

Harry had no idea what that even *entailed*, but he knew the very idea of some other mystical *destiny*, some important power that was only his to control, just sounded too fucking exhausting to even contemplate.

“I’m going to go play quidditch with my boyfriend,” he said aloud, gathering up the wand and the cloak and the stone and chucking them all in the bottom of his wardrobe. “And I’m going to deal with all that later.”

As he hunted for his snitch, he heard Death chuckle in the back of his mind. *A wise choice, little Master.*

He grabbed his snitch, and didn’t look back at the wardrobe once on his way out.

Harry didn’t need time to think about it, truly. He knew exactly what he was going to do with those three items, the power they entailed.

He was going to keep it a secret, eventually pass the cloak on to his eldest child as tradition dictated, and die peacefully of old age without anyone knowing a single thing about the whole affair. That was not a kind of power he wanted to reintroduce to the world; Death had had its fun, letting the Hallows circulate. It was time to end that, now.

He sprinted across the grounds, seeing Draco waiting by the broom shed, both their brooms in hand. “You took your time! Forgotten what it’s like to use stairs like us common folk?” he teased. Harry kissed him with enough force to make him take a steadying step backwards, pulling back to a look of surprise. “What was that for?”

“I just love you,” Harry replied, smiling widely. “Now let’s fly.”

He grabbed his broom, kicking off into the air with a whoop of joy.

*Normality.*

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As a child, Harry had often wondered what it would be like to have siblings.

When he was vey young indeed he had thought Dudley would be like a sibling, though that hope had quickly died. Then when he met the Weasleys, spent time in their house and listened to all Ron’s stories about his older brothers, the jealousy had settled in him once more.

Of course, these days he had more honorary siblings than he could shake a stick at, but it wasn’t quite the same.

Not like playing with Nashira and the twins.

Amita — Amy for short — and Tahan, both eight years old and coming out of their shells after the hellish year they had been through, were absolutely destroying Harry at the board game they’d picked out. And he was loving every second of it.