back on casting spells for the last week or so for the baby, and he had a little more control over his magic and he reached it out to twine over and around Tom's to try and keep him calm.

"He was talking about taking the baby to try and use him against you both," Charlie said in a rush, wincing when the air around them crackled in fury from both the soon to be parents.

"Hermione, she just, she snapped! She started throwing hexes and curses at Dumbledore before he even knew what was going on I think. He was so shocked he didn't have time to respond properly before she..." Ron paused shaking head, awe taking him over.

"She what?" Tom demanded.

"She froze his arm and then blasted it off!" Charlie laughed, perhaps a little hysterically.

"She...really?!" Harry gawped.

"Yup his wand arm! Pow! Clean off!" Ron made a big exploding motion with his hands.

"She blasted off his arm..." Harry repeated stunned.

"My Lords!" Draco skidded right passed the room before running into the room panting.

"Oh Merlin, what now?!" Harry groaned.

"We have started receiving letters from people about the baby from the newspaper report!" Draco managed to say between sucking in desperate breaths, behind him Fenrir raced into the room looking more ruffled than Harry had seen him, his normally neat grey hair was slightly ruffled out of its normal ponytail, strands hanging around his face and one standing upright comically.

"Is it bad?" Tom frowned.

"Yes but not in the way you are thinking. The wards are separating them by good and anything harmful or bad. We have set up people to go through both piles, taking names of any of the ones that are against the baby and yourselves. The other though are the problem," Fenrir coughed.

"The good ones?" Ron asked confused.

"Yes the good ones, at the minute we are on 796 and they are still coming in! From different countries all over the world, a lot of them with gifts for the baby and yourselves. So far the

furthest country to send a letter is Germany, but my guess is once the newspapers reach other countries and their letters have time to reach us...we may need to call some more Death Eaters here to go through the post," Fenrir said a little frantically.

"Seven hundred and ninety..."

"Harry!" Everyone shouted as his knees threatened to give a little.

"I'm ok...I'm ok. Just a little....shocked," Harry blinked holding onto Tom's arms.

"Yes, My Lords there are a lot of requests coming in for audiences with you for allegiances, and there are hundreds of letters pledging loyalty to you both," Draco nodded.

"We're going to have to do something! That is the eighteenth cot, I think Severus is about to start hexing them! Do they think that you would not have a cot by now!" Lucius ranted stomping into the room, looking just as ruffled as Fenrir.

"Though the sight of Severus buried under so many baby clothes is quite amusing. Giving you ideas Lucius?" Fenrir smirked.

"Oh ew!" Draco groaned.

"I will summon some more Death Eaters and get them organized for going through all the baby things. I will be back as soon as possible, Burns make sure she has the best!" Tom said firmly.

"I'll be right here," Harry nodded. Tom sighed and gripped Harry's chin, his eyes scanning over him to make sure that Harry was really ok. Seeing that he was he pressed a firm kiss to Harry's lips before spinning and storming out the room. "Make sure to give me the memory of Tom sorting through all those baby things!" Harry hissed to Draco who grinned and nodded before hurrying out the room after Lucius and Fenrir.

"Hey," Ron smiled hugging his friend tightly, or well as much as he could with the bump between them.

"Hey, its so good to see you guys again," Harry sighed happily as Rabastan closed the door after the others and he and Rodolphus waved over a couple more chairs to beside the bed.

"Well, we're here to stay for a little while," Charlie grinned moving in for another hug.

"What?" Harry blinked trying not to get his hopes up.

"Well we had to grab Hermione and get her out of there. Luckily everyone was in so much shock, then kind of mass attacked that they couldn't really get a proper hit before we got to her. But its obvious whose side we're on when we rescued her. So, can't go back to headquarters," Ron shrugged.

"So we get to be here for when the baby comes!" Charlie said excitedly.

"Healer Burns reckons that he might be making an early arrival, so you might not have to wait that long. And you can help decorate the nursery!" Harry laughed as they both mock groaned.

"Doesn't your Dark Lord have an army of elves to do that?" Ron pouted.

"He does, but Harry wants the nursery put together by hand, and considering he's not allowed to, its our hands been sacrificed," Rabastan echoed the pout.

"Not by hand, by family!" Harry waved them off as he straightened the blankets over Hermione when Burns stepped back, and so missed the stunned expression on the Lestrangle brothers faces. The two present Weasley brothers did not, and they rolled their eyes grinningly at each other at Harry's ability to give people so much without realizing.

"I'll come back and check on her in a few hours, she is just sleeping now though while the potions work on her burns," Healer Burns assured Harry before he bowed politely and swept out the room.

Harry, Ron and Charlie chattered and caught up over the next couple of hours, easily drawing Rabastan and Rodolphus into the conversation. Harry had to hide his smirk when he noticed the looks being exchanged between Rodolphus and Charlie when they thought no one was looking, it looked as though he was going to have to extend his Cupid work passed two to four now. He caught Ron's eyes and grinned when the red head made a mock gagging expression. He had clearly seen it as well.

Harry was just halfway through a plate of fishfingers, custard and bbq sauce – at the same time – when Tom swept back into the room. Harry didn't even bother to try and smother down his chuckles at the sight of the Dark Lord looking so messy and flustered.

"1,560 letters, parcels and Merlin knows what else!" He huffed.

"I was fairly sure that some of them were about to start crying when you told them what their 'important and imperative mission' was," Fenrir snickered.

"What? I had to get them into the room somehow!" Tom defended seeing the expression on Harry's face.

"And then he just threw up wards to stop them from escaping when they saw the sacks of letters," Draco snorted before going wide eyed at the dark look he was shot by Tom. "Most inventive My Lord," He added seriously with a bow that had Harry, Ron, Charlie, Fenrir, Rabastan and Rodolphus burst out laughing.

"I preferred it when you were trying to get into my bed," Tom huffed. "OW!" He yelped before looking wide eyed at the glare Harry was giving him, a little stunned at being caught so off guard by the stinging hex.

"What was that?" Harry asked dangerously.

"I didn't mean it like that!" Tom said quickly.

"Oh! And how exactly did you mean it?" Harry raised an eyebrow and the others swore they could see the Dark Lord getting paler at the move.

"I just...I meant...see...he...I'm sorry," Tom gave in trying to come up with an excuse and reckoned going straight for an apology was the better part of valor.

"You're sorry!" Harry glared standing up.

"Yes?"

"Is that an answer or a question!?" Harry asked sharply.

"An answer, definitely an answer!" Tom said quickly knowing this was rapidly descending and finding no way out of it. The others were watching the exchange open mouthed and trying not to move too much in case Harry's anger was turned onto him.

"Are you sure or are you just saying that to appease me?" Harry's eyes narrowed further.

"Neither! I mean! No! Because I mean it! Because I mean it!" Tom groaned.

"Wonderful, you can mean it from the sofa!" Harry snapped before turning and storming out of the room.

"Harry!" Tom shouted rushing after him.

"Only Harry," Ron and Charlie said at the same time shaking their heads.

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"Tom. Tom!" Tom groaned as he woke up, blinking with the flickering light of the candle on his desk.

"Harry?" Tom hummed scrubbing his hand down his face to try and wake himself up.

"Will you come to bed?" Harry asked quietly. Tom realized that he was still in his office and going by the clock it was three in the morning. Harry was standing by his desk wearing only a nightshirt.

"I thought I was relegated to the sofa?" Tom asked sitting back in his chair and crossing his arms.

"I'm so sorry," Harry sniffed looking so miserable that Tom reached out and gently eased his little Consort into his lap.

"Its alright, I know, its your hormones," Tom smiled kissing Harry tenderly.

"I didn't mean it, or about you never touching me again. I'm just all fat and swollen and sore and tired all the time!" Harry sniffed wrapping his arms around Tom's neck and buried his face into his strong shoulder.

"I know you're tired and sore. But you aren't fat, you're pregnant, and you look gorgeous for it! And I know you didn't mean it," Tom smiled lifting Harry's chin and brushing his long fingers over Harry's cheek.

"Then come to bed? I couldn't sleep without you there," Harry admitted quietly.

"Come on," Tom stood with Harry still in his arms and started making his way to their bedroom. After a small yelp Harry held onto Tom and relaxed against his warm body, trusting him to get him back to their bedroom safely. The warmth of Tom body and the soothing swaying of Tom walking quickly and easily lulled Harry into the sleep that had abandoned him without Tom by his side. Before he went to sleep he was aware of warm lips pressing to his forehead and whispered words of love in his ear.

Gryffindors, Waiting and Pains

Chapter Summary

Fate decides to play with Harry's life again, giving him a chance at a family but with the most shocking father. After the Order lock him up Harry flees to the father where they both may get a second chance.

"Hmm?"

"Hermione!" Harry and Ron gasped surging up to either side of the bed as their bushy haired friend groaned and shifted against the bed sheets. She shifted again and gripped their hands back weakly before cracking her eyes open and let out a groan of complaint as the light pierced her eyes.

"Hermione, how are you feeling?" Ron asked concerned.

"Rodolphus go and find Healer Burns, Tom can you get a glass of water for her please?" Harry asked turning only briefly before turning to look at Hermione with concern again, tucking a curl behind her ear.

"You do realise I am the Dark Lord don't you Harry, and not a House Elf?" Tom asked amused as he placed his hand soothingly on the base of Harry's back and held the glass of water with a straw in front of the younger man. Smiling sheepishly at his lover Harry kissed his cheek before taking the glass.

Hermione sucked down the water greedily, wincing at the cotton wool taste in her mouth and the lingering ache in her body. She has almost finished the glass of water when Burns hurried into the room and gently waved Harry and Ron back so that he could run some checks over her. After giving her a couple of pain potions he told them that she was healing nicely, but was on bed rest for the next day at least. The he swept back out of the room grumbling something about healing the whining masses of their paper cuts.

"Huh this is how it feels," Hermione said thoughtfully, now in a sitting position against the pillows thanks to Ron and Rabastan.

"How what feels? Are you in pain?" Ron asked concerned.

"No, the pain potions have kicked in. No I mean being on the other side of the bed after doing something foolishly impulsive," Hermione grinned teasingly at Harry when he spluttered.

"Foolish but completely amazing!" Charlie snorted walking into the room with a wide grin.

"I have said it before and I will say it again, you are brilliant but scary!" Ron laughed.

"Please tell me he won't be able to re-grow it!" Harry grinned.

"What do you take me for? Doing some half arsed job, of course he won't be able to re-grow it," Hermione sniffed sticking her nose in the air before grinning widely as Harry and Ron burst out laughing.

"Brilliant Hermione, just brilliant!" Charlie clapped seriously with a bow before bursting out laughing himself as he sat down on the foot of her bed.

"We need to plan how we are going to swing this in our favour publicity wise though," Hermione sighed, a strange mixture of sheepish and scheming crossing her face.

"We could always send a copy of the memory to the papers for them to publish," Ron said thoughtfully.

"That's a good idea, go with some headline like 'A Godmother's love' or something like that. Also it will do us good to publicize now that you, Ron and Charlie are on our side, it will help a lot to show that the three of us are still sticking by each other and that you and Ron support me. Putting in that you and Ron are going to be two of the Godparents will help," Harry nodded.

"Wait Godparent?! Me?" Ron squeaked pointing at himself.

"Of course, you didn't really think that you wouldn't be the god father of my son did you!" Harry snorted.

"But...but he is going to be the future Dark Prince, Heir t the Dark side and about twenty of the oldest bloodlines or something!" Ron choked.

"Exactly, he needs people who will love him just for being himself and not his place, and who won't bow down to him just because of his bloodlines!" Harry smiled.

"What if I drop him!" Ron whispered worriedly.

"You will be absolutely fine Ron," Hermione patted his hand comfortingly.

"Thank you mate," Ron sniffed a little clearly battling back the emotion swelling over him.

"You are going to have to play nice with Draco though," Harry smirked as Ron and Hermione gawped at him. "So I will start knocking together a piece for the papers on how Hermione attacked and managed to defeat the great Albus Dumbledore in defense of her unborn Godson, that should really put a dent in the light side's moral, a seventeen year old witch, no matter how intelligent, besting their leader," Harry said to Charlie, ignoring the stunned looks still on Hermione and Ron's faces, and the fact that Charlie was practically rolling around the foot of the bed with tears trickling down his cheeks.

"You know you Gryffindors are a little scary," Tom shook his head having been watching the interaction with faint amusement.

"Thank you," Ron, Harry and Hermione chorused.

"But really? Draco Malfoy?" Hermione asked Harry seriously.

"Trust me?" Harry asked softly looking between his best friends.

"Oh fine!" Ron sighed rolling his eyes.

"Wait that's it?" Rodolphus gawped looking between the three of them.

Yeah pretty much," Hermione shrugged.

"This is one of Harry's feelings, we learnt a while ago that you don't argue with him when he has one of them," Ron pouted.

"While we are talking politics there is something that I want to run passed you all," Tom cleared his throat getting the four Gryffindors attention. "I have a meeting next week. I would like for all four of you to attend. Harry at my side, and the rest of you with my Inner circle. I feel we need to start making a statement to my followers that you trusted and part of my side,"

"No problem," Charlie nodded.

"I've always wanted to know what one of your meetings are like," Ron shrugged.

"As long as I get a chair," Harry smiled.

"It should be interesting," Hermione agreed.

"Gryffindors. What happened to the bowing and respect, 'yes Master of course, whatever you say Master'," Tom huffed exasperatedly, ignoring the fact that Rabastan and Rodolphus were poorly smothering laughter behind him.

"You wouldn't love me if I bowed and scraped," Harry snorted amused.

"No I suppose not, a shame, but I suppose I would miss your cheekiness and insubordination, and your insults," Tom sighed crossing his legs at the ankles and settling back in his chair, a small amused smile on his face. The others gapped between them, particularly the Gryffindors, both at the subtle unofficial admission of love and that he enjoyed Harry's treatment of him.

"Of course you would, you enjoy arguing and bantering too much," Harry laughed before jumping visibly.

"Harry?" Charlie, Hermione and Ron gasped worried as they all leant towards him.

"Its ok just the baby moving," Harry smiled comfortingly at them as he rubbed his stomach.

"Really?!" The three of them asked eagerly, shuffling forwards comically and shooting him the puppy dog eyes.

"You have about three minutes before he goes running for the bathroom," Rabastan warned Hermione as Harry placed her hand over where he reckoned the baby's foot was.

"He managed to locate my bladder, with deadly accuracy. Rabastan had to run carrying me into the manor when I was caught off guard in the gardens and nearly had an accident," Harry snorted, taking Ron's hand and placing it next to Hermione's, Charlie managed to squeeze his just underneath theirs.

"Oh...wow!" Hermione gasped awed as she felt the firm kick underneath her palm.

"Move, let me feel!" Charlie said excitedly.

"Oh here!" Ron grabbed his brother's hand and moved it. "Mate, that feels really weird!" He informed Harry.

"You should try feeling it against your insides," Harry snorted. "I'm sure my ribs are black and blue,"

"My back is!" Tom muttered.

"Say something dear?" Harry asked dryly raising his eye brow.

"Yes, my back is from when you rest your bump against my back and his kicks me while I'm sleeping," Tom smirked.

You're lucky I really have to pee now," Harry huffed.

"Come on, Sugar plum," Tom smirked even wider as he stood and helped Harry wriggle off the bed.

"Oh crap! Tom don't make me laugh!" Harry groaned weakly as his bladder twinged.

"Apologies, sweet pea," Tom drawled.

"Only Harry," Ron shook his head.

"Amen to that," Hermione nodded settling back against her pillows, looking up she found four sets of curious eyes on her.

"What's Amen?" Rabastan frowned, scrunching his forehead in an adorable way she noticed.

"Harry? Severus and Father said that you wanted to see me?" Draco smiled poking his head into the green room. He glanced unsurely at Hermione and Ron who were seated on the other sofa, Hermione had her feet propped onto Ron's lap and her legs were covered in a blanket. Groaning a little as he shifted Harry patted the sofa beside him.

"Yes I wanted to ask you something. Now I have asked Hermione and Ron to be the godparents of the baby," Harry said as Draco settled down., He watched something dim in

Draco's bright eyes as he nodded. Reaching out he took the other teen's hand and smiled warmly. "Tom and I have decided to have four godparents though, and I would like it if you would also agree to be godfather?" Harry asked a little nervously. And Draco just sat gawping open mouthed at him.

"I think you broke him Harry," Ron said a little dryly but with honest humour.

"Godfather? Me!" Draco squeaked.

"Yup," Harry grinned.

"But..but...after everything that I have said and done to you, especially when you came here...you want...me? The Dark Lord agreed?" Draco choked out.

"I think that you will love this baby a lot, and I know that you will be an amazing godfather. And heck, if I don't want him dressed in all dark colours, or just terribly, and dressed as a real Lord your fashion sense will definitely be needed!" Harry laughed.

"But...I...I am..."

"You have proven yourself as loyal to Tom, and more importantly to what is right. You put aside your own selfishness, and you are learning to grow. The man you are becoming is someone that I want around my son, loving him and guiding him. All of you, Hermione, Ron, you, Fenrir all of you will be able to give him something to make him a better man when he grows," Harry said softly squeezing Draco's hand.

"Fenrir will be the other godfather?" Draco asked blushing slightly making Harry have to crush down a grin and just nod. "And you two agree with this?" He asked Ron and Hermione unsurely.

"Honestly? You're still the prat that we knew in school...Ow damn woman watch out!" Ron yelped when Hermione's foot jabbed a little too close to delicate parts. "Let me finish before you get violent, I like all limbs attached thanks! Look you're still the prat we knew, to us, but Harry...Harry has the ability to see something in people that they don't even necessarily see in themselves, and he...he just makes them want to be better people by giving them so much but not asking for anything in return. So yeah, you might still be that prat in my mind, but if Harry is seeing something else in you, I'm going to trust in that," Ron said a little awkwardly, but honestly.

"Harry would never ever do something that wasn't in the very best interests of the baby, especially not something as important as this. The fact we are all here now proves that. If he thinks you are the best choice as a godfather, then you are. Besides I think we are all old enough now to start seeing passed the school yard fighting and prejudices and start trying to see each other for the people that we really are. From what I have already seen and what Harry has said about you, I think we can all get on quite well," Hermione smiled.

"Tom is telling Fenrir now as his friend, and I'm telling you as mine. But we are going to have to have some sort of official thingy to announce you as the godparents, and then of course the blessing ceremony," Harry said quickly blushing.

"Official thingy!" Draco spluttered choosing to ignore Harry's unintentional declaration of friendship and focusing on the other part of the speech.

"Yup, official thingy, something about announcing you as the godparents on the same time as we announce the name of the baby after he is born, " Harry nodded, grinning as Draco spluttered again.

"Oh where are you with names?" Hermione perked up.

"Urgh do not speak to me about names!" Harry groaned dropping his head onto the back of the sofa .

"There is nothing wrong with the name Jovilius!" Tom protested walking into the room with a slightly stunned looking Fenrir.

"No!" Harry said firmly.

"But it means..."

"I don't care what it means, no!" Harry glared.

"We are going to have to come up with a name soon!" Tom snapped a little.

"I know, but it isn't going to be Jovilius!" Harry snapped back.

"Voldemort," Fenrir said softly when Tom opened his mouth.

"I apologies Harry," Tom sighed walking over to kiss Harry. "Trying to sort through all these letters is more than a little stressful,"

"You should let me go through some of them, its not like I am doing anything else," Harry said softly leaning into Tom's warmth. The last three days he had missed Tom and getting to be close o him considering that he had been taken up with going through all the letter that needed his attention.

"There is no need, apparently part of our godparently duties is to go through the letters, though after how grouchy he has been the last few days without you two having your cuddle times," Fenrir smirked dodging passed Tom and easily ignoring the deadly glare that he was being shot as h flopped down onto the sofa beside Draco.

"Wait me as well?" Draco pouted.

"Yup, though when the news paper report comes out about Dumbledore and his arm, we're probably going to get even more letters and support through, and we still need to decorate the nursery," Harry worried his lip as he allowed Tom to lead him over to the armchair, settling down comfortably against the warmth of Tom's body, closing his eyes briefly, feeling himself relaxing against his partners body.

"Don't worry, we will have the nursery decorated ready for the birth. We could get it done this weekend now that we have chosen the paper and paint. Though we also have the

seamstresses coming this afternoon to measure you all for your robes for the meeting," Tom added.

"Yay," Harry grumbled.

" They just need to adjust for the waist a little for you, and they want to take your basic measurements again so that they can put together some robes for you for after the baby is born," Tom said soothingly.

"I feel like a balloon when they measure me," Harry pouted.

"You do not look like a balloon," Tom assured him, ignoring the youngest Weasley boys yelping noise in the background.

Harry blinked sleepily and looked up when he saw someone standing in the doorway to the living room, seeing Fenrir he smiled and rubbed his eyes straightening up a little as he tugged the blanket back over his cold feet.

"Lord Harry? Is everything ok?" Fenrir asked concerned as he stepped fully into the room, glancing at the clock to see that it was nearly 0200 in the morning.

"Everything's fine, I just haven't been able to get comfortable for the last few nights and I have been disturbing Tom, so I thought I would come through and read for a little while," Harry smiled.

"He would want to know that you aren't sleeping you know," Fenrir smiled slightly coming over to sit beside Harry.

"I know, but he has enough on his plate with all these alliances and helping get ready for the birth, not to mention putting up with my hormones. He needs to rest, no matter how invincible he thinks he is," Harry shook his head.

"You're good for him," Fenrir smiled. "I have never seen him this happy before. It is good to see, he deserves love in his life after how much he has been through,"

"If this is you building up to telling me not to hurt him you don't have to worry," Harry said before blinking when Fenrir threw his head back and let out a deep barking laugh.

"You don't have the heart in you to do that, or well more like your heart is too big to do that. And from what I have heard once you set your mind to something you are set. No its more of a thank you and keep it up. Your making him realise that he doesn't have to be alone to be powerful, that he has friends who care about him. People who are by his side because of himself and not because he is the Dark Lord,"

"Oh, you're welcome then," Harry smiled. "You know, Tom speaks to me about you a lot, he has told me how you made friends,"

"You mean when he supported a too young, inexperienced alpha werewolf who had taken over his damaged pack from a deranged father and then had to hunt down his equally mad brother," Fenrir smiled a little bitterly.

"He clearly got it right," Harry shrugged with a small smile for Fenrir when he looked at him stunned. "You have the biggest and strongest Pack in Europe right?"

"I well...yes," Fenrir nodded actually blushing much to Harry's amusement.

"So...have you never thought about taking a mate for yourself?" Harry asked innocently, widening his green eyes when Fenrir started spluttering.

"I...its...I haven't..."

"I mean you are an attractive, handsome, strong, powerful, politically connected werewolf, you could surely have anyone that you wanted," Harry smiled.

"No one really caught my eyes," Fenrir coughed.

"Past tense?" Harry pounced on the tensing of Fenrir's phrasing like a Hippogryff on a rat.

"I...i..."

"You should ask him out you know," Harry decided to take some pity on the blushing, spluttering alpha werewolf.

"Who?!" Harry had to fight to keep a straight face as the said alpha werewolf squeaked.

"Draco, you should ask him to go out with you, take him out for a meal or something,"

"I can't!" Fenrir shook his head.

"Why not?" Harry asked calmly.

"Draco wanted Voldemort before me, I...he was in love with him, he won't want me," Fenrir shook his head.

"Fenrir, he thought he wanted Tom because that was what Narcissa, and Lucius, encouraged him to think. He wanted the position of power that being with Tom would have offered, he didn't actually want Tom. Whereas I have seen the way he looks at you, and how he reacts when he touches you, or you sit next to him," Harry shook his head.

"I...really?" Fenrir asked quietly slipping into his seat a little and frowning thoughtfully.

"Really. Fenrir ask him, he will say yes. He really likes you. And I think you would be good together," Harry encouraged.

"Honestly?" Fenrir asked nervously worrying his lip. "Because he's so much younger than me, and so gorgeous, and even though I am rich in my own respects really my pack is still recovering and he deserves the best which..."

"Is exactly what you can give to him thinking like that. He doesn't need someone else like himself, he needs someone different,. more laid back and down to earth, someone who is more mature and knows who they are and have a clear defined view of that. Draco has a strong personality but he is vulnerable as well. I think you will be really good for him, I wouldn't be suggesting this if I didn't. And I think he will help you to remember to have fun and enjoy our life as well a looking after your pack," Harry grinned.

"May I as you something?" Fenrir asked thoughtfully.

"Of course," Harry smiled.

"Are you really ok with me being a godfather?" Fenrir asked unsurely.

"Of course I am, why wouldn't be?" Harry asked confused.

"I am just...well am not very...well I know that do not come across to people very well and I was unsure that you were really happy with me being the godfather or if Voldemort had..."

"Can you really see me allowing Tom to bully me into having someone as Godfather our son that I did not completely agree with?" Harry asked amused as Fenrir trailed off.

"Well before you actually arrived here and I have seen you together, I would have said definitely yes. But seeing the way you are together, no," Fenrir snickered.

"I want you to be Godfather as much as Tom does," Harry patted Fenrir's hand.

"Hmm," Fenrir hummed thoughtfully staring into the fireplace, but the small smile on his lips made Harry sure that he hadn't upset him. He just sat back and picked up the book he had been reading and sat in the comfortable silence. "Where do you think that I should take Draco?" Fenrir asked making Harry smile a little wider.

"Harry?" Harry blinked awake and rubbed his tired eyes before looking up at Tom. He must have nodded off in the green room where he had gone after lunch, the sleepless nights and tiredness of his body having caught up with him. "Harry?" Tom asked concerned running his fingers through Harry's hair.

"I'm fine, don't worry," Harry practically blindly reached up and linked his fingers through Tom's, he tugged his hand down to press his lips to the back of it.

"You are tired a lot lately," Tom frowned moving to sit on the edge of the sofa without letting go of Harry's hand.

"Its ok, I'm just getting tired easier. I carrying around a whole extra person no matter how small he might be. Plus my magic is getting ready for the birth now," Harry assured him.

"And you're not sleeping properly," Tom raised an eyebrow challenging Harry to lie to him.

"A little. Oh don't give me the grumpy glare face," Harry huffed amused at the look he was being given.

"You should have woken me!" Tom carried on with the face anyway, hoping that it might somehow manage to intimidate Harry a little, a tiny bit.

"Tom I sit around all day reading and 'organising' people. You are running around like headless chicken trying to do everything. You need your sleep,"

"You are nearly ready to give birth, I am supposed to be worrying about you, not the other way around," Tom sighed shaking his head.

"Well how about if you wear yourself out now, then when the baby comes you will be of no help at all," Harry smiled to show he was teasing. He let out a slight yelp when Tom used his wandless magic to lift him forwards on the sofa while extending it, far enough that Tom after stripping out of his bulkier outer robes could slip behind him, wrapping his arm firmly around Harry even as he set up wards to make sure that Harry couldn't fall off, before settling down. "What are you doing?" Harry asked amused as Tom nuzzled into his shoulder and neck.

"I'm getting some sleep with you," Harry could hear the smirk in Tom's voice, so he did not feel particularly guilty for the grunt he received when he shoved his elbow back into Tom's stomach.

"What are those wards you are putting up?" Harry asked sleepily a few minutes later, the steady breathing and warmth of Tom easing him back into sleep.

"You can feel it?" Tom asked, something Harry would have guessed was shock in his voice, which would have alarmed Harry considering Tom was the Lord of Neutrality and Stoicism, but he was too warm, and comfortable to be bothered.

"Yes, it's like nets forming around us," He yawned, snuggling even closer to Tom.

"Harry that means that our magic is bonding around each other, if you are actually able to see my magic," Tom said lowly, that tone still in his voice.

"That's nice," Harry yawned again patting Tom's hand in what his sleep mind confirmed should be a reassuring gesture.

"You don't understand Harry, this is permanent, once they finish binding there is no undoing it, even a magical divorce won't be able to separate us," Tom didn't appear very reassured as he lifted himself up onto his elbow pulling a grumble of annoyance from Harry as he was shifted from the lovely warm and comfortable position he had found.

"Tom having a baby is a pretty permanent thing, and I don't know about you but I wasn't intending for this to be anything but permanent, so its a little more permanently permanent," He managed an awkward half shrug. "Now will you lie down! I was enjoying that," Harry huffed.

"But..."

"Lie down!" Harry cracked open an eye to glare up at Tom. The Dark Lord blinked red eyes at him for a few minutes before shaking his head and laying back down, wrapping his arms tightly around Harry.

"You know most people would be petrified of being bound permanently to me," Tom said softly into the skin of Harry's neck. Yawning again and snuggling back into a comfy place Harry reached up and twined his fingers through Tom's dark hair.

"Yeah, but you've always been my Dark Lord, so not so much with the petrified of you. I love you Tom, I'm not going anywhere," Harry said softly. Tom paused before hugging Harry closer and breathing in the scent of his consort.

"I love you too,"

Harry shifted slightly on his seat, well it was more like a throne though he would never admit that Ron was right about that, drawing a concerned look from Tom from where he was seated beside Harry. The younger gave a small shake of his head and a small smile letting him know that he was ok. To be honest sitting like this in one position was becoming a little uncomfortable on his back, and even though he was fairly sure that everyone would understand if he slumped down a little, he felt he had to sit straight backed and steady throughout the meeting.

Rabastan and Rodolphus were standing behind his seat throne, ready and their eyes constantly scanning the crowd for any signs of danger to their Lords. In a row directly in front of the dais Harry and Tom were seated on stood Severus, Lucius, Fenrir, Draco, Ron, Hermione, Charlie, Neville, Bill and a couple of others Harry recognised as being in Tom's inner circle, though not close enough to make it passed the family wards in their wing of the manor. And then behind them stood the rows upon rows upon rows of Death Eaters, more than he had ever seen before, each of them having sworn their loyalty to Tom lately.

And the mood had definitely changed when Harry had walked in with Tom, making it clear that he would be attending the meeting. Everyone had seemed to jump to attention, all of them trying to get better looks. To his amusement Harry had stopped a few Gryffindors and Hufflepuffs he had known through his years at Hogwarts in the crowd when they waved to him.

At first Harry had been unsure, but Tom had encouraged him, and the Dark Sect seemed to be gaining more and more confidence as he and Tom talked various issues between them when they were raised, and when Tom looked to Harry for advise or his opinion on matters. Harry could see the shock on his friends and the new comers faces as Tom took advise not only from Harry but from different Death Eaters, looking to them when a subject was raised that they specialised in, seeking out what they thought would be the best move to make. Harry had to admit he was proud sitting beside his mate watching him call on one face in the crowd of hundreds by name, knowing enough about them to know that their advise would be of use to him. This was the man that he had heard about but hadn't seen before all this, the charming

man that pulled people in. The difference was whereas before he had believed that the charm was used wholly to Tom's advantage, he now realised was because he cared about the people he was ruling over and that in itself was a strong charm.

He loved seeing Tom like this, he loved watching him in his element as he was here. However he had to admit to himself that he was glad when Tom started pulling the meeting towards its end, his back was starting to ache something fierce, something he reckoned Tom knew if the looks he was being shot were anything to go by. He was a little shocked as the Death Eaters took their chance when Tom reached down to help him stand to call their best wishes to himself and to the baby. He sent them a grateful smile and small wave before following Tom out of the hall, Rabastan and Rodolphus were close to his back, though Hermione's good arm was looped through Rabastan's and he ensured that she was slightly in front of him as they followed Tom and Harry out the hall.

Tom led the way to the evening living room and helped Harry sit down onto the sofa before sitting next to him. Everyone blinked and then looked away as they made their way into the room when Tom cupped Harry's face and kissed him hungrily and deeply, stealing away both Harry's breath and his senses immediately as he soaked in the presence of his lover.

"Well that went very well," Tom smirked as they parted making Harry snort in amusement.

"You would get turned on by me showing political smarts," Harry rolled his eyes.

"You looked very sexy sitting there," Tom said softly enough for only Harry to hear as the others made their way to the rest of the seats.

"Pervert," Harry said fondly.

"I don't deny it," Tom smirked before nipping playfully at Harry's lip causing the younger man to giggle amused as Tom pressed their lips together again. He was aware suddenly of Ron making a stifled laughing noise somewhere to his left and then the sound of flesh hitting flesh.

"Stop it, its cute!" Hermione hissed.

"Hey!" Harry pulled away to pout at his friends.

"In a good way," Hermione grinned.

"Still going with hey!"

"Well it is," She shrugged.

"If you hadn't just blown off someone's arm in defense of me I would be much more upset right now," Harry huffed sticking his nose into the air playfully.

"Oh don't worry I am going to be milking that one for a long time," Hermione grinned with more teeth than normal making Harry and Ron start laughing at her evil expression that you wouldn't dream you would normally find on the bookwormish girl's face. It was the look she

got right before they started an adventure. The Slytherins in the room were blinking at the Gryffindor trio stunned while the rest of the Gryffindor bunch just shook their heads fondly.

"Hey," Harry said softly not wanting to startle Tom too much considering he was buried in paperwork and looked as though he had been there for a fair while. His shirt was a little crumpled and he had rolled his sleeves up to his elbows, the tips of his fingers were ink stained and when he finally looked up he blinked a little blurrily at Harry.

"Harry, I thought you were in the library with your friends," Tom frowned a little, glancing to the clock before cursing when he saw the time. "I'm very sorry, I missed lunch,"

"Hey its ok, you've been busy. But not eating isn't an option either, so I brought you a plate," Harry smiled placing the plate of sandwiches and small section of meat pie onto a relatively clear portion of Tom's desk. He smiled when Tom tugged him enough to turn him around to press a few gentle kisses to his lips. Something in Harry's chest burned when he pulled back and saw that look in Tom's eyes he always got when Harry did something for him just because he loved him. It was an expression Harry knew from the mirror, especially during his first four years of friendship with Hermione and Ron. It was an expression that said he was thankful for whatever had been done for him, but not sure how to express it and a little bit awed as well that someone would want to do something nice for him just because they cared.

He leant and brushed a couple more kisses to Tom's cheek before stepping back.

"I'll leave you to this," He smiled.

"No, stay while I eat? I need to take a break I think, my head is spinning slightly with ideas, and I think my stomach may now be attempting to eat itself," Tom groaned as his stomach did let out a growl that Harry reckoned could challenge Fenrir. Instead of going around the desk to sit on the chair seated in front of Tom's desk he slipped onto his lover's lap. "Comfy?" Tom asked amused.

"Yup. Not too heavy am I?" Harry asked concerned.

"Harry you are nowhere near heavy," Tom snorted. "So what have you been doing?" He asked as he cut into the pie.

"Me, Hermione and Ron have been in the library looking at the wards. We think that we have come up with a few new wards to tie around the ones that you already have up," Harry hummed.

"Oh?"

"Don't get your robes in a twist, Hermione has a brilliant mind, and the three of us have been known for coming up with ideas that others don't really think of. They, and me, just want to make sure that we are as safe as possible, especially with the birth coming so close," Harry smiled amused.

"Hmm, I will never say no to help when it comes to yours and his safety," Tom smiled, wrapping his arm around Harry's waist and stroking his hand over Harry's bump. Harry settled down against Tom's shoulder with a happy smile running over the wards they had found. He blinked when Tom made a noise when he bit into his sandwich.

"You brought my favourites," Tom frowned blinking at the cheese and cucumber sandwiches.

"Yes..." Harry said slowly.

"I didn't realize you knew," Tom said quietly. Sighing Harry stroked his fingers through Tom's hair, the Dark Lord closed his eyes and tilted his head back, enjoying the touch.

"You always choose them when they are on the table, and you eat more of them than any of the others. I noticed," Harry explained keeping up the ministrations.

"No one notices things like that," Tom hummed absently.

"They do now," Harry said softly making Tom open his eyes and meet soft but determined green ones. He considered him for a second before smiling softly and leaning up to kiss him softly.

"Harry are you ok?" Draco asked concerned watching as Harry shifted again for the seventh time in a few minutes.

"I'm fine," Harry smiled shaking his head.

"Are you sure?" Hermione frowned looking at her friend concerned.

"Honestly I'm fine," He shook his head. But he wasn't really, his stomach was a little tight when he managed to press his hand discretely to his stomach he was worried when it felt a little hard. But Tom was away at a meeting that he hadn't been able to avoid, and if he admitted it he was a little scared. It couldn't be yet! "How did your date with Fenrir go?" Harry asked, smirking when Draco blushed and looked down at his hands.

"Harry?" Ron frowned when he caught Harry wincing.

"I'm fine," He shook his head ignoring Ron's frown deepening.

"Tom! Tom! Tom!" The Dark Lord let out an undignified noise when he was woken after only an hour and a half of sleep when he had slipped into bed with Harry already sleeping by his loving and delicate Consort kicking him firmly in the shins.

"Wha?" Tom sat up blinking blurrily around the room.

"Tom!" Harry groaned. Tom quickly woke and sat fully up looking at Harry who had pulled himself into a half seated position in bed, his face was drawn with pain and sweat was covering his face.

"Harry? Harry what is it?" Tom would deny he was panicking. But he was.

"Tom, I think...urgh no no, I am in labor!" Harry yelped as a contraction shot across his stomach.

"Oh Merlin! No its too soon! What do I do? I need to...I need to go and...erm..." Harry blinked as he watched Tom shoot from the bed and then proceeded to turn in four different directions.

"Tom?"

"What? What do I do?" Tom flapped.

"Maybe getting me out of bed first would be a good start?" Harry raised an eyebrow holding his hands out to Tom.

"Right, right," Tom nodded hurrying to Harry's side of the bed. He took Harry's hand and gently eased him off the bed. Harry groaned and bent over slightly as his stomach tightened again. They both blinked when there was a sudden rush of liquid hitting the floor.

"Yes, definitely in labor," Harry grinned weakly.

"What do I do!" Tom asked pleadingly. Harry groaned and grabbed Tom's face, tugging him down into a fierce kiss.

"Tom, calm down!" Harry said amused feeling strangely more relaxed while faced with Tom's panicking.

"Ok, calm, I'm calm," Tom nodded frantically.

"You need to send a patronus to Burns and let him know. Then we need to start making our way to the healing room," Harry instructed.

"I can do that!" Tom nodded again before firing off the patronus.

"Help me change?" Harry asked wincing at the feel of the dampness around his legs.

"Of course," Tom sucked in another deep breath and then went and collected a change of clothes for Harry. A loose pair of sweats and a long top that Harry had bought for this moment. He helped Harry gently despite his panicking to change out of his wet clothes and into his new ones.

"Ready?" Harry asked sucking in a deep breath himself.

"Its happening, actually happening," Tom breathed out, blinking slightly stunned at Harry. Harry had to smile despite the pain in his stomach.

"We'll get to hold him soon," Harry laughed excited.

"We're going to be fathers," Tom smiled shakily.

"Come on Tad, let's get to the healing room," Harry breathed out as he felt another jolt running through his stomach. Tom breathed out closing his eyes at the word before opening them with a still shaky but more excited smile as he wrapped his arm around Harry's waist to help him through the manor to the healing room.

Interlude

Chapter Summary

Fate decides to play with Harry's life again, giving him a chance at a family but with the most shocking father. After the Order lock him up Harry flees to the father where they both may get a second chance

Interlude

Harry's supporters couldn't smother their smiles as they listened to the screams of fury and rage coming from the kitchen. Fred and George high fived each other triumphantly as Fleur slammed her hands over her mouth to try and stifle her hysterical laughter as they listened to something crashing in the kitchen followed by a loud smashing noise. This had been going on for nearly three hours now and they were fairly sure even repair was not going to fix the mess that was being made downstairs.

The reason was sitting beside Fleur on the bed which Bill was seriously considering framing and putting up somewhere to commemorate this moment. He was going to be sending the memory of this to Harry and the Dark Lord.

Karma for the true evil in our world?

Over the last few months it is safe to say that our world has been shaken to its very foundations of understanding and of what we all thought we knew. Shades that I think were safe to call black and white have mixed to become grey, and we have all had to reconsider our views and stand points on what can now be called a civil war taking place on our shores.

The revelation of the attack on the Boy Who Lived and his stunning pregnancy and the circumstances around the conception of the baby was the start of this. The attack of the light side against an innocent life and young father halted all of our steady beliefs and made us look twice, the fact that the Boy Who Lived was forced to flee to the Dark Lord for the safety of his baby and himself. The Dark Lord taking in Harry Potter and making an oath to his safety and their baby's safety caused everyone to pause and look confused at what was happening.

And then came the report written by myself that quieted all but the most fanatical of the light side, or more accurately Dumbledore's supporters. We were given details of the abuse that Harry Potter suffered under the 'care' of his relatives, known and even supported by Albus Dumbledore, a man who is in charge of the care and wellbeing of our children for a large portion of the year. This desire to have the you Boy Who Lived beaten and squashed down for when he reached the Wizarding world, and to have him reliant upon the Headmaster, turned the stomachs of the wizarding world. Harry Potter bravely revealed the some details of

the abuse he had suffered and the consequences to his health and he was suffering even now. The extra revelation of the damage that one of the Dark Lord's Healer found led to the immediate dismissal and removal of Poppy Pomphrey's position at Hogwarts and medical license, as well as her arrest and what is expected to be at least a 15 year sentence to Azkaban once she is tried.

We then received what was almost becoming expected to be an earth shattering revelation with the next article that I was requested to write. We were allowed an insight into the childhood of who had only been known to the world as Lord Voldemort. Instead we were allowed to see a childhood as let down as Harry Potter's. The image of a lonely and confused young boy with powers that should have been recognized and he should have been helped with from a young age when they started showing, was instead left to suffer in a muggle orphanage. And the teacher who finally went to help him? Albus Dumbledore. Coincidence? We left that to you to decide and you seemed to come back with an almost unanimous no. This man managed to have an influence in the young lives of two powerful young man.

The murmurs and shifting's of alliance that came with the revelations of the Dark Lord's true aims and intentions for the wizarding world without being smeared or contorted into something else was no real shock to anyone by the time it came. The image of the scan of the Dark Lord and Harry Potter's baby softening a lot of hearts as well. The true shock of this story was the revelation of the budding relationship being formed between the Dark Lord and Harry Potter. A lot of questions asked as to how Harry Potter could possibly even think of being with the man that killed his parents, but after receiving interviews and comments from those around them it has strangely seemed to form the question more towards 'how could they not'.

But my faithful readers none of this is news to you so you must be wondering about the Headline and what it has to do with this article. Well, early this morning I received an owl informing of the latest twist in this story that has our entire nation fascinated and holding their breaths to see what could possibly happen next, next that was have already received the biggest shock we could receive.

We Dearest Readers this is not yet been achieved, for in the letter I was informed of yet another twist. We have all been asking the question quietly as to whether the close friendship that was known through our world between that of Harry Potter, Hermione Granger and Ronald Weasley hadn't been as close as it had appeared to be, a sad thought for us all who had watched this friendship developing and going from seeming strength to strength. It seemed that the answer to that question was no. But it seems the true answer to that question was stronger than anyone imagined.

Hermione Granger seemingly snapped and could not keep up the pretense of not supporting her best friend and when Albus Dumbledore started ranting and raving about Harry Potter and his still unborn baby, making threats to abduct the baby once born and use it to quote 'control' Harry Potter. After making numerous threats, some even to the life of the eagerly awaited unborn baby and Harry Potter's life. Miss Granger couldn't stand to listen to the threats anymore, she snapped and fired a few curses at the famous headmaster in defense of her best friend and unborn godson, that's right she has been named Godmother, and she managed to curse of Dumbledore's arm, irreparably.

Is this what he deserves for the terrible things that he has gotten away with for far too long? Is this the start of what a lot of people have been thinking is a well-deserved punishment that has been far too long in the coming? Either way this is another step in the story that everyone has their eyes on.

"THOSE BRATS!" the scream had Fred and George collapsing into laughter themselves, holding their sides to try and ease the stitches forming there as they did their best to muffle their laughter.

Bill blinked when he saw an owl soaring through the window to his and Fleur's bedroom, he recognized it as the one that Harry had been using to keep in touch with them. Reaching up he allowed the tired looking owl to land on his arm, relieving him quickly as his letter, receiving a nip and twitter of reproach as he tugged a little too hard on the little in his concern to get to it. They were of course worried about the Order realizing that they were really on Harry's side, especially after the revelation of Ron, Hermione and Charlie, so they had limited their owls to only one every two weeks unless something important happened.

He sat there stunned as he read the letter, his heart thudding furiously in his chest as he read the words on the page.

"Bill!" Fleur snapped worried making him realize that he had been sitting there in silence staring at the letter for at least five minutes leaving the others concerned. All traces of their amusement had faded and their faces were drawn with concern and worry as they watched him, waiting uneasily to hear what had put that look on his face.

"Harry went into labour early this morning," He heard himself saying.

"Oh Merlin, are they ok? Harry? The baby? What is it Bill?" Fred and George demanded.

"They are both ok, Harry is fine, tired but ok, and the baby is healthy but..." Bill stopped, his throat clicking as he tried to swallow around the sudden dryness in his throat.

"But?" The three of them demanded leaning forwards, lumps forming in their throats, their eyes filling with tears as they watched Bill's face.

"The baby, he...the spells they...he's blind," Bill breathed out biting his lip.

The Baby

Chapter Summary

Fate decides to play with Harry's life again, giving him a chance at a family but with the most shocking father. After the Order lock him up Harry flees to the father where they both may get a second chance.

"Ow ow ow ow ow ow ow ow!"

"Just a little longer," Healer Burns encouraged.

"Ow ow ow ow!"

"Little longer,"

"Ow ow ow!"

"This bloody hurts!" Harry screamed.

"Ow ow!" Tom winced as Harry tightened his grip around his hand even further, enough so that he could feel and hear the bones grinding together.

"This is Lucius's fault! I demand you kill him!" Harry snapped glaring at Tom. Tom thought that it was probably an incredibly terrible moment to think about how attractive Harry was even with sweat covering his face, red cheeks burning with exhaustion and exertion, his bright green eyes burning with fire as they burned into him.

"Harry if I kill Lucius you'll regret it later," Tom patted the hand trying to break his in what he hoped was a soothing manner.

"Ah!" Harry strained off the bed slightly as another contraction hit. "At least torture him!" He demanded.

"We can discuss this when you aren't giving birth to our son," Tom patted his hand again.

"Don't patronize me!" Harry shouted. "Urgh!" Tom tried to ignore the snickering coming from the end of the room or the smirk Burns was failing to hide.

"Harry I think you are going to make Lucius pass out from fright," Hermione smiled rubbing his arm from where she was standing at the opposite side of the bed to Tom.

"Wha' 'appened?" Ron blinked blurrily.

"I warned you, you pass out you stay where you land till you wake!" Burns smirked down at him where he was just sitting up.

"Oh mate, I'm sorry, but that is why more of you than I ever wanted to see! That was really gross!" Ron groaned.

"Then you shouldn't have bloody looked you moron!" Harry hissed. "Ah!"

"Wow, harsh," Ron pouted standing up. "Mate!" He yelped not managing to duck the spell Harry threw at him in time and gawped as his skin turned purple and green.

"Ahhh!" Harry grit his teeth as he pushed as hard as he could.

"You're doing amazingly," Tom gently brushed a cool cloth over Harry's forehead as he dropped back weakly onto the bed.

"You're doing great My Lord, the baby is crowning, a few more pushes and he will be here!" Burns grinned from the end of the bed, ignoring the scraping of chairs as Severus, Lucius, Draco, Charlie and Fenrir shuffled forwards slightly.

"Its freaking hurts!" Harry groaned.

"I know, I know, just a little more," Tom encouraged.

"You're having the next one," Harry huffed.

"I...erm...well..." Tom spluttered paling a little.

"Oh don't get your wand in a knot, I'm just annoyed and in pain, I'm not actually going to make...ah!" Harry lurched forwards as his stomach contracted.

"Owe, what?" Ron frowned when Hermione hit him in the stomach.

"Be a bit more encouraging!" Hermione scowled.

"Go Harry! You can do it!" Ron chanted.

"Owe...owe oh Merlin, Ron stop being encouraging," Harry laughed through the next contraction as Tom blinked stunned across the bed at Ron who was blushing darkly.

"That's it My Lord, a little more!" Burns urged. Tom gripped back as tightly as Harry's hand squeezed his as he gave everything he had into the next push, carrying on even as he felt his body tiring until he dropped back onto the pillows. "The head is out! One more push!"

"I can't!" Harry shook his head weakly.

"You can Harry!" Tom said firmly turning to stroke his free unbroken hand over Harry's cheek.

"I can't," Harry felt tears welling up with the exhaustion running through his body.

"Harry you are the strongest person that I know, you have done everything to get him here, you can do this, one more push, just one more," Tom encouraged pressing gentle kisses to Harry's lips and scattering them over his face.

Harry met Tom's eyes and grit his teeth during strength from the surety in Tom's eyes. He was fairly sure that he was going to injure his neck with the way he tilted his head back but his body forward as he pushed as hard as he could. Tom hid his wince as Harry squeezed his hand tighter than before, instead concentrating on keeping up what he hoped was a litany of encouraging and soothing words as he watched his exhausted lover pushed all the energy he had into the push.

As Harry collapsed back one last time Tom's eyes widened as the sound of one strong steady wail filled the room, everyone's breaths catching at the cry. Burns nodded at his assistant who stepped forwards to take the baby reverently and moved towards the station they had set up to check over and clean up the baby as soon as Burns cut the cord. Leaving the main healer to make sure that Harry was ok.

"Well you definitely have a boy, with a lovely and healthy pair of lungs," Burns grinned as cast the healing spells on Harry that would help him heal a little quicker.

"Healer Burns!" The assistant called, the tone in his voice catching everyone's attention immediately. The Healer glanced at his Lords before hurrying over to assistant and the baby, talking together in low tones before Burns started running numerous spells over the baby. The assistant came over and finished the healing spells on Harry, but he couldn't stop looking concerned at Tom and Harry and over his shoulder at Burns and the baby.

"Everyone you need to leave the room now," Burns said finally turning around after he had carefully swaddled the baby.

"No we..."

"Now!" Burns said firmly, no sign of the joking healer in sight. "Before I throw you out,"

Everyone made their way slowly out of the room casting glances back every few seconds, worry across the faces. Harry tugged himself into a higher sitting position despite his tiredness, his green eyes glancing from his baby to Burns and back again.

"What is going on? What's wrong with my baby?" Harry asked frantically.

"There is nothing to worry about, he's perfectly healthy. But his eyes, I'm sorry My Lords, he's blind," Burns said softly.

"He's..." Harry choked tears filling his eyes as he covered his mouth.

"There are spells and potions that we can give him as he grows to try and give him a little of his sight. But I'm sorry, he'll never have full sight," Burns said softly.

"I...give him to me," Tom held out his arms. Slowly Burns made his way over and placed the small baby in Tom's arms. "Now go,"

"My Lord..." Burns looked concerned from Tom's stoic face to Harry and the baby and back again.

"I do not repeat myself Burns!" Tom snapped softly. The Healer gave them all a concerned look before he turned and also left the room leaving the three of them alone. Harry looked up at Tom's back terrified as Tom looked down at their son. He was exhausted and he felt as though his heart was breaking, he was terrified of how Tom was taking this revelation and he had no idea what this would mean for their son.

"Tom I am so..."

"Stop!" Tom's tone wasn't giving anything away. Harry closed his eyes as the guilt overwhelmed him, this was his fault, he hadn't gotten away quick enough and now his son was going to suffer for it. His thoughts were broken when the bed dipped right beside him, opening them to see Tom sitting down next to him, the baby held tightly to his chest. "He's so perfect," Tom breathed out.

Harry looked up and could see the awe and love written right across Tom's face and shining in his eyes as he looked down at their son, his eyes were even filled up slightly as he gazed down adoringly, he ran a gentle finger over the soft pale cheek.

"His eyes..." Harry choked out getting Tom's attention. He smiled softly shaking his head before he eased the baby into Harry's arms.

"It doesn't matter, he's healthy, he has two arms, two legs, a perfectly healthy set of lungs. His eyes we can deal with, it doesn't make him any less amazing, or perfect or gorgeous. Harry this is not your fault, you carried and gave me a perfect...just perfect little boy, look at him," Tom said softly wrapping one arm around Harry and placing the other ever so gently on their tiny son.

Harry bit his lip and looked down at his son finally, his eyes widening as he took him in. He was perfect and so so tiny! He was scarily small. His skin was going to be as pale as Tom's from the looks of it, he already had a small shock of black downy hair on his head, his cheekbones Harry would guess would be his own when he grew into them, and it looked like he had Harry's own button nose where he had Tom's jawline in the making. His eyes were closed tightly and Harry couldn't stop himself from lifting him to kiss over his closed eyes as tears welled in his own.

He had his son in his arms, despite everything that they had been through, despite everything that they had faced he was getting to hold his gorgeously cute little baby boy. When he had found out he was pregnant he had never dreamed about getting to this point, he had barely been able to think passed getting to safety, And while the last few months he had imagined this moment it didn't even come close to actually having this moment.

"Harry?" Tom asked concerned running his fingers through Harry's hair making the younger man open his eyes and look at his lover.

"You're right, he's completely perfect," Harry smiled waterly, choking out a laugh when Tom yanked him into a firm kiss. "We made something kind of brilliant right?" he said looking

back down at their son.

"Perfect," Tom smiled softly looking at his son as well.

"Thank you," Harry sighed resting his heavy body against Tom more, his head sliding naturally to his shoulder.

"For what?" Tom frowned.

"For everything, for taking a chance on me, on this, for making the choices you have from that first night. For loving me, us. For showing me the amazing man that you and the life that we can have together, the three of us," Harry smiled. "Will you take him? My arms are so heavy," He sighed reluctantly. Tom slightly nervously eased their son from Harry's arms to his own.

"Are you ok?" Tom asked concerned.

"I just delivered our son, and barely slept the last two days. I'm just tired," Harry couldn't seem to stop sighing even if he was exhausted.

"Sleep then, we're going to stay right here," Tom reassured him. Harry tilted his head back in request that Tom was more than happy to meet, bending to gently brush their lips together. "I love you so much, both of you,"

"Love you too, and so will he," Harry said even as he was dropping into sleep.

Tom sat there holding his new born son close to his chest as he followed his daddy into sleep, both of them exhausted from the birth, Tom wasn't feeling much better himself, and his hand was aching something fierce, but he was also shot through with adrenaline from the entire thing, and he didn't want to take his eyes from the sight in front of him, the image of his little family, something he had lost hope on of ever possessing was sitting right here in front of him, both wrapped tightly and securely in his arms where he would keep them. Safe and loved.

Now they just needed to agree on a name, and quickly.

A Family, ritual and names

Chapter Summary

Fate decides to play with Harry's life again, giving him a chance at a family but with the most shocking father. After the Order lock him up Harry flees to the father where they both may get a second chance. MPREG

Harry shifted tiredly as he became aware of a crying coming from the end of their bed. When he felt the bed shift he looked to the side to see Tom tugging himself from the bed, his bare, pale chest standing out against the dark black of his sleep trousers. He watched as Tom stumbled to the cot sitting at the end of their bed, gently reaching down and easing their crying son from his blankets. Harry smiled as he watched the small limbs kicking and hitting out in displeasure even as the hungry cries filled the room.

His heart warmed and a gave a throb as he was able to catch the expression on Tom's face as he smiled down at their baby son, the smile on his face still holding the same trace of disbelief whenever he saw him even though it had already been a week since the birth. His red eyes barely left their son's face as he bent down to take the bottle that Missy popped in with, moving to sit in the armchair they had had set up beside the fireplace. At the minute Tom was doing the majority of the night-time feeds considering Harry was still tired from the birth, his magic rejuvenating at what Burns assured them was an impressive speed for a male birth, but still taking its time.

As quietly as he could Harry moved his head so that he could see his lover and their son where they were seated, the sounds of eager suckling already coming from in front of the fireplace, the cries ended as soon as Tom brushed the nipple of the bottle over tiny lips. Their son was a good baby really, he only cried when he was hungry or when he needed changing, it had worried Harry for the first five days, making him constantly reach out to check that his baby was ok, only to find him lying quite happily.

Tom was smiling down and humming softly as he watched their son feeding making Harry smile as he snuggled the covers a little higher over himself. Seeing the movement out the corner of his eye Tom looked up to find green eyes open and watching him with an expression that made his breath catch. No one had ever looked at him with such pure love and happiness in his entire life, he had seen admiration and undying loyalty and he had thought that he could be content with that and the flashes of friendship he sometimes saw. But seeing this, seeing Harry's tired smile for him, he did not know how he had lived without it, but he was certain that he could not live without it again.

Harry seeing that he had been caught smiled at Tom as he sat up and slipped from the bed with a small wince, still feeling tender and a little sore. Padding softly across their room he

settled on the arm of the sofa and stroked one hand over their son's head before reaching up to stroke his thumb across Tom's cheek before leaning down for a gentle kiss.

"You're supposed to be resting," Tom said softly.

"I wanted to join my boys," Harry shrugged, wriggling a little so he could rest his head on Tom's shoulder, looking down at their tiny son feeding quite happily.

"I have not been a boy in a good while Harry," Tom snorted amused.

"Fine, I wanted to join my family," Harry beamed at the word, getting a responding smile from Tom.

"How are you feeling?" Tom asked concerned brushing his lips over Harry's temple.

"Alright, still a bit tender," Harry shrugged.

"Are you ready for tomorrow?" Tom asked.

"Just about," Harry snorted. "Though I think if it doesn't happen soon Draco is going to pass out from excitement," Harry laughed.

"Indeed, though I believe it may diminish our authority when we have to potentially wrestle Severus, Draco, Fenrir, Hermione, your Gryffindor collection and Lucius to maintain holding our son," Tom smiled.

"Rodolphus and Rabastan are still terrified to hold him in case they hurt him," Harry shook his head as he brushed his hand over his son's stomach.

"They'll get over it when the desire for them to be allowed to babysit as well over comes it. Time to wind him I think," Tom added as the suckling weakened. He handed the bottle to Harry who quickly checked how much had been drunk from it, happy to see most of it was gone.

"He has your appetite," Harry teased kissing Tom's lips as he rubbed the tiny back gently.

"And he sleeps like you," Tom smirked back.

"Mean," Harry pouted before being unable to stop himself from smiling at the massive burp that followed his words. "Now that, he gets from Ron!" Harry laughed.

"Your Weasley is even more protective of him than I expected," Tom admitted as he passed the small, warm body into Harry's arms as green eyes looked at him hopefully, though he made up for it by carefully pulling Harry from the arm of the chair into his lap and wrapped his arms around both his lover and their son.

Harry sighed contently as he settled his son on his chest and leant back into Tom, his hand softly patting his son's padded bottom soothingly. He closed his eyes as he breathed in deeply and inhaled the scent of new baby and talc, and of spice and cinnamon. Feeling the quick,

sharp little breaths against his chest while the deep, steady ones behind him rhythmically lifted and dropped him.

"I love you," Tom whispered into his ear making him open his eyes and tilt his head to look at Tom questioningly, but with a smile. "I can't tell you that I love you?" He smiled brushing his nose against Harry's cheek getting the soft laughter he was looking for.

"You can say it as much as you like, I will never get fed up of hearing it. Just came out of nowhere," Harry shrugged.

"I'm sitting with my lover and our son in my arms, why would I not be thinking about how much I love you?" Tom chuckled.

"Well when you put it like that..." Harry grinned before leaning closer to press their lips together firmly. "I love you too,"

"Thank you for this," Tom breathed in deeply as he closed his eyes and rested his forehead against Harry's.

"For loving you?" Harry asked slightly confused, tiredness not really helping his brain cells.

"For loving me, for giving me this, for giving me a chance and letting me know what love is. For giving me such a perfect son," Tom sighed smiling and opening his eyes to look down at the baby that was nearly fully asleep.

"You don't have to thank me. Tom we have given each other this, we both took this chance with each other and we've been rewarded with a family we did not expect," Harry smiled snuggling down into Tom's arms and resting his head on his shoulder again, Tom's arms tightening around Harry and their son.

"You are going to be an amazing consort, you are going to be perfect, strong, powerful, gorgeous standing at my side," Tom hummed happily.

"I'll be proud to be at your side," Harry said softly, smiling when Tom lifted his hand to press a kiss to the consort ring sitting on his finger.

"Come on bed," Tom sighed after they had sat or a good half an hour or so, the late night and sitting in the chair in front of the fire making it seem more intimate. He helped Harry to his feet, gently cupping his hips and following him to the cot where they placed their son on the soft mattress and made sure he was comfy. Harry kissed his fingers and pressed them to the tiny forehead before shuffling to bed as Tom copied his actions.

Harry smiled and held the covers up in welcome for Tom as he made his way to this side of the bed, the older man shuffling under the covers and then wriggling closer to Harry. Harry eagerly went with his lover's actions as he gave a small tug, rolling and shuffling until he was pressed back against Tom's front. Tom wrapped his arm tightly around Harry's waist and pressed his lips to the back of Harry's neck. Harry paused for a second before rolling over enough that he could press his lips to Tom's, his lover pausing only for a second before responding, shifting them so that Harry wasn't having too much pressure put on his body in a

slightly strange angle. Hovering over Harry Tom pressed luxuriously decadent kisses to his consort's lips. Harry wasn't ready for anything more, but they just enjoyed exchanging kisses and holding each other close, Tom's fingers tracing gentle patterns over Harry's cheek and neck, Harry's fingers combing through Tom's hair in a way he knew he loved.

Harry smiled as he walked into the room and paused in the doorway watching as Draco and Ron sat with his son on Ron's lap, the two of them cooing and talking to him, Draco maintaining a hold on the small hand in his grasp, his fingers brushing over what Harry knew to be silk soft skin.

Draco and Ron were both dressed in deep purple robes, the colour being one of the few that Draco had agreed would match both their colouring. He smiled a little wider when Fenrir walked into the room, walking over to Draco and stopping to give him a quick kiss on the lips, the blonde flushing but the shy smile on his face telling just how pleased with the action he was. Though it was quite amusing to watch Fenrir blushing himself as he stalked across the room to get himself a drink.

"You look stunning," Tom wrapped his arms around Harry from behind chuckling when Harry startled, too busy watching the interactions to notice his Dark Lord coming up behind him.

"You gave me a heart attack you..." Harry drew off, dropping his glare as he took in what Tom was wearing, the sleek cut crimson red robes making him look nothing short of completely and utterly dashing and gorgeous. "Wow,"

"I take it you approve?" Tom smirked turning Harry fully and pressing him against the wall just behind the door.

"Very much so!" Harry nodded, his eyes drinking Tom in. The Dark Lord smirked at him before leaning in to place drugging kisses to Harry's lips and drowned out all thoughts in Harry's mind that were not Tom and his body and hands against himself.

"Not to interrupt My Lords, but it is nearly time," Rodolphus cleared his throat pulling them back to the real world.

"Did you lose the toss as to who would come and get us?" Harry teased the slightly nervous looking man who was currently being given what he saw as a furious glare, and what Harry saw as a pouty glare. Pushing off the wall he tugged his robes straight and attempted to fix his hair.

"You would think with so many Gryffindors in the house now one of them would be foolishly brave enough to have done it, and I know that Charles cheated," Rodolphus grumbled as they walked back into the room with the others.

"How can you cheat at rock, paper, scissors?" Charlie laughed, his face glowing as he stared down at the tiny baby in his arms who appeared to be trying to blow spit bubbles at his uncle. The grin had not left Charlie's face since the birth and Tom had the feeling it would not for a good long while yet, in fact the atmosphere in the entire manor was practically humming with

joy. The manor was practically squeaking with cleanliness from the over eager happiness of the House Elves at the birth of the young master, the inner circle would have been floating or dancing around the manor if they had not been too dignified to do so, but they still gave the impression of it, and Tom had not seen so many smiles in his life. Harry's Gryffindor contingent were fairly bouncing with happiness, and he swore that he could see hearts appear in the youngest male Weasley's eyes every time he looked at the babe.

"There are going to be a few rough faces in this meeting," Lucius snickered as he edged closer to Severus who blushed and looked down at his feet before raising his head to smile shyly at the blonde man. Tom felt Harry squeezing his hand and when he looked down he saw that his young lover was grinning with happiness.

"His finger," Harry breathed into Tom's ear as he pretended to tug Tom's collar straight.

Tom glanced over again and saw the Malfoy bonding ring glittering on Severus's finger making him mentally snort, Lucius did not hang around waiting. But then he had been waiting a very long time for Severus, and Severus had been waiting even longer for Lucius, putting up with watching him marry, have a child and have to play happy families in public with that... harpy. It seemed magic had blessed with a second gift as two days after their son's birth the ritual had content itself with the punishment dealt on the traitors and had finally killed them. According to the House Elves it had taken a long time to clean the mess off the walls, which they had set to with such a vicious joy even Tom had shivered a little.

"Why?" Hermione asked Lucius confused as she automatically walked to stand beside Rabastan who smiled at her and offered his arm which she quickly took.

"They only stopped celebrating at about six o'clock this morning, no amount of sober up potions is going to help with that!" Rabastan snorted.

"What but...they have been partying since the birth!" Harry choked.

"It seems even I underestimated how pleased they were to have a Prince," Tom smirked pleased. His followers reaction truly did please him, how welcome his son was into this world after the beginning he had had assuaged the worry that had still filled his heart.

Harry slipped his hand into Tom's a squeezed it gently before he stepped forwards to take his son back, Charlie pouting at the loss of his cuddle time, but Harry just kissed his cheek and made his way back to Tom's side. He had barely made it to Tom's side when a deep gong went through the manor.

"Its time," Tom smiled at Harry wrapping his arm around Harry's waist and holding him tightly as he brushed a gentle finger down his son's forehead to the tip of his tiny nose. Hermione came over and gently laid the black thin fabric over her godson ensuring that all of him was hidden from view before she stepped back behind the two of them, Ron stepping next to her, Fenrir leading Draco to her other side with the younger man's hand in his own. Behind the four godparents Charlie, Lucius and Severus stepped, in front of Tom and Harry Rabastan and Rodolphus stepped to guide them in and guard them.

The group made their way through the doors into the meeting hall and out onto the dias, the amount of people gathered in the room, all craning their necks to get a better look at Harry, Tom and the baby they knew would not be uncovered until the end of the ceremony truly took Harry's breath away, and Tom arm tightened around his waist. He made no move to remove his arm and made no move to step in front of Harry making a very clear statement to those in the room.

None of the crowd made any noise, very much aware of the young babe in the room and not willing to startle the tiny prince with the loud noise of the cheering they no doubt wanted to make, however the bursts of light that erupted from the upturned wands were brighter than any fireworks display that Harry had ever seen in the muggle or the wizarding world.

Tom raised his free hand and everyone's attention was eagerly fixed onto him, Harry could practically seem them holding their breath as they watched their Lord, waiting to hear what he was to say.

"Loyal friends, you have gathered here today to be with us as we celebrate the birth of the Prince and direct Heir to three of the oldest houses in our world, Potter, Black and Slytherin. But more importantly, to welcome the life blessed beyond all the odds to myself and to Lord Harry. Our son has finally arrived and blessed our lives with happiness beyond expression," Tom's words carried around the hall and once again Harry was gifted with seeing his lover in his element, seeing the power that he possessed in his voice and words alone.

"First we have chosen four to watch over our son where we can not be, and to help guide him into becoming the great man his future promises. Hermione Granger, we trust to guide him in wisdom and to teach what true friendship is. Ronald Weasley we trust to guide him in what love and loyalty truly mean and courage to stand strong. Fenrir Greyback we trust to guide him in innate strength and to guard and protect those he cares about to the limits of his strength and to love fiercely. Draconis Maloy, we trust to guide him to honour and pride in where he comes from, to be loyal to those he cares about and to allow his strength to shine through even in the darkest of places," Harry spoke, a slight nervousness to his voice, but sure in his words and standing strong.

"I Hermione Granger pledge my loyalty, my love and my honour to my godson, I will guide him down the paths of life when he may stumble and will love him with the strength he deserves, I will be a pillar for him in times of trouble and I will be there to see his smiles and joy through life as he grows. This I do so swear," Hermione stepped forwards first, her wand tip resting over the fabric where her godson's head rested. Ron stepped forwards next repeating her words and actions, grinning happily as he stepped back to his place. Fenrir's expression was stern and serious as he repeated the words, but his eyes glittered and shone with happiness. Draco's grey eyes were a little shiny with tears as he met Harry's eyes and bowed his head before placing his wand tip gently to the baby and reciting the binding words, his voice though was steady and firm, his stance practically radiating pride.

"And now the final part of this night, and the reason you have gathered here especially. The naming of our son before you," Tom paused and kissed Harry's temple before turning back to the crowd with a proud smile that caught their breaths.

"We have decided on..."

The Order stared slightly shocked and horrified at the scene the Headmaster was making, throwing and exploding everything in sight. The old man was practically frothing at the mouth as he shrieked in anger. And all of this right in the middle of the Ministry.

They looked around hugely embarrassed, and some members were even trying to edge away so that they could go back to the apparation points or at least make it to one of the floor places. Rita sliding up to them and proudly handing the Headmaster today's paper had not what they had been expecting when they had come to the Ministry to try and get a case made for allowing a slightly illegal blood spell to be cast to track Harry, planning on using the reasoning that he had clearly been imperioed or controlled in some way. Though most of them were not entirely sure how exactly they would plead this argument when it was well known that Harry Potter was immune to pretty much any mind magic. However they had not had to suffer the embarrassment of such a weak argument, instead they were being humiliated by the Headmaster's hissy fit right in the middle of the atrium at the Ministry, Rita was standing to the side busily scribbling away while her camera man was snapping pictures at an almost inhuman rate.

"Arrest them!" The call had them all freezing including the Headmaster at the shout, and before any of them could do anything two dozen aurors were surrounding them.

"What do you think you are doing?! What right do you have to arrest me!" Dumbledore spat at Scrimgeour as he made his way towards them.

"Aside from the fact that you just cast offensive charms inside the Ministry building, injuring several people as far as I can see. We are arresting you for the repeated and illegal use of abortion spells upon the person of Harry Potter, and the attempted murder of the still unnamed Baby Potter-Black Slytherin, or whatever combination his parents decide to use, and the blinding and actually bodily harm of the baby as caused by your spells. The rest of your 'Order' are being rounded up as we speak, we do so appreciate the majority of you coming down here together, it makes our jobs a little easier," Scrimgeour smirked.

"Well I wish to press charges against Hermione Granger for bodily and permanent harm against my person!" Dumbledore was clearly trying to pull himself together, and failing miserably.

"Miss Granger was acting within the self defence of her best friend and unborn godson, there was nothing illegal about the way in which she acted and most certainly nothing in which she would be found guilty of, there is absolutely no point in arresting her," Madame Bones sniffed as she stepped next to Scrimgeour and eyed Dumbledore as though he was something she had scraped off her shoe.

"Headmaster Dumbledore, do you have anything to say about today's article?" Rita called as the aurors started to pull the Headmaster away, the old man protesting at the bindings they snapped into place around his wrists before he even realised what was happening.

"...."

"I don't we are allowed to print even half those words in a family paper," The camera man smirked as he carried on taking pictures as the cursing Headmaster being dragged away while Rita just laughed. The image of a tired but proud looking Harry Potter seated beside Tom, a tiny baby in the older man's arms, face not visible yet, that was promised would be coming soon along with the name of the baby. Harry was leaning into Tom's side and would every now and then look content between his son and lover, happiness and love radiating in his expression, and though Tom's features were stern and poised as ever, there was something in his eyes as he kept looking between his son and his lover that no one could mistake for anything but the complete and utter devotion he clearly felt to the two. The article accompanying the image of how proud they were of the youngest member of their family and the love they felt for him changed more than a few minds and hearts in a different direction to the path they had thought they would walk along. The image of the three settling in people's minds as the image of the new future of the wizarding world.

"Berwin Hagan Slytherin Potter Black. Our son," Tom pulled away the now white and pure veil, filled with the love and honest intentions of Berwin's godparents and revealed to his followers their prince for the first time.

Berwin - Blessing

Hagan - Strong defence

Beginnings, Middles and Endings

Chapter Nineteen

Tom sighed and closed his eyes as a familiar scent surrounded him right before a pair of arms wrapped over his shoulders and lips were pressed to the back of his neck.

'You need to take a rest,' Harry scolded slightly.

'I'm sorry, there is just so much to work through,' Tom groaned as Harry started massaging his sore back from having been hunched over his desk for so long.

'Three months ago you were still doing this for me,' Harry chuckled softly.

'It only seems like a few weeks,' Tom smiled looking to the picture frame sitting on the corner of his desk, the picture of himself, Harry and Berwin looked back at him.

'Come on, rest up, you can carry on in the morning,' Harry urged kissing Tom's temple.

'I should...'

'No, you have worked through most of the night too many nights on the run now. Bed!' Harry said firmly.

'I'm sorry, I've been ignoring you,' Tom sighed turning and wrapping his arms around Harry's waist to pull him onto his lap. His eyes fluttered closed when Harry just smiled and gently stroked his cheek.

'You're busy, and I completely understand why. And you haven't been ignoring us at all. I'm just worried about you, you need to rest Tom,'

'Once we get this next few weeks out of the way everything should settle down, I'll be able to delegate a little bit more,' Tom said hopefully.

'I knew that Dumbledore had made a mess of our world, I didn't realise how much,' Harry shook his head looking over a few of the papers as he carried on his soothing stroking of Tom's hair.

'His trial is basically a formality at this point, with everything that is being discovered, the people coming forward with allegations against him now that he is locked up, the amount of lives he is ruined. He's gone for life. He can't hurt us anymore,' Tom smiled raising his head to kiss Harry softly.

'I love you,' Harry grinned kissing him again a little more firmly.

'Is Berwin sleeping?' Tom asked, his suddenly husky voice and the spark in those ruby eyes lighting an answering fire in Harry.

'Charms up to warn me in case he wakes,' Harry nodded.

'Perhaps rest is not the thing I need right now, I am still wound tight from working on these idiotic proposals all day,' Tom smirked tugging Harry closer by the edges of his robes.

'Wound tight hmm? Perhaps I should help you with that,' Harry grinned leaning forwards.

'Perhaps you should,' Tom nodded a little breathlessly as he watched Harry licking his lips.

'I'll go and put some milk into the microwave for you, a nice glass with maybe some honey in will do wonders to send you to sleep!' Harry said brightly turning and starting to make his way towards the door leaving Tom gawping shocked and confused after him. That is until he caught a flash of mischievous green as Harry looked over his shoulder with a smirk. With a growl he lunged from his seat and chased after Harry who let out a shriek and threw the door open, racing away from the chasing Dark Lord.

"Whose the handsomest little Dark Prince, whose the handsomest little dark prince, you are, yes you are,"

"Hem my Lord," Fenrir cleared his throat trying to fight to keep his face blank as he held the door open to show in the Werewolf Alpha of France.

"Ah Fenrir, Leon, please come in," Tom motioned to the seats opposite his desk, absolutely not blushing!

"Its ok I have a seven month old myself," Leon grinned walking over to the desk.

"His bearer is busy with his family today," Tom explained adjusting Berwin in his arms.

"Not at all, he is a beautiful baby," Leon grinned leaning over to look at the baby who was happy playing with his toes.

"Thank you. So concerning your alliance with the French Being community," Tom shifted back into Lord Voldemort role, just while bouncing his son in his arms and allowing him to play with his fingers and his sleeve to keep him entertained...and with Fenrir watching highly amused.

"Harry he's fine, he was with me all day!" Tom said a little offended as he watched Harry stripping their son down and started checking him for any damage.

"I know, and I'm sorry but it was just...it was really hard being away from him," Harry's shoulders dropped where he was sitting in front of the fireplace on the rug with Berwin who was happily gurgling and slapping his hands down onto Harry's where they were resting on his stomach, his feet bobbing and bouncing in the air with his excitement.

"He was fine, he killed any chance of me coming across as a dangerous and deadly Dark Lord to Leon by throwing up on me and blowing spit bubbles at Leon all meeting," Tom chuckled as he sat down behind Harry and rested his chin on his young lover's shoulder to look down at their son.

"You'll always be my big, bad Dark Lord," Harry grinned as he started doing up Berwin's all in one.

"Good, I can't have you thinking I have gone all domesticated and pleasant," Tom huffed.

"Merlin forbid!" Harry laughed as Tom snapped his teeth by his ear. They grinned as Berwin let out a little excited shriek. "Where we ignoring you?" He asked scooping him up and resting him against his raised knees as he leant into Tom's chest.

"My son," Tom sighed poking Berwin gently in the stomach and getting giggles in return.

"That has to be the best sound in the world," Harry smiled.

"How was your day?" Tom asked after a few moments.

"The schools are all set up and ready to go in a few months, Hermione is doing an amazing job kicking everyone into gear to get them ready for the openings. I have sent out teachers to every house that has a magical child and we are well on the way to setting into place all the checks and watches that need to be done on muggle born homes, a week or so and it will be finished. And we have finished putting all the needed wards around their houses," Harry smiled.

"You've done amazing," Tom smiled kissing Harry's cheek.

"I've done amazing? You have practically taken over the Wizrading world in three months my love," Harry chuckled softly reaching up to hold the back of Tom's neck and draw him down to kiss his lips. "I am so proud of you,"

"No one has ever said that to me before," Tom chuckled breathlessly pressing his forehead to Harry's.

"I am, so proud of you. I love you," Harry smiled. "Are you ready for next week?"

"I would rather just kill him," Tom sighed gently rubbing Berwin stomach and smiling when his fingers were quickly captured and pulled to his mouth.

"I know, honestly I wouldn't mind doing that myself. But everyone is watching this one, we have to do this by the law," Harry said softly, running his fingers soothingly over the arm around his waist.

"I know," Tom huffed. "Plus it will do us a lot of good for it to be revealed exactly what he has done over the years and all his manipulations, it will stop any revolts and the Order from flaring up too quickly and gaining much support,"

"It does almost make me wish that we had left the dementors there though," Harry frowned leaning back into Tom more comfortably.

"Knowing that they are rotting in that place will be enough for me," Tom grit out running his fingers along Berwin's brow. Their little boy gave an excited squeal and blabber of baby nonsense at his Tad's touch lifting their dark mood.

"Hmmm enough talk of that, I want to enjoy my evening with my family," Harry grinned.

"No no no! We are having no black at our bonding!" Lucius fumed stomping into the living room.

"I was just thinking it would be striking, white with black trim," Severus huffed stomping in behind him.

"How about a navy blue theme?" Draco suggested rolling his eyes at Harry as he walked in looking completely hassled.

"Ron no! We are not having Quidditch in primary schools, there is a reason First Years aren't allowed to play, never mind 4-10 year olds," Hermione snorted.

"Aww spoil sport," Ron snickered. Rabastan was close behind, quickly claiming the spot beside her on the sofa.

"Apparently all the family," Harry said dryly watching as Fenrir sauntered in and sat on the floor beside Draco putting his head onto the blonde's lap causing him to fluster suddenly.

"It seems about right," Tom shook his head but he smiled slightly as he watched Rabastan and Ron start bickering playfully with each other. He rested his hand on Berwin as his other arm wrapped around Harry.

"Tom can you get his coat please?" Harry called as he blew a raspberry onto Berwin's stomach before doing up his baby grow.

"Which one?" Tom called from Berwin's nursery where he was putting together Berwin's nappy bag.

"His green one," Harry called back. He was busy fighting Berwin's chubby little legs into his trousers and tickling his feet while his son pouted slightly at him, so he started when Tom's arm wrapped around his waist. Harry looked over his shoulder to find his lover's red eyes looked worried even as he tried to hide it behind a blank mask.

Making sure that the spells around Berwin to keep him safely on the changing table Harry turned in Tom's arms and wrapped his own tightly around his lover.

"It will be ok," Harry assured him.

"I don't want...Here you both have been safe, going out there I can not protect you all the time," Tom breathed out worried.

"We will be surrounded by friends, and I am more than capable of protecting myself, and neither of us will let anything happen to Berwin, its going to be fine," Harry assured him, combing his fingers through the hair at Tom's temples. "There is something else though?"

"I have been the bad guy, the Dark Lord for so long. I don't know how to be anything else," Tom admitted holding Harry closer to himself.

"Yes you do. You are a father now Tom, one who loves his son, and who is adored right back. You're a lover, a fiance and soon a husband. You are their Lord and their friend. You have a family, and you have a home. You aren't The Dark Lord anymore who people follow out of fear. They follow you because they love you, because they respect you. And you aren't alone anymore," Harry smiled softly brushing his fingers down Tom's cheek. Red eyes surveyed him before his lover smiled at him tugging him into a firm kiss.

"I love you," Tom whispered against Harry's lips.

"I know," Harry grinned wrapping his arms around Tom's neck and tugging him into another kiss. "And I, I adore you,"

"Harry. Stay by my side," Tom said, his nerves showing in the tenseness of his face.

"Always," Harry smiled beautifully.

-----"Oh look at my handsom nephew, how handsom are you," Draco cooed at Berwin who let out an excited giggle at his uncle, reaching out until he was able to find the finger Draco always held out for him, tugging it into his mouth to know on.

"He's teething," Harry winced.

"Aww is your mouth sore?" Ron leant passed Draco to rub Berwin's cheek.

"He's been fussy," Tom nodded absently rubbing Berwin's leg.

"He's being good though," Harry smiled fondly.

"Alright calling to order this hearing, bring forth the accused, Albus Dumbledore," Harry tilted his head down to hide his smile as Madame Amelia Bones purposefully left out Dumbledore's many names. "Are you Albus Dumbledore?"

The man was looking more than a little worse for wear, the last three months in prison did not seem to have done him well Harry was pleased to note as he reached out and slipped his fingers through Tom's. Dumbledore's long hair was tangled and frazzled, his beard had clearly had to be chopped back, he was looking thin, and old. His blue eyes were glinting with fury as he looked around the room at everyone, even as he plastered on his grandfatherly smile. He had pointedly left his empty sleeve hanging loose, and was gripping it as though it hurt him. Harry met Hermione's eyes and rolled his own at her seeing the old man's dramatics.

"I am Headmaster Albus Wulfr..."

"State yes or no Mr Dumbledore," Amelia Bones cut in causing a ripple throughout the court room.

Harry took the chance for the surprise in the room to distract everyone, and he picked out the faces in the court room crowd for Dumbledore's fans. Meeting Rabastan and Rodolphus' eyes where they were sitting a row behind their main group under polyjuice guarding them. He

motioned discreetly to all of the different places Dumbledore's supporters were sitting. The two nodded minutely when they located them all.

"They know?" Tom asked softly as Bones was reading through the very long, and detailed list of Dumbledore's offences.

"They have them," Harry nodded.

"...Child endangerment, child neglect, abuse of position, with holding of wills and other legal documents, forging magical documents, knowing willfull neglect of charges, attempted murder, casting harmful curses on an unborn child, causing permanent harm through curses against a child, false imprisonment of a minor, and these are merely the most serious of your charges. How do you plead to these accusations?" Amelia Bones asked.

"I am severely disappointed that anyone would think that I..."

"Mr Dumbledore, guilty or not guilty," Bones called sharply.

"Not guilty," The old man muttered almost petulantly.

"Very well. Let us hear from the first witness," Bones sounded seconds away from rolling her own eyes at the man.

Harry watched as Tom made his way up onto the stand with his normal regal dignity. He held Berwin close to his chest as he watched Tom make the magical oath to tell the truth before he took his seat facing the court. The ripple that went through the crowd was mixed, everyone torn between the sight of the Dark Lord they had been brought up to fear, and the man who they had been hearing about lately in the papers.

"Can you state for the records your name please," Bones requested, her head held back. Harry had to respect the woman, she did not falter or change her manner as she faced the crimson red gaze of Harry's lover.

"Lord Vo...Tom Marvolo Slytherin-Riddle," Tom met green eyes from across the court room, his heart warming at the bright smile he recieved.

"Thank you Lord Slytherin. You are bringing accusations of willfull child neglect, child endangerment, neglect of duties, of attempted murder of your heir, and causing perminent harm against your heir, as well as threatening the life of your fiance. If you could tell your part please," Bones requested.

"The first time I met Dumbledore he came to inform me of the fact I was a wizard at the orphanage I grew up in. At first he was very kind and warm, he explained everything to me and enquired about my conditions at the orphanage. I informed him of the abuse I suffered there, I had shown signs of accidental magic from a baby, and the orphanage was run by muggle christians, they viewed my magic as me being possessed by the devil, and tried to starve, beat and abuse the magic out of me. I was frequesntly refused meals, I still bear the scars from the beatings that I recieved weekly. I was locked in rooms alone for days on end. Upon hearing this Dumbledore assured me that he would get me out of there.

He tried to calm me by discussing the magic that I had performed, it was going very well until I told him that I could speak to snakes. My guess now would be that he correctly guessed I was Slytherin's heir. After that our conversation finished quickly, when I asked when he would be getting me out I received a very curt, soon, and did not see him again until Hogwarts.

There he constantly berated and dogged my heels, I could do nothing right, I was constantly in detention, points deducted. And there was no talk of my being removed from the orphanage. When I eventually went to speak to my head of house, having given up hope on Dumbledore, and with Christmas coming, I was informed that Dumbledore had already investigated the situation and had proven that I was making it up. I could not get anyone to believe me, even when I showed them my scars. I later found out that Dumbledore had cast a glamour over them to avoid anyone believing me.

My inheritance was kept from me until I came across it by luck on my own when I was fourteen. When came my time to leave school I found that Dumbledore had whispered in enough ears to ensure that I could not gain employment, by this time he had defeated Grindelwald and no one dared go against him. Every time I tried to raise my points and concerns for magical children in the muggle world in the political arena I was blocked by Dumbledore, often in illegal ways.

And finally, the worst of the crimes committed against me were ones to my son and fiancé. Harry discovered that he was pregnant with our son Berwin while he had been taken into Dumbledore's care. He was conceived due to a miscast spell and the merging of my magic with Harry's, we believe the fact that our wands are brother wands had something to do with this. They figured out that our son was half mine, and decided to terminate the pregnancy for Harry while he was passed out due to shock. Luckily my fiancé is an incredibly powerful wizard whose power is connected to his emotions. His magic formed a shield for the baby and protected him from the numerous abortion spells they cast before he woke up. Upon waking Harry informed them that the baby was part his and he did not want to lose the baby. Dumbledore ordered him to be taken to his Headquarters and locked up. There the termination spell was repeatedly cast on him, they broke into his room during the night hoping to catch him off guard.

Harry with the help of Miss Hermione Granger managed to escape, and he came to me, his enemy out of fear for his and his baby's life, believing that I was his best option. When my son Berwin was born, we were informed by the healer that...his eyes had been damaged due to the spells cast upon him. His vision has been permanently damaged. We are trying some potions that may be able to heal him so that he will be able to have some small amount of vision, but he will never see properly," Tom grit out the last part, his eyes flashing with fury and his magic pulsing and swirling for them all to feel.

"And you will name him your heir?!" Dumbledore snorted.

"Berwin has already been named my heir. You may have stolen him ever being able to see the family that surrounds and loves him, but that does not make him any less my son, any less worthy of the position he has been born into," Tom hissed out furiously glaring at Dumbledore.

"You will have a time to speak Mr Dumbledore, for now if you do not hold your peace we will silence you!" Bones scolded but Dumbledore had already done the damage to himself, eyes were flicking between him and where Harry was sitting cuddling Berwin to his chest.

"Thank you Lord Slytherin, you may take your seat again," Bones inclined her head. Tom stood and gracefully made his way across the court room to take his seat by Harry again. Under the baleful glare of Dumbledore they pointedly joined hands again, Harry relaxing when Tom brushed a gentle kiss to the back of his hand.

"Next witness Healer Burns," Bones called out.

The court room sat listening as Burns listed the damage that had been done to Berwin due to the spells, and the damage that he had found in Harry and his Lord due to abuse that should have been picked up on straight away. Tom's red eyes locked on Pomphrey's across the court room and smirked as he watched her paling dramatically.

Finally Burns stepped down from the stand and a parade of witnesses took the stand, Harry was slightly amazed at how many people's lives Dumbledore had ruined all of them coming forward even from other countries to say their piece against the old man. He knew that if it wasn't for the spells around the courtroom slowing down time they could have been at this for weeks. But finally it was time for Harry to take the stand. He handed Berwin over to his Tad and moved to take the stand himself.

"Mr Potter," Bones called over the murmuring of the room. "If you could,"

And so Harry started his story, from being left on a doorstep in just a blanket with no protection spells in October, to the events he was forced into at Hogwarts, the abuse he suffered at the hands of his relatives and the fact that Dumbledore was aware of it. The events when he had found out about Berwin, and the attacks before he had managed to escape. He told the court about how he had known that if he wanted his baby to survive his best chance was Tom.

"How can you be with that monster?!" Someone shouted from inside the crowd just as Harry was about to step down from the stand. Harry raised his eyes and surveyed the crowd, even though Bones was ordering the removal of the person that had shouted everyone was looking at him wanting the answer.

"Because he is kind, and he is gentle with me, because on my first night there he gave me a room with huge windows because he knows that I hate dark places after being locked in the cupboard, he treats me with respect, and he asks my opinion and what I want which no one has ever done for me, he never makes choices for me. And more importantly he loves our son to the ends of the earth and back, and he is an amazing father to him. I am with him because when I look at him I don't see a monster. I see a man. The man I love and the man I will marry, spend the rest of my life with and will have a family with," Harry said softly but his voice echoed around the room, his eyes never left Tom as he spoke, watching his fiancé hold their son close to his chest and smile at him.

-----"Albus Dumbledore, this court has heard the charges against you. You now have the chance to speak in your defence," Amelia looked to Dumbledore where he was sat. The old man straightened

his shoulders and looked around the court room doing his best to look kindly and knowledgeable.

"Everything that I did, I did for the greater good, sometimes it was a hard choice to make and it was hard to bear, but I did it for the best of everyone,"

Harry blinked before looking at Tom incredulously, that was his argument, really that was what he was going with?

"Old arrogant fool, he's still so self assured in his popularity," Hermione shook her head.

"That is all you have to say?" Bones asked finally when it became clear that he wasn't carrying on.

"Yes, I know that my friends and peers will see that though they were hard choices, they were the right ones," Dumbledore nodded sagely.

"He's cracked!" Ron and Draco spluttered together.

-----"All please stand. Lord Flint please let the room know your decision," Bones called out.

"Under the oath of magics placed over this room I swear that the decision we made has been truthful and under no outside influence. Under all allegations made against Albus Dumbledore here today, we find him guilty!" Flint called out.

Harry let out the breath that he had been holding and sank against Tom's side, who wrapped his free arm around Harry hugging him close and hugging Berwin close to himself. There was a shocked silence around the room until Dumbledore suddenly started hissing and spitting like a boiling kettle.

"How dare you do this to me, do you morons know who I am, you won't last two minutes without my help! You think that power hungry Slytherin and his whore are going to be able to lead you, them and their deformed baby..."

The entire room winced at the crack of magic that went through the room, both Harry and Tom standing with their wands raised and pointing at the space Dumbledore had been in.

"Medi wizard for the idiot please," Bones drawled.

"They should be arrested! They attacked him!" One of Dumbledore's supporters screamed.

"The man insulted the child that he himself caused harm to, I believe that under the old blood Lord rules they are within their rights to claim restitution against him. He's just lucky the godparents didn't get involved, especially as one has already claimed an arm," Bones snapped back. Indeed Hermione, Draco, Ron and Fenrir were nearly foaming at the mouth, them being a little slower in drawing their wands.

They all stood and watched in grim satisfaction as a heavily bleeding Dumbledore was dragged from the room none too gently.

"Let's just go home," Harry sighed tired reaching out to take Tom's hand again.

"Home sounds perfect," Tom nodded with a soft smile, wading the way out the court room as he held his son and fiancée close, his followers, their friends in a tight circle around them, guarding and protecting them, Bill taking the point to lead them through the curious crowd.

-----Ten
years later

"No! Tom No!" Harry screamed laughing as he ran down the corridor.

"Got you!" Tom smiled as he apparated in front of Harry and swept him off of his feet.

"Tad no cheating!" a young voice laughed before Berwin launched himself onto his Tad's back.

"It wasn't cheating it was being clever!" Mai and Gwili said simultaneously as they joined in the fray.

"Ah ah," Draco scooped up one giggling twin as Fenrir grabbed the other.

"That's cheating, you came from nowhere!" Mai complained giggling from within Draco's arms.

"We didn't cheat we were being clever!" Fenrir grinned.

"Now what is all this noise?" Hermione said mock seriously stepping out from the room nearby, her hand covering her very pregnant belly, Rabastan not far behind his wife as usual lately.

"No decorum!" Lucius tutted coming around the corner holding Severus's hand as a curly haired blonde launched herself from their side.

"Daddy, Father grandpa and Grandfather took me to see the big school! Am I really going there in three years?" Bianca squealed as she threw herself into Draco's arms.

"Yes you will, Berwin will be there first though," Fenrir nodded as he combed his fingers through his daughter's wild curls that Draco was still slightly horrified with.

"I want to go with Berwin!" Gwili pouted reaching for his big brother.

"It's ok, I will write to you guys all the time and I will be home for the holidays," Berwin grinned hopping down off his Tad's shoulders and making his way over to where the sound of his brother's voice and the feel of his magic had come from.

Tom and Harry watched amused as their family walked away from them down the corridor and into the green room. Harry was still in Tom's arms and he rested his head on his husband's shoulder with a fond smile.

"I want another one," He said softly.

"Really?" Tom perked up.

"Really, what do you think, up to it?" Harry grinned curling the hair at the back of Tom's neck around his fingers.

"Most definitely. In fact while they are all distracted..."

"I thought you had a meeting?" Harry smiled.

"What is the use in assigning a Minister of Magic if I can't let them handle the meetings!" Tom snorted.

"Now that is very true my love. Now move quick, I can hear Charlie, Bill and Rodolphus coming this way," Harry tugged on Tom's hair. He giggled as with a smirk Tom captured his mouth and apparated them out to their bed. Their family was ever growing and they were growing ever closer by the day.

As Harry looked up into the red eyes of his husband, the father of his children, and the love of his life he could never be more thankful that he had made that decision all those years ago to come to Tom and take his chance with who had at the time been his worse enemy. Everyone deserved a second chance. He just didn't know if this was Tom's or his own.

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