

“Is she likely to be betrothed to someone else?” Harry asked in mild horror. He knew marriage contracts were a pureblood thing, but they seemed utterly barbaric to him.

“If her father manages to survive the war with his reputation in tact, yes,” Draco replied. “He’s determined to marry her off as soon as she graduates.”

Harry’s nose screwed up in disgust, and he made a mental note to keep an eye out for Mr Parkinson on any future battlefields. “That’s awful. None of our children are ever getting betrothed,” he declared firmly. Draco gave him a fond smile.

“Yes, dear,” he agreed obediently. “Though not all betrothals are bad. Millie’s been betrothed to some German boy since they were twelve — he goes to Durmstrang — and she’s absolutely head over heels for the bloke.”

Harry hadn’t known that, either — he really had to get to know Draco’s friends better. Though it was difficult, with both girls still pretending to be loyal future Death Eaters.

“Well I’m glad for her, but we’re still not forcing our kids into anything they don’t want.”

“Absolutely,” Draco confirmed, all teasing gone from his voice. “Our children will be able to love whomever they please, or no one at all if that pleases them too.” He dropped another kiss on Harry’s lips, and pulled back smiling. “All twelve of them, or however many we manage to gather.”

Harry laughed, and suddenly the blanket was tangling around their legs as he rolled them over, pinning Draco to the futon, stars utterly forgotten about. “I love you,” he whispered, heart so full he thought it might burst. Draco smiled back, then paused.

“We can wait until I’ve finished my healer training though, right?” he checked, suddenly looking wary. “I’m not sure I can handle fatherhood and that at the same time.”

Snickering, Harry nodded. “We can wait,” he assured, stroking Draco’s temple. “We’ll have all the time in the world.”

With a future so bright to look forward to, Harry would do anything to make sure they could have it. No matter how many Dark Lords or controlling headmasters stood in his way.

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They should have seen it coming.

It was the last day before school was due to return, and the occupants of Seren Du were gathered for one last family dinner. Ceri had outdone herself, cooking all of Harry and Draco’s favourites, and even Snape was in good spirits — as much as Severus Snape would ever express positive emotions, even in front of family.

Then, before they could even get to dessert, a huge silver lynx burst through the wall. Harry jumped to his feet abruptly — that was Kingsley’s patronus. “The Ministry has fallen. We have Amelia at the Den. Medical help required.”