

always expected to be married off to someone who would only want the same. An heir to the Malfoy line, and nothing else.”

“I’d have a whole quidditch team of kids if we could manage it,” Harry blurted, unable to hold it in any longer. He turned his gaze back to the stars, not wanting to risk seeing Draco’s judgement. “I know we probably won’t — though I bet there’s plenty of women who would happily carry for the Boy-Who-Lived, but... I don’t care about heirs or lines or any of that. I just... I love kids, Draco. Can we— I mean, do you—“

Draco cut him off with a firm kiss, and the knot of tension in Harry’s chest began to unravel. “As many as you want, Potter,” he promised, grinning against Harry’s lips. Harry sucked in a sharp breath.

“Really?”

“We can certainly afford it,” Draco pointed out. “I... the only thing I know about being a father is what *not* to do, but I’ll learn. I want to learn.” He pulled back, smirking slightly. “I’d have more kids than the Weasleys with you, if we could.”

“Maybe we could adopt some,” Harry suggested. “Orphans. Like I was.” Like Tom Riddle had once been. Kids who deserved to be shown what a family really was.

“Magical orphans with no other family are rare, but I’m not adverse to it,” Draco replied. “And Pansy has already agreed to carry at least one for me. Granted, we made that deal when we expected to be betrothed to each other, but she’s told me she’ll still honour it. As long as I agree to father a Parkinson heir for her should she manage to avoid marrying. Not the traditional way,” he added hastily, seeing the alarm on Harry’s face. “With spells.”

“Oh.” Harry frowned, confused. “Does Pansy not think she’ll get married, then?” Harry didn’t know much about Pansy, but he knew she wasn’t dating anyone.

“If Pansy marries, it’ll be out of expectation, or financial security,” Draco replied. “She doesn’t do relationships, or sex, or anything like that. The muggles have a word for it, she told me. Ar...Ae... Asexual, I think she called it.”

Harry remembered seeing books and things with that in the title, back at Infinite. “Oh. But she’s always so flirty?”

“She thinks it’s fun. And it’s a power play thing,” Draco dismissed with a vague gesture. “People will do a lot for you if they think they’ll get something in return — especially if they think they might get sex out of it. I keep telling her it might backfire on her one day, but she’s not bothered. Her mother taught her a Castration charm when we were teenagers and adult men started leeching on her.” Harry shuddered. “She would’ve been happy to marry me, if we’d been forced into it — I wouldn’t expect anything from her like that. And she likes the idea of being a mother. So we agreed that unless she was forced into another betrothal contract, I would father the Parkinson heir for her to raise unwed. A bit scandalous, but not the end of the world.”