**Chapter 1**

Harry was feeling more than a little mulish as he tugged the robes he was wearing straight and sighed for the hundredth time that day. The robes were not really very him, but his parents had insisted that they were suitable and what he should be wearing.

Apparently, it would offend his new fiancé and his family if he were to wear his normal style of robe instead of the more traditional ones. He was not entirely sure that he wanted to be engaged, never mind married to someone who did not want him for himself, even down to something as basic as clothing.

"Harry! Sit straight!" James hissed. They were seated on a second sofa, there were three in the room, one for Lily and James, one for his intended's family, and one for him and for...

"Rodolphus, how lovely to see you," Lily smiled as his fiancé walked into the room.

Harry had to grit his teeth. The only reason they were here was that his father could not balance their accounts and had nearly run them into the ground. The man had not even checked the accounts in five years! And he and Lily had been too busy living the high life and enjoying Harry's fame.

It came down to Harry marrying into a wealthy family, or they would lose everything. The money did not bother Harry but losing his family heirlooms and inheritance. Losing what had belonged to the Potter's for thousands of years, not to mention the humiliation upon their name of being the only of the old Houses to go bankrupt? That he could not allow.

And so, he had agreed to this, to selling away his life so that they could keep everything. Under the condition that they sign everything over to him. Upon the day of his marriage, he would become Lord Potter and his father would step down. Until that moment as long as he carried on with the engagement, they would also not spend a single knut without his permission.

Of course, the state of the Potter finances was a well-known secret in the wizarding world, which meant that the choices that they had for a marriage were limited. In the end, their best choice had come down to the Lestrange family. Suspected, strongly suspected, Death Eaters, their own choices were limited.

Their marriage would be an equal win win situation for the two families. The Lestrange's would clean their name up by joining it to the Potter one, the Potter's would gain the money they needed to resurrect their accounts. And both families would gain heirs.

He just had to marry Rodolphus Lestrange and spend the rest of his life with him.

Rodolphus Lestrange was powerful, attractive, wealthy and unmarriable due to the damned tattoo he had on his forearm. His Grandfather had pulled them all into this mess, and they were now stuck with the situation, though his grandfather’s sea views out of Azkaban prison at least eased some of the annoyance of how the man had destroyed them all.

His father, Renato, had been forced along with them to take the mark. But he had worked, and he had managed to find a way out for them, and luckily right before the fall of the Dark Lord, and before Rodolphus was forced to marry Bellatrix. He had no idea what his grandfather had been thinking, trying to marry their Heir of their line to a woman who was clearly insane, highly inbred, and madly in love with the Dark Lord.

Sadly, that also worked against him gaining a marriage contract. The Light side did not want anything to do with him because he was an ex-Death Eater. The Dark side wanted nothing to do with him because he had betrayed them. The Grey side wanted nothing to do with him because of both. And lastly, he was unmarriable because he had already broken an agreed and signed marriage contract.

Which left them with those that were desperate.

Even then it was a limited number of contracts that were of any interest to them, that would be of any use to them. And then the whispers had started. The Potter family were in financial trouble. Severe trouble. They were going to go bankrupt very soon, and all because of James and Lily's partying lifestyle.

Rodolphus had watched very interestedly in what was happening, wondering if they would take the only step that was available to them and look for marriage. Harrison was very well known for not really following the more archaic of their laws and customs, and when he had reached 15 and not had a courting gala, it did not seem that he would take a marriage contract.

But it was that or lose the Potter name and estate. Harry had chosen the contract. The Lestranges had become interested straight away. Washing the dirt from their name would be easy with a marriage to a Potter, and they were more than rich enough that they could take the damage that the state of the Potter finances would have on them.

It was no surprise that out of a bad lot Rodolphus had been the one they had chosen.

Renato was ecstatic, he had always felt guilty about the way things had ended up for them, he had felt guilty for not being able to protect his sons and his wife from the ruin that his father had reaped upon them.

Rodolphus, well he wasn't saying no.

Harry licked his lips nervously as he watched Rodolphus walk in with his mother and father. All three of them were wearing their Slytherin masks, giving nothing away.

"Rodolphus, how lovely to see you," Lily smiled standing to greet him, and then his parents.

But Harry only had eyes for his fiancé, the man that he was going to spend the rest of his life with, the man he would marry and would have to sleep with to produce heirs.

Blue eyes turned to him and locked onto him, staring at him with as much fascination and curiosity as he was gazing at Rodolphus.

His eyes were sea blue and had a quality to them that made Harry think that he would have to be quick on his toes with this man. Thick black lashes made them look even bluer. Pale skin contrasted with his dark black hair and the goatee, which gave him a distinguished air.

He was wearing very nontraditional robes which made Harry glare at his parents a little. He was dressed in black dragonhide leather trousers with crimson red swirls embossed into the material, his red shirt had three buttons undone revealing a fair amount of skin and black chest hair, sweeping robes were lined with red silk. They fell rather nicely from his large shoulders, falling down and shaping strong arms before ending in billowing sleeves.

What really caught Harry's attention, however, was his lips. They were a little thin, but they were turned up on one side in a roguish smirk, a smirk that hit Harry low in the stomach and told him that being attracted to his fiancé would not be a problem.

He had not really had much interaction with the Lestranges, despite having a good few friends in Slytherin, but he had seen the eldest Lestrange brother at a few balls and parties. He wondered what type of person he was, what he liked and disliked. What he would expect of Harry.

That smirk got a little wider as Rodolphus finished his own perusal of Harry before he turned to smile charmingly at Lily taking her hand and placing a quick kiss on it as Renato approached Harry.

"Harry, it is a real pleasure to meet you," Renato said pleasantly enough, taking Harry's hand and kissing it. That answered who they would expect to be the submissive in this marriage, not that he expected anything else. Renato was handsome, the same dark hair as Rodolphus, a short trimmed black beard, flecked with grey. His eyes were a shrewd hazel. He too had a strongly built frame that Harry had been able to note ran in the family. His smirk said the same thing that Rodolphus' did, he was good looking, and he knew it.

"It is nice to meet you too Lord Lestrange," Harry bowed his head.

"None of that now, we are to be family. Please call me Renato, I think father is a little too soon," Renato chuckled deeply.

"It is a pleasure dear," Gillian Lestrange smiled a little as she hugged him quickly. Rodolphus had her eyes, and they were shining just as much as his were. "So good looking,"

"Th... thank you," Harry blushed darkly.

"Aww, that is lovely! It really is a pleasure to meet you Harry," Gillian smiled. She was an incredibly good-looking woman; her caramel brown hair was twisted into an elegant ponytail falling over her shoulder. There was a layer of coolness over her, the Slytherin mask, but her smile was honest and her eyes gentle. And was more than used to seeing passed a Slytherin mask by now.

"It's a pleasure to meet you as well," Harry smiled despite his nerves and discomfort in his robes.

"Now, may I introduce you to our son, your fiancé, Rodolphus," Renato motioned behind himself to his son who stepped forward. Harry forced down the nerves at meeting the man he was selling his life away to.

"Harry," Rodolphus practically purred his name. His Irish accent more distinct than his parents. He reached out and took Harry's hand gently in his, raising it to his lips. His hand felt a little swallowed by Rodolphus' as he held onto it, the kiss lingering a little longer than was normally accepted.

Harry stared down at the dark head, warmth radiating from where his lips were pressed against the skin of his hand. Then he lifted his head slowly, his blue eyes trapping Harry once again. Harry's hand twitched as a dark eyebrow raised smugly at him before Rodolphus turned Harry's hand in his grip and pressed a kiss to the inside of his wrist, causing pools of pleasure to emanate from the contact point.

"Rodolphus," Harry nodded.

"Please, sit," James grit out, clearly not happy at being ignored.

"Thank you," Renato nodded, leading Gillian to the free sofa.

"Harry," Rodolphus purred his name again before gently leading him back to the sofa he had been seated on. Harry smiled a little amused as Rodolphus actually seated him on the sofa before sitting down himself.

"Tea?" Lily smiled tensely in the background, but Harry was focused on Rodolphus.

"You are staring," Rodolphus pointed out.

"I am trying to figure out how unbearable you may be to be married to," Harry admitted. Their parents turned around to stare when Rodolphus let out a barking laugh.

"You may not be as unbearable as I have been fearing going by that comment," Rodolphus said, scanning over Harry with fresh eyes. "I have of course asked Draco and a few of the others about you,"

"You were picturing the Gryffindor golden boy?" Harry asked.

"Just a little, less so after I spoke to your Slytherin friends," Rodolphus admitted.

"Would you have changed your mind even if I had been the Golden boy?" Harry asked.

"You already know the answer to that," Rodolphus gave him that dangerous smirk again.

"I do. You don't care who I am, just my name," Harry shrugged.

"Harry!" Lily and James snapped while Rodolphus, Renato and Gillian stared at him a little stunned.

"I care who you are. Sadly, what I think doesn't matter. Though I would like for this to actually work," Rodolphus shrugged.

"Work how?" Harry asked curiously tilting his head.

"For us to try being husband and husband," Rodolphus said firmly. Harry met those blue eyes, absently watching as he placed secrecy spells around them to allow them privacy. "I have done the loveless, empty arranged marriage before, and even though yes we need this marriage to be able to carry on the family name, I have no intention of being stuck in that type of relationship again,"

"Bellatrix," Harry nodded.

"Yes, she was cold, empty, cruel and we hated each other. Escaping that marriage arrangement with the luckiest day of my life. I do not want to be stuck in that again, trust me, it is miserable," Rodolphus sneered.

"That is not the type of life that I want either. I will put effort into this if you will," Harry nodded.

"It's agreed then. Just because this is an arranged marriage, doesn't mean that it can't work. I have seen arranged marriages fail, but I have seen them work too. My own mother and father were an arranged marriage, and they love each other," Rodolphus said making Harry turn to look at Gillian and Renato, the two were sitting pressed shoulder to shoulder, straight-backed and poker faced. But Renato's hand was resting over Gillian's on her knee, and there was just something about them that said couple.

Harry turned back to look at Rodolphus who was once again watching him assessing. He was sitting sprawled on the sofa, leaning against the arm of the chair and watching Harry intently, his legs were parted, and with a blush, Harry had to fight with himself to stop his eyes drifting low. There was just something...sinful about this man. And something that gave him hope.

"I don't want to be stuck in a loveless marriage," Harry confessed quietly.

"Well then, we promise to try our best," Rodolphus reached out and tucked Harry's hair behind his ear, before trailing his knuckles over Harry's cheek. "You blush so easily," he said amused.

"I always have, I can't help it," Harry blushed even darker. "The monetary issue..."

"If you need money before the marriage, it will be given to you, and we will, of course, fund the wedding. I think all of us can agree that this is not going to be a long engagement, yes?"

"That's not what I meant, but thank you," Harry smiled at the earnestness the other had shown. "My parents and I have a deal. I agreed to the engagement on the understanding that they would not spend a knut without going through me, their lifestyle is to get under control. On the day of...our marriage I will become Lord Potter, and they will not touch the accounts,"

"Impressive, how did you get them to agree to that?" Rodolphus asked with that half smirk.

"By pointing out that the only person that could fix the mess made was by me agreeing to marriage, and if they did not agree then I would leave the country and they would have nothing," Harry shrugged.

"Very impressive. Things can't be easy between the three of you," Rodolphus said.

"No, it is not," Harry's tone was sharp and made it clear that that line of conversation was done.

"Children, heirs will need to be provided, at least two children to take our family names," Rodolphus moved the subject on.

"Unless we decide to combine the families officially," Harry suggested.

"You do not want more than one child?" Rodolphus frowned.

"What?" Harry asked confused.

"You are trying to get out of having more than one child," Rodolphus said sharply.

"No. We were talking about taking this marriage seriously, most marriages choose to leave their names combined for their heirs rather than separate them between two children, especially considering the feuds that happen between siblings and who gets the richer estate, made more complicated by the fact that your vaults will technically be restocking the Potter ones," Harry explained.

"Oh, right," Rodolphus ran his fingers through his hair, grimacing a little.

"Do not jump to conclusions! I happen to want a large family and, in our contract, would be asking for two children minimum," Harry said sharply.

"I am sorry, I shouldn't have jumped to conclusions," Rodolphus held his hands up in appeasement.

"No, you shouldn't have," Harry glared slightly. He was thrown when Rodolphus raised his eyebrow again and smirked at him. "What?" He asked confused and thrown off of his stride a little.

"You are beyond attractive when you are glaring, has anyone ever told you that. Your eyes are amazing," Rodolphus leant closer, his own blue eyes intent as they looked closely at Harry's.

"I...er...erm... they're just like my mum's," Harry shook his head.

"No, they're not. They're just yours," Rodolphus shook his head. "Your eyes burn with a fire and emotion I don't think I have ever seen before. You are something quite different," He hummed.

"I'm nothing special besides my name," Harry shook his head. He blinked a little when Rodolphus quickly reached out and cupped his jaw, tilting his head up so their eyes locked again.

"That is far from true," Rodolphus shook his head. "You actually are shy," He added with a hint of wonder in his voice.

"A little, I can't help it," Harry frowned a little defensive.

"Then you are definitely special, I don't think I have yet to meet one lord heir that is genuinely shy," Rodolphus chuckled.

"I am..." Harry bit his lip looking to where Lily and James were holding what looked like an uncomfortable conversation with Gillian and Renato as they gave them privacy.

"What is it?"

"I am not really comfortable in the political ring, that is part of the reason I am interested in combining our names. I would not really have an interest in politics," Harry admitted.

"I will admit, I am shocked, but that is not a problem. What is it that you do want to do with your life?" Rodolphus asked with genuine curiosity.

"I... don't really know," Harry averted his eyes away from Rodolphus' intent ones in a show of reaching for his glass on the table. When he had taken a sip and placed the glass back down Rodolphus had not said a word, and when he turned to look at him, he had that half smirk and damned raised eyebrow again.

"You know, but you don't want to say, why?" Rodolphus asked intently.

"It's not a generally accepted desire, and something that nearly all Lords would not be interested in," Harry said softly tugging at his sleeves.

"Why don't you try me, and trust that I can be a little different too," Rodolphus smiled. Merlin the smile was even better than the smirk, and that was saying something. It somehow turned him from this rakish, seductive man, to a slightly more open, boyish and even better looking.

"It's not what an heir Lord is raised to want, but Remus and Sirius were really the ones to raise me, and they encouraged another part of me," Harry hedged.

"Harry, we are going to be married. If you cannot trust me with something like this, how can we build a proper relationship?" Rodolphus said. Harry eyed Rodolphus as he turned the words over in his head and realized that they were true. He wanted to build a relationship with Rodolphus. If they were to be married and tie their lives together for the rest of their lives, then he would try his best to make this work, he would try with all his Gryffindor determination to make a good marriage between the two of them, despite their differences, and his fears.

"Don't laugh," Harry warned.

"I won't laugh," Rodolphus frowned, and his eyes flicked to James and Lily briefly.

"I want to be a stay-at-home dad. I don't want a mansion, I want a house, and to look after my family there," Harry blurted out.

"I will confess it is quite different to what most Heir Lords would like to do. And it is not something that I ever imagined for my spouse and marriage, especially not living in a house. But I definitely not adverse to the idea... coming home to you and our children... definitely not a bad image," Rodolphus said slowly.

"You would be willing to discuss it then?" Harry asked shocked.

"I am willing to discuss everything with you," Rodolphus said seriously.

"Ok," Harry smiled honestly.

"There is one demand that I have," Rodolphus leant forwards, leaning his elbows on his knees.

"Yes?" Harry asked uncertainly, wondering what was about to be said. Rodolphus looked the most serious he had seen him this whole time.

"I don't want you to show up to any of our meetings or spend any of our time together as anything but yourself," he said firmly reaching out to tug at Harry's lapels.

"What?" Harry asked bemusedly.

"This...is not you," Rodolphus said softly, motioning to the clothes Harry was wearing and around them, the official situation that had been set up to greet them in. "I am interested in getting to know my future husband, exactly as you are, no one else, not who your parents think I want to meet, you!" Rodolphus said firmly.

"I think I can manage that," Harry smiled softly, looking at Rodolphus with new eyes.

This man was not what he had been expecting, he was not what he had been fearing. Suddenly the pressure and dread of the upcoming wedding lessened just a little. He was not happy about this still, but perhaps it would not be as much of an ending as he had been fearing. Perhaps, with work and time, this could be a beginning for him in a way he had not thought possible.

"Are you ready for me to take down the privacy charms? We have a little time left and should probably spend it talking with our parents. I should reassure them that I have not mucked this up," Rodolphus smirked breaking Harry from his thoughts.

"Yes, that's fine," Harry nodded.

"Well, everything ok? Harry can be a little unusual, but he..."

"I would ask you not to insult him so easily. I am quite taken with Harry," Rodolphus said sharply, making Harry stare at him a little stunned. No one had stuck up for him against Lily and James quite so bluntly before.

"Oh, yes, I erm, good that's good," James flushed at the telling off.

"Your parents were telling us that you want to become an Auror," Renato queried.

"Ah..." Harry grit his teeth a little. They wanted him to become an auror, and while he enjoyed Defense, being an auror was not want he wanted to do.

"An Auror, interesting," Rodolphus drawled, clearly thinking of their conversation on Harry's desire for his life.

"We were just discussing the wedding, obviously there is the traditional time of 5 months engagement before the wedding. But planning something like this, takes time. Do you have anything in mind that you would like?" Gillian asked.

"I would actually like a quite traditional wedding," Harry said, glancing cautiously to Rodolphus.

"Which ceremony?" Renato asked interestedly.

"The family/friend blessing ceremony," Harry answered.

"Interesting, that would forge a powerful bond. Who would you consider standing for you?" Gillian asked intrigued.

"Sirius and Remus, my friends, I have a few that are quite powerful, though focused on their magic type,"

"Oh?" Rodolphus asked, throwing his arm over the back of the sofa, fingers just brushing Harry's shoulder.

"Well like Neville Longbottom,"

"Longbottom, I have heard that he is not quite as powerful as Frank and Alice are, they are quite skilled Aurors are they not?" Gillian asked. Harry would normally bristle at the insult to Neville, but it was done in a way that was not really an insult and more of a question so he could not really become angry and the comment about Neville. He took a breath and thought about how to explain this to them.

"Neville's magic is exceedingly focused on Herbology. Yes, he may not be the best spell caster or charms creator, however, his skill in Herbology is exceptional! He has the highest marks in it than has been seen for nearly 156 years, and I have no doubt as he gets older it will just get stronger," Harry explained proudly.

"Harry is quite fond of Neville," Lily nodded. "He always has liked backing the underdog," Harry closed his eyes. She had been doing so well until then.

"Herbology is quite a difficult subject to have a natural skill in, I am quite interested in meeting him," Renato frowned a little.

"His mum and dad have really encouraged him in it. His greenhouses are exquisite," Harry smiled fondly.

"He sounds very interesting," Gillian nodded.

"I believe that you are close to the Weasleys?" Rodolphus asked curiously. Harry shot him a suspicious look though, it was no great secret how those that were tied to Voldemort felt about the Weasleys and families like them, and even though the Lestranges had left Voldemort before his fall, they were still of that pureblood mind though not fanatically, and there was a good chance that they would not approve of the Weasleys. Or Remus for that matter.

"Yes, I am quite close to Percy, he's one of my closest friends, and I am very fond of Mr. and Mrs. Weasley. Remus and Tonks Lupin as well," Harry narrowed his eyes a little at Rodolphus who smirked right back at the challenge making Harry roll his eyes. When he looked around Renato and Gillian were watching their interaction with amusement.

"Percy Weasley, he has quite a promising career in the Ministry does he not?" Gillian asked.

"He is doing well in the Ministry yes. He has a really good mind for details," Harry smiled thinking about his intent and serious best friend, who when he wanted had a sharp sense of humor and an even sharper tongue.

"And Remus and Tonks Lupin, they are quite good friends of yours are they not?" Renato turned to Lily and James who had been sitting silently until this point.

"Yes, they are, well Remus was a good friend from school, Tonks is actually Sirius' cousin. Remus and Tonks met and fell in love," James nodded.

"Interesting," Gillian nodded.

"Well, I think we have made good steps today, shall we arrange a lunch for you both in a couple of days’ time? And perhaps around this time next week, we can meet in Gringotts to iron out the full contract?" Renato suggested.

"That sounds fine to me," Harry nodded.

"I will owl you to arrange the place," Rodolphus stood smoothly, his eyes locked once again on Harry, drinking in as much of him as possible before they had to leave. Harry was absently aware of their parents exchanging pleasantries and farewells, but his own focus was on Rodolphus as well and the hand that he extended out to him to help him from the sofa.

Closing his fingers around Rodolphus' warm hand he allowed the older man to guide him to his feet, suddenly stepping closer so that was within Harry's personal space, and he could suddenly smell oranges and spice flooding through his senses. Merlin the man even smelt good.

"I will see you in a couple of days," Rodolphus promised.

"Yes, ok," Harry nodded.

Rodolphus leant down to press his lips to Harry's cheek, lingering slightly, the feeling of the bristle of Rodolphus' stubble tickling his cheek. "If you need me, owl me or call me, for anything," he said softly.

Harry blinked big green eyes up at him, confused by the serious words. Rodolphus brushed his fingers over Harry's cheek, his touch lingering before he stepped back.

"It really was lovely to meet you, Harry," Gillian gently kissed his cheek.

"We look forward to having you in the family," Renato kissed his cheek as well.

"Thank you, I look forward to it as well," Harry smiled at them.

The three Potters watched the Lestranges flooing out, and Harry stood there feeling more than a little stunned and bemused at what had happened.

"Well, you are going to need to be a little more careful. You were far too outspoken during that. You want to make sure you come across as demure, and quiet, honestly that comment that you made at the start, what were you thinking!" Lily ranted.

“We need this to go through Harry, I don't care what you do once you are married, at least then it will be sealed and done with. Really, think, this is far too important for you to go in bull-headed and blunt. And really a family/friend blessing ceremony!" James scolded.

Harry grabbed the book he was currently reading on marriage and bonding agreements from the tale by the sofa he had been sitting on and moved towards the fire himself.

"Where are you going?!" Lily snapped.

"Out," Harry snapped back. He quickly flooed out to the Leaky Cauldron, then onto Sirius' house.

"Pup? You ok? How did it go?" Sirius stood quickly from where he had been sitting in front of the fireplace gnawing on his thumb and waiting for Harry to come over. He quickly had Harry wrapped in his arms, the familiar warm hug and scent of Sirius released the tight spring in Harry, and he dropped into his godfather's arms with a content sigh.

"Better than I thought. He's..." Harry drew off gripping Sirius' robes as he tried to sum up with the words to describe Rodolphus Lestrange.

"Yes? Was he ok?" Sirius asked concerned.

"He was intense," Harry started. "I'm not sure how he made me feel," He scrunched his nose when Sirius pulled back to look at him.

"In a good way or a bad way?" Sirius smiled a little.

"Can I get back to you on that one?" Harry grimaced.

"Ohhhhh ok," Sirius grinned a little more.

"Siri!" Harry whined.

"Did you get on with him?" Sirius asked, trying and failing to drop the smirk.

"We will have an interesting relationship I think," Harry finally settled on.

"I'm glad it wasn't awful. I will cancel the plane tickets to New Zealand then," Sirius brushed his hair gently behind his ear and kissed his forehead.

"Yup, they're definitely not needed," Harry laughed wrapping his arms back around Sirius and snuggling in again. "Renato and Gillian were very nice to me as well,"

"They need this wedding, even if you weren't the easiest person to love in the world, they would make the effort," Sirius hummed.

"I do believe you are a little biased," Severus' drawl had Harry snickering into Sirius' chest, as did Sirius' mock gasp of offence.

"Here, I will block the floo so Lily and James can't find you," Sirius stepped back and Severus stepped into his place, combing long, clever fingers through Harry's hair, his black eyes concerned as they scanned over Harry's face. The younger man smiled and wrapped his arms around Severus, burying his face in his chest instead, the herb and smoke scent surrounding him and making him relax as much as Sirius' leather and honey scent had.

"Here, drink this," Severus pulled back after a few beats and held out the tea he had clearly been making in the kitchen to him.

"And you will have to tell us how it went," Percy's voice made Harry turn with a grin for his best friend. The two of them settled on the sofa, and Harry automatically snuggled into his friend's side, drawing his legs up and holding his tea close. Percy huffed good-naturedly and wrapped his arms around Harry. No matter how old Harry got he would still be the little boy that had followed Percy around like a little chick.

The sight of Severus and Sirius sitting together on the sofa together was not a new one, Sirius' arm wrapped around Severus' shoulders was a new sight.

"So, tell us how it went," Severus demanded making Harry smile. He couldn't hide the concern in his eyes, no matter how much his tone said differently. Taking a breath, he started telling them what had happened with his future husband. He would have to tell the story another couple of times to his concerned friends, to Remi and Tonks, but he had been more prepared for this from when he had had to announce his plans to marry.

And he had his lunch with Rodolphus coming up. That would be...interesting to say the least. And the words he had spoken into Harry's ear were echoing round his mind continually even as he spoke out loud to the others describing their interactions.

'If you need me, owl me or call me, for anything.'

For some reason every time he thought about it, it made his heartbeat just that little bit faster.

**Chapter 2**

Harry mentally rolled his eyes as he sat waiting for the arrival of the others. After the last meeting, Sirius and Remus had decided that they were coming to the lunch, especially to make sure that James and Lily didn't try and take advantage of the situation to get anything out of him. Also, to make sure that the Lestranges didn't take advantage of the situation themselves, they trusted that Harry was good at playing the game, but they didn't want him going in alone either.

Severus was chomping at the bit to come as well but knew that he couldn't He had been in a slightly bad mood.

This meal was going to be fun, James and Lily were glaring at him because of his clothes, which this time were much more himself, he was wearing neat red trousers, a black blouse that Hermione had given him with red fireworks on it, and black robes red lining. Sirius and Remus were glaring at James and Lily for having digs at Harry, which in turn was making James and Lily more irate.

So much fun!

The Lestranges finally walked in, and this time Rabastan was with them. He was quite different to his older brother, blonde hair and blue eyes seemed to come from Gillian's side of the family, he was stouter than Rodolphus and smaller, but he was strikingly good-looking and had the same intense air that all the Lestranges had.

"Harry," Rodolphus reached out and took his hand to help him to his feet before leaning down and brushing a kiss to Harry's hand, and then standing he leant in and brushed a kiss to his cheek. Rabastan might be strikingly good-looking, but Rodolphus was...something else, he had a pull to him and when he looked at him with bright blue eyes Harry felt himself wanting to sway towards the other man.

Sirius glared faintly at Rodolphus, he was fairly sure Harry wasn't naive enough to miss the heat and passion in Rodolphus' eyes, but perhaps he was naive enough to miss the intensity of it. Sirius was not. Lestranges' only saving grace was what else Sirius could see in the way he looked at Harry, this was going to be an interesting marriage at the very least.

"This is my brother Rabastan," Rodolphus introduced.

"It’s a pleasure to meet you," Harry smiled holding out his hand.

"It is interesting to meet you," Rabastan said sharply ignoring Harry's hand making the younger man raise his eyebrow.

"Harry it is wonderful to see you again," Gillian said quickly leaning in to kiss his cheeks.

"Wonderful," Renato nodded taking his hand and kissing it while Gillian gave her son a sharp look.

"You are looking a little more comfortable today Harry," Rodolphus smiled at him, pointedly taking in his clothes.

"I am sorry, he is not really dressed appropriately," James said quickly.

"There is nothing to apologize for, I love your style Harry," Gillian smiled reaching out to touch the shoulder of his blouse.

"Thank you," Harry said but still felt a little like a bug on a pin. "This is my godfathers Sirius and Remus,"

"Sirius, I remember you from the pureblood circuits, you were quite young last time I saw you," Renato nodded.

"Before the Death Ea..." Sirius grimaced. "Before I left that world yes,"

Rodolphus fought to keep from laughing as he caught Harry lowering his foot back onto the ground, Sirius raising his own to rub a no doubt painful shin. He placed his hand on Harry's back and guided him back to his seat.

"How have you been?" He asked Harry as everyone else took their seats.

"Ok, thank you. I... erm, this is for you," Harry said nervously sliding a neatly wrapped package over to him. Rodolphus looked stunned for a minute before he pulled himself back together and accepted the gift. Unwrapping it slowly he pulled back the wrapping to see a Transfiguration book.

"Harry?" He asked looking up at the other.

"I have had it for a few years, I found it when I was working in Flourish and Blotts a few summers ago tucked away in a corner, I heard that you were interested in Transfiguration, and thought that you might like it," Harry rambled a little.

"I like it, thank you, thank you for thinking of me," Rodolphus was looking at the book a little stunned.

"It's fine, just...wanted to get you something," Harry coughed suddenly feeling embarrassed. Rodolphus leant in a kissed his cheek softly.

"It's wonderful, thank you," Rodolphus said firmly.

"Nice creeping," Rabastan muttered just loudly enough for Harry, Rodolphus and Sirius to hear. Harry jerked back while Sirius and Rodolphus glared at him.

"Rabastan!" Rodolphus hissed at his brother.

"Shall we order?" Renato asked a little tightly.

"That sounds good," James nodded.

"Draco sends his best," Renato said eventually.

"I don't get to see him much during the summer, Lucius thinks I am a bad influence on him," Harry nodded.

"Because you're a Gryffindor," Rabastan stated, his tone saying exactly what he thought of that himself.

"Actually no, I think the last letter Lucius sent us was something to do with a wall, an explosion and suspicion falling on Draco and Harry," Sirius said proudly, but he finished with a glare at the youngest Lestrange who was starting more and more to make Harry feel quite uncomfortable. It was quite clear that he did not approve of Harry, and it was also clear that Rodolphus loved his brother if he didn't come around this could cause quite a few problems.

"Sorry, what?" He asked suddenly realizing everyone was looking at him.

"We asked if you had anything to do with the wall?" Rodolphus asked amused.

"Of course not," he said quickly, summoning the most innocent grin that he could.

"Why do I not believe you, despite you being quite convincing?" Renato chuckled.

"I have no idea what you mean, I am completely and utterly innocent, the aspersions that were cast against me for the destruction of that wall by my very suspicious minded Head of House was quite hurtful," Harry sniffed. There was a paused and then Rodolphus started laughing, it was a deep, rich honest laugh that brought an involuntary smile to Harry's face.

"Will I find out why exactly you exploded a wall?" He asked leaning into Harry's space with his blue eyes glittering.

"I told you, it wasn't me," Harry shrugged.

"Cruel,"

"I know," Harry found himself bantering back, and some of the tension from before eased from his shoulders. Rodolphus grinned at him, a cheeky flash of teeth and Harry felt heat creeping into his cheeks.

"So Rodolphus, have you started taking over the Lestrange estates?" Sirius asked breaking the moment. Harry rolled his eyes obviously at his godfather for the interruption gaining an unrepentant look back.

"I am yes," Rodolphus nodded.

"He is very good at it," Renato said quickly.

"I have only been taking over for a little, I am not that good, and I am still learning," Rodolphus shook his head leaning back in his chair and placing his arm along the back of Harry's chair.

"He knows his craft well though, he will be very good at it," Gillian smiled proudly.

"May I ask you a question?" Harry asked softly once their lunch had been placed in front of them.

"Of course," Renato answered.

"May I ask why you did not move to Gillian's house name when all the trouble hit you and you split from Voldemort?" Harry winced when he saw the Lestranges tensing.

"We did not want to back down; it would have been letting my father win to abandon the name. When we were fighting to get away, we agreed that we would repair the name my father's madness had broken. It was not as easy as we had idealized it to be," Renato said dryly.

"I am sorry if I pried," Harry looked over them all.

"He can't help it, he does not really think before he speaks," James laughed awkwardly.

"He is curious and intelligent," Remus said sharply.

"Or nosy," Rabastan muttered.

So much fun.

"I am sorry I asked," Harry grit out.

"No, it is fine," Renato said quickly holding up his hand.

“You can ask whatever you want to ask Harry," Rodolphus said leaning forward, his posture becoming a hell of a lot tighter and suddenly he was the Lord Heir that his position demanded he be.

The silence that fell over them was more than awkward, Harry's temper was bubbling, both with his parents and with the little snipes and snide remarks that Rabastan kept making, never mind the fact that he was already tired of this whole situation. He could not wait to be done with the wedding so he could ship his mother and father off to the Potter mansion and never have to deal with them again.

They all sat silently eating their lunches, none of them seemed able to come up with anything to say to break the awkward silence. But then they would move to the private room that this restaurant offered select clientele that could afford it, and they would have to go through the details of their...arrangement. Which with the way this afternoon was going was going to be...well awful.

The only saving grace of this painful afternoon was Rodolphus, he was still fascinating and interesting, he was still good to Harry and interested in him, he was still fair.

"So, Remus, you write books, correct?" Gillian broke the silence.

"Yes, I do, Defense books," Remus nodded.

"I think I have read a few of them," Rodolphus hummed, his hand going out to run over the book still sitting in front of him thoughtfully.

“I learnt everything that I know about defense from Remus," Harry said proudly.

"No, that was a good amount of natural talent," Remus shook his head bashfully.

"He's an amazing writer," Harry shook his head.

"Harry is right, and you have a very good way with words. For someone who is quite the scholar you make your books very interesting," Rodolphus smirked.

"I asked him to put pictures in them so I could read them, but he refused," Sirius pouted.

"I summed it up for him though," Harry snickered.

"Smart little shit aren't you," Rabastan sneered. The whole table went quiet as Harry closed his eyes for a few beats before opening them.

"Harry," Sirius gripped his arm when he saw the look in those green eyes. They didn't get to see it very often, but when they did it was never pretty.

"Look I have no idea what your problem is..."

"My problem is that you are taking advantage of my brother for your own gain," Rabastan snapped, anger written across his face.

"Rabastan..." Gillian started to say but Harry spoke over her.

"Oh, grow up you child!" The whole table went still and gawped at him. "It is no secret that this is a mutually beneficial arrangement, I mean come on! I am taking advantage of your brother, of course, I am, this is an arranged marriage for equal gain, there has never been any secret about that. I know that your brother knows that your parents and my parents know that hell the whole wizarding community knows that. He is using me just as much as I am using him, we both need something out of this marriage, and we are both gaining from it. He, my name and fame, me his money. Do not be so naive as to think that I am pretending that this is any different, Rodolphus is perfectly aware of why I am here. But we have also agreed that we do not want this to be a loveless marriage, and I am going to try my best to hold up my part of our agreement and try and make this a real marriage," Harry said lowly.

"Harry," Remus said softly.

"I will be waiting in the room, I have lost my appetite," he said standing and making his way to the host. He was quickly directed to the private room that the Lestranges had requested and walked over to the leather sofa seated in front of the fireplace, dropping onto it with a small groan.

He shouldn't have lost his temper like that, and he should not have spoken out like that. Aside from the state of the bank accounts that he would bring with him, it was a well-known fact that he couldn't hold his tongue and had a habit of speaking his mind, not something that was particularly attractive to potential husbands of the type he needed to restore the Potter accounts.

He was just lucky that the Lestranges needed his name as much as they did.

He started when a hand brushed over his forehead, opening shocked eyes to see Rodolphus leaning over the back of the sofa, his fingers gently moving Harry's fringe out of his eyes.

"This isn't exactly protocol, no chaperones," Harry raised his eyebrow without lifting his head from the back of the sofa, looking up into blue eyes.

"Well, as you pointed out quite clearly, this deal is something both families need, calling into question honorable intent between the two of us isn't something that they are going to raise," Rodolphus snorted. He straightened and walked over to the piano sitting in the corner, sitting gracefully down at it he started tapping gently at the keys, a soft melody making Harry smile involuntarily.

"You play?" He asked.

"A little," Rodolphus nodded glancing over his shoulder to see Harry lifting his head from the sofa, instead laying his arm on the back of the sofa and resting his head on it so that he could watch the older man.

"Play something, please?" Harry requested. Rodolphus considered for a moment before a cheeky smile crossed his face. He concentrated and started playing out a bright tune that had Harry smiling as he let the music wash over him, and then, to his surprise, Rodolphus' rich voice started singing along to the music.

"We're all alone,

No chaperon

Can get our number," Startled Harry laughed before he could stop himself, a flash of bright blue eyes flicked onto him as he covered his mouth still chuckling.

*"The world's in slumber,*

*Let's misbehave!*

*There's something wild*

*About you, child,*

*That's so contagious,*

*Let's be outrageous,*

*Let's misbehave!*

*When Adam won Eve's hand,*

*He wouldn't stand*

*For teasin',*

*He didn't care about*

*Those apples out of season!*

*They say the Spring*

*Means just one thing*

*To little lovebirds;*

*We're not above birds,*

*Let's misbehave!*

*Let's misbehave!…"*

Harry clapped as he laughed at Rodolphus' choice of song. He really was cheeky and mischievous, with a bright and fun side to match the darkness and power in him. Scoundrel he reckoned Percy would call him, and it would match perfectly.

"What do you think?" Rodolphus asked standing and making his way back over to flop onto the sofa next to Harry, once again in that casual sprawl. Harry turned in his seat, so he was facing the older man, curling his legs underneath himself.

"I think that about 100 of the old fuddy duddys of the Wizarding world would have a heart attack if they heard you singing that song to me before we had even settled the terms of the betrothal," Harry laughed.

"And you what do you think?" Rodolphus tilted his head curiously.

"I liked it," Harry smiled.

"Good," Rodolphus suddenly leant forward and gripped Harry's chin. Harry felt a flash of fear as he wondered if Rodolphus was angry at the way he had spoken to his brother, he had a brief moment of fear that he was going to hurt him. "Never, ever, think that I want you to be anyone but yourself. We agreed that we would both give this a try, we can't do that if we aren't completely honest with each other,"

"I still should not have spoken to your brother like that," Harry sighed.

"Yes, you should have, he was being a dick," Harry blinked at him a little stunned for how blunt he was being.

"He was concerned,"

"Needlessly, as you pointed out neither of us is unaware of what is going on, neither of us is foolish enough to think that this is anything but what it is,"

"But it doesn't mean that it is all we have to be, right?" Harry asked softly, allowing some of his nerves and worry to show on his face.

Rodolphus smiled softly, honestly, before leaning forward. Harry was stunned to realize he was about to kiss him, and he considered pulling away but found himself leaning forward and allowing Rodolphus to brush their lips together.

It was gentle and chaste, a light brushing of lips. But he felt a spark of...something in his chest. He pressed back gently, keeping his eyes closed for a few moments when Rodolphus pulled back. When he opened his eyes, he found Rodolphus looking at him intently.

"I like how fiery you are, and that you aren't scared to speak your mind. Please, never apologize for that," Rodolphus shook his head.

"Thank you," Harry smiled.

"I am really liking what you're wearing today by the way," Harry was a little distracted from the comment however by the fact Rodolphus had leant back on the sofa again in his comfy sprawl and revealed by the sprawl was the book Harry had given him tucked into the inside pocket of his robes. He had snatched it up before chasing after Harry.

"What... oh thank you. This is much more me," Harry admitted.

"I like it. I had Draco and the others I could get hold of describe you to me, and part of what all of them said was your clothes. I was a little disappointed when we showed up the other day and you were sitting looking uncomfortable and all buttoned up," Rodolphus admitted.

"I hate wearing clothes like that," Harry grimaced.

"So, how much of a fight did you have to put up to be allowed to wear this?"

"Not much, I spend most of my time at Sirius, Remus or Percy's homes, we met them here and I just ignored them till you arrived," Harry grinned.

"Percy Weasley, you're quite close to him, right?" Rodolphus eyed him.

"Yes, I am," Harry answered shortly and raised his eyebrow in question as to whether he would push it.

"Fine, I will ask, have you slept with him?" Rodolphus sighed.

"Are you jealous?" Harry teased.

"Incredibly, I like you, and you fascinate me already, and do more so with every moment that I spend with you. I would be jealous to know that you had been with others, and I would be jealous if they were still such a big part of your life as Mr. Weasley appears to be," Rodolphus answered honestly.

"Oh," Harry murmured before a blush exploded across his cheeks making Rodolphus smirk at him. Damn his pale skin. "Oh, shut up," He huffed covering his cheeks.

"Sorry," Came the completely unrepentant response.

"In answer, no I have not slept with Percy. We are just friends, and he is very straight and with a lovely girl he met in school called Penelope Clearwater," Harry answered while trying to will the blush away.

"Will you tell me more about your friendship with him, please?" Rodolphus asked curiously, no sign of jealousy now, but there was some flash of relief.

"Well, I think I was about three when we met. Mum and dad insisted that I should only be friends with light families - or muggleborns - and of course, the Weasleys were an obvious choice. I think they hoped that I would become good friends with the youngest Weasley Ron, but we're quite different. We went round to visit, and I sort of wandered off. I found Percy in his room reading. He was a little annoyed that I just walked in, but then I started asking about what he was reading and showed an interest. The next thing our parents flew in frantic with worry an hour later to find me sitting listening to him read to me. After that I just sort of, latched onto him. I followed him around like a chick to be completely honest. Along the way we became good friends. Between Remus and Percy, I didn't stand a chance to not be a bookworm," Harry laughed.

"I look forward to meeting him," Rodolphus smiled.

"Can I ask you something?" Harry said unsurely.

"Anything," Rodolphus nodded looking curious.

"Did you want to be an Heir Lord?" Harry asked.

"Sorry?" Rodolphus looked confused.

"When you were younger, did you want to be Heir Lord?" Harry expanded.

"I always knew that I would be," Rodolphus shrugged.

"Yes, but what did you want to be?" Harry pressed.

"It's silly," Rodolphus shook his head actually looking a little flustered. Harry was relieved that he hadn't outright lied to him, it was a good start. And it made him more curious.

"I won't laugh," Harry promised.

"I was young," Rodolphus groaned. "I wanted to be a pirate,"

"A pirate?" Harry smiled.

"See you find it funny!" Rodolphus frowned.

"No, I don't. Rodolphus, thank you for telling me. Why a pirate?" Harry asked curiously.

"I don't know, I guess the freedom that they have. Sailing the world and seeing it, no responsibilities or duties, doing what they like, when they like, as they like. I've never been able to travel out of the country, I have never been able to see different places, places I have wanted to go. Being a pirate seemed to be the way to do that," He responded.

"A pirate's life huh?" Harry laughed.

"What?" Rodolphus looked at him confused.

"It's something from books I used to read, with pirates in them,"

"What books?" Rodolphus asked curiously.

"Oh, I don't know, Peter Pan?" Harry said trying to remember the books he had read.

"I haven't heard of it," Rodolphus frowned.

"I'm not shocked it is a muggle book," Harry laughed.

"What is it about?" Rodolphus asked curiously.

When the other five of their party walked into the room Rodolphus was listening enraptured as Harry was telling the story of Peter Pan. Rodolphus sighed when he realized that he wasn't going to get to hear the end of the story, though everyone looked a little relieved to see that they had clearly been getting on.

"I hope you have apologized!" Lily hissed at Harry. "You have no idea how embarrassing you are!"

"Coming from someone who managed to clean out the vaults of one of the oldest wizarding families in this country, that is quite impressive," Rodolphus drawled. Everyone paused in taking seats around the room to stare at him.

"Rodo!" Renato said stunned.

"No, you do not get to talk to him like that, do you understand?" Rodolphus frowned at Lily and James who were gawping at him stunned.

"You don't get to speak to us like that, we are his parents we could..."

"What? Refuse to let him marry me?" Harry asked amused as he interrupted.

"Doesn't really solve your situation, as Harry pointed out quite truthfully, we are all more than aware of the reasons of this marriage. People were hardly banging down your door to try and repair your bankruptcy," Rodolphus said dryly. "So, you will think before you speak to Harry,"

"I'm liking him a little more," Sirius hummed.

"Definitely," Remus smirked.

"Shall we sort out the contract?" Harry asked.

"Sounds good," Gillian coughed, though Harry noted there was a flash of pride in her eyes as she looked at her oldest son.

"Shall we start?" Sirius asked.

"Oh, are you speaking on behalf of Harry?" Renato asked, not looking wholly surprised.

"It was agreed that it would be better," Remus said, diplomatic as ever as Sirius flashed a look to a clearly furious James and Lily.

"Very well, please you first," Renato nodded.

"1) The marriage takes place within 3 months, Harry does not particularly want a flashy ceremony, however, he does understand that this marriage is the repair your name, so he will be willing to do a few paper interviews, but the ceremony itself if covered will be tasteful and discrete. He wants an official old magic bonding as was discussed in your last meeting.

2) Harry would like 2 or more children.

3) They will decide on a main house of their own separate to the Lestrange manor for their home until a time that they both decide that they are ready to move into the manor.

4) There will be no mistresses in your marriage, he expects fidelity..."

"Sirius! That was not part of my agreements!" Harry hissed glaring at his godfather.

"Well, it should be!" Sirius glared. "You will be expected to make a fidelity oath! So should he!"

"Sirius, it's an arranged marriage he can..."

"I will take the oath," Rodolphus interrupted making Harry throw up his hands.

"You don't have to!" He exclaimed.

"But I want to. I was the one that asked you that we try our best to make this a real marriage, that I don't want the cold, meaningly arranged marriage. Part of that is you not having to worry that every time I go out am I sleeping around with someone. Fidelity is something I will absolutely expect of you, and you should be able to expect the same of me," Rodolphus said sharply.

Harry bit the corner of his lip and looked at Rodolphus for a few beats before nodding and turned back to Sirius. "Keep to the list for the rest of it!" He warned. Sirius just gave him a triumphant smirk.

"5) Your monies will repair the damage that has been done to the Potter accounts," He finished with a sharp look to James and Lily who were sitting steaming.

"Acceptable I believe?" Renato glanced at his son who nodded. "Wonderful, now us,"

"A few of our points match quite close to yours so I will skip them.

1) Harry will agree to attend regular balls and galas, parties with Rodolphus to be seen together to try and raise the family name.

2) He will not speak badly of any member of the Lestrange family to the public or in any way that it could get out.

3) He and Rodolphus will try and share a bedroom for a year, if at the end of that year he does not feel comfortable doing so, separate bedrooms will then become acceptable.

4) He will allow his picture in at least 3 articles a year for the next ten years, and he will be photographed with Rodolphus.

5) We are not happy with the exposure that you do currently have in the papers, the press has access to publishing any part of your life, and there is no control over that, we would like you to move your affairs to our solicitor and she will keep a tight control over what the press print about you.

6) And obviously, we would request the fidelity oath," Gillian listed before looking straight to Harry.

"That's acceptable," He nodded after a moment. He had not been expecting the one about the bedroom and that had thrown him for a moment, but it tied in with them trying to make this a real marriage.

"Wonderful," Renato leant forward and took Sirius' list, tapping it with his wand and then tapping the blank ceremonial parchment that lay waiting for them, once their requests were added he quickly did the same with their own list. Sirius checked it over for Harry before nodding happy that nothing had been added that had not been discussed.

Leaning forward he picked up the pen, his heart pounding as he looked at the line, he was about to sign his life away on. This was it, he could change his mind and let the Potter name go to ruin, Sirus and Severus would let him live with them. Or he could sign the contract, marry Rodolphus and save the family name.

He glanced to Rodolphus where the man was sitting in his lazy sprawl, but there was a tenseness to his body. This was Rodolphus' chance to repair his own family name, probably his only chance, the likelihood of a marriage like this coming along int the future was not very likely for the Lestrange Heir.

He met sparkling, mischievous blue eyes and took a deep breath before turning and signing the contract.

Somehow after only 2 meetings, it did not feel as though this marriage would be the end of his freedom as he had feared when he had made this choice. Instead, perhaps, it could be the start of his life. Marriage with Rodolphus was going to be interesting, that was very sure, however, that was not necessarily a bad thing he realized.

"May I speak to you alone please?" Rabastan requested as they all stood to leave the room. Rodolphus had signed quickly, and they had finished up matters fairly swiftly. Renato had a limited amount of time to get the document to his solicitor and to have the document filed.

Rodolphus narrowed his eyes a little at his brother who grinned and held his hands up, trying to look innocent. With a huff he left the room, Sirius and Remus glaring faintly before also stepping out the room. James and Lily had swept away, clearly furious as soon as Rodolphus' signature had been placed onto the document.

"How may I help you?" Harry asked cautiously looking at who was now officially going to be his brother-in-law.

"I wished to apologize and ask for a fresh start. I am a little hot-headed and made a prejudgment of you before I even gave you a chance and that was incredibly wrong of me," Rabastan said shocking Harry.

"I would like that, I don't particularly want any bad feeling between us, this is a complicated enough situation as it is," Harry sighed.

"I thought you were taking advantage of the desperation our family was in," Rabastan admitted.

"I kind of am. But then you are taking advantage of the desperation of the situation we are in," Harry shrugged startling a laugh out of the youngest Lestrange.

"You are refreshingly honest," Rabastan snorted. "I thought your demands were going to be weighed against my brother, after all, it is clear our options are a little more limited than yours. You did not, however, and I appreciate that. You are trying to do this fairly, and seem to really want to make an effort," he said perching on the arm of the sofa.

"I do, I have no more interest in a loveless marriage than he," Harry hesitated before carrying on. "I was terrified of that to be honest when I made this decision, but I could not allow my parents to ruin our house when I could do something,"

"I saw how he was with Bellatrix...the thought of the marriage with her...that is not something I want to ever see in him again. Treat him right and you and I shall be good friends," Rabastan held out his hand. Harry shook it and smiled, as the older man went to leave however, he could after him.

"Rabastan, you're protective of him and clearly love him, I can't hold that against you. I'm glad you're giving me a chance though," The blonde paused before smiling and it was the same smirky/cheeky smile Rodolphus had.

"Are you ok?" Rodolphus demanded as the two of them stepped out the room.

"No, I hexed him black and blue, you just missed the screams," Rabastan said dryly. "I avoided his face, I know you like them pretty,"

"Bastan!" Rodolphus growled as Harry went bright red.

"Sorry, sorry, will you assure him that you are fine before he curses me. See you soon little bro," Rabastan waved over his shoulder as he strolled away leaving Harry and Rodolphus staring after him.

"He was referring to me then, wasn't he?" Harry asked.

"Well as I am his older brother, I would say yes," Rodolphus smirked. Harry glared and smacked him on the arm in reflex before flushing and started stammering apologies. He felt relaxed enough around the other man that he had just done it without thinking. "It is fine Harry!" Rodolphus assured him smiling.

"Sorry," He muttered. "Well, that went better than I thought it might,"

"In what way?" Rodolphus asked offering his arm to Harry.

"Sirius was reading the list, anything could have happened," Harry snorted slipping his arm through Rodolphus' as they made their way slowly to the door.

"I remember hearing stories about him, they were interesting," Rodolphus admitted.

"You're being generous," Harry laughed.

"Do you mind if I ask you something?" Rodolphus asked. Harry blinked a little shocked at him.

"You have never asked before, of course, you can,"

"You hesitated in signing the contract," Rodolphus stopped in a quiet area of the cafe, turning to look seriously at Harry. "If you are having doubts or there is something that you are worried about, I would rather you speak to me about it,"

"It wasn't...I realized that this was my last chance to back out, even though I had already more than made my mind up about it, it just sort of hit me that it was the last chance to change my mind. And it hit me that I perhaps didn't want to, that this...well it's definitely not as bad as I thought it would be," He tried to explain.

"I will take that as a compliment," Rodolphus chuckled.

"It is," Harry assured him. "Thank you, as well, for sticking up for me with my dad and mum. Not many people have done that," he said softly.

"You're my fiancé, officially now, no one gets to speak to you like that, no one, I don't care who they are. They have gotten you into this mess, and though it is my good luck, they need to stop speaking to you the way they do when you are dragging their arses out of the fire," Rodolphus growled.

"Thank you," Harry smiled softly trying to fight down his blush. No one bar Sirius and Remus had really stuck up for him against Lily and James.

"Tonight...where are you staying, they seemed quite...angry at the way I spoke to them," Rodolphus' face flashed with concern as his eyes scanned over Harry.

"I will be staying with Tonks and Remi, don't worry, I spend very little time in their house," Harry assured him.

"Good. If you need me, just call or write, or use this," Harry blinked at the necklace Rodolphus held out to him. The chain metal was black, and the pendant was a simple red glass teardrop.

"What is it?" Harry asked curiously as he took the necklace and felt the magic around the necklace.

"It will allow you passed the wards around the house until you bear the Lestrange name. It will also bring you to me, wherever either of are. Hold the pendant and think of me, and just apparate. It will guide you to the right place,"

"Thank you," Harry felt oddly touched by the gift, quickly sliding the chain around his neck. Rodolphus offered his arm again and they made their way towards where Remus and Sirius were waiting for Harry.

"Will you go out with me Friday evening?" Rodolphus suddenly asked. "There is a concert I have been wanting to attend, it would be nice not to go alone,"

Harry stared at him before smiling brightly. The older man was trying to share his life with him, and more importantly, wanted to!

"I would love to. Collect me from Sirius'?"

"Of course, 1900?"

"Sounds good," Harry nodded.

"What sounds good? Why are you collecting him from mines?" Sirius demanded.

"I will see you then," Harry bit his lip before standing on tip toes and kissed his fiancé’s cheek.

"What is happening?!" Sirius growled as Harry linked his arms through his and Remus'.

"I'm going on a date," Harry answered cheerfully just as Remus apparated them out. the last thing Rodolphus saw was Harry's cheeky grin and the look of horror on Sirius' face.

"He's not so bad," Rabastan drawled throwing his arm over his older brother's shoulders.

"You were a dick,"

"Yes, I was, but we kissed and made up, not literally of course. He will definitely liven things up," Rabastan laughed before apparating them away.

Rodolphus blinked when an unfamiliar owl landed on his desk. The snowy owl was beautiful and regal as she looked at him pointedly.

Reaching out he took the package attached to the owl's leg before digging out some treats he kept in the top desk of the draw. While she was happily nibbling away at the treats, he opened the slightly messily wrapped package. The minute that he pulled aside the wrappings he knew who the gift was from, and he could not stop smiling.

Peter Pan lay on the desk.

**Chapter 3**

Rodolphus was more than ready for their date by the time Friday came. He had seen Harry the day before for the final step in their engagement, but they had literally only been able to see each other in passing while they were at Gringotts, and Rodolphus was a little shocked to realize how unsatisfied he had come away feeling for not getting to spend a little more time with Harry. Something Rabastan seemed to find amusing.

As tradition demanded they had both had to attend Gringotts separately, and in the presence of both family solicitors answer questions under oath to ensure that they were agreeing to the arranged marriage purely of their own will.

This had become necessary after 350 odd years ago it had been discovered that a McNair Lady had forced the daughter of a light family to marry her under threat of slaughtering the whole family if she did not.

Harry had been arriving as Rodolphus had been leaving, and he had managed only to say hello and thank Harry for the book before Harry had been swept away to his own meeting by an annoyed looking Goblin, and Rodolphus had to hurry away to make it to a meeting.

He had however spent long enough in Harry's company to suppress the urge to hex the elder Potters with some of the more nasty spells he knew, a feeling which was becoming more and more familiar.

Harry was only doing this to fix the mess that they had made, to save the family name and - inadvertently though Rodolphus was sure it was - save them from humiliation, and they did not even have the decency to treat Harry with a little bit of respect.

Really the way Harry, and Sirius and Remus spoke, not to mention some of the facts that he had managed to get out of Draco, it sounded as though this was not a new thing for Harry, that the Potters had always treated him this way. It was no wonder that the younger man spent most of his time living between Sirius and Remus, he was just glad that Harry had had somewhere to go and hadn't had to stay with the Potters.

From what Draco had told him Percy Weasley had also provided as much protection for Harry as he could, growing the older he got. He was liking the sound of the 3rd Weasley son more and more.

No, he didn't like the Potters, and he was sure that Harry had no love for them, the love he held for parents being focussed clearly on Sirius and Remus. And if Harry wished it, then Rodolphus would make sure that they had nothing to had with them once they were married.

When he arrived he had been expecting to be met with Sirius grinning at him dangerously, grey eyes flashing with warning as he tried to crush Rodolphus' hand in a handshake.

"Harry will be down soon, he is just finishing getting ready,"

What he had not expected was for Severus Snape's drawl as he glided dangerously in from the kitchen, twirling a vial between his fingers that Rodolphus was fairly sure contained a very lethal poison.

"Tea?" Sirius smirked.

"No thank you!" Rodolphus gulped just a little as Severus came to stop at Sirius' side and the two of them just stared at him.

"You two had better not be threatening him!" Harry suddenly bellowed down the stairs.

"Of course not," Both called back sweetly.

"Bugger! Stop glaring at him!" Harry shouted and there were a few thumps before the sound of Harry hurrying down the stairs reached their ears. Severus quickly tucked the vial he had still been twirling away into his robes and seconds later Harry jogged into the room, glaring fiercely already in that way that made his green eyes glitter, something that Rodolphus already appreciated, and was still yanking on his robes.

"What did I say earlier!" Harry scolded them.

"We were being nice!" Severus protested, Rodolphus crushed down the urge to snort, he needed to get on their good sides.

"We even offered him tea!" Sirius nodded proudly, the two of them actually looking believable, however when Rodolphus turned to look at Harry he could see he wasn't buying it.

"Mm-hm," Harry nodded and then suddenly his wand was in his hand. "Accio poison!"

The vial shot incriminatingly from Severus robes and into Harry's waiting hand.

"How did that get there!" Severus gasped.

"Really guys!" Harry scowled.

"Well, have a nice night, bring him back safely and at a decent time," Sirius grinned, the 'or else' was unspoken.

"I taught him how to poison someone without them knowing in 17 different ways when he was eight," Severus said before sweeping from the room.

"I am so sorry!" Harry groaned covering his eyes.

"It's ok, you won Rabastan over, now it's my turn," Rodolphus chuckled. "You look lovely,"

"Is it ok?" Harry tugged at the robes that were formal, but still very him. They had an oriental cut to them and were in a shade of purple that brought out his eyes even more. They were flowing and graceful on Harry, showing his black dragon hide trousers and neat black shirt underneath.

"Perfect," Rodolphus leant down and kissed his cheek lingeringly before pulling back.

"I would say the same for you, but I think that you already know that," Harry said teasingly, but the truth in his words could be heard, and seen by the way he drew his eyes over Rodolphus. The elder Lestrange smirked and reached out to capture Harry's hand, turning it and pressing a long and lingering kiss to his wrist instead of the back of his hand, listening to the catch in Harry's breath happily.

It was good to know his husband to be was not unaffected by him, it was a good first step.

"These are for you," Rodolphus held out the box of chocolates he had been keeping hidden behind his back, delighting in the wide-eyed gasp Harry gave at the sight of them.

"Those are my favourites how did you...Draco," Harry groaned.

"I may have used his knowledge to my advantage," Rodolphus shrugged.

"Thank you," Harry smiled happily, he seemed to debate with himself, then he stunned the older man by leaning up and brushing his lips across his cheek. When he pulled back a dark blush was staining his cheeks. He turned and placed the chocolates safely on the side.

"Are you ready?" Rodolphus offered his arm.

"Yes, thank you," Harry smiled, moving into place for Rodolphus to apparate them.

The room that they appeared in was beautiful and elegant, red velvet and gold tastefully mixing with dark wood. The theatre was an old one, and plenty of elegant theatregoers were already mingling around.

When they saw Rodolphus with Harry on his arms eyes widened and whispers started. Their engagement had of course not lasted as a secret for very long, and most of the wizarding world knew, and were taking great delight in discussing the marriage of desperation between the two families.

"Does it bother you?" Rodolphus asked softly, settling his hand over Harry's on his elbow seeing that the younger man had noticed the attention they were receiving.

"Yes and no," Harry shrugged. Rodlphus led him up a set of stairs and through a door labelled Lestrange, revealing a box reserved for them. He seated Harry in the best seat before sitting himself, turning to the younger man curiously.

"Could you explain that?" He asked.

"I am used to it, being stared at and whispered about, being in the papers, my choice not to hold a gala, the last few months since our situation became known, and then my choice to marry to clearly try and fix it, I am used to it. I just wish that they would get their own lives and stop taking so much interest in mine. It is tiring," Harry sighed.

He started a little when Rodolphus linked their fingers together, making him turn to look at the other man, his fiance. "I can not stop them talking about you, but I can limit what the papers say about you. We meant what we said about our family solicitor taking over your public affairs, what they write about you is wrong, they should not have so much freedom to report on your private life," Rodolphus scowled.

"Mum and dad never bothered, as long as they were writing about me, it was more fame for them," Harry shrugged, and he said it so matter of factly that Rodolphus once again felt that urge to curse the Potters.

"I really do not like your parents," Rodolphus grunted.

"Well look at that, the first thing we have in common," Harry chuckled.

"Does it hurt you?" Rodolphus asked as gently as he knew how. Harry's face went blank in a way Rodolphus had not seen yet for a few moments.

"I have Sirius and Remus, Severus and Percy. Mrs Weasley is really good to me and Mr Weasley,"

"But?" Rodolphus asked.

"But yes, there are times when I want them to have actually cared for me," Harry sighed.

"I am sorry," Rodolphus squeezed their still joined hands. "If it makes you feel better I have no clue how they can not. You have won my parents over and you managed to charm Bastan,"

"Your parents like me?" Harry smiled shyly.

"Yes, they have been singing your praises. They were worried about who was going to be there, especially with your parent's reputations going ahead of you. You were a very pleasant surprise for all of us, not to mention that they are delighted that you are not some demure, boring money grabber,"

"What am I instead?" Harry grinned.

"Fiery, smart, quick-witted, sharp, opinionated..."

"And they are all good things?" Harry said doubtfully even though his cheeks were lit up red at the clear compliment in Rodolphus' tone.

"To us, definitely," Rodolphus nodded sharply, then his eyes twinkled making Harry worry slightly. "Besides I am hoping that those aspects will manifest in other parts of our marriage, more intimate parts," He said before lifting their joined hands and grazed his bloody teeth over the inside of Harry's wrist.

His deep chuckle followed the lights going down, finally hiding Harry's crimson red cheeks. He did not, however, let go of Harry's hand through the whole show, his warm hand anchoring and...nice in Harry's.

"How much longer till I have to have you home?" Rodolphus asked as they stood.

"Anther 45 minutes," Harry said checking his watch before looking at Rodolphus curiously.

"I am not quite ready to part company, would you like to get an ice cream with me?" Rodolphus suggested.

"That sounds nice," Harry smiled honestly, and with their hands still joined made their way down the stairs and to apparation point.

Rodolphus quickly apparated them out as they saw people were plucking up the courage to approach them, Harry's laughter at his uncaring for rudeness echoing where they landed. The little town was full with evening life, restaurants allowing warm light, laughter and chatter to empty into the street, 2 pubs, some still open shops and a hotel adding to the warm atmosphere.

And halfway down the street a small queue stood outside the ice cream shop Harry presumed they were here for.

"Where are we?" He asked looking around curiously

“Ireland," Rodolphus watched with interest as intelligent green eyes took in everything around them.

"I've never actually been to Ireland before, you live here right?" Harry asked

"What gave me away?" Rodolphus drawled before chuckling when the raven-haired teen elbowed him lightly. "Yes, we do,"

"Do you want to stay here?" Harry asked as they started slowly walking down the street.

"Would you be happy moving?" The elder countered, watching Harry's face.

"It doesn't really matter to me. I can get to see Siri, Remi, Sev, Percy and Tonks as easily from here as anywhere in Britain," Harry said still looking around.

"Then I would preferably stay here, yes," Rodolphus answered. "You know I would never stop you seeing the people you care about right?"

"That's nice," Harry started laughing as he patted the hand holding his with his free hand. "But I would like to see you try, aside from the damage that they would do getting to me, I would make you regret it," He said with a twinkle in his eyes. Rodolphus tipped his head back and let out a full laugh that made Harry's smile brighter.

"As long as we understand each other," He winked. "So, what Severus said about the poisons, is that true?"

"He thought I should know to protect myself, just in case. What the just in case was when I was eight I have no clue. Dad wasn't very happy, Siri found it hilarious,"

"Severus and Sirius are they..." Rodolphus drew off when he saw a warm smile form on Harry's lips.

"Yeah, they are kind of keeping it down low right now, its fairly new, and they aren't wanting to cause a major fuss until we're married, dad will be ridiculous about this. But they have been in love with each other for years, and have only just realised that the other feels the same way, never mind that I have been telling both of them for years!" Harry huffed.

"They seem to...match," Rodolphus coughed, remembering the twin smirks he had received.

"Yeah, they are," Harry grinned.

"So..." Rodolphus drew off and waited until Harry was looking at him curiously before asking. "How many kids do you want exactly?"

"You can't just ask that!" Harry groaned trying to cover his burning face one-handed.

"Hey, you want to be the stay at home dad, its the same as asking about your career!"

"Are you making fun of me!?" Harry glared yanking his hand away. Rodolphus toned down his smirk to a smile, and stepped close to the prickly younger man, cupping his cheeks gently.

"No, I am genuinely curious. I have always wanted a slightly larger family, thought I would never get it, especially as any arranged marriage I managed it would be unlikely that I would be able to negotiate for more children. The thought, of you being a stay at home dad to our little brood, it has been growing on me," He admitted.

"Oh, right," Harry flushed. "Sorry I just..."

"I'm guessing saying what you really want has been shut down, and laughed at, a lot in the past, especially when it comes to something that might not be considered socially acceptable for an heir Lord?" Rodolphus proved the sharp intelligence he was known for as bright blue eyes narrowed at him.

"I mentioned to dad when I was twelve, and still really wanted him and mum to accept me, that I was thinking of being a nursery teacher. He..." Harry drew off clearly unsure so Rodolphus pulled him a little closer, slowly wrapping an arm around his waist giving him the choice to pull away if he wasn't happy with the contact. Instead, he noted how pleasantly warm Rodolphus was and leant a little more into him.

"What happened?" Rodolphus asked dangerously.

"He hit me," Harry admitted. "I went straight to Sirius. I thought he and Remus were going to murder him, they warned him never, ever to touch me again, one finger and they would be hiding bodies. He never did, not once. But, but I learnt not to speak out about wanting things like that. People expect me to be something, they don't like me going off course. Only my family know that I have no interest in being Heir Lord, that I am never going to be an auror or shite like that," Harry shrugged. "Are you ok?" He asked concerned when he saw how tight Rodolphus' expression was.

"I am desperately trying not to go hunt them down and kill them," Rodolphus admitted.

"I would really rather you didn't," Harry patted his cheek before laughing. "A prison wedding isn't in my top ten ideas," He added startling a laugh from the other man, breaking the tension in him as Harry had hoped.

"At least it would narrow down the family argument on where to hold it," Rodolphus snickered.

"And the colour scheme would be easy to set, black and white to match your hump suit," Harry laughed.

"My Grandfather would even be able to attend and be horrified that we're marrying into a light family,"

"We could do a parade passed his cell," Harry grinned mischievously.

"With drums," Rodolphus laughed.

The two of them looked at each other before they started laughing in earnest, now holding onto each other to keep themselves steady.

When their laughter faded Harry suddenly realised that he was now standing completely pressed against Rodolphus' strong, warm chest, breathing in the scent of his citrusy spicy scent and looking up into those damned glittering blue eyes. And all signs of laughter had died in the other man's face as he looked down at Harry.

He was the one that moved first this time, leaning up on his toes to cover the height difference between them, the thought of that height and size difference sending a shiver down his spine that he had not felt for a long time. When he pressed their lips together Rodolphus actually seemed surprised to Harry's amusement, but then he cupped the back of the older man's head and stroked his thumb over his jaw, and suddenly he was moving, leaning in so Harry's wasn't straining and kissing back.

It wasn't passionate or sexual, it was testing waters and coming up with good results, it was comfort and hope, an acknowledgement that whatever was between them was there. When they pulled back Harry smiled beautifully at Rodolphus.

"Thank you," He sighed.

"For what?" Rodolphus asked, a little distracted by Harry.

"For not making this a truly awful experience," Harry said and then watched as Rodolphus started chuckling again.

"I love how honest you are,"

"Good, most people don't,"

"Stuffy boring old traditionalists. I however do, and my family do, and that is all that matters," Rodolphus said firmly.

"Come on, you promised me ice cream," Harry stepped back, suddenly feeling much colder.

"That I did," His hand was reclaimed by the larger one, and they carried on their stroll to the shop.

Harry was sure that he had not laughed this much since the news of their family bankruptcy had hit the house, maybe even before that.

He had not been able to decide what ice cream to have, and had been humming and dithering between about 7 choices when Rodolphus had leant over the counter, pointed to all 7 and asked for three scoops of each. The bowl that they had sitting between them to eat was ridiculously big and jammed full of ice cream. It was just an ice cream, but the idea of being able to be a little silly and not care, the fact that Rodolphus could do that warmed something in Harry and released another strand of worry that had been building in his chest for weeks.

"That...is disgusting!" Rodolphus complained pulling a hilarious face as he motioned to the bubblegum ice cream with his spoon as though it were a pile of Bertie Botts worse flavour beans.

"It's perfect!" Harry proved his point by putting a large spoonful into his mouth and humming in delight.

"I can't believe you don't suffer from brain freeze, that is just not fair. Bastan will be even more jealous," Rodolphus shook his head.

"Rabastan?" Harry asked curiously before taking another big spoonful of mango ice cream.

"He is obsessed with a muggle ice cream, Ben and Jerries, cookie dough is his favourite. I have no idea how he came across it, and I do not particularly want to ask, but obsessed is not the word. When he has any form of a bad day he suddenly has a tub of it in his hands and demolishes it. He also thinks it is a cure-all, I have been offered it for stress, upset, sickness, tiredness, when I pulled a muscle in my hand, everything!" Rodolphus shook his head disgusted.

"You love him," He smiled softly.

"Of course I do, the pest," Rodolphus rolled his eyes. "Do you ever wish you had had siblings?"

"Definitely. I mean, Percy is like my older brother, and I think he loves me as a younger brother more than his actual brothers because I don't make fun of him all the time. But it would have been nice when I was growing up," Harry shrugged.

"You're welcome to Bastan!" Rodolphus offered brightly.

"Can you keep a secret?" Harry asked leaning forward.

"For you, of course," Something told Harry that despite the teasing tone, he meant his words.

"Tonks is pregnant, and they have asked me to be godfather," Harry said proudly.

"Harry! Congratulations, that is a great honour," Rodolphus said honestly.

"I kind of worried at first that I was too young, and that they should choose someone else, but Remus was really insistent that they didn't want anyone else, and Tonks just rolled her eyes and called me an idiot," Harry admitted.

"I think you will make a wonderful godfather. You will be a good uncle. I fear I may have to request sharing custody of Baby Lupin though, Merlin only knows when Bastan will settle down and give me nieces and nephews to spoil,"

"What's mine is yours and all that, not like I am bringing you money," Harry rolled his eyes.

"No, you are bringing something equally as important, something that I could never hope to bring to my family no matter how hard I tried, respectability,"

"Guess we're kind of even with what we are bringing and taking in this relationship huh?" Harry sighed. And then he reached his spoon out and dabbed ice cream onto Rodolphus' nose.

"That had better not have been bubblegum!" His fiance warned going crosseyed trying to check making Harry start laughing again.

"Wha..." Harry blinked before sitting up sharply at the sight of Sirius, Severus, Remus, Tonks and Percy in his room. "Guys!" He squeaked yanking the covers up to his chin.

"What is this?" Sirius huffed holding out the paper he was clutching in his hands.

Harry had to squint and blink a few times considering he had literally just been woken up, but eventually, he made out a picture, of him and Rodolphus from the night before when they were in Ireland. Rodolphus had his arm around Harry, and Harry was holding loosely on the lapels of his robes, they were staring at each other quite intently and talking softly as the town moved around them.

It was quite a nice picture Harry thought. Rodolphus looked quite dashing, especially lit by the moon and the lights spilling from the restaurant behind them. And Harry thought they looked like they matched quite well.

It must have been when Harry was telling Rodolphus about the time with James, they had been so focused on each other, so intent on their conversation it was no wonder that they hadn't noticed someone taking a picture.

There was a second picture, one of them staring at each other before Harry leant up and kissed Rodolphus, the shock caught in the picture before Rodolphus moved to kiss him back.

The third was them in the ice cream shop, their ridiculously big ice cream in front of them, they were looking at each other, mirth crossing their features as they talked. It looked like they were having a pretty good time.

Harry took the paper and smiled softly at it, he might clip these out of the paper and keep them, or maybe get in contact with the paper and ask for proper copies.

"Why are you smiling?! He kissed you! You should have poisoned him Sev!" Sirius snarled.

"Siri, I kissed him, the proof is right here," Harry tried to keep every bit of amusement from his face as he turned the paper around and pointed to the offending picture. Sirius made a wounded noise and threw himself onto the base of Harry's bed face first forcing Harry to quickly yank his legs up to avoid being crushed.

"Whyb Habby, whyb!" He wailed.

"Because he's hot, we're engaged and were on a date?" Harry yawned, dropping the covers so he could scratch his chest lazily.

"There there dear," Severus patted Sirius' back as he let out a wail into Harry duvet.

"Is he a good kisser?" Percy asked sitting down on the bed.

"Yes is he?!" Tonks nodded sitting as well, narrowly avoiding sitting on Sirius.

"He's really good, and we only really had quite a chaste kiss, I can't wait to see how he is at French kissing!" Harry smirked at the noises Sirius was making.

"I will go make us something to drink!" Remus said already halfway to the door.

"CHICKEN!" Harry, Sirius and Tonks shouted after him, clucking noises following his escape down the hall.

"Why must you do this to my poor heart Harry!?" Sirius lifted his head and gave him the puppy dog eyes.

"I didn't know we were being photographed," Harry shrugged.

"I'm an old man Harry, I can't take this strain," Sirius groaned dramatically rolling onto his back and clutching his chest, only to yelp when Severus head slapped him.

“We're the same age! Are you saying I am an old man?" Severus glared.

"No, of course not my love!" Sirius said quickly sitting up.

"Mmm," Severus crossed his arms and gave Sirius his world famous glare.

"Can you two not flirt on my bed please," Harry grumbled dropping sideways and resting his head on Percy's lap, grabbing the newspaper and pulling it back to him to look at the pictures again.

"We're not flirting," Sirius squawked.

"Did you have a good time?" Severus sighed seeing Harry's expression as he looked at the pictures. He rolled onto his back lifting the paper with him still staring at the pictures. He looked like he was having a good time, free and just enjoying a night out, he had had a good time, and he had been able to talk to Rodolphus, joke with him in a way that he had not with anyone but the people in this house for a long time.

"Yeah, I really did," Harry nodded.

"That's good," Sirius sighed.

"Don't sound so enthusiastic Siri!" Tonks laughed as Severus sat on the bed as well and started combing his fingers through Harry's hair soothingly.

"Ok, breakfast!" Remus called cheerfully walking into the room with a loaded tray bobbing along behind him. He jumped onto the bed on top of Sirius making the Black Lord groan and start flailing trying to buck Remus off.

"Honestly, children!" Severus tutted.

"Get him, honey!" Tonks called out encouragingly.

"I'm glad you had a good time," Percy said softly.

"I really don't think this is going to be as bad as I thought it would be," Harry grinned.

"Wha?!" Rodolphus sat up and blinked around his bedroom, what he found was his parents and Rabastan standing around his bed grinning, his brother getting rid of the feather he had been tickling Rodolphus' ear to wake him up.

"So...had a good time last night?" Renato asked with obvious nonchalance.

"Yes," He said slowly.

"Must have for that famous senses of his to go down," Rabastan teased flopping onto the bed next to him.

"Huh?" He blinked confused at them all before settling on his mother when she sat gracefully at the end of his bed looking at the papers.

"Such lovely photos, I may write and ask for the original copies of them," Gillian nodded.

"Photos?"

"The piece is quite tastefully written as well, I might not kick up too much of a fuss with the papers," Renato hummed.

"It is probably doing us a bit of good already, especially with how happy little bro looks in it," Rabastan pointed.

"What!" Rodolphus lunged across the bed and snatched the papers from his mother before looking at the article with wide eyes.

"You're heavy!" Rabastan grumbled into the mattress where Rodolphus was lying on top of him.

"This is..." His mother was right the pictures were nice of the two of them, however, he was not sure how Harry would feel about it.

The Arranged Marriage of the Year

Lord Heir Harry James Potter caused quite a stir when upon turning 15, he did not hold the traditional Courtship Gala to see if anyone would take his interest. As ever these are not designed for an immediate marriage, but just to test the waters. However, it seemed he was unwilling to do even this, and the community watched curiously to see what he would do.

And then a few months ago rumours started reaching everyone's ears about the state of the Potter's finances, and the fact that James and Lily's particularly high living lifestyle had maybe finally caught up with them, for pictures of the Potters well reported partying lifestyle please see pages 3-6. Everyone watched curiously as rumours spread saying that the Potters vaults may actually be empty.

This seemed to be proven even more when experts in business management were suddenly brought in, apparently funded by the Black money, and more rumours spread as to the alleged state of the estates and businesses that the Potter family have owned for generations.

The concern that one of the oldest families in our world may have to declare bankruptcy seemed to be confirmed when the announcement hit all the circuits, Harry Potter was looking for a marriage contract.

Everyone was, of course, intrigued, however, it would seem that the state of the Potter finances would be putting off a lot of interested parties off from the young, good-looking celebrity of our world.

And then the announcement came out the Lestrange Family had placed an interest in the Potter contract, and the Potters had accepted. Early this week a tasteful, if a little short, statement was sent to us from the Lestrange family solicitor announcing the signing of the contract, and that a visit to Gringotts was booked in for the oath signature.

This, of course, was of great interest to everyone, it is common knowledge that the Lestrange family were part of Dark parties over the years, and have recently been struggling to regain respect for their name. In knowledge, the Potters and Lestranges have never been joined, and now Rodolphus and Harry are engaged in what we can only imagine will be a short engagement.

Tongues have been wagging and curiosity as to these two has been fired and everyone has been interested in the relationship between the two.

Yesterday they happened to be caught on what looked like a date in the Irish home of the Lestranges. The two were walking down to street hand in hand before they paused for what looked like quite an intimate conversation, before being caught kissing. After that, they went to an ice cream shop where they shared an ice cream and talked some more for another 2 hours before exiting and Lord Heir Lestrange apparated the young Potter heir away.

What can be said is that the two of them appeared quite close, and from the amount of time they spent talking and laughing together, they have had a good start to their engagement.

"They didn't even mention the bitch," Rabastan mumbled into the mattress.

"What if Harry is upset by this?" Rodolphus frowned.

"They were a little vicious about his parents, we can contact the papers about that, especially providing picture proof of their...erm 'reported partying lifestyle was it?" Gillian nodded.

"Oh he won't care about that," Rodolphus waved them off looking at the pictures again.

"Why don't you floo him and ask," Renato patted his shoulder as he stood.

"We will see you for breakfast," Gillian kissed his forehead.

Rodolphus got up off of Rabastan and hurried to the fireplace, grabbing the pot of floo powder from the mantlepiece.

"Bro, small advice," Rabastan called making Rodolphus turn and look at him mildly annoyed. "Put a top on first,"

Looking down he grumbled as he realised he was about to floo Harry wearing only pyjama bottoms. Ignoring his brother cackling from the bed he quickly grabbed his dressing gown and threw it on before kneeling in front of the fire and hoping Harry was in Sirius' still.

When the floo cleared he found himself being stared at by not only Harry but Sirius, Severus, Remus, Tonks and who could only be Percy Weasley.

"Lestra..." Sirius growl was cut off when Harry launched himself on top of him nearly folding the older man in half.

"Rodolphus!" Harry was smiling, that was a good sign.

"And me!" Rabastan leant on his brother's shoulder and waved at Harry. "Hey, little Bro!"

"Hi Rabastan," Harry smiled a little smaller but still honestly for the youngest Lestrange.

"I just wanted to check to see if you had seen the papers this morning?" Rodolphus asked nervously.

"Yeah this lot woke me up to ask about it," Harry rolled his eyes.

"I'm sorry, I didn't realise we were being followed, are you ok?"

Harry tingled just a little when he realised that Rodolphus was genuinely worried that he would be upset and had flooed to make sure he was ok. "It's quite tastefully written, and the pictures are very nice, I might ask the paper for copies of them," He shrugged.

"You will have to fight mother for them, she had the same idea," Rabastan grinned at him leaning further onto Rodolphus getting a glare him Harry's fiance.

"I am sure she will be more than happy to send you copies, and you can let her do the legwork," Rodolphus said to him, his face warm and open.

"Of course I will, morning Harry dear," Gillian nodded to him as she swept into the room.

"Morning Gillian," Harry flushed a little at the imposing woman to was be his mother in law seeing him in his pyjamas.

"Is that Sirius under you?" Gillian squinted.

"He's a little growly this morning," Harry shrugged.

"Ah erm..."

"Don't worry," Percy reassured Rodolphus as he looked to Sirius concerned. "He's just extra growly because Harry pointed out he can't be upset when he was the one that kissed you,"

"Huh, so it was, I know a very good mediwizard Harry who can check your head out I..." Rabastan let out a whoosh of air as he was flipped off Rodolphus' back and his older brother sat heavily on him.

"Honestly, you boys never change no matter how old you get!" Gillian tutted, but her eyes were fond. "Breakfast is ready, I will see you in a couple of days Harry, good morning everyone," She nodded to the whole room before sweeping out.

"I had better get going, any plans for today?" Rodolphus asked Harry.

"I am going to have to finish breakfast and then go get dressed, I have no doubt my other friends will be descending today to ask about the article, even Lucius won't be able to hold Draco back for so much gossip," Harry rolled his eyes.

"Your mother and father will probably be dropping by as well once they see this," Remus said softly, but Harry's shoulders still tensed.

"Do you still have your pendant?" Rodolphus asked getting Harry's attention back to him.

"Yes," Harry pulled the pendant out from under his pyjama top showing the red teardrop to Rodolphus. The Lestrange smiled seeing that Harry still had it on, and looked like he did not take it off.

"If they get too much hold it and think of me, it will bring you straight here," Rodolphus said firmly.

"I can't intrude and they..."

"You aren't intruding," Rabastan huffed into the carpet. "Not if we offer,"

"Straight away, if they become too much Harry," Rodolphus' blue eyes caught Harry's and held his until he found himself nodding.

"Thank you," he said softly.

"Don't thank him he is just trying to spend more time with you to seduce you..." Rabastan's sentence was cut off as Rodolphus shoved his face into the carpet again.

"I will get going before big mouth gets me into more trouble. I will speak to you later Harry," Rodolphus smiled at him. "Good morning," He nodded to the rest before cutting the call.

"I approve," Percy grinned wrapping his arms around Harry's shoulders and kissing his cheek.

**Chapter 4**

Rodolphus blinked when there was a small pop and the next thing Harry was standing next to him, clutching the pendant in his hand and looking like he was about to start spitting fire at any moment.

"Harry?" Rodolphus stood quickly and reached for him, a slightly inappropriate moment of excitement snapping through him when burning green eyes turned onto him and all the passion and fire of Harry's personality was laid out for him to see.

"Sorry, you said I could come…" Harry grit out.

"You're welcome here," Rabastan said softly making Harry realise he was there as well.

"Are you ok?" Rodolphus asked reaching up to untangle Harry's hand from the pendant and held it between both of his.

"No," Harry grit out.

"Bastan…" Rodolphus turned to his brother.

"I will be back in a minute," Rabastan nodded hurrying out the room, no doubt to try and floo Sirius and find out what had happened.

"Come here," Rodolphus gently pulled him closer, giving him a chance to pull away if he wasn't happy with the action. Unsurely Harry allowed himself to be wrapped up in his fiance's arms and held firmly. He felt slightly awkward at first, but then the warmth of Rodolphus' body sunk into his own, and that citrusy scent he was coming to enjoy washed over him. Wrapping his arms around Rodolphus' waist he sank into his firm body, closing his eyes and feeling some of the anger washing out of him.

"Want me to kill them?" Rodolphus asked after a few moments, startling a laugh from Harry. "What, I can make sure that the bodies are never found. I enjoy reading crime novels, I know all the spells to avoid detection,"

"I can't tell if you are kidding right now or not," Harry chuckled.

"Moderately," Rodolphus shrugged taking one hand from Harry's waist and started combing his fingers through his black hair gently. "What happened,"

"The article and the fact that they came so badly out of it," Harry sighed. "But they used the pictures as ammunition. It wasn't too bad until…"

"Until what Harry?" Rodolphus held him a little tighter as he tensed up in anger again.

"Dad called me a slut," Harry sighed.

"What?!" Rodolphus growled.

"Ouch, too tight!" Harry yelped when Rodolphus squeezed him a little too hard.

"Sorry," Rodolphus let go but cupped Harry's face instead. "What the hell did he say to you?" He asked through gritted teeth.

"He called me a slut and told me that I was selling my body for your protection and that was why you 'insulted' them the other day and that I was basically having sex with you for your money," Harry strangely managed to stay calm when faced with anger on his behalf.

"So, he also called you a prostitute?" Rodolphus was actually seeing red.

"Isn't that and a slut one and the same?" Harry asked.

"Harry...I'm going to…." Whatever he was going to do would remain a secret because Gillian popped her head in.

"Rodo is there a reason I have Draco Malfoy and Percy Weasley demanding entrance to the Manor?" She asked sounding confused. Rodolphus stood to the side to look at her and reveal Harry standing there. "Harry?" She asked concerned seeing the expression on his face and swept gracefully over, placing her hand on his shoulder.

"I had an argument with my mum and dad," He explained.

"Putting it mildly," Rodolphus grit out.

"Are you ok dear?" Gillian asked taking Harry's hand and leading him to sit down on the sofa, Rodolphus was pressing close behind and sat down next to him, taking his hand and squeezing it. "Milly, let Draco and Mr Weasley in," She added to a House Elf.

"I'm...angry and tired," Harry sighed dropping slightly to the side and pressing himself against Rodolphus' warm side. He did have enough sense to see the flash of happiness in Gillian's eyes at the action, but mainly he just wanted Rodolphus' warmth around him again, something the other man seemed happy to provide.

"Harry!" Draco and Percy flew into the room looking worried but when they saw Harry sitting calmly against Rodolphus, the older man looking more annoyed than the younger, with Gillian sitting in front of them they drew to a pause.

"Are you ok?" Draco asked slowly.

"Yes, I am fine now, sorry I popped out of there but…"

"But you were going to murder them," Percy laughed. He walked over and sat on Harry's other side, running his fingers through Harry's hair as his blue eyes looked him over with concern.

"Are you over here because Severus is currently melting down their bodies after Sirius and Remus killed them?" Harry narrowed his eyes at the two of them.

"Sadly, no. We are here to prevent ourselves from going deaf after listening to Sirius and Remus shout over each other and James and Lily try - and fail - to bellow back," Draco grimaced.

"You're looking strangely calm," Percy narrowed his eyes at Harry a little and then flicked them onto Rodolphus, grinning a little when Harry blushed a little. He didn't move though.

"Ok!" Rabastan burst into the room carrying a large carrier bag.

"Oh please tell me that you didn't," Rodolphus and Gillian groaned.

"I have brownie batter, cookie dough, chocolate therapy, chunky monkey, strawberry cheesecake and triple caramel chunk," Rabastan listed as he took out many tubs of Ben and Jerry's ice cream.

"Oh wow," Harry blinked at the tubs lined up on the table.

"What do you want?" Rabastan asked Harry.

"Erm…." Harry looked at Rodolphus a little lost.

"This one, caramel chunk," Rodolphus plucked the tub from the table and passed it to Harry before reaching out and snagged another tub for himself.

"Help yourselves, boys," Gillian chuckled nodding to the ice creams.

"Oh, thank you," Draco grabbed a tub, and Percy another.

"So, do I want to know what happened?" Gillian asked taking the Strawberry Cheesecake.

"Probably not," Harry sighed dropping more into Rodolphus.

"That bad?" She asked concerned.

"Bad. I only came around for a bit of gossip as well!" Draco grumbled.

"Sorry for getting in the way of your gossip," Harry poked him with his foot, but with no real heat in his voice.

"So you saw them making out in the papers huh?" Rabastan asked.

"The whole wizarding community saw it," Draco snorted.

"Draco," Harry whined.

"It was stormy," Draco fanned himself.

"Draco," Harry dropped his head back.

"Sorry, just teasing," Draco chuckled. "Seriously though, it is good to see that you two are getting on so well,"

"Oh, vested interest?" Rodolphus tilted his head.

"Yes, if he is miserable, I am miserable," Draco said with a clear warning in his tone.

"Draco!" Harry whined.

"Understood," Rodolphus nodded. Harry glared faintly at him, before tucking back into his ice cream.

"Come with me?" Rodolphus asked resting his hand on Harry's shoulder. The younger man tilted his head back to look at Rodolphus standing over his chair.

"Where are we going?" Harry asked as he stood anyway and took Rodolphus' offered hand.

He had been sitting in the front room of the Lestrange Manor for most of the afternoon talking to Gillian and getting to know her a little better, Rodolphus had had to leave for a meeting, though clearly reluctantly. But Gillian had made it more than clear Harry was welcome to stay as long as he wanted. He thought she was actually excited that he was there.

It was nice.

"It's a surprise," Rodolphus smirked.

"Have fun. I am going to go and put some paperwork together for a meeting I am having tomorrow. If you need me I shall be in my study," Gillian waved them off when Harry turned to look at her.

"Harry?" Rodolphus asked as they started climbing the stairs, pulling Harry from his thoughts.

"Sorry," Harry shook his head.

"What is going on in your head?" Rodolphus asked curiously as he led Harry through the manor.

"Your mum actually,"

"Ok, that is not what I was expecting," Rodolphus chuckled. Harry had to repress a small shiver as the sound washed over him.

"I was just thinking how nice it was of her, letting me stay here, and that she seemed genuinely happy I was here," Harry said softly.

"Of course she was. Harry, you're going to be part of our family, very soon, the fact that you felt comfortable not only coming here but staying here as well, it means a lot. My mum and dad like you, a lot, they want you to feel comfortable here," Rodolphus smiled.

"It is still a little strange thinking that we are going to be related soon," Harry laughed.

"In a good way?" Rodolphus asked.

"In a surreal way. A few months ago I would never have considered getting married yet," Harry shrugged.

"But now?"

"But now, seeing what it has to offer, I am definitely not opposed," Harry grinned. "Which is a good thing considering we have a contract signed,"

"Very true," Rodolphus laughed. "What were you going to do?"

"Sorry?" Harry asked confused.

"You have told me you want to be a stay at home dad, that that is what you really want to do. But until you had a partner that was obviously out, so what were you planning on doing in the meantime?"

"I hadn't actually decided. It sounds terrible when I only have a year left at school I know. But I had no idea. The only thing I could really think of was teaching, but I don't want to stay on at Hogwarts," Harry shrugged.

"Well, good job that isn't something for you to worry about now," Rodolphus smiled.

"Are you really ok with this? With me not working, staying at home and just looking after our kids?" Harry frowned.

"The more I think about it, the more I like it. My parents were both very busy when we were growing up, mum runs a successful business empire and dad the Lestrange estates. They tried to be here for us as much as they possibly could, and they never missed anything important, birthdays, Yule, anything we did. But, I don't know, I missed them. Our nanny put us to bed as much as mum and dad did, I think it is why Bastan and I are so close. The idea that you will be at home, looking after it, looking after our children, being there for them. Knowing that I will be coming home to you, I like it," Rodolphus paused in the hallway and looked down into those big green eyes which were looking at him with hope, eyes that showed years of hurt no matter how much the people around him had tried to protect him.

"I'm glad that our familial troubles meant that we were so desperate we ended up with each other," Harry grinned.

"Me too," Rodolphus laughed at Harry's phrasing. He was pleased when Harry wrapped his arms around his neck and gently pulled him down, joining their lips together.

He hummed happily sliding his fingers into Harry's black hair and tugged him a little closer, tilting Harry's head back and slanting their mouths together at a better angle, grinning mentally when Harry moaned into his mouth and his hands gripped tighter onto his shoulders as Rodolphus' tongue slid in to taste his sweet mouth.

"Ok?" Rodolphus panted pulling back and resting their foreheads together. He stroked his fingers over Harry's soft cheek as he took in the delightful flush staining them.

Harry licked his lips before smiling brightly at Rodolphus and leaning up to join their lips together again in answer.

Rodolphus hummed happily and pulled Harry more firmly against him, wrapping his arm around Harry's waist to hold him steady as he set about making Harry forget his name for a little while. He could practically taste the innocence on Harry's lips, the knowledge making him feel hungry and possessive, imagining everything that he could teach Harry, everything that he wanted to teach Harry.

"You drive me mad," The Lestrange heir groaned as he kissed over Harry's cheek.

"Already?" Harry laughed a little breathlessly.

"Already. I can not wait until we're married," Rodolphus made his way back to Harry's lips.

"I would suggest that you do wait," Renato's voice broke them apart. Rodolphus glared faintly at his amused looking father while Harry flushed a deep shade of red.

"Father,"

"Rodolphus, Harry," Renato said brightly. "I heard you were here Harry,"

"I, erm, yes, sorry for intruding," Harry stammered.

"You are not intruding at all, you are welcome here, anytime," Renato said firmly, all trace of teasing gone.

"I was just going to show Harry the West wall, before we got….distracted," Rodolphus said, taking Harry's hand.

"Good idea. It is good to see you here Harry, are you staying for supper? I would like to spend some time with you," Renato asked.

"Oh, if that is ok?" Harry asked.

"I would very much like that, perhaps Sirius and Remus could join us?" Renato suggested.

"Tonks has a meal with Andromeda tonight, but Remus will, Severus probably would probably like to come as well though," Harry smiled.

"I will floo them. I will let you be on your way," Renato waved as he made his way down the hall.

"Can I ask you something about Severus?" Rodolphus asked as they started walking down the hallway again, Harry's cheeks still a fetching shade of red.

"Of course," Harry looked at him curiously.

"You two seem very close, but whenever anything kicks off with your parents he does not seem to get involved. Earlier Draco and Percy said it was Remus and Sirius who were shouting at your parents, but not what Severus was doing,"

"He was probably standing there planning how best to poison them. Mum still thinks that Severus is completely on her side. Sev was in love with her for a long time, and she used that against him a lot, to manipulate him into doing what she wanted. Even after her and dad got together she fed him false hope. I think I was about 7 when he clicked on, he came round to the house to see her and found that her and dad had left me by myself with no one to look after me while they went out to a party. I was trying to cook myself supper. He had never really bothered with me before that, he saw me as proof that he would never have mum, that she was with dad.

He helped me cook my supper, he taught me how. He talked to me and he realised what they were like with me. He didn't have the best childhood, and I think that woke him up. He, Sirius and Remus banded together to protect me from mum and dad, and they realised that having a soy in the camp would help. They were able to stop mum and dad sending me off to boarding school when I was 9 and numerous other things,"

"So he is hiding in the background and pretending that he is still in love with Lily to protect you, which is why he and Sirius are keeping their relationship quiet until after our wedding?" Rodolphus put together.

"Exactly. Then I am out of their grip, they will have no power over me, and I think Sirius is starting to see that I will have you and your family to protect me as well," Harry shot Rodolphus a questioning look.

"I will always protect you," Rodolphus raised their joined hands to kiss the back of it making the younger man smile happily.

"I will always protect you too, you know?" Harry smiled.

"I know," Rodolphus smiled brightly.

"A lot of people would have laughed at me saying that,"

"I have tasted your magic," Rodolphus ran his teeth over Harry's wrist before lowering their hands and looking at Harry intently. "And I have seen that sharp intelligence and even sharper tongue that you possess which means you don't even need to refer to magic to tear someone down,"

"Thank you,"

"And this is the western wall," Rodolphus stopped and waved his hand at the wall. Harry gasped in awe.

He had seen a good few impressive family trees in the ancestral homes of Purebloods by now, but this was something else.

The wall was royal purple, and each name glittered in silver, the beautiful branches of the tree glittering, shifting silver like mercury. And at the end of each branch was a Nasturtium flower, and inside each flower was a tiny portrait of each and every family member.

Everyone watched them with interest, some of them waving excitedly.

"There are none burnt out," Harry said, voicing one of the many thoughts that had burst through his head.

"Unlike the other families, mine does not believe in destroying the memory of those that they do not agree with. Our past is a part of us, whether we like it or not," Rodolphus stepped over to the end of the tree and brushed one of the names. When Harry looked he realised it was Rodolphus' grandfather.

"Rodolphus?"

"No matter how much we may dislike our past and who we are connected to, it doesn't have to decide who we are right now, and who our family will be," Harry blinked at Rodolphus' words. "My father said it to me while I was tantruming about how unfair it was that we were judged by my grandfather's choices," Rodolphus smiled.

"Wise words," Harry smiled. He looked at the wall again. "You are saying that I shouldn't let my mum and dad influence me?"

"No," Rodolphus shrugged. "I am just sharing a story about how well I can throw a tantrum,"

Harry blinked before bursting out laughing.

Rodolphus watched him with a pleased look on his face, it was the first time that he had seen Harry truly laugh since he appeared in the house this morning. He stepped forward and pulled Harry to him, pressing their lips together and tasting his laughter.

"Thank you," Harry said softly when they parted.

"For what?" Rodolphus smirked.

"Do not be so smug," Harry shoved him gently.

"Smug is a state of being for me. Have you seen me," Rodolphus stepped back and waved his hands up and down himself.

"Yes, I have seen you," Harry purposefully dragged his eyes over Rodolphus and allowed his appreciation to show.

"I knew that you had good taste," Rodolphus smirked, but he was looking genuinely pleased as well.

"Thank you for being here for me," Harry dropped his eyes to the floor. "I am sorry for being a pe…."

"Do not refer to yourself as a pest," Rodolphus tilted his head back up. "We are to be married. I like that want to rely on me. And when the time comes, I hope, you will be there for me as well?"

"I like that thought," Harry nodded before pulling Rodolphus forward into another kiss.

"This marriage thing, not so bad after all, huh?" Rodolphus brushed Harry's fringe from his face, his heartwarming slightly at the smile on Harry's face.

"Do you mind if I ask something about Bellatrix?" Harry asked nervously.

"Of course," Rodolphus said, but he was clearly a little a little cautious.

"Was it ever anything like this?"

"No, it was nothing like this, I did not share one kiss with her," Rodolphus said tightly. He could not stop himself from stepping away from Harry though, not wanting to have the contact with Harry while thinking about her.

"I'm sorry," Harry blurted out hunching slightly into himself.

"It's not you," Rodolphus snapped, mentally grimacing as Harry flinched.

"Ignore him," Rabastan appeared from nowhere seemingly and threw his arm around Harry's shoulders. "He isn't angry with you. He just gets angry whenever the bitch is brought up, it is a conditioned response,"

"Bastan," Rodolphus growled.

"Don't get angry with me for stepping in, anything that came out of your mouth next was just likely to do more damage and you know it," Rabastan shrugged unrepentantly.

"I didn't mean to upset you," Harry murmured still looking lost and hurt.

"You didn't. I...try to forget that that period of my life ever existed, to be honest. But she has haunted me from the moment Grandfather signed that courting contract, and she always will in a way, the damage that was done to our reputation because of that damned contract will haunt even my marriage to you,"

"They will say because you broke your engagement bond with her, what is to stop you breaking your marriage bond to me,"

"To the point," Rodolphus muttered.

"Except for the fact that the only people who need to worry about that are me and my family, and once they get to know you a little better they will know better than to worry about that. Whatever everyone else says, it's white noise," Harry shrugged.

"He's not wrong," Rabastan smirked.

"No, he's not," Rodolphus smiled. "I am sorry that I snapped at you," He reached out for Harry and smiled again when Harry accepted his hand.

"I…" Harry glanced apologetically at Rabastan.

"I will be downstairs, I was actually coming to let you know that Sirius, Severus and Remus have arrived and are talking to mother and father. There is some epic staring out going on underneath polite conversation, you might want to get down as quick as you can,"

"I am sorry Harry," Rodolphus said before Harry could say anything.

"It's ok I understand. I asked I asked because I feel self-conscious about the fact that I am so inexperienced here, I feel really self-conscious about the fact that you do," Harry bit his lip awkwardly.

"Because I am such an old man?" Rodolphus grinned and managed to pull the laughter from Harry he wanted, washing away that concerned look on his face. "Harry, I haven't done this before, what we have is totally new. Bellatrix...was an utter disaster, and it is a time I really don't like to think about, at all,"

"I won't bring it up again,"

"No, that's not what I want," Rodolphus frowned a little. "I need to talk about it, and I think you're the right person,"

"I will build up to it," Harry smiled a little.

"Maybe start laying the hints a few days before," Rodolphus smirked. "Then you could really prepare me, and I might not turn into a grumpy…." Rodolphus blinked when he was cut off by Harry's lips on his.

"I understand," Harry smiled. "Now, let's go rescue our families,"

"My parents won't say anything don't worry," Rodolphus comforted him.

"I am not worried about your parents, I am worried that Remus is alone to try and control Severus and Sirius," Harry snorted taking Rodolphus' hand and tugging him back down the corridor.

"They won't be threatening to poison them will they?" Rodolphus remembered his own meeting with the two of them.

"With Remus here, the likelihood is no," Harry said thoughtfully.

"Just promise we won't let them babysit our children alone very often," Rodolphus sighed making Harry chuckle.

When they stepped into the living room there was a slightly awkward atmosphere with what sounded like a polite conversation going on, everyone looked quite relieved at the sight of the two of them walking in.

"Are you ok pup?" Sirius wrapped him up in a tight hug, covering the space between them in rapid and quick steps, Remus and Severus close behind.

"I am fine now," Harry nodded squeezing Sirius back.

"My turn," Remus plucked Harry from Sirius and squeezed him into his own warm hug.

"Are they still alive?" Rodolphus asked.

"Yes," Sirius huffed as they all watched Severus raise Harry's face and brush his fringe from his eyes, looking at him intently before he nodded satisfied and pulled him in a shorter but no less warm hug than he had received from the other two.

"Shame," Rodolphus drawled.

"Rodolphus," Renato and Gillian looked unsure.

"Oh don't worry, it was quite the close thing," Severus' eyes narrowed and flashed dangerously.

"I'm fine guys, I was more mad than hurt," Harry shrugged.

"Thank you for giving him somewhere to go that they could not follow. James quite likes having the last word, and nowhere else that Harry could go to has wards that they can't get through," Remus nodded to the Lestrange family.

"It was quite our pleasure, Harry will be part of our family soon too," Gillian smiled warmly at Harry who smiled back, the thought a strange one, but not unwelcome.

"Now! Supper!" Renato stood and held his hand out to Gillian.

"Wonderful, arguing down burn up energy," Sirius beamed and then yelped when Severus elbowed him. "I mean, thank you for the invitation to dine at your table," He mumbled like a petulant child.

"You should try not arguing, that burns up even more energy," Severus groused as they made their way to the dining room.

"You are letting them think that you agree with them?" Renato asked as they all sat at the table, Harry being guided to sit next to Rodolphus with Sirius quickly claiming the space next to him.

"It gives us a slight edge having the information on them and anything that they might be up to," Severus grimaced.

"It does not sound like a very easy job to take on," Rabastan said with surprising diplomacy.

"It is worth it," Severus looked at Harry warmly.

"Aww, he does have a heart!" Sirius cooed. "That's why I love you Se…"

"Do not call me Sevy,"

"Sevy,"

"How many times do I have to tell you not to call me that?"

"One more time as ever,"

"I warn you if you do not stop calling me that I am going to dump your arse before you can say squeaky toy!"

"You like my arse too much to dump it,"

"You can be quite the arse,"

"Hey! I'm not an arse!"

"Yes, you are,"

"Harry, Remi! Back me up here!" Sirius turned to the two of them.

"You can be an arse," They chorused together and then grinned amusedly.

"You're ganging up on me!" Sirius pouted.

"Don't worry, Severus can be an arse as well, it's why you go so well together," Harry reassured him.

"See...hey!" Severus' smug look dropped to a glare as he realised what Harry had said.

"Thank you, for looking after me," Harry said awkwardly as he stood with Remus ready to floo back to his and Tonks'. Sirius and Severus had already said goodnight and flooed away.

"You're very welcome, any time you want to come visit please pop by," Gillian stepped forward to give him a quick hug.

"I know it is a little unconventional visiting without supervision, but this whole thing is a little unconventional, it would be nice to get to know you better, so any time," Renato nodded and stepped forward to give him a quick hug of his own.

"Thank you," Harry smiled shyly.

"And thank you for supper, we will have to return the gesture soon," Remus held his hand out to Renato as Rodolphus stepped in front of Harry.

"If you need me, any time,"

"I know, I will, I promise," Harry smiled softly as his chin was tilted up gently. Rodolphus' intense blue eyes were practically blazing.

"All my Slytherin instincts are telling me to lock you away and protect you like the precious thing you are," Rodolphus admitted. "But I know you would never come to love me if I lock you away,"

"No I wouldn't, but I get closer to coming to love you with your understanding and accepting that," Harry said softly, his chin still held between Rodolphus' finger and thumb making sure he could look nowhere but at Rodolphus. Making sure that the older man could see nothing but the truth in his eyes.

"Accept it, I don't have to like it," Rodolphus grunted.

"Admit it, you are enjoying the fact that I keep you on your toes," Harry grinned.

"I admit nothing," Rodolphus shook his head.

Harry leant forward and pressed a firm, lingering, teasing kiss to his lips and backed towards the fireplace leaving Rodolphus blinking at him, his arms reaching out as though to pull him back into his arms, the kiss not enough to satisfy.

"That's a shame because our next date is to the muggle world. I will pick you up in two days at 1500," Harry grinned before flooing away to the sound of Remus, Renato and Gillian laughing.

*Dear Lily and James,*

*I hope this letter finds you well. At our previous meeting, I warned you that I would not tolerate you talking badly to Harry in any way shape or form. I have learnt that you did not take my warning seriously, which is a very big mistake as I am sure you are aware a Lestrange never makes idle threats.*

*Now seeing as how you decided to take out on Harry the fact that you, for once, were dragged through the mud in the papers, and your partying lifestyle was - rightfully - highlighted as the reason for the Potter bankruptcy, and called him a slut and insisted he was a prostitute, I take this as badly talking to Harry and so am not very happy at all.*

*I considered many ways in which I could punish you, up to and including using some of the nastier hexes in my repertoire, however, in the end, I decided to hit you where it really hurts. Money.*

*It seems to have escaped your notice that when Harry and I marry it will be my money that will topping up the accounts, my money that you will be living off. And it will be Harry and I that decide exactly how much you get in an allowance.*

*So every time you decide to insult Harry you will have 15 galleons a month deducted from your allowance.*

*I do hope that this will teach you to keep your twisted, bitter, vicious tongues in check.*

*Oh, and though I am sure that Sirius and Remus made their threats quite clear I will add my own. If you ever lay one finger on Harry ever again I will personally make it my life's mission to run you through the mud and destroy you.*

*Hope you are having a pleasant day.*

*Kind Regards*

*Lord Heir Rodolphus Lestrange*

**Chapter 5**

Harry yawned as he walked into the dining room and groaned happily when Severus held out a cup of tea to him. He dropped down into his seat at the table and practically inhaled the tea in three gulps.

"Working hard pup?" Sirius asked.

"I've been researching a few more traditions and facts on arranged marriages," Harry yawned again, humming happily as the teapot floated over to refill his cup. "What's that?" He frowned as his eyes drifted onto a bit of red poking out from underneath Sirius' plate.

"Howler," Sirius shrugged nonchalantly.

"Howler? From whom?" Harry asked confused. "Have you done something to tick Andromeda off again?"

"No, I have not!" Sirius said offended.

"You do upset her quite a lot, she has sent you more howlers than I have had post," Harry shrugged.

"To be fair that is because she blamed Sirius for her daughter marrying an older man even though she actually liked Remus," Severus hummed waving his wand to load up Harry's plate with more food than he could manage to eat. But ever since the evening he had walked into Godric's Hollow and found a scrawny 7-year-old Harry balancing on a stool and trying to cook himself supper he had always made sure Harry had more than enough food.

"True," Harry allowed. "So, who is the Howler off?" He pressed curiously, quite aware that his question was being dodged.

"Your parents," Sirius said nonchalantly.

"About yesterday?" Harry sighed.

"Yes and no," Severus smirked.

"Ok, what is going on?" Harry put his cup down and narrowed his eyes looking between the two of them.

"What is going on is that we approve even more of Rodolphus," Sirius chuckled at the frustrated look on his godson's face. As Harry puffed up looking even more annoyed Sirius held out the howler to him.

Taking it he narrowed his eyes at Sirius before reading the Howler.

Sirius!

I can not believe that you went and tattled on Lily and I to the Lestranges! Not only is it bad enough that my best friend, the man I think of as my brother believes that he knows best how to raise my son, and have interfered on numerous occasions, such as yesterday when I was trying to save the family reputation by scolding Harry for his completely inappropriate behaviour, of which he can not be allowed to carry on getting away with!

No not only that! But you went to Lestrange and snitched on us! I can not believe you! I hope you are satisfied! That upstart Lestrange thinks that he can threaten us and...and….and blackmail us just because he marrying our son! Well! This is absolutely ridiculous, he needs to watch himself or we will be withdrawing the contract from him and marrying Harry off to someone else! How dare he threaten us with an allowance! And to deduct money every time we upset Harry! Really!

Sort this out Sirius, and remember where your loyalties lie!

Harry blinked down at the Howler before looking up concerned at Sirius and Severus.

"There is no way that they can cancel the contract can they?" Harry asked, a shocking amount of fear squeezing his chest.

"What?" Sirius' smile fell as he took in the panic on Harry's face.

"Can they break the contract?" Harry pressed.

"Harry no," Severus reached out and took his hand. "They can't. This contract was based upon your signature on the marriage agreement, not theirs. The only people that can break the contract is you or Rodolphus. This is James being James and imagining that he has more power than he really does,"

"Oh, right," Harry could feel himself blushing.

"I am going to have to make an effort with him aren't I?" Sirius sighed.

I would appreciate it," Harry put on the puppy eyes that he knew Sirius couldn't resist.

"Ugh stop looking at me like that! Fine, I will make an effort. He doesn't seem that bad, sneaky of him going after them where they hurt the most," Sirius muttering to himself poking at the howler a little petulantly.

"You're a pushover," Severus huffed shaking his head at his lover.

"Oh like you aren't as easy!" Sirius snarked.

"While you two flirt with each other, I am going to go shower," Harry snickered standing. He leant down to kiss Sirius' cheek and then Severus', as he went to straighten up however Severus captured his hand.

"Harry, are you ok?" He asked concerned.

"I am fine, I promise," Harry managed to smile before he walked away, his head spinning.

Absently he made his way back up to his room and went through the motions of showering on automatic.

Stepping out the shower he quickly cast a charm to dry off and grabbed his dressing gown before making his way across his room as he pulled the material around himself and tied it shut.

Harry settled down onto the window seat in his room at Sirius, looking out over the beautiful gardens that Sirius adored but had to pay someone to upkeep considering he had a black thumb instead of a green one.

Pulling his green silk dressing gown closer around himself he pulled his legs up and rested his forehead against the window.

He was more than a little shocked by how scared the idea of Lily and James being able to break his contract with Rodolphus. A part of it was his fear of having to go through all this again, and who he could end up with considering that his choice of fiance's had not exactly been ideal the first time around.

But it was the idea of having to marry someone other than Rodolphus. It was the idea of not marrying Rodolphus that had scared him. After fearing the idea of an arranged marriage so much at the beginning of all this, his time with Rodolphus, limited though it was, had really begun giving him hope for the marriage and the future that he could have with Rodolphus.

His dream of having a beautiful home, a husband, children to look after had been forming into a more and more realistic dream as the days passed. It seemed something that Rodolphus was more than amenable to, something that he was coming to want himself. He wanted to get to know Rodolphus better, he wanted to spend more time with him, he wanted to marry him.

The realisation made him run fingers through his hair and tug a little to try and pull his confused thoughts together. He wasn't in love with Rodolphus, not yet, but he was aware that that warm glow in his chest every time he thought of Rodolphus, as he spent time with the man, that warm glow could very well turn into love.

It would take some care and attention from the both of them, and he was more than a little worried that he would be the one to fall in love while Rodolphus did not, but it was there. He was stuck in this position of needing to marry, and he could not imagine marrying anyone else.

"Harry?" The very man of his thoughts tapped on the door and stepped in. Harry blinked at him before watching amused as Rodolphus stared for a few beats at the image in front of him before he actually blushed a little and looked to the side. "Sorry!"

"Our date isn't till this afternoon," Harry said confused.

"I know. Severus and Sirius fire called me saying that you were upset about the letter I sent to your parents. I wanted to make sure that you are not upset with me, or feel that I have overstepped my boundaries," Rodolphus said concerned, still facing away.

"I am not angry about that I promise," Harry smiled as Rodolphus turned around and narrowed his eyes at him. Harry held his hand out in beckoning. Rodolphus walked cautiously over and took his hand, allowing Harry to tug him down so he was seated on the edge of the window seat next to his young fiancé.

"I know that we like to brush over the edges of correctness, but I do believe that this is dancing over all those rules," Rodolphus pointed out.

"Are you complaining?" Harry tilted his head and watched with a sudden awareness of his own sex appeal as Rodolphus' sharp blue eyes fell onto his shoulder where his robe slipped down to reveal a pale shoulder.

"Not particularly," Rodolphus answered absently, licking his lips with his eyes still locked on the bare skin revealed to him.

"Severus and Sirius know you are here, if they are not protesting then it is no one's business," Harry shrugged, and watched intently as Rodolphus' eyes followed the movement.

"Sirius did not look best pleased about it and Severus waved his vial of poison at me, but they allowed me passed," Rodolphus hummed. "Green, not red?" he suddenly said, reaching out to touch the sleeve of Harry's robe.

"I have a taste for green," Harry smirked.

"Mmm I am rather pleased with that," Rodolphus looked up at him again, and Harry was a little shocked at the hunger that he found in those blue eyes. Rodolphus slid his hand down Harry's sleeve until he could take Harry's hand. He gently lifted it and turned it over so that his wrist was barred to the Lestrange heir, and leaning forward Rodolphus pressed a lingering kiss to Harry's wrist without taking his eyes from Harry's.

Feeling breathless and electrified Harry felt as though he was going to come out of his skin when clever fingers then reached out and brushed gently over his chest. Just as he thought his heart would hammer its way out of his chest Rodolphus picked up the red teardrop from Harry's chest and leant forward to brush a kiss to that too.

"You are still wearing it?" Rodolphus asked curiously.

"You gave it to me," Harry shrugged.

"So, what did upset you about my letter to your parents?" Rodolphus asked. Harry glared at him a little letting him know that he had caught Rodolphus throwing him off centre.

"It wasn't the letter itself, it was their response," Harry sighed.

"They have been in touch with you? Merlin, those people do not know when to give in!" Rodolphus growled.

"They haven't been in touch with me, they did send a Howler to Sirius though, blaming him for snitching them out, how could you betray us, supposed to be my best friend, blah blah blah. Same rubbish, different argument. It was just James said something that...threw me a little," Harry sighed.

"What did they say?" Rodolphus narrowed his eyes.

"They threatened to break the contract between us and find someone else. I guess I just…freaked out I guess," Harry turned to look out the window again, but Rodolphus cupped his chin and turned him back to face him.

"Freaked out about what?"

"That they could break the contract. I...don't want to have to marry anyone else," Harry chuckled, relieved when Rodolphus laughed too.

"You know that they can't break the contract right?" Rodolphus asked softly.

"Yeah, Sirius and Severus reassured me about that," Harry bit his lip before looking at his fiance again. "I guess it just shocked me how much hearing that threat panicked me,"

"That makes me happy," Rodolphus brushed Harry's cheek gently. "I know that this didn't start off the best, but I have a lot of hope now. The more time I spend with you, the more time I want to spend with you. The thought that someone or something could take you away from me before we get a chance to explore what's between us. That scares me too,"

Harry hesitated for a second before moving onto his knees and wrapped his arms around Rodolphus' neck. The older man froze in place, looking as though he was scared that if he moved he would break the spell between them.

Harry brushed under Rodolphus' eye and along his sharp cheekbone, brushing his fingers through the silky soft black hair. He placed a gentle kiss to Rodolphus' cheek, slowly making his way down until he could press their lips together.

That seemed to suddenly bring Rodolphus back to himself, and he gently wrapped his arm around Harry's waist drawing him closer as he deepened the kiss, his other hand going up to tilt Harry's chin to a better angle, and suddenly the whole kiss was perfect.

The younger man sighed into his mouth and let Rodolphus take his weight as he hummed against his lips. When they parted both were breathless, and Harry couldn't help but breathe in the increasingly familiar scent of orange spice.

"I want to see where we're going as well," Harry breathed against his fiance's mouth.

"You're not good for me, you're going to drive me absolutely mad before the wedding. I didn't realise that four months could seem so long," Rodolphus groaned. Harry let out a slightly breathless laugh.

"Me either,"

"Can I ask…" Rodolphus cut himself off and looked softly at Harry.

"Yes?"

"Are you naked under here?" He grinned tugging Harry's sleeve.

"Dolphus!" Harry burned bright red as he shoved at Rodolphus' shoulder and scrambled back. His fiance started chuckling to himself.

"Sorry I couldn't resist," Rodolphus called after Harry concerned as he stalked toward the bathroom. He froze in place when Harry undid his robe and slipped it off his shoulders, standing with his back to Rodolphus. The older man stared as more and more skin was revealed to eager blue eyes.

At least until eager blue eyes heard the muttered spell and his vision was suddenly obstructed by skin warmed green silk.

"Sorry, couldn't resist," Harry's teasing laugh was followed by the bathroom door shutting.

"Ready?" Harry grinned stepping into the living room.

"Ready for…" Rodolphus blinked looking up from where he had been staring dubiously at the teacup in his hands while Sirius and Severus smirked at him.

"For our date, you haven't forgotten have you?" Harry raised his eyebrow.

"No! No, I hadn't but you said 3 and it is only 11 and…" Rodolphus pressed a finger to his eyes and Harry and Sirius started snickering.

"Welcome to life with Gryffindors," Severus said sympathetically.

“Where are we going?" Rodolphus asked putting his still full cup down onto the coffee table and stood up.

"An amusement park," Harry grinned.

"Oh, Merlin!" Severus snorted.

"Can we come?!" Sirius grinned.

"Nope!" Harry grinned back taking Rodolphus' hand.

"What is an amusement park?" The pureblood blinked allowing Harry to tow him to the apparation room.

"You'll see," Harry said cheerfully.

"Have fun!" Sirius yelled.

"Be gentle with him! You need him to marry! I can't see the Lestrange's allowing you to marry Rabastan for their money if he falls off a rollercoaster!" Severus called.

“Falls...rollercoaster?" Rodolphus said a little worriedly.

"It will be fun!" Harry laughed before apparating them out.

"How did you find it?" Sirius smirked at Rodolphus as he dropped onto the sofa.

"So many muggles...I still say that roller thingy wasn't safe either! There was no magic holding it to the tracks," Rodolphus grimaced.

"I told you, muggles have their own technology for that, it was perfectly safe. Besides you seemed to want to make sure it was safe by going on every rollercoaster 3 times," Harry laughed dropping onto the sofa next to Rodolphus, pressing himself against the older man's side.

"Ok?" Rodolphus asked combing his fingers through Harry's hair as he let out a big yawn.

"Mmm, just tired," Harry hummed dropping his head onto Rodolphus' shoulder.

"Have you guys eaten?" Sirius asked softly.

"Yes, I was forced to dine in a muggle restaurant," Rodolphus said in a put upon tone.

“Oh the horror, the horror of it all," Harry snickered.

"It wasn't actually that bad," The Lestrange heir admitted.

"See," Harry chided gently.

"I think that you could take me anywhere and I would enjoy it as long as I am with you," Rodolphus smiled at Harry as he looked up at him. At least until Sirius made gagging noises.

"Sirius!" Harry whined as his godfather and Severus started chuckling.

**Stopped after chapter five**