

Time After Time

by RedOrchid

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Canon-compliant all through DH, including TDE (That Dreadful Epilogue (TM)).

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Chapter 1 of 1

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The ring on his fourth finger woke him up in the dead of the night, burning steadily hotter against his skin. He looked at the clock on the bedside table. 03.23. Another three hours and seven minutes until his alarm would ring and he would have to get up for yet another day of the regular routine that was now his life.

Without making a sound, he folded back the covers and crept out of bed, throwing a careful glance over at Ginny's side to make sure that his wife was still sleeping soundly. Back when it had all started, he had felt guilt wash over him every time he looked at her like this (and even more when he came back), but after eight years, the pressing weight that had used to bring him almost to his knees had tapered off to a slight twinge of discomfort, possible to push out of his mind with a single, deep breath.

His feet brushed over the thick, lush carpet of the floor, barely making even a slight shuffling sound as he slipped into the hallway and crossed it to reach the bathroom opposite. Just like he always did, he raised his hand to the left and whispered a quiet *Lumos*. Soft light flickered to life in little niches around the walls, wrapping the creamy tiles in a smooth, golden sheen. Harry walked the habitual five steps to the middle of the room, removing the ring from his finger as he went. Inside was the date of his wedding, followed by the name of his wife, engraved on the gold with beautiful, curving letters. At least, that was the initial observation.

With a calm, practiced movement, he moved the ring to his mouth, touching it gently to his lips, whispering the secret password against the metal. The small circle began to glow, growing between his fingers until a small, crystal hourglass was readily visible inside it, hanging from a golden chain. He held the Time-Turner up to the light and noted the miniscule numbers which had appeared on the gold. 23.23. Four hours.

He put a wandless Silencing Charm on the room and Apparated out with a *softpop*. He landed in his usual spot, complete darkness on every side of him, and put the chain around his neck. Four turns of the magical object, and the world was spinning in familiar circles around him. He closed his eyes. Just another couple of minutes.

The world came to a stop, and he removed the chain, transforming the Time-Turner back into the exact replica of his wedding ring it usually masqueraded as, and slipped the ring back onto his finger. Then he reached for the doorknob he knew was close by and stepped out of the darkness.

"Hi."

Draco turned at the sound and came towards him, the top of his pyjamas already draped over a chair by the small fireplace. Rather than to return the greeting vocally, the blond man smiled and reached out, pulling Harry to him and finding his lips in a hungry kiss.

"You're almost three minutes late," he accused, fingers working the buttons on Harry's pyjamas, quickly teaming up with the darker man's own hands. "What the hell took you so long?" Harry just smiled against his lips and pushed him backwards, sending them both tumbling unto the large bed...their bed...soft and inviting in the firelight.

"I'll make it up to you," he murmured, trailing a wet path along Draco's neck with his lips and tongue as the blond did his best to rid them both of the remaining clothing. Draco's breath hitched in his throat, and the next kiss was hotter and hungrier than the ones that had come before it.

"You'd better," he breathed, rolling them over to the middle of the bed, pressing their bodies intimately together. "As a matter of fact, why don't you start right now?" He took Harry's hand in his and placed it against the slightly damp skin on the inside of his thigh, guiding it to move slowly upwards. Harry chuckled.

"It's one of the things I love most about you, Malfoy," he said, grinning up at Draco as he repositioned himself, gliding down against the other man's body. "You're so efficient."

Draco laughed. "Well," he said, "one of us should be." Harry's answering chuckle vibrated against his skin, and talking suddenly seemed highly overrated. His right hand came down to rest over Harry's left on the pale skin of his stomach, threading their fingers tightly together, while his left one brushed dark strands of messy hair out of his lover's face. Harry's teeth grazed the top of his thigh, and he felt a low moan travel up from somewhere deep within him. The hand wrapped in thick, dark hair clenched and began massaging the back of Harry's head, trying to coax his mouth to move just a little bit higher. He felt the lips before the tongue, brushing lightly across the sensitive skin at the base of his erection, and let out a shaky breath.

"Lean back," Harry murmured, enforcing his demand with a long, wet press of his tongue against the swollen head. "We have four whole hours tonight. Plenty of time for me to get you so worked up that you'll beg for me to fuck you." Draco tried to retort, tried to say something about how he'd show Harry who of them would do the actual begging before morning (not to mention the fucking), but Harry's lips, hand and tongue in synchronisation pretty much turned his witty remark into a mangled string of incomprehensible syllables. It didn't matter much. They had always been a lot better at physical communication anyway.

The alarm rang half an hour before their time was up, forcing the two men to rise from their exhausted tangle of limbs and stumble into the large shower. Draco rested his head against Harry's shoulder as the other man washed his back gently with warm water. They checked each other for marks, Draco finding a small scratch on the side of Harry's right leg that required a small dollop of Instant Wound-Mending Cream. They talked leisurely about work, the children, what team was likely to win the Quidditch league that year. The alarm went off again, signalling ten minutes left, and they reluctantly left the bathroom, each taking care to check that his hair was perfectly dry and looked suitably sleep-tousled.

"I'm taking Al to Diagon Alley at the end of the week," Harry said as he buttoned the top of his pyjamas. "To shop for school supplies. I can't believe they're leaving for Hogwarts in less than a month."

"Tell me about it," Draco agreed, coming up behind Harry in the mirror and pressing a soft kiss at his nape. "It's all Scorpius ever talks about. That and whether he can have a new broom for his birthday."

Harry smiled. "Perhaps hell will freeze over and they will become friends at school," he mused. "Then we could pretend to put aside our deep hatred for one another for their sakes and take them to Quidditch games together. Could be fairly interesting. I remember you looking quite hot in a scarf."

"I'll have you know that I look fantastic in a Quidditch scarf," Draco replied mock-haughtily. "In fact, I should bring one tomorrow night. I can't believe we haven't thought of that earlier." Harry's reflection raised an eyebrow at him.

"Because a Quidditch scarf is so completely different from a silk scarf or a pair of handcuffs?" he asked teasingly. "You know, Draco, I'm not sure I'm convinced." He turned around, sliding his arms easily around the blond, grabbing his wrists and pinning them casually behind Draco's head.

"Now who's the impatient one?" Draco demanded with a chuckle, pushing against Harry's hands to arch out against him. "Come on, we need to go."

Harry let go of his hands, and together they walked back to the bedroom, straightening the sheets of the bed together before stepping close for a last kiss. A muted ~~drack~~ of Apparition sounded from one of the dressing rooms, and Draco stepped away and turned on his heel with a soft 'Have a good day.' Harry followed shortly thereafter, making an intermediate stop in one of the seldom used guestrooms in Grimmauld Place for the three minutes he had been lagging behind when he first arrived. The ring on his left hand gave a small tingle at the exact moment when the timelines knit back together, and he made another turn, arriving back in the second floor bathroom.

Ginny was still sleeping soundly as he crept back into the room and slid between the covers. He turned his head and looked at the clock. 03.27. In under five minutes, he had spent another night with the man he loved. The Time-Turner really was a glorious invention, he thought, especially when no one but the person you used it to spend more time with knew that you even had one. He turned over to lie on his back, feeling his body still hum pleasantly from the overload of pleasure. Breathing deeply, he closed his eyes, moved a little further back into the pillows and settled down for another few hours of sleep.

THE END