

Walking Through A Garden

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Summary: Charlie is at a Malfoy garden party and hears something that makes him think things he never thought possible.

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The Actual Request

Three to Five pairings: Harry/Draco, Remus/Sirius, Ron/Draco, Charlie/anyone
Kinks, genres, or special requests: PWP, foodsmut, frottage, wank, fluff, UST, really light bondage, established relationship

Squicks: scat, watersports, necro, BDSM, chan, vomit, bestiality

It was clearly wrong, Charlie knew this in his head, but when he heard a familiar name whispered with reverence and the sound of kissing, his curiosity got the better of him. Walking away from the crowds of people and into the recesses of the garden had seemed like a good idea at the time, and he did consider just walking back the way he had come, but he wasn't related to the Twins for nothing. Stepping very carefully he moved to a hole in the neatly cut hedge and, staying out of sight, he looked through.

What he saw caused some very clear memories to jump to the front of his mind. Once upon a time Charlie had never considered the fact that he might not be completely straight, not a single time in his entire teenage years, or during his career as a dragon keeper. That there were men out there he might like as much as the girls he dated was not an idea that had so much as entered his head, until that fateful day at the Burrow.

It had been the day of Bill and Fleur's wedding and the whole house had been in chaos for over a week in preparation. The whole clan had been back in residence along with Harry and Hermione who had come down just for the wedding and so the house had been brimming over with people. So as not to have to queue for the bathroom Charlie had decided to get up early and be done with his shower before anyone else woke up.

It had never occurred to him to check to see if anyone else had had the same idea or that there was a new system in place since one of the Twins' pranks had gone wrong and made the bathroom door impossible to lock. Being so early he had totally forgotten the towel system where if someone was inside a towel was hung on the outside handle and he'd just walked in.

That was when he had seen the most incredible sight that had ever met his eyes: Harry Potter in the shower with his hand wrapped round his very hard erection. In

Charlie's head Harry had still been the small, bespectacled boy Ron had befriended at Hogwarts, but he had found out that that was quite a long way from the truth.

Harry had been all pale skin and hard muscle engaged in a very adult pastime and Charlie had felt his own cock twitch in response to the sight, which had almost been more shocking than seeing Harry in the first place. Green eyes had stared at him out of a flushed face and Charlie had just stared back for a good ten seconds before his brain kicked back in. Then he had mumbled an apology and fled before he could think too hard about what was going through his head.

He and Harry had never mentioned the incident, but he could not help recalling it vividly as he watched Harry's neck being kissed very passionately.

The wedding had been over two years ago now and Charlie had to admit that the image of Harry in the shower had provided good wank material ever since and seeing Harry in his current position would probably provide lots more as well.

It had been a shock to realise that he liked men as well, but Charlie was nothing if not open minded and he had given it a go with a couple of guys since then. The relationships had never progressed much farther than kissing and a quick grope, but there hadn't been a lot of time for personal things in war and Charlie really wasn't as sure around men as he was around women. If he ever did go all the way with his own sex he wanted it to be good, so as yet he hadn't bothered. He was finding out now though that he had a voyeuristic streak (if the way his cock was hardening was anything to go by).

Things were changing in their world; Harry had finally despatched Voldemort in a duel of epic proportions, fully earning his new title of The Destroyer of the Dark Lord, and they were all finally at peace. Wizarding Britain had been celebrating for nearly five weeks now, the rebuild was well on the way, and Charlie had been dragged to yet another party, this one in of all places Malfoy Manor. That was why it was not so much of a surprise to find out who the person kissing Harry was.

The defection to the side of the Light by Draco Malfoy had been something of a coup in the dark days of the war nearly two years ago, and by all accounts Malfoy had been very instrumental in helping Harry find and destroy Voldemort's horcruxes. Charlie knew that the pair had been more than friends through a lot of things which was why the announcement of Malfoy's engagement to Padma Patil had come as rather a surprise. That was what the party was for, as well as another excuse to toast Voldemort's downfall, and given that, Harry and Malfoy's current position was rather interesting.

Charlie was really beginning to enjoy the view as Harry's hands snaked under Malfoy's robes when the bridegroom-to-be pulled back.

"Harry, we can't," were the words that rather disappointed Charlie.

"Yes we can," was Harry's reply, and he was smiling as if he knew everything; it was a rather disconcerting smile like Dumbledore had always had. "I know you have to go through with the marriage, Draco, and I know you'll be a wonderful husband and father, but I'm not letting you go until you have something to remember me by."

It sounded like a breaking up conversation, but as far as Charlie could tell Harry did not sound very down about it.

"Potter, we shagged in Riddle Manor where Death Eaters could have caught us at any moment," was Draco's dry response, "I have plenty to remember you by."

Surprisingly Harry laughed at that and he sounded happy which made Charlie wonder how serious the relationship had been between the two.

"Yeah well I think I'll miss your willingness to shag anywhere the most," Harry replied, "but you know where to find me if you get lonely. Remus just isn't as adventurous."

Now that shocked Charlie into almost giving himself away; Remus and Harry was not something he had ever considered. He was pretty good friends with Tonks and he had been sure she and Remus were an item.

"I don't know," Malfoy said, hand moving to play with Harry's collar, "I'd say two timing Nymphadora Tonks was adventurous enough for anyone."

Now Harry looked surprised.

"Is that what you think?" he asked with a grin. "I fought Voldemort, but I'm not that nuts; Remus and Tonks like to experiment, I've been with both of them. Now that the war's over though, I think they're going to get serious so I shall have to find my diversions else where. Which brings me back to you; I want to give you the most mind blowing orgasm to take with you into the love nest."

"Harry!" Malfoy's voice went rather high as Harry's hand disappeared down his trousers. "Anyone could come in here."

"It's your maze," Harry said, leaning forward and kissing the Slytherin's neck, "so seal it."

Charlie had just enough time to consider fleeing when he felt the magic of some sort of ward go up. Looking behind him at where he had entered this part of the maze he could see a hazy barrier and he realised he was stuck. The decent thing to do would be to announce his presence and then leave as quickly as possible, but he found himself just standing still and watching.

While he had been looking behind him Harry had managed to change positions with Malfoy so that it was now the Slytherin who was leaning against the hedge having the stuffing snogged out of him. It was the gently moving hand down Malfoy's trousers that had a lot of Charlie's attention, and he knew he should turn away, but he simply couldn't. The sight of Harry giving Malfoy a hand job was slowly rising to the top of Charlie's most erotic sights ever list. If the moans coming from Malfoy around the kiss the pair were currently engaged in were anything to go by then it seemed the Slytherin was finding the experience very gratifying.

When the kiss finally broke Charlie realised he had been holding his breath and he tried to take a huge lungful of air very quietly. The fact was if they found him now he had no excuse; there was no where he could have come from in this

section of the maze and they would know he had been watching. The whole idea of being caught made his cock twitch that much more, rather shocking the more prudish parts of his brain still trying to make him turn his back at least. Malfoy had stopped protesting as well and complained with a small noise of discontent when Harry pulled his hand out of his trousers.

It seemed from where Charlie was standing, however, that Harry had any intention but giving up as he watched the Destroyer of Voldemort fall to his knees. Harry took hold of Malfoy's hips and shifted him slightly so that Malfoy was flat to the hedge behind him and Charlie wondered what deity to thank for the perfect view this gave him. As he watched Harry move, Malfoy's dressy robes out of the way and slowly unbutton the Slytherin's fly he felt arousal pulse through him like a speeding train. He could feel the whole of his groin area tightening with anticipation and when Harry almost reverently pulled Malfoy's hard cock from the Slytherin's trousers, Charlie could not help himself as his own hand dropped to the bulge between his legs.

He almost moaned as he touched himself through the thick fabric of his trousers, but he caught himself just in time; Malfoy was not as quiet as Harry ran his tongue from root to tip of the Slytherin's cock. Watching Harry lavish attention on Malfoy's erection was so much more of a turn on than Charlie could have guessed and he lasted until Harry chose to swallow Malfoy for the first time before he was fumbling with the fastenings on his own trousers. By now he simply didn't care if he was caught and he needed to do something to relieve the almost unbearable pressure building up in his nether regions.

The spring air was chilly as he pulled himself from his underwear, but it did nothing to cool his ardour as he wrapped his fingers around his cock and stroked down firmly. Swallowing the moan that threatened, he kept his eyes firmly on the couple in the next section of the maze and pushed the last of his prudish ideas to the back of his mind.

Harry was slowly easing Malfoy's trousers down a little further as he bobbed his head back and forwards around Malfoy's cock and when his hand disappeared between the Slytherin's legs Charlie thought the blond might fall over for a second. From the way Malfoy grabbed at the hedge and spread his legs further Charlie was not of the opinion that Harry was just playing with the Slytherin's balls.

"Bastard," Malfoy hissed while manfully keeping his feet, "you could have warned me."

That made Harry chuckle and since he still had a mouthful of Malfoy that made the Slytherin's eyes roll back into his head. Charlie began stroking himself in time with the movements of Harry's head; back and forth, back and forth. He could only imagine what Harry's tongue was doing to Malfoy as he used his thumb on his own cock as a substitute. It was the most delicious sensation to feel the arousal building and building as he watched two very attractive young men in the midst of the most intimate of moments.

The noises coming from Malfoy were growing in intensity, although not volume, giving Charlie the impression this was not going to last much longer and that the Slytherin was used to being quiet during sex. The memory of the comment about

Riddle Manor came back to Charlie and it was only then that he realised it had probably not been a joke.

As Malfoy began to gasp in tiny little breaths and Harry's head began to move just a little bit faster, Charlie upped the pressure on his own erection. He was so close and he wanted to be ready for the exact moment Harry finished off his Slytherin. Charlie was not sure how long he could keep himself on the edge, but he was willing to try. He knew it could not be long now.

It was then that Harry proved he had far more talent than Charlie had given him credit for; as Charlie watched from his hidden corner Harry swallowed Malfoy whole, deep-throating the Slytherin's entire length. It was not something Charlie had ever seen before and it sent erotic messages straight to his cock taking any control he had left away from him completely.

The pressure started in his balls and sent spasms of ecstasy outwards as he bucked into his own hand, biting on his other hand to prevent the noises that threatened in his throat. Even as he shuddered in release he could not take his eyes off the two men in front of him and it seemed Harry's action had had the same effect on Malfoy. The Slytherin was gasping and shuddering as Harry sucked him dry.

It was a long time before Charlie felt the last of his orgasm dying away and even then his mind was still very much mush. He hadn't come like that in a while and he had to fight the ridiculous urge to sink to the ground and stay there for a while.

"Merlin, you're good," Malfoy said breathlessly, and Charlie could only agree silently from where he was standing.

Harry was possibly the most sinful thing Charlie had ever seen, even with his angelic eyes and innocent face. He was beginning to realise that Harry had some hidden depths that most of the Wizarding world never suspected.

"Practice makes perfect," Harry replied and sounded very pleased with himself.

"Who would have thought the world would have a Weasley to thank for Harry Potter being a sex maniac?" Malfoy's words were amused, but breathless.

"Can I help it if having Charlie walk in on me wanking had a liberating effect on my psyche?" Harry asked with a laugh, climbing back to his feet.

That shocked Charlie back to reality even after such a mind blowing orgasm and he refastened his trousers quickly while using a silent cleaning charm to clear away any evidence of what he had been up to.

"And I can't believe you remember that; we were both very drunk when I told you that story," Harry was still talking. "Why exactly do you keep bringing him up these days?"

"Because you need more than friends with benefits," Malfoy replied as he straightened his robes, "and, although I am loathe to admit it, a Weasley would be perfect for you."

Charlie suddenly felt very guilty that he was listening to this conversation, but could not help holding his breath waiting to hear what Harry would say.

"I'm only nineteen," was the amused protest; "just because you're settling down doesn't mean that the rest of us want to. Besides, Charlie's straight."

"No he isn't," Charlie was very surprised to hear that Malfoy knew anything about his sexual preferences, "he's bi, same as half the Wizarding world."

Harry's expression was much more serious now, as if he was considering something for the first time. Charlie had seen that look on Harry's face on the couple of occasions he had directly worked with the Wizarding world's saviour during the war and it usually meant something interesting was coming.

"But Molly always talks about all the girls Charlie goes out with," was Harry's slightly confused response, "she's never mentioned boys, and she talks about George's boyfriends all the time."

Now Charlie began to feel guilty about not being honest with his mother. He was starting to feel the truth of the idea that eavesdroppers never heard good of themselves.

"Ah, but I just happened to be in the Three Broomsticks the other month and so was Ben," Malfoy said as if he was enjoying knowing something Harry didn't.

It just surprised Charlie that Ben, one of his fellow dragon handlers, had been in Hogsmeade and not mentioned it.

"Something about seeing a potions dealer," Malfoy continued, "and we had a few drinks. You know how Ben gets when he's drunk and we ended up on the subject of kisses. Turns out Charlie Weasley is a really great kisser."

Harry's expression was even more thoughtful.

"The other month," it sounded as if Harry was working something out, "as in when you told me about your engagement and then started mentioning Charlie all the time?"

Malfoy laughed.

"Okay, so that may have been when I got the idea," the blond admitted, "but you have to agree it had merit."

"Well thank you," Harry did not sound so amused now, "but I can find my own men."

Something had obviously annoyed Harry and Charlie could almost feel the warmth draining out of the atmosphere. He prepared to make good his escape as Harry went to leave, but paused when Malfoy reached out and grabbed his arm.

"Harry," Malfoy said seriously, "I'm not trying to run your life; I know how you hate that, but I don't want you to miss what's in front of your face. We've been living on the edge for years and it's time to let that go. Underneath the Gryffindor bravado you're a sensitive soul, Harry, I've seen it, and what you really need is

someone to settle down with. Charlie Weasley made you realise you weren't straight, which has to say quite a lot about how you feel about him. I was hoping you'd see that."

Looking at Harry then Charlie was struck by how old the younger man's eyes seemed, even from the distance away he was standing. It was not like looking at a man not yet even twenty; it was like looking at Albus Dumbledore, and Charlie found that caused a strange little pain around his heart. The Harry that the world saw was young and cheerful and happy that he had won, but Charlie realised it was a mask. Now he was looking at the real Harry and he wanted to reach out to him.

"You're tired, Harry," Malfoy said in a gentle tone, "and you need to rest. I don't care if you go after Weasley or if you'd rather chase down Moody, but find yourself a nice chap and get yourself a life."

"Not a girl?" Harry sounded as if he was trying to make light of the subject.

"With your track record with girls," Malfoy replied in kind, "definitely a man."

Charlie realised that the conversation was almost over and very slowly he began to back away from his hiding place. He was not sure what to think and he needed some time to sort out his head before he came anywhere near Harry again. As he expected, the warding spell on the maze disappeared shortly after he found the blocked entrance and walking quickly he rejoined the party while trying to figure out what he was going to do.

Three days after Malfoy's engagement party, Harry was attacked on Diagon Alley by a group of desperate Death Eaters led by Bellatrix Lestrange. Very few of Voldemort's followers had escaped after the final battle, but there were a few still at large and although the Ministry had thought they had all fled the country it seemed the Ministry had been wrong. By all accounts Harry had fought them back, killing Bellatrix and incapacitating most of the others, but had been struck by some nasty hexes when trying to protect some innocent bystanders.

Charlie had been in a quandary about the Harry situation in his head until his mother had returned with the news that Harry was in St Mungo's. That had cleared up just about any doubts he had had as he found himself in the floor before he'd even considered what he was doing. The way his heart was beating wildly and he was ready to do anything to make sure Harry was safe rather showed him what he had been a little afraid to admit.

He was so worried about Harry that it never occurred to him what a circus Harry being in the hospital might be until he almost ran into the hoard of reporters in St Mungo's reception. It rather pulled him up short since there were Aurors holding people back and he realised that it was unlikely they were going to let anyone through. His mother just about had carte blanche when it came to Harry since she was a surrogate mother to the Saviour of their world, but Charlie had no such access, which meant it was unlikely they'd let him in. If he'd had his mum or Ron with him it would have been a different story, but Healers and Aurors tended to be equally ferocious about the security of their charges.

It must have been a good five minutes before he decided that he really didn't have a chance and turned to leave only to come face to face with Draco Malfoy. The Slytherin inclined his head politely.

"Weasley," Malfoy greeted, "it's been a while. Sorry to have missed you at the party, but there were so many 'worthies' there that Mother insisted I talk to; boring lot, every last one of them."

"Malfoy," Charlie replied, trying not to blush at the recollection of the events in the maze, "sorry I missed you too. We'll have to find a pub some time and talk about dragons."

Very few people knew that Draco Malfoy had an obsession for dragons, but then Charlie had realised long ago that very few people knew Draco Malfoy. He had only ever met him in Harry's company and Charlie had a theory that Harry made Malfoy step out from behind his mask in a way no one else did.

"Are you here to see Harry?" Malfoy surprised Charlie by changing the subject.

Malfoy's tone was completely neutral, but Charlie found himself looking at the other man hard to see if it really was just a casual enquiry. He couldn't see anything in Malfoy's expression, but he was dealing with a Slytherin so he could not be sure.

"Well I was going to try," Charlie eventually decided on honestly, "but then I saw that lot. I won't be on the list and you know what Aurors are like, so I was going to come back another day."

"Nonsense," was the instant response that didn't surprise Charlie as much as it would have a few days before, "I'll get you in. They have Harry in a healing coma and the Healers said he can do with all the friendly company we can muster."

For a moment Charlie hesitated, not sure if he should really be doing this, but when Malfoy indicated a corridor off to the left he nodded and gave a small smile.

"There's a back way to his room," Malfoy explained as he walked; "we just let the dogs bay at the front. Lupin came up with the whole system when Harry was in here after the final battle."

"How is Harry?" Charlie found himself asking while trying not to sound like more than a concerned friend. "I only heard a vague report."

"He took some nasty spells direct on," Malfoy replied, seemingly quite happy to talk to him, which made Charlie a little suspicious, "but you know how tough Harry is. They're keeping him in the coma until all the dark magic has been purged from his system and they say he'll be fine in a few days; weak, but fine. The more light magic around him the faster the dark magic will dissipate according to those knowledgeable in such things."

"Hmm," Charlie muttered, wondering what curses could have required such a purging, "works the same with dragons."

During the war the dragons had been used in skirmishes and although most curses bounced off their hides some didn't. Charlie had sat up all night more than

once with an ailing dragon. He was so caught up in his musings that he was surprised when they stopped outside a door and Malfoy knocked.

"Name," came a disembodied voice.

"Draco Malfoy with Charlie Weasley," Malfoy responded evenly.

"Password," the voice asked.

"Norwegian Ridgeback," was the calm response and Charlie could not help looking at his companion at that.

He wondered if Malfoy was still playing matchmaker until it occurred to him that he really didn't mind one way or the other. The door swinging open interrupted his contemplations and a hard faced Auror beckoned them in. Malfoy gave the man Charlie had never seen before a nod and then led the way. There was another short corridor inside and then Malfoy opened another door into a bright room full of spring sunshine.

Harry was lying under crisp white sheets, some bruises and at least one cut mark still partially visible on his face and arms. It was clear he had been battered in the fight and Charlie found he had to argue with himself to prevent any embarrassing rushing on his part. No matter where he was in his head, declaring his undying love at this point would be rather stupid.

There was a chair either side of the bed and one of them was occupied. As he and Malfoy came in, Hermione turned for where she had been reading something aloud to Harry and Malfoy walked over to her and greeted her with a quick peck on the cheek.

"Hello, Draco," Hermione said warmly, "thank you for coming back so soon, I'm afraid I have to go and pick Melissa up in a little while. Hello, Charlie, I'm glad you've come."

Charlie gave her a smile and could not help thinking fondly of Melissa; his niece. Ron and Hermione had been married just over a year and a quarter now and Melissa was their darling child. The little girl was three and Ron had found her in the rubble of her parent's house on a raid six months previously and brought her home. Charlie was sure there would be redheaded brothers and sisters for her in the future, but, as it was, Hermione and Ron doted on their foundling. Melissa was a sweet child and it had not really surprised anyone when Ron and Hermione had refused to send her to an orphanage.

"Anything happen while I was away?" Malfoy asked, his attitude quite unlike it had been in the corridor as he all but flopped into the spare chair.

It seemed that Charlie's assessment of Harry effect on Malfoy needed to be extended to when Harry was unconscious as well.

"Well he tried to break out of the healing coma once," Hermione said in a completely unconcerned tone, "but that's just Harry. The Healers had him pegged and they put him further under."

Breaking out of healing comas was not something most wizards and witches could do, but Harry seemed to be a natural at it. Charlie had heard enough about it when Harry was in St Mungo's the last time from his family and although the Healers didn't know how Harry did it, at least now most of the time they could stop him. With any other patient this would have been big news, with Harry it was just another Potterism.

"So when do they want to wake him?" Charlie asked, trying to sound casual.

"According to Healer Witherspoon if it was anyone else they'd be taking the spells off tonight and leaving them to sleep naturally for the next couple of days since there should only be brief periods of waking," Hermione replied, folding her book up and putting it on the bedside table, "but Harry is such a bad patient they're leaving the spells on until tomorrow evening at least. There are bets that he will be out of bed ten minutes after they let him wake up."

Malfoy snorted with laughter and Charlie could not help grinning either; Harry's 'love' of St Mungo's was legendary even though he had only stayed there three times, including this one. At the end of each of his previous stays Harry had literally escaped rather than being formerly discharged.

"It's the star struck orderlies he can't stand," Malfoy said in an amused tone, "oh, and that Healer that was actually a reporter who insisted on doing a full physical. Lucky for Harry the real Healer showed up."

"Nah," Charlie found himself saying before he really considered his words, "it's the lack of control that annoys him."

That earned him a look from both Hermione and Malfoy and he did his best to look completely innocent. Okay so maybe he wasn't supposed to have observed Harry that closely, but it was the truth.

"What?" he asked with a shrug. "I work with dragons for a living and you learn to notice things or you get eaten."

Harry wasn't a dragon, but it was the best excuse he could come up with. There was a worrying light in Malfoy's eyes and Charlie did not think his explanation had been accepted at face value.

"Well I have to be off," Hermione interrupted the Mexican standoff as she stood up, "so I'll leave you boys to watch over Harry. I'm taking Melissa to visit Grandma Molly so I'll be at the Burrow if you need me for anything."

She then proceeded to pack her things, gave them both a good buy hug and left; Charlie took the opportunity to sit down in the now vacant chair. This close to Harry he could feel the magic around him and it was quite obvious Harry was a very powerful man. Healing coma spells were designed to remove a person's tight hold on their magic allowing other layers of the spell to sift through it to purge whatever they had been charmed to look for and only powerful charms were holding Harry's magic in place. It was rather awing really and Charlie could not help wondering just how strong Harry was.

"You wonder where he keeps it all when he's awake, don't you?" it was Malfoy's voice that brought him back from his contemplations.

"Yeah," Charlie had to agree; he'd never felt anything quite like it and he worked with highly magical dragons every day. "He's going to become the next Dumbledore isn't he; the one everyone looks to from afar."

"He already is," was the calm reply and Charlie looked up then to see Malfoy considering him carefully.

It was rather unsettling to be the sole focus of a Malfoy's attention even if that Malfoy had fought with you in the war.

"I hope I'm right about you," was the candid comment.

"You are," Charlie said before his brain caught up with his mouth.

When Malfoy gave him a surprised look he became sure he was not supposed to have understood the comment, and then he blushed like an idiot because he remembered exactly how he knew what Malfoy was talking about. If he had been being scrutinised before, Charlie knew he was being visually dissected now.

"Weasley," Malfoy eventually said, "how is it you knew what I was getting at?"

If Charlie had been a Slytherin he was sure he could have come up with a suitable reason that would have put Malfoy off the scent, but he wasn't and his head was completely empty of excuses. He grabbed at any stray thought like a starving dragon onto fresh meat, but there was nothing.

"I heard you in the maze," he confessed in a rush and tried to remember that he was years older than Malfoy and should be in charge of this conversation.

"But I sealed it," was the instant response.

"I know," Charlie replied, "that's why I couldn't get out."

Malfoy's eyes narrowed.

"Did you follow us?" the Slytherin's tone was a little dangerous.

"No," Charlie protested his innocence, "I was just wandering around and then I heard someone whispering Harry's name and I was curious. I saw you together and then I was stuck."

"Weasley," Malfoy said, his tone mellowing with every word, "there was quite a bit of conversation between the kissing and when I sealed the maze."

If it was physically possible Charlie was sure he was the colour of a tomato by now.

"And you didn't think of making yourself known?" was the next question.

Dying of embarrassment seemed like a valid course of action to Charlie at that moment.

"You two are hot together, okay?" he admitted and looked anywhere but at Malfoy. "I had no idea I was going to enter your conversation and I haven't been able to get any of the whole event out of my head since."

There was silence from the other side of the room and eventually Charlie had to look up to find out if he was about to be hexed. He should not really have been surprised, but he was when he saw an amused expression on Malfoy's face.

"Wrist a little sore by now?" was the suggestive question.

The blush that Charlie had felt beginning to fade came back full force because he had been quite active over the last couple of days. It was pure luck that no one had noticed in a house as packed at the Burrow always was; if the Twins ever found out he'd never live it down.

"Yes," he said and let a small smile onto his face; it was amusing in a twisted kind of way.

Malfoy laughed at that.

"Well, I suppose it saves Harry having to chase you down," Malfoy decided, seemingly still amused, "but just so you know; hurt him and I will remove vital parts of you anatomy."

It was said in a light tone, but Charlie could see the fire in Malfoy's eyes. Charlie was struck by the loyalty Harry seemed to inspire in those he called friends and he was suddenly unsure that he was ready for this. Could he really be what a man like Harry needed or was it just his lust talking to him.

"That expression tells me all I need to know," Malfoy's words made him look up again. "Don't worry, Weasley, we all doubt ourselves when it comes to Harry. Just try not to let on to him and you'll do fine."

It was very bizarre for Charlie to find himself being comforted by a man several years his junior and a Malfoy to boot, but when it came to situations involving Harry, Charlie decided he better be ready for the bizarre. He just nodded, after all if he was truthful with himself he'd been dreaming about this for years.

Charlie had not actually planned to be there for Harry's awakening since although Malfoy seemed to think him being boyfriend material was a good thing, Harry had had no input on it yet, but the decision was taken out of his hands. He had chosen an afternoon shift after spending several hours with Harry the previous day and the idea had been for his mum and Ron to be there when the Healers took off the healing spells, but Harry had other ideas.

It had started as Charlie was reading some of the sports articles from the Prophet out loud to Harry and had been little more than a twitch, but it had grown from there. In under half an hour Harry had looked like he was having a nightmare and Healer Witherspoon had called for assistance.

That was why Charlie found himself looking at three Healers preparing to remove the charms from Harry. He would have left since he didn't really think it was his

place to be here, but there were three people between him and the door, and he didn't want Harry to wake up without at least one friendly face.

Staying in the corner he kept well out of the way as the two men and one woman lifted their wands and began to chant. A healing coma could be induced by just one healer, but with someone as powerful as Harry it had taken three in tandem and so it would take three of them to remove it as well. If it was anything like the spells they used on the dragons then it was not a complicated charm, but it was difficult to cast it with more than one wizard.

At a slight nod from Healer Witherspoon all three healers flicked their wands at the same time and there was a gentle glow around Harry that dispersed like mist. Almost instantly Harry's eyes snapped open and with little more than a second's pause he sat up. Charlie saw the problem almost instantly as Harry wobbled precariously; it was obvious that Harry was reacting on instinct rather than with any idea of what he was doing.

Catching Harry before he fell off the bed seemed to be a very good idea, so Charlie dashed forward the moment he saw Harry beginning to take a nose dive. Letting the Saviour of the Wizarding world brain himself after surviving not only the final battle, but also a Death Eater attack specifically designed to exact revenge for Voldemort's demise was not something Charlie thought was really on so he took hold of Harry firmly, lifting him back over the bed.

There was a vague noise from Harry and Charlie wasn't sure if it was a protest or surprise, but it did make him alter his grip. He shifted Harry into his arms properly, making sure he still had a good hold as if Harry was a baby dragon trying to flee the nest, but making it a little more comfortable for his charge. It caused a reaction from Harry that he had not been expecting as the younger man relaxed against him.

"Hmm ... sm'll nice," was the mumbled comment from Harry that brought Charlie back to the reality of what he was actually doing.

He'd only been trying to rescue Harry, but as a badly aimed, yet surprisingly strong arm wound round him he realised that he was far closer to Harry than he had intended and in his currently medicated state, Harry was reacting to him. For a moment Charlie considered just letting go, but that would rather have undone all the good work he had just put in so he opted for trying to change his position into something less close.

It didn't work.

When Charlie moved, Harry moved and by the time he realised it was useless they were almost in the embarrassing predicament of both falling off the bed.

"Heard you talking to me, Charlie," was the next rather garbled piece of wisdom from Harry which managed to answer the important question of whether Harry realised who was holding him, "nice voice."

This was partly a relief and partly rather worrying to Charlie because at least Harry seemed interested, but he knew he couldn't take anything at face value because Harry was on some rather interesting potions. It could all turn out to be horribly embarrassing if Harry was just acting out a passing fancy of his drugged

mind. In fact Charlie was so busy worrying about this that it took him a few moments to realise that Harry was completely relaxed in his arms and breathing very deeply. Looking down he was surprised to find that Harry had gone to sleep.

Breathing a sigh of relief that possibly he might get out of this without more embarrassment, Charlie looked to the Healers for some help in extricating himself without disturbing Harry and found three people equally as shocked as he had been. Something was definitely going on in the heads of the three professionals and Charlie was not sure he was going to like it.

"Do not move, Mr Weasley," Healer Witherspoon said and Charlie had the strangest notion that the man had the same attitude anyone at the colony had when dealing with nesting mother dragons.

"I can't just stay like this," he protested, "what's Harry going to say when he wakes up?"

"Thank you, most probably," was the response from one of the other two healers that Charlie did not know.

Since he was very sure that healers did not go about matchmaking for their patients Charlie was pretty sure that he needed more of an explanation.

"Why?" he asked.

"Mr Potter has a habit of exacerbating his symptoms because of how uncomfortable St Mungo's appears to make him," Witherspoon said with a rather relieved look on his face. "Had he insisted on waking fully now he would have been in some discomfort for some days. Each hour he sleeps naturally will reduce his recovery time significantly. You, Mr Weasley, have achieved something not even Mr Malfoy has so far managed; your presence has somehow convinced Mr Potter to sleep. If you would not mind it would be of great benefit to Mr Potter and a boon to us if you would remain exactly where you are."

There wasn't really much Charlie could say to that; if he moved and let Harry wake up he'd be condemning his possible future boyfriend to discomfort and pain, so staying put was his only option. He did wonder how it was he had achieved what seemed to be, in the eyes of the healers, a miracle, but he nodded anyway. It seemed that he was in for the long haul.

Charlie woke with a start as he felt something move next to him and he looked down to find Harry peering up at him sleepily. When Harry hadn't woken after an hour Charlie had carefully kicked off his boots and made himself more comfortable on the bed without waking Harry, he now realised he must have been a bit too comfortable and had fallen asleep. He could feel the blush rising up his cheeks even as Harry just blinked at him.

"Charlie?" was the somewhat confused enquiry.

"Um," was the first thing that came to Charlie's mind.

"What happened?" Harry was now glancing round the room and then those large green eyes that could see into a man's soul pinned Charlie down again. "Last thing I remember is sending a cutting curse at Bellatrix Lestrange."

Charlie felt a little relief to find out that he was not the only source of confusion.

"Well the cutting curse decapitated her," he explained, having had the whole story from Malfoy the previous day.

The rather satisfied look that crossed Harry's features then would have been rather shocking had Charlie not known his companion's history with Bellatrix.

"But then you tried to protect a woman and her two children and the other Death Eaters managed to get you," Charlie continued, wondering if Harry was ever going to move away from him since The Boy Who Lived did not seem inclined to do so. "They hit you with some nasty curses before you took them down and from what I've been told the Aurors arrived just in time to arrest those that weren't dead and ship you to St Mungo's."

Harry grimaced as soon as he heard the name of the hospital which made Charlie smile even given the awkward position in which he found himself.

"They kept you in a healing coma as long as possible, but a few hours ago, not sure how long since I seem to have fallen asleep," Charlie clarified, "you decided to demand to be allowed to wake up. You nearly fell off the bed so I caught you and then I seem to have performed a miracle as far as the healers are concerned in that you decided I made a good pillow and went back to sleep. I've been stuck here since."

Now Harry gave him a sheepish smile.

"Sorry," was the response, but Harry did not sound very sorry nor did he seem to be any more interested in moving than he had been before, "but you are very comfortable."

"If you're planning on going back to sleep I demand to be allowed a trip to the loo first," Charlie said, covering what was left of his embarrassment with humour. "You have the benefit of hospital charms, I've just been lying here after being force fed tea by the healers all the afternoon."

"But you'll come back to me won't you, Charlie," Harry said, batting his eyelashes, which made Charlie laugh out loud.

From what Charlie knew there was nothing innocent about Harry and yet those big eyes were so beguiling.

"What are you suggesting, Mr Potter?" he replied in his best McGonagall tone.

"What do you want me to be suggesting, Mr Weasley?" Harry replied and wiggled his eyebrows.

Now they could have gone on with the playful flirting indefinitely, but that question rather brought Charlie up short as he realised that that was all it was.

Why he was in this room came back to him rather hard and he found himself looking away, unable to meet Harry's eyes.

"Charlie, I'm sorry," Harry said quietly, sitting up and away from him for the first time, "I didn't mean to embarrass you."

There was something in Harry's tone that made him look up even though it was the last thing he wanted to do and Charlie was just in time to see a look of disappointment disappear off of Harry's face.

"You didn't embarrass me," Charlie said, digging in to the famous Gryffindor courage that ran through all of their house, "it's just that, well ... I ... I've had feelings for you for ages and I was trapped in the maze at Malfoy's and I heard and well I ... that is..."

Harry was looking very surprised and Charlie dreaded to think what was going through the younger man's mind. He had confessed so fast that he had not had time to consider what he was saying so he had revealed the whole truth. With a sinking feeling he realised he might have just ended whatever possible relationship they could have before it began.

"You were in the maze?" Harry question was very quiet.

Charlie nodded.

"So you know that it was you who..?" Harry did not seem to be able to finish his question.

"And it was you who made me consider men too," Charlie revealed, knowing that it was all or nothing now. "You have no idea what an effect the image of you naked had on me. Come to think of it, still has, if I'm being that honest."

By now Harry's eyes were very wide.

"Me?" the younger man's voice was even quieter now.

It occurred to Charlie that Harry simply couldn't believe him.

"You," he confirmed. "Do you have any idea how captivating you are?"

"Am not," Harry said, beginning to turn away; "you're as bad as Draco. There is nothing remotely captivating about me."

Charlie knew that the connection they had found in their few moments of closeness was breaking away and he didn't want that, so he did the only thing a good Gryffindor could; he jumped in with both feet. Taking hold of Harry's chin he pulled his companion's face back round towards him, leant forward and kissed him the best way he knew how.

After so long asleep Harry's lips were dry and tasted vaguely of whatever potion had been forced down his throat last, but Charlie didn't care and lightly ran his tongue along them. The response was instant as the tension that he could feel in Harry began to melt away and those lips parted to allow him access. Offered such

an invitation Charlie was not one to refuse and he was gratified to hear a deep groan as he plundered Harry's mouth.

Charlie could feel such passion in Harry as his every move was met by the younger man and when they finally broke for air they were both out of breath and Harry looked a little dazed. Charlie did not have a big enough ego to take full credit since Harry had only just woken from a healing sleep, but he did score himself a couple of points.

"Merlin, Charlie, Ben was right; you're a bloody good kisser," Harry said shaking his head as if to clear it. "You had better have meant that or I might end up in Azkaban for doing something drastic."

"I'm a Weasley, Harry," Charlie said, not following his companion's playful tone; "we never do anything like that unless we mean it."

Serious green eyes looked at him then, peeling the layers of his soul away with one glance.

"Would you like to go out with me?" Harry finally asked with a small smile. "I know this great little restaurant in London."

"I'd love to," Charlie replied, feeling warmth spreading through his heart as he realised that Harry really was serious about this.

"Only one proviso," Harry said, expression growing serious again and Charlie was worried for a moment; "you have to get me out of here first."

Now Charlie smiled.

"Does that make you the damsel in distress and me the knight in shining armour?" he asked cheekily.

"Well if that's you're kink," Harry said with a perfectly straight face, "I'm up for just about anything."

Charlie almost gaped, but not quite; maybe Harry was going to take some getting used to.

Closing the door to Harry's house Charlie followed Harry up the hall and into the living room. It was a grand old house that Harry had inherited from a great great Aunt on the Potter side that no one had realised was still alive until she had died quietly of old age and wasn't anymore. According to her solicitors she had been something of a hermit and hadn't been out of the house in fifty years, which made the fact that it was a very homey, cheerful place rather a surprise. When given the choice of Grimauld Place and Rose Cottage, Charlie was not surprised which Harry had chosen.

So far they had had three official dates and spent a lot of time with each other at the Burrow. Charlie was not due back at the reserve for another week at least, and the way things were going he was seriously considering trying to arrange something so that he was not there all of the time. It had only been six days since he'd helped Harry break out of St Mungo's, on the condition that Harry

allow himself to be looked after at the Burrow for a few days, and Charlie was now intimately familiar with how well Harry kissed and quite how good a blow job the Boy Who Lived was capable of.

They'd talked and had fun and this all meant that Charlie had come to one inescapable conclusion; this was not just a passing fancy, he really was in love with Harry. The fantasy that he had lived with for so many years had been shattered and replaced by the real man and the reality was so much better than the idea. Charlie realised now that he had been in love with the thought of Harry for a long time, but he also knew that he was in love with the actuality now as well.

He had the feeling that Harry had been deliberately avoiding the subject of sex until now, as if testing something. It seemed that the younger man must have come to some sort of conclusion, because with the tension Charlie could feel he was pretty sure he was either about to be dumped or get lucky. His body seemed to be certain one way if the uncomfortable hardness in his trousers was anything to go by.

"Charlie," Harry said, voice quiet and serious as he threw his cloak over the side of the sofa, "I need to ask you something and I would like an honest reply, please."

Charlie nodded; it wasn't quite what he had been expecting, but then he never really thought he would be able to predict Harry.

"What is this to you?" was the calm question and Charlie could not read his boyfriend at all. "Is it just fun?"

That was a loaded question if ever Charlie had heard one and he was suddenly unsure of what answer Harry was expecting. Doubts about how someone like Harry could ever feel anything for him jumped into his head and he did not know what to say. For a moment he panicked, and then he looked up into emotionless green eyes and he realised that it didn't matter; he had been asked for the truth and that was what he had to give.

"I'm in love with you, Harry," he said, finding himself just as calm as Harry appeared to be. "Some people might think it's too soon to say, but I know what I feel. I might never have realised it if I hadn't seen you and Malfoy in the maze, but you know how thick headed we Weasleys can be, and I am sure I love you."

For a moment Harry was completely still and then before Charlie knew what was going on he had an arm full of Potter and he realised that Harry was shaking like a leaf. His arms wound round the slimmer man automatically and he brought him close.

"Harry," Charlie finally said once the shaking had stopped and he felt that he could release Harry, at least partially, "are you okay?"

The man in his arms nodded, but Harry did not look at him, as if he was ashamed or afraid.

"Sorry," was all Harry said.

"Why?" Charlie asked, not quite understanding what was going through his boyfriend's head.

Now he finally saw those large green eyes again as Harry looked at him over his glasses and through his messy fringe.

"I thought I could let this be like every other relationship I've had," Harry said eventually, "until I knew how you felt, but then I brought you home and I realised I couldn't. I suddenly knew that I couldn't let this happen, not if it was just sex. I don't really know love, Charlie, but I do know I have never felt like this before and it's because of you."

Charlie brought up one hand and gently cupped the side of Harry's face. He knew Harry was not innocent of the ways of the world or the ways of sex, but there was something about the younger man then that was strangely pure. It had been obvious to anyone who had known Harry for more than a few minutes that the Saviour of the Wizarding world did everything with his whole heart and Charlie realised that Harry had just given it to him completely.

"Thank you," he said sincerely, "that means more to me than you could possibly imagine."

Through his glasses Harry's eyes looked impossibly large and Charlie found himself wanting to remember this moment forever, but it felt far too sombre for what they had really come here to do. It was time to forget the confessions and anything remotely pure.

"Just one thing, Harry," he said, trying to keep a straight face.

"What?" Harry asked, clearly unsure where this was going.

"Can we get to the sex now?" Charlie replied with what he hoped was an impish little grin.

That made Harry crack a smile, but also earned Charlie a slap on the arm.

"One blow job and you think I'm an easy lay," Harry said with a dramatic toss of his head.

"You mean you invited me back for tea and crumpets?" Charlie replied mournfully. "I'm devastated."

Now Harry stepped back towards him so they were pressed close and the hardness pushed against his thigh was difficult for Charlie not to notice.

"I'll be your bit of crumpet if you're man enough," Harry said with a challenging glint in his eye.

"Oh, I'm man enough," Charlie replied, making sure that Harry could not miss that he was equally as erect as his boyfriend. "Shall we take this to the bedroom?"

"Depends how adventurous you're feeling," Harry grinned as he spoke. "Ever try it over a kitchen table?"

Now Charlie felt just a little awkward; he wasn't sure how to tell a man several years his junior that said man was the experienced one in the relationship. Harry knew he was bi, but it was clear that Harry had assumed that Charlie was not inexperienced when it came to male sex. When he managed to look Harry in the eye again there was a confused expression on his boyfriend's face.

"Charlie," Harry's tone was very careful, "how many times have you had sex with another man?"

"You mean not including blow jobs and hand jobs?" Charlie clarified, although mostly he was stalling.

Harry nodded.

"Um, never," he admitted eventually and he was quite glad that Harry managed to wipe the astonished look off his face in only a few seconds.

For a while Charlie thought that Harry might call a halt or something since the Boy Who Lived was looking at him very intently.

"Right," Harry said eventually, "bedroom it is then and you're topping tonight. That way you'll know exactly what's going on if you decide you'd like to try bottoming at some point."

Charlie didn't argue as he was grabbed by the hand and led towards the stairs.

It didn't seem to Charlie as if going from fully clothed to naked took very long because before he knew it he found himself on his back, legs spread with Harry's talented mouth around his cock. It was the most incredibly overwhelming sensation as Harry alternately rubbed his tongue down the groove in the tip of Charlie's erection and deep throated him. Heat and moisture encompassed him and he bucked up unable to control his movements. He was completely sure that life couldn't get much better than this.

As Harry gently fondled his balls Charlie really didn't care what they had been planning. He could feel his orgasm building and it never occurred to him not to try and reach for it. When Harry pulled back he whined his displeasure and Harry had the gall to laugh.

"Not yet, Charlie," Harry said as he glared at his grinning boyfriend; "there's so much more to come."

That brought his mind back on track and he remembered where this was supposed to be going. The idea almost made him come on the spot. No matter what Harry seemed to think about himself there was something beautiful about him. Harry had milk pale skin even though he spent as much time out of doors as Charlie did and Charlie had a healthy tan; Harry had almost luminous green eyes, especially when he was not wearing his glasses; Harry was not a big man, but all that there was of him was hard toned muscle; and then there was the quiet authority that Harry had about him that Charlie was sure his lover was not aware of, but that made Charlie feel incredibly safe. All in all Harry was a far more

extraordinary person that he seemed to think and Charlie wanted to be able to one day make his lover understand just how special he was.

"Do you know the spells?" Harry asked, working his way up Charlie's body as Charlie lay there breathless.

Charlie's mind wasn't working well enough at that point, what with the sight of Harry between his legs and the brush of abdomen on his cock, to even form a sentence of "What spells?" so all he could do was shake his head.

"There are manual methods," Harry said, for the first time sounding slightly out of control as Charlie felt their cocks brush against each other; for his part he groaned loudly and tried to think of something that was the antithesis of arousing before he lost his fight with his body, "but I don't think I can wait that long."

It was gratifying to know that Harry was as aroused as he was and Charlie clawed at the bed sheets as one pink nipple went past his face while Harry reached for his wand on the bedside table. It took Harry a few moments to pick it up, by which time Charlie couldn't resist anymore and he lifted himself up of the bed slightly and flicked his tongue over the offered delight. Harry actually squeaked, but notably didn't move away as Charlie claimed the nipple properly and gave it a little suckle. The moan that followed the squeak went straight to his cock, but for once Charlie was more interested in his prize than his impending loss of control.

Charlie was quite impressed with himself when Harry was almost writhing in place from his ministrations. Kissing was something he was good at, but he had never put his tongue to work on a male nipple before and it seemed that he was good at this as well.

"Charlie," Harry said breathlessly even as Charlie held him firmly in place.

He was enjoying himself and he almost completely missed the rather anxious tone of Harry's voice.

"Charlie!" Harry said a few moments later, somewhat more forcefully.

He almost listened then.

"No more," Harry sounded really desperate now, "please Charlie, I don't want to come until you're inside me."

That stopped him. It was the most intimate thing anyone had ever said to him and Charlie found himself looking up in rather a dazed fashion. Even with his female partners he had never been one for talking much during sex and none of them had ever said anything remotely like that to him.

"Sorry," Charlie said sheepishly as he realised how carried away he had become.

"Oh god, Charlie," Harry said, easing himself back down the bed, "don't be sorry. You should need a licence for a tongue like yours."

Despite the slight embarrassment he was feeling Charlie could not help smiling at that. Harry was flushed now and it was clear he had been very close and Harry's cock was shiny with pre-come. It was one of those erotic visions that Charlie was

sure would help him through lonely nights on the dragon reserve. He wondered absently what Harry would look like naked, lit only by the light of a campfire.

"I'll teach you the spells tomorrow," Harry promised, voice full of arousal, "but for now I can't wait."

Pointing his wand at himself Harry then rattled off three spells that Charlie had never heard before, then without pausing Charlie found the wand pointed at him and his cock was instantly slick with something. The sensation made him gasp and if Harry had been touching him at that moment he was sure he would have come, as if Harry was just watching him carefully.

"Ready for me?" Harry asked as Charlie managed to bring his breathing back under control.

Charlie just nodded; he was done with words for now. He managed to move into a sensible position as his lover moved above him, but he was more than happy to let Harry drive. As Harry crouched over him and took hold of his cock Charlie thought there was no place in the world he had ever so wanted to be and the moan that came out of his mouth as Harry sank down on his was heartfelt and long. The feeling of tight, warm, slick heat sliding over and around his cock was one of the most intense things Charlie had ever felt.

If he had not been concentrating so hard on making sure Harry had a chance to enjoy this as well it might have been over before it was really begun. This was so much better than he ever could have imagined and he held himself very still as Harry crouched motionless, impaled on him. The expression on Harry's face was pure wanton desire and when green eyes opened to look at him Charlie knew he had found his place to be. There was a good deal of lust in those eyes, but there was love too and Charlie wanted Harry more than anything he had ever wanted in the whole world.

"I'm going to move," was all the warning Harry gave and then Charlie found another moan being extracted from his throat.

If he had thought the first push had been good, the move up and the second push down were incredible. His cock felt as if it was sheathed in silky velvet warmed by body heat and as Harry moved it was pure pleasure.

For a few strokes he just let Harry move and then as Harry came down he experimentally thrust upwards slightly. He must have done something right because Harry whined in the back of his throat and gasped.

"Please do that again," was the breathless request.

So Charlie did and the result was just as gratifying. Now Charlie was not ignorant of homosexual sex even if he had never partaken before and he thought he knew what he was doing. Shifting his hips slightly he tried something he had read somewhere once and thrust up at more on an angle. The gasping breath and the clutching hands from Harry were what Charlie hoped meant that he had hit the right spot, but just to make sure he did it again.

Coherent speech seemed to be beyond Harry now and Charlie took this as a good thing and began to meet his lover thrust for thrust. Harry was in control, but

Charlie did his best to help his boyfriend along. It was not long before the sensation of his cock being sheathed and squeezed in such a tight space had Charlie panting for breath and he knew he could not last much longer.

Reaching out he took Harry's cock in his hand and flicked his thumb across the head. It was slick with moisture and Harry must have been closer than he thought because his lover put his head back, cried out and came in a shuddering wave. As milky fluid spurted onto his abdomen and chest Charlie bucked upwards uncontrollably as he felt the channel encompassing his cock spasm around it sending erotic shockwaves all over his body. It was the last push he needed and he threw his head back caught in the incredible high of his own orgasm.

A flood of pleasure flowed through him from toes to head leaving his muscles tingling in its wake. He almost laughed at the absurdity of it; even the top of his nose was tingling. Orgasms this intense were a rare thing indeed and when he opened his eyes to find Harry slumped across his chest in a boneless sprawl he did not even have the energy to be worried about sticky residue. There were still partially joined and although Charlie didn't think that would last long he was determined to enjoy it while it lasted.

He had what he had wanted for so long that it had been nothing more than a dream, and he had so much more as well. There was no way he was ever letting Harry go; not in a million years.

The End