

Title: Against the Clock

Full Summary: Harry and Draco have been enjoying the quiet life, since the war. However, a mysterious visitor claiming to be Harry from the future shows up to warn the present Harry that Draco is destined to die...and there is nothing he can do to stop it. Harry must then travel to the future, to figure out what kills Draco, and to try to prevent it from happening. Sequel to *What If*.

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A/N: Hey, guys! So I don't have as many chapters written in advance for this as I wanted to, but I was so excited at your feedback and want for a sequel that I decided to post it now. I also thought I could use a little boost since this week was really shitty.

It might take awhile for the second chapter, and I just wanted to warn that I probably won't be able to update as often as you or I would like (almost graduating from college and I'm in the middle of the ever-dread job hunt).

But I hope you enjoy this story and thank you to those of you who have been around for the last four years waiting for this! BTW, the chapter may look short on here, but it's about 8 pages in Word :P

Chapter #1

The alarm beeped annoyingly and Harry Potter mumbled in his sleep. He reached over to the nightstand to try and smack the alarm. But the Snitch alarm took off around the room at his touch, and continued beeping. Harry groaned and buried his head under the pillow. He was very content on going back to sleep, when he felt a nudge.

"Get up!" Draco Malfoy muttered, burying himself under the blanket. "Turn that thing off...I wanna go back to sleep."

"You do it," Harry said back, sleepily.

"You're the one who has to get up for work," Draco said, glaring at the annoying alarm as if he could turn it off with his mind. "I, however, can work at my leisure and therefor do not need to get out of bed at this precise moment."

Lacking no real retort, since he was still very sleepy, Harry snorted. "Bite me."

Draco made an exasperated noise and reached for something on his nightstand. Harry couldn't help grinning as there was a flash of light and the Snitch alarm exploded, sending debris all over the floor.

"You know I would have turned it off if you had given me a second," Harry said, peeking out from under the pillow.

"You were taking too long," Draco mumbled, before he turned on his side pulled the blanket over his head. Harry couldn't help but smirk. Pushing the blanket off of himself, the 21-year-old stretched luxuriously and yawned. As always, Draco was right; Harry had to go to work.

It was hard to imagine that four years had passed since the war between the world and Voldemort had ended. Harry still thought back to all the battles and preparations that had taken place leading up to that final moment. Of course, his memory wasn't always clear. Bits and pieces of that year were very fuzzy, almost as if he was trying to remember something from a dream.

The memories of the alternate universe Draco had created had faded years ago, months after the event had taken place. In truth, only Draco could remember with clarity what had transpired during those months, and he no longer spoke of it. Instead, he kept the memories in little jars, hidden somewhere in their flat. He had thought it best to put them behind him. Hermione had agreed, considering the alternate world had held only one, main, positive aspect to it: Harry and Draco.

It had been a hard transition from enemies to lovers, but the two had persisted. They had fought almost constantly in those first couple of months of their relationship, not being

able to let go of old grudges and habits. It wasn't until they had sat down and discussed their unique situation that they put more effort into making the relationship work. To be honest, Harry at times still felt that Draco was an insufferable prat, but he was *his* insufferable prat.

Another reason why they found their situation difficult was because Draco had been sure Harry was still suffering the feelings from the alternate universe. The day Draco was satisfied Harry truly loved him was the day Harry couldn't recall a single clear detail from Draco's time travel. Things had been easier since then.

They married only a year after graduation and moved into a large flat in Diagon Alley. With both of their family fortunes, they could easily afford not to work, and they hadn't for a while. But then the young men found they were bored, and working gave them something to do. Harry readily accepted a post as an Auror, which had been offered to (and turned down by) him as soon as he had graduated, while Draco took a more leisurely post as a writer/Quidditch correspondent for the *Daily Prophet*.

Harry's work kept him busy, but with Voldemort gone and most of his followers caught, the Auror office wasn't as busy as it had been in the Dark Lord's heyday. Harry thought he would enjoy the change of pace and after he had defeated Voldemort, he had. But now, as time passed, Harry found himself growing restless again. He and Draco were falling into a rhythm of monotony, and Harry would do anything to change it.

The Man Who Lived eased himself out of bed and stretched a bit more, before making his way to the bathroom. Once he showered and brushed his teeth, he made his way back into the bedroom and to his closet. As he walked through the room, he stepped on the debris from the broken alarm and scowled. Glancing at the bed, he wasn't surprised to see Draco still asleep. Harry grabbed his wand from the nightstand and cleaned the mess, before continuing his daily routine.

By the time he was dressed and his hair was as tamed as it was going to be, Draco was just easing out of bed.

"Are you going to stop by the office today?" Harry asked, adjusting tying his shoes. "I thought maybe we can grab some lunch together."

"Eh, maybe," Draco said with a shrug, running a hand through his blond hair as he stood and stretched. "I was going to work on one of my articles today."

Harry sighed; he had figured Draco's answer would be that. "Okay then," he said, pulling on his robes. "I'll see you when I get home then." He grabbed his traveling cloak and made his

way to the bedroom door. He would grab some food at the Leaky Cauldron before he Apparated to the office.

"Harry, wait," Draco said, crossing the room and placing a hand on his husband's arm. He was silent for a moment before he sighed. "We're in a rut."

"Oh good, you feel it too!" Harry said with a relieved sigh. "I thought it was just me!"

"No, we're in a rut and we need to do something to stop it," Draco said. "We've fallen into this boring routine and we need to do something different than we would normally do."

"We can have sex, right now!" Harry exclaimed, throwing his cloak on the ground and starting to remove his robes. "We used to have sex in the morning all the time in school and just after we got married. I can be late to work! I don't mind!"

Draco couldn't help but laugh. "No, no, no," he said, pulling Harry's robes back around him and bending down to scoop up his cloak. "You shouldn't be late," he said. "But, we need to try and go out more. All we do is work and stay in. Maybe we can start a project or something."

"Like, what kind of project?" Harry asked, putting on his cloak. He was very disappointed Draco hadn't gone for his idea.

"Well, I was walking around the Alley yesterday and found out that the owner of Quality Quidditch Supplies is retiring," Draco said, adjusting Harry's tie. "I was thinking of buying the shop from him. It would give me something to do when I'm not writing and I thought it would be a good investment."

Harry smiled; he thought it was a brilliant idea. "Go for it!" he exclaimed, taking Draco's hands in his own. "If you want to buy and run the shop, I am more than willing to support you and help you. I think it's a great idea!"

Draco gave Harry his signature smirk. "I knew you'd agree," he said. "So I put down an offer already."

"Of course you did," Harry said with a shake of his head. He leaned forward and gave his husband a quick kiss before he checked his watch. He swore loudly. "I have to go!"

"But wait, I had another idea!" Draco exclaimed following Harry as he left the bedroom and made his way to the front door.

"Can it wait until later?" Harry asked, reaching the front door. "You did say you didn't want me to be late. And I still need to grab something for breakfast."

Draco sighed and rolled his eyes. "Fine," he said. He waved Harry on as he turned to go back to the bedroom. "I'll tell you when you get home later. Love you!"

Harry smiled as he stepped out the door. "Love you too!" he called, before he closed and locked the door behind him. He hurriedly headed down the stairs and out onto the busy street of Diagon Alley.

After grabbing a quick bite at the Leaky Cauldron, Harry Apparated. Popping up in the designated spot in London, Harry winced as he head still spun from the journey. He really did hate Apparating. He followed his fellow co-workers, waving and greeting the ones he knew. It was bustling as usual and Harry filed into the line of witches and wizards as he headed towards the employee entrance to the Ministry. The line was moving surprisingly quickly, causing Harry accidentally bumped into someone going the opposite direction.

The man was wearing a dark cloak and fedora, and seemed to be in a rush. Harry turned to apologize, but the man had already gone by the time he did. Shrugging, Harry turned back to the line and checked his watch again. Finally he found himself in the Atrium of the Ministry, hurrying towards the lifts. Several heads turned as he walked by, and several whispers passed between those surrounding Harry.

It wasn't as bad as it had been years before, or maybe he was used to it, but Harry rarely had trouble with people constantly watching him. By that point almost everyone in the Ministry didn't care that he was Harry Potter. He was just Harry to them. As he was just about to reach one of the lifts, he felt a thump on his back.

"Hiya, Harry," Ronald Weasley said with a grin.

He had long ago forgotten that Harry and Hermione had shared a secret about Draco. Hermione and Ron had married shortly after Harry and Draco had, and lived above Flourish and Blotts (to Hermione's delight). The four constantly met for meals and drinks, and while Ron was still uncomfortable around Draco, he kept any issues he had with the situation to himself.

"Hey, Ron," Harry said, grinning as they waited for the lift to arrive. "I didn't see you at the Leaky Cauldron this morning. Where's Hermione?"

"She's been here for almost an hour already," Ron said with a shake of his head. "And she made me breakfast before she left."

Harry frowned and checked his watch. "It's not even eight yet!" he exclaimed.

Ron shrugged. "I guess she wants to get as many hours in and as much work done as she can before she has her leave," he said.

"Doesn't she still have a few months before that comes up?" Harry asked.

Ron nodded and affectionately rolled his eyes. "She'll probably still make them send her work right to the apartment. She will never take time off." He then started as he remembered something. "Oh yeah, here!" he said, reaching into the pocket of his robes and pulling out a photograph.

Harry recognized the black and white photo as a sonogram and eagerly took it from Ron as they walked onto the lift. "Brilliant!" he exclaimed. "I'm so happy for you guys! Isn't this a Muggle photograph, though? It's not moving..."

"Yeah," Ron said, selecting Level Two. "Hermione is seeing two doctors, a Muggle one and a witch one. Something about wanting the experience from both perspectives or something." He gave Harry a look and another shake of his head as he said this.

Harry would have expected no less from Hermione. "She would," he said, waiting patiently for the lift to arrive at their floor. "Do you guys know if a boy or girl yet?"

"Hermione wants to wait to find out," Ron said with a shrug. "She says that there are so few surprises in life that she wants to enjoy this one."

"What do you want?" Harry asked as the lift stopped at their floor and the woman's voice announced their arrival to Level Two.

Ron shrugged again, following Harry out of the lift. "I want what she wants," he said. "It would be wicked to know ahead of time so we can finally settle on names. Hermione wants to make sure the names are universal for a Muggle and a wizard...I still don't know what she means by that. "

Harry couldn't help but chuckle. He knew Ron wasn't ready to be a father; they were all still pretty young. Harry was sure Ron had passed out when Hermione had told him the news and had since been going along with what Hermione wanted as if in a daze. As they made their way through Level Two, heading towards the office they shared, Harry let his mind wander to thoughts of fatherhood.

He wouldn't mind being a father one day...one day very far into the future. He just didn't know quite how he and Draco would go about it. They were both the last of their lines and they both wanted to have a child to carry on their families' names, but Harry wasn't sure how they would be able to do so, without involving a third party for help. But Harry quickly put the thought out of his mind. He was sure they would have several years to figure it out, once they actually had time to get used to the idea.

Harry and Ron arrived at their office and unlocked it, groaning as they saw the level of paperwork that had somehow made its way onto their desks.

"Who knew being an Auror would require so much paperwork?" Ron asked as they hung up their cloaks and settled at their desks. "They make it sound all glorified when you're doing the training. Then you actually catch a bad guy and it's like 'fill out all these forms!'" He looked at the paperwork in his inbox and groaned.

Harry chuckled and looked at his own pile of paperwork, which was almost twice as big as Ron's. "At least you're smart enough to bring some home with you," he said, taking the first couple of forms off the top of the pile. "This is going to take me forever. And watch, once I'm done, there's going to be another crazy guy trying to exclaim he is taking over the world, and we'll get more work to do."

"To be honest, I do it so Hermione won't always be bugging me about what colors to use in the baby's room," Ron said in a hushed tone, as if he feared Hermione would be listening right at the door. "Every time I pick one, or I think she is going to finally decide, she throws out all her ideas and starts all over again. Finally, I just said one night that I had work to do, and she was impressed and left me alone."

Harry shook his head at Ron. "That will only work for so long," he said.

"I know," Ron said with a grin. "But I am going to use it for as long as I can."

They lapsed into comfortable silence as they dove into their seemingly endless paperwork. Occasionally they would break into conversation, but most of the morning was spent remembering specific details and initialing everything. Any internal thoughts Harry had had earlier were gone as he immersed himself in his work. It wasn't until he heard Ron throw down his quill that he looked up.

"Man, am I hungry," Ron said, looking at his watch. "I have to meet Hermione for lunch in five minutes. Do you want to come with?"

Harry was just in the middle of one of his reports and sadly shook his head. "That's alright," he said. "I'll summon something. I want to get this done before I leave. Plus, I'm hoping Draco stops by."

Ron nodded understandingly, while still making the face he always did when Harry mentioned Draco. "Alright then," he said, standing and stretching. "I'll bring you back something. Give my best to Malfoy."

Harry laughed to himself at Ron's refusal to use Draco's first name. He had tried once and had said it had sounded so wrong he could never say it again. Harry and Hermione had

stopped trying to correct him and figured that as long as he didn't say 'Malfoy' with as much spite as he used to, they weren't bothered by it. Draco didn't care either way.

Harry sent his lunch order via memo down to the Ministry's kitchen before he dove back into his work. He was just finishing up writing a description of the suspect they had caught when he heard someone walk into his office. It was too soon for it to be his lunch, and Harry smiled as his thoughts immediately turned to Draco.

"I already ordered my lunch, you should have told me you were coming," Harry said, still not looking up from his report.

"I think you have me mistaken for someone else," came a slightly familiar voice.

Harry looked up, and before his desk stood the man he had bumped on the street earlier that day. He was of average height, but Harry couldn't see his face because of the fedora he wore. "I'm sorry," Harry said, putting down his quill, his eyebrows knitted with curiosity. "Can I help you?"

"Actually, Harry, I'm here to help you," the man said, pointing his wand at the door. Harry heard it lock and he immediately slid his wand out from under his sleeve, where he kept it hidden.

The man stared back at Harry, but because of the hat, he still couldn't make out his features. He was not only growing worried, but annoyed as well. "I don't need any help," he said, slowly standing. "And I suggest you unlock that door and leave."

"I just need to make sure we are not disturbed," the stranger said. "I have something very important to discuss with you."

"I'm sure you do," Harry said. "But I make it a point to know the people who need to speak with me. Who are you?"

The man was silent for a moment before he reached up and took the fedora off his head. He was a few years older than Harry, but the Auror was still struck as he stared at the man. He was confused as he stared back into a face he knew very well as his own. Indeed the man not only had Harry's unruly black hair, but his cheeks, nose, lips...even the very same brilliant green eyes. Harry could make out a faded lightning bolt scar under his hairline.

"Who the hell are you?" Harry asked, wasting no time pointing his wand at the man. He knew of every Glamour and Polyjuice trick in the book and he didn't like the idea of someone parading around looking like him.

"I'm you," he said. "Fifteen years from now."

OoOoO

A/N: My favorite things ever: cliffhangers :P

Chapter #2

Harry snorted at the man's statement. "Of course you are," he said. "And I'm a raging Hippogriff."

"I knew you wouldn't believe me," the stranger responded.

"Well what gave you that idea?" Harry asked. "We are surrounded by magic. Anyone could use Polyjuice or spells and claim to be someone they are not."

"But can everyone duplicate your wand?" the man asked, lifting his wand.

Harry saw the wand move and hit the man with a spell, which sent him flying into the wall. He hit it and slid onto the floor, dropping his wand in the process. Harry quickly dove out from behind his desk to seize it. He expected the man to immediately get back up and fight back, but he remained seated on the floor and gave Harry a look that clearly said 'really?'.

"You could have just asked for my wand," he said. "You didn't have to attack yourself."

"Stop saying that you're me, because you're not!" Harry snapped, his wand still pointed at the stranger.

"Well examine my wand then, if you don't believe me," the man said, still seated on the floor. "It will respond to you."

Harry glared, not wanting to take his eyes off the man, but his curious nature was getting the better of him, and he glanced down at the second wand in his hand. He was surprised to find himself looking at an exact replica of the wand he held in his right hand. It felt the same in his hand as well. Glancing back at the "time traveler" he scowled. "This doesn't prove anything," he said, wincing as he sounded exactly like Draco.

The man chuckled. "You sounding like him is only going to get worse," he said, putting his hands up in surrender as he slowly stood. "Before you know it, it'll be like you guys are one person."

"Sounding like who?" Harry asked, though he felt he already knew the answer.

"Sounding like Draco," the man said. "First you start sounding like him, then you start making the same facial expressions...it happens when you've been with someone for a long time..." Something akin to sadness passed through his eyes and Harry didn't understand why. He also didn't understand why the man said Draco's name so softly and lovingly. He felt his jealousy flare.

"How do you know Draco?" Harry asked, moving closer to the man, until his wand was right in the man's face.

The stranger sighed. "He is your husband, as well as mine," he said, motioning to his left hand, where an exact copy of Harry's wedding ring sat. "Let's see," he stopped to think. "You've been married for three years by this point." He seemed to be muttering to himself by the end of his sentence.

Harry was still not convinced. His mind kept scanning all the magic information he had gathered over the years, thinking of all the spells and potions that could make this happen, most of which were undetectable. He admired the man's persistence at his charade, but he still didn't believe him. "Alright, Me-From-Fifteen-Years-From-Now," he said. He had one test for this man. "Tell me one thing that no one else in the world would know about me."

The man made a noise of impatience and crossed his arms, a look Harry was sure he had done many times. Staring Harry directly in the eyes, he spoke. "Draco time traveled years ago to change how we met, then he changed the world back with he found out you died."

Harry, not expecting such a specific answer, went slack jawed and almost dropped his wand. There was no way on earth he could have found that out magically. Hermione wouldn't have told anyone such a thing, and was always with Ron. Draco wouldn't have told anyone either, and with his memories stored in a secret place, the only way the man would have known what had happened was if...

Harry looked back at the second wand he held and examined it more closely. It looked it little more worn than his did, but it was still the same wood and length. Even as he held it, he felt it was warm in his hand and when he gave it an experimental flick, sparks flew out of the end.

"Holy horntails..." Harry muttered, looking back at the older him. He used his own wand to try and detect any access magic that could explain the replica wand and whole other Harry. He couldn't find anything. The other Harry's eyebrows rose questioningly. Harry was almost stunned beyond words.

The surprise wore off quickly however, when he was suddenly hit with an important question. "What are you doing here?"

The same sadness that had passed on the other Harry's face before, passed again, this time making him look grave and depressed. He bent his head slightly, staring at the ground, refusing to make eye contact with the present Harry, who did not like that look on, well, his face. After a few minutes of silence, older Harry picked his fedora off the ground and stepped up to the younger Harry.

"I came to warn you," he said.

"About what?" Harry asked, his jaw set tight. A warning from the future is not something he ever expected, or wanted.

The older Harry sighed and glanced down at the ground before answering. "Draco is going to die," he said, looking back up at Harry. "And you're not going to be able to stop it."

The silence in the room was almost deafening. Harry's heart was beating rapidly in his chest, and he felt his head spinning at the words that had just come out of the older version of himself. He didn't understand; didn't want to. He felt like his whole world was coming down around him. "W-What?" he asked, hoping he had somehow heard wrong. He *must* have heard wrong.

The older Harry sighed. "Draco is going to die in a couple of years," he said. "And you won't be able to stop it."

He felt his heart slow down a bit as he found out it wasn't going to be immediately. But that didn't last long. "How? When?" Harry asked.

The older Harry shook his head. "I can't tell you when, or how," he said. "I don't even know how myself. Every time I tried to..." he stopped for a moment, seemingly afraid to say too much. "The how was always different. You just have to accept that he will die."

"Why are you telling me this?" Harry asked angrily. "Why would you even bother to bring this news to me if I can't do anything about it?"

"Because you need to know that your time with Draco is limited," the older Harry said sternly. "And you need to make the best of it. No fighting, no wishing for excitement. I know what you guys are going through right now. I remember quite clearly. You need to make the best of the time you guys have together, and then let him go."

"You know, you say you're me," Harry said, his anger rising. "But you clearly don't know who I am as a person. I can't just sit back and let Draco die! He risked everything he had because he loved me!"

"And it cost him!" older Harry snapped, yanking his wand out of Harry's hand. "His little wrinkle in time must have screwed something up and now he's gone. You don't know how many years I've spent trying to figure out what went wrong! That's why I'm warning you! To make sure that you don't make the same mistake I do and waste you time trying to figure out why!"

"So you're not going to tell me when the person I love is going to be taken from me," Harry said, his arms crossed. "And you don't know how, and you're going to tell me that I can't do

anything to stop it! If you think it had something to do with the time travel he did, why didn't you go back to try and stop him from doing that."

"Because if I did, then we wouldn't have..." the older Harry stopped.

"Ha!" the present Harry said excitedly. "You're not ready to move on from it anymore than I am!"

"You don't know the life we have together," the older Harry said. "I wouldn't give that up for anything in the world. Draco wouldn't want me to." He took a deep breath and checked his watch. "I'm here longer than I should be. Look, don't try and go back and stop it. It's only going to cause you heartache. When it happens, know that it was meant to, and try and move passed it. For both of your sakes. And don't tell Draco! He can't know or he'll do something stupid."

"Both?" Harry asked as the other Harry pulled a small vial out of his pocket. "Wait? No! You can't-." But before he could finish, the man smashed the vial on the ground, and was gone in a puff of smoke.

Harry yelled in anger as the smoke cleared and no one was there. He sunk into his desk chair, his heart racing and his mind spinning. He couldn't understand what had just happened. He needed to go home right away. Gathering his cloak, he left his office in a hurry, almost running into Ron.

"Hey, mate," he said, confused. "Where are you going?"

"I need to-." Harry stopped. He had to force himself to calm down and think about what he was doing. If he went home right at that point, he would spill everything to Draco. For some reason, he agreed with the older Harry that Draco shouldn't know. "Is Hermione in her office?"

Ron nodded. "Yeah," he said, still looking at Harry curiously. "She should be there by now."

"Good, I just need to talk to her," Harry said.

"With your cloak?" Ron asked, motioning to the cloth in Harry's hands. Harry looked down at his cloak and threw it back onto his desk, before he pushed passed Ron, heading to Hermione's office.

Harry barely noticed the people he passed as he rushed to one of the lifts. He was on edge. Everything made him jump and he kept looking around, hoping in vain to see his older self. When the lift finally got to Hermione's level, Harry nearly pushed passed the witches and wizards who were in his way. He found Hermione's office easily and rushed in. His bushy-

haired friend was busy scribbling away at her desk. She jumped when he threw her door open.

"Harry!" Hermione exclaimed. "You scared me half to death! What's wrong?"

"Hermione, you're never going to believe what happened to me just now," Harry said, hurriedly closing Hermione's office door and taking a seat in the chair in front of her desk. He was jittery and couldn't help his legs and arms from moving.

"Harry, you're very pale," Hermione said, concerned. She put her quill down and came around her desk. Harry smiled slightly as he could see the bump her pregnancy caused in her shirt. She took his hands and knelt in front of him. "What's wrong?"

"I had a visitor in my office a little while ago," Harry said, meeting Hermione's eye.

When he didn't go on, Hermione frowned. "Well," she said. "Who was it?"

Harry took a slight breath. "Me," he said.

Hermione blinked. "Um...okay," she said. "I don't understand."

"Hermione," Harry said. "The visitor in my office was me...me fifteen years from now."

Hermione's eyebrows shot up and were in danger of disappearing into her hairline. "What?" she asked. "But Harry, that's not possible!"

"Really, Hermione?" Harry asked, giving her a look. "With all that we've been through and all that Draco did. Do you really think it's impossible?"

Hermione thought for a second, before her eyebrows lowered. "Okay, guess not," she said slowly. "What did he want? What did he say?"

"He said..." Harry paused for a moment. He wasn't even sure he could say it out loud again. He took a deep breath. "He said that...in a couple of years, Draco is going to die. And I can't do a damn thing about it."

Hermione gasped. "Oh, Merlin, Harry!" she exclaimed. "W-What are you going to do? What are you going to tell Draco?"

Harry buried his face in his hands, trying to keep from crying. "I don't know, Hermione!" he exclaimed. "That's why I came to you. What do you think I should do? I almost ran home right now and told Draco, but the other me told me not to. Merlin, that sounds weird!"

Hermione wrapped her arms around her best friend in a tight hug. "Well, telling Draco is not a good move, he'd do something crazy," she said. "Like go into the future or something."

Suddenly a light bulb went off in Harry's head. It was the perfect plan, why hadn't he thought of it? Harry pulled away and looked up at Hermione. When she caught the look in his eyes, Hermione shook her head. "No! No, Harry!" she exclaimed, pulling away from him, as if he had burned her. "I was just joking! You cannot do that!"

"Why not?" Harry asked, standing up. "Hermione, he went into the past to make a future for us. Why can't I go to the future and do the same?"

"How are you going to get there?" Hermione asked, her arms crossed and her tone suggesting he had just tried to take a test without studying. "It took Draco months and months of researching before he traveled into the past."

Harry thought wildly, focusing on the conversation he had just had in his office. "It's different," he concluded. "Draco had to think about our relationships at the time and trace every social interaction and event in our lives. Then he had to choose a specific moment to go back to."

"Exactly how is this different?" Hermione asked.

"All I need is to pick a month and day," Harry said. "The other Harry said he had traveled back many times trying to figure out why. If I go to his year, the event would have been long passed and I can do my own research and find out what happened, the old-fashioned way."

"Harry, you're sounding crazy," Hermione said. "Draco barely found books on going to the past. How are you going to find books on going to the future?"

Harry looked at her and smiled. "You volunteer at Flourish and Blotts don't you?" he asked.

Hermione glared at him. "I won't do it!" she snapped, crossing her arms. "Harry James Potter you are insane to even think about doing such a thing. You're not taking anything into consideration."

"Such as?" Harry asked.

"What about future Harry's life?" Hermione asked. "Draco said he took the body of the Draco of that time. What if you take your older self's body?"

"So what?" Harry still didn't see the problem.

Hermione sighed heavily. "Harry, you will have his life!" she exclaimed.

"Hermione! Without Draco, I have no life," Harry said softly. Hermione was silent. "What if it was Ron? What would you do?" She hadn't thought of that possibility and seemed struck by silence at his statement. Her hand immediately flew to the small bulge of her stomach.

"Hermione, I have to do this."

She closed her eyes, and with one final sigh nodded. "Okay," she said. "But we have to be smart about this. You need to do your research! And do NOT tell Draco anything about any of this! He will either try and stop you, or try and take your place and we can't have him do either."

Harry nodded in agreement. "Right!" he said. He then paused. "What do we do now?"

Hermione rolled her eyes. "Research, Harry," she said. "Lots and lots of research. And you have to do it. I can't do it because I won't be the one time traveling. The only thing is: how are you going to do research without Draco finding out?"

Harry thought for a moment. "Well, he put down an offer for Quality Quidditch Supplies," he said. "Chances are he'll spend most of his free time there, fixing up the place and whatnot. I'll just have to do the research while he's at the shop. But I'm also supposed to help him and still work here. Merlin, I don't know what to do!"

Hermione was silent for a moment. "Take a leave of absence from here," she said with a shrug. "You don't need to work here. I know you only do because you were bored of staying at home. The shop is going to need a lot of work. It was falling into disrepair long before he put the place up for sale."

Thinking over her words, Harry had to agree that Hermione had a point. Draco probably wouldn't want Harry afoot too much. He could spend some of the day helping Draco, and the rest doing his research. If he was careful enough, and kept all of his research notes in his study, Draco wouldn't be the wiser. He could even probably still do some of his Auror paperwork as well: just so Draco wouldn't get suspicious.

"Here's what I'm going to do," Harry said sitting up, less jumpy now that he had some form of a plan. "I'll switch to part-time and work at home, then I'll help Draco at the shop and somewhere in there I'll do research."

Hermione looked at Harry as if she didn't quite agree with his plan, but she kept her mouth shut and nodded. "If you need any books, just put them on my account," she said, returning to her desk. Harry nodded, took a deep breath, and stood to go. "Harry..." Hermione looked like she wanted to say something, but wasn't quite sure what. Harry knew she wanted to warn him, or make some other excuse as to why he shouldn't go through with his plan, but he had to, and she knew it. He just gave her a small smile and left her office.

The first thing he was going to do when he got home was wrap his arms around Draco and never let go.

OoOoO

A/N: And there is the second chapter. It was finished WAY quicker than I thought it would be. I cannot guarantee the next chapter will be out as quickly as this one, but I hoped you enjoyed it. Also, I won't spend so much time on the research portion of the traveling like I did with the last one (mainly because of that reason :P)

Chapter #3

Harry couldn't help the heavy sigh that escaped him as he stood outside their flat door. He didn't know what to say. He had spent all day at work trying think about what to say to him. He had barely done any of his reports. He wanted to tell Draco everything, but he knew he couldn't. He figured that if he waited any longer to go in, Draco would grow suspicious. He needed to just play things by ear for a bit. He had already spoken to his boss about switching to part-time at home, so part of his plan was already in motion. Having some kind of plan had already helped his nerves to calm down.

Taking a deep breath, Harry unlocked the door to the flat, pushed it open and took a step forward.

He was surprised when the door hit something and bounced back at him, almost hitting him in the face. Frowning, Harry pushed against the door until a sizeable gap appeared and he was able to poke his head in. The hallway was completely packed with boxes and Draco was no where to be found.

"Draco!" Harry called. "Draco! I can't get into the flat!"

It was quiet for a few minutes, which worried Harry. Draco did not respond, and Harry did not hear anything coming from the apartment. He was already paranoid as it was. He was about to pull his wand out and blast the door open, when he finally he heard movement from the dining room and Draco poked his head out. "Sorry, Love," he said, ducking his head back in, so he was out of sight once more. "Give me a moment."

Harry heard the shuffling of papers and Draco fully stepped out of the dining room, wand pointed at the boxes. They slid away from the front door, giving Harry enough space to enter their flat. "What is all this stuff?" he asked, locking the door behind him.

"All the receipts for Quality Quidditch Supplies," Draco said, still moving the boxes out of the hall with his wand. Harry followed his husband as he directed the boxes into the living room.

"So you got the shop!" Harry said happily. "That's great!"

"Of course I got the shop, why wouldn't I?" Draco asked cockily.

Harry suddenly registered what he has said a few second before. "Wait, all of the receipts?" Harry asked. "As in, all of them ever?"

Draco nodded grimly. "The prat didn't think it was necessary to keep them organized," he said with a roll of his eyes. "But apparently he felt the need to keep every single one!"

"What are you going to do with them?" Harry asked, removing his traveling cloak.

"Well, sort them for one," Draco said. He motioned to the dining room where Harry could still hear some papers shuffling. "I've got a couple boxes in there organizing themselves by date. I don't know what to do with them after."

"What about putting them in a binder?" Harry suggested.

Draco frowned. "A what?" he asked.

Harry smirked. He often forgot Draco's lack of knowledge when it came to Muggle things. "A binder," he repeated. "It's how Muggles keep papers organized. It's like a book without pages and you put the papers in yourself in whatever order you want."

Draco frowned and then shrugged. "At this point I'll try anything," he said. "I don't want to get rid of them just yet. I need to go through and make sure his finances were correct. The last thing I want is to inherit any debts or bad financials."

Harry nodded understandingly. Now that his confusion, and brief panic, was over, he remembered why he had been in such a rush to get home. Draco's hair was falling into his eyes and his clothes were slightly wrinkled and dusty from working with the boxes. But Harry still thought he was the most incredible looking person he had ever seen, and he couldn't help but reach out and pull his husband into a tight hug. He nuzzled his face into his soft blond hair and placed a kiss on his temple.

"You're awfully snuggly this evening," Draco said, his arms circling Harry's waist.

Harry wanted so badly to tell him why. "It's...been a long day," he said, pulling away to look at Draco. He leaned in for a kiss, but the former Slytherin pulled his head back briefly. He narrowed his eyes and seemed to be studying Harry.

"What?" The raven-haired man asked.

"What's wrong?" Draco asked, his eyes still narrowed.

Harry cursed his husband's intuition. "Why do you think something is wrong?" he asked.

"Harry, most of my adolescent life was spent making your life a living hell," Draco reminded him. "I had to learn to tell when something was bothering you. It's how I knew I was doing my job right."

Harry had to admit that Draco had a point.

He knew he had to tell Draco something; otherwise he would keep bugging Harry until he cracked. "Well, I decided to switch to part-time," Harry said. "So I can help you with the shop."

"But you love working," Draco said, frowning. "There's not much you can do in the shop at the moment."

"Well, you said we were in a rut," Harry reminded him. "I decided to do something different. Besides, I want to help you, and spend more time with you."

Draco continued to study Harry through his piercing, narrowed, gray eyes. Harry, in turn, tried to make sure his expression remained completely neutral and sincere. He didn't know how he could have thought he would be able to keep anything from Draco. He had always been able to read him like a book. Harry simply smiled, trying to keep his thoughts blank.

"Well, you can help me reorganize the store," Draco said, his suspicion leaving him, for the moment as he relaxed into Harry's embrace.

"And by help you," Harry said. "You mean you tell me where to put things and I do it without question."

"Exactly," Draco said. "How else would I have meant it?"

Harry laughed and pulled away from the embrace. "What do you want to do for dinner?" he asked. "I'm assuming with all these boxes covering our dining room, you don't want to eat here."

"Merlin, no," Draco said. "Why don't you let me go clean up, then we can grab some dinner at the Leaky Cauldron."

Harry nodded and let his husband walk into their bedroom, his eyes following him the entire way.

OoOoO

"I have no idea what I want to eat," Draco said as he and Harry sat down in their usual booth. "Are Hermione and Weasley going to join us?"

"Probably," Harry said, looking around. He didn't see any sign of his friends, but he knew Hermione's new appetite would mean they would be visiting soon. They always came to the Leaky Cauldron at the same time of day.

"Well, before they do I want to talk to you about something," Draco said, putting his arm around the back of Harry's chair. "I tried to talk to you this morning but you were running late."

Harry remembered what he was referring to. "Right," he said, shifting to turn focus on Draco more. "What was the other idea you had for a project?"

Draco was silent for a moment, before he licked his lips nervously. "Harry," he said, putting his hand on his husband's knee. "I think we should talk about having a child."

"How?" was all Harry could ask. He had not expected this to be what Draco had been talking about, and he had no idea how they would go about making it possible.

Draco smiled slightly. "I expected you to laugh," he said. "Or at least run away screaming."

"Oh believe me, I am terrified and my legs are trying to run on their own at the moment," Harry said. "But I'm just curious as to how you think we can go about doing this?"

"There are several ways," Draco said, shifting his chair closer now that he had Harry's full and complete attention. "Ever since my mother learned of my preference for, well, you, she's been researching ways for two men to have a child. We both have very important bloodlines, and our children would be very powerful."

"I agree," Harry said. "But, once again, *how*?"

"I'm getting to that!" Draco exclaimed. "You need to be more patient. Mother says that the doctors at St. Mungos have been researching two ways. First, we have a surrogate to carry our child. Then, they will take sperm from one of us and transfigure it into an egg. Then they would go through the process of fertilizing that with the other's sperm and having the surrogate carry the baby."

"Sounds very complicated," Harry said, screwing up his nose at the details. He didn't feel comfortable with the idea of doctors transfiguring their...stuff. "And then we don't have the fun part of creating a baby."

"Well, that's what I said," Draco said. "But the second way they are working on would not require a third party." He seemed very excited, his eyes sparkling. "They might have found a way for a man to have a child."

Draco was clearly excited, but Harry was completely flabbergasted. "How the bloody hell are they trying to do that?" he asked.

His husband shrugged. "I don't know all the details," he said. "I know it involves some slight gender bending potion, a transfiguration potion and a lot of fertility potions. I mean, constant fertility potions." Harry still couldn't wrap his head around the idea. He stared off into space for a moment, trying to picture it. "Don't overthink it, Harry!" Draco snapped, taking Harry's face in his hands and making him look at him. "Think about it. We can have a child. Our child! Just ours! We don't need a surrogate or a donor. It can be just ours."

Harry thought about what Draco was saying. There was a possibility that he could have a child with the man he loved more than anything else in the world. "How far along does your mother think the research is?" he asked carefully.

"Considering she has been funding them for the past four years, they are pretty far along," Draco said with a smile. "The first option has been successfully tested. They just haven't been broadcasting it for privacy reasons. It's also very expensive."

Harry suddenly frowned and pulled away from Draco slightly. "Wait," he said. "Are you planning to be their test subject for the second option?"

Draco shrugged. "Maybe," he said. "Why not? I'm healthy. My bloodline is very strong, magic wise. Plus, my hips are bigger than yours."

"That's why I am a better Seeker," Harry couldn't help but joke, earning a smack in the stomach. "Okay, okay, sorry." He sighed and looked at Draco, sternly. "Are you sure? Wouldn't you rather wait until it's tested by someone else first?"

"Why should I?" Draco asked. "Can you imagine what this could do for men like us if it's successful?"

"What if it's not, Draco?" Harry asked.

Draco opened his mouth to answer, when Ron and Hermione arrived at their table, greeting the couple loudly. Draco shut his mouth and glanced at Harry out of the corner of his eye. He was clearly not done with their talk, but he put on a smooth smile and squeezed Harry's knee. They would talk about it more when they were alone.

Dinner ended up lasting longer than the two thought it would, but they were in high spirits as they walked back to their apartment, hand in hand. They chatted about random things that had happened during dinner, and once they got to their apartment, they decided to shower before bed. They were naked and washing in the shower minutes after opening their front door. Well, Draco was washing; Harry was just watching him, a small smile on his face. He loved how the water and soap ran down his husband's lean body. Surprisingly, he was only slightly aroused by the situation. The reason he was watching was simply to just admire. The future Harry had shaken him up and he was going to take every possibly moment he could to admire what he had.

"You're watching me," Draco said, his eyes closed as he washed his face under the spray of the shower. "I can tell. I can feel your eyes on me."

"Is that a problem?" Harry asked, knowing the answer.

"Of course not," Draco said, wiping the water from his eyes before opening them. "You should watch me. I'm very sexy and probably won't have this figure for long. I was just wondering if you were going to do anything with what you see."

Harry smiled and pulled him into a tight hug, but did not go further than that. Draco seemed confused for a moment, before he put his arms around Harry as well. He had been expecting much more than a hug. "Harry," he said, not pulling away. "You've been strange since you got home. Are you sure you're alright? I really didn't scare you with my child talk did it?"

Harry was silent and Draco pulled away.

"Harry, you are hiding something from me," he said. "And I don't like it. Tell me what's wrong."

Harry sighed and ran his hand through his wet hair. "Okay, it has nothing to do with the child thing. Here's the thing," he started, not having any clue how he was going to continue. He thought for a moment, choosing his words carefully. "If you knew something was going to happen, but you didn't know when or how. What would you do?"

"Is there going to be another attack?" Draco asked, clearly alarmed. "Like when You Know Who-"

"No, nothing like that," Harry said quickly.

Draco relaxed for a second. "Oh, good," he said, relieved. "What kind of thing?"

"I can't tell you," Harry said, with a firm shake of his head. "You know I would if I could. But if you were told you couldn't so anything about this...event, we'll say. What would you do?"

Draco was silent, his lips pursed as he stared into Harry's eyes. He was quiet for a long time, clearly thinking over Harry's words and his tone. Harry could see so many questions dancing across Draco's face, but he kept them to himself. It was several moments before Draco finally answered. "I would do everything I could to stop it," he said softly. Harry knew that would be his answer.

Draco's look was a very telling one. He clearly knew something was wrong, but he was not going to push Harry for details.

Harry let out a shaky breath and nodded. "Okay," he said, before leaning forward and kissing Draco. He hugged him tightly. "If you want to try the Healers experiments, I will help and support you."

He could feel Draco smile against him briefly, before he hugged Harry back just as tightly, letting him know he understood his cryptic message.

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A/N: Finally got this done! I'm been sitting on half this chapter for about a week now, not quite sure how I wanted to continue/include in it. I wanted it to be much longer, but I was afraid of including too much in one chapter. Please let me know what you think!

Chapter #4

OoOoO

"More to the left, Harry! No, *your* left! Oh, bloody hell!"

Draco marched across the store, shaking his head, his wand drawn. Harry looked at him confused, wondering what he had done wrong this time. "What?" he asked, his hands clutching a display mannequin that was dressed in one of the Holyhead Harpies uniforms they would be selling. "I was moving it to where you wanted!"

"That's not how I pictured it in my head," Draco mumbled, pushing Harry to the side. He pointed his wand at the Quidditch robes display and moved it slightly to the left of where Harry had put it. Harry saw no difference where it was now located. "There! Perfect!"

Harry wanted to throttle him. The last couple of weeks they had spent reorganizing the store had been insane. When they had finally received the keys to the shop, and had stepped in to take a look around, Draco had decided that the whole flow of the room was completely wrong, and everything needed to be taken down, cleaned, and then put where he wanted it to go. He had also arranged where the cashier's counter was, making it the first thing people saw when they walked in, stating it would help the customers to see a friendly face immediately. Harry had tried his best to follow his husband's directions precisely as he helped move things, but what he did was never right.

I love my husband and will not kill him, I love my husband and will not kill him, Harry thought to himself over and over again as he went into the back to organize the empty boxes they were storing back there. He was spending a lot more time at the shop than he had originally anticipated he would, but it was the only way to spend time with Draco. His husband was very busy with the shop and almost always came home late.

Harry's researching for his time travel trip was going slowly. Hermione had been right that it would be difficult, and he had only been able to find two or three books on the subject. What he really needed was to spend some time in the Hogwarts library, but he did not have the time to go there, and knew Madam Pince wouldn't dare let him check any books out now that he was no longer a student. It would also raise eyebrows and questions as to why Harry Potter was spending more time in the Hogwarts library than he did when he was actually a student.

So for now, Harry had to rely on the books he could get at Flourish and Blotts. From what he knew, Draco had to preform an entire ritual. Harry had only found the recipe for a potion. It allowed him to glimpse into the future, but that wouldn't help him. He couldn't just glimpse. He needed a way to travel there. Harry wished he had been better at Potions and found the whole situation oddly ironic.

"Harry! HARRY! Where did you go?" Draco called from the front room.

Harry groaned in frustration before he fixed himself with a smile and poking his head out from the back. "Yes, Draco?" he asked sweetly.

"Can you go grab us some sandwiches from the Leaky Cauldron?" Draco asked, waving his wand around the room and rearranging several displays for the third or fourth time. "I'm really hungry and don't want to stop right now. I think we may be able to open next week!"

"Thank, Merlin!" Harry mumbled under his breath, stepping out from the back room.

"What?" Draco asked, throwing Harry a glance over his shoulder.

"Nothing!" Harry said hurriedly, putting a smile on his face. "What kind of sandwich would you like?"

After Draco gave Harry his lunch order, the Man Who Lived grabbed his cloak and headed out onto the street. He smiled as the canvas, which covered the front window display, immediately caught his eye. Draco had used bright colors display that the shop was under new management and would be opening soon. He wanted to be sure everyone walking passed saw the notice, and he wanted to make sure to open within the month. According to him, students would be heading to Hogwarts soon and it would help business. Harry had to admit that his husband was smart.

As he walked to the Leaky Cauldron, Harry began to think about how he would move forward with his plan. He couldn't find anything that had been created solely for traveling forward, maybe he could create something. But Harry again thought about his lack of knowledge with Potions and shook his head to clear it. He needed to focus on getting some food first. The Leaky Cauldron was very busy when Harry entered, and he had to wait several long minutes before he could place his order.

When he did finally get to speak to Tom, Harry had to wait even longer for their lunch order to be filled.

"How are you, Mr. Potter?" Tom, asked with a smile as Harry waited for his food.

"I'm alright, Tom," Harry said with a nod. "And you?"

"Not too bad," Tom said. He grew quiet for a moment as he studied Harry. "You've got a look about you, Mr. Potter. You seemed troubled."

Harry smiled slightly. "You sure do know how to read people, Tom," he said. "But it's alright. I'm just worried about the shop is all."

"Ah, that would cause some stress," he said. Harry and Draco's food arrived and Tom packed it in a large bag for Harry. "Is this together or separate? I know how Mr. Malfoy hates for you to pay for him."

"Just combine them," Harry said with a wave of his hand, reaching into his pocket for the right coins. He suddenly froze as a thought struck him.

Combine them...

"Mr. Potter?" Tom asked. "Are you alright?"

Harry didn't hear the man; his mind was too busy racing with ideas. What if he combined two potions? What if he combined a traveling potion with the potion that allowed him to see the future? Would it work? Would he then be able to travel into the future?

He looked up at Tom and realized the man was giving him a funny look. "Sorry, Tom!" he exclaimed, dropping some money on the counter. "I just thought of a possible solution to the problem I was having."

Tom handed Harry his food. "Well, I hope it works," he said, taking the money. Harry began to leave the inn before he could make change. "Mr. Potter! Your change!"

"Keep it!" Harry called, rushing passed the patrons. He had to ask Draco if it was possible to combine two potions. If it was, Harry's idea might just be crazy enough to work. He didn't know how he would do it, but he at least had something he could try.

He walked as fast as he could through the throngs of people out for their daily shopping. He ignored any stares he received, eager to reach the shop. He tried to remain calm when he finally did reach his destination, not wanting to make Draco anymore suspicious than he already was. He entered the shop quickly, searching wilding for his husband.

"Draco? Draco where the bloody hell are you?" he asked when he couldn't see the familiar head of blond hair he was looking for.

"Up here!"

Harry looked up to see Draco hovering on a broom, arranging a display on top one of the taller cabinets. "Did you get the food?" he asked.

"Yes, but I have a question," Harry said, dropping the bag of food on the cashier's counter.

"About what?" Draco asked curiously.

"Potions."

Draco looked at Harry as though he had an extra head. "Are you feeling alright?" he asked.

"Yes, I'm fine," Harry said impatiently. "But again, I have a question about potions."

"Okay, okay. I heard you the first time," Draco said, lowering himself back onto the ground.

"What's your question?"

"Can you combine potions?" Harry asked excitedly.

Draco frowned, reaching for the bag of food. "You have to be more specific," he said.

"Combine them how?"

"You know," Harry said, getting impatient. "Take two potions and mix them together!"

"You could, if you wanted to melt your skin off or cause an explosion," Draco said, removing a sandwich from the paper bag. "Which one is mine?"

"The bigger one," Harry said, somewhat saddened.

"Potions are very dangerous if they aren't done properly," Draco continued. "Every instruction should be read thoroughly, and every ingredient measured precisely."

"So you can't combine them," Harry stated, taking a seat on the stool behind the counter. He was back to square one.

"Not necessarily," Draco said, unwrapping his sandwich. "Not when they are already made at least."

Harry perked up. "What do you mean?" he asked.

Draco took a bite of his sandwich and smiled. "Bloody fantastic," he said with his mouth full.

"Draco, put the sandwich down! Focus!" Harry exclaimed, causing his husband to jump slightly. "This is very important! What do you mean?"

Draco frowned at Harry, but he could tell the man was on edge so he did as he was told. Turning his full attention to Harry, he swallowed the food in his mouth before speaking. "If you have the right ingredients measured for two separate potions, and prepare them the same as you would if they were separate, but in the same cauldron. Sometimes you can combine them to create a new potion. It depends on the potions and the ingredients."

Harry grew very excited once more. "Excellent!" he exclaimed, jumping off the stool.

"But it would have to be done very, very precisely!" Draco warned. "Otherwise, you have no idea what can happen. I mean, you still don't, but there's more of a chance something could go wrong."

Draco studied Harry as the raven-haired man pondered what he had just heard. "Harry what are you thinking of doing?" he asked. Harry looked up at him and gave him the same look he had given him when they had been in the shower several weeks before. Draco took a deep breath and nodded slightly. "I see."

They remained silent as they studied each other, listening to the sounds of the people out on the street. When one of them finally spoke, it was Draco. "Harry," he said. "If I were to help you, I would I have to know what was going on. What are the two potions?"

Harry sighed and ran his hands through his hair. "You can't know," he said almost immediately. "It's too dangerous."

"Harry James Potter," Draco said, crossing behind the counter where Harry stood. "For weeks now I have known that something is happening and I know it has to do with me being in danger, otherwise you would tell me everything." Draco's intelligence once again surpassed Harry's cunning. "If you are doing something with potions, you are going to need my help. And if you need my help, I'm going to need to know which two potions you want to combine, otherwise things can go very, very badly."

Harry looked at anything but Draco. He couldn't look into the piercing grey eyes of his lover, otherwise he would spill everything. He couldn't afford to. But Draco wasn't having it and he grabbed Harry's face in his hands and made the man look at him.

"Harry, don't make me ask you again," he said in a low dangerous voice. "What are the two potions?"

Harry gulped, his thoughts racing. If he told Draco, he would know, but he needed his help. He was a fool to think he would have been able to keep the situation from Draco. Hermione was great at potions, but Draco was the best he knew. Even had Hermione admitted it at one point. Harry didn't see how he would be able to keeping going without telling Draco something.

He closed his eyes for a brief moment before he stared back at Draco. "One potion is for traveling," he said softly, his voice catching in his throat before he could continue.

Draco nodded. "Okay," he said, just as softly. "And the other?"

"I can't," Harry said, shaking his head and pulling away from Draco. "I can't tell you, it would give too much away."

"Potter, I need to know!" Draco snapped. He only used Harry's surname when he was getting upset.

"I can't tell you, Malfoy!" Harry shot back, turning to walk away. He couldn't be near him at the moment or things would go badly. He needed to leave and be somewhere other than there.

"Damn it, Harry, tell me for Merlin's sake!" Draco yelled. "I have a right to know! You are planning to travel somewhere and I am your husband! Why won't you tell me?"

Harry couldn't take it anymore and rounded back to glare at Draco. "You want to know?" he asked, his voice just as equally raised as Draco's had been. "You want to know what the second potion is?"

"Yes! Just tell me already!" Draco snapped.

"It's a future potion, Draco!" Harry yelled.

The room grew dead silent. Harry's chest was heaving and his body was shaking with nervous and tension. He had lost it, just like he had known he would and he couldn't take back the words he had just said. All he could do was wait for Draco's reaction.

Draco was still, his head bent as his eyes stared at the ground. He had already put two and two together. "Why?" he asked, his voice filled with fierce emotion that Harry couldn't quite place. "Why do you need to travel to the future?"

"No," Harry said, shaking his head.

"Tell me," Draco said, looking at him, his eyes narrowed dangerously and his voice scarily steady. "Tell me or-" He left the thought out there without saying anything more. Harry knew with what threat he had wanted to finish his sentence with.

He crossed the room to Draco in only two strides and pulled him into a harsh, but passionate kiss. His husband resisted at first, but after a few seconds he grabbed Harry and kissed him back just as fiercely. When Harry managed to rip his mouth away, he rested his face against the side of Draco's head.

Taking a deep breath, he said, "Because if I don't go, you will die."

Draco froze and Harry heard his breath catch in his throat, as Harry's had done moments before. They remained very still and silent for a long time. Harry didn't know what was going through his husband's mind, and he was scared to find out. Nothing Draco could say would make Harry stop doing what he was planning to do, even if it meant going down the path on his own, Harry would. He would do anything in his power to stop the death of the man he loved.

Eventually Draco pulled back from Harry and looked at him. Harry could see numerous emotions in Draco's eyes, the most noticeable one being fear. He was scared of what he had heard. He was also probably wondering how Harry knew such a thing was going to happen. Harry knew he had to say something.

"I didn't want to tell you," he said. "I know I can stop it. I just need to find out how. That's why I need the potions. I need to figure out how and when and stop it. Please..."

He didn't know what he was begging from Draco, so he stopped and waited for his husband to respond. After a few more moments, Draco detangled himself from Harry's arms and crossed his arms, gripping his elbows tightly.

"Well," he said, stopping for a moment to clear his throat. "We'll finish up organizing the shop and head home so I can look at the books you don't think I know about."

He walked away and pulled his wand out of his pocket, waving it. Things in the shop began to reorganize themselves again, while empty boxes and wrappings began to float through the room, heading for the storage room in the back.

"Draco-" Harry began, not knowing what to say.

"Harry, don't," Draco said softly. He took a deep breath and looked at Harry with determination. "Since it's clear I'm not going to drop dead very soon, I will not let all the work we put into this shop be for nothing. Help me finish here, please." A small smile was playing on Draco's lips. He wasn't going to stop Harry, he was going to help him do whatever he needed to do.

"How did you know it's not going to happen soon?" Harry asked with a small smile of his own. He felt as though a large weight had been lifted off his shoulders, but it was only brief. He thought on everything he had to do and what would happen if he failed and his smile faded, his expression becoming determined. *He would not fail.*

Draco smirked back. "Because if it was, you wouldn't let us be working," he said. "You'd have me locked in our bedroom, shagging the daylights out of me."

Harry's thoughts shifted immediately and he pulled Draco towards him, giving him another harsh kiss. He removed his own wand from his back pocket and waved it at the front door. The door locked loudly, and the shade was pulled down over it. "It may still happen," he said.

Draco dropped his wand and began fumbling with the zipper on Harry's pants. "It better happen!" he growled, before attacking his husband's mouth once more.

OoOoO

A/N: Well, there you go! Another chapter down! While I was writing this, I came to the realization that Draco needed to know. It wouldn't be very characteristic of Draco to let what Harry was doing go. I thought this would be the perfect way for him to find out, and it also spiced things up a little to have them argue, like old times. Reminds us that they are still rivals at heart and will get on each other's nerves.

Chapter #5

After several more pumps of his hips, Harry became completely unraveled as well, blinking stars out of his eyes as he reached his end after Draco. When he could breathe properly again, Harry detached himself from Draco and sunk onto the floor next to him.

They remained silent for a long time, their hands being the only way they were touching. The chill of the shop began to get to them, but still neither man moved. Now that their arousals were satisfied, the cold hard reality of what they were facing hit them both.

"So..." Draco finally said. "I'm going to die."

"Everyone dies," Harry said bluntly.

Draco glared at Harry. "That's not what I meant," he said, clearly not impressed.

"I know."

They fell into silence once more before Draco sat up and began pulling on his clothes. Harry followed his example and they dressed quickly. Draco retrieved his wand from the floor and cleaned up any evidence of their encounter. "How do you know that it's going to happen?" he asked as they straightened up the shop.

"I was warned," Harry told him.

"By who?" Draco asked, slightly bewildered.

"By myself," Harry said simply.

Draco looked at Harry, his eyebrows raised. "You came from the future to warn...you?" he asked.

Harry smiled and shrugged. "My reaction was the same one as yours," he said. "Attacked myself too."

Draco shook his head and sighed. "I miss when magic used to be simple," he muttered, putting his hands on his hips. Harry snorted. He doubted magic had ever been simple. Draco looked around the shop for a moment, before he grabbed his cloak from behind the counter. "So we need to see if we can send you forward in time, so you can find out what happens to me and stop it?"

Harry nodded. "In a nutshell," he said, pulling on his cloak.

"Wouldn't it be great if we had lives that didn't revolve around one of us dying?" Draco asked.

"It would be too simple," Harry said, in a hollow tone as he followed Draco out of the shop and locked the door behind him.

They remained silent as they walked back to their apartment. Harry kept glancing at Draco, looking for any signs of what the blond was thinking. His expression was neutral, but Harry could see the wheels turning in his head. Draco was thinking; but about what, Harry wasn't sure. When they did reach their apartment, Draco finally spoke again.

"Who else have you told?" he asked as he and Harry made their way towards Harry's study.

"Just Hermione," Harry answered, unlocking the room and letting Draco in. When Draco smirked, Harry looked at him quizzically. "What?"

"Nothing," Draco said with a slight chuckle. "Hermione is probably tired of us going to her with time travel issues."

Harry chuckled as well. "Probably," he said, leading Draco over to his desk. "Okay, here are the books that I was able to find and the research I have done. It's not much, but it's all I could find..." He waited in silence as Draco carefully rifled through Harry's notes and the books that Harry had managed to collect.

"This is all you could find?" Draco asked with his eyebrows raised.

Harry nodded sadly. "Yes," he said. "I was hoping there would be more...but even Hermione is having trouble finding some."

"I'm sure that's a reason for that," Draco said, sitting at Harry's desk and summoning another chair for Harry to sit in. "Imagine if wizards realized there was a chance they could travel through time? It would screw everything up...Merlin knows I did..." He sighed heavily and spread Harry's notes out between them. "Let's go through everything..."

OoOoO

It took several hours for Harry to walk Draco through everything he had researched and the plan he had been accumulating throughout the day. Draco listened very intently, only asking questions every now and then. When Harry was sure he was done talking about everything, he waited patiently for Draco's response.

"Well," Draco finally said. "No wonder you need my help."

Harry sighed and let his head drop onto the desk. "I know!" he exclaimed. "I don't know how I thought I would be able to do this without you." He peeked up at his husband, through his hair. "I'm lost without you." He saw the pink tinge in Draco's cheeks, but his husband busied himself with the notes in front of him.

"Okay, we need to get all the ingredients for both of the potions you want to combine," Draco said, pulling over a blank piece of parchment. He began scribbling ingredients for the travel potion as Harry flipped through one of his books for the second potion they would need. "If we are going to try this, we need to do it very carefully."

"Okay," Harry said. He was feeling much better now that his plan had some structure to it; also he was happy that Draco knew what was happening and was on his side.

"You are also going to owl Hermione and let her know that I will be helping you with this plan," Draco said sternly. "I can't believe you put all this stress on a pregnant woman!"

"Who else was I supposed to talk to?" Harry asked. "If I didn't need to use potions for this, you would have never known."

"That's comforting," Draco mumbled.

"Hey," Harry said, taking Draco's face and turning it towards him. "I vowed to keep you from harms way and to never hurt you. Telling you that I know you're going to die and I may not be able to help you falls under those two things. I did it for you."

Draco sighed and closed his eyes briefly. "I know," he said, putting down his quill and taking Harry's hands in his own. "I'm sorry. It's a lot to take in."

"Then let's not do this now," Harry said, pulling Draco to his feet. "Let's go shower, climbed into bed and just relax."

Draco sighed again and looked at Harry's notes, before he reluctantly nodded and followed Harry out of the study. They showered and climbed into bed, their arms wrapped around each other. They lapsed into silence, both just reveling in each other's presence. Harry wanted to talk to Draco, but after what he had told him earlier, he was worried about what he should say. He decided to choose a topic that would completely take Draco's mind off what he had been told.

"Have you thought of names yet?" Harry asked.

Draco looked at Harry immediately. "Names?" he asked.

"For, you know," Harry said sheepishly. "If we had a kid..."

Draco smiled. "You know, the typical names," he said. "Sirius James if it's a boy and Lily Narcissa if it's a girl."

"You're mother's name as a middle name?" Harry asked curiously.

Draco nodded. "She would love it and adore any grandchild we gave her, blood related or not," he said. "And it's not like I'm throwing my dad's name up for nomination."

Harry shuddered. "Ugh, no thank you," he mumbled, before adding tentatively. "Have you heard from him?"

Draco shook his head. "I doubt they allow him to write much in Azkaban," he said. He remained silent after that. Harry knew that Draco didn't like to talk to or about his father; he hadn't since the Aurors had come and taken the man away. He didn't even tell him about his marriage to Harry.

"So Sirius James? And Lily Narcissa?" Harry repeated out loud. "I like those."

"I thought you would," Draco said with a smirk.

"What are we going to do about their last name?" Harry asked. "We have two distinct last names. Who's name do you want them to have? Though I suppose we can always use both..."

Draco was silent for a moment. "They should have yours," he said.

Harry was surprised. He was under the impression Draco wanted to continue his family blood *and* name. "Really?" he asked, pulling away slightly to look at his husband. "Are you sure?"

"They will have a better life if Malfoy isn't attached to their name," Draco mumbled, pulling away from Harry and turning on his side.

"Don't say that!" Harry snapped, forcing Draco to look at him again. "You and your mother have almost completely scrubbed your family name. Now that your father is away she has turned everyone's thoughts about her around. Look at all the charity work she has done for all the people who have been hurt by Voldemort!"

"But there is still stigma attached to the name Malfoy, Harry," Draco said. "I didn't want to admit it to myself but I have to. I don't care if people sneer or glare, or even try and hurt me. But I will not let our child go through that. They will have your last name. End of discussion."

Harry opened his mouth to argue, but he decided against it. If it really was what Draco wanted, he would obey him. "Okay, Draco," he said, planting a kiss on his husband's lips. "If you really insist."

"I really do," Draco said. He ran his hand through his hair before he yawned loudly. "Let's get some sleep. When we get up tomorrow, we'll attack this time travel business. The shop can wait a day or two."

Harry nodded, realizing how comfortable he was, as well as physically and emotionally exhausted. He wrapped his arms around Draco and soon the two were in a deep sleep.

OoOoO

A/N: Sorry this took so long guys! I'm just starting my last week of college classes EVER! I graduate on May 15th and I'm trying to make sure I have all my homework done/finals studied for and my job secured for after graduation.

Chapter #6

"Stop hovering!" Draco snapped, feeling Harry's eyes on the back of his head. "This potion is difficult enough without you looking over my shoulder."

"I know, I know, I'm sorry," Harry said, sheepishly. He had brought Draco all the ingredients he had requested, and after that he hadn't been allowed to do anything else. Draco did not trust any of Harry's potions skills and had banished him to the other side of the room. Harry had spent the better part of the day pacing. Eventually he had moved so he was standing behind Draco, but the blond wasn't having it.

"Can I please do *something*?" Harry pleaded. He was growing very bored.

Draco clucked his tongue disapprovingly, sounding very much like Mrs. Weasley. Harry didn't dare tell him this, for fear of being hexed. "Go get your rucksack and start gathering supplies. This potion shouldn't take more than a day to be ready."

"Right! My rucksack," Harry said grinning, happy to have something to do. However, his grin faded when he realized he had no idea what supplies he would need. "Um...Draco?"

"Food, clothes, toiletries, spell books..." Draco began to list, not even looking up from the scroll of parchment he was engrossed in as he stirred the cauldron.

"Right!" Harry said again, Summoning his pack rucksack. He wandered around the room, stuffing random books into it.

"Harry James Potter, if I turn around and you're just shoving those books in there haphazardly I will hex you," Draco threatened, meticulously adding another ingredient to the potion.

"How else am I suppose to put them in there?" Harry asked. "More to the point, I don't think I have room in my pack for all the stuff you listed."

"Are you mad?" Draco asked, tearing his eyes away from the parchment to look at Harry with a bewildered expression. "Are you a wizard or not? Enchant your rucksack with an Undetectable Expansion Charm."

Harry bit his lip. "Err...."

Draco sighed heavily and let go of the spoon he was using to stir the potion; it continued to move without him, following the clockwise motion he had been stirring in. He marched across the room and grabbed Harry's pack out of his hands. "You are going to drive me to drink, Potter," he said. He took out his wand and closed his eyes. Harry could tell he needed to concentrate and remained silent as Draco magically expanded his rucksack.

When it was shoved back into his hands, Harry smiled softly. "Thanks," he said, feeling bad about his constant need of Draco's help. "I'm sorry."

Draco caught the sheepish look on Harry's face and his expression softened immediately. "I'm sorry, Harry," he said, wrapping his arms around his husband in a tight hug. "I'm a little on edge. This potion is turning out to be more difficult than I originally thought."

He had meant to make Harry feel better, but it only made Harry feel worse. "Honestly, Draco," he said. "Is there anything I can do?"

"I need you to get more ingredients," Draco said, scribbling some notes on a scrap piece of parchment. "I need to replace some herbs that won't mix well if I add them in together."

Harry nodded and dropped his rucksack, taking the list from Draco. "I'll grab us some food too," he said. "You haven't eaten all day."

Draco nodded and returned to stirring the potion and studied the instructions. Harry grabbed his cloak and headed out. As usual the Diagon Alley was busy and Harry had to weaved between people in order to get to the apothecary. When he got there, he was annoyed to see that it was busy as well. Parents getting their children ready for Hogwarts were swarming the counter and Harry tried to dodge small children and stares as he looked for the ingredients he needed.

The owner of the shop was busy helping families, which made Harry a little worried. Left alone, Harry almost always made a mistake when gathering ingredients for Draco. The owner usually helped him so he wouldn't have to watch Draco sadly shake his head when he showed him what he had bought.

"Need some help, dearie?" a soft, female voice asked. Harry jumped, having not seen the witch standing so close to him. Where had she come from?

"Um, yes," he said, showing her the list Draco had given him. "I need these ingredients please."

The woman nodded and studied the list, moving through the crowds of people as she began to gather the ingredients. She was quick and Harry had to rush to keep up with her. "These are very interesting ingredients," she said, looking at him out of the corner of her eye. "A lot of these can be substituted for others."

"I'm just retrieving them," Harry said, trying to keep the conversation light, while also not giving away too much information.

The witch nodded with a smile. She was almost the same height as him, with graying black hair. While he was sure he had never seen her before, there was something distinctly

familiar about her. He couldn't quite put his finger on it. He grew more confused when she handed him a basket full of the items on his list, then seemed to vanish into the crowd.

"Thank..." Harry began, but stopped as he realized she was no longer standing in front of him. "You?"

He looked but saw no sign of the witch. However, with the shop completely full, he was not surprised he couldn't see her. Assuming she had simply been swallowed by the crowd, Harry waited in line for the register. When he finally reached the shopkeeper, he unloaded his basket of ingredients.

"Hello, Mr. Potter, find everything okay?" the shopkeeper asked.

"Yes, thanks to your new saleswoman," Harry said. "Thank her for me, will you?"

"Saleswoman?" the shopkeeper asked, looking thoroughly confused. "I haven't hired anyone new..."

Harry frowned at the man. "Oh," he said, looking around again. But he saw no saw of the mysterious witch. "Huh..."

He paid for his shopping and quickly left the shop, still very confused.

OoOoO

Draco was very impressed with Harry when he saw that he had bought the correct ingredients. "Brilliant," he said, grinning. "I was worried you would muck it up somehow."

"So was I," Harry said. "Some woman at the shop helped me."

"Well, she really knew her potions," Draco said, unloading Harry's shopping.

"This is for you," Harry said, lifting a paper bag. "Your dinner. You need to eat something Draco. I may not know much about potions, but I do know that working on one when you're hungry is a bad idea."

Draco nodded in agreement. "We can eat in the dining room," he said. "Just let me finish adding these ingredients. I think it's almost done."

Harry smiled and nodded. "Alright," he said, giving Draco a quick kiss. He headed into the dining room and served their dinner, putting a warming charm on the food. It was several minutes before Draco finally joined him. When he did, they both sat down and tucked into their food.

"So how much longer do you think the potion will take?" Harry couldn't help asking.

"Well, now that everything has been added, it shouldn't take too much longer," Draco said with a hopeful smile. "You should be ready to use it tomorrow."

Harry almost choked on his food. He hadn't realized it would be that quick. "Really?" he asked.

Draco nodded. "Really, really," he said. His smile turned to that of a worried/sad one and Harry couldn't help reaching over and gently placing his hand over his husband's.

"It'll be alright, Draco," Harry assured him. "I will figure out what happens and you will be sure that I will stop it!"

"I know you will do your best," Draco said. "But..."

"But?" Harry asked.

"What if you're not meant to?" Draco asked. "Did you ever think that I am destined to die early?"

"Of course I thought it," Harry answered. "And immediately dismissed the idea. We wouldn't have gone through all that we have just to have it end this way. No! I refuse to believe that there isn't something else at work here."

Draco smiled at Harry and gave him a peck on the lips. "As long as the possibility entered your mind," he said.

They finished their dinner and Draco checked on the potion while Harry cleaned up the dining room. When they were both finished, the wizards collapsed onto their sofa in the living room. It was then that Harry noticed a pile of neatly stacked papers on their coffee table. "What are those, Draco?" he asked, pointing to the papers.

Draco, whose eyes had closed sleepily, made a face before looking at what Harry was pointing at. "Oh!" he said, his eyes lightening up. "Those are the forms from St. Mungo's." He grabbed the papers and showed them to Harry.

"These are the notes on the experimental treatments they have been doing in terms of trying to have men carry children," Draco explained, handing them to Harry. "And the top page is a release form, for both of us to sign."

"...oh."

Harry thumbed through the papers, not sure of what he was really supposed to be looking for. From what he could quickly read, the tests they were performing looked promising. The release form granted permission for the doctors to use Draco as the first human-male, test subject, and released the hospital of all responsibility if something went wrong. "Are you

sure you want to do this?" Harry asked his husband. "This isn't something you should take lightly, Draco..."

"Harry," Draco said, running his hand through his hair. "Look at the date on the top of these papers?"

Harry did. The date was from almost half a year prior.

"I haven't taken this decision lightly," Draco assured him. "I've thought long and hard about this and it is something I want us to try."

"What if this is the reason, Draco?" Harry asked, motioning to the papers he now held.

"What if this is why you die? What if you went into the experiment thinking everything was going to be fine and then something went horribly, horribly wrong?"

"It can't be the reason," Draco said with a shake of his head.

"Why not?"

"Because if it was, the future Harry would have known why I died, therefore he wouldn't have traveled back in time," Draco said.

Harry blinked. "Don't ruin my theory with your logic," he said somewhat childishly.

Draco smirked and pulled Harry into a deep kiss. "Harry, this is something we need to try," he said when he pulled away. "But if you really don't want to-"

"No," Harry cut him off. "I will sign the papers. I am in this with you, Draco."

He Summoned a quill and signed his name to the release. Draco smiled and did the same. Harry called Hedwig and together they attached the form to her leg. Draco opened the window and Harry released the owl into the night.

"Let's get some sleep," Draco said, taking Harry's hand. "Tomorrow, you have a big day."

As Harry undressed and got in to bed, Draco visited the bathroom before joining him. Harry was ready to cuddle Draco and attempt to fall asleep, but when Draco pulled Harry into a harsh kiss, his thoughts shifted immediately. He wrapped his arms around his slender husband and rolled him onto his back. Draco tasted sweeter than ever, and Harry briefly wondered if his husband drank something sweet before bed. But when Draco's hand snaked under the blanket and grasped Harry, the raven-haired man focused on the task at hand.

Hours later, the two collapsed, spent and after curling up on Harry's chest, Draco promptly fell asleep.

Harry barely slept at all. He simply laid in bed, stroking Draco's hair as the blond slept soundly. Harry's mind was spinning with questions and thoughts. Every time he dozed off, he was awakened by nightmare after nightmare. His mind could not rest. He had no idea what to do if the potion actually worked and he traveled to the future. He knew for a fact that he would have to avoid future Harry at all costs. He also knew that there was no going back once he took the potion.

Draco had assured him that once his task was completely, the magic of the potion would wear off and bring him back to the present.

This meant that Harry would be stuck in the future until he figured out what killed Draco.

Before he knew what was happening, an alarm sounded in the apartment and Draco abruptly sat up. It was the alarm he had set to let him know when the potion was finished. He looked at Harry and sighed when he saw that he was already wide awake. "Did you sleep at all?" he asked.

Harry shook his head.

Draco ran his hand down Harry's cheek before both men eased themselves out of bed. Too soon for Harry's liking, he was standing in his study, his cloak on and his rucksack secured to his back. Draco was spooning the potion into a cup. He hadn't spoken since they had gotten out of bed and Harry could tell he was nervous and worried as well.

"Okay," Draco finally said, turning to Harry. He held the cup filled with the potion in one hand, and a bezoar in the other just in case. "Are you sure you want to do this?" It was amazing how they could reverse roles so easily.

Harry nodded. "Of course I am," he said. "What are you going to do while I'm gone?"

Draco shrugged. "Work on the shop, I guess," he said. "Nothing here should change, since my death isn't for a couple of years."

"Do you think no time will pass for you?" Harry asked. "Do you think I will just pop right back to this day and time?"

Draco shook his head. "Time has to keep moving," he said. "The potion you found to see into the future was tied to the specific day you took the potion. You'll be traveling to this exact date, fifteen years from now. And you will come back fifteen years from whatever date it is when you find out what happens to me."

He seemed to choke back a sob as he pulled Harry into a deep kiss. Harry carefully wrapped his arms around his husband and kissed him back fiercely, making sure he didn't knock the potion out of Draco's hand as he did so.

"Don't be too long," Draco whispered as he pulled away.

"Never," Harry promised. With shaking hands he took the cup from Draco. "You should probably step back."

Draco nodded and did as he was told. "I love you," he said.

"I love you too," Harry told him. He took a deep breath and downed the contents of the potion in one gulp.

It was definitely better tasting than some of the potions Harry had tried before, but it left a metallic after taste. For a moment nothing happened, and Harry began to wonder if the potion was a complete failure. But suddenly his body began to feel light and he looked down to see his legs taking on the consistency of smoke. From the look on Draco's face, Harry gathered his entire body was reacting that way and his vision began to grow dim.

He tried to say 'I love you' one more time, but his voice died in his throat and before he knew what was happening, everything went dark.

OoOoO

Harry regained consciousness within minutes, and his head felt like it was spinning. He still felt very light and he glanced down at his body to see that it was still smoke-like consistency. It took several more minutes before he felt solid again. When he could move, Harry found he was laying on the floor of what was once his and Draco's apartment. It was empty now, save for boxes here and there. Cobwebs and dust littered the ground and Harry dusted himself off as he stood. Already he was at a lost for what to do. He and Draco clearly didn't live in that apartment anymore and he had no idea where they lived in that time.

Harry flexed his arms and legs and was happy to feel that nothing was out of the ordinary. Pulling the hood of his cloak up, Harry exited the empty apartment and headed down to Diagon Alley. People filled the street and Harry tried hard to blend in. The alley was exactly as it was in his time, and he suspected that it hadn't changed much in centuries. There were many new shops, but there was one in particular that Harry was interested in.

Quality Quidditch Supplies stood proudly where Harry suspected it always had and in his excitement, he rushed inside without thinking.

Everything was arranged exactly as Draco had arranged it in Harry's time, making Harry feel as if he hadn't time traveled at all. When he thought about what he had done, Harry cursed himself, realizing he may have just rushed into the one place his future self might be. He looked around once more, but the only person in the shop was sitting at the counter.

A young girl sat at the counter, her feet propped up and a copy of *The Quibbler* in her hands. He couldn't see her face, but Harry could tell it was a girl by the long, painted fingernails he saw and the fact she wore a green and silver skirt with black leggings.

"Welcome to Quality Quidditch Supplies," came a bored voice from behind the paper. "My name is Lily. Please let me know if you need any help."

Harry was just backing towards the door, but froze when he heard her name. "Lily?" he asked.

The paper fell and Harry was able to see the girl's face. Large, emerald green eyes stared at him in confusion and surprise. She had a pointed face with long, straight blonde hair cascading down her back. She quickly removed her feet from the counter and stared at Harry in disbelief.

"Dad?"

OoOoO

A/N: There you go! The actual time travel. I also realized this is the exact chapter number that Draco time traveled in, in *What If!* Funny how that happens! Horray for parallels!

Chapter #7

Harry was stunned...and a little bit queasy to be truthful.

A young girl named Lily with emerald eyes with a pointed face and blonde hair had just called him 'Dad'. How was he supposed to react?

Harry was quickly realizing that his first thought about going into Quality Quidditch Supplies had been right: it had been a terrible/stupid idea. "I'm sorry, I thought you were someone else," he said hurriedly, turning to leave as quickly as possible.

"Dad! Wait!" Lily said, coming out from behind the counter.

"I'm sorry, you have me confused with someone else," Harry said, pulling his hood further down as he tried to keep his face hidden from her. He grabbed the door handle but before he could open the door, it was opened for him and Harry fell to the ground as someone crashed into him. Unruly black hair and stormy grey eyes met his as a young boy, no older than nine fell on top of him. Harry was paralyzed with fear and shock as he found himself looking at an almost identical version of his younger self.

"Sirius! Watch where you're going!" Lily snapped, hurrying over to help the young boy.

"Sorry, mister!" the young boy said, quickly scrambling up. However, when he looked down at Harry's face, he cocked his head to the side. "Dad?"

"I have to go," Harry said, quickly standing. He was in such a rush to leave that he didn't even realize his hood had fallen down. He needed fresh air. His world was spinning and his brain felt as though it may explode due to the assault of information he was receiving. He and Draco were fathers to not one child, but two! Harry needed to leave the shop and fast before they figured anything out.

"We know who you are!" Lily exclaimed as Harry reached the door and grabbed the handle once more. "No use running away!"

She was definitely Draco's daughter.

Harry wanted to turn the handle and leave, but something was stopping him. He was in the future, something that no other wizard, to his knowledge, had managed to accomplish. He needed to not waste the opportunity, but he was terrified. Harry took a deep breath to steady himself, but it was a long time before he could turn around and face reality. Finally, he forced himself to look at the children standing behind him.

They were his and Draco's children; there was no doubt when staring at them. While Lily looked more like Draco and Sirius looked more like Harry, it was clear they were related and shared some features, like ears and skin tone. Harry didn't know what to do. His throat was dry and his palms were sweaty. What should he say?

He opened his mouth, but nothing came out.

As if he were trying to help, Sirius spoke. "Hi," he said with a smile. To Harry's surprise, the young boy stepped forward and wrapped his arms around the man's waist in a tight hug, burying his face in Harry's cloak.

Harry froze and looked down at him in shock. *What should he do?*

Lily stepped forward and gently pried Sirius's arms off of Harry. "Sirius, why don't you go hang out in the back," she suggested. "I have your snack there. Go eat."

"Okay!" Sirius said, clearly excited and he waved good-bye to Harry as he took off through the store. Once he was gone, Lily and Harry simply stared at each other.

"Are you okay?" she eventually asked.

"Give me a second..." Harry said, burying his face in his hands. He was experiencing information overload and he had no way to deal with it. He felt Lily give him a hug, just like Sirius had. He looked down at her, unsure what to do or say.

"It's been a while since we've seen you," she explained.

"Oh," Harry said. Slowly he let out a shaky breath before he put his arms around his future daughter, giving her an awkward hug. She melted into his embrace and buried her face into his chest. When he thought about what she said, Harry frowned. "What do you mean you haven't seen me in a while?"

Lily pulled away and Harry could see tears in her eyes. "What do you know?" she asked.

"Why are you here?"

"I don't know much," Harry admitted. "Just that Draco is going to die. I'm here to figure out why and stop it."

"Did he tell you anything at all?" Lily asked, seemingly crestfallen. "He said you might come, but he didn't say if he said anything. I don't even know where or when he is now."

"He who? Future me?" Harry asked.

Lily nodded. "Ever since Daddy died, he's been obsessed with finding out why," she said bitterly, walking back over to the counter. She sat down heavily, clearly upset.

"How long ago?" Harry asked gingerly, following her.

"Almost seven years now," Lily told him. "Sirius doesn't even remember Daddy...he barely even knows you."

Harry put his hands up in surrender. "I'm just here to help, honestly," he said.

Lily surveyed Harry with a look he was sure Draco had given him many times before. "You're still in shock," she stated. "Not expecting this future, huh?"

"I-" Harry paused, "...didn't know what to expect. I guess I didn't really think this plan through as well as I had thought..."

"Surprise, surprise," Lily muttered.

Harry crossed his arms. "Hey, watch it," he said. He winced as he sounded more fatherly than he had meant to. Lily caught it too because she raised her eyebrows at him. "Sorry. Look, I'm just very confused and overwhelmed. Can you just fill me in?"

"What would you like to know?" Lily asked.

"Have I been time-traveling for the entire seven years?" Harry asked.

Lily shook her head. "Not at first, no," she said. "You were okay for a while. But, after Sirius turned four you became obsessed with finding out what happened to Daddy. Everyone was saying it was his second pregnancy that hurt him, but you didn't believe it. We rarely saw you after that."

"Where do you...we live?" Harry asked.

"Sirius and I live with Grandma Cissy now," Lily said. "But we were in Godric's Hollow." Lily seemed to tell Harry was about ready to pass out, so she offered him her chair.

"Thanks," Harry said, sitting down heavily. He buried his face in his hands again.

Draco was dead...they had two beautiful children...Harry was a dead-beat.

What a wonderful future I'm trying to save, he thought bitterly. He felt Lily's hand on his back and he looked up at her.

"I don't know what you must be feeling," she said. "I'm sorry to be cross with you...it's been hard on all of us." She looked so young, yet sounded so much older.

"How old are you?" Harry asked.

"Fifteen in nine months," she said.

Harry blinked. "Wait, what?" he asked. "How can that be? We just signed the release-" Harry paused as he recalled how sweet Draco had tasted the previous night. "Bloody prat already had the potions ready to go! He must have taken it before..." Remembering his daughter was there, Harry stopped talking immediately and tried to hide the blush on his face.

Lily noticed anyway and made a face. "Eww," she said.

Harry ran his hand through his unruly hair and glanced around the shop. Sirius was peeking out from the doorway to the back, staring at Harry. When he noticed Harry looking, he immediately ducked out of sight. Lily saw and smiled slightly. "He really misses you," she said.

"He can come out here," Harry told her. "I'm okay now." Truth be told, Harry wanted to spend more time with both of them. It was clear that his future self was never around and he wanted to change that quickly. He was also curious to know what his future children were like. Lily seemed to be a perfect mixture of her two fathers. He wondered if Sirius was the same.

"Sirius, you can come in here," Lily called.

The boy was out in a flash and sitting on Harry's lap before the man could blink. He just sat there, smiling and not saying anything as he stared up at Harry.

"Um, hi," Harry said, clearly a little uncomfortable with the small boy staring at him.

"Hi, I'm Sirius," the boy stated. "But...you already know that! What time are you from? How did you get here? Did you come to help the other you? What's it like in your time?" His questions came out one after another, not allowing Harry a chance to answer them. He seemed so excited he was positively bouncing in Harry's lap. Why was the boy so hyper?

"Is he always like this?" Harry asked, looking at Lily.

Lily smiled affectionately at her brother and nodded. "All the time," she said.

"Like what?" Sirius asked.

"Like a small, adorable Pygmy Puff, that's what!" Lily said with a grin, scooping Sirius off Harry's lap and tickling him. The boy was sent into a fit of laughter; the most adorable, high-pitched laughter Harry had ever heard. He couldn't help but smile at the two, reveling in how close they were. Neither he nor Draco had ever had siblings, and he was happy to see his children getting along so well. However, when he thought about why they were close, his smile faded.

Lily noticed Harry's smile fading. "You can still change things," she said, intuitively.

"You sound so much older than you actually are," Harry informed her.

"I've been told that numerous times," Lily said in a hollow tone. "What is your plan now?"

Harry thought for a moment as Sirius climbed back onto his lap. He had no idea, but the one place that would probably best to start looking would be their current house. If future Harry had been researching for seven years, he may have notes or some information that Harry could look over, to avoid going in circles. But he also didn't want to run into his future self...

"Do you have your invisibility cloak?" Lily's voice broke Harry's train of thought.

"Huh?"

"Your cloak," Lily said with a smile. "If you put it on, and we go check out our house, if Dad's there, he won't see you."

"It'll be our secret!" Sirius said excitedly, bouncing on Harry's knee.

"You're definitely Draco's daughter," Harry said, removing his rucksack from his back. He opened it and stuck his arm inside, feeling around for the invisibility cloak.

"Whoa!" Sirius exclaimed as Harry's whole arm disappeared.

When Harry removed it, grasping the cloak, Sirius stuck his whole head in the bag. "It's so big in here!" he said, leaning further into the bag. Harry's grabbed the back of his shirt before his son decided to climb into the bag.

Lily smiled, but it was a sad, controlled smile. Harry realized it was probably still very difficult for her to think about Draco being dead. Harry wanted to talk to her about it, but he figured it wasn't the time and place, especially with Sirius there. "So, we will close the shop and head to Godric's Hollow," Lily said, locking the register as Sirius removed himself from Harry's rucksack. "Sirius, you want to be my little helper?"

"But I'm with Dad!" Sirius said in a whiney voice, his small hands grasping Harry's.

"He's not going anywhere," Lily assured him. "Not like the other him. He will still be here when we're done closing up, okay?"

Sirius sighed and looked up at Harry. "Promise?" he asked.

Harry nodded. "Until I find out what happened to Draco, I'm stuck here," he informed them. Sirius seemed happy enough with his answer, but Lily seemed less than thrilled.

"Those are the terms of whatever magic brought you here?" she asked.

Harry shrugged. "I had no control over the terms," he explained. "The potion was an experimental one. We weren't even sure it was going to work."

"We?" Lily asked. "Daddy helped you? With the potion?"

Harry nodded. "Your dad...I mean, me-I...ugh, whatever; the other me came back to the past to warn me that Draco was going to die," he tried to explain. "He said there was nothing I could do about it. He said I should let Draco go for 'both your sakes'..."

"He meant me and himself," Lily said in a small voice. She looked over at Sirius as he wandered around the shop, making sure merchandise was on the shelves and there was nothing on the floor. "Sirius was so little when Daddy died. He doesn't remember him at all. He's such a happy kid; he's not even fazed by you not being around anymore. He misses you, but not like..." Lily didn't finish her thought.

Harry felt like a terrible person; he was feeling guilty for things that he hadn't done yet. He didn't know what to say to Lily, so he remained silent as she and Sirius cleaned up the shop and got ready to leave. "Our quickest way to get there is to Apparate. You can Apparate can't you?" Lily asked.

Harry nodded, but he was a little worried. He could barely Apparate with one person, let alone two people. What if he Splinched one of his future children? "How about we take the Knight Bus?" he suggested. "I would feel better that way."

"The Knight Bus?" Sirius explained. "We get to go on the Knight Bus? We never got to do that before!"

Lily smiled and seemed a little excited as well, but whether it was for her own excitement or that of Sirius's, Harry didn't know. He smiled as he led them out of the shop, pulling the hood of his cloak up again. The streets were still packed with people, so it would be too difficult for him to wear the cloak without bumping into people. Instinctively, Harry reached his hand behind him and grasped Lily's, making sure he didn't lose her in the crowd. He glanced back in time to see her do the same to Sirius and the three trooped through the crowd of people, heading for the Leaky Cauldron.

Harry noticed that there were few stares that followed his children and he was little annoyed by the fact. Then again, they were the children of Harry Potter and Draco Malfoy. There was no way that fact would escape people.

"Lily," Harry asked, pulling his daughter close as they walked through the Leaky Cauldron. Sirius let go of his sister's hand, only to grasp Harry's other hand tightly. "What is your last name?"

Lily looked confused. "What?" she asked. Clearly it was not a question she was expecting. "It's 'Potter'. Why?"

Harry sighed sadly and slipped his arm around both his children, leading them out onto the street.

He had a lot of things to fix.

OoOoO

A/N:

There was so much I wanted to put into this chapter, but didn't because it would give too much away. Therefore, I decided it would be more of an "establishing" chapter; a way for you guys to get to know Lily and Sirius. As a side note, Lily was originally supposed to be an only child, but when I thought about Sirius, I couldn't help but put him in there. Also, the reason it isn't James Sirius is because I wanted to switch it up a bit.

Chapter #8

Draco awoke to a pale, grey light seeping into his bedroom. He yawned loudly and reached over to Harry's side of the bed, only to find cool sheets. He sat up slightly and looked over at the empty spot in the bed next to him. He had gone back to bed after Harry had left, being too tired to really do anything else. The result was him groggily hoping the whole thing had been a dream and Harry would waltz into the room like nothing was wrong.

He sat up and wrapped his arms around his knees, listening to the silence in the apartment. There was no sound of Harry moving in the bathroom...no sound of Harry cooking in the kitchen...just silence. Draco had never felt so alone in his life.

At the thought, his stomach cramped painfully and he winced. His hand slowly drifted to his abdomen and he couldn't help but smile. He had wanted to surprise Harry, knowing he would be too apprehensive to allow Draco to go through with his decision right away. When Draco had heard about Harry's plan, however, he wanted their baby more than anything. Now, it felt like he had his wish. He concluded that he wouldn't be feeling anything if the potion hadn't worked. Easing himself out of bed, Draco wandered into the bathroom and opened his cabinet above the sink.

Along one shelf, his potions for the rest of the week were already lined up. The healers had instructed him to take his second potion the minute he felt any change in his body. He did so with a smile, knowing that right now, he was almost certain he was carrying Harry's child. The potion was sweet, but burned when it went down. He felt it travel through his body and his stomach lurched with pain again.

"Merlin," Draco gasped, grabbing his stomach.

The pain quickly eased and Draco got ready for his day. He had nothing else to do but go to the shop, so he slowly dressed and numbly made his way to Quality Quidditch Supplies. He entered the shop and began looking through the boxes of merchandise that had arrived during the night. He spent the morning updating his inventory and while he was not bothered by anyone, he had the nagging suspicion something wasn't quite right. He couldn't put his finger on it, and shrugged it off as being paranoia.

As he sat at the register, scribbling down information on his inventory forms, he could see people walking by the glass door of the shop. At one point, he looked up and saw someone watching him from across the street. She was of average height with greying, black hair. While he was sure he had never seen her before in his life, she watched him with knowing eyes. A large group of people moved in front of her, and when they dissipated, she was gone. Draco frowned, but shrugged, going back to his work and putting the strange woman out of his mind.

The rest of the day moved too slowly for Draco's liking and before he knew it, he was closing up shop and heading back home...back to his empty apartment. When he got there, he had a letter waiting from St. Mungo's, asking him for an update on his situation. He quickly scribbled a reply to them, letting him know about every change he had felt during the day.

He carried the letter to their porch, where his owl and Hedwig sat on their perches. He ignored his owl and wandered over to Hedwig, reaching out to sadly stroke her feathers. She nipped his finger affectionately. He had been surprised, as well as Harry, when she warmed to Draco. She stuck out her leg and Draco tied the letter to it. After, he absentmindedly stroked her feathers. She nipped his finger again before spreading her wings and taking off.

Draco watched her, a hand casually resting on his stomach.

OoOoO

The second the Knight Bus took off, Harry instantly regretted it. The conductor and driver were different in this time, which made sense. However, the new driver was just as senile and reckless as Ernie had been but, thankfully, the new conductor didn't pry as much as Stan Shunpike had. He took the money Harry handed him, but otherwise ignored them. Harry led Lily and Sirius to back, choosing a seat big enough to fit all three of them.

Harry sat down first, putting his invisibility cloak and rucksack on his lap before Sirius and Lily sat on either side of him. "You might want to hold on to something," he warned them.

Immediately they grabbed onto him and Harry chuckled. Before he could suggest they grab onto the seat instead, the doors of the bus closed and the driver stepped on the gas. All three felt their heads snap back and Lily actually screamed when the bus shot forward. She buried her face in Harry's side and gripped him tightly as they were jerked around by the fast movement of the bus.

Sirius was the opposite; he was thrilled with what was happening. If Harry didn't have his arm secured around the small boy's arm, he would have been out of his seat and glued to the window in a heartbeat. Harry could barely hold on to both children and his rucksack and cloak.

"This is so cool!" Sirius exclaimed after a few minutes.

"I feel sick," Lily groaned.

Harry couldn't help but shift away slightly. He had seen what the Knight Bus could do to unstable stomachs. "Please turn to the side if you're going to throw up," he instructed.

"Hey, Dad! Let me go! I wanna look out the window!" Sirius said, struggling to break free from Harry's grasp.

"That's not a good idea, Sirius," Harry told him as the bus rounded a corner and all three slid to one side of their seat. "Can't have you flying all over the bus."

"It's like one of those Muggle rollercoaster rides you told us about!" Sirius said, putting his arms up in the air as they turned another corner. "Lily, isn't this fun?"

"Oh, Merlin," Lily groaned. She removed her face from Harry's side and he noticed she looked very green. Her hand flew to her mouth.

"Turn, turn!" Harry exclaimed, turning her away from him. In doing so, he let go of Sirius. The small boy bolted out of his seat and pressed his face to the window.

"Sirius! No! Get back here!" Harry exclaimed, turning towards his future son.

Lily leaned over the side of the seat and vomited loudly, causing Harry to turn back to her.

"It's okay, you're okay," Harry said rubbing her back. The bus turned another corner and Lily heaved some more, while Sirius slid across the floor to the other side of the bus. "Sirius!"

Harry reached out and grabbed Sirius by the scruff of his collar before he went flying into a window, barely having time to grab his belongings before they flew off his lap. "Dad, let go!" Sirius exclaimed, trying to pull away again. "It's fun!"

"Sit down!" Harry told him, pulling him back into his seat. "Stay! If you don't, I *will* put a Permanent Sticking Charm on you, so help me!" He turned back to Lily, who seemed like she was feeling much better as the bus slowed down. "Are you okay?"

"I-I'm f-fine..." she stuttered, wincing at the mess she made. "Sorry..."

"It's okay," Harry told her, removing his wand from his pocket and cleaning the mess with wave. "See, it's gone now." He pulled her hair away from her face. "*I'm* sorry. It was stupid to take the bus."

"But it's so fun!" Sirius said with a smile, leaning against Harry.

Lily managed a small smile at her brother. "For you," she said teasingly. "You have a strong stomach."

The bus finally slowed to a stop, and Harry stood quickly, putting his rucksack on and draping his invisibility cloak over his shoulder. Lily took his hand and led him off the bus, moving as fast as she could. Sirius ran ahead of them. "Wait 'till you see our house, Dad!" he said. "I can show you my room and we can play a game! Ooo! Do you want to play a game with me, Dad?"

"Reign it in, buddy," Lily told him as they climbed off the bus. "Dad has some work to do."

"But I can play at least one game, if you want," Harry spoke up. He looked around and sighed, taking in the view of Godric's Hollow. It was fitting that he and Draco had moved to the place where Harry had been born. Harry had always secretly wanted to raise his family in the one place he was supposed to be raised. It seemed like a bitter sweet reunion now.

"Do you at least have some good memories of me?" Harry asked Lily as the Knight Bus took off and disappeared. No one was around at the moment, so Harry took the opportunity to put his invisibility cloak on.

Lily smiled softly. "Some," she said. When she did not elaborate, Harry did not push her. Sirius had run slightly ahead and had not heard the conversation, nor seen Harry put the cloak on. He turned around to say something but stopped dead in his tracks.

"Where did Dad go?" he asked, his smile immediately falling and his eyes growing big. Harry thought it was the saddest look he had ever seen. He opened the cloak slightly so Sirius could see him.

"I'm right here!" he said with a smile.

Sirius's sad face was replaced by excitement. "Cool! Your Invisibility Cloak!" he said, running under the cloak and pulling the sides around. "Hey, Lily! Can you see us? Huh?"

Lily laughed. "I can see your feet," she said, pointing to the two pairs of shoes seemingly resting on the pavement. "Now get out from there. We're hiding him so he doesn't see the other him."

"Oh yeah," Sirius said, disappointed as he ducked out from the cloak.

Harry smiled at him and ruffled his hair. "Maybe you can wear it later," he suggested, closing the cloak and stooping a little so his feet were hidden. "How's that?"

"Good, can't see you at all," she said. She took Sirius's hand and began walking towards the small town. Harry followed along quickly, taking in the sights and sounds of Godric's Hollow. He tried to imagine what it had been like for his future self to do the same thing, except with Draco at his side. When did they decide to move there? Had it been just before Lily was born? Their apartment had been a great size for just the two of them...had they moved after she was born?

"Hey, Lily," he whispered. "Were you born here, or did you live in our apartment for some time?"

Lily half turned towards him, trying not to make it obvious she was talking to an invisible person. "You and Daddy moved here just a couple of months before I was born," she said. "Daddy insisted I grow up in a place that had a yard for me to play in, and where you didn't have to worry about nosy neighbors."

Harry smiled; that sounded exactly like something Draco would say. His heart ached for his husband and he wondered what he was doing at that moment. Was he at the store? At home? Harry was starting to grow tired of asking himself so many questions, but he didn't want Lily to get annoyed by him asking so many questions out loud. But there was one more he had to ask.

"Do you know if people ever found out *how* you were born?" he asked softly. "I noticed people staring at you in Diagon Alley..."

Lily ran her hair through her, looking oddly like Harry when he did the same thing. "Oh yeah, people found out almost immediately," she told him, slowing her pace so he could walk beside her. "Someone at St. Mungo's told the press merely hours after it happened. You and Daddy were hounded about it for months. Apparently there were even protestors outside our house for some time. They called me all sorts of names. But, after time, they went away. And eventually, more gay men began to have babies together, and a couple of years later, even some lesbian couples. And it wasn't a big deal anymore."

Harry didn't think he could feel any worse at that moment. The things Lily had been through, even from the start of her life...

Harry had never wanted any child of his to have the fame he had when he was younger, or the tragedies. There were too many parallels between him and Lily for his liking. He reached out and gently laid a hand on her shoulder. "I am so sorry," he said.

He felt her let out a shaky breath and she reached up to pat his invisible hand. "It's okay," she said. "Again, that's why you're here. To change what goes wrong."

They remained silent for the rest of the walk as Harry tried desperately to memorize the route to his future home. They ended up walking further than he thought they were going to, until they stopped at a small house, located almost on the outskirts of town. There were a few houses nearby that would qualify as "neighbors". Harry stared up at the two story, brick house, complete with a picket fence and huge yard. He could almost imagine a small Lily, running through the grass with Draco chasing after her, identical smiles plastered on their faces.

Lily and Sirius walked through the front gate, chatting absentmindedly to each other, so Harry noticed before they did...

The front door was opened slightly.

"Wait!" he called out to them, rushing to their side. "Hold on!"

Lily frowned as she felt Harry rush past her, and when she looked at the door, she realized why. "Sirius, stay behind me," she said, moving in front of her brother and letting her wand slide out from under her sleeve. Sirius noticed his sister's tone and did as she requested, remaining silent as he gripped her free hand tightly.

Harry removed his cloak at the front step, wand at the ready, and slowly pushed open the door. He listened, but heard nothing in the large house. "Stay behind me," he whispered to Lily as she approached. "And don't go ahead of me."

She nodded, understanding, and followed a few paces behind Harry. They crept silently into the house, each practically hold their breath. After a quick sweep of the downstairs, Harry concluded the first floor was empty. He cast a spell to check for any living presence, but received none. However, his stomach was still twisted into knots, and he instructed Lily and Sirius to wait in the parlor until he finished checking the rest of the house.

They obeyed and Harry quickly and silently made his way upstairs. The first two rooms off the hall were empty, but something caught Harry's eye and he turned towards a room at the end of the hall. The door was ajar and there was a light on. Raising his wand, Harry crept towards the room slowly, reaching the door and pausing for a moment. He hadn't realized he had been holding his breath and exhaled shakily.

Slowly he pushed the door open and immediately recognized the furniture from his old study. There were several more bookcases than he was used to, along with desk full of papers. Harry's eyes were immediately drawn to the desk and, only thinking of Draco, he hurried forward, tripping over something hard and cold on the floor. Harry swore as he fell, landing on painfully on his knee. He turned to see what he had tripped over and couldn't help but yell.

His future self lay dead, eyes frozen wide and mouth slightly opened in surprise.

"No!" Harry gasped, his thoughts immediately turning to the footsteps he heard on the stairs. Lily would have heard him fall...she would have wanted to investigate. He couldn't let his future children, so fragile from losing Draco, see their other father dead as well. He scrambled to his feet and managed to get to the door before Sirius and Lily reached the top of the stairs. He blocked their view of the room completely.

"What happened? Why did you fall?" Lily asked as the two children jogged over to him.

Harry had no words, and Lily could see the surprise and fear in his eyes. She noticed what room he was standing in front of and her eyes narrowed, her jaw set tight. She knew.

"Show me," she said softly, trying to push past him. Harry did not budge.

"Go back downstairs," he instructed, his voice oddly hollow. "Contact the Aurors."

"NO!" Lily snapped, trying to push past him. "Show me! Let me see him!"

"What's going on, Lily?" Sirius asked in a small voice. He could tell something bad had happened.

"I need to see!" Lily said through clenched teeth, the tears starting to well in her eyes. Harry began to tear up as well and, with a set jaw, he allowed her to push past him. Her yell and cries echoed through the entire house and when Sirius caught sight of the motionless Harry on the floor, he began to cry as well. Harry sunk onto the floor, pulling Sirius to his chest and covering the boy's eyes so he wouldn't see it anymore.

Lily was sobbing uncontrollably, flung across future Harry's lifeless body. Harry felt like he was watching a warped vision of the moment he had found Draco, seemingly dead, on the battle field of Hogwarts. The moment when he had realized just how much he cared about the guy lying in front of him. The moment his life had changed forever.

Sirius's tears were soaking Harry's cloak, but he didn't care. Harry moved only to try and pull Lily away from the body. But she shoved his hand away and continued to clutch to the dead Harry. It wasn't until Sirius removed himself from Harry's chest to sob, "Lily?" That she seemed to snap out of her hysterics slightly.

She shuffled over to them and grabbed Sirius from Harry's lap, crushing her brother to her chest protectively. She noticed Harry's tears, and knew he was crying for his children, not himself. Gasping for breath, she climbed into Harry's lap, pulling Sirius with her and allowing Harry to wrap his arms around both.

"I will fix this!" Harry vowed, putting her face in his hands and wiping away her tears; the same gesture he had done to Draco the other night. "I promise, Lily!"

She nodded and buried her face in his chest again. They sat there for some time, until slowly their sobs began to ease to small gasps. Knowing they needed to get out of the room, Harry carefully helped his children stand before leading them out of the study and downstairs to the kitchen. He poured them both glasses of water and went to send a note to the Ministry. He came back, with his invisibility cloak clutched in his hand.

Before the Aurors arrived, Harry took Lily's and Sirius's hands in his own and looked at both of them. "I will find who did this," he said solemnly. "I swear I will find out what happened and fix this! I promise!"

Sirius wrapped his arms around Harry's neck in a tight hug before he kissed his cheek and pulled away nodding. "Okay, Dad," he said in a soft voice.

Lily simply nodded at him and Harry couldn't help leaning forward and pressing kisses to his children's foreheads. There was a knock on the door, which caused Harry to stand quickly, wand at the ready. But when he heard the voice of Ronald Weasley, he quickly put his invisibility cloak on and stood in the corner, ready to let the Aurors do their work.

OoOoO

A/N: Okay, PLEASE DON'T HATE ME! This was the only way for me to make sure future Harry was out of the way, and it went along with the plot so I did it. Also, you guys were so focused on Draco's death, I knew it would shock you guys and you all know how I love to shock my readers and leave cliffhangers.

I also will be cutting between Draco and Harry, particularly because there is no Draco in the future and I want you guys to see what Draco is going through while Harry is gone. Can't have a Harry and Draco story without Draco!

I'm not sure how long it will take me to finish the next chapter. I'm also not sure how many chapters this story will end up being. I can't promise I will update again tomorrow, but since I have nothing to do today or tomorrow (as of right now), so chances are I'll be able to update again before Wednesday.

Please review, and once again, don't hate me! *hides for fear of pitchforks and torches*

Chapter #9

Ron looked different, and yet the same. He was clearly older, but still so utterly Ron. He rushed into the house after Lily called to him from the kitchen.

"Lily! Sirius!" he exclaimed, rushing to the children and pulling them into a tight hug. He pulled away and looked at them. "Where is he?"

"In his study," Lily answered in a hollow tone.

"Stay here," Ron said, removing his wand. "I need to make sure no one is hiding here."

Lily's eyes darted to the corner where Harry stood and she instinctively grabbed Ron's arm. "No!" she said, a bit louder than she had meant to.

Ron looked confused. "Lily, I have to," he insisted. "It's protocol. There could be someone hiding inside the house."

"Uncle Ron, please don't," Lily pleaded. Her eyes flickered over to where Harry stood again, but this time, Ron noticed. He looked at the corner as well, frowning when he didn't see anything.

"Why don't you want me to do the spell, Lily?" he asked sternly, turning back to the young girl.

"I'll explain later. The spell has been done already. Can't you just tell the Aurors you did it?" she asked.

Ron looked at the corner where Harry hid once more. Harry could see the wheels turning in his head as he tried to figure out what Lily was hiding. He looked as if he was ready to argue with her, but seemed to think better of it and simply nodded. "Okay," he said, lowering his wand. "I'll be right back." He left the room and Harry heard him run up the stairs to the study. He was gone only a few minutes and returned looking grim and sad. The sound of the other Aurors arriving could be heard outside. "Aunt Hermione and Grandma Cissy should be here soon. Do you want me to sit with you?"

Lily swallowed thickly and shook her head. "No, you have work to do," she said. She smoothed Sirius's hair back from his face. The young boy had climbed into her lap at some point and was sitting there silent, his thumb in his mouth and his eyes downcast. Ron noticed the look and Harry saw a pained expression cross his face.

Ron knelt until he was eye level with Sirius. "You okay, buddy?" he asked in an oddly soft and paternal voice. It suddenly occurred to Harry that Ron and Hermione had at least one child of their own; one who would be able the same age as Lily. As if on cue, Harry heard

the front door open again. Hermione's voice echoed through the house and Ron answered. "We're in here!" Harry heard her footsteps in the hall, along with second pair close to hers.

Hermione entered the kitchen moments later, followed by a tall, lanky boy with flaming red hair and Hermione's deep brown eyes. They both rushed over to the group and the boy wrapped his arms around Lily in a tight hug, pressing a kiss to the top of her head. Harry frowned as he realized that there was nothing platonic about how Ron's son was acting towards Harry's daughter. Harry was startled to realize they were possibly in a relationship together.

"Are you two alright?" Hermione asked, crouching down next to Ron. "What happened?"

Lily sighed and relaxed her head back, resting against Ron and Hermione's son. "We thought we'd come home and hang out here for a bit. Grandma Cissy said she was going to be busy until late and we sometimes like to visit home and see if Dad is around," she said. Harry was amazed how easily the lies spilled from her. He briefly wondered if she had been concocting the story while she had been silently sitting there. "We took the Knight Bus. When we came home, I noticed the light was on in Dad's study. That's where we found him."

Hermione and Ron both had unshed tears and they shared a glance. "Malcolm," Ron said, addressing his son. "Why don't you take Lily and Sirius into the living room?"

Malcolm nodded and helped Lily to stand. Sirius silently got off Lily's lap and held his sister's hand as the three children walked out of the room. Lily cast a sideways glance at the corner where Harry was hidden. When they were gone, Ron and Hermione let out shaky breaths and stood. "Those poor children," Hermione said softly.

Ron put his arm around her and rubbed his forehead. "He survived Voldemort for Merlin's sake," he said, sounding angry. "How was someone able to just waltz into his home and cast the Killing Curse on him? His wand wasn't even in his hand, Hermione!" There was a pause before Ron asked a question Harry sure he was itching to. "Do you think it had something to do with Malfoy?"

Hermione choked back a sob and shrugged. "I don't know, Ron," she said. "I wouldn't doubt it. All the time traveling he's done? Someone besides us must have noticed. Maybe the wrong person."

"Maybe the person who killed Malfoy noticed," Ron suggested.

Hermione nodded, her tears starting to escape her eyes. Ron sighed and pulled her into a tight hug, rubbing her back comfortingly.

Harry couldn't stand there silent anymore. He knew it was possible they would curse him, but he needed them to see him; to know that he was there. They had made a valid point. Harry took a deep breath and slowly removed his cloak. Hermione noticed him first and gasped, her hand flying to her mouth. Ron turned around and his wand was in his hand in an instant. He pinned Harry to the wall, wand at his throat. "Who are you?" he spat.

"Shh, Ron it's me, Harry!" Harry assured him, his hands up in surrender. "Just, not this Harry. I'm from fifteen years ago!"

"Of course you are," Ron said, unmoved. "Are you who Lily was protecting when she didn't want me to cast that spell? What do you want with my best friend's children? Answer me!" Harry had never seen Ron so protective before and he was momentarily afraid of him.

"Nothing! Honestly, Ron! The Harry of this time traveled back to warn me that Draco was going to die and there was nothing I could do to stop it," Harry explained.

"So you traveled to the future to try and find out why and stop it anyways," Hermione finished in a soft voice.

"You remember?" Harry asked with a hopeful smile. Maybe Hermione remembered their conversation all those years ago. "You remember our conversation?"

Hermione frowned and shook her head. "We've never had a conversation like that," she said. "It just sounds like something you would do."

Harry frowned, the thought of what happened in his time and what might have happened in their time was making his head hurt considerably. "Cast a spell to make sure it's really me," he told Ron. "Do what you have to. Just know, I am on your side."

Ron gave Hermione and sideways glance, lowering his wand. He looked a little skeptical for a moment before he relaxed and pulled Harry into a hug. "Good to see ya, mate," he said.

Hermione hugged him as well and he clung to both desperately. "I really fucked up," he said, trying his best not to sob.

"Not yet you haven't," Hermione reminded him. "Look, if your death has done anything, it has proven that this Harry was right all along."

"What do you mean?" Harry asked.

"Something or someone was behind Draco's death," Hermione told them. "If Draco's death was supposed to happen, why would someone kill Harry?"

"Unless he was on to something," Ron finished her thought. "He must have found something out about Draco's death."

"He implied that he went back multiple times, and every time he did Draco died a different way," Harry said, recalling his encounter with his future self. "Maybe...Maybe someone else was able to time travel, and maybe they had a hand in all of this. Maybe they're the reason Draco died so many different ways." Harry did not want to learn all the ways Draco had died. He was already having trouble with the thought of losing him. He couldn't imagine what it must have been like to see Draco die over, and over again.

"But who?" Hermione asked.

"That's what we need to find out," Harry told them. He heard the steps of the Aurors coming towards the kitchen and Harry quickly put his invisibility cloak back on. Ron met the men in the hall and Harry heard him give them instructions. There was a back exit to the kitchen and Hermione ushered Harry through it, showing him a back hallway that led back to the parlor. Lily and Malcolm were sitting on the couch when Hermione and invisible Harry entered. Lily sat next to the armrest, leaning on it slightly, while Malcolm sat on her right, towards the center of the couch.

They were holding hands tightly, their fingers intertwined. Sirius was sitting on Lily's lap, his cheeks fresh with new tears. Harry just wanted to hold his son, but he knew it couldn't. Harry made his way across the room and crouched down on the floor next to Lily. He reached his hand out and laid it on his daughter's arm. Her eyes quickly slid to the area he was, before snapping back to the spot on the floor she had been staring at. Hermione sat next to Malcolm, reaching behind him to run her hands through Lily's hair in a comforting gesture.

There was no talking. The group sat silently as they heard the Aurors and Ron moving upstairs and Harry made sure not to look at the open living room door as they carried his lifeless body out of the house. As soon as the body was gone, Narcissa Malfoy rushed in. Harry smiled at his mother-in-law, noting how gracefully she had aged over that past fifteen years. She had always told Draco that she would let her hair go naturally gray once she became a grandmother. Harry thought her silvery gray hair suited her.

"Grammy!" Sirius exclaimed upon seeing her. He jumped off Lily's lap and Narcissa scooped him into her arms with surprising strength.

"Oh, my darlings!" she said, pressing a kiss to Sirius's cheek. "Thank Merlin you both are safe!" Lily stood and gave her grandmother a large hug as well after Narcissa put Sirius down. The boy wandered back over to the couch, his foot knocking Harry as he did. Sirius looked confused for a moment, before Harry opened the cloak slightly and smiled. Sirius smiled back and plopped himself on the floor in front of Harry, leaning against him for support. If anyone noticed, it simply looked as if Sirius was leaning against the couch.

Harry rested his hand on Sirius's back, letting the boy know that he was there for him. It took a couple of hours for the Aurors to finish their sweep of the house. Ron showed them to the door before coming back into the living room and collapsing into an armchair. The group was still silent, each one of them just staring off into space.

Narcissa, who had taken Lily's place on the couch, reached out and smoothed back Sirius's hair. "Are you ready to go home, darlings?" she asked, casting a glance at Lily, who was sitting in between Malcolm and Hermione.

Harry's heart sank a little when he realized his children would be leaving, and he wasn't sure when he would be able to see them again. When he heard Lily start to tell Narcissa she wanted to stay, Harry knew she was thinking of him. But Harry also knew his children had been through a lot, and if he wanted to figure what was going on, he needed to make sure they were safe. At that point, there was no place safer than Malfoy Manor.

Harry leaned forward and whispered to Sirius, "You both should go to your Grandmother's and get some rest. I will be here tonight and tomorrow."

Sirius nodded, signaling he understood Harry. "Lily, I want to go to Grandma Cissy's," he said.

Lily looked at him surprise, but seemed to notice he was leaning against something that wasn't quite there. Harry saw her put two and two together and she sighed heavily. "Okay, let's go then," she said. She, Narcissa and Sirius stood and made their way to the fireplace. There was no way for Harry to say goodbye without revealing himself to Malcolm and Narcissa, two things he did not want to do. Harry watched as his children used the Floo network and were gone in seconds. Narcissa nodded her head towards Ron and Hermione before she two was gone.

"Malcolm, why don't you head home as well," Hermione gently suggested. "Your father and I have some more things to take care of here." Malcolm nodded and soon he too had taken the Floo network home.

As soon as he was gone, Harry removed his cloak. He buried his face in his hands and groaned. "How did everything get so fucked up?" he asked.

"It's not your fault, Harry," Hermione told him, moving across the couch to sit near him.

"She's right, mate," Ron spoke up. "If someone is behind all of this, then it's not your fault the way things have turned out."

Harry stood and sighed. He needed to examine his future self's study. There had to be answers there. Harry, Ron and Hermione headed upstairs and Harry paused for a moment

outside the door. Ron laid a reassuring hand on his shoulder before all three pressed forward.

The room was a mess. Papers and books were strewn everywhere, and Harry suddenly had a thought. "I wonder if the person who killed me trashed this place," he said out loud, noting how strange the statement was.

"It would go with the theory that they were looking for something," Hermione agreed, gingerly shuffling through some of the papers on the desk. Both Ron and Harry stooped to pick up the mess on the floor. They gathered all the notes and books they could find and carried everything down to the living room. Harry refused to do his research in the room where he was murdered. Once they moved everything they could find, Harry turned to his friends. "Go home," he said.

Hermione and Ron looked bewildered. "What?" Ron asked. "No way! Harry, Hermione and I want to help you!"

"Not at the expense of your family," Harry said with a shake of his head. "You have a son. Go spend some time with him. I don't want my crusade to destroy your family as well."

"But, Harry-" Hermione began, but Harry shook his head again.

"No, Hermione! Go home and spend some time with Malcolm," the raven haired man said. "I need to do this on my own. I can't let anymore of my loved ones get hurt."

Ron sighed, knowing how stubborn Harry could be. He put his hand on Hermione's shoulder and squeezed gently. "Let's go home," he said. "The twins will be wondering where we are."

Harry smiled slightly. "You guys have twins?" he asked.

Hermione smiled. "Two girls," she said. "A couple of years younger than Malcolm."

Harry gave them both a big hug and motioned to the fireplace. "If anything comes up, I'll call," he said. The two nodded before they left through the Floo network. Harry was then alone, in his future home. The silence was almost unbearable and he sighed heavily, running his hand through his hair. Plopping down on the floor, Harry pulled the first stack of notes towards him and began to read.

OoOoO

Draco was nervous and excited...but mostly nervous. He sat in a clean, healer's office, wearing a flimsy, patient gown, and waiting for his healer to come see him. It was mid-afternoon and Hedwig had delivered a message from St. Mungo's that morning, asking

Draco to come in for a check up. They had been impressed with his early results and wanted a closer look.

Draco looked over at the empty chair in the corner, where he had hoped Harry would have sat when the time came. He wanted Harry to be there with him, but he understood why he couldn't be. Draco fought back a sigh and tucked a stray strand of hair behind his ear. There was a soft knock on the door.

"Come in!" Draco called.

The door opened and a small, balding man with spectacles entered. "Hello, Mr. Malfoy," he said with a smile. "How are you feeling today?"

Draco smiled. "I'm okay, Mr. Mulderin," he said. "You wanted to check up on me?"

Phineas Mulderin smiled and consulted Draco's chart. "Yes. We were all very interested in what you were feeling so I wanted to examine you and see what's going on in there," he said, motioning to Draco's stomach. He removed his wand from his pocket. "Please lay down."

Draco obliged and waited nervously as Mr. Mulderin examined him. The old man was gentle as he touched Draco's stomach and waved his wand over him, mumbling incantations and notes under his breath. Draco's chart was hovering near the examination table, a Quick Quotes Quill skimming quickly across the page, recording the notes the Healer was speaking.

"How is your husband doing with the changes?" Mr. Mulderin asked, politely trying to make conversation.

Draco tried to keep his tone and expression neutral. "Oh, he is just fine," he lied easily. "He's actually away on business right now. If I am pregnant, I was hoping to be able to tell him the good news when he returns."

Mr. Mulderin nodded quietly, a smile still on his face. He continued his examination, asking Draco specific questions about the things he had been experiencing. Draco answered them as best he could, silently praying the old man would pick up the pace. Finally, Mr. Mulderin pulled away and grabbed Draco's chart, grabbing the quill and writing something down. He was too silent for Draco's liking and the blond man spoke up.

"What's the diagnosis, healer?" he asked.

"Everything looks great, Mr. Malfoy," Mr. Mulderin said with a grin. "It is a little too soon to determine for sure. I will need to see you again in about three weeks." Draco groaned in slight frustration. "But.." He looked over at Mr. Mulderin with hope. "I am comfortable telling you, Mr. Malfoy, there is a very strong chance you are carrying a child."

Draco couldn't help but smile. "Yeah?" was all he could ask as he sat up.

Mr. Mulderin nodded with a smile. "Yes," he said, patting Draco's hand. "Continue taking your potions. We will deliver the next round of them to you tomorrow. I will see you in three weeks."

Draco nodded and watched the man leave, a large smile on his face. His hand flew to his stomach and he let out a shaky breath. While he was excited, he also felt slightly hollow. Harry wasn't there to share in his good news. Draco was all alone at the one moment Harry needed him. His smile faded and he sighed bitterly, getting off the examine table and getting dressed. He made his way through St. Mungo's, which was unusually busy.

As he stepped out into the blinking sun, Draco looked up and noticed something that made him frown. It was the woman he had noticed the other day; the one with graying, black hair. She was standing across the street from him. When she caught his eyes, she turned and began to walk away. But for some reason, Draco felt like following her. His feet picked up their pace as he walked across the street and followed the mysterious woman. Who was she? Why did she seem so familiar?

Draco moved through the crowd of people, trying to keep the woman in his sights. She seemed to know that he was following her, because she picked up her pace and made a move to turn around a corner. Draco broke into a jog as he tried to keep up with her, but as he turned the same corner she had moments before, he could no longer see her. He faced an empty alley.

Frowning, Draco felt exhausted from just that brief walk, and realized he needed to get home and take his potion. Not feeling like taking the Floo or Knight Bus, Draco turned on the spot and Disapparated.

He appeared outside his apartment building and entered it quickly, rushing upstairs to his apartment. His stomach was suddenly very upset and he felt the need to vomit. Minutes later he was slumped over his toilet, heaving up his small breakfast. When he was done, he rinsed out his mouth and forced the next potion down. As he was putting the vial back in the medicine cabinet, he heard a noise a popping noise from inside his apartment. It sounded like someone had just Apparated, but they shouldn't be able to Apparate into his and Harry's apartment.

Making sure his wand was at the ready, Draco slowly made his way out of the bathroom and through his bedroom. He could sense someone else was in the apartment. Suddenly, his hopeful mind zeroed in on thoughts of Harry.

He's back! He managed to save me! he thought wildly and, without thinking, ran down the hallway and burst to Harry's study. Pushing open the door, he expected to see his husband standing there, hair unruly and green eyes wide with happiness at his accomplishment.

But there was no one.

Draco sighed and fought back tears. As he turned to leave the room, a hand came around and clamped tightly over his mouth. His wand arm was seized and twisted behind his back, causing him to drop his only means of protection. He struggled against his attacker, and in doing so he managed to turn slightly and see who had grabbed him.

It was the woman he had followed earlier, only this time she wore a wicked grin and as Draco stared at her, her features began to change and the gray from her hair began to fall away. Draco's eyes widened in fear as he stared at familiar face with dark, heavy-lidded eyes, and a thin mouth which was stretched into a large smile, showing off disgusting, rotting teeth.

"Hello, nephew," she said through her smile, before she turned on the spot, Disapparating and bringing Draco with her.

Chapter #10

He was up the entire night going through the notes of his future self. His head was spinning with all the information he was reading. There was a stack of parchment, which he put a few feet away so he wouldn't have to look at them. The stack was filled with detailed accounts of each and every way Harry had seen Draco die. He had read the first couple before he became violently ill and had to find a bathroom so he could vomit.

At around six in the morning, he rubbed his tired eyes and stood, stretching. He needed to walk around a bit. He hadn't had a chance to explore his future home and he decided to take the opportunity to do so. He had already seen the kitchen and living room, so he wandered up the stairs to check out the other rooms in the house.

The first door he came to had a white and pink, decorative plaque on it: *Lily Narcissa Potter*.

Harry turned the knob and opened the door to Lily's room. He wasn't sure what he was expecting, but he was not surprised to see the walls painted emerald green with silver trim. It was clear that Lily was in Slytherin and proud of it. Her bed sheets and the hangings of her four-poster bed were both different shades of green, but still had the familiar silver trimmings and stitching. There were pictures hanging up all over the walls.

Harry wandered over and looked at the photos. They seemed to be separated into groups, which made Harry smile. She was organized like Draco.

The first group of photos were photos of Lily and Sirius. Harry smiled as a younger Lily chased a small Sirius through the photos, grinning and laughing as they went. One photo had a five year-old Lily, her silver hair in pigtails, grinning widely at the camera as she held the squirming baby that was Sirius. Harry let his fingers trace over the pictures of his children and he wandered to the next group of photos.

Malcolm and Lily were prominent in the next group, captured at various ages. Harry noticed in almost all the photos the two were holding hands and smiling at each other. They would have grown up together, would have seen each other almost every day. It was not surprising that their friendship had blossomed into romance. They were the closest two people could be and Harry admitted there were worse people Lily could be involved with than Ron and Hermione's son.

The next group of photos was small, and Harry was disappointed to realize, it was the group of photos which featured himself. There were a couple of pictures of him holding her at various ages. He looked so happy, and so did Lily. There was only one photo that looked recent. Harry had his arm around Lily, who looked to be able twelve or thirteen. Harry was startled when he looked at his appearance in the picture. He was thin; thinner than when

he had been with the Dursleys. He was extremely pale with dark circles under his eyes. He was barely smiling for the picture.

The thing that made Harry feel worse was the look on Lily's face. She was smiling softly, but her eyes looked so sad and miserable.

Harry looked away from the pictures, not being able to face what his future self had done.

The last group of pictures was what Harry was expecting, the group of pictures with Lily and Draco. Several of them were photos of Draco with a large belly, a large grin on his face.

There were several photos of Harry and Draco, Harry's arms always encircling Draco and touching or holding his pregnant stomach. One that made Harry smile was a photo of Draco on the couch in their old flat, a large tub of ice cream sitting in his lap and a spoonful of ice cream going into his mouth.

The photos of Draco and Lily showed Lily at the happiest she had ever been. She was smiling widely in every single one. In some she was bouncing on Draco's lap, others she was climbing all over him. Seeing them together made their facial similarities striking and it made Harry's heart ache, wanting to see them happy together again.

The only picture that was in a frame was a photo of the four of them. Sirius couldn't be more than a year old and he was nestled in Harry's arms, grabbing at the man's nose. Lily was nestled in Draco's arms, giggling at Sirius.

They looked so happy.

Harry tore his eyes away from the photos, not wanting to put himself through anymore emotional pain. He looked around Lily's room for a bit more, before he wandered to the next room. *Sirius James Potter* was on the door, but not on a plaque like Lily's was. Harry noticed that it looked to be written with ever changing ink, in Sirius's own handwriting. The colors flashed blue, then red, then gold...

Harry smiled as he turned the knob and entered the room, promptly tripping over a toy that had been left there. Harry swore and caught his balance, only to be hit in the head with several flying models of the Puddlemere United players. Harry ducked and watched as the mini Quidditch players zoomed around the room. As he looked around his son's room, he imagined his room would have looked somewhat similar if he had been raised by his parents.

Quidditch toys and paraphernalia covered every inch of the dark red painted walls. Harry recognized the posters of almost all of Britain's Quidditch teams. They all zoomed through each other's posters, making Harry a little motion sick as he watched. One corner of the wall didn't have Quidditch posters. Harry smiled wider as he realized it had drawings;

drawing Sirius had done. Harry didn't know much about artwork, but he knew enough to realize Sirius had a lot of talent for someone his age.

There were no stick figures. Sirius had taken the time to carefully and distinctively draw the people he cared about. There was one picture in particular that drew his gaze. It was a drawing of Harry, standing in the middle of Sirius and Lily. They were holding his hands. But what stood out the most to Harry, was the fourth figure in the drawing. In the area that would be a sky, was a drawing of a figure with blond hair, a white dress, a halo and wings...

Harry broke down.

He sunk onto the floor and cried. He cried harder than he had ever cried in his life.

"Maybe coming here was a mistake..." he muttered. He let his tears continue to fall, too exhausted mentally and emotionally to bother to stop them. He didn't even hear the soft footsteps outside the door, or see the small hand push it open.

"Dad?" came a soft, timid voice.

Harry looked up in surprise. Sirius was standing between the doorframe and the half open door, clutching the doorknob. His hair was tousled from sleep. He wore blue pajama pants and a matching short sleeved shirt, both patterned with gold snitches.

"Dad, are you okay?" he asked softly.

"Hey, buddy," Harry said, quickly wiping his tears on his sleeve. "W-What are you doing here? You should go back to your grandmother's house. She'll be worried when she wakes up and your gone."

"Grandma Cissy left for the day," Sirius said. "Said she had important errands to run and to stay out of trouble until Lily woke up." He shifted a little, knowing he was probably be in trouble. "I wanted to see you."

"You should go back home, buddy," Harry said, though on the inside he was thrilled that his son had wanted to see him. "Lily will be worried."

"I left a note," Sirius said softly. "Can I stay with you just for a little bit?"

Harry smiled. "Sure," he said. Sirius grinned and scurried across the room, dropping himself onto Harry's lap without warning. "Ooof!"

"Sorry," Sirius said sheepishly with a small giggle.

"It's okay," Harry said, trying to smooth down Sirius's hair. He sighed heavily as it stood right back up. "How are you doing?"

Sirius was quiet for a second. He curled himself into a small ball and rested his cheek on Harry's chest. "I'm okay..." he said softly. Harry knew he wasn't and wrapped his arms around the small boy. He rested his own cheek against the top of the boy's head.

"I'm going to make this right, Sirius," he said. He knew he had said it already, multiple times. But he couldn't help saying it again.

"I know," Sirius said. "You told me you would."

They sat there for a little while until Harry heard a deep rumble and pulled away from his son. "Was that your stomach?" he asked.

Sirius giggled and nodded. "Yeah," he said. "I'm hungry."

"Do you want me to make you some breakfast?" Harry suggested. He didn't want to go back to his notes. Not after what he had read already. He hadn't gained any new information and he thought maybe food and a nap would help.

Sirius looked surprised. "You can cook?" he asked, his eyebrows raised.

Harry laughed. "Yes, of course I can cook," he said. He frowned slightly. "Didn't the other me cook for you?"

Sirius shook his head. "Usually Lily made me breakfast when we lived here, or Grandma Cissy," he said, getting off Harry's lap.

"Well, I will make you breakfast," Harry said standing. He took Sirius's hand and then headed downstairs. Sirius took a seat at the kitchen table while Harry moved around, summoning food and seeing what the kitchen was stocked with. He gave Sirius some orange juice and a piece of toast to hold him over until he was done. Cooking was something Harry enjoyed doing and it felt nice to do so again. Usually he and Draco went out to eat, but Harry did enjoy making a home cooked meal on occasion. The other him seemed to have less and less fatherly qualities the more Harry learned about him.

"What do you want for breakfast?" he asked Sirius.

Sirius's eyes lit up. "I can have what ever I want?" he asked, his eyes gleaming.

"Within reason," Harry said.

"Can I have pancakes?" Sirius asked.

Harry nodded. "Sure," he said, pulling the ingredients together.

"And bacon..."

Harry chuckled. "Okay," he said, heating up two pans.

"And scrambled eggs..."

Harry looked at his son. "Alright..." he said, pulling the eggs out of the refrigerator. Sirius was quiet then, but Harry could tell he wanted to say something else. Harry put the egg carton on the counter and sighed. "Okay, is that all?"

"Hash browns..." Sirius said with a small smile.

Harry grinned and with a shake of his head started cooking. As he cooked Sirius ate his toast and asked Harry a series of questions about his time. Harry answered him as best he could, moving around the kitchen with ease; the dishes, pans and ingredients were all where Harry assumed they would be.

"Dad?" Sirius asked.

"Yes, Sirius," Harry said for the seventh or eighth time.

"What was Daddy like?" asked the small boy. "I ask Lily all the time but she doesn't like to talk about it."

Harry gave his son a sympathetic look as he flipped over several golden, buttery pancakes. "Do you remember anything about him?" he asked, putting down his spatula.

Sirius shook his head. "No," he said. "Lily misses him a lot. I want to know more about him, but no one wants to talk about it with me."

Harry loaded two plates with food and carried them over to the table. He placed one in front of Sirius, who's eyes lid up. The small boy promptly tucked into his plate, while Harry slowly ate his own food. "Your other dad is...was very smart," he said, after taking a few bites. "He had a great sense of humor...even if it did mean he picked on me all the time."

Sirius smiled, maple syrup running down his chin. "Was he good at potions? Lily said he was good at potions," he said.

Harry chuckled and reached over with a napkin, cleaning the syrup off Sirius's chin. "Yes, he was the best," he said. "Aside from Hermione of course."

There was a thud in the living room and Lily's voice rang through the house. "Sirius!" she scolded. "You are in a big trouble!"

Sirius jumped off his seat and hid under the table, grabbing Harry's leg. "Uh oh," he said.

Lily marched into the kitchen. She was still wearing her pajamas as well as a fuzzy green robe. "Where is he?" she asked Harry, her hands on her hips.

Sirius shifted under the table, bumping his head. "Ow!"

Lily's eyes narrowed and she knelt down, peering under the table. "Sirius James Potter, don't you *ever* go off like that again!" she scolded him. "You had me worried half to death!" She stood and glared at Harry. "And you! Biologically you are our father but you have no right keeping him here!"

"Hey, don't talk to me like that," Harry snapped, standing. "I am not the same person as the Harry of this time! I was just making him some breakfast and then I was going to send him back home. I understand you have a problem with me. I get it. I'm not around. But I'm here now and I just want to make things right!"

The air was silent, but thick with tension. Lily and Harry were glaring daggers at each other and Sirius peered fearfully up from under the table. "I-I left you a note..." he said softly. "Dad told me to leave but I didn't want to. Please don't yell at each other."

Harry could see tears in Lily's eyes and she let out a shaky breath before collapsing into one of the kitchen chairs. "I'm sorry," she mumbled. "It's...it's been rough..."

Sirius crawled out from under the table and pulled himself onto Lily's lap. He pulled his plate of food over and began to eat again. This time slowly and carefully. Harry knew he didn't want to upset Lily by making a mess. He too relaxed a bit and ran his hand through his hair. "Are you hungry?" he asked her.

Lily nodded, refusing to meet his gaze. Harry fixed her a plate of the food he had cooked and carefully placed it in front of his daughter. She looked down at the plate before she looked up at him with a half smile. "You used to make this for me every Saturday," she said, picking up her fork. "I would wake up early and wait in the kitchen until you got up. We'd make this and fix a plate for Daddy. Then we'd bring it to him in bed."

Harry smiled slightly, happy to finally hear about at least one good thing he had done. They all fell into silence as they ate. Sirius stayed firmly planted on Lily's lap, and Harry first thought it was for the boy's comfort. But he soon realized Sirius was doing it for Lily. She seemed more relaxed with Sirius on her lap, or at least very close to her. Harry wondered if she kept Sirius close in case she needed to protect him. He wouldn't be surprised.

"Did you find anything?" Lily eventually asked. She didn't go much further than that, but Harry knew what she was talking about.

"No, not much," Harry said. "I was thinking of taking a small nap and then trying again."

Lily studied him in a way that reminded Harry so much of Draco. She had done it before, but it didn't make it any easier to see it a second time. "Do you mind if I look at the notes?" she asked.

Harry shook his head the moment the words came out of her mouth. "No," he said. "I can't let you get caught up in this too."

"I'm already caught in this," Lily told him. "At least I may be able to actually help."

"I can't let you do that, Lily," Harry said. "I can't even handle what happens to Draco. There is no way I would be able to handle losing you too."

"You don't even know me," Lily said.

"I am still your father," Harry told her.

"Look, all I've been doing is just sitting back," Lily said, clearly upset. "I want to help! I want to fight!"

Harry heard himself in Lily's words and he knew that if he didn't give his blessing for her help, she would just find a way to do go behind his back and do it anyway. He rubbed the back of his neck absentmindedly and gave her a stern look. "Fine," he said. "You can help. But you have to listen to me. If I'm going somewhere and I say it's too dangerous, you can't follow. If I tell you to take Sirius and go, you go. If I tell you to do something, you need to do it. Is that understood?"

Lily nodded earnestly, her eyes lighting up at the prospect of helping to find out what or who was terrorizing their family.

"Can I help too?" Sirius asked quietly. "I can be a lot of help!"

Lily smirked at him. "Really? What can you do to help?" she asked, placing a small kiss on his temple.

Sirius's face fell slightly. "Uhh...I can..." he thought for a second, before his eyes lit up. "I can make you laugh!" He suddenly crossed his eyes and stuck out his tongue, sending Harry and Lily into a laughing fit. It had been so random and so absurd that it had caught both of guard. "See! I made you laugh!"

Lily kissed his cheek, still laughing as Sirius hopped off her lap to bring his plate to the sink. "You're silly," she told him.

"And you're crazy!" Sirius said back with a grin.

Harry looked at Lily with a raised eyebrow, curious about Sirius's statement.

"It's our thing," Lily explained.

He nodded and yawned, checking his watch. It was nearly nine in the morning, and he was dead tired. He and Lily stood and cleared the dishes. Before the three wandered into the living room. Harry collapsed onto the couch, laying down as his eyes no longer were able to stay open. He felt a weight on his chest and he looked down to see Sirius climbing on top of him. His son also looked tired and he curled into a little ball on top of Harry, popping his thumb into his mouth. Harry smiled slightly and rubbed the small boy's back, slowly drifting off to sleep.

Within seconds he and Sirius were out cold and Lily sighed, grabbing a blanket from a basket next to the couch. She draped it over both of them, placing a kiss on their foreheads in the process. After, she turned to the parchment scattered across the floor and sat down in the middle of the pile, picking up where Harry had left off.

OoOoO

A/N: Sorry there's not much action in this. I really wanted to focus a bit on Harry and Sirius. I love Sirius as a character and I'm glad I added him in :)

Chapter #11

Draco opened his eyes, only to realize that he was surrounded by darkness. It took him several seconds to remember what had happened. He realized he was lying on a cold, stone floor and he made a move to get up. As he moved however, his head spun wildly and his stomach gave a nasty lurch. He collapsed back onto the floor, his hand pressed to his stomach.

Where was he? What time was it? Draco didn't know and that worried him. He needed to take his potion. If he didn't...

Draco let out a small sob, wanting to keep his baby more than anything. He looked around, but the darkness was still swallowing him and he couldn't really see anything. Once his eyes adjusted to the dark, however, he was able to at least make out that he was in a cell of some kind. He clenched his jaw as he thought about who had brought him there.

Bellatrix.

Draco hadn't seen or heard from his aunt since the war, which had been a blessing considering how sick and twisted she was. She had eluded Aurors for years until it had been rumored she had been caught. Apparently that's all they had been; rumors. He did not believe that it was coincidence she should snatch him right after Harry had left him. He even concluded that she was the one behind his death. It seemed like something she would do.

He would worry about the why later. Right now he needed to find a way out. Draco felt around on the ground, but cursed as he didn't find his wand. He knew it had been a long shot, but there had been some glimmer of hope it was there. But it wasn't. He remembered now; he had dropped it when she had grabbed him.

He tried his luck standing again. This time the world didn't spin so much and his stomach didn't feel like it was going to explode. Carefully, he felt his way around the small cell, but only found a secured door and a small cot. Draco sat down on it heavily, his face in his hands.

What the bloody hell do I do now? he thought to himself.

There was a noise outside his cell and he stood immediately. Bright lights suddenly shone between the cracks of the door and it swung open loudly.

Draco shielded his eyes from the light as he glared at the figure framed in the doorway. "What the fuck do you want with me?" he asked angrily.

"Now nephew, is that any way to treat one of your few remaining relatives?" Bellatrix asked in a sticky sweet voice, a sadistic grin plastered across her pale face.

"Go to hell!" Draco spat.

Bellatrix merely continued to grin. "I must say Draco," she said, slowly stalking into the room. "I was very surprised to hear that you were shacking up with the one and only Harry Potter. Never would have pegged you for a ponce, but I shouldn't be surprised. Got yourself married with a nice little shop and flat...got yourself a normal life, have you? Tell me, where is the Boy Who Lived? I find it so amusing that I was able to snatch you away so easily."

"Harry will find me," Draco lied swiftly. He didn't even know when Harry would be back, let alone if he would be able to find him. "And when he does, he will kill you."

To his horror, Bellatrix's smile only widened. "Naughty, naughty, Draco," she said, wagging her finger at him as though he were a small child. "Lying to Aunt Bella like that! Your Harry isn't even in this time anymore. And if he decides to come back any time soon, he won't even know where to begin looking for you..."

Draco felt himself grow sick. How did she know? How could she possibly have known that Harry was time traveling? It didn't make sense!

Suddenly his stomach cramped painfully, and before he could stop himself Draco doubled over slightly in pain. He hoped in vain that Bellatrix hadn't noticed, but she was staring right at him. There was no way she hadn't seen the pain in his eyes.

"What's that? What's wrong?" she asked sharply, entering the room the rest of the way. She came right up to him and grabbed his face with one hand, studying him. It took all of Draco's self control not to spit in her face and make a run for it. He knew that if he failed there was more at risk than his own life. He glared back at Bellatrix, wondering what she was searching his face for. His anger was bubbling inside of him, ready to explode...

He was surprised when she stepped back suddenly, clutching her hand as if she had been burned. She yelped in pain before she had Draco pinned against the wall, her wand at his throat. "What did you just do to me?" she asked. Draco noticed her hand that had been holding his face was now red and looked slightly swollen.

Had he done that?

"I didn't do anything!" he snapped.

"LIAR!" Bellatrix screeched. "You performed wandless magic on me! HOW? You're not that powerful!"

Draco had no idea what she was talking about. He was powerful; all Malfoys were. But there were only certain kinds of wandless magic he could do. Mostly Summoning. Harry was the one who could do true wandless magic...

"The only wizards I knew who can perform such wandless magic were the Dark Lord and..."

Harry!

It took all Draco had not to reach for his stomach. His unborn child, though still a bundle of cells, would definitely have its magic already. Had the child done this? He didn't show signs of happiness so not to startle Bellatrix. She would have no way of knowing he was pregnant, and therefore had an extra magical boost. Draco remembered Hermione mentioning her spells were more powerful than usual, which had scared Draco since she was already powerful without the extra baby magic.

Bellatrix was searching his face again, and just when Draco allowed himself to feel hope, the scariest, amused grin flashed across her face. "Oh no," she said, grinning and shaking her head. "It cannot be! I don't believe it! *Aperio Parvulus!*"

"NO!" Draco yelled as she cast the spell to reveal pregnancy.

His stomach cramped again, so much that he let out a yell of pain. But it was drowned out by the sound of Bellatrix cackling. "This is too good to be true!" she said. "Wittle Dwako...having Harry Potter's baby...how?"

She pressed her wand to his throat again.

"I don't know what you're talking about," Draco sneered. "You must be losing your mind in your old age, *Aunt Bella*." He received a harsh slap across the face. He could taste blood now.

"DO NOT LIE TO ME!" Bellatrix howled. "I did the spell! I saw! You are carrying Potter's child and I want to know how!"

"Go to hell!" Draco spat blood in his Aunt's face.

He instantly regretted it as his body was suddenly filled with pain. He collapsed onto the stone floor with a yell, curling into a ball on his side as his hands immediately flew to his stomach. When the pain eventually stopped, Bellatrix rolled him onto his back with her foot.

She pointed her wand, leering down at him with a mixture of amusement and disdain on her face. "I hope you try that again," she said in a low, dangerous voice. "One more spell like that and you can say goodbye to baby Potter. Then finally I can be rid of his dirty blood line

once and for all!" She sent a swift kick to his legs, causing Draco to yell in pain again, before she turned on her heel and left, swiftly slamming and locking the door behind her.

OoOoO

"Draco, no!"

Harry suddenly awoke with a start, sitting up so fast his head spun.

"Dad, what's wrong?" Lily asked, looking up from the parchment she was holding.

Harry put his head in his hands, pressing the heel of his palms into his eyes, trying to hold onto the dream he had just had. He had dreamt about Draco...Draco was in trouble. He didn't know how he knew this, he just knew he needed to finish in the future and get back, fast.

"Dad?" Lily had dropped the parchment and was at his side now, her hand on his shoulder.

"Dad, talk to me!"

Harry let out a shaky breath and removed his hands from his face. He looked at Lily, who looked extremely worried. "Something is wrong," he said. "In my time...something isn't right. I need to hurry and get back."

Lily sighed and ran her hand through her hair. "Well, that's going to be more difficult than we previously anticipated," she said, pulling away from him and reclaiming her seat in the middle of future Harry's notes. "I've been through these notes all day and I have yet to find anything that stands out."

All day? Harry looked at the clock in the living room and cursed himself. It was already early evening. He had slept almost the entire day away. He noticed Lily had changed out of her pajamas and into a pair of jeans and a short-sleeved, white t-shirt. He also noticed Sirius was nowhere to be seen.

"Where is your brother?" he asked, looking around.

"Upstairs in his room, playing," she said. "He woke up around noon. You might want to go up and see him. He was driving me crazy; kept asking me when you were going to get up."

Harry chuckled slightly and reached for his rucksack. He headed to the loo first, changing his clothes and freshening up before he went to find his son. He was surprised to see that Sirius's room was now mostly clean. The toys that had littered the floor earlier were gone. Harry realized it was because Sirius was currently on his bed trying to shove all of said toys into a rucksack similar to Harry's.

"Hey, buddy, what are you doing?" Harry asked with amusement.

Sirius looked up and smiled at him. "Dad! You're awake!" he said happily, abandoning his rucksack to run and give Harry a tight hug.

Harry patted him on the head. "Yeah, I'm awake," he said. He motioned to the rucksack. "What are you doing?"

"Trying to put all my toys in my pack, like you did to yours!" Sirius said, returning to his task. "It won't all fit!"

"That's because the bag is not enchanted," Harry informed him, crossing the room to sit on his son's bed. "Why are you trying to put all your toys in your rucksack?"

"So I can bring them with me when we go with you!" Sirius said happily.

Harry's smile faded. He hadn't anticipated his son not understanding that Harry couldn't stay, nor could he bring him with him. He wished he could. He wished he could save Draco and bring Lily and Sirius back as a way of saying, 'Look what we do!', but that was not possible.

"Sirius," he said, sounding a bit graver than he had meant to. Sirius caught it and looked at him.

His face fell. "We can't go back with you, huh?" he asked in a soft voice.

Harry sadly shook his head and patted Sirius's hand. "I'm sorry, buddy," he said. "But hey, once I stop this, you'll have me and Daddy back! Things will be happy again!"

"Will I remember you?" Sirius asked, his eyes wide. "I like having you here! Will I remember?"

Harry sighed and tried to smooth down Sirius's hair again. "I don't think so," he said honestly. When it looked like Sirius was going to cry, he added. "But you won't remember the bad stuff either."

That seemed to cheer him up and he smiled slightly. "That makes it okay then," he said.

Harry kissed the top of his head. "Come on, let's go see your sister," he said standing. "Maybe I'll make you guys some dinner."

"Can I have a piggy back ride?" Sirius asked excitedly.

Harry chuckled and stood with his back to him. "Sure!" he said.

Sirius leapt onto his back and wrapped his arms and legs around Harry, clinging to him like a little monkey. The two trooped back downstairs, where Harry dumped Sirius unceremoniously onto the couch. "Dad!" the young boy exclaimed.

"Sorry, buddy," Harry grinned. He knelt down next to Lily. "Maybe you should take a break, Lily. I'm going to make some food. Are you hungry?"

Lily pushed the notes away, looking cross. "Yeah, I guess break would be best," she said. "I don't understand how in all these notes, nothing can stand out."

Harry frowned. He had found it frustrating as well when he had been going through the notes. "Well, let's eat something and then we'll look at them together instead," he said, standing and offering his hand to Lily. She accepted it and allowed Harry to pull her to her feet. The group went into the kitchen and Harry went to work preparing some spaghetti with meat sauce.

Lily sat at the table, chin in hand. She looked to be deep in thought, while Sirius sat on the counter, next to Harry, helping him prepare the food. "Careful, Sirius, that's hot," Harry warned as the boy slowly stirred spaghetti sauce. "You okay, Lily?"

"Yeah, just thinking," Lily said. "About what I read. His notes are all jumbled. Just random thoughts one after another. Makes it hard to see if things stand out."

Harry nodded. He had felt the same way when reading the notes. Draco had always made fun of him for not keep clearer and concise notes, but now Harry wished he had listened to him. The future Harry's thoughts had ranged from fate to murder, with everything in between. There were no connections between the ways Draco had died. Each one had been vastly different, some more gruesome than others.

How was Harry supposed to find out who was behind his and Draco's death when he couldn't even find a connection?

As Harry slid some thin noodles into boiling water, he looked over at Lily. He could tell she was on a deep thought, because her eyebrows were drawn together and she was staring off into space. "Sickle for your thoughts?" he asked.

"Well, maybe we're looking for the wrong thing," Lily said slowly.

"How so?" Harry asked.

"Your notes are random, right?" Lily asked. "Everything sticks out because everything is odd and doesn't make sense."

"Okay, what's your point?" Harry asked.

"My point is, we shouldn't be looking for something that stands out," Lily said excitedly. "We should be looking for *consistency*. Something that is repeated in your notes!"

Harry thought his daughter was the smartest person in the world. She seemed to think so too because she looked very smug with herself. "Lily, that's brilliant!" Harry said with a grin. "Once we eat, we'll attack the notes again. We should be able to find something now that we know what to look for."

"You should look for the woman," Sirius said.

Lily and Harry frowned and looked at him. He had stopped stirring and was currently licking the spaghetti sauce off the wooden spoon he was holding.

"What woman, Sirius?" Lily asked, casting Harry a worried glance.

"I don't know," Sirius said with a shrug. "Dad just said to look for the woman."

Lily looked at Harry, but he shook his head. "It wasn't me," he said.

Sirius sighed. "Not this one! The other one!" he said.

"You mean, future me?" Harry asked. Sirius nodded.

"Buddy, when did Dad say this to you?" Lily asked.

Sirius shifted slightly on the counter, the way he did when he knew Lily was going to be mad at him for sneaking away to see Harry. "A couple of nights ago," he said. "He visited me after you and Grandma Cissy went to bed."

"What did he say to you?" Lily asked, getting up from the table and moving to stand in front of Sirius.

"He said that he loved me, he would make things right and if you went through his notes to look for the woman," Sirius said. "He told me not to say anything unless you went through his notes! He made me promise!"

Lily and Harry looked at each other. The future Harry knew there was a possibility something was going to happen. He must have been closer than they thought. "Did he say anything else?" Lily asked hopefully.

Sirius shook his head. "No," he said. "Am I in trouble? Did I do something bad? I promised him."

"No, no, no, you're not in trouble," Lily said hurriedly, pulling him into a hug as Harry continued cooking. "You're a very good boy for keeping a promise."

Harry was deep in thought as he put their dinner together. He had no idea what woman future him would have been talking about. He didn't remember reading anything about a woman in his notes. But then again, he hadn't really known what he was looking for. He

finished making their dinner and the three loaded their plates and sat down to eat. The table was made for four...the empty chair across from Harry served as a reminder about what he was missing and what he needed to get back.

The feeling he had after he had woken up from his dream was back, and he knew that his Draco was in trouble. He needed to hurry and solve who was behind this so he could get back. He glanced at Lily, who was staring at him. He knew she sensed his worry and tension and they both hurried through their meal, eager to get back to work.

OoOoO

A/N: There you go, a bit with Draco and Bellatrix. Please review!

Chapter #12

He wanted to yell at the top of his lungs, but he knew it wouldn't make a difference. If anything he would make things worse.

Draco sat in the middle of his small cot, his eyes trained on the door. They were slightly glazed over, and if it weren't for the fact that he would blink occasionally, it would seem like he was either dead or sleeping with his eyes open.

In reality, he was thinking.

Draco knew he needed to get out of his cell. He couldn't tell how long he had been in there, and he needed to take his potion. His stomach was cramping painfully, and he was more than afraid he would lose the baby. He was terrified. Also, he knew that Harry would have no way of finding him when he came back.

Draco sighed and closed his eyes, trying to clear his mind. He had tried testing his Wandless Magic, hoping he would be able to do something that would help him escape, but nothing happened. Draco knew he was drained, physically. He hadn't been given any water or food, and he wasn't sure he wouldn't trust the food they gave him.

As if his capturers heard his thoughts, the door opened and a tray with a plate of food and glass of water wandered in on its own. Draco was surprised to see a small vial; the same vial that held his potion.

They must have ransacked the flat, he thought, somewhat relieved. But he was also suspicious. Why would Bellatrix make sure he kept his baby when she was so bent on destroying Harry? Draco didn't know the reason, but at that point, he didn't care. He seized the vial and downed it in one shot. Nothing tasted different and Draco, being an expert at potions, knew he would have been able to detect if they had tampered with it.

He turned to his food, relaxing as his stomach stopped cramping so much. The plate held a hearty helping of food; steak and kidney pie with a dinner roll. Draco's throat was dry, so he reached for his glass of water. As soon as his hand touched the glass, he felt a small zap and pulled away in surprise. At first he thought it was simply a static shock. But when he went to try and grab it again, he felt another small shock. Draco was frustrated, and thirsty, so the third time he ignored the shock and grabbed the glass completely.

As he went to bring the glass to his lips, his hand jerked violently and the glass went sailing across the room. Draco was surprised, but also curious. He got up and walked over to the mess on the floor. After testing the water, he realized he couldn't tell what was wrong with it now that it was on the floor. His hand wandered to his stomach and he silently thanked his child for protecting them both. Something must have been wrong with it if his unborn child

didn't want him to drink it. He was worried about the food, which looked appetizing and made his stomach growl.

He didn't know how much longer he could last if he couldn't eat or drink. He sighed heavily and picked up the abandoned glass before he wandered back over to his cot. He sunk down onto it and put the glass back on the tray before he pushed it away. It jerked back towards him. Draco firmly pushed it away again, but after a minute, it moved back towards him. Draco sighed and rubbed his eyes. He had no idea what to do, but as the tray kept nudging him, he growled in frustration.

"Is the food okay then?" he asked his midsection sharply. The tray moved towards him again as he was looking down and almost hit him in the head. Draco sighed and pulled the tray over. He gingerly tested the food, but couldn't find anything wrong with it. Taking that as a good sign, he tried a small bite. Nothing felt out of the ordinary when he tried it and the tray stopped nudging him. Encouraged, he ate some more. His stomach felt warm and relax as he finally had proper nourishment.

Draco finished his meal within minutes, and while he was happy, he was still very thirsty. More than before now that he had eaten. Draco looked hopefully at the empty glass and couldn't help smile as it filled itself with water. He gingerly reached for it, pleased when it didn't zap him or go sailing across the room. He still tested the water, but it seemed normal so he took a huge drink. He put the empty tray on the floor next to the door and settled back on his cot.

Feeding him was probably a bad idea on his captor's part. They were giving Draco the strength to work on his wandless magic. But he was more worried about why Bellatrix was taking care of him. She clearly wanted nothing more than to cause Harry immense pain and suffering. Why would she take care of Draco now that she knew he was with child?

A horrible thought occurred to Draco.

She wanted the baby.

It was the only explanation. Why keep Draco alive otherwise? When he had been captured, he was sure she was going to torture him. It may have even been her original plan. But it seemed her plans had changed now that she knew there was a baby involved.

Draco didn't know why she wanted the baby, nor did he care. His want and need to get out was stronger than ever before. Draco took a deep breath to calm himself and focused his attention on the tray.

"Come on baby, lets find a way to get out of here," he said, concentrating on trying to move the tray. After a few moments, he was rewarded with the sight of the tray moving slightly to one side. He couldn't help the satisfied smile cross his face.

OoOoO

"Are you sure you want to do this mate?" Ron asked, his eyebrows drawn together with worry.

They were standing outside a place Harry never wanted to personally see. The chill of the Dementors was strong and caused Harry to shiver as he fought off the sound of his parents dying...and the sound of Draco's painful yells mixed in. "I need to do this, Ron," he said. "It may be the only way to know what happened."

After he and Lily had finished dinner, they had attacked the notes again with new vigor, searching for any mention of a woman. At first, they were worried that Sirius had been misinformed, or had been confused about something. But Sirius was adamant about what Harry had said to them and he was sure they had to look for a woman.

But it had been about an hour or so after that, that they found the first mention of the woman. It seemed future Harry's notes had been based off what he remembered, and what he could see when he reviewed the event through a Pensieve. He had included the people he had seen. And in further searching, it had been Lily who had caught the break.

An older woman, with graying black hair was listed in almost every event of Draco's death. It wouldn't had seemed like a big deal, if Harry hadn't thought back to the day he had went to get potion ingredients for Draco...and had been helped by a similar looking, mysterious woman. Harry and Lily concluded they needed to find her.

They just had no way of doing so.

Harry did have one more resource he had yet to exploit, which is how he found himself, standing outside of Azkaban, staring up at the prison with determination. He was under the invisibility cloak, next to Ron, who had agreed to bring him there. Lily and Sirius were with Hermione; Lily none too pleased about being left behind. There was no way Harry was going to bring her with him.

"Do you really think he is going to help you?" Ron asked as they walked through the doors. "He's been in here for years. How do you know he even knows anything?"

"Oh he knows," Harry said, following Ron as he was led through the creepy halls, to an interrogation room he had set up ahead of time. "I'm sure of it."

Ron sighed and stopped outside the room, casting a glance in the general direction he thought Harry was. "I don't want you to be disappointed if he doesn't know anything," he said.

"Ron, I have to try," Harry told him.

Ron nodded and entered the room, leaving enough time and space for Harry to enter behind him. The room was empty except for a small table with two chairs across from each other, and a floating ball of light above the table. It cast shadows on the walls and illuminated the emaciated, dirty, pathetic creature sitting in one of the chairs, facing the door.

"What do you want?" the creature asked. It was a sad and slow question and Ron didn't waste time answering.

"I have a question for your Lucius," Ron said, stepping up to the table. "And it would be very smart of you to answer."

Lucius Malfoy looked up through a mess of long, blond hair, his face partially covered by dirt and facial hair. "I've been in here for years," he said softly. "What makes you think I know anything?"

Ron shrugged. "You have your ways," he said. "All Death Eaters do."

"I'm not a Death Eater anymore," Lucius said, his lips pursed angrily. "The Dark Lord is dead. I'm just trying to survive."

Harry was anxious to question the man himself, so he lightly tapped Ron on the shoulder to signal him to leave. Ron got the hint. "I'm going to step out for a moment," he said. "Give you a little time to think over whether or not you want to see freedom again. If you do, it would be wise to cooperate."

With that, Ron turned and swiftly left, the door echoing loudly as it slammed behind him. Harry watched from under the cloak as Lucius didn't move at all. He sat completely still, staring at the door that Ron had just disappeared through. Harry was startled when he spoke.

"I know you're there," he said softly. "What do you want?"

Harry sighed and slipped the cloak off, stepping towards the table as he did so.

"The years have been incredibly kind to you, Potter," Lucius said, a hint of envy.

"Not as kind as you think," Harry said, taking the seat across from him.

Lucius studied Harry. "You look like you're still in your twenties," he said. "I guest not everyone ages ungracefully."

"There's a reason why I look like I'm in my twenties," Harry said. "It's because I am."

Lucius blinked, something akin to curiosity sparking in his dead eyes. "Really?" he asked. "How is that possible?"

"Cut the crap, Lucius," Harry said. "You know exactly how its possible."

Lucius sighed and shifted in his seat. "Why are you here, Potter?" he asked. "I have nothing that would be of interest to you. Leave me to my hell in peace."

"No," Harry said, putting his hands on the table and leaning against it. He saw Lucius glance at his hand, where he wand sat, and his wedding ring glinted in the light above the table.

"So, who is the lucky woman, Potter?" Lucius asked. "Was it that Weasley girl? You do seem to like that blood traitor family."

"No, I didn't marry Ginny," Harry said. "She's not my type."

Lucius's eyebrow rose in amusement. "Well, the Granger girl, then," he said. "Can't say I'm surprised."

Harry stared at the man. His voice was so hollow when he spoke. He had clearly given up any hopes of escaping or being let out of Azkaban. If he was in talks with any Death Eaters outside of the prison, he showed know signs of it. He had been locked away in his cell and left to rot there by both sides of the war. He also had no knowledge of what he son had been up to.

"Aren't you curious to know about your son?" Harry asked, switching tactics.

That got a reaction. Lucius sat up slightly and his eyes grew wide. "What do you know about Draco?" he asked, his voice edgy. "Is he alright? What about Narcissa?"

So he cared about his family.

Harry was beginning to suspect that Lucius only cared about his family. He saw the man in a new light and tried to think of the things Lucius had done. He thought on Lily and Sirius, and everything he was doing to protect them. Would he have done what Lucius had done if he had been in his situation?

"You love your family, don't you, Lucius?" he asked. It wasn't maliciously or slyly. He was stating something he had just concluded.

"Of course I do," Lucius said fiercely.

"Then, if you want to help them, you will answer my questions," Harry said.

"Don't threaten my family!" Lucius said viciously, his hands clenched into fists and his jaw set.

Harry shook his head. "I wasn't threatening them, I'm here to help them," he said.

"Why?" Lucius asked protectively, his eyes narrowed.

Harry sighed, putting his wand in his lap and running his hands through his hair. "Because I'm part of your family now," he said.

Lucius's eyes were wide with shock and he actually leaned away from Harry. "What do you mean?" he asked sharply.

Harry raised his left hand, and as he saw many emotions and thoughts run through Lucius's eyes, he spoke. "I'm trying to save your son. I'm trying to save my husband."

Lucius bowed his head and buried his face in his hands. He sat that way for a few moments before he finally looked up at Harry. "You are married to Draco," he stated.

Harry nodded. "Draco's dead in this time," he said bluntly. "I'm here to find out why and try to stop it."

"Draco is-no..." Lucius moaned softly. Harry could see tears starting to form.

"I'm trying to stop it, Lucius," Harry repeated, leaning forward. "I can stop it. It's not supposed to happen."

"What do you want from me?" Lucius asked. "I have nothing to offer you. I don't want Draco dead as much as you do. But what gives you the right to demand information from me? What gives you the right to think you can change anything?"

Harry had anticipated this response and he removed something from his cloak pocket. He had been given it by Lily and he carefully placed the photo in the middle of the table, pushing it towards Lucius. Suspiciously, Lucius kept eye contact with Harry as he reached forward with a thin, shaking hand and dragged the picture towards himself.

When he looked down, Harry saw the surprise and confusion, before the understanding. It was a photo of the four of them. Harry and Draco, with Lily and Sirius. There was no mistaking the family resemblance when looking at all four of them. "How?" Lucius asked.

"Your wife funded some very smart and understanding Healers at St. Mungo's," Harry explained. "Draco was the first wizard to ever give birth to a child not only once, but twice."

"Do they know of me?" Lucius asked.

"No," Harry told him.

They fell into silence, Lucius still studying the photo until he pushed it back towards Harry and turned away. "What is your question? You said you had some questions," he said, his voice sounding choked.

"Who would want Draco harmed?" Harry asked. "Do you know of a woman who would look like this?"

Lily had made a quick sketch of the woman based on the descriptions of both Harrys, and it was scarily close to what Harry remembered of the mysterious woman in the apothecary. Harry showed Lucius the sketch. Lucius studied it, his lips pursed together. His eyes flickered to Harry's. "If I tell you, I put myself in danger," he said. "But at this point, I don't care. I've only ever wanted to protect myself and my family. You may not believe me, but again, I don't care."

Harry nodded. "I understand," he said, meaning it.

Lucius sighed and tapped the sketch. "Bellatrix used to have a disguise like this," he said. "She would use it to lure people away so she could capture and torture them. Thought it was funny."

Harry felt his stomach lurch and the blood drain from his face. "Are you telling me Bellatrix could be behind this?" he asked.

Lucius nodded. "I'm almost positive," he said.

"Your time travel books, before Draco used them, would Bellatrix have had access to them?" Harry asked.

"The Dark Lord wanted them at one point," Lucius said. "I actually asked Draco what had become of them..."

"But Draco had taken them," Harry said. "I don't even know what he did with them after he finished with them. So how has Bellatrix been traveling?"

Lucius shrugged. "I cannot tell you that, Potter," he said.

Harry knew he wouldn't get much more out of the Lucius and stood, gathering his invisibility cloak. He took the photo of his family off the table and he could see Lucius's longing as he did so. He didn't know what to say to him. The man had only done what he needed to make sure his family had survived...and he had failed.

"I will save him, Lucius," Harry told him.

Lucius looked at Harry, his expression one Harry couldn't quite read. He remained silent as Harry turned and made his way to the door. Before Harry left however, Lucius spoke once more. "Be careful, Potter," he said. "Bellatrix is a sick, twisted woman. She had no conscience. She does whatever she wants. Please...save Draco."

"I plan on it," Harry said over his shoulder, as he left the room, Lucius Malfoy's worry and pain remaining fresh in his mind.

OoOoO

AN: Once again, while I was writing, I thought of a fantastic idea for this story :P

I will try not to wait so long to update again.

Chapter #13

He was able to move the tray several feet now.

Draco wiped the sweat from his brow and leaned against the wall next to his bed, resting for a moment. Wandless magic took more out of him than he realized it would and he knew he needed to be careful. Tapping into his unborn child's magic could cause them both harm. That was the last thing Draco wanted.

His throat felt a little dry and he watched as the empty glass cup floated over to him while it filled with water. Smiling, he took it graciously and downed the liquid in three large gulps. He focused his magic and made the glass float back over to the tray.

"So, not even an embryo and you're already helping me out," he said, patting his stomach affectionately. "Harry and I are going to be in so much trouble when you're born."

Not that we aren't already in trouble... Draco thought.

He thought again on his current situation and, while he was happy he had a secret defense Bellatrix didn't know about, he still didn't know how he would be able to use it to his advantage. He supposed he could take her off guard the next time she visited him. However, he had no way of knowing when that would be.

There was something off about the whole situation and Draco was having a hard time putting his finger on it. She had said she wanted to make Harry pay. Being the Dark Lord's most loyal servant, it made sense that she would want revenge.

Draco had a brief moment of panic when she thought that she might want to try and bring the Dark Lord back...but he relaxed a moment later, knowing that there wasn't any magic that could bring the dead back to life. Voldemort was going to stay in hell, where he belonged.

Draco looked at the wedding ring on his left hand and choked back tears. He had never cried until he had fallen in love with Harry. It seemed that his pregnancy was allowing the tears to fall more freely than they normally would have. Draco impatiently blinked them away.

"Focus," he said softly to himself. "You have to find a way out of here! Come on! Think!"

He gripped the edge of his small cot, staring hard at the door, part of him wishing that it would just open magically and allow him to waltz right out. After a few moments he let out a frustrated noise as he flopped onto his back, on the cot. He had no ideas. Suddenly, Draco was startled to feel himself falling and he grew confused when he found he was lying on the cold, stone floor.

He would have bet anything that the rusty old thing has simply caved in, if it wasn't for the fact that he could see the underside of the cot. He quickly scrambled out from underneath it, thoroughly confused. Gingerly he touched the cot, but it felt solid and looked normal.

"How the bloody hell did that happen?" he asked. His thoughts turned to his baby again and he grew nervous instead of excited. "Are you really that powerful?"

He reached a shaking hand out and laid it on the top of the cot. It rested there easily and he waited a moment or two. He felt his stomach lurch and his hand sunk through the top of the cot, as if it was made out of smoke. Draco drew his hand back and examined it. There was no physical difference.

He stared down at his abdomen. "Why would you make me-" he paused and looked at the door. If he focused enough, and saved up enough energy and power, Draco was sure he would be able to do just what he had been thinking: waltz right through the door. He thought back on Bellatrix's visit and remembered that the door was pretty thick; just as thick as the walls were. It would take a lot of energy and concentration.

Draco did the only thing he could do. He sat on the floor, closed his eyes, and concentrated.

Bellatrix has no idea what she's in for, he thought.

OoOoO

Bellatrix.

Harry should have known she was behind Draco's death. There was no one more sadistic and psychotic that he could think of. However, he had no idea where to even begin his search for Satan's mistress. The worst part was that Harry didn't know what to do if he found her. He knew he must not have known everything he needed to because he was still stuck in the future. He was missing some important piece of information.

Why? Harry thought.

He needed to know why Bellatrix was going through so much trouble. What was her overall plan?

Harry entered the quiet house and he looked up as he heard the thundering of feet. Sirius came bounding down the stairs with a smile. "Dad's home!" he yelled. Harry couldn't help but smile as well. He knew now, more than ever, that he needed to save Draco, if not for himself, for his future children. He didn't want to live in a world where they didn't exist and he didn't want them to know what it felt like growing up without their parents.

Sirius jumped off the bottom step and ran towards Harry, who scooped him up in a big hug. He held him there for a moment, relishing in the contact. Lily hurried out of the living room. "Where did you go?" she immediately asked. "What did you find?"

"I went to see-" Harry paused, remembering that they didn't know about Lucius. He wasn't sure what story he had told them about their only living grandfather. He was pretty sure it hadn't been that he was alive. "someone who I thought could help."

"Like who?" Lily asked, her eyebrows narrowed with curiosity.

Harry sighed. "His name is Lucius," he said. "And maybe one day, you'll get to meet him."

Lily looked at him with slight confusion, but she didn't question him, even though he knew she wanted to. It didn't look like she processed the name he had given her, so his conclusions about her not knowing a thing about the man seemed to be accurate. "Did you find out any information?" Lily asked as the three walked into the living room.

Sirius was clutching Harry's hand as they walked and when they sat down, he scrambled onto his lap. He looked at Harry with as much curiosity as Lily did. He was clearly wondering what Harry had found out as well.

"I found out who is behind this," Harry said, not seeing any reason to beat around the bush.

Lily looked excited for a moment, but then her expression grew serious again. "But, you're still here," she said after a few moments of silence.

"Exactly," Harry sighed.

"What's that mean?" Sirius asked.

"It means I'm still not done here," Harry answered simply.

Sirius's face lit up. "So you'll still be around for a bit?" he asked.

Harry smiled and nodded. "Yeah, buddy," he said. "At least for another day or two."

"Any idea what will happen once you go back?" Lily asked.

Harry shrugged. "None," he said. "I'm just trying to take this one step at a time. Plus, every time I think about time travel and the past it makes my head hurt."

Lily nodded in agreement. "Tell me about it," she mumbled. "What do you want to do now?"

Harry rubbed his forehead. "We go back to the notes," he said, wincing as Lily groaned. "I know, I know. But there is nothing else I can think of. We need to figure out why she is doing this and so far the notes are the only leads."

"But I don't see how the notes will help us," Lily said. "As far as I know, the other you never figured out who was behind everything. And if he did..."

She left the thought out there. Harry knew she was thinking about what had happened to the other Harry merely hours before they had arrived. He was starting to wonder if he was killed because he figured out the truth.

"Who is it?"

Lily's question broke Harry's thoughts and he toyed with the idea of not telling her. The thought of keeping her in the dark after he promised she could help didn't sit right with him.

"Her name is Bellatrix," he answered. "She is a former Death Eater."

Lily processed the name he gave her and took a deep breath and seemed to grow paler.

"I've heard of her," she said. "I've heard how sick she is. What are we supposed to do?"

"Stick together," Harry said. "I don't want either of you out of my sight, understood? There's no telling what lengths this mad woman would go to. We don't even know what her overall plan is, and that makes her ten times more dangerous."

Sirius nodded and Lily did the same. "What now?" she asked.

As if on cue, Sirius nestled against Harry and nodded off slightly. He was apparently extremely tired. Harry remembered how late it was and he too felt himself grow tired. Though he nap earlier had helped quite a bit, he was still emotionally and physically tired. It had been a long day and the trip to Azkaban had not helped a bit.

"We should get back to the Manor," Lily said, looking at Sirius affectionately. "It's late. It's almost his bedtime."

"I'll go with you," Harry said as Sirius slid off his lap and onto the couch, yawning as he did.

"Staying here isn't a smart move. The Manor is much safer."

Lily nodded and helped Harry gather his notes and any belongings they needed. Sirius gathered some belongings and his rucksack from his room before he sat back on the couch, watching through bleary eyes as he tried not to fall asleep. It didn't work, and by the time the father and daughter team were done, Sirius was snoozing softly against the armrest. Harry scooped him up and carried him towards the fireplace. He had Lily go first before he followed her, casting one last look at his future home.

The Manor looked mostly like it did in Harry's time. Centuries of artwork and furniture sat where it had been first placed when the Manor was first built. The major difference was that it was clear children lived there. Narcissa clearly enjoyed having the children living with her.

Harry suspected that when Draco was growing up, she hadn't been able to let him be carefree and do what he wanted. With Death Eaters and the Dark Lord around every corner, the Manor had been a dim and cold place.

Now, even in the late evening, it felt warm and homey. The living room furniture had been replaced with more comfortable and squishy armchairs and sofas, more suitable for children than the old, aristocratic chairs. Harry noticed Sirius's artwork on display in large decorative frames as they walked through the Manor. Lily had a few drawings up as well, most of them of Sirius, Narcissa or Draco, and Harry smiled. He loved his mother-in-law now more than ever. He wouldn't have trusted anyone else to take care of his children.

Lily led Harry up the stairs and towards Sirius's room. It was larger than his other room, and more formally decorated. It was much less messy, probably because of the house elves and Narcissa's own rules. His bed was too large for a small boy, but Harry suspected Sirius didn't mind. Lily pulled back the covers and carefully removed Sirius's shoes before helping Harry put him to bed. As Harry was tucking Sirius in, he and Lily heard Narcissa calling from the front hall.

"I'll go talk to her," Lily said, heading towards the door. "She's probably wondering we're we've been. Most likely she's been home for awhile now." When she was halfway to the door, she stopped and turned. "Dad...thank you for coming back." Harry looked up at her and felt his arm melt as he took in the genuine gratitude. "I think we're really close to figuring this out." They smiled at each other and Lily closed the door behind her as she left.

Harry watched her go and carefully sat down next to Sirius. The young boy stirred and opened his eyes, looking up at Harry. "Where am I?" he mumbled, sleepily, rubbing his eye with his fist.

"It's okay, buddy," Harry said, smoothing the boy's hair back. "You're at your grandmother's."

Sirius nodded with understanding and looked up at Harry. "I was very happy when you came back." A sleepy grin spread across his face.

"Yeah?" Harry asked, adjusting himself so he was lying next to his son.

"I thought you wouldn't come back," Sirius admitted sadly.

Harry sighed. "Everything is going to be okay," he assured his son.

There was suddenly a loud noise downstairs and Harry bolted off the bed. Sirius sat up as well. "What was that?" he asked.

"I don't know," Harry said. He dropped his pack on the ground next to the bed and headed towards the door. "Sirius, you stay here and don't leave no matter what." He exited the room

and magically locked the door behind him. Heading towards the stairs, Harry's only thought was getting to Lily. When he reached the entrance hall, he froze.

"YOU!" he yelled.

Bellatrix stood over Lily's unconscious body, a wicked smile on her face. "What do we have here?" she asked in a fake, sweet voice as Harry slowly came down the stairs towards her, his wand drawn. His eyes flickered to the side and he saw Narcissa's unconscious body as well. "So this is where you've been hiding for the past several hours...hello again, Harry Potter."

"Bellatrix, step away from the girl," Harry said slowly. "She has done nothing wrong."

He heard a movement behind him and whirled his head around to find two Death Eaters standing there. Two more appeared next to Bellatrix. Harry didn't dare attack, his thoughts focused on Lily's safety.

Bellatrix laughed. "Oh, Potter," she said. "I don't plan to do anything to this beautiful young girl...unless she struggles. I must say, I did not see this one coming."

"What are you talking about?" Harry asked, not taking his eyes or wand off of Bellatrix.

Bellatrix's smile faded and she suddenly grew angry. "You do not deserve happiness for what you've done!" she shrieked. "The Dark Lord is dead because of you! You should have died instead of him! You were SUPPOSED TO DIE!"

She fired a curse at him, which he blocked successfully. "Your anger is with me," Harry told her. "Let the girl and Narcissa go."

"Save it, Potter!" Bellatrix snapped. Her anger had flared up and was not dissipating as it tended to do. Harry watched in horror as she bent down and grabbed Lily by the scruff of her shirt. "Your precious daughter is coming with me. You took the one thing I cared about away from me, Potter. Now it's time for me to do the same!"

Harry yelled as she Disapparated and the stunning spell he fired missed her by seconds. He jumped over the railing of the staircase as the Death Eaters stayed behind to slow him down, firing multiple spells his way.

The two men at the top of the stairs ducked behind the railing as Harry fired stun spells their way before throwing up a Shielding Charm to defend against the two other Death Eaters. He ran towards the living room, firing spells over his shoulder as he did so. He dove behind the couch, barely missing a curse. He could feel the sharp pain in his arm as it scorched him. He heard the two Death Eaters coming down the stairs and stuffing from the couch rained down on him as spells bounced off of it.

Harry took a deep breath, peered around the side of the couch, pointing his wand at the closest Death Eater. "*Avada Kedavra!*"

He heard a heavy thud and the other Death Eaters swear. He shot several more spells at the others before making a run for the front hall again. He didn't want to risk running upstairs and bringing them towards Sirius, so he rounded on them. He needed to take them out fast. Taking a deep breath, he smirked.

"Let's do this," he muttered, before engaging in a duel with the three Death Eaters. With his Auror training, it didn't take long for him to take them out, and once they were all on the ground, he hurried to check on Narcissa. She was alive and had a strong pulse. Harry was about to let out a sigh of relief, but then he remembered Sirius upstairs and he bolted. He took the steps two at a time and burst into tears as he saw Sirius's bedroom door open.

"SIRIUS!" he yelled as he ran into the room. The bed was empty and everything looked as if it had been tossed. In vain Harry rummaged through the blankets and toys on the floor, hoping Sirius had been able to hide. He did not find his son, but there was some relief as he found his rucksack stuffed under the bed. He quickly shouldered the pack and marched back out of the room.

He had no plan, no clue as to where they could be. But he did have Bellatrix's lackeys. He knew he had killed at least one of them in the fight, so he checked the others. There was one who, when Harry checked, was just unconscious. He bound the man's hands together and pointed his wand at him. "*Ennervate!*" he said.

The man groaned and slowly regained consciousness. Harry grabbed him by his throat, pressing the tip of his wand into the underside of his chin. "You are going to take me to her hideout," he snarled. The man laughed in his face, so Harry pulled away slightly, only to punch him hard in the jaw. The man gasped and tried to spit blood out of his mouth. "Now you listen to me you sack of filth! That crazy bitch took my children! You are going to bring me to her! Understand?"

The Death Eater clenched his red jaw, but otherwise he nodded.

"Good," Harry said.

Without another word, the two Disapparated away.

OoOoO

A/N: It's sad but this story is almost finished. It probably won't be as long as *What If*, but it will be close. The whole plot is time sensitive, so I don't want to keep stringing you guys

along and make you lose interest. Also, I know the ending seemed like it was too easy...that's because it was. ;)

A/N: Hey Guys. My life has been CRAZY since my last update. I'm sorry I haven't updated in awhile, but real life must come first. I've been working like crazy and it's been very busy. Things were finally starting to slow down at work, but then this woman quit and now we all have to pick up extra hours. Also, my muse has been wrapped up in my novel, which I'm trying to finish by next summer. I will try to finish this story as soon as possible, and thank you for staying with me.

OoOoO

Chapter #14

Harry stumbled when his feet hit solid ground, and as a result he lessened his grip on Bellatrix's lackey. The man wriggled free and charged at Harry, knocking him to the ground. Harry jerked his knee up, sinking it into his gut. The two wrestled for a moment, sending Harry's pack and wand sailing off to the side. Harry threw a punch, but it was blocked and he felt the man's hands around his throat. He tried desperately to wriggle free.

Suddenly, the man gasped and slumped forward, knocked out.

Confused, Harry shoved the unconscious man to the side, looking around wildly. His pack was laying half-open, and Sirius was leaning out of it, Harry's wand in his hand.

"Are you okay, Dad?" the little boy asked.

Harry let out a relieved laugh and pulled his son into a tight hug. "I thought they took you!" he exclaimed, kissing Sirius's forehead.

Sirius shook his head as he was smothered by his father's relief and affection. "I got scared so I hid in your bag," he explained. "You have a lot of stuff in there!"

Harry realized the temperature outside was fairly low, so he removed his cloak and draped it around Sirius, scooping up his rucksack in the process. The young Potter was still wearing his pajamas, with only thin socks covering his feet. "I need to bring you back to your grandma's," Harry said, holding his son close to keep him warm.

"No! It will take too much time! We have to find Lily!" Sirius exclaimed.

"How do you know they took her?" Harry asked.

"We wouldn't be out in the middle of no where if they didn't," Sirius said simply.

Harry had to admit his son was just as smart as his sister. The older man looked around, trying to figure out where they were. He figured they must be somewhat close to Bellatrix; her lackey would have wanted to Apparate close so he could potentially drag Harry back as

a prize. The area around them looked vaguely familiar, but Harry was having a hard time placing just where they were.

"Do you know this place, Dad?" Sirius asked as Harry stood, holding the boy so he could keep him warm.

"It...looks familiar," Harry admitted. He looked around some more and then it hit him. They were just outside of the grounds of Hogwarts. He recognized the path to Hogsmeade. But, why would Bellatrix be around there? He searched his mind frantically, knowing it must hold some significance. Somewhere, in a mess of foggy and faded memories, he thought of the Whomping Willow.

And he understood...

"Sirius, I'm going to need you to get back into my rucksack," Harry instructed, putting the pack down and opening it. "This is the only place you will be safe. Do you understand?"

Sirius looked like he wanted to ask questions, but remained silent and nodded. Once he was securely locked away in Harry's rucksack again, the wizard shouldered his pack and began the trek towards the tree after draping himself with his invisibility cloak. He knew he should send Sirius back, but his son had been right; there was no time. He knew exactly why there was a possibility Bellatrix was hiding out in the Shrieking Shack; Harry had been killed just beyond the Whomping Willow.

Harry could sense he was right the moment the tree came into his line of sight. He pressed forward slowly, keeping an eye out for any of Bellatrix's spies. He saw two, but they were stunned before they could even blink. He waved his wand and used one of the unconscious men to hit the knot at the base of the tree, opening the secret passage. He was in, moments later, creeping through the quiet and dark tunnel. His wand was at the ready, but he had no idea what he was going to find. He knew Lily was still alive; Bellatrix wouldn't just kill her. She would want to make Harry suffer.

As if on cue, Lily's painful screams ripped through the otherwise silent air, and Harry's heart clenched in his chest. Bellatrix was hurting her. His feet picked up the pace, but for some reason he did not come across any obstacles. This was too easy. Harry's stomach churned as he continued to hear his daughter's cries and continued down the passage. She let him follow her, she let him get this close. Why? Why was she doing any of this?

Harry finally reached the actual shack, after what felt like ages.

What he saw made him fill with complete and utter rage. Lily was sprawled across the floor, tears running down her cheeks as Bellatrix crouched above her, the tip of her wand pressed to the girl's chest.

"Do you know why I'm doing this, hm? Do you know why your great-aunt is in such a bad mood all the time?" Bellatrix was asking.

"Because you're a psychotic bitch who I will take pleasure in seeing my father kill when he gets here?" Lily asked, her jaw set tight. Harry noticed the tears were involuntary. Lily looked more pissed than hurt. Her bond hands were pressed against her chest and clenched into fists and she looked like she was ready to punch Bellatrix. The older woman sneered and poked Lily with her wand, sending the girl into a fit of seizures and making her scream again. Harry bit his tongue so hard he tasted blood and he fought tooth and nail to keep himself from launching right at Bellatrix.

She could kill Lily before he would so much as take one step. She knew he was there. He could tell because she cast a glance in his direction. "You've got such a clever tongue, little, Lily," she said in a falsely sweet voice. She gently stroked Lily's hair, causing the girl to pull away. She grabbed Lily's face and brought it close to hers. "You shouldn't have ever been born. If your dad had just stayed dead, none of this would be happening. You realized that too, don't you? You've thought about it, late at night when you've cried yourself to sleep?"

Lily's eyes grew wide and she clenched her jaw. Bellatrix smirked.

"You thought Harry should have died instead of Draco. Why your precious Daddy? He was the bestest man in the whole wide world! Harry on the other hand...he was never as good as your true father..."

Harry couldn't take it anymore. He ripped off the cloak and shot a stunner at Bellatrix, which she deflected easily. However, she was not prepared for the head butt Lily gave her and released the girl enough so she could kick the crazy woman away. Harry shot more spells at Bellatrix as Lily tried to crawl towards him. Bellatrix was not stunned for long and seized Lily by the hair, using her as a shield between her and Harry.

The Man Who Lived stopped firing curses and glared at Bellatrix.

"Let her go you piece of filth! You got what you wanted, I'm here! I'm going to kill you either way so it's your choice; will it be a quick death or will I drag it out?" Harry snarled.

"She isn't what you came here for, Potter," Bellatrix stated. Her voice was smooth and in control. It scared Harry to no end. She gently stroked Lily's hair as the young teen shut her eyes tightly and looked away. "You came here for answers, didn't you? You wanted to know what happened to Draco? Why he died? How he died? You want to know all about how I watched the life drain from his eyes over and over again..."

Harry raised his wand, and shot a spell at Bellatrix, which she again deflected. He didn't want to hear anything she had to say. He only saw red. She had killed his husband. She had hurt his child. She needed to die...now.

"Shut up! I don't want to hear anything from you!" Harry yelled, his chest heaving.

"Ah, but you do," Bellatrix smirked, yanking Lily to her feet. She and Harry circled each other; Harry looking frantically between the mad woman and his daughter. "You need to know why I did it so you can get back to your precious husband."

"Why did you do it?" Lily asked as if she couldn't help it. Harry knew she wanted the answers more than he did. He knew she wanted to know why her father was taken from her, because he remembered wondering the same thing about his parents. "Voldemort is dead. Nothing you can do can bring him back. You're just a pathetic wench who stuck living in the past!"

"You want to know why I did it, brat?" Bellatrix screamed. "To hurt *him*!" She pointed her wand at Harry, and it was his turn to deflect a curse. "He killed my master! He deserves to suffer for it! And he will!" Her eyes were wild and she jabbed Lily with her wand again. The blonde girl nearly collapsed from the pain.

"STOP HURTING HER!" Harry yelled, firing more spells. Deflected; all of them. He wasn't helping in any way. He was too scared of hurting Lily to shoot more powerful, effective spells. He needed to get her away from Bellatrix so he could kill the bitch. But how? Lily caught Harry's eye and he felt like she was trying to tell him something. She looked off to the side and Harry saw her wand. Her bond hands twitched reflexively. Harry had a sudden wild idea and without thinking, pointed his wand and yelled, "*Diffindo*!"

Lily raised her hands up as Bellatrix moved her into the path of the spell. Her bindings caught most of the spell, but not all of it. Parts of her hands were sliced open, but the ropes binding them were cut as well. She sent one elbow into Bellatrix's gut and the other into the woman's nose. This time, Bellatrix was knocked back and Lily dove for her wand. Harry tossed his rucksack to Lily, then tackled Bellatrix to the ground. He had never thought he could strike a woman, but Harry found with Bellatrix he would make an exception. He ignored magic and sunk his fist into the side of her face.

She kicked him off of her and pounced, laughing hysterically as she drew a dagger from her robes. She pinned him to the ground, backhanding him before yanking his head back so she could see his face. She wanted to watch him as she made her next move. She pulled her dagger back and aimed for his gut, and Harry shut his eyes tight, knowing the searing pain was coming...

But none did.

He opened his eyes and looked down and panic immediately set in. His bottom half was fading...meaning the potion was wearing off.

"No!"

Out of all the times to go back, now was not one of them. He couldn't leave Lily there with Bellatrix!

Bellatrix seemed to know exactly what was happening because she was smiling like crazy. "Looks like you learned all you needed to, Harry," she purred. "Don't worry, I'll take care of your daughter." Mid laugh, she was sent flying across the room and Harry looked over to see Lily pointing her wand. Harry tried to crawl to his daughter as she made her way to him, but the world was going black. He stretched out his hand, reaching for her and felt her fingers close around his just before he lost his sight completely.

OoOoO

Draco was ready. He knew it was time.

Taking a deep breath, he placed his hands on the door of his cell. Bellatrix hadn't been by in hours. No one had. He had to get out of there and fast.

"Okay, we can do this," he said.

He closed his eyes, and concentrated. He could feel the magic building slowly, until finally he was able to feel his hands slowly going through the solid object in front of him. Moving quickly, Draco stepped forward, not wanting to get stuck if his energy ran out. Luckily it didn't and he found himself standing in a poorly lit hallway. He looked behind him and smiled at the door. He felt woozy, but knew he had to be careful and press on. He slowly moved through the hallway, tip-toeing and trying to make a little sound as possible.

He had no idea where he was or how he was going to get out. He followed the long hallway. He managed to sneak up behind a guard and grabbed hold of the man's arm, sending intense shocks through him until he collapsed. Draco scooped up the man's fallen wand and pressed forward. He took out several more thus, before he realized there weren't any more of them. He frowned. It didn't make sense. The whole thing felt wrong; like he was being set up. But Draco was beyond the point of caring and was desperate enough to keep moving forward. The hallway turned into a tunnel and began to slope upwards. Draco followed it until his head hit a trapdoor. Taking a deep breath, he slowly, and quietly opened it.

It was suddenly yanked open and a hand flew down, grabbing him around the scruff of his neck. He yelled as he felt the wand drop to the ground below, and he heard it roll down the tunnel.

"Well how did you get out?" Bellatrix sneered, tossing him onto the floor of a dirty shack. Draco looked around wildly, not recognizing his surroundings but feeling like he should. "Is baby Potter really *that* powerful?"

"You'll never have our child!" Draco snarled, scurrying backwards as Bellatrix advanced on him. "You can keep me here forever and force me to give birth here, but I will die before you take my baby away from me!"

"That can be arranged!" Bellatrix laughed, marching towards him.

There was suddenly a bright flash that knocked both of them back. There were several loud thuds and yells, and Draco found himself being hit in the chest by something solid that knocked the wind out of him. He opened his eyes, but all he saw were stars from the bright light and he found himself disoriented. There was shouting and his ears were ringing. When he could finally focus, he noticed the thing that had hit him was a young boy. An open rucksack lay on the ground next to them.

Draco instinctively clutched the boy, cradling him to his chest with confusion. He looked around wildly and nearly cried with relief as he saw his husband, standing with his wand pointed at Bellatrix.

"HARRY!"

Harry didn't turn towards Draco. "Lily! Protect Draco and Sirius!" he yelled as he and Bellatrix became locked in an intense duel.

Draco had no idea what Harry was talking about, until a young blonde girl, no older than fourteen appeared as his side. A spell came flying towards them, causing Draco to shut his eyes and turn away. But whatever the girl did sent the curse flying in a different direction and Draco found himself surrounded by pieces of furniture and crates, protected for the moment. He turned to the girl who Harry had addressed, only to find her staring back at him.

Her eyes were large and held unshed tears as she looked at Draco like he was the most beautiful sight in the world. He had no idea was she was giving him that look, but there was something familiar about her. He took in the color of her hair and her stunning emerald eyes...

Emerald eyes...

He looked down at the boy in his arms, only to find silvery grey eyes staring back up at him. He gently touched the unruly black hair and took in the boy's features this time. He looked so much like...

He looked back at the girl named Lily. "Who-?" he couldn't find the words. Then, it clicked. "Are...you...?"

The little boy in his lap sat up and flung his arms around Draco's neck, before the girl followed suit and Draco found himself being hugged by his future children.

Harry was sweating profusely, fending off Bellatrix's attacks. Just when he thought he had her, there was another flash of light and Harry hit the wall across the room, sliding onto the floor, dazed. When he could focus again, he saw something that made his blood freeze and the color drain from his face.

"I see things didn't go exactly as planned," Bellatrix said as she looked at the person who had just appeared.

"She's feistier than we expected," a *second* Bellatrix explained, helping her counterpart off the floor. "Now." She turned towards Harry as the other Bellatrix turned towards Draco.

"How are we going to fix this?"

OoOoO

A/N: Okay, only about a chapter or two more to go. I will try to get them done as soon as possible! Stick with me folks!

A/N: Okay, not as fast an update as I wanted, but still quicker than it took for my previous update. I got the urge and muse to just sit down and write this chapter about an hour ago, and I'm glad I was able to do it! My novel is actually going really well. My goal was to finish the main plot of my story by July (exactly one year since I started heavily working on it) and I accomplished my goal in six months! Not too shabby :) It's not anywhere close to being completely finished, but at least I have a beginning, middle and end.

Anyways, here is the next chapter. It was originally supposed to be the last but there is going to be at least one more after it. Again, thank you for bearing/sticking with me! Love you all! Enjoy!

OoOoO

Chapter #15

Harry felt like a bucket of ice cold water had been dumped over him. His breathing became harsh and he began to sweat.

Two Bellatrixs!

He looked at Draco, who looked just as bewildered and terrified as Harry felt. Sirius and Lily were clutching him fiercely and the look of fear on their faces broke Harry's heart. Draco held Lily and Sirius just as tightly before handing the young boy to his sister and slowly positioning his body in front of them.

"Oh look, they're speechless!" One Bellatrix gushed evilly. Upon further inspection, Harry noticed she looked much older than her counterpart. Her hair was greying in places and her face was littered with wrinkles and veins. She was also much thinner than the other Bellatrix.

"How?" Harry asked, his voice coming through as barely a whisper.

The older Bellatrix flashed him her rotting teeth. "It's such a long, yet interesting, story," she said. "But I won't tell it to you now..." Both women raised their wands; Harry became bound by ropes, while debris from the heaps of junk around them pulled together and formed a metal cage, which sprang up around Draco, Lily and Sirius. Harry struggled against his bindings, even though he knew it was useless. His head was still spinning from the time travel and a sick feeling was rising in his stomach.

"It's amazing the things you can do with time travel, isn't it?" the younger looking Bellatrix asked. "Little Drakey here was so in love with the Boy Who Lived he decided to change history and make it so they were the best of friends!"

Harry looked wildly at Draco; he looked as though the blood had completely drained from his face. How did they know what Draco did? The only people who knew were Hermione, Harry and Draco. There was no way Hermione would have told them. She didn't even really remember it to well herself, and Ron never really let her out of his sight now that she was pregnant. The only time she was out of his sight was at work, and even then that was the Ministry. There was no way...

"How did you know that?" Draco asked. "There is no way you could possible have learned about that on your own!"

"Oh, we have our ways," Old Bellatrix told him. "How we found out isn't really any of your concern."

Harry wanted to vomit. Everything they were doing and saying was causing him to feel sick to his stomach. He suddenly began coughing as his throat seemed to close up. He noticed he was having a hard time trying to catch his breath. The coughing did not stop after a moment and in fact, it led to him beginning to gag. Something wasn't right.

"He doesn't look so good, does he?" Young Bellatrix cooed as Harry's stomach began to churn. He stopped coughing, but was struggling to keep from getting sick right there on the floor.

Old Bellatrix shook her head. "He looks positively green..." she said with delight. The two women shared identical smiles and were watching Harry with excited eyes.

"Harry! Harry, what's wrong?" Draco exclaimed, his voice laced with worry and fear. He noticed how sickly his husband looked and was immediately worried. Sirius and Lily gripped him tightly, but they two looked worried.

Harry tried to shake his head and say he was okay, but his stomach lurched unpleasantly and he suddenly found himself vomiting onto the dusty, dirty floor of the shack. It felt like everything that had been in his stomach was coming up and he couldn't stop. He could barely hear his family's cries of worry and surprise over the sound of the two evil witches cackling. It took several seconds before it stopped and Harry shakily rolled onto his back, away from the mess.

"W-What did you do to me?" Harry asked. His vision had begun to blur and he could feel the sickness coming up his throat again. It surprised him as he was sure he didn't have anything left in his stomach.

They laughed at him. "Oh, we didn't do anything, Papa Potter," Old Bellatrix exclaimed.

"This was all your doing!" the other chimed in.

What were they talking about? How was this possibly his own fault? Harry thought as he fought against the new wave of sickness taking over him. He was finding it hard to focus on what was going on in front of him as his world began to spin, making him extremely dizzy.

"Now what fun is it if we tell you?" the Bellatrix asked together, before they looked at each other with glee and began to laugh again.

"The potion..." It was Draco's soft whisper that broke the sound of their happiness. He was staring at Harry with wide, scared eyes, clearly trembling at the realization of what was happening.

Harry felt the fear building. It was the only thing that made sense. The more he thought about it, the more he realized that the potion was exactly what the problem was. Did he really think an experimental potion would have no side-effects? How could he have been so stupid! Harry once again tried to free himself, but he felt his energy beginning to drain. How could he protect his family like this? He could barely move or fight against his bindings. Even as he lay there he felt himself getting sick again and rolled on his side to throw up.

"Dad, no!" Sirius exclaimed, breaking free from Lily and Draco to grab the bars of the cage in an attempt to get to Harry. His eyes were wide and scared, but he shook off Lily's hands as he reached through the bars, trying to touch Harry.

"What a cute little boy!" the older Bellatrix exclaimed, ignoring Harry in favor of walking over to the cage. The young Bellatrix joined her and before Draco or Lily could stop them, they had seized Sirius' arm. One of them tapped the bars of the makeshift cage with their wand, while the other began to pull Sirius out.

"NO!" Draco yelled, wrapping his arms around the boy and pulling him back into the cage and away from the evil women. It was no use as the older Bellatrix impatiently snarled and knocked him back. Lily dove forward as well, but she was hit with a spell that knocked the wind out of her. She was thrown into Draco, causing his grip on Sirius to completely fall away. The Bellatrixs pulled the boy away from his family and, once they made sure the cage was secured again, they studied him. Through his blurry sickness, Harry could see their faces and he did not like the looks they were giving his son.

"Leave him alone!" he managed to snarl, though it sounded like it was forced out. "He has nothing to do with this! He's just a boy!" Meanwhile, Draco checked Lily to make sure she was alright. She was still breathing but she was out cold.

Turning to glare at the women, Draco dove forward. "Give me my son back!" he roared, grabbing the bars of the cage and shaking them, as if he was trying to break them down with his bare hands. They ignored him.

"I'm afraid I wasn't entirely truthful with you, Potter," Old Bellatrix said with a mock pout. The younger one held Sirius close, stroking his hair as the other had been doing to Lily in the other time. Sirius was frozen and clearly terrified. He tried to run for Harry but was yanked back and held tightly.

"Like you're ever truthful!" Harry snapped. It did not come out as fierce as he had hoped. His speech was beginning to slur as whatever poisonous side-effects of the potion worked through his body. He could feel himself begin to sweat as the air around him grew hotter...or maybe he grew hotter? He couldn't tell. His head was spinning so much...

"You see, Potter, there is a bit more to the story," Young Bellatrix explained, still stroking Sirius's hair. "There's something we need your son for. Something that requires twice our power. A certain someone that needs to see what a world without him is like..."

Harry felt the bile rise in his throat and he knew it had nothing to do with his poisoning.

"Impossible!" Draco exclaimed, understanding dawning on him. "What you're thinking of; it's unnatural! Do you know how many lives you could destroy? Even you can't be that evil and stupid! You have no idea what forces you're messing with! Even what you're doing now; both of you being in the same timeline...you're messing up the flow of the universe!"

The older Bellatrix snarled and crossed to the cage, reaching through the bars and grabbing Draco around the neck. She pulled him forward so their faces were inches apart, his pressed against the bars. "It is unnatural to live in a world without him! Just as unnatural as it is for two men to have children!"

"But one good thing came of it," young Bellatrix reminded her.

Old Bellatrix looked at her and smirked. "True," she said, turning her evil smile on Draco. She let go of his throat and gently patted his cheek. "We now have the vessel we need. I've got to tell you, I was getting a bit worried we would be one ingredient short..."

The two looked at Sirius and Harry resumed his struggled against his bindings, even though every fiber of his being was on fire. Their words had such sick meaning behind them even Draco wanted to vomit. He reached through the bars, catching Bellatrix by surprise as he grabbed her throat this time. Pure adrenaline and anger gave him the strength to slowly crush her windpipe. "If you take my son, I will rip your heart out with my bare hands!" he growled dangerously through clenched teeth. "I know what spell you're referring to. I saw it

before in countless books. I know what the ceremony involves. You have no idea what you're doing!"

"Enough of this! Come, sister!" young Bellatrix spat towards her counterpart. "Toying with them is a waste! We have little time left!" She scooped up Sirius, who fought against her, trying desperately to break free. "Come along, little one. You're going on a trip with your aunties!"

"Put me down! DAD! HELP! LILY! HELP ME!" Sirius screamed as he was thrown over Bellatrix's shoulder. The older Bellatrix was still trying to free herself from Draco's grasp, which only tightened as the other woman began carrying Sirius away. She finally freed herself by shocking him with a spell, causing him to pull away in pain. Coughing, Old Bellatrix sneered at Draco before standing and following her other self.

"NO! You can't do this!" Draco screamed, grabbing the bars once more.

"PUT HIM DOWN YOU MONSTERS!" Harry roared. His bindings were beginning to loosen, but his sickness was preventing him from being able to fully escape. He fell back, his head smacking against the ground. He knew his wrists were bleeding from the bindings, but he continued to struggle.

"Have fun trying to escape. Don't worry, we'll take care of little Sirius," Old Bellatrix cackled, walking over to her other self and the youngest Potter. The two women held hands and the last thing Draco saw of the three was the look of absolute terror on his future son's face. The second they were gone, Draco scooted back from the bars and began to kick them, hoping to break them away. They didn't budge, but he kept trying; Draco didn't know what else to do. He looked between Harry and his future daughter. He had to get out and save them both, then he needed to save Sirius. Taking a deep breath, Draco closed his eyes and focused. He had extra baby magic...he could use it. After another deep breath, he kicked with all his might at the bars, reaching deep down and tapping into the magic of his unborn daughter...

The bars broke away and eventually Draco had dismantled the makeshift cage.

"Is she okay?" Harry asked. His speech was fully slurred now and his eyes looked droopy. Draco didn't think he would have much more time before he passed out. He turned to their daughter and gently touched her neck.

Draco found Lily's pulse to be strong, and after a few moments of him gently shaking her, she awoke groggily. "What happened?" she asked.

"They took your brother," Draco said, tears beginning to run down his face. What were they going to do? He couldn't let those women use their son in such a horrible way. Lily gasped and immediately sat up.

"We have to get him! Daddy, we have to find him!" she exclaimed, flinging her arms around Draco's neck and clinging to him.

"I know! I know! It's okay! We'll stop them!" Draco promised her, hugging her back.

"Umm...Draco..."

The father and daughter pulled away and Draco gasped as he looked at Harry and saw his husband's nose was bleeding. He and Lily scrambled to their feet and hurried over, untying the raven-haired man. He looked pale and could barely move.

"What happened?" Lily asked. "What's wrong with him?"

"It's the damn potion," Draco swore. "Side-effects. We need to get him home. I have some things that can counter his symptoms. It'll take time to brew a proper antidote-"

"Draco, you can't!" Harry managed to somehow exclaim. "Y-You have to go after them! I told him everything was going to be alright, Draco! I told him I was going to fix everything!"

"Dad, we're not leaving you here!" Lily said fiercely, helping Draco to get Harry to his feet.

"Let's drop him off at home and then go after Sirius. Those bitches touched my brother and I want to make them pay!"

Draco agreed with her and, despite Harry's protests, swooped down to pick up his husband's abandoned wand. He Apparated the two to Diagon Alley, glad it was dark out and they could not be seen. Hurriedly he and Lily half-carried, half-dragged Harry up the stairs and into the flat. Once inside, they placed Harry on the bed and Draco hurried to Harry's study. The potion ingredients and supplies were still laid out on his desk; Draco hadn't had the heart to clean the mess up or move anything. He grabbed a small bottle which held a moderately powerful antidote potion and hurried back to the room.

Lily had tucked Harry in and had wiped the blood from his face with a tissue from the bedside table. She gently helped him sit up while Draco forced the potion down his throat. He couldn't tell if it made a difference right away. The trip had taken the rest of Harry's energy and the young man was passed out. Lily eased him back down and looked at Draco with wide, fearful eyes. "What do you we do now? What if it doesn't work?" she asked. "I already lost you both once! I can't do it again! I won't!"

Draco took the young girl's face in his hands. "We're going to get your brother back and stop this!" he promised her. "But right now, there's nothing more you can do. What I gave Harry

will slow the side-effects down for awhile. It'll give me some time to get Sirius and brew an antidote. But you need to be strong for me. You need to take care of Harry while I go after Bellatrix and make sure he doesn't-

"I can brew the antidote!" Lily exclaimed, her eyes wide with realization. Draco was on the verge of protesting but she silenced him with a look. "Show me your notes! I can do it, Daddy. I swear! Potions is my best subject! You go get Sirius, I'll brew the antidote!"

"That's a lot of pressure and I can't put that on you," Draco told her. "I'm sure I have enough time to-"

Lily gave him a look that he could only describe as the exact look of determination he had given Harry many times in the past. "I can do this." She was so sure of herself and Draco knew he didn't have a choice. Time was wasting. Sirius was getting further away the more Draco waited to go after them. He took a deep breath before grabbing her hand and leading her to the study.

"Everything is right here; notes, ingredients I used, everything," he told her. He reached into Harry's desk and grabbed the coin purse he knew his husband hid there for emergencies.

"Buy whatever you don't have that you need. But be careful! Are you sure you can do this?"

"I'm your daughter and a Malfoy," Lily said with his signature smirk. "Of course I can do this! You just make sure those bitches pay!"

Draco smirked back, kissed her quickly on the forehead before taking a deep breath. "Okay, I'll be back as soon as I can." He turned to leave, but was stopped as she threw her arms around him in a tight hug.

"Please be careful," she pleaded.

Draco smiled and hugged her back. "I will," he said. Again he made a move to leave but she stopped him.

"How will you find them?" she asked.

Draco turned to her and patted his stomach. "With your help," he said simply, before leaving the study. He went into the bedroom to check on Harry, and was a little relieved to see he had stopped sweating and his nose hadn't bled again. That was a good sign. Draco took a moment to hold his husband's hand and squeeze it.

"Harry, I hope you can hear me right now. Please, just hold on. I will save Sirius and stop Bellatrix from bringing Voldemort back. You have my word. But you have to do something for me. You need to hold on until Lily makes the antidote. She's smart. You need to make it so you can see her born and grow up...and so we can make sure Sirius is born. I love you." He

leaned forward and pressed a kiss to Harry's forehead. Reluctantly he pulled away. He had to save their son.

He retrieved his wand from the hallway, where it had rolled after Bellatrix had abducted him. He paused only to look in on Lily, who was already hard at work stirring the cauldron and mixing in ingredients. Finally, without another glance back, Draco left the flat, determined to find his son.

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A/N: And done with that chapter! Again, just one or two more (I think :P) Please review!