

“How will I see the stars, now?” he asked, making Draco snort.

“You gave up on the stars ages ago,” he teased. “But if you want to go back to them, by all means...”

Harry whined, kissing the smirk off those pale pink lips.

They did eventually settle back down to look up at the stars, not wanting to waste such a gorgeous night. “I’ll admit,” Harry said after a long silence, “I’m glad that this time I’m leaving Sirius a free man. He won’t be trapped alone in Grimmauld.” That had been one of his biggest worries the year before, carefully watching the shadows in his godfather’s eyes whenever they spoke in the mirror.

“Even if he were still on the run, he wouldn’t be alone,” Draco pointed out. Harry hummed; that was true. Narcissa and Remus were planning on sticking around. And, of course, there was Charlie.

“Even better.” He smiled, thinking of Sirius and Charlie, how he’d been so perplexed by the unlikely couple at the beginning of summer. Now, he couldn’t imagine either of them with anyone else. They just *worked*. “I never thought I’d see him as happy as he is with Charlie.”

“They are certainly smitten,” Draco agreed. “The only worry you should have about leaving your godfather to go to school is the pair of them eloping while you’re gone.”

Harry laughed quietly. “Padfoot wouldn’t do that. He’d never miss an excuse for a party.” When he and Charlie got married, it would be an *event*, not an elopement.

Draco hummed, conceding the point. “Well, it’s one less line for you to provide an heir for, at any rate,” he remarked. “Which can only be a good thing, considering how many houses you’ve got to your name.”

Harry tensed, ever so slightly. He hadn’t thought about it like that; of course, any kids Sirius had would be more direct Black heirs than Harry. “Oh.” He bit his lip anxiously, staring up at the twinkling stars. “I mean... it wouldn’t be so bad to have enough kids for each house, would it?” His hand settled on the small of Draco’s back. “And the Malfoy line, of course. Four is a pretty reasonable number. Five if Sirius and Charlie don’t have kids.” Not that he could see that happening; Charlie wasn’t shy about voicing his hope to be a father in future.

“That’s four times we’d have to find someone willing to carry for us,” Draco pointed out. His tone was frustratingly even. Harry tilted his head, looking the blond in the eyes.

“But would you want to? If we could?” They’d never spoken about kids before, not really. Harry held his breath, waiting for a response.

“I... I hated being an only child,” Draco said eventually. “Father was only interested in securing an heir; once he did that, he was satisfied. And most pureblood families have trouble carrying to term these days — all the in-breeding, I suppose. Mother’s pregnancy with me was difficult, I don’t think they wanted to risk a second.” Harry saw Draco’s throat bob. “I