

be a nosy bugger. Maybe on the days I'm not training, and you're not too busy, I can bring you lunch and we can eat it together outside the hospital."

Harry hadn't been to St Mungo's, but there had to be a park nearby or something. A tree they could sit under, sharing sandwiches on warm summer days, before Draco had to get back to another endless shift of healer training.

In his head, the dream went further — Draco would become a fully qualified healer, one of the best young healers St Mungo's had seen in decades. Harry would play for England, and take them all the way to the World Cup Final at least once. And when he was done with quidditch, either through injury or boredom, maybe he'd get a Defence mastery. He could write textbooks; something that would allow him to be at home with their kids. However many they had. Hell, maybe he'd even teach, once they were all old enough to be at Hogwarts.

Did Draco even want kids?

He wasn't brave enough to ask.

"Sounds like a solid plan to me," Draco murmured. "We've got it all figured out." He sighed, breath tickling Harry's cheek. "Just got to get a sodding Dark Lord out of the way, first. And my father."

"If your father tries to stop us, I'll hex him," Harry assured, not wanting to touch on the whole Dark Lord matter. He felt Draco frown.

"That's not what I'm worried about," the blond dismissed. Harry caught his eye with a quizzical look, and Draco's expression darkened. "He raised me, Harry. I know I've had mother, but... you remember what I was like, before. I wanted to be just like him." His face twisted in a grimace. "Part of me thinks I always will be, in the end."

"You were twelve, Draco. We're all idiots at twelve."

"But that's twelve years of idolising a monster. Twelve years of him shaping me into the perfect little pureblood heir. The perfect soldier for his *master*. You think I'm better, but I'm not, deep down. I'm exactly what he raised me to be. I'll always be a Malfoy."

"You're a Black, and you know it," Harry argued without hesitation. "Don't pretend your mum hasn't raised you, too. You're a Slytherin, Draco, that doesn't make you your father. Hell, Snape's more your dad than Lucius Malfoy, in the ways that matter. And look at him — he's certainly not the picture of a light wizard, but he's still a good man. He still has the love of a good man, and a family."

"He just had to do awful things to get there."

"And he'll be damned if he lets you follow in his footsteps," Harry pointed out. He refused to let Draco believe, even for a second, that he might have anything but blood in common with Lucius Malfoy. "Don't think like that, Draco. You're a good person."