

A Godfather's Love (aka The Other Side of the Coin)

by jmlane57

Sirius finds himself inexplicably falling in love with Harry, even in the midst of the latter's romance with Ginny -- a romance he himself encouraged. He wants to tell the boy how he has come to feel, but is understandably apprehensive about doing so. Set in the summer after Harry's seventh year, shortly after Ginny's seventeenth birthday.

One - The Beginning

Chapter 1 of 21

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1 -- The Beginning

Sirius Black bunched his pillow beneath his neck on his bed at Grimmauld Place and lay down to read the latest letter from his godson Harry. Harry was the son of his closest friend, James Potter, who had been killed along with his wife, Lily Evans Potter, when the boy was just a little over a year old, by Voldemort, the greatest and most dangerous Dark wizard of all time. Their Secret-Keeper, Wormtail (formerly Peter Pettigrew), had betrayed their hiding place to him.

Harry had been targeted because of a prophecy regarding him and Voldemort; the latter believed he should destroy Harry while he was still small. Both James and Lily had been killed within moments via the *Avada Kedavra*; a short time later, Voldemort had turned to the infant boy, intending to do the same to him. Unfortunately for the Dark Lord, the curse backfired and nearly killed him because of Lily's blood sacrifice for her only child, some of the oldest magic known to wizardkind.

But the result was that Harry had been left an orphan. Sirius had tried to take custody, but Dumbledore had stepped in, claiming it was best for the child to be placed with blood kin. If Sirius could have known how nasty and abusive the Dursleys were beforehand, he'd have risked everything to rescue the boy from those monsters and went into hiding if necessary to raise him himself. To his mind, a loving home was far better than supposed "safety" with so-called relatives who all but hated him. No one knew better than he what a nightmare it was to live like that, and Harry had been through enough without going through that as well. But it was kind of hard to go against someone the size of Hagrid, so Sirius didn't have much choice but to allow him to take the child to Lily's relatives, even lending him his flying motorcycle for the trip.

But he had constantly been worried about Harry's health and happiness and was sick at heart once he finally saw him...tired, sad, and far too thin, wearing clothes ten times too large for him. Worst of all, Harry had had the erroneous idea that he had both killed over a dozen people, including Wormtail, when Sirius knew that it was the latter, along with several Death Eaters, who had killed the twelve Muggles. But it was Sirius who had been convicted and placed in Azkaban without trial for their deaths. Fortunately Sirius had managed to convince Harry of his innocence, and they had struck up a correspondence shortly after the boy and his friends had helped him escape on the hippogriff Buckbeak and go into hiding.

At first, his affection for Harry had been a mixture of that of a father and older brother. It was only recently, after having seen him and spent time with him at the Burrow during Christmas holidays (Harry had asked Molly Weasley to invite him) that he was literally dumbstruck at how handsome the boy had become. He was a virtual duplicate of his father: tall, slender, and well-built, but with Lily's sparkling green eyes, surrounded by thick, dark lashes and James's gorgeously messy hair.

He had also noticed how seventeen-year-old Ginny Weasley used every possible opportunity to spend time with Harry ... and vice versa. In fact, he was convinced that Harry was in love with her...and although they hadn't had a chance to discuss it at the time, his suspicions had been confirmed upon the receipt of Harry's latest letter.

You've got to help me, Sirius, Harry had written. I've never felt like this before about anyone. Ginny is so sweet, so beautiful, and all I want to do is be with her ... but most of all, I want to hold her, kiss her, touch her...and never let her go. I can even picture us getting married and having children. Is this being in love? If so, please tell me and give me some advice as to how to handle it. I don't know what to do!

Sirius had also inadvertently come upon a romantic rendezvous between the young couple at the Burrow in the darkened living room late one night shortly after Christmas. He was awestruck at how much they resembled James and Lily, both when they argued and when they were loving each other, as now. Harry held Ginny securely yet gently, and she was sighing softly against his lips as he kissed her. After a time he was stunned to see the boy's hands move to cup her sweetly rounded bum and press her close to him as he moved sensuously against her.

"Oh, Harry, I love you. I love you ..."

"Gin, you're so sweet, so delicious. I don't think I'll ever get enough of you ..."

"No more talking, Potter. Kiss me again," she lovingly scolded, and pulled him back to kiss her deeply once again. It wasn't until Harry's right hand moved up to gently cradle one of Ginny's small but perfect breasts that Sirius decided he'd seen enough. As he'd turned to take his leave, he saw Harry lead her to the couch and lay her down upon it, and then the couple disappeared from view. Gods, how he envied them ... being young and so much in love. He had been infatuated many times, but he had never truly loved anyone, romantically speaking. But if the feelings he was harbouring for the boy were any indication, that could change.

It was very late, around two a.m., when Harry had joined him in Fred and George's old room, which they were sharing. He had been just about asleep when the door had creaked open, and Harry had slipped in. Harry had removed all clothing but his boxers, and Sirius was unable to help noting that the boy was quite aroused from his time with the girl he loved. Had they actually shagged? Somehow, Sirius doubted it. If that had been the case, Harry wouldn't be in his present condition ... but how could he bring up the subject delicately without embarrassing him?

He pretended to be asleep as Harry got into bed but listened as the boy tossed and turned, softly moaning, seemingly unable to relax, no matter what he did. Finally he opened his eyes a crack when he heard the boy mutter, "Bugger this! I've got to do something about it...and right now!" There was a soft rustle as the covers were thrown back and Harry removed his boxers, then took his arousal into his hands. In the moonlight Sirius was stunned at the size of it ... not even James had been that large. Nor was he, much less Remus.

In spite of himself, Sirius felt himself becoming aroused at the moans coming from the adjoining bed and the movements of Harry's hands. But most of all, he listened to the plaintive sound of the boy's voice, laced with love and unfulfilled desire. "Oh ... Ginny ... Ginny ... how I wish you were here doing this to me, loving me ... I love you, I need you ..."

"Harry? Mate, are you all right?" Sirius called out sleepily. "You called out something."

"Sirius?" Harry called out. "Sorry to wake you. I ... can't sleep, but I'll be all right. Don't worry."

"I'm your godfather. If you need help, feel free to ask."

"I'm fine," Harry insisted. "Go back to sleep."

"I can't sleep until I know you're all right. And despite what you say, you're not all right. I've heard you moaning and thrashing about in your sleep."

"Padfoot, I need Ginny," Harry finally said. "What's more, I think...no, I know...I love her. But how can I ask her to be my girlfriend again?"

"I think the real question is, how can you *not*? You'll drive yourself spare if you keep this up!"

Harry was struck silent for a while. Then he said, "Then you think I should do it?"

"Definitely ... if only for your own sake."

"But I don't want to use her just for my own satisfaction," Harry protested.

"Of course you don't. But you've been denied so much. Don't deny yourself the chance to express your feelings for Ginny and allow her to express hers for you. Even if it doesn't last, at least you'll have beautiful memories, and they can help a lot in getting you through rough times, especially if you meet again and renew your romance later on."

"You ... know how Ginny and I feel about each other?"

"Of course," Sirius assured him. "I was young once too, you know. I understand exactly what you're going through. It happens to every young man sooner or later."

"That's fine, as far as it goes ... but what about now?"

"What about now?"

"I can't sleep like this. I'm so ... hard I hurt. I've got to have some relief."

"I think I know a way to help you, but you've got to trust me and not tell anyone."

"What do you mean?" Harry had to ask.

"It's hard to explain. Just trust me." After an uncomfortable silence, Sirius spoke again. "You *do* trust me, don't you?"

"Of ... of course I do. It's just that..."

"Harry." Sirius's tone was soft but insistent. "Do you want my help or not?"

"Yes, I do," came the soft, urgent reply.

"Then scoot over a bit and give me a minute to get there."

A moment later Harry felt Sirius seat himself on the side of the bed; it was too dark for the boy to see his godfather's eyes or the look in them. If he had, he might have taken back his agreement. As it was, he was too desperate for relief to refuse. Harry gasped softly when Sirius's warm, gentle, slightly rough hands enveloped his highly sensitive arousal between them.

"May I ask you a question, Padfoot?"

"I suppose so. What is it?"

"Did you ever do this for Dad? That is, before he married Mum?"

"Many times," Sirius confessed. "Many blokes do that for their friends. But don't worry, that's all your father and I ever were ... close friends and brothers. Remember how difficult your Mum was for him to convince. He needed ... relief now and again, especially when she was being particularly stubborn about going out with him. I was more than happy to help him."

"Did he ... ever do it for you? How about Remus?"

"Of course. As for Remus, I couldn't say what he did on that score. He tends to keep things like that to himself. But now it's time to take care of you, mate. Just lie back and relax ..."

And because Harry loved and trusted Sirius, he did so. After a time, Sirius's ministrations...however gentle...became almost unbearable, and Harry knew he wasn't far from climaxing. But the older man's talented fingers continued to stroke and massage his godson's aching, throbbing balls, then his extraordinarily hard and sensitive shaft. It was shortly after Harry felt the stroking around the head of his penis that he knew he could hold back no longer.

"Oh, God, oh, God ... Sirius ..." he moaned. "I ... feel it coming. I ... can't wait much longer ..."

"Don't try to hold back. The whole object of this is to get you some relief so you can sleep. Let yourself go." After a few moments, Harry did just that...mainly because he was unable to stop himself ... and the relief was so great he almost cried. Upon finishing, he finally laid back on his pillow, totally enervated, then found Sirius's nearest hand and squeezed it gratefully. Behind Harry's back, Sirius performed a nonverbal Cleaning Charm on the bedsheet to eradicate the evidence of the boy's release.

"Thank you, Sirius. I needed that."

"My pleasure. And as I said, feel free to ask if you need such help again and I'm nearby."

"I'll keep it in mind. Meanwhile, we'd better get back to bed and get some sleep. Remember how Molly is if she has to shout to everyone to come to breakfast."

Sirius smiled and then laughed softly. "Do I ever! Good night. Sleep well." He ruffled Harry's hair affectionately despite his strong desire to kiss the boy good night...and not chastely, either. He had had been fighting off an almost irresistible desire to take the boy's arousal into his mouth and bring him off orally. He and James had never done that. The most either had ever done to each other were hand jobs. What was making him have such unconscionable feelings now? Sirius could only surmise that it was the addition of Lily's genes that did the trick ... or at least it was the only thing he could think of at the moment.

"Good night, Sirius. Thanks again." Harry smiled, then pulled the blankets over himself, turned over and fell asleep almost immediately.

Sirius returned the smile, then returned to his own bed...but this time, he was the one who lay awake, tossing and turning, his mind filled with tantalising (albeit extremely disturbing) images of all he wanted to do to Harry. But now was not the time to confess those feelings to the boy; he had enough to deal with. Best to discuss it with Moony first and get his thoughts on the matter before taking any action one way or the other.

Two - A Talk with Remus

Chapter 2 of 21

Sirius decides to talk with Remus in order to figure out what to do regarding Harry.

2 -- A Talk with Remus

It wasn't until some time after New Year's and Moony had returned to normal after his first transformation of 1999 that Sirius was able to bring himself to approach him. "Moony, I need to talk to you."

"So talk, mate. I'm listening," Remus returned, as the two sat down on the foot of the latter's bed. "By the way, how was your Christmas with Harry and the Weasleys?"

"Great. Up to a point, anyway." The tone of Sirius's voice told Remus that there was something his friend desperately needed to get off his chest, but he didn't know how to start. He wasn't sure how to encourage him to discuss it. Finally he simply smiled softly and squeezed his friend's arm.

"I shared a room with Harry. Did you know that he's fallen in love?"

"No! That's great. Who's the girl?"

"The Weasleys' daughter, Ginny," Sirius revealed. "I even caught them snogging once ... among other things—although they didn't see me. But he's afraid to ask her to be his girlfriend again." Sirius sighed wistfully. "They reminded me so much of Prongs and Lily that it was scary. All the same, I encouraged him not to be afraid to renew his relationship with her. But that's not the problem. The problem is ..." His voice trailed off.

"Yes?" Remus encouraged.

"Moony, I ... love Harry."

"I know that, mate. You're his godfather, after all; you're supposed to."

"Not like that," Sirius protested. "I'm ... *in* love with him."

There was an interval of stunned surprise on Remus's part before he managed to find his voice again. "When did you realise this?"

"Just recently, shortly after Christmas. He was unable to sleep after a passionate interlude with Ginny, and I had to ... help him relax."

"What did you do?" Remus asked, doing his best not to sound shocked or judgmental.

"What I did for Prongs lots of times, that's all," Sirius assured him. "But I found myself wanting to do a lot more. I wanted to kiss him, caress him, make love to him. Merlin, Moony, how sick can I be to feel such things? A godfather isn't supposed to want things like that! He's Prongs's son, Moony—my best friend's son! What would Lil and Prongs think of me if they knew? Most important, what would they say? What would they do? As far as that goes, what would *Harry* think of me if he knew? He'd probably

want nothing further to do with me, and I couldn't blame him. And what about his friends? How would they feel, especially that Hermione girl? She's so damnably perceptive! Most of all, what if sweet, young Ginny, who loves him, figures it out—much less his best friend? Harry just wrote me, and he says that he's in love with Ginny.

"How can I possibly think of myself at a time like this? Harry's happiness should be my first priority; he's had so little in his life. I can't put such a burden on him; he's got too many already. It should be my job to see that he settles down with the right girl. I shouldn't be thinking of ways to seduce him or encouraging him to begin an all but incestuous relationship with me. I can't do that to him—no matter how much I may want to. All the same, he's such a handsome—no, beautiful—boy. His green eyes with thick dark lashes; his lips, his sweet smile ... that gorgeously messy hair ... but most of all, that slender, well-built body that I ache to touch and kiss so much that I can taste it."

Remus's heart went out to his friend, seeing how sincere, deep and true Padfoot's love for his teenaged godson was. But at the same time, his love was passionate and even *carnal*. It would devastate him if Harry learned of his godfather's ... unusual feelings for him and severed all ties because he could not accept them. At the same time, it had never been easy for Sirius to hide his feelings for long—especially feelings of love. They had to think of some way to tell him and all concerned how Sirius had come to feel that would preserve their closeness. It wouldn't be easy, but then nothing worthwhile ever was. Harry was the last link Sirius had with his closest friend, and he valued his godson's love and trust highly. He seemed intent on bending over backwards to see that he kept it, whatever the cost to himself.

"Dear God, Moony, what am I going to do? I don't want to lose Harry, but how can I possibly tell him, much less expect him to even consider me as a potential lover? I mean for him to eventually marry Ginny, but at the same time, it's going to be harder than hell to keep my hands off him and not want to snog him silly every time I'm near him."

"I think all we can do, at least for now, is take things one day at a time, Padfoot," Remus advised. "Just advise him as best you can regarding Ginny and continue in your present capacity for the time being. Hopefully some time down the road, we can sit him—or them—down and explain things regarding your ... feelings for him as best we can, and then we'll see what happens."

After that, the two men hugged fiercely for a time and then separated to go to their respective rooms. Remus fell asleep rather quickly. But in the time he remained awake—roughly an hour or so—he could hear Padfoot either pacing the floor of his room or tossing and turning, even softly moaning in the process. He certainly didn't envy him his dilemma. He was happy with Dora and their love and fully intended to propose to her at some point. For the moment, though, he had to try to think of a way to help his friend deal with his feelings for his godson and hide them, if necessary.

Three - Erotic Dream

Chapter 3 of 21

Not long before the meeting with Harry and his friends, Sirius has an erotic dream about himself and Harry.

3 Erotic Dream

It was a long time before Sirius managed to tire himself out enough to lie down...and this time, he was able to sleep. Best of all, he had a wonderful dream. It was so perfect, that he knew it was extremely unlikely that it would ever happen in real life. But at the moment, he didn't care; what mattered was that it was happening now...so to speak.

It was the night before Harry's wedding to Ginny. Sirius had been chosen to stand with Harry as a surrogate father since he was James's best friend, and Molly Weasley had been chosen as surrogate mother since she was the closest thing he had ever known to a mother. Too bad the kind of feelings Sirius harboured for Harry were anything but fatherly. As of tomorrow night this time, Harry would be on his honeymoon with Ginny, in her arms, making love to her for the first time.

He had confessed that it seemed like an eternity until they could be together, but once they were, the joy they would share in making love would be well worth the wait. Sirius wished that he would be the one making love to Harry. At the same time, he couldn't wish more for Harry than a long, happy life together with the girl he loved. When Sirius had gone to bed, however, he found himself unable to sleep, no matter what he did...mainly because of the intensity of his arousal at the mere thought of Harry.

His touch, his kiss, the warmth of his body close to his own ... but most of all, picturing the boy moaning and writhing beneath him in ecstasy as he moved inside Harry's delicious tightness, which hugged Sirius's arousal so closely that it nearly drove him mad trying to keep from coming off, even as much as he wanted to. At the same time, he wanted to feel himself inside his godson's sweet body as long as possible ... be able to touch him, kiss him, caress him. The joy he felt upon picturing this made him forget...at least for a while...how wrong it was. All the same, how could it be so when it felt so right?

He had tossed and turned for roughly an hour, so hard he hurt, his face wet with tears of love and loneliness when he heard a soft knock on the door and a beloved voice laced with concern call to him.

"Padfoot? You all right?"

Sirius fought not to come at the mere sound of Harry's sweet voice. He wanted to answer, but he couldn't bring himself to do so, which prompted the door to open and Harry to enter. Sirius forced his eyes open to see Harry standing beside his bed, clad in just a dressing gown, his hair even messier than usual from sleep, although he wore his glasses.

"Sirius? Are you okay? Please answer me."

"I'm ... all right, Harry. Go back to bed. You're getting married tomorrow and need your sleep."

"No, you're not," Harry shot back. "Besides, I'm too keyed up to sleep."

"You have better things to concern yourself with, Harry. I'll manage. I've done it before."

"You're the main thing I'm concerned with right now. You need something," Harry remarked, a knowing note coming into his voice. "Something only I can give you."

Sirius's eyes widened. "How long have you known?"

"Almost from the start. I'm not totally clueless, after all. I've seen the way you look at me, the way you smile at me ..."

"Even so, the way I feel about you ... it's wrong. You're my best friend's son...a friend who was like a brother to me. Because of this, my feelings for you border on incest. For Merlin's sake, how can I possibly feel like this?"

"Love could never be wrong, whatever form it takes," Harry insisted, his voice almost a croon.

"But I can't spoil you for your future wife," Sirius protested.

"Pleasuring you won't change any aspect of my relationship with her. I won't allow it. Besides, after all you've done for me, it's the least I can do for you."

"No, Harry. Save yourself for your bride. She's waited a long time for you."

"Still being stubborn, are you? Well, I think I know a way to make you change your mind." With that, Harry undid the sash on his dressing gown and shrugged it off his shoulders. It dropped it to the floor, revealing his slender, well-built and gloriously naked body ... not to mention his large, deliciously throbbing arousal, which stood up proudly against his flat belly.

Sirius's heart began pounding even harder, transfixed at the impossibly beautiful vision before him. His throat was so dry that it felt like it was stuffed with cotton...and he became even more aroused ... if that was possible. How could anything so perfect possibly be real?

"I'll have the rest of my life with Ginny, but I only have one night with you. Let's make the most of it."

Harry approached the bed, throwing the blankets aside to reveal Sirius's own nudity.

"Now what do you want me to do? For tonight, I'm at your disposal. I'll do anything you wish...and I do mean anything."

Harry situated himself next to Sirius and lifted his face so their eyes met, sparkling green to grey.

Sirius was too dumbstruck to speak or even move, scarcely able to believe this was really happening. How could Harry actually be in bed with him, so gloriously naked, so warm and smelling of soap and English Leather, his beautiful sea-green eyes looking deeply into his own, his perfect, kissable lips so dangerously close to his own? The older man's pulse increased to such proportions that he soon felt as if his heart were literally skipping beats. His arousal was deliciously throbbing and hardening even further, almost to the point of pain.

"We'd better get started; the night's not getting any younger, and we have to get up early to prepare for the wedding."

With that, Harry moved to claim his partner's lips with the warm, sweet softness of his own. The kiss deepened as his tongue gently pried his partner's lips open. An electric shock seemed to pass between them at the contact even as his talented fingers found and began to gently fondle his partner's aching hard arousal.

"Harry ... oh, God ..." The pleasure of Harry's touch and kiss were almost too much for Sirius to endure.

"Shh ... there's no time for talking. There's only time for love." Harry gently pushed his partner back onto the bed beneath him, beginning to kiss and lick his way down his body. After this, Sirius became totally lost in the joy and ecstasy of this moment, losing all track of time and where he was as Harry made tenderly passionate love to him...then allowed him to return the favour. Sirius's mind was totally blank; he could not think, only feel.

Sirius awoke reluctantly but with a smile on his lips, feeling more energetic than he had in a long time. He even used Hair-Cutting and Depilatory Charms after his shower to make himself more presentable instead of looking so disreputable as he had for so long. He also intended to eat three square meals a day for a change until he wasn't skinny as a bloody rail anymore. Of course, he hadn't had a reason to look good until now, which was the main reason he was doing it. He even felt up to answering Harry's owl post and vowed to give him the best advice he possibly could. Even at that, it was difficult to keep his mind off his incredible dream.

Of course, a dream was one thing, and real life was another. All the same, Sirius liked to think Harry, Ginny, and their friends (namely Ron and Hermione) would accept his feelings, if not his attentions to the boy, romantically speaking. But he couldn't count on it...nor did he dare tell anyone except Moony until they could figure out a way to tell Harry.

In the meantime, he wrote Harry back, giving the best advice he possibly could, hoping it was good enough to help him. His next post would tell the story, one way or the other.

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Harry's next owl post came within a week. *Sorry to take so long to get back to you, Padfoot*, he had apologised. *But I've been ... rather occupied, if you know what I mean.* Sirius could well surmise the story behind that statement, half-happy, half-sad that his advice had apparently worked. The last time he himself had tried it, he had gotten himself hexed. He knew he was taking a chance by advising Harry as he had, but obviously Ginny had taken it the way his one-time girlfriend should have.

All the same, he knew well from Harry regarding his girl's temper. You didn't fool with a redhead if you were smart...especially if the redhead in question was a witch. It was a cinch that James had had his share of run-ins with Lily...both before and after they were married...and Sirius had been unable to help. Harry had gotten a healthy share of that temper, judging from the episodes the boy had told him about in the course of their correspondence. That was another reason Sirius was somewhat apprehensive at the prospect of telling Harry about his ... unusual feelings for him.

He and Moony were still trying to figure the best way to tell Harry and his friends about Sirius's feelings for his godson. Part of that was figuring the best place to meet with them. They wanted it to be in as private a spot as possible...somewhere they all felt comfortable.

It was getting harder with every passing day not to write Harry and tell him about how he had come to feel toward him. But even as much as Sirius wanted to, he knew he didn't dare. Moony had said to continue the status quo until they could figure how to proceed, and despite his almost irresistible desire to just throw all caution to the winds, Sirius knew Moony was right. Conditions had to be as conducive as possible to both sides' comfort and safety, in more ways than one.

If Rita Skeeter ever got wind of this, neither he nor Harry would ever live it down. It was one thing to be accused of a romantic relationship with a girl, as had happened in Harry's fourth year, quite another to have a secret gay life exposed...especially if said life was with someone formerly regarded as the closest thing to a father that the younger participant, the wizarding world's most famous orphan, had ever known. If only for Harry's sake, Sirius knew he had to keep quiet until Moony said it was all right to speak...and even then, he could only talk under controlled conditions and to certain carefully chosen people.

Four - Private Talks

Chapter 4 of 21

Sirius and Remus meet with Harry and his friends just outside Hogsmeade for a picnic and private talk; in the process Sirius confesses his...unusual feelings for his godson.

4 -- Private Talks

Another Hogsmeade weekend was scheduled in February. By a fortuitous coincidence, Remus believed he had figured a way to tell Harry and those closest to him in his age group how Sirius felt about him ... and how long he had felt that way. Of course, neither could predict just how any of them would react; all they could do was explain Sirius's feelings and hope they were able to accept them ... even if they had certain reservations about doing so. Sirius owled Harry and asked him and his friends to join him in Hogsmeade around noon on Saturday (the day after Valentine's Day). Despite his apprehension, Sirius couldn't help believing the date was a good omen for the success of their talk.

Naturally, Hermione was the first to ask why they wanted them all there. All Harry could say was, "I'm sure Padfoot and Moony will explain what it's all about once we're there. And look on the bright side...they're treating us to lunch as well!" That was enough for Ron to agree totally with the scheduling and shoot down any further questions the others might have, including Harry. Of course, if any of them had had any idea of the subject matter to be discussed, they might have had second thoughts about going. As it was, they had no reason to think anything untoward was going to happen and acted accordingly.

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As it turned out, the place Sirius and Remus had chosen was a grassy area under a tree well away from the buildings in Hogsmeade in order to have as much privacy as possible. Once they had all gathered in the designated spot, they seated themselves on the large Gryffindor-coloured blanket Remus had conjured up and put a Permanency Charm on (usually conjured items only lasted a couple of hours). Remus and Sirius were seated next to each other, as were Ron and Hermione and Harry and Ginny. In fact, the two young couples were even holding hands, which caused a sharp pain in Sirius's heart when he noticed Harry. He said nothing, however, and looked away as quickly as he could, hoping no one had noticed his involuntary wince at the sight.

"Okay, we're all here, Moony, Padfoot. What did you need to tell all of us that's so important?" Harry was the first one to speak. Sirius swallowed hard, but Remus began speaking almost immediately.

"We wanted to see if any of you had any questions regarding what is commonly termed 'the facts of life.' "

Ron blushed and Harry flushed as well, but the girls seemed interested in the potential of what the two older men had to say and gave their boyfriends hard looks, daring them to disparage the idea.

"Of course we do," Hermione spoke for all of them. "There haven't been any sex education classes, and I think there should be classes as soon as one becomes a teenager, like around third-year."

"Can any of you tell us what you already know?" Remus asked.

This was when Ginny piped up. "Mum gave me the basic facts when I first started my period, roughly four years ago."

"Anyone else?" came the next question.

"I read them in a book," Hermione said. "I asked Madam Pomfrey if she had anything on the subject, and she did, so I devoured it and told my friends here what I'd learned...that is, as much as they were willing to listen to, anyway."

"Boys? What about you?"

Ron blushed even redder than his hair and shook his head, but Ginny again spoke up. "Mum's given each of us, me and my brothers...which includes Ron, obviously...the same standard lecture on the subject, so don't let him kid you that he doesn't know anything. He just doesn't care to discuss it."

"Most people wouldn't, so that's not surprising," Remus remarked. "What about you, Harry?"

This time Harry blushed a vivid red. What little he knew, Sirius had told him about...and the latter saw how uncomfortable he was, so he rescued him. "He knows, Moony. I told him."

Harry shot Sirius a grateful smile for getting him off the hook, but just that smile alone made Sirius's heartbeat quicken and his groin tighten. The closer it got to the moment where it was revealed how Sirius truly felt about Harry, the more apprehensive the former got...but he knew it had to be done, and better sooner than later. He could only hope Harry wasn't revolted when he learned the truth, because he didn't think he could take that.

"Do any of you know that there are some people who are ... attracted to their own sex rather than the opposite sex?" Remus asked the four teenagers before him.

"Do you mean homosexuals?" Hermione asked.

Remus nodded. In spite of himself, Sirius was hard-pressed not to blush, finding it all but impossible to tear his gaze away from Harry's face. All the colour seemed to have drained from it, and his hand had tightened almost painfully around Ginny's, although she hardly seemed to feel it. Sirius wished he could know what Harry was thinking; at the same time, he was sure it couldn't be anything good.

"And did you know that one of us here is like that?" Remus asked the young people, and they all looked at each other before giving Remus and Sirius long, level looks. "Anyone care to guess which one?"

"Y-you?" Ron made himself ask.

"No. I'm dating Tonks," Remus informed them. "Sirius, on the other hand ..." His voice trailed off.

All eyes turned to Sirius. Despite his resolve not to flinch at the intense scrutiny, he was unable to help doing so.

"When did you find this out, Moony?" Harry finally made himself ask. "And are you saying he's ... attracted to someone we know?"

"You might say that," Remus returned ambiguously. "And I just found this out recently. Sirius even told me just who it was that he fancied."

With every passing moment Sirius felt his heart pound harder and harder as he anticipated the look on Harry's face when he learned his erstwhile godfather fancied him romantically. There was a long, ominous silence; tension was so thick in the air it could almost literally be cut.

When it seemed that no one could stand the silence any longer, Harry made himself speak. "Who is it?"

Even as difficult as it was for him, Sirius made himself answer. "It's you, Harry. It's you."

Again, there was a lengthy silence where nobody could bring themselves to speak...not even Hermione, whom many times was outspoken almost to the point of rudeness. But this time, even she seemed shocked into silence.

Finally, Harry managed to speak. "Oh. My. God."

And just as Sirius had feared, Harry didn't meet his godfather's eyes...and Sirius couldn't blame him. He was terrified that Harry would never want to owl him or confide anything personal to him ever again ... and Sirius lived for Harry's communications. If he was suddenly deprived of them, he would have little left to live for. He positively dreaded Harry's next words...much less his next look in his direction (or lack thereof).

"How long have you ... felt like this for me?" was the boy's next question.

"Not long. Just the last few months or so," Sirius confessed, directing all his remarks at the object of his affections.

"Did you ever feel like this about Dad or Remus?"

"Of course not. We were never anything but close friends. We hugged on occasion, but that was the extent of our physical contact ... for the most part, anyway. I told you about the other things we did. But there was no actual sex involved. None whatsoever."

"Then how do you explain your desire for me?"

"That's just it. I can't...except for this one possibility. Your mum's genes might have made the difference."

"How could that be?"

"I don't know. As I said, that's just a theory I have."

Sirius was slowly but surely finding it easier to speak to Harry. It helped that the boy seemed willing to speak to him in return, although the revelation of Sirius's true feelings had to have almost literally floored him...not to mention his friends. He had noted that none of the other teenagers had spoken a word since Sirius's confession, but what mattered to the older man was that Harry was willing to speak to him. Even at that, he was unable to help wondering what they must be thinking right now. However, with luck, Harry would be willing to tell him later on after they had discussed it. He couldn't count on that, of course, but he was at least mentally crossing his fingers that it would happen.

"What would happen if I agreed to this relationship?"

"Nothing you don't want to have happen, I assure you. You know me well enough by now to know that I would never force you into anything."

"Would it affect my relationship with Ginny?"

"Only if you allow it," came the confident reply. "I personally believe that you have more than enough love for both of us, not to mention your friends Ron and Hermione."

"Do the other Weasleys know? Molly? Arthur? The older Weasley brothers?"

"No ... at least not yet. And at least for the time being, it's best if you four keep this under your hats. Think of what the Ministry would do with this information, not to mention Rita Skeeter!" This time it was Remus who spoke, and they all agreed to keep it quiet. For the other three, that would mainly be because they were still mentally hashing the information around in their heads and therefore unlikely to want to discuss it except among themselves...and even then, not in mixed company. "Right now, I think we're all likely to be hungry, so let's all tuck in. I brought a big basket of everyone's favourite foods that I had Molly make and pack last night," Remus told them. After everyone had eaten their fill, Remus repacked the basket with a Locomotor spell and looked around at the small group gathered around him. "Now I think it best that we leave Harry and Padfoot alone for a while to discuss things privately," he suggested.

All the same, the other three were hesitant to do so, especially Ginny...and no one could blame her. But Harry smiled reassuringly at her and kissed her on the cheek. "I'll be fine, Gin." From the way he spoke, however, it seemed like he wasn't only speaking to her. "Go on, Ron, 'Mione. We'll be along as soon as we can."

The other three looked skeptically back at him despite his reassurances, but left with Remus for Grimmauld Place. Sirius nodded in acknowledgment, as did Harry, and the four held onto each other and Disapparated, although Remus was the only one both old enough and licenced to do so.

It was awkward once Sirius and Harry were actually alone together, since the boy wasn't at all sure what to expect of his godfather anymore.

Finally Sirius spoke as reassuringly as he could. "I'm sure you're still trying to digest all this, so I won't pressure you for a definite answer now. Just have a think on the subject, even discuss it with your friends if you wish...then let me know what you decide as soon as you can. If you decide in my favour, we can try it once and see how you like it. If it doesn't work, we can chalk it up to experience and resume our previous relationship. However, if it does, we'd have to arrange a mutually convenient schedule and figure when and where to meet where we're least likely to be seen or overheard," Sirius suggested tentatively. "Of course, we could probably use both a Locking and Silencing Charm. We might even use the Prefects' bathroom or the Room of Requirement at Hogwarts in a pinch."

"Would you be averse to doing it in your room at Grimmauld Place?" Harry made himself say, if only to get his companion's reaction.

"That might work," Sirius remarked. "If we don't have the time or opportunity to go anywhere else, that is." After a time he fell silent, and Harry looked up at him, his sea-green eyes meeting Sirius's grey ones.

"Padfoot, are you all right?"

"Oh, Harry ...Yeah. I'm just trying to let it sink in that you've actually accepted my feelings for you. I thought you might react with revulsion or want to stop writing me or something once you knew, because you couldn't accept the idea that I now loved you in a physical, romantic way."

"Let's just say that it's going to take getting used to...but I see no reason to stop our owl posts. One suggestion, though ..."

"Yes?"

"Let's not make them too explicit. Maybe we could work out a special code or whatever that only the two of us knows the meaning of if we want to talk about anything ... sexy."

"Hmmm. Might be a good idea. Let me think on it and get back to you. Meanwhile ..." This time, Sirius's voice trailed off, and his hand reached to touch Harry's cheek. The

latter reached his own hand to cover it. Their gazes upon one another became hungry, almost yearning, and it was all Sirius could do to control himself as he sensed Harry's nearness and felt the warmth of him. A moment later his hand slipped from beneath Harry's, and one finger stroked the boy's lips. In spite of himself Harry felt his heartbeat increase upon sensing the older man's barely leashed passion.

"Yes?"

"I'd like very much to ... kiss you." There was an uncomfortable silence for a time as Harry digested this. Then Sirius said, "Don't worry. That's all I want to do...at least for now. As I said earlier, I'd never force you into anything. Remember, I love you."

"Well ..." The boy seemed to waver for a moment, then smiled and agreed. "All right."

He lifted his face to that of his companion, and Sirius bent his head down to reach Harry. He could scarcely believe this was really happening; it seemed almost too good to be true that Harry had actually not only accepted his feelings for him but was willing to have an ... intimate relationship with him. Sirius could not have asked for more, not even in his dreams...but this was reality!

However, when their lips touched and their arms went around each other, Harry soon felt his companion's lips open slightly and his tongue search for his own. Just as in the dream, there was an electric shock when they made contact...then Sirius moaned softly in pleasure, feeling his groin tighten even further. He wanted so much to ask Harry to perform oral sex on him, because he wanted more than anything to feel himself in the boy's warm, sweet mouth, not to mention the delicious tightness concealed in his gently rounded bum ... but he figured it best not to push his luck.

Even what was happening was as much as he could have imagined Harry willing to do. Perhaps he could suggest it the next time they were alone long enough and see what he said. For the moment, it was enough to have Harry in his arms and their lips devouring each other. Best of all, though, was when Sirius heard the boy moan against his lips, suspecting that it was because he had found one of Harry's hands and pressed it against his arousal. Harry's other hand had found its way beneath his shirt and old school sweater to stroke his bare back.

"Sirius ... dear God ... I had no idea it could be like that," he returned in a husky whisper as they reluctantly parted.

"You had no idea kissing another man could be so pleasurable?" the older man guessed.

Harry blushed but made himself nod. "Are you sure this isn't going to affect my relationship with Gin? Remember, I love her. I don't want anything to spoil that. I've waited too long to be loved as she loves me."

"As I said, only if you allow it. You've got plenty of love to go around, but you've never had a real chance to give it to anyone. I firmly believe our love could be a whole separate thing from your love for her. However, if you find that our relationship is affecting your relationship with her, let me know. I'll see if we can't make other arrangements that will satisfy both of us."

Harry smiled and agreed. "Now we'd better get back to the others. I'll probably be spending the rest of the night reassuring Gin as it is."

Sirius was reluctant but knew Harry was right. "Probably," he found himself agreeing. A moment later, he had gotten to his feet and helped Harry to his own. "But let me know as soon as you can arrange a time for us to be alone long enough to ... get together."

"As soon as possible, I promise," Harry assured him, taking Sirius's arm so he could Side-Along Apparate with him back to the house.

It wasn't easy for them to part, of course, but the promise of Harry's kiss and touch, not to mention their eventual physical joining, helped make it more palatable for the older man. Sirius didn't want to imagine what Harry might have to do to 'reassure' Ginny, so he ruthlessly pushed it from his mind, even as he acknowledged his conflicting desire to see the young couple married with several children. Which reminded him, what if he decided *he* wanted a child with Harry? Of course, that was just a bit premature at the moment; there was time enough to discuss that possibility later on. For the time being, Sirius vowed to simply enjoy the fact that he and Harry had begun a romantic relationship ... and with luck, a relationship that would last a long time, even above and beyond the one Harry would share with Ginny.

Five - A Confrontation, Two Interludes, and a Nightmare

Chapter 5 of 21

Ginny confronts Harry upon his return, but he manages to allay her fears, at least temporarily, and they share a tenderly passionate interlude, as do Harry and Sirius the following night. The youth even has to help his older partner through a nightmare about Harry's parents wanting to hex him for his relationship with their son.

5 -- A Confrontation, Two Interludes, and a Nightmare

Once they were back at Grimmauld Place, Ginny almost immediately confronted Harry about his tryst with Sirius. "What happened between you that took this long?" she demanded.

"Nothing that affects our relationship, I assure you," he declared.

Ginny almost visibly bristled. If she'd had her wand, it would have been pointing at him, and she would have been preparing to hex him, even as much as she loved him. "How can you say that? How can you possibly claim to love me if you're willing to do what Sirius wants of you? How can you expect me to stand idly by while you shag him? How can I let you touch me, knowing you're likely thinking of how his lips or hands felt instead of mine, much less how his body felt rather than mine? I can fight a female rival, but this is beyond my ability to fight, much less fathom."

"I'm sorry if this upsets you, Gin, but you're just going to have to learn to deal with it. Sirius loves me too, just as much as you do...and I cannot deny him any more than I could ever deny you." Before she could protest further and was able to stop him, Harry gathered her into his arms and snogged her within an inch of her life. She struggled to get away at first, but Harry simply tightened his embrace and deepened his kiss until her struggles ceased and she began to respond to him.

For a long time they simply stood there in each other's arms, kissing deeply, then he scooped her up in his arms as though she weighed nothing and carried her into her room, muttering a Locking Charm in the direction of the door and a Silencing Charm soon after that. He then carried her to bed and proceeded to show her that whatever his feelings were for Sirius, his feelings for her had neither died nor changed in any way ... and be damned the fact they were not yet married. They would be, soon enough. Once they were, nothing and no one would be able to stop them from being together ... not Voldemort's evil, anyone else's opinion of the latter relationship (or the former, for that matter), not even Sirius's love. Nothing and no one, now or ever. Even at that, much the same could be said for the love between Sirius and Harry.

At one point, Hermione happened to be passing by Sirius's room and caught him and Harry passionately snogging, soft moans of pleasure escaping their lips as hands roamed deliciously over the other's body. At one point, they pressed the other's arousal close against their own. That was all she saw before the door to Sirius's room inexplicably closed and locked behind the lovers. She could only imagine what Harry's libido must be like if he could shag Ginny one night and Sirius the next, although she forced the unbidden thoughts from her mind before she could dwell on them further. They did not see her, being far too engrossed in each other, but neither did she hear any further noises, of love or otherwise, so she surmised that one of them must have cast both a Silencing and Locking Charm on the door. She met Ron on the way back to her own room, which she presently shared with Ginny (although if Ron had his way, that would soon change). The look on her face was such that he knew what she must have witnessed.

"Did you see Harry? Is he with Sirius?"

Hermione could only nod.

"What did you see? I can tell you saw something, just by the look on your face."

"It's not for me to tell you. That's up to Harry." With that, Hermione entered the room she shared with Ginny and closed the door behind her, casting a Locking Charm so that it wouldn't do him any good to even try to get anything further out of her.

Even so, he doubted that Harry would be any more forthcoming than Hermione had...and he had to admit that in the same situation, he would be unlikely to talk either. In the end, Ron simply returned to his room (the one he ordinarily shared with Harry), but something told him that the latter would not return before morning, if then. If Harry chose to share with him what had happened between him and Sirius, fine. If he didn't, he would respect his friend's privacy. If shagging both Ron's sister and his godfather made Harry happy, that's what mattered, however Ron himself may have felt about it. It was not for him to judge his friend's actions. Harry had had such little happiness in his life; who was he, Ron, to deny it to him, even for a moment? Either now or with Ginny, for that matter? It was Harry's life, and therefore it was up to him as to how he lived it...and no one had the right to claim otherwise.

At this point, Harry was basically his own man, and whatever decisions he happened to make, he should not be made to feel as though he had to justify them. True friends accepted and loved unconditionally, and Ron intended to do his best to do so, just as he was sure that Hermione would. It would just take some getting used to, though...and that wouldn't happen overnight. Just the same, both of them intended to do everything possible to see that the time lapse was as short as possible ... if only for Harry's sake.

* * * * *

And Ron was right about Harry not returning to their room. Especially after he had had to comfort Sirius after he had experienced a nightmare. He woke himself and Harry up with an inarticulate cry, sitting bolt upright in bed and startling his young godson and lover.

"Padfoot? What's wrong?" Harry sat up and pulled his partner into his arms, stroking his grey-brown hair and gently kissing the top of his head. Sirius held him tightly, as if he were afraid Harry would disappear if he let him go.

"Nightmare," he made himself say. "Your mum and dad. They were berating me for my ... inappropriate feelings for you. They were even ready to hex me. It frightened me so much that it woke me up. Sorry to have disturbed you."

"I couldn't have slept anyway if you weren't all right," the youth declared. "Besides, I think it most likely came from your guilt over feeling as you do about your best friend's son...a friend you thought of as the next thing to a brother. I'm sure they wouldn't really feel that way."

"You really think so?"

"I do, although I can only speculate, never having been able to actually know them except from what you and Moony have told me. I think what would matter most to them is that we were happy together, even if it is at least technically ... inappropriate."

Sirius got misty-eyed with both gratitude and love at the boy's faith in him, moving to kiss him tenderly. "Thank you, mate."

"What's to thank me for? I'm only telling you the truth as I see it."

"That's what I'm thanking you for," came the reply even as desire once again rose in the older man's body. "Harry ..." he whispered in his partner's ear, his breath warming it.

"Yes?" the boy crooned.

"I want you," came the simple statement of fact. "I must ... feel myself inside you again."

Harry did not reply, simply got into what he had learned was Padfoot's favourite position for said act. Sirius made sure to be as slow and loving as he possibly could, holding his young lover's hips firmly yet gently in his hands, the boy kneeling and his deliciously tight bum facing him. He gently parted the sweetly rounded cheeks before him and moved to enter as carefully as possible after using the Lubricus charm. The tightness surrounding him was almost too much for him to bear but at the same time, felt almost too wonderful to be real, and he knew he wanted to remain there as long as he possibly could, if only to feel the incredible ecstasy of intimate connection with his loved one.

It wasn't long before Harry felt himself become painfully aroused, but thankfully Sirius moved to take care of it without his having to mention it. His rough yet gentle hand stroked and caressed both the boy's hard shaft and throbbing balls until Harry once again felt himself nearly ready to come off. Fortunately, it didn't take much longer for Sirius to reach climax, moving faster and faster inside his lover's sweetly tight arse and crying out upon reaching fulfillment.

"Padfoot?"

"Yes?"

"Suck me off," came the soft, almost purring voice of his young lover, still husky with desire. "I can't wait much longer."

"Your wish is my command." Sirius reluctantly withdrew from his favourite spot and moved to his second favourite. After directing Harry to lie on his back with his legs parted, he drew the boy's delicious hardness into his hungry mouth, beginning to gently suck and lick even as he continued to caress his balls. It wasn't long before Harry moaned and writhed beneath his lover, hands holding his head close to keep the incredible sensation of feeling himself in Sirius's mouth coming as long as possible.

"Oh God, oh God ... Sirius ... that feels so wonderful. Never stop. Never ..."

Unfortunately for them both, Harry's state of arousal was such that only a few minutes passed before he overflowed into his lover's mouth, and Sirius happily took all he had to give. Once the youth had recovered, they had moved into each other's arms again and kissed and caressed for a time. They cuddled together for a while, Harry's head on Sirius's shoulder and his arms locked around his slender waist, when the boy spoke again.

"I assume you know I'll be with Gin tomorrow night."

"I do," Sirius returned quietly. "I'll miss you, of course, but at the same time, I know you love her, too. I'm not about to deny you anything that'll make you happy."

"What did I ever do to deserve a godfather...and lover...like you?"

"You're you, the person you are. That's all that's necessary."

"I'd better get back to my own room now," Harry replied. "It's almost time for breakfast, and I need to get dressed."

"I have a suggestion," Sirius returned as Harry reluctantly extricated himself and sat up on the side of the bed, reaching to the floor for his discarded dressing-gown and once again donning it.

"What is it?" Harry asked even as he took a few steps toward the door after putting on his glasses.

"The next time you stay over, how about bringing a change of clothes with you so you won't have to return to the other room right away?"

Harry nodded and smiled. "I'll think about it...but I can't do it too often. Ron's bound to have plenty of questions as it is."

"You're probably right," Sirius had to agree. "I'd better get up and get dressed myself before Molly starts yelling. See you at breakfast, mate ... then here day after tomorrow, same time." Harry moved to share a quick goodbye kiss with his godfather and lover, then departed back to the room he at least more-or-less shared with Ron.

Six - Further Discussions

Chapter 6 of 21

Harry and Ron have a talk the following day as to what happened the previous night with Sirius; Ginny discusses what happened during her time with Harry the day after that.

6 -- Further Discussions

Part of Harry had been hoping that Ron would go off somewhere with Hermione and either snog or shag, but no such luck. Almost immediately after breakfast, he made it his business to approach Harry and said he wanted to talk privately with him ... *alone*, looking pointedly at Sirius as he did so. Harry gave the latter an apologetic smile; Sirius returned an understanding one as his godson moved off with his heretofore closest friend.

They went back to Ron's room. Once they were inside, the latter put both a Locking and Silencing Charm on the door. Harry couldn't say he was really surprised, but at least some of what Ron had to say was likely to be upsetting to him, which was probably why he'd done it. As far as that went, it wouldn't surprise Harry if Ron and Hermione were in on this together. He could understand curiosity and concern, but anything else was butting into his private life. Harry wasn't about to allow even his closest friends to dictate who he could and couldn't see romantically. They sat down on Harry's bed (or rather, what would have been his bed had he actually been staying there), and then Ron gave his friend a hard look.

"Just what the bloody hell did you think you were doing, not even coming back last night?"

"I'd planned to, mate, honestly. It's just that Sirius had a nightmare. I had to help him through it."

Ron gave him a skeptical look but didn't argue with him. "Strange. It's usually you having the nightmares. May I ask what the nightmare was about?"

"He dreamed my mum and dad were after him for beginning an affair with me. He said they were all ready to hex him. I assured him it was simply a result of unresolved guilt." This time Harry gave Ron a hard look. "You've got to keep this to yourself. Remember what Moony said was likely to happen if it got out."

"Don't worry, I'll keep it to myself. You know I don't spread your secrets around. Just the same, how do you think this is going to make Gin feel if you do it too often? When are you supposed to see Sirius again anyway?"

"Day after tomorrow. And don't worry. I don't intend to shortchange her in any way. For that matter, I'm supposed to see her tonight."

"I hope so," Ron returned, his voice ominously quiet. "I don't mean to butt into your private life, mate, but I've got to think of my sister's happiness. She loves you, and I don't want to see her hurt. Do whatever you like with Sirius, but make sure that Gin gets equal time."

"I will, I assure you. As for hurting her, that's the last thing I want to do, mate, you should know that." It was at this point that Harry started sounding indignant.

"You better not, mate. Otherwise, you'll have the entire Weasley family on your arse, not just me ... and you know how Mum can get when she's angry, not to mention Bill, Charlie, Fred, and George."

"Bloody hell," Harry shot back, starting to sound angry. "What do I have to do to convince you I'm sincere? I've waited too long to have someone like Gin in my life to knowingly, willingly muck it up now. Whatever my feelings for Sirius, I *do* love her, and don't intend to ever let anything...or anyone...change that." Harry sighed deeply in an attempt to calm himself. "Tell you what ... if either you or 'Mione happen to catch me neglecting her, I give you leave to ask for an explanation. Ask for, mind you," he warned. "Demanding is likely to get you both hexed, so I suggest you keep that in mind before either of you shoot off your mouths."

"We'll try...but I make no guarantees. And remember, even if we don't say anything, it's all but inevitable that Gin will ... and she's both likely to demand an explanation *and* hex you before you can hex her. That's something I suggest *you* keep in mind, mate."

"Touché," Harry conceded. "You've made your point...and I trust I've made mine." Harry's gaze hardened as his eyes became a pair of living emeralds.

"I think we can safely say that we understand each other ... at least for now." With that, Ron removed the aforementioned charms from the door, leaving Harry free to leave if he chose. "Will you be here in the morning?"

"Unless Gin has a nightmare," Harry teased with a cheeky smile. "Yeah, I should be here in the morning. Now, may I leave, Warden Weasley?"

Ron laughed in spite of himself. "You're free to go, mate...as long as you remember what I said."

"Same goes for you," came the retort. "See you later, mate."

With that, Harry strode to the door and disappeared through it. In spite of himself, Ron couldn't help but be certain that Harry was likely to confide to both Sirius *and* Ginny the content of their talk. This time around, he didn't mind that...but only because there were extenuating circumstances. And despite his promise, Ron could make no

guarantees that he wouldn't be extremely tempted to hex Harry...best mate or not...if he hurt Ginny in any way, whether he had a satisfactory explanation or not. And if the latter felt herself neglected, Ron was dead certain that Harry would get a Bat-Bogey Hex right between the eyes, at the very least. No one, not even Harry Potter, made a fool of Ginny Weasley (or any of them, for that matter) and got away with it!

* * * * *

Again, Ron's hunch turned out to be right...at least as far as his sister was concerned. He couldn't be sure just what went on between Harry and Sirius, because his friend was rarely inclined to discuss it at any length...especially his times with his godfather/lover. He knew that Harry had always been a very private person despite what rumours seemed to indicate, particularly when it came to his private life. What little he confided to his friends ... and Ron was honoured to be one ... he deserved to have kept that way. He also knew that Ginny and Hermione were close. They sometimes confided details about private times with him and Harry to each other, and sometimes they passed on details to him and Harry directly. So Ron was a little surprised when Ginny initiated a conversation about Harry with both him and Hermione.

They were sharing a snack of ham and cheese sandwiches and chips, made by Molly and accompanied by mugs of pumpkin juice, when Ginny made what she tried to pass off as a casual remark. But both Ron and Hermione knew that it was difficult for her, even under the best of conditions, to be casual about anything involving Harry in any way.

"You know what Harry mentioned to me last night after we ... you-know-what?"

Ron rolled his eyes in pain at the mere mention of his sister's tryst with his best friend. He loved Harry like another brother, but it was still difficult to think of him and Gin being intimately involved...much less the idea of her and Harry actually being naked in bed together (or anywhere else), shagging their proverbial brains out. (It was difficult enough for him to think of himself and Hermione together like that!) All the same, what mattered was his sister's happiness, and if shagging her brother's best friend several times a week made Ginny happy, then more power to her. He didn't even mind her talking about it ... but only once in a great while, like maybe once a month or so...or in a pinch, once a week.

"What did he say?" Hermione asked, always eager to learn new things, whatever they happened to be.

"He mentioned how Ron confronted him about not coming to the room they were ostensibly sharing until the following morning. He said he told him that he'd planned to, but that Sirius had had a nightmare and he had to help him through it."

"What kind of nightmare?" Hermione put in.

"He dreamed that Harry's parents were getting ready to hex him for having started an affair with him, that it was so frightening that he sat bolt upright in bed and startled Harry awake."

Hermione nodded in acknowledgment and simply said, "Go on."

Ginny did so, still not too comfortable with the arrangement between Sirius and Harry. But so far, she saw no reason for complaint because Harry was still as attentive to her as ever. If that ever changed, though, she would definitely have something to say about it...and she couldn't guarantee the words would be nice. Nor could she promise that she wouldn't be extremely tempted to hex him, although she hadn't told him those last bits. (As it turned out, though, she didn't need to, because Ron told her privately later that he had already done so.)

After Ron put in his two Knuts' worth, Ginny said, "Which reminds me, big brother, Harry wanted me to tell you that he doesn't want to hex his best friends, but he is not about to allow even you to dictate what he should and shouldn't do in his private life, especially considering how long it took you two to get together." Ginny looked pointedly at her brother and Hermione and smiled knowingly.

"I think I also mentioned what he called me," Ron remarked. "Warden Weasley."

Everyone had a good laugh at that, but not too loud, so as not to disturb the tryst currently transpiring.

"Was he actually in his bed this morning as he promised?" Hermione wondered.

"Oh yes, he was, come to think of it."*Luckily for him*, Ron thought privately even as Ginny began to think of ways to get Harry to stay a full night (and morning) with her as he had with Sirius. "All the same, I can just imagine what his thoughts were when I put both a Silencing and Locking Charm on the door so he couldn't just leave if he didn't like what I said."

Again, the girls laughed, because they recalled the times Harry had done the same thing to keep Ron in the same room with him when he didn't want to be. Now maybe Harry had some idea how his friend must have felt, being magically trapped in a room against his will.

"As long as he behaves himself, there shouldn't be any trouble," Ron again remarked as he finished his snack and drink.

"I wouldn't do that too often, though," Hermione advised. "Remember Harry's temper. I'm convinced that he gets it from his mum, especially after what both Sirius and Remus said about her. She was just as much a redhead as Ginny, you know. If only for that reason, he could still hex you and feel justified doing it."

"By the way, do you think he'll discuss it with Sirius while they're together?" Ginny wondered, unbidden, tormenting pictures of her beloved in someone else's arms running through her mind ... and not just any someone else's arms, either! This was going to be every bit as difficult to endure as having had to watch Harry duel it out with Voldemort some months back.

"Probably. It wouldn't surprise me one bit," Hermione returned. "What's more, they're probably laughing just as much about it as we did."

Hermione was not to know how right she was until the following day when the four friends were having breakfast together

Seven - No Ordinary Interlude/Harry Gets a Shock

Chapter 7 of 21

Harry and Sirius discuss the talk Harry had with Ron, eventually prompting the interlude which results in the younger man's pregnancy; the four friends have breakfast together and Harry is shocked to learn the content of a strange dream Ginny had about him.

7 -- No Ordinary Interlude/Harry Gets A Shock

Meanwhile, the *other* lovers were discussing the other relationship one of them had.

"How are things going with Ginny?" Sirius asked, cradling his partner's unruly dark head on his shoulder and stroking his hair with one hand as they lay in bed, even as said partner's arms tightened around him. Sirius sighed contentedly, loving the warmth and fragrance close to him that signified his beloved's presence.

"Okay, so far," Harry revealed. "At the moment, she's not the problem. It's Ron."

"What's the matter with him?"

"He confronted me about not coming to the room I more-or-less share with him until late the next morning and asked...no, closer to demanded...to know why."

"What did you tell him?"

"The truth. What else? I told him you'd had a nightmare and I had to help you through it."

"What was his reaction to that?"

Harry told him, but his tone was such that Sirius met his godson and lover's eyes with concern. "How do you feel?"

"I'm content with both of you," Harry assured him. "There's no reason for concern, at least not right now. I feel sure if there were, Gin would be sure to let me know, and she's not said anything."

"She may be keeping her feelings to herself so as not to upset you. You know she's quite good at that."

"Just the same, she's not one to beat around the bush once she does decide to show them," Harry countered. "Then he said that he didn't mean to butt into my personal life but had to think of his sister's happiness. I understood his concern, so I assured him that she would never lack for attention from me."

"What did he say then?"

Harry's voice trailed off ominously after telling him. "The way he said it, though ... It was as if he were threatening me."

"Sure sounded like it," Sirius agreed. "But he was upset. I'm sure he didn't mean it."

"Oh, he meant it, all right. I know him well enough to be able to tell that. It was all I could do not to grab my wand right then and hex him into the middle of next year, best mate or not."

"I suppose I can't blame you for that," Sirius remarked.

Harry finally mentioned the warning he had given Ron regarding his and Hermione's approaching Harry and what would happen if he didn't do it right...then mentioned the warning Ron had given him.

"He has a point," Sirius had to admit. "Remember the kind of tempers redheads have. You don't want to have their wrath brought down on you any more than absolutely necessary. Usually once is more than sufficient to make you think twice, at the very least, before doing it again. Bloody hell, I can remember one time when I inadvertently crossed your mum...and believe me, I lived to regret it. It was a wonder she didn't hex my bits off!"

Harry was curious as to just what Sirius had done to upset his mother, but he didn't seem inclined to elaborate, and Harry wasn't about to prod him into sharing it. He preferred to let him confide it voluntarily ... and at this point, he didn't choose to do so.

"I finally conceded his point...but I made sure to remind him of mine. Ron then said that he believed it safe to say that we understood each other ... at least for now. Then he asked if I'd be in the room with him in the morning. I assured him I would be...unless Gin had a nightmare, of course." Harry laughed, his emerald eyes twinkling with amusement.

"Did you discuss what he said with Ginny, too?"

"Oh yes, definitely. In essence, she said as long as we were together at least every other night, she'd be content. Just the same, I heard Ron say something to her before he realised I was there that if I didn't follow through on my promises, that my fight with Voldemort was going to look like a skirmish compared to the fight he and his brothers were going to give me on Ginny's behalf."

This provoked a laugh from the couple concerned. Then Sirius lifted his companion's chin to face him, feeling such love and desire that he didn't think it would be possible to convey the depth and intensity of it, but intending to make the best possible attempt to do so. He then proceeded to gently kiss his partner, then licked his mouth to make him open it and snogged him passionately ... and all the while he began to caress him, first tenderly, then intimately.

As time passed, their interlude became progressively more heated, inundated with the strongest desire either of them had ever felt...not to mention the strongest love two males had ever felt toward one another ... or at least the strongest non-platonic love, at any rate. With a soft moan from each as their kiss deepened further, the older man turned his younger partner beneath him and they forgot literally everything but the nearness of the other. As a result, something most unexpected would happen ... something which would surprise them both because it hadn't ever happened to two wizards (at least not in their own personal experience, much less to themselves)...and just wait until Ginny and the others found out!

* * * * *

Strangely enough, all four of them pitched in to fix the meal...and none used magic, either. Hermione said her mother had taught her, as did Ginny. Harry said he had had to learn to cook for himself (and make sure to buy his own food by owling Gringotts for money) while at the Dursleys, and Ron had learned by alternately watching Molly and Ginny. Even at that, the thing he did best was make toast.

Hermione ended up making the eggs, Ginny the bacon, and Harry both pouring the orange juice and milk and making the sausages. They knew it would shock the hell out of Molly but at the same time, it was saving her some work and her back had been paining her, not to mention at least one of her knees. Budding Healer Ginny suspected arthritis had something to do with it, but this wasn't the time to discuss medical matters. There was something more pressing they needed to talk about.

Hermione was best at table-setting, so she had Ginny watch the eggs while she set the table; nearby, Ron toasted two pieces of bread for each of them, then spread butter and strawberry jam on each, placing them on a small plate. By the time Hermione was finished setting the table and Harry had placed the OJ and milk at each place, the eggs were ready ... two for each of the girls and three for each of the guys (there were four frying pans). The sausages were finished by this time, so Harry got out another small plate and placed them on the table, within everyone's reach...three for each of them.

Shortly afterward Ron placed the toast on the table, then Hermione finished cooking the eggs after Ginny finished the bacon and placed it on the table as well. Only then did Hermione direct everyone to sit down while she served the eggs; everyone else served themselves the rest of the food. Hermione had set the pans back on the stove and seated herself, although both Harry and Ginny had caught her looking hopefully in Ron's direction that he would pull out her chair and assist her before she did so. But since he didn't, she merely sighed sadly and began serving herself.

It was just as Harry began to take a drink of his orange juice that Ginny leaned over and whispered something to Hermione. They both began giggling, and the giggles

graduated to full-blown laughter a short time later. Something about a recent dream she'd had, and it had involved him. Neither Harry nor Ron had any idea what was so amusing, but both Ginny and Hermione were laughing their heads off about it. Harry set down his glass and caught his female lover's eye.

"Just what's so bloody amusing?" Harry shot at her, his emerald eyes sending daggers in her direction. "If you had a dream about me, I want to hear it."

"I don't think you'd like it, luv," she tried to warn him.

"Let me be the judge of that," he retorted. "Now tell me!"

"If you say so ...but don't say I didn't warn you." Her voice was ominously quiet even as she continued to giggle under her breath. "I dreamed you were ... pregnant."

Both Harry and Ron were too stunned to speak for a moment, and then the former finally broke the tension-filled silence. "I was*what*?"

"Pregnant," Ginny supplied. "In the dream, you and Sirius decided to have a child. Wizards in your situation have the means to grow extra organs, which would enable you to have children in the absence of a mother. In the dream, you were roughly six months pregnant and had to wear baggy shirts and maternity jeans...or should I say *paternity* jeans?"

"That was what was so funny? You saw me looking like that in your dream?"

"I couldn't help thinking that if it happened, maybe you blokes would have some idea what a woman goes through in having a baby. You mean you've not discussed it with Sirius yet?"

"Of course not! We've only been ... involved a short time. I have no idea whatsoever how he feels on the subject."

"You could ask, couldn't you?" Ginny threw back.

"I suppose so, but even if I knew he wanted one, it's far too early in the game for such a thing," Harry reminded her. "Besides, I want to have at least one child with you before that happens. At least then you could help me to know and understand what happens during a pregnancy, both emotionally and physically, so I could at least ... prepare myself for the possibility."

Harry had no idea what pregnancy involved, and he had certainly never heard of a wizard being pregnant. He would have to ask Sirius the next time they were together again ... that is, if Sirius was willing to talk rather than snog or make love. And he couldn't be sure just what his mood would be at any given time. Since their relationship was so new, it would come as a surprise if Sirius was anywhere near willing to interact verbally (and *only* verbally) with Harry.

"And do you know just what that means is for a wizard to become pregnant?" he finally said.

"I do...but that's really not my business. That's something that should be discussed just between you and Sirius ... at the proper time, of course. I'm sure he knows what that means is, so I suggest you ask him."

"But you're the one who brought it up," he reminded her. "How can you not tell me now?"

"Because it's not my problem," she explained.

"Not your problem? You'd bloody well better *make* it your problem, lady, because I'm likely to need your help, especially once we get married and if we decide to have a child."

Ginny had to admit he was right, but he still needed more information before she could offer any help. "Even at that, my earlier suggestion still stands. Find out Sirius's views on the subject and get back to me. Now may we finish our meal?"

"Yeah, sure."

Harry was still unsure of how he felt about the whole matter, and he was hesitant to approach Sirius on the subject. On the one hand, he was afraid Sirius would go for it; on the other, he was afraid he wouldn't. It was fortunate he still had the rest of the day to mull it over; one thing was for sure, it wouldn't be easy for him to do so once he saw Sirius again.

Making love was one thing, pregnancy quite another...especially since he had always been taught that it was the man who impregnated, not the one ~~who~~*was* impregnated. Of course, he couldn't be totally surprised that the Healers in the wizarding world would find a way around that for the wizards who were gay and wanted to have children. Of course, technically they could use a surrogate mother, as in the Muggle world, but there were obviously those who preferred to grow the extra organs necessary for pregnancy themselves and bypass the surrogate.

The book offered by the Hogwarts faculty on the subject of sex said that for pregnancy to be possible, ovaries, a womb, and the joining of an egg and sperm was necessary. Perhaps some kind of potion or something prompted the growth of said organs; Harry could only speculate. He would have to sit down with Sirius and find out what he knew, where he stood on the subject...then make his decision after he'd discussed it with Ginny.

It was fortunate that their wedding was coming up within a month and that she was therefore likely to become pregnant before he did. (Of course, he couldn't have known at this point that merely beginning a romantic/sexual relationship between two wizards could prompt the body of the younger one to develop said organs, which was the gist of what Ginny knew and wouldn't tell him.) What's more, if they experienced physical joining even one more time, it was likely that he would become pregnant even before his marriage to Ginny, despite his desire for her to become pregnant first.

There was also another fact: Once a wizard became pregnant, he would be unable to impregnate a woman. Once Harry learned these things, one could only imagine what his reaction would be. He didn't know yet, of course, and would have to do some hard, serious thinking...especially if he found that it would be necessary to use contraception. That is, if there even was any such thing for those in his and Sirius's situation. He could only hope that Sirius and Ginny together would be able to answer any and all questions he was likely to come up with.

Eight - More Private Discussions

Chapter 8 of 21

Harry and Sirius discuss their feelings regarding pregnancy and children; that very night Harry and Ginny share the interlude which results in her becoming pregnant after discussing basically the same thing.

8 -- More Private Discussions

Consequently, it was somewhat earlier than usual that Harry met with Sirius, and he was naturally disappointed when Harry said that all he wanted to do—at least for the time being—was talk. It was very hard for him to sit near Harry and not touch or kiss him, but the look in the boy's eyes told him that this was a serious matter that he needed to discuss before they could do anything else. Harry had even made sure to leave the door open, so he could be certain nothing happened.

"Just what is it you're concerned about?"

"How do you feel about having children?"

Sirius gave his godson/lover a funny look. "What brought this on?"

"I need to know, Sirius," Harry insisted, choosing not to notice that Sirius had answered his question with a question.

"If you say so," came the reply. "What's on your mind?"

"Just what I mentioned earlier. How do you feel about children?"

"I love children. Why do you ask?"

"It was ... something Ginny told me," Harry confessed. "Is it true that there is a means for two gay wizards to have children without resorting to a surrogate mother?"

"It's true—but as I said, why do you ask?"

"Do you want children someday?"

"Of course I do. What bloke doesn't?"

"Could you tell me just what the means is for gay wizards to have children?"

Sirius once again gave Harry a funny look, unable to help wondering why it was so important for Harry to know such a thing. But he figured Harry must have a good reason for asking, so he decided to supply the answer.

"To begin with, it's necessary for the wizards in question to have ... engaged in physical love at least three times. This generally stimulates hormones that promote accelerated growth of extra organs, which enables the younger of the two to become pregnant."

"How many times have we made love?" Harry asked.

"At least twice, if memory serves ... Wait a minute. Are you asking me about this because you think you might become pregnant or something?"

"The thought's crossed my mind," Harry returned dryly. "But at the same time, we should remember that I'm getting married to Ginny next month and would really prefer to get her pregnant before experiencing it myself."

"Are you saying that you expect me to put our relationship on hold until Ginny becomes pregnant? That could take weeks, if not months."

"I know, but we may have to. I need to know how to deal with someone else's pregnancy before I can deal with a potential one of my own."

Sirius sighed sadly but resignedly. "I suppose you're right—but nowhere does it say that I have to like it."

"I don't like it, either, Padfoot, but a lot of necessary things aren't easy."

That's easy for you to say, mate. You haven't waited months to actually be intimate with someone you've loved for years and then have to stop. Sirius couldn't help thinking.

But he couldn't fuss too much, at least not in front of Harry. He was supposed to be the mature one, but it was hard to be mature when he was being denied the one thing he loved most in the world for Merlin knows how long. Even under the best of circumstances, it could take weeks before he would be able to have Harry again. At this rate, he would be lucky to be able to kiss him, embrace him, or even hold his hand, much less anything else, for weeks. Sirius sighed again. Oh well, it was probably for the best—but that didn't mean he had to enjoy the prospect.

But as Harry had said, a lot of necessary things weren't easy. On the other hand, he'd experienced a lot of difficult things before; this would be only the latest in a long line of same. He supposed all he could do was pull himself up by his bootstraps, at least figuratively speaking, and put some backbone where his wishbone presently was. He couldn't be so selfish as to put his own needs and wants before Harry's. After all, his upcoming marriage was something everyone close to Harry had been hoping and planning for years, and Sirius couldn't stand in the way of the boy's happiness, even at the expense of his own. Well, if he couldn't have him in one way, he would have to content himself with the relationship they had originally had ... and even that was more than he'd had for the twelve years he'd been stuck in Azkaban and Harry was living with his relatives from Hell.

What mattered, though, was that Harry was finally away from those monsters forever, and he intended to see to it that Harry was never anywhere near anyone that didn't love him ever again—whatever the consequences to him. What was most important was Harry's well-being, both physical and emotional, so Sirius resolved to do all he could for the boy, as a proper godfather should. However difficult it was likely to be to keep both his hands and lips off him, it was his duty to do so—both now and in the future, for however long as was necessary. Meanwhile, he finished telling Harry everything he needed to know about how gay/bisexual wizards became pregnant.

* * * * *

It wasn't until the following night after making love that Harry and Ginny were able to discuss the matter themselves. She was lying in bed with him, her head on his chest, his arms locked around her and cheek resting on the top of her head, just as hers were locked around him.

"You know, luv, I could tell that Sirius wasn't pleased at the idea of having to put his and my relationship on hold so I would be able to get you pregnant first," Harry couldn't help remarking.

"Not surprising. You know how long he's waited for you and how frightened he was of approaching you with his true feelings for you ... and now to find out he has to wait for you again and not be able to touch you or anything for Merlin knows how long. I mean, I know how *I'd* feel in that situation, that's for sure!"

"It's not going to be easy, certainly, but as I told him, a lot of necessary things aren't easy. Besides, I can't afford to get pregnant first. In addition, I'm not even sure they have contraception for wizards in our situation, much less that the ordinary means would work."

"As far as I know, it would—but I'd need to do some more research on the subject. If I can't find anything that applies to those in your situation, I'd have to ask my supervisor ... but I'm hoping I won't have to do that."

"Then all we can hope for is that you'll be able to find something that will help us without having to ask anyone else. Which reminds me, let's get back to what we were

doing before, so in the event of a worst-case scenario, I can manage to get you pregnant first before it happens to me." With that, she lifted her head to face him, and he bent his head down to kiss her with great tenderness and passion, greater than any the couple had ever shared.

Nine - Mutual Pregnancies

Chapter 9 of 21

Harry and Ginny discover their mutual pregnancies, using Molly to confirm them and give them something to help their morning sickness.

9 - Mutual Pregnancies

As it would turn out, the young pair would find out about their mutual pregnancies shortly before their wedding...because in reality, Harry and Sirius ended up making love a total of four times before the wedding, which despite their attempts at contraception, virtually guaranteed a pregnancy. Fortunately, this particular night was also the night that engendered a child for the young couple in question ... so what would basically happen was that they would experience pregnancy *together*. Even at that, they had just gotten in by the skin of their teeth, as it were.

If they had waited even one more day, because of the extra organs and the hormones engendered by same, it would have been impossible for Harry to have impregnated Ginny, although they could still make love if they chose to do so. It wouldn't be the first time that two young people would share a pregnancy, but usually the two young people were of the opposite sex and married (or even engaged) to each other. In this case, one was having an *affaire de coeur* with someone, and that someone was of his own sex. But there was a first time for everything, and Ginny wasn't about to deny her beloved anything that made him happy, whatever that happened to be. Not as long as he gave her equal time.

Of course, for several weeks, both would attribute their queasy stomachs and such to nervousness over their upcoming nuptials. It wouldn't be until they started showing other telltale symptoms of pregnancy that both would find it necessary to cast Pregnancy Detection Spells on one another. Fortunately, neither would show for months to come, so they would be able to conceal them, at least for a time, with luck until after the wedding had taken place. For the most part, however, they were too preoccupied with wedding preparations to notice their queasy stomachs, at least most of the time. Of course, they considered the possibility that they could be pregnant, but they didn't let themselves dwell on it for long. However, queasy stomachs were one thing, out-and-out morning sickness was another ... and Ginny started showing it first.

Even the thought of food nauseated her, but she knew she had to eat as much as possible; fortunately, Molly's Anti-Nausea Potion helped enough on that score so she could. Even at that, the older woman suggested that Ginny check herself for possible pregnancy. However, Ginny did not do so until she had walked in on Harry one day and he had begun showing signs of morning sickness, which he had been unable to help noting didn't always occur in the morning.

"Are you not feeling good, luv?" she asked when she joined him in their bedroom, sitting next to him and stroking his forehead, which felt abnormally warm. Her mother had said that one of the symptoms of pregnancy was elevated body temperature, but it still seemed strange to associate that with Harry...especially in the same context as herself.

"I feel bloody rotten," he groaned as he lay on the bed, his face almost as pale as the pillow beneath his head.

She kissed his forehead gently and crooned, "I'll get you something to ease your nausea." She went in the bathroom and poured a glass of Anti-Nausea Potion, then took it out to him. He was reluctant to take it, but finally did, sipping carefully until it was all gone. It took a few minutes to take effect, then he was finally able to sit up. "Better now?"

"Considerably, although I still feel bloated," he confessed. "My trousers have never felt tight before, but they do now."

"You must be retaining fluid," she remarked. "You know what I'm beginning to think?"

"What?" he asked, even though he suspected that he knew what she was going to say. This was all he needed if what he suspected was true. Certainly Sirius would be happy, but how would he himself ever get used to the idea? Of course, since Gin was also having the same symptoms, maybe they could share the experience together. It wasn't every day that a young couple of the opposite sex would share this particular type of experience, but there was a first time for everything. He had just had no idea it would come so bloody soon, that's all.

"I think we're both pregnant."

"I was afraid you'd say that," he returned morosely. "Do you think we'll get through our wedding all right? You know it's in just two more weeks. Not to mention our wedding night."

"It's possible, as long as our morning sickness doesn't get any worse and we keep taking the Anti-Nausea Potion," she said, trying to soothe him. "The one good thing about it is that neither of us will show for months to come. We'll just have to make sure our clothes aren't too tight, that's all."

"I can just imagine how everyone's going to react once they find out," Harry remarked. "Well, I suppose there's one good thing about all this. I actually managed to get you pregnant first."

"Looks that way," she opined hopefully. "But to be sure, we'd have to do that Pregnancy Detection Spell." She grabbed her wand and did it to first herself, then Harry...and their reactions were virtually identical, with the skin colour turning blue for about five minutes and then returning to normal.

"Well, if I'm reading the signs right, we are both definitely pregnant," she told him. "All the same, I think we'd better have Mum confirm it."

Harry definitely wasn't looking forward to that, but he knew it was the most logical thing to do under the circumstances.

"When did you want to do it?"

"I think Mum's busy right now, but I'll talk with her in about an hour or so and see if she can't come up and do it...then swear her to secrecy until we figure a way to tell everyone else. Did you want to stay in here and take it easy for a while or what?"

"Probably the best thing to do ... as long as you come back."

"Oh, I'll definitely come back, luv. Did you want me to stay with you after she checks us over?"

Harry didn't answer, but the look in his eyes told her all she needed to know. She gave him a soft kiss on the forehead and departed even as he lay back on the bed, removing his glasses and closing his eyes after setting the glasses on the bedside table and covering his eyes with one arm to block out the light.

* * * * *

The next thing Harry knew, he felt a soft shaking and was kind of surprised, since he hadn't been sure he was capable of falling asleep for long at this point...but he obviously was. He woke up to a blurry image of Ginny and Molly beside him, groping for his glasses and feeling one of them gently push them into his hand so he could put them back on.

"I hear neither of you are feeling well," Molly remarked sympathetically once Harry was fully awake and sitting up with each of them on one side of him.

"I felt totally rotten about an hour ago, but Gin gave me something that made me feel better."

Molly wasn't sanguine regarding homosexual relationships, although there was no doubt that Sirius and Harry loved each other, so it wasn't her place to say anything. As long as Harry treated Ginny as she deserved, she could live with his other ... relationship. But this was the first time she would ever experience such a thing as male pregnancy. But she was here merely to double-check Ginny's findings, so she'd better get to it. She checked Ginny first, then Harry, and the results were the same as Ginny's.

"It's positive. Both of you are pregnant," she returned softly. "When do you intend to tell the others?"

"As soon as we can figure a way to do so," Harry told her. "In the meantime, keep this on the Q.T., okay?"

"Of course, dear." Molly made herself give him a reassuring smile after patting him on the cheek. "Would you like anything to eat?"

"Maybe a bit of soup and some dry toast. My stomach's still feeling queasy."

"May I assume that goes for both of you?"

Both young people nodded, and Molly left to get their food.

Once they were alone again, the young couple went into each other's arms and just held each other; Harry gently stroked Ginny's hair as she held him equally gently. "Merlin knows that this is the last thing I'd ever expected to have happen to me, but what matters is that we'll be going through it together."

"I love you," she crooned.

"And I love you, Gin." He lifted her face and they kissed briefly but sweetly. "Thank you for being so patient and understanding about Sirius and me."

"Thank you for continuing to love me despite your ... other relationship."

A loud "ahem" brought them back to reality; they found Molly standing before them, levitating a tray with the promised food sitting on it. She murmured a spell and the carrying tray Transfigured into two trays, each with a serving of food and drink on it.

Molly left to let the pair eat in peace. To their surprise and pleasure, they were both able to eat and keep the food down long enough to do them some good. Once they finished, Ginny took the remnants back downstairs. Upon her return, the pair lay back down on the bed and fell asleep, still fully clothed, in each other's arms, too tired to Summon a blanket, although upon awakening a few hours later, found that one had been placed over them and their shoes removed. They must have really been out of it to not even have felt it being done, but what mattered was that they had people who cared for them. Even at that, they simply lay together and cuddled, luxuriating in the warmth of both the blanket and their love for each other.

About an hour after they had awakened, there was a soft knock on the door. "Harry? Gin?" Sirius's voice. Harry still didn't feel quite ready to confess his pregnancy just yet, but he didn't see that he would have much of a choice, especially if Sirius came out point-blank and asked.

"In here," Harry called back.

Sirius slipped in quietly, heading for Harry's side of the bed, and they scooted over to make room for him. "Molly tells me you're not feeling well."

"We didn't, but we're feeling better now. We took some healing potion and had something to eat," came Harry's reply.

"Do you think you might be pregnant?" Sirius returned carefully, holding Harry's nearest hand and intricately entwining their fingers.

"It's possible," Harry reluctantly acknowledged.

"I wasn't expecting it to happen this soon, you know," the older man remarked apologetically.

"I know. I'm not blaming you, Padfoot, so don't blame yourself. I also suggest you keep it to yourself, at least for the time being...until after the wedding."

"No problem," Sirius assured him, a part of him aching that he couldn't hold and kiss the one he loved, but what mattered was that Harry was at least allowing him to hold his hand, which was more than he had expected upon the boy's learning of his unexpected pregnancy. Maybe the usual methods didn't apply to wizards in their situation, which meant that they would have to find a method or two that did, even if they had to improvise.

"How do you feel, Gin?" Sirius directed at Ginny, glad for her sake that Harry had been able to impregnate her before the hormones generated by the creation of the extra organs had negated his ability to do so.

"About the same as Harry. I think if we eat carefully, take the necessary potion as needed, and just generally look out for each other's health, we should be fine." She wasn't fond of Sirius openly holding Harry's hand in front of her but couldn't bring herself to object, if only for Harry's sake. Besides, it was easier for her to endure than if he had tried to kiss her or something.

Just then, another knock came on the door and Hermione's voice called to them. "Come on in, Mione," Ginny called; Hermione entered, followed by Ron. He clutched her hand tightly in order to be able to endure seeing his friend and Ginny under a blanket together, even if they were fully clothed. He wasn't all that comfortable seeing Sirius hold Harry's hand either, but that at least was easier to live with.

"I understand you lot aren't feeling too well," Hermione remarked, sitting on Ginny's side of the bed and Ron sat next to her. "Have you taken the healing potion?"

"Oh yes, definitely, and we had something to eat, so we should be fine, at least for now," Ginny assured her friend and her brother.

"Mum said that she thinks you lot may be pregnant," Ron made himself say.

"Yes. She confirmed it," Ginny returned quietly.

"Well, I suppose what matters is that you're getting married soon."

"Do let us know if either of you need anything," Hermione gently admonished, fishing for her friend's free hand and squeezing it. "We want to do everything we can for you."

"Thanks, 'Mione," Harry returned softly, clutching Ginny's one hand under the covers and Sirius's with the other. "We'll keep it in mind."

"When did you want to have fittings done for your dress, Gin?" Hermione asked, again squeezing her friend's hand.

"Probably in a day or two. Depends on how I feel," Ginny replied, returning the squeeze. "Get back to me then; I should be able to say one way or the other at that point."

"Will do." Hermione smiled, darting a look in Ron's direction and noting his increasing discomfort, so she made her farewells as quickly as possible. "We'd better go now. See you then. Take care."

"What she said," Ron echoed as the two moved toward the door and disappeared through it.

"I'd better go, too," Sirius reluctantly sighed, squeezing Harry's hand, then standing up. "If you need anything, mate, be sure to let me know."

Harry smiled and nodded, then Sirius disappeared through the door. Fortunately by this time Harry had strength enough to point a nonverbal, wandless Locking Charm in the direction of the door, sighing deeply, somewhat exasperated.

"I'm definitely beginning to think you can be killed with kindness."

"They mean well, luv," Ginny reminded him.

"I know, but that doesn't make mollicoddling any easier to endure."

"How would you even know what mollicoddling is?" she teased. The look he gave her effectively negated her next remark. "Sorry. Of course you'd know; you've been around Mum long enough."

"How about we get some more sleep?" Harry suggested, then reached up to stroke her cheek, a telltale fire in his green eyes. "After a little fun and games, that is. Are you game?"

"You know it, luv." She stroked the back of his neck even as their lips met and he turned her beneath him, both of them up again in every way ... and not just for a little while, either. It lasted long enough, in fact, for Ginny to forget literally everything but Harry's touch, his nearness, the feel of him kissing her, loving her, and finally possessing her...if only for the immediate future...but what mattered was that he could make her forget. The only person who could ever make her do so, now or ever.

Ten - Night of Passion

Chapter 10 of 21

Sirius and Harry share a passionate night and morning together (while the girls are gone) some days later.

10 -- Night of Passion

And the following night with Sirius was just as tenderly passionate. Since Harry was pregnant and taking the proper potion to control the nausea his unexpected, albeit welcome, pregnancy engendered, the lovers figured they might as well enjoy each other as long as possible. In fact, Harry had scarcely walked in the door to the room he shared with Sirius before he was in his lover's arms and being totally and thoroughly kissed.

What's more, the youth found himself naked within an incredibly short time, and his lover began to love every inch of his body, starting at the top and working his way down. The most pleasurable thing he'd ever experienced was when his older lover licked and sucked his nipples, making him moan and writhe in pleasure even as he felt himself harden in arousal in response.

Harry found himself wanting to cry out in disappointment when Sirius's lips reluctantly released his nipples to resume kissing and licking his way down his chest and flat belly to find his now aching hard arousal and draw it into his mouth. He soon resumed the licking and suckling, giving his youthful lover pleasure such as he had rarely known.

It also prompted more husky moans and writhing, especially when one rough and calloused hand began gently caressing his rounded arse, then inserted two fingers into the sweet tightness there and proceeded to move them in a circular manner, making his partner become even harder in his mouth and prompting his writhing and moaning to increase exponentially.

"Oh, my God ... oh, my God," was one of the few things Harry said, that is, when he could manage to speak coherently. He even came back to earth briefly to find that his hands were holding his older lover's head close to his groin, never wanting him to stop the delicious torture his mouth and tongue were prompting. All too soon—and yet, not soon enough—Harry found himself experiencing the sweet pain that inevitably led to fulfillment, and he knew he could hold back no longer. And it seemed that Sirius knew it too and gave one final suckling motion. That was all it took for the boy to let go, knowing he wouldn't be able to stop for a long time ... not for anything but death itself. And even if he died now, at least he would die happy, knowing he'd been totally and thoroughly pleased.

Once Sirius's mouth reluctantly released him, Harry found his knees so weak he could scarcely stand, and Sirius helped him over to the bed, positioning himself on his knees and directing Harry to get in front of him and spread his legs. Not long afterward, the youth felt his cheeks being spread; then the hardness that was his lover's cock filled him, and his body hugged it in a pleasurable embrace, which neither wanted to ever end.

Yet it did, all too soon, as he felt Sirius's sensuous movements speed up for a time. Then the older man tensed against him and finally cried out in pleasure, kissing his lover's throat and the nape of his neck as he erupted inside him, one hand caressing his partner's aching, throbbing balls, then bringing him to his own climax by stroking and caressing his painfully hard cock before he slumped against him, resting his cheek against his young lover's bare back. There was heavy breathing for a time even as Sirius remained inside him for several minutes until he finally, reluctantly, withdrew from the sweet tightness he loved so much.

"Dear God, Harry, that was incredible," Sirius declared, still holding his partner close, unwilling to release him until absolutely necessary. "I don't think I'll ever get enough of you!"

"Nor I you," he whispered back, covering Sirius's hands with his own as they sank down to the bed and simply rested together. Then Harry shivered upon feeling another kiss on the nape of his neck. That was definitely a sensitive place for him, as Ginny had already discovered. Her lips were every bit as incredible as Sirius's at evoking a passionate response from him when she kissed him there, then licked and sucked his nipples and cock to another mind-boggling climax. There were times Harry was sure that both she and Sirius had gone down on him for hours, yet in reality it was only a relatively short time. At the same time, Harry knew he wouldn't have minded if it had been hours—the pleasure was so incredible.

"How do you feel?" Sirius asked his lover, once again resting his cheek on Harry's bare back.

"No nausea, if that's what you mean—and as for the rest of it ... I don't think I've ever felt such pleasure before in my life."

"Not even with Ginny?"

"Let's just say it's a toss-up, at least for now, and leave it at that. For the time being, I'm too tired to want to do anything but go to sleep while you hold me in your arms. Good night, Padfoot. I love you—and I promise to make love to you as you made love to me the next time I see you."

"I'll hold you to it," Sirius declared. "But as you say, we need to get some sleep. Good night, mate."

* * * * *

It was a good thing Ginny and Hermione weren't in the house the following morning, having made an early appointment to get the former's wedding dress fitted, for the two lovers once again sealed the door to their room and then put a Silencing Charm on it. This time, Harry kept his earlier promise to Sirius, doing everything Sirius had done to him—and then some! Sirius was convinced he would never get tired of Harry's delicious mouth surrounding him and all but devouring him, but most importantly, willingly and joyfully swallowing all he had to give.

In fact, by the time the girls got back, one would never have known the 'boys' had ever done anything sexual other than the pleasant post-coital tiredness and the equally pleasant soreness of their bodies, which meant only that they had totally and completely loved each other. Even at that, Harry was already looking forward to the coming night with Ginny. They had even been able to spend not only an entire night but the morning together at least twice by this time, and she would almost have sworn that all he needed to do was touch or kiss her and her nausea somehow disappeared.

By the time Ginny and Hermione returned and sought them out, Harry and Sirius had just had breakfast and were sitting at the table fully dressed and satiated, both food-wise and in a carnal way. In fact, Sirius found that he didn't even mind too much when Ginny approached Harry and leaned down to give him a lingering kiss. Just the same, he was pleased when she stood up again and smiled apologetically. "Just thanking him for a wonderful night, Sirius. Bear with me."

"Of course, Gin." Sirius smiled, intending to suggest to his young lover at the first opportunity that they shag in the shower next time around. For the time being, however, he would leave Harry to his fiancée and bask in the sweet memories of last night and the morning just past.

Eleven - A Dream Come True ... Almost

Chapter 11 of 21

Last-minute wedding preparations make everyone busy, including Sirius, who surprises Harry on the night before the latter's wedding by refusing to spend their regular night together with him.

11 -- A Dream Come True ... Almost

And Sirius got his wish, too...but it didn't happen as soon as he would have liked, not by a long shot. As it turned out, the very next day began the last-minute rush to get everything ready for the wedding...the cake, the flowers, the decorations for both the Burrow and the reception hall, including the hand-picked contact at the *Daily Prophet*, one Kingsley Shacklebolt, whom all trusted to report the event with no undue sensationalism. They also intended to allow him to choose his own photographer for the pictures to accompany the article; and knowing Kingsley as they did, all concerned were sure it would work out fine. Harry, Ginny and the senior Weasleys, and Sirius (as surrogate father...at least technically) had final refusal rights to everything that was due to be included in the article and wedding photographs.

Things were so rushed and everyone so preoccupied with wedding plans that twelve days went by almost before Harry realised it. Once he did, however, he knew why he had been having erotic dreams about his godfather on and off for the last ten days. As soon as Harry possibly could, which turned out to be the day before the wedding, shortly after he'd arrived back home after getting his tux fitted as comfortably as his growing pregnancy would allow, he intended to make it up to him as best he could.

Harry usually arranged the rendezvous with Sirius for as late as they dared and as soon as they could manage after he could be certain that Ginny had gone to bed and fallen asleep. He'd kissed her goodnight at her door, warning her that due to tradition, which he didn't agree with but was going along with for her sake, he wouldn't be able to see her until the wedding the following day.

It was also fortunate that there was more than one bathroom in the Burrow and that one of them was in the magically enlarged bedroom that once belonged to Fred and George, which was perfect for Harry and Sirius, since it adjoined the actual sleeping area instead of their having to leave the room. This was a most fortuitous occurrence, since it virtually guaranteed that the lovers wouldn't run into Ginny even accidentally. It was still hard for Harry to believe that she had accepted his relationship with Sirius so readily, at least intellectually (or at least she seemed to), but what mattered to him was that she didn't ask a lot of questions as to what went on between them, although he was equally sure that she wanted to. If he'd been in her position, he wouldn't have wanted to know or even imagine what went on between them behind closed doors, so he surmised that that was the main reason why she didn't press him for information.

Either way, he was sure it couldn't be easy for Ginny to share him, but he loved her all the more for doing so and intended to do all he could to show his appreciation in as tangible a manner as possible, both now and during their married life, since he fully intended to discreetly carry on the relationship with Sirius after the wedding. But for the moment, all that mattered to him was loving and being loved by his *other* lover.

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After a tenderly passionate interlude with Sirius in the shower, Harry decided to leave the room for a time to bring back his clothing for the following day, reminding Sirius very much of his original erotic dream involving his young lover. However, he couldn't be anywhere near certain that it would end as the original dream had, even though he intended to basically say the same things he had to Harry in that dream, which had also been set the night before his wedding.

When Harry returned, Sirius had already resolved to do everything he could to discourage Harry from spending the night with him, even as much as he wanted him to stay. Simply judging from reports he had gotten from Harry regarding Ginny's own libido (albeit carefully edited, he was sure), Sirius was sure that the boy would need all the energy he currently had to satisfy his passionate new wife when the time came. If he allowed him to stay, Harry wouldn't have that, and Sirius didn't want to be the one responsible for wrecking his marriage before it had hardly gotten started. Harry had gone back to his and Ron's room to get the necessary clothing for the wedding, intending to dress the next day in the room he shared with Sirius. However, if Sirius could manage it, that wouldn't be the case...at least not tonight.

He pretended to be asleep when the boy came in carrying his tux, including dress robes, shirt, and all the necessary accoutrements. He placed them in the closet and then came toward the bed, already reaching for the sash of his dressing gown, surprised to see that Sirius had sat up in bed and held out a hand to stop him. "No, Harry."

"What do you mean, 'no'?"

"Just what I said. It's the night before your wedding. You need your energy for tomorrow night. I can go without shagging if necessary."

"No, you can't," Harry retorted. "I know you better than that. Besides, I'm too keyed up to sleep. Our shagging would tire me out so I can sleep."

"You have better things to concern yourself with, Harry. I'll manage, as I said. I've done it before."

"Bloody hell, Padfoot, stop playing martyr and admit that you want me," Harry shot back indignantly.

"That's beside the point," Sirius countered. "I can't spoil you for your future wife."

"If you don't let me stay, I'll just go back to the room I ostensibly share with Ron and wank off, then call your name as I come so he can hear me ... and that always drove him crazy when I did that in our dorm room at school practically the whole time I was first dating Ginny, calling her name in my sleep."

"Harry, don't be childish. You know I'm right. You must save yourself for your bride. She's waited a long time for you."

Harry's eyes took on a hard glitter as he again reached for the sash of his dressing gown, intending to shrug it off. If he did that, he was sure that Padfoot would be unable to resist him. He knew all too well how his godfather enjoyed seeing him naked.

"You certainly enjoy being stubborn, that's for sure. Well, I think I know a way to make you change your mind."

"No, Harry!" Sirius bit out. "If you don't leave right now, I swear in Merlin's name that I'll hex you!"

"You're serious," the boy finally said, incredulous but finally getting the message.

"Damn bloody right I am, mate. Now go to bed and get some sleep. I also suggest you dress in Ron's room in the morning. I'll come get you when it's time for the wedding." Sirius pointed a hand to the closet door, which opened with a creak. Harry's wedding finery then lifted itself off the closet pole and back into his arms. "Now get out of here. I need to get some sleep, too. Good night."

With that, Sirius pulled the covers over himself, turned over and went to sleep, leaving Harry standing there, undecided as to what to do next for the ensuing five minutes, then he sighed and turned around, finally obeying Sirius's orders and returning to his and Ron's room. Fortunately, his friend was already dead to the world by the time Harry returned and got into bed. No doubt there would be questions in the morning, since he had already told Ron he would be with Sirius, but Harry fully intended to have the answers by the time said questions came up. Strangely enough, Sirius was right about him needing his sleep. Within half an hour after returning to his and Ron's room, Harry was deeply asleep and stayed that way until morning.

* * * * *

It had been the hardest thing Sirius had ever done, sending Harry away, but he knew it was for the boy's ultimate good as well as the potential longevity of his upcoming marriage. There had been many times he had been obliged to remain celibate for long periods of time...his time in Azkaban was a case in point. Although certain other prisoners had tried, a few gratuitous wandless, nonverbal hexes in their direction, directed to their genitalia, cooled their desire considerably. He then turned into his dog form so the dementors couldn't affect him. Another time he had been celibate was while he was in hiding after escaping from prison, shortly after meeting Harry and becoming emotionally close to him. It had not been easy, that was for sure, but he had managed. If he could do it then, he could do it now...especially if it meant Harry's long-term happiness.

Before settling down for the night, Sirius had made sure to put a Locking Charm on his door to further discourage Harry, at least temporarily. Then he used a spell that simulated a blow job in order to satisfy himself so he could get some sleep. It felt good, but nowhere near the calibre of Harry's delicious mouth pleasuring him. Unfortunately, he would have to forego that pleasure, at least for the next few days. He wouldn't be able to feel of himself inside his young lover's sweet tightness or feel the boy's delicious hardness in his mouth while Harry was on his honeymoon; but with luck, they would be able to resume their relationship upon his return.

One nice thing was the knowledge that he would become a father in a few months. Just thinking of his young lover giving birth to his child made Sirius smile as he took some mild Sleeping Potion and eventually settled into bed, drifting off into romantic yet erotic dreams after setting a mental alarm that would wake him in plenty of time to prepare for the wedding.

Twelve - The Wedding ... Among Other Things

Chapter 12 of 21

Ron and Harry discuss Sirius's strange behaviour the following morning; everything goes well until it's time to change into going-away outfits, then the two gay lovers end up in a passionate clinch which delays the beginning of the honeymoon between Harry and Ginny. Ron even catches him and Sirius, and Harry implores his friend not to mention it to Ginny. He doesn't, but she confronts him about it later, while they're on their honeymoon.

12 -- The Wedding ... Among Other Things

As Harry had expected, Ron naturally had questions when he actually found Harry sharing the room with him and not with Sirius. But they were too occupied with preparing for the wedding, at least for a while, for him to have a chance to ask what had happened...or rather, what *hadn't* happened.

Shortly after Harry had showered and come back into the room, toweling his hair and wearing another towel carefully tied around his middle, Ron took the opportunity to ask. "Not that I'm not pleased to see you, mate, but I thought you said you'd be spending the night with Sirius. What happened?"

"The strangest thing, mate." Harry was somewhat startled at the sudden question, but he wasn't really surprised. So he explained as the two began to dress for the wedding. "Sirius all but kicked me out of the room, declaring that he couldn't spoil me for Ginny. Not that I didn't argue the point with him and *try* to stay, but he threatened to hex me if I didn't leave. As it turned out, though, he was right. I think I am going to need all the energy I can muster up for tonight." Harry saw the discomfort this conversation was causing his friend, so he didn't say any more.

"Sounds like he was just trying to be unselfish," came the response. "Gotta give the bloke credit for that, if nothing else, although I have to imagine it couldn't have been easy for him."

Harry smiled and nodded in agreement and then finished dressing. Just as he did so, there came a knock on the door. Sirius called to him, "Harry, it's time. Get Ron in gear and get out here. We've got to go."

The two young men looked at each other. "Well, mate, are you ready?" Ron could sense his friend's nervousness even though Harry tried to hide it.

"Ready as I'll ever be," came the reply. "Let's go." With that, they unlocked the door to find Sirius standing there, all duded up in his best dress robes. Sirius looked Harry up and down, and Harry was convinced that he saw hunger in Sirius's grey eyes at the sight of him, if only for a moment. Then it was covered, and he acted like there wasn't anything more between them than fraternal feelings. "Most impressive, boys. Your girls aren't going to be able to take their eyes off you." With that, the older man turned around and began heading to the stairs. Harry and Ron followed close behind.

* * * * *

No one could have asked for a more perfect day for the wedding, either weather-wise or event-wise. There were some uncomfortable moments when Sirius and Harry's eyes met, but for the most part, they were brief and well covered ... the acting involved was of Academy Award calibre. Harry had made up his mind to show every ounce of love he could muster to Ginny's, via smile, touch, or kiss, especially when the photographer was snapping away. He particularly made it his business to do so when the time came for the official wedding kiss, then later on when they danced their first dance as husband and wife. When they shared a bite of wedding cake, he once again made sure to project love for her and her alone. It wasn't that hard, because he did love her, very much, but it was easiest when Sirius wasn't looking in his direction.

And to the latter's credit, he had not shown any emotion that could be construed as anything but familial affection in regards to Harry, but the latter knew it had to be very difficult for him...to put it mildly...and loved him all the more for his unselfishness. Most important, he understood why Sirius had sent him away last night and intended to make sure that he showed him his appreciation in every bit as tangible a way as he was doing for Ginny as soon as he could manage it.

It wasn't until it came time for the newlyweds to change into their going-away clothes, Ginny going with her mother and Hermione and Harry going with Ron and Sirius, that there came far more than just a few moments' discomfort...particularly when Ron had forgotten his regular clothes and left Harry and Sirius alone for roughly half an hour. "No one can see us now, Padfoot," Harry reminded him, his voice holding the same kind of purr he usually used when sweet-talking Ginny.

"No, Harry. Ron's due to return at any moment," Sirius warned. "The last thing we need is for anyone to walk in on us."

"Listen, I understand why you did what you did the other night, and I appreciate your thoughtfulness...but enough is enough. I miss your touch, your kiss. Do this for me now, and I won't bother you again ... at least not until Ginny and I get back from the honeymoon."

Harry's green eyes had darkened with desire, and Sirius was finding it more difficult with every passing moment to resist their entreaty...and finally he was unable to do so any longer. It was almost as if one was a magnet and the other metal; they were inexorably attracted to each other, simply unable to stay apart. The kisses were sweet and chaste for a moment, but beyond that, they became hot and open-mouthed, just as the lovers' hands began to wander to their favourite places. Soon soft moans began to resound throughout the room as shirts and trousers began to unfasten themselves, then hungry, inquisitive hands and tongues explored their partner's lips and burgeoning arousals. Neither had enough presence of mind to cast either Locking or Silencing Charms, so there was a definite danger of being discovered...but at this point in time, neither cared.

"Oh my God, Padfoot ..."

"Oh God, Harry ..."

In fact, it was almost a relief...at least in retrospect...that Ron chose this moment to return, carrying his regular clothes, and came upon the lovers almost literally all over each other. For that matter, he was certain that if he hadn't come upon them when he did, they'd have been sprawled naked on the couch at one end of the room, shagging like rabbits. It was frankly difficult enough for him to accept the idea of his best friend and the latter's godfather being lovers, much less seeing it in action, so he wasn't about to endure it any longer than he had to. He just barely accepted the idea of Harry and Ginny being intimately involved, much less married, although he would far rather have her involved with his closest friend than anyone else.

He cleared his throat loudly, which fortunately broke the passionate embrace in mid-caress. Harry's hand was inside the back of Sirius's trousers, and Sirius's hand was down the front of Harry's. The older man's lips and teeth had gently bitten and sucked on the nearest parts of his young lover's body that had presented themselves, and he'd left a good-sized hickey. Fortunately for Harry, it was right on the pulse point behind his right ear and not readily visible unless specifically looked for...and even then, one would have to move some of his hair aside. Once they separated, Ron couldn't help noting a raised, deep pink circle of indentations and an equally pink area in the centre of the circle on his friend's skin before said hair covered it.

"I just thought I'd better tell you that Ginny's waiting for you, mate. You'd better get your bum in gear before she decides to come investigate herself."

"You won't say anything to her, will you?" Harry entreated, his green eyes pleading with his friend. "I don't want her upset emotionally any more than she already is physically."

"Mum's the word, mate," Ron assured him. "But get a move on. I'll keep her busy until you're ready." With that, he began to change clothes himself, changing faster than Harry had ever seen him do, leaving with such unseemly haste that Harry found himself sympathising with him, knowing how sensitive Ron was about that sort of thing. As the latter left and he began to change into his going-away clothes, Harry made a mental note to apologise to his friend at the earliest opportunity. Sirius also changed with unseemly haste and departed in order to make sure neither of them were caught in such a compromising position again.

Harry soon finished changing and picked up his wedding finery, intending to have Ron take care of it once he reached him. Ginny smiled and nodded as he approached; Harry returned it and said, "Could you take care of my wedding stuff, mate? We're running late, so I can't do it myself."

"Yeah, sure. Hand it over." As their eyes met, Harry gave an apologetic smile in Ron's direction, and the latter returned an understanding one. Even at that, Harry had every intention of explaining the situation and doing something tangible to make amends at the earliest opportunity.

"Ready now, luv?" Harry crooned to his bride, sliding an arm around her slender waist and breathing in the scent of his favourite perfume even while stealing a quick kiss.

"If you are," Ginny replied, smiling contentedly at her husband's kiss before they turned to leave and just barely managed to tear themselves away from Molly. They intended to fly to Hogsmeade station, get on the train from there, then head for their honeymoon destination...gay Paree (aka Paris, France), the city of lovers. Technically they could have flown the whole way, but Ginny, ever the romantic, wanted to have some quality time alone with her beloved on the way without their having to worry about crashing somewhere. Even at that, she suspected that there was something that Ron wasn't telling her and intended to see if she could get anything out of Harry about it. If he didn't want to talk, he was the next thing to the Sphinx when it came to getting anything out of him, but she still intended to try.

However, it wasn't until they were actually alone in a private car and were on the bed therein that Ginny got her chance. Harry, still aroused from the earlier, aborted tryst, was attempting to unbutton her blouse and caress her breasts while kissing her neck and throat, when Ginny stiffened against him.

"What's wrong, luv?" he crooned, nuzzling her throat in a manner she ordinarily was unable to resist.

"What took you so long to change? Did Sirius have anything to do with it?"

"What makes you think that?" Harry reluctantly released her and they simply lay next to each other, not touching nor moving anything but their heads to look in one another's direction.

"Harry, I'm not stupid. I know how you two feel about each other...and the way Ron was acting, he'd just seen something that upset him greatly, even as hard as he was trying to conceal it."

"What difference does that make now? I love you, you know that, and this is not the time to discuss it. We're on our honeymoon; it's a time for us ... and *only* us."

"On the contrary; this is the perfect time to discuss it. Now answer me, or I'll hex you." The tone of her voice told Harry his wife meant business, and it wasn't prudent to push a redhead's temper too far...especially if the redhead in question was a witch.

"All right, so we had a bit of an ... interlude. But it's nothing that should detract from our time together that is, unless you allow it. Whatever my feelings for Sirius, you must know that I love you very much as well, and it would be foolish to allow them to come between us, especially at a time like this. Now, come on, luv. I want you, I need you, and we don't have a lot of time before we reach our destination."

It was then that Harry carefully, gingerly, resumed his ministrations. Despite Ginny's resolve not to give in to him, she soon found herself doing just that, softly moaning and clinging to him, running her fingers through his silky but unruly hair, burying her face in his neck, and breathing in a mixture of *English Leather* and Harry's own personal scent. He moved sensuously against her, slowly and lovingly undressing her bit by bit. Finally she began to do the same to him, kissing and caressing every bit of bare skin she could reach, provoking soft moans virtually identical to those Sirius had prompted.

What could have been an explosive confrontation turned into a tenderly passionate joining born of the deep love and desire between the young couple, which was indeed above and beyond that of Harry and his godfather/lover. But this was not the time for Harry to think of such things; Ginny was every bit as delicious in her own way, and he eventually managed to lose himself in her warmth and sweetness, both of them forgetting their morning sickness in the process, even without a dose of Anti-Nausea Potion ... and this was only the first day of their honeymoon.

If things worked out, they should be almost literally wrapped up in each other by the end of it and their return home, just as newlyweds ought to be. Or more specifically, their new home in Hogsmeade, which Harry had had specially built over the last few months, all through their engagement and up to their marriage. At this point, they needed only to move in, since it was already furnished with furniture they had chosen and stored in his Gringotts vault while waiting for the house to be built.

They also recruited as much help as they deemed necessary, from Molly on down to certain members of the Order who weren't busy on assignments. But there wasn't only a master bedroom, there were several guest rooms and rooms for at least two children, leaving the option open to convert the guest rooms to children's rooms if necessary. For the moment, Ginny was willing to accept Harry's feelings for Sirius, even remaining open to their continuing their affair after Harry's marriage to her, but only as long as she continued to get equal time ... and Harry fully intended to toe the line (as best he could, anyway) since he knew all too well what would happen if she didn't, and he was too fond of his (and Sirius's) bits to risk losing them any time soon.

Thirteen - Setting Up Housekeeping/Breakfast

Chapter 13 of 21

Harry and Ginny set up housekeeping in Hogsmeade upon returning from their honeymoon, even inviting Ron and Hermione over for breakfast--and in the midst of same, an impatient Sirius decides to investigate just why Harry hasn't contacted him after almost three weeks.

13 Setting Up Housekeeping/Breakfast

Of course, as is generally traditional with newlyweds, it took a little time (more than a "few days," at any rate) for Harry and Ginny to come back to reality and get down to the business of everyday living...or as "everyday" as things ever got in the wizarding world. During this time, it was hard for them to keep either their eyes (or hands) off each other...and if anyone could see this, it was Sirius. He had frankly expected this, in keeping with the young people's strong feelings for each other, and vowed to do his best to be patient until Harry came back down to earth.

Of course, there was no telling how long it would take for that to happen, so all Sirius could do was hope Harry came back down to earth at least fairly soon. All the same, he was pleased that the pair showed few signs of their pregnancies, specifically the morning sickness, but he knew it was only a matter of time until they started showing it in a physical way, gaining weight and their bellies starting to grow. Sometimes morning sickness lasted for months, not just weeks, and it was too early for both of them not to show it for at least a while longer.

It was Ron and Hermione who first noted one of the telltale signs of the newlyweds coming back to earth: They were beginning to spend more time apart...still not any more than absolutely necessary, of course, but they weren't virtually joined at the hip (among other places) any more. It was close on to three weeks, in fact, before Ron was able to sit down with Harry and actually discuss just what went on during the honeymoon ... outside of the bedroom, that is. Of course, that wasn't the only thing the two friends talked about, but it was the main thing...and Ron made a mental note that once it came time for him and Hermione to keep in mind the various places their friends had gone in Paris and try to get there themselves if possible. For that matter, the boys were sitting in the kitchen of Harry and Ginny's Hogsmeade home chewing the fat at breakfast while the girls had gone upstairs, most likely to do the same thing.

"Well, how's marriage so far, mate?" Ron finally ventured to say after taking a swallow of pumpkin juice to strengthen himself sufficiently to speak.

"Can't complain," his friend replied, unfortunately still sporting a silly grin at the thought of his new wife. In fact, Ron was dead certain that Harry was thinking of various ways to get Ginny alone at the first opportunity even as he sat across from his brother-in-law and closest friend. "In fact, it's a wonder that Gin hasn't bloody well worn me out long ago. I swear, the woman is well-nigh insatiable!" The look on Ron's face squelched further ribald comment from Harry, and he apologised immediately. "Sorry, mate. Forgot how much that bothers you. Bear with me."

"It's all right, mate. I expected it. You're newly married; it's not going to go away overnight." Ron tried to shrug off his friend's behaviour. "Which reminds me...have you checked in with Sirius yet?"

Harry took a swallow of pumpkin juice before answering. "Now that I think about it, no. Why? Do you think I should?"

Ron couldn't help feeling that such a question coming from Harry regarding Sirius had to be just a little bit strange, especially considering how often he and Sirius had been going at it up to this point. But what was even stranger that his friend hadn't even mentioned his erstwhile godfather and part-time lover until Ron himself did. "It's just that I seem to recall you saying that you intended to do so once you got back from your honeymoon with Ginny, that's all."

"Oh, I still intend to, I assure you. I'm just too ... involved ... or should I say preoccupied? ... with Ginny right now. I'm sure Sirius understands about that, considering the fact that he had to endure such a thing with my mum and dad after they were first married."

"I'm not doubting that, mate. I just thought you'd do it sooner, that's all, considering how often the two of you have been ...together up to this point."

"My ... feelings for him haven't changed, if that's what you mean. It's just ... taking longer than expected for me to come down from my 'honeymoon high'...that's all."

"Just the same, I'm sure that even he's beginning to wonder about you."

"Probably, but I'm ... not ready to get back with him yet. When I am, I will. In the meantime, kindly stay off my back. What's more, it seems strange that you of all people would ask me about a thing like that. You usually avoid the subject like the plague."

"I didn't mean to get *on* it, mate," Ron protested. "I was just ... wondering."

"You don't generally 'wonder' about it, either," Harry countered before taking another bite of each type of food on his plate...bangers, fried eggs and toast with strawberry jam...then another couple of swallows of pumpkin juice to wash it down. "For that matter, why aren't you after Gin on the subject?"

"Well, you know how ... testy she is if anyone's too nosey about her private life," Ron reminded his companion. "Especially her private life with you."

"So am I, for that matter. It's only because I'm in a good mood that I haven't decided to hex you for prying...but if you don't back off soon, I'm likely to change my mind. One would almost think that Sirius had asked you to ask me such things ... and he doesn't generally pry into my personal life. He waits until I tell *him*. Ron, you're my best mate. I trust you with things I don't trust with anyone else, except maybe Gin. If I want you to know private things, I generally tell you, you know that. You're becoming entirely too inquisitive lately, and I can't help wondering why. Is it because you and 'Mione are getting married in a few months and want to know ... certain details, or what?"

"I guess it is. Didn't mean to overdo it. Sorry. By the way, don't you wonder what the girls are talking about right now?" This time Ron ate the majority of his food and took several swallows of his own pumpkin juice before speaking again.

"Probably the same thing we are, basically. Wouldn't surprise me a bit," Harry replied, finishing off his eggs and toast, then the sausages before using the last of the pumpkin juice to wash them down. "Why? You thinking of going and listening in with Extendable Ears or something?"

"No, just thinking out loud," Ron assured him just before finishing off his own breakfast, even though he was privately wondering what the girls were discussing. Maybe 'Mione would tell him a bit of it later on; he'd just have to wait and see. Meanwhile, he couldn't pressure either his best friend or sister too much; otherwise, they'd hex him and he really preferred to avoid that situation as much as possible. Meanwhile, as they were finishing breakfast, there was a faint pop as someone Apparated in, although neither Ron nor Harry heard. Sirius Black had arrived, intent on finding out just why Harry had not contacted him, and he didn't intend to leave until he'd gotten a satisfactory explanation. As he had told his godson, he could be celibate if necessary, but the last ten days he didn't consider necessary. Not even James and Lily had mooned over each other *this* long after just being married. He had done his best to be patient, but he was frankly getting tired of waiting.

Harry had claimed he would contact him upon returning from his honeymoon, but Sirius had heard nothing for almost three weeks. He would have felt better if he'd been able to hear what Harry had told Ron earlier, of course, but since he hadn't, he intended to hear it directly from the horse's mouth, as it were. Sirius missed the gentleness of the boy's touch, the warm sweetness of his kisses, the feel of Harry's incredible mouth bringing him to climax, the feel of his silky skin beneath his hands, his delicious hardness in Sirius's own mouth, but most importantly, feeling himself moving in the boy's sweetly tight arse ... everything about him.

Even as much as Sirius liked Ginny, she had had her pound of flesh already. She was Harry's wife now and would likely remain so. Now that she'd gotten what ~~she~~ *he* wanted, it was time to get what *he* wanted ... see just how far her generosity extended in regards to sharing Harry's affections. What- ever it took, Sirius intended to find out...but most important, he intended for himself and Harry to resume their previous relationship ... and continue it for as long as Harry was willing to do so. With that thought in mind, he marched up to the door and knocked.

Fourteen - Sirius's Visit/Girl Talk/Eavesdroppers/Newlywed Love

Chapter 14 of 21

Sirius has a talk with Harry, albeit with Ron present. While upstairs, Ginny and Hermione share some girl talk about their men. Upon finishing breakfast and after Sirius leaves, Harry and Ron decide to eavesdrop on the girls for a time. After the boys head back downstairs, Ron and Hermione leave--then Harry and Ginny share a tenderly passionate newlywed interlude.

14 Sirius Visits Harry/Girl Talk/Eavesdroppers/Newlywed Love

Harry and Ron were somewhat surprised to hear a knock at the door. Usually visitors simply Apparated in. Of course, owing to his fame (or should I say infamy?), Harry couldn't risk unfriendly wizards or witches having access to his personal home, so he had put up anti-Apparition wards to keep unauthorised people out and Deflection Charms to deflect the majority of hexes. Also, he and Ginny hadn't been in residence long enough to be connected to the Floo Network, even though they had a good-sized fireplace in the living room, and he fully intended to have it connected at the earliest opportunity.

"Who could that be, mate? You aren't expecting anyone, are you?" Ron couldn't help asking as their heads turned at the unexpected sound.

"Not really, no," Harry had to reply, although he suspected who it might be...and couldn't blame him for being impatient if it was. He would simply have to explain as best he could that he'd meant to get back with him some time ago, but he had still been too preoccupied with Ginny to do so. It might also be a good idea to have Ron as witness while he talked with Sirius so nothing untoward happened until he wanted it to.

"Come on in. The door's open," Harry called. After Sirius opened the door and entered the living room, he looked around for Harry and found him sitting with Ron at the dining room table with the remnants of breakfast before them.

"Kind of dangerous, isn't it, mate? Anyone could walk in on you, calling out like that," Sirius gently admonished him.

"Don't worry, Padfoot. I put Repelling Charms on the door, not to mention anti-Apparition wards and Deflection Charms on the house, so only people I know may enter unless I say otherwise," Harry assured him.

"May I talk to you?" Sirius entreated, looking pointedly at Harry and then at Ron. "In private, if you don't mind, Ron."

"With all due respect, Padfoot, I would prefer Ron to remain," Harry informed him. His voice was calm and pleasant, but it held a telltale bite that Sirius didn't miss. "He knows what's between us, so you may speak freely in front of him."

The older man sighed with affectionate exasperation. He had half-expected something like this. "As you wish, Harry. May I sit down?" Sirius gestured toward the seat nearest to Harry at the table.

"Be my guest."

Sirius wanted to reach out and hold the younger man's hand upon seating himself, but he didn't dare with Ron present.

"May I ask why you've not contacted me? It's been over two weeks since you got back from your honeymoon, and you promised to contact me as soon as you returned."

"I know, Padfoot. Sorry about that. I've been ... too preoccupied with Ginny up to this point. But we should be able to ... resume our relationship now that we're back and settled in. When and where would you like us to meet?"

"My room at Grimmauld Place, tomorrow night at eight?" Sirius tentatively suggested.

"Fine," said Harry, giving his godfather/lover an almost hungry look, which told Sirius he was looking forward to their reunion as much as he was. "See you then."

"Until then," Sirius replied. "You can even bring me up-to-date on what you did on your honeymoon while we're at it. I've got to get back to the house now." With that, Sirius left and Disapparated once outside.

After he was gone, the two younger men looked pointedly at each other. "I could tell he didn't like my listening in," Ron observed as he charmed the pitcher of pumpkin juice on the table to pour into his nearby glass and then set it down again.

"Yeah, I noticed that, too," Harry admitted, following suit with the pitcher of juice and taking a long swallow. "But he went along with it."

"Really didn't have a lot of choice," came the reply after Ron took a swallow of juice.

"I didn't want anything to happen unless I was prepared for it...and I knew if I let him get me alone with him, that something likely would. The last thing I need is for Gin to catch him and me in a compromising position, especially in our own house. Frankly, it was enough for you to catch us."

"Which reminds me ... please don't let that happen again if you can avoid it, mate. That's not something I care to come upon very often."

"I know. Sorry about that. Things just got out of hand."

"In more ways than one," Ron threw back, taking another swallow of juice before setting his now-half-full glass down on the table. "I'd better see what the girls are up to. Care to join me?" With that, Ron stood up and turned for the stairs. Harry followed him, and they moved as stealthily as they could, hoping to catch some "girl talk."

* * * * *

Upstairs, Ginny had showered and changed into her favourite warm-weather clothes ... a halter and a pair of shorts. Her feet were bare since it was summer and quite warm, even though the house's Air Conditioning Charms kept the rooms at a constant seventy-two degrees Fahrenheit. After using a charm to dry her hair, then combing it and applying some lip-gloss, Ginny tucked one leg beneath her and sat down on the bed, motioning Hermione to sit next to her.

"Isn't that kind of ... redundant, knowing the way Harry usually is if you two are alone together?" the older young woman inquired.

"Generally, yes, but not so much of late," Ginny revealed. "Oh, don't get me wrong. He still grabs me and sweeps me off my feet, then carries me to the nearest soft surface at the least provocation, but something tells me he's also missing his ... other bed-bunny. After all, it's not every day I hear my husband murmur another man's name even while he's supposedly making love to *me*."

"I'm sure he doesn't realise he's doing it," Hermione assured her friend.

"Maybe not, but that doesn't make it any easier to hear. Oh, did Ron tell you what happened when he went back to check on Harry just before we left on our honeymoon?"

"No. What happened?"

"Something tells me he came upon Sirius and Harry in a ... most compromising position, if you know what I mean. You know how sensitive Ron is about things like that," Ginny reminded her companion. "Oh well, I suppose I shouldn't be too upset. Especially if Sirius ends up hearing Harry murmur my name while *they're* ... together. Poetic justice, you know?"

Hermione had heard the distinctive knock on the door roughly half an hour before, but she was pretty sure that Ginny hadn't, since she had been in the shower at the time. It wouldn't surprise her if it had been Sirius who had come by and confronted Harry about not contacting him as promised. But she chose to keep this information to herself unless Harry had agreed to see Sirius again and chose not to tell Ginny he was doing so.

Of course, neither of the girls was aware that their men had come upon the half-open master bedroom door and stood just out of sight listening. When Harry heard what Ginny said he did on occasion during intimate moments, he whispered, "Did you hear that? I've got to be more careful."

Ron nodded in response, and they continued listening to the girls' discussion.

* * * * *

"Have you told Harry that you heard him say that to you without realising it?" came Hermione's voice.

"Not yet. I didn't want to get into an argument. Usually if I mention something like that, he gets all defensive and swears he didn't mean to do it."

"Maybe not, but that doesn't make it any easier for you to hear. After all, we women generally prefer to believe that we're the only things on our men's minds while we're ... making love."

"Did Ron ... ever do anything like that?" Ginny returned carefully, quietly, as if she were aware of the eavesdroppers outside the door.

Outside the door, Ron was unable to keep from blushing because he knew what Hermione was going to say; Harry grinned understandingly at his embarrassment. "No, I'm happy to say," came the reply. "And I don't expect him to any time soon."

"Well, it's good to hear he's doing one thing right," Ginny laughed. Harry's grin grew wider upon seeing his friend's blush deepen and hearing Ginny's musical laughter. He almost wished he hadn't made the date with Sirius the following night. He sighed then, telling himself to simply make the most of the night coming up later, especially looking forward to smelling...not to mention kissing, caressing, and nuzzling...her fresh, clean skin and burying his face in her fragrant hair ... among other things.

"Well, it's almost time for me to leave. I'd better see if Ron and Harry are through eating yet," Hermione said. The guys knew they'd better move if they didn't want to get caught eavesdropping, so they moved as quickly and quietly as they could down the hall and the stairs, just reaching the bottom as Hermione reached the top. "Harry!" she called upon spotting him. "Are you and Ron finished eating?"

"Finished a little while ago. We were going to see about you and Gin, especially since Ron just said you two need to get back to the Burrow," he explained.

"In that case, I'll be right down. I just need to tell Ginny I'm leaving."

"No, you don't," came a voice just behind her. "See you later, 'Mione."

"Later, girlfriend," Hermione replied, making her way downstairs to where Ron was waiting near the door, Ginny following her down. After giving Harry and Ginny a hug, the pair left. Once alone, the newlywed pair looked at each other and smiled.

"We're alone," he commented.

"Sure looks like it," Ginny agreed even as Harry moved to put his arms around her, warm lips nuzzling her throat. She shivered deliciously despite recalling Harry's having called Sirius's name the last time they'd made love, at the height of his climax. Really, she wished she wasn't so god-awful weak where he was concerned...but the moment Harry touched her, she was lost. Damn, damn, damn! How could she ever teach him a lesson when one touch and kiss from him could turn her to mush?

"Mmmm. You smell delicious."

"That happens after one takes a shower," she pointed out, covering his hands with hers as he moved behind her and pulled her against him, snaking his arms around her and pressing close, making sure she felt how aroused he was. "May I assume you have ... fun and games in mind?"

"You need to ask?" he purred. "Too bad I couldn't have joined you in the shower."

"Maybe next time," she crooned back. "We'll just have to make sure we don't have guests then." Harry again pressed close to her upon turning her around, and Ginny could feel his arousal grow even as his hands moved to cup her shapely bum.

"I want you, Gin," he murmured huskily, nibbling her nearest ear and pressing even closer.

"Well, then, let's get on with it." With that, he found her lips with his, gently working hers open to find her sweet tongue. He held the kiss as he literally swept her off her feet, and they made their way upstairs. Once behind the door, he made short work of what little clothes they both wore and with little preamble, lay her on the bed and parted her legs with one hand, thrusting and then moving passionately inside her upon settling himself atop her, resting most of his weight on knees and elbows.

Even as Ginny wrapped her arms and legs around her husband and hugged his pumping hips, however, their kisses never stopping the whole time, she couldn't help visualising the scene that was likely to transpire the next time he was with Sirius. In which case, she could only hope that she would be able to keep herself busy enough to pass the time without thinking too much about it. With any luck, Harry would even call out *her* name at the height of his climax. Maybe then, Sirius would know how it felt to have the one he loved call out someone else's name as she had for virtually the entire time of their honeymoon.

Fifteen - More Interludes

Chapter 15 of 21

Harry and Sirius make up for lost time with a vengeance; the former attributes his increased libido to the fact of his pregnancy even as they deal with the fact that Harry called out his wife's name even at the height of his passion with Sirius.

15 – More Interludes

And by the time Harry and Ginny saw each other again, Sirius did. The other two lovers were lying together in each other's arms, totally satiated, warm and content in their love and the closeness of one another's bare bodies. The only thing Sirius hadn't liked was when Harry called out his wife's name at the height of his last, most powerful climax. Maybe he had requested the boy's presence a bit too soon and hadn't waited long enough until he was entirely over his 'honeymoon high,' as Harry put it. But as far as Sirius was concerned, it had already been an eternity, and he knew he could not have waited a moment longer to have Harry again.

It was roughly the middle of the night, and moonlight was streaming over their bed when Sirius felt his young lover awaken. He felt warm, sweet breath on his neck, which still tingled from the former's gentle biting and sucking to create a hickey. But this time, Sirius felt his lover's arms tighten around him as he snuggled his dark, unruly head on his shoulder, which prompted the older man to rest his cheek on top of the silky black mop near it.

"Merlin, how I missed that," Sirius remarked, savouring the warmth and nearness of his young lover's body. "We are truly brilliant together. There was only one thing I didn't like."

"What didn't you like?" Harry's sweet yet drowsy voice came from beside him.

"Let's just say that it's not every day that you call out a woman's name at the height of your climax when we're together," Sirius returned as diplomatically as possible. But Harry still detected a bit of annoyance at the recollection. "Maybe I asked you to meet me too soon."

"No, far from it," Harry insisted. "I've missed you and should have contacted you long ago." The last thing he wanted to admit was that Sirius had experienced virtually the same thing during their interlude that Ginny had during their honeymoon, knowing that the way to make his older lover forget it was a kiss—and a long, passionate one at that, which usually prompted an equally long, passionate interlude ... or in this case, another. But this time, even as he reached a hand up to move his bedmate's head to face him for said kiss, Sirius stopped it in mid-gesture.

"Yes, I did," Sirius insisted. "I distinctly heard you call your wife's name at your last climax."

"So?" Harry prompted.

"You don't generally do that," his companion pointed out. "That's why I said I might have asked you to meet me too soon."

"Sorry about that, Padfoot. Didn't mean to."

"I know. I'm not blaming you, mate. It just wasn't something I expected to hear."

"You had no idea it was going to happen. Neither of us did—and there's no point in dwelling on it. And if it'll make you feel any better, Ginny told me that I called out your name several times at my climax during our honeymoon."

"I can imagine how that made her feel," Sirius replied.

"I did my best to reassure her, but I have no idea how well I did," Harry returned. "I hope this doesn't wreck our marriage, Padfoot. I love her. I don't want to lose her — especially not now that she's carrying my child."

"I know, mate. And I'm sure she forgives you."

"I hope so. I'd never forgive myself otherwise. But at the same time, I don't want to lose *you*, either."

"It's not always something you can control, especially at a time like that. And I assure you, you couldn't lose me if you tried — especially now that you're carrying *my* child. Which reminds me ... would you like to try again, see if you call out the *right* name this time?" Sirius reached to put his hand on his young lover's nearest cheek. "I'm game if you are."

Harry's smile told Sirius all he needed to know even as he reached his own hand up to pull his lover close so their lips met again—and once that happened, they forgot everything and everyone else that was in the world ... at least for the moment ... even as their own personal magic almost literally exploded between them all over again.

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And to their delight, he did. Even at that, Harry knew he would not easily forget the fact that even with Sirius, he had been unable to help thinking so much of Ginny that he ended up calling her name out loud even at the height of the ecstasy that Sirius was giving him. It seemed that whenever he was with one love of his life, he called out the name of the other—at least part of the time. Not all of the time, thankfully; otherwise things would be far more complicated for everyone concerned.

Maybe part of it had something to do with the fact of his pregnancy. After all, wizards didn't get pregnant every day; how did he know that what he had done wasn't a normal thing? At least as normal as a male pregnancy can be. Of course, he couldn't be sure that that was the entire reason why. He would have to wait a sufficient time after the birth of the child he carried in order to be totally sure. Of course, considering the mood swings one was supposed to have during pregnancy (Gin was certainly having her share, he noted), that could also have something to do with it.

At the same time, it could be for a totally different reason. But whatever that reason was, Harry intended to find out so he could hopefully make sure not to call out the other's name with either of his two loves. For the time being, though, he was simply thankful that he wasn't any sicker than he already was; he took the Anti-Nausea Potion every day as it was without that. After all, Molly had told both him and Ginny that they both needed to eat as healthy as they possibly could in order to have healthy babies, so Harry vowed to do everything he could to see that both he and Gin achieved that end.

Harry had also been told that for three months after his own pregnancy was over, his hormone level from the extra organs would remain high enough so that he would be unable to impregnate Ginny again right away. He was pretty sure that she would still be recovering from the initial pregnancy and be using a Contraceptive Charm should they wish to make love, to be sure she didn't get pregnant again until she chose to do so.

If worse came to worst, he might have to take a special testosterone potion to build up his male hormones again and thus be able to impregnate his wife, but there was still time—months, in fact—before they could determine whether or not that course of action was necessary. He knew that Gin wanted several children, but he was also sure that she wouldn't want them too close together any more than Sirius would. He would have to discuss it with both of them at the proper time and decide the best thing to do in both situations.

He and Sirius had also discussed who their baby would live with and had agreed that it was best for the child to be with him and Ginny and his/her new sibling(s), although Sirius could come visit whenever he wanted to see the child. It was still too early to pick names, although they fully intended to do so once the pregnancy was about six months along. Of course, he also had to consider potential names for the child(ren) Ginny was carrying. Fortunately, there was a Gender Detection spell they could use to tell the sex of an unborn child so they would know which kind of name to pick for each. The pregnancy also had to be at least three months along for it to work, though that shouldn't be a problem—waiting to find out would be the problem!

Sixteen - January 2000: Ginny and Harry Find Out the Sexes of Their Children

Chapter 16 of 21

Upon reaching their third month of pregnancy, Harry and Ginny go to Molly's Healer to find out the gender(s) of their unborn children.

16 January 2000: Ginny and Harry Find Out the Sexes of Their Children

Both Ginny and Harry had been hard-pressed to wait until now, but they'd managed it. It was now only a matter of minutes until they would know the genders of their unborn children. Both liked to think they would have children the same gender as themselves, although that was by no means guaranteed. It depended largely on the kind of seed that had impregnated them in the first place...and there was one of each kind. Even at that, they both loved children enough to like the possibility of having one child of each gender.

Technically, Ginny knew the procedure regarding the Gender Detection spell, but she was not nearly experienced enough in her position as Healer for any results she might come up with to be official. For that, it would take someone from St. Mungo's who'd had years of experience in the subject. With all the children Molly Weasley had had, she had a friend at the wizarding hospital that she trusted implicitly and who also knew all about pregnancy and the possibilities regarding the gender of unborn children. She also assured her daughter and son-in-law that her friend would keep her silence about their pregnancies until and unless they said otherwise.

Molly had made an appointment with her Healer friend for them both, and at present, both of them were waiting in the Healer's sitting room, holding hands and exchanging glances full of love and apprehension. Since they wanted to know and yet didn't want to know what sort of children they could expect, they considered it par for the course to be sharing such conflicting emotions. They looked up when the mediwitch (nursing assistant) called out their names. Ordinarily the policy was that patients did not come in together, but due to Harry's fame, it was decided that it was best he not be put on display by being seen in a medical sitting room, either with or without his wife. They were even set up in the same examination room. Once they entered, the mediwitch, who had magically expanded the room to accommodate them, told them to undress, put on special robes, and then sit on adjoining tables. About twenty minutes passed before a kindly looking, middle-aged witch dressed in Healer's robes entered and smiled at the young couple waiting for her.

"Well, it's not every day I have *two* patients sitting in one room waiting for me...but I promised Molly I'd do it this way, so we might as well get started. She said you both were pregnant. How did that happen, if I may ask? Don't worry, whatever you tell me will remain confidential; it's part of my job."

Harry explained as best he could, sometimes reaching for Ginny's hand to squeeze it for strength, sometimes simply looking in her direction and the two exchanged smiles. "I see. Well, let's get on with the examinations, then. Will both of you lie down, please?"

After they had done so, the Healer waved her wand, murmured an incantation too soft for either Harry or Ginny to pick up, first over her, then over him. The procedure didn't take long, and within ten minutes, the Healer said, "You may sit up now." Harry and Ginny again exchanged looks full of both anticipation and apprehension, then returned their gazes to the Healer.

"Before I give you the results, I need a bit more information. I'm given to understand that the two of you are married," she remarked.

"Yes. We've been married a little over three months," Ginny explained.

"And when did you believe you had become pregnant?" the Healer asked.

"Shortly before we got married," came the reply. "However, my husband's relationship with his ... other lover started about a month before that. But strangely enough, we seemed to both have become pregnant at about the same time."

The Healer then turned to Harry. "Molly tells me that your ... other lover is of the same sex as you. Do you ... consider yourself gay, bisexual, or what?"

"For the most part, I consider myself bisexual, even though I've not had any gay relationships prior to my current one and have no plans for further, similar relationships."

"So you consider both your relationships ... monogamous?"

"I do," said Harry. "I love both my partners equally."

The Healer smiled indulgently. "I'm glad to hear that. I'll tell you the results of your examinations now. Does it make any difference who I tell first?"

"No," Ginny said before Harry could draw breath to reply. "We'll discuss our results among ourselves anyway, so it really doesn't matter who goes first."

"Very well. Young Mister Potter, you are approximately thirteen weeks pregnant with a baby girl." Harry and Ginny exchanged shocked glances and then returned to face the Healer. "As for you, young Mrs. Potter, you are approximately thirteen weeks pregnant with twins!"

There was a long moment of stunned silence, then Ginny said, "Oh, my God." After another silence, she said, "Do you know whether they're fraternal or identical?"

"Before I answer, may I inquire as to whether or not there are twins in your family?"

"Yes. I have twin brothers, Fred and George, three years older than me. They're identical."

"Yes, that's right. I should have remembered that. Too many Obliviating Charms, I guess. As for the type of twins you are carrying, they are fraternal, one boy and one girl."

"Can you give me some idea of when my due date will be?" Ginny asked then.

"If our mutual calculations are correct, it should be approximately September 26th. However, with twins, you may give birth before that, since it is the nature of multiple births for children to be born earlier than in a regular single pregnancy."

"What about me?" Harry interjected. "When may I expect my child to be born?"

The Healer turned her attention back to her other patient. "As for you, I believe you may expect your due date to be around mid-August."

The young couple again exchanged shocked looks. "Why such a discrepancy? We became pregnant about the same time," Harry pointed out.

"Many factors," the Healer explained. "The main one being gender. Male pregnancies are traditionally a month shorter than female ones due to the physiology and construction of the male body. The child also develops faster because of this, but it's basically the same amount of fetal development as in a female pregnancy, just in a shorter amount of time."

"How long may we expect to experience morning sickness?" was the young man's next question.

"It varies with the individual; some experience it for the duration of the pregnancy, others stop around the fourth month. I really couldn't pinpoint just when it will stop for either of you; it depends on your individual body chemistry." The Healer looked thoughtful. "Which reminds me...which kind of birth did you both want? I can do either the Caesarean, which involves surgically removing the child, or deliver the regular way. It's really up to the two of you, so I suggest you discuss it between yourselves and your family and get back to me with your decisions at your earliest convenience."

"We'll do that. Thank you, Healer. May we get dressed now?"

"Of course," the Healer said with a smile. "If either of you have any problems, make sure to contact me...or have Molly contact me if you are unable to do so."

"Thank you, we will," Harry assured her.

"If all goes well, I'll expect to see one of you in August, the other in September. Until then." With that, the Healer smiled and departed to give her patients a chance to dress.

Once they were ready to leave, Harry paid the Healer's bill and they left the hospital, Disapparating back to the Burrow. However, both kept in mind that they wouldn't be able to Apparate after the sixth month of pregnancy; it was just too dangerous, both for the parent and the child.

Molly was waiting in the kitchen, having some tea, when the couple returned. She smiled upon seeing them. "Well? What's the verdict?"

"Let's wait on that until we can sit down, all right?" Ginny sat down first, and then Harry seated himself beside her.

"All right, give," came the older woman's voice ... and the couple did.

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"Well, I can tell the family if you two don't want to ... about Ginny's pregnancy, I mean. But you, Harry ..." Molly's voice trailed off. "You had best tell Sirius at your earliest opportunity so you may plan accordingly."

"Oh, I fully intend to, I assure you. The next time I see him, in fact, which is tomorrow."

"Does he intend to assist you in raising the child?" Molly inquired.

"I assume so," Harry replied. "We'll be discussing everything at length then."

Molly then turned back to her daughter. "I can't say I'm surprised to hear you're carrying twins, dear. It definitely runs in the family, and I can imagine how everyone else is going to react once they hear!" It was then that she looked up and noticed that both of the young couple looked pale. "Do you feel all right, Harry? Ginny?"

The pair shook their heads.

"You didn't take your Anti-Nausea Potion today, did you?"

"No," Ginny replied. "Remember, you said not to since we were seeing the Healer today."

"Well, now that your appointment's behind you, I suggest you both do so, then lie down and get some rest. I'll make sure no one disturbs you. Now, go on."

She kissed both of them on the cheek and sent them to the upstairs bathroom, where they found a newly brewed batch of potion all ready for them. Her mother's doing, Ginny was sure, although she herself was equally adept at brewing potions. At the same time, she really didn't feel up to doing it, so she was thankful that Molly had had the presence of mind to do so. After she and Harry had taken their regular dose of potion, both removed their shoes and clothing, leaving on just their undergarments, they slid beneath the covers of Ginny's old bed, which she had magically enlarged some time ago to accommodate both her and Harry whenever he stayed with her. They decided to spend the night here, then return to their own home in the morning.

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By some strange quirk of fate, Harry happened to awaken earlier than Ginny did and spent most of the next half hour just holding her as she slept, making a mental note to owl Sirius at the earliest opportunity and tell him what the Healer had told him about their child ...and his and Ginny's children, the fraternal twins. He was glad to discover that he did not feel ill, but knew both he and Gin would have to take some more of the Anti-Nausea Potion before too much longer. It was another half hour, in fact, before she stirred, awakened and smiled sleepily at him.

He gave her a gentle good-morning kiss, stroked her tousled hair with his nearest hand and crooned, "Good morning, luv."

"Good morning to you," she replied. "How do you feel?"

"Okay, for the moment...but we'd better take some more potion after we get up so we can eat breakfast with some certainty of keeping it down long enough to do us good."

"Do you intend to tell Sirius what the Healer said?"

"Of course, but at the moment, Hedwig is out hunting, so I can't do it until she gets back."

"You know you can use one of our owls if necessary," Ginny pointed out.

"I know, and the offer is appreciated, but Hedwig knows how to deliver directly to Padfoot. Remember, she had to learn while he was in hiding all those months. She also knows the quickest way to Grimmauld Place, so she's really the best choice."

"Well, since I don't intend to go back to sleep, we might as well get up and take some more of that potion. If I know Mum, she'll be calling us to breakfast in the not-too-distant future."

"Probably a good idea," Harry agreed; after helping Ginny to her feet, he got to his own and they dressed, then went into the bathroom and took the necessary dose of potion. Good thing they did, too, because almost literally the next thing they knew, they heard Molly calling all inhabitants of the Burrow to breakfast ... and if they didn't get a move on, she'd start shouting...and Harry privately swore more than once that when she did that, she could be heard in the next town, if not the next province.

Molly was pleased to see Harry and Ginny enter the dining room and seat themselves. Arthur was already there and smiled a greeting to his daughter and son-in-law in the midst of eating. A few minutes later, Molly levitated full plates of Harry and Ginny's favourite breakfast foods and set them down before them as neat as you please. Of course, she'd been doing such things for years, so it was only natural that she would have the technique perfected down to a fine art.

Arthur was nearly finished with his breakfast when he looked up and caught his daughter's eye. "I understand you're carrying twins, love."

"That's right, Daddy. Fraternal twins, a boy and a girl. The Healer says I should deliver in late September."

"What about you, Harry my boy? How do you feel about your impending fatherhood of twins?"

"I'm happy, of course. Who wouldn't be?"

"What if Ginny ends up as prolific as her mum? What will you do then?"

"I'm not too worried. I have the money to support a whole bunch of kids."

"What about your own ... affliction?"

Harry exchanged glances with his wife, noting the distinct difference in the way Arthur asked questions about their pregnancies, making another mental note to discuss it with her privately at the first opportunity after they went back home. Meanwhile, he decided to answer as if the manner were the same, if only to make sure that Arthur didn't realise that he'd noticed.

"The Healer said around the middle of August. And don't worry, I intend to tell Sirius all about it."

"How do you both feel right now?"

"Obviously, pretty good, or else we wouldn't have been able to eat breakfast, much less keep any food down," Ginny replied, a telltale bite in her voice that everyone in the room noticed but that no one commented on...at least not in mixed company. As a result, the younger pair ended up making their farewells sooner than they'd expected ... mainly because Harry had been giving her looks that told her he had to speak with her alone. If they stayed much longer, they could easily get into a nasty confrontation that was neither wanted nor was anyone prepared for.

"Thanks for the breakfast, Mum," she sent in Molly's direction, hoping she couldn't tell that her smile was somewhat forced. "We'll see you both later."

With that, Harry and Ginny Disapparated back to their Hogsmeade home, and the older woman could guess why. She glared at her husband, and he returned an innocent look, although she was sure he knew just why she'd done it; he'd been married to her too long not to know what glares like that signified. He made a mental note to be as prepared as he could be for her to confront him when they prepared for bed that night. For the time being, he had better things to do, such as finish his breakfast and get to work.

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Almost as soon as Harry and Ginny had reappeared in their living room, he turned on her, eyes a blaze of green. "Did you see the way your father addressed my pregnancy?"

"I did, luv, I assure you. You've got to make at least some allowances; you know Mum and Dad are from the old school. It's not every day they run into such a thing as male pregnancy. I'm sure they were always taught it was impossible for one wizard to impregnate another...but now that we know otherwise ..." Her voice trailed off. "I understand just how you feel, luv, so kindly don't take it out on me. Remember, I'm on your side. Not to mention just as pregnant as you are."

"I know. Sorry. It just got to me to have the same thing you're going through treated like a communicable disease when it comes to discussing it with me." Just then, Harry yawned deeply, which prompted Ginny to do the same.

"I think we're both still tired, so we'd better go back to bed."

Harry could tell how difficult it was for her to deal with his other relationship and loved her all the more for being so tolerant of his other romance. He frankly doubted he could have done the same in her position, remembering how jealous he had been seeing her snog her former boyfriend Dean Thomas when he and Ron had once come upon them unexpectedly. But what had really gotten to Harry was the way he had acted upon recalling the incident, picturing himself in Dean's place, kissing her, holding her, touching her ... It was because of this that in spite of his weariness, Harry was unable to help feeling desire for his beautiful young wife. But at this point in time, he just didn't feel up to doing anything more physical than kissing or holding. Serious fun and games would no doubt come fairly soon, their health and the individual situation permitting, be it with her or with Sirius.

They just barely had enough energy to Apparate upstairs, then lie down on top of the bed covers with a spare blanket over them. The only thing they removed this time was their shoes, but they were both out like the proverbial light nonetheless and didn't awaken until early evening. He was frankly glad that she was still asleep when he awakened and it was time for him to leave to see Sirius. He got up carefully, slipped on his shoes, and kissed Ginny on the forehead after scribbling a short note to her: "Went to see Sirius. Will be back ASAP and tell you what happened. Love, Harry." He then got out his Firebolt and flew to Grimmauld Place.

Seventeen - Telling Sirius About the Baby/Anti-Fatigue Treatment

Chapter 17 of 21

Harry tells Sirius about the baby, but finds himself so weary because of his pregnancy that he ends up falling asleep far sooner than intended. As a result, he decides to ask Ginny to ask her mother if she knows of any anti-fatigue treatment.

17 – Telling Sirius About the Baby/Anti-Fatigue Treatment

As much as Sirius wanted to do more, the most he did upon seeing Harry was draw him into his arms for a hug and hold him for a time. "How are you feeling, mate?" he asked softly upon releasing him.

"All right; just tired," Harry replied with a weary smile, marveling at how tired he still was even after a total of twelve hours sleep. "Can we sit down on the couch?"

"Of course," Sirius said, resting a hand on his partner's shoulder as they headed for the couch. Harry sat down and snuggled up to his companion, resting his head on his nearest shoulder. Sirius stroked the dark, silky mop of hair affectionately as Harry's arms locked around him and vice versa. "Now what did the Healer say?"

"I'm supposed to have the baby about the middle of August—and it's a girl." Sirius seemed stunned into silence—and for such a long time that Harry sensed (or seemed to) that he was disappointed at the news. "That's okay, isn't it?"

"Of course; that's fine. I'd love to have a daughter. What about Ginny?"

"She's supposed to have twins—fraternal, a boy and a girl."

"I can imagine how that made you feel. A single child is one thing, but two ... Every problem seems to double in size and difficulty."

"At the same time, parenthood can be most rewarding. We've got to take the good with the bad. Everything has its ups and downs."

And I intend to see to it that you have more ups than downs as often as possible Sirius thought to himself even as he felt his partner's head become heavy and realised that Harry had fallen asleep. The best part of the whole thing was that there was no more Voldemort to cause him nightmares, so with any luck, he would finally be able to sleep peacefully at least most of the time. The boy looked so peaceful and ... yes, even beautiful ... in sleep, so Sirius didn't have the heart to wake him. Rather, he just sat and held him for the next several hours, resting his cheek on top of Harry's head, even resting his free hand on the boy's gently rounded belly (a belly which concealed a three-month-old embryo) for a time.

They hadn't talked nearly as much as they'd intended, but he wasn't too concerned. There was time for that—just as he'd better expect occasional situations like this when Harry was too tired for fun and games of the sexy kind. What mattered was that he would be here for his young lover and do all he could to help him through this unexpected, albeit most welcome, pregnancy. He would have preferred a boy, of course, but the important thing was that he and Harry would have a little miracle created by their love for one another.

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Ginny was somewhat surprised when she saw Harry again and he confessed to her that he and Sirius had talked some, but for the most part, he had simply fallen asleep in Sirius's arms. Even at that, he fully intended to talk more with him and assured her as much. She told him that she wasn't surprised that he had been tired; that was a normal thing in pregnancy because all the blood that was going to aid in the baby's development was being re-routed from its usual business of nourishing the parent's body. Once they told Molly of their fatigue, she suggested a new potion that would give nourishment to their bodily systems. She assured them it would work because there had been many times she had felt that way herself.

Once he took the potion, Harry became het up enough that he definitely wanted a night of sexy fun and games with Ginny—and almost immediately after dinner, they excused themselves from the rest of the family to follow their pre-arranged agenda. First it was a hot, steamy shower, where first Ginny had made love to Harry, then vice versa. After that, they dried off and returned to their bedroom, the vigorous rubbing of the towels on their skin having once again stimulated their desire, and it had begun all over again upon his laying her across (yes, across) their bed and spreading her legs to properly accommodate him.

From that point on, it didn't take long for their own personal magic to almost literally explode between them, and it was nearly morning before they declared themselves sated, at least for the time being. Ginny was definitely not fond of the idea of Harry being with Sirius the following night, but as long as Harry didn't constantly throw it in her face, she could live with it at least fairly easily. What mattered was that he loved her and that she was carrying his child ... or rather, children. Even at that, Ginny still found it hard to fathom that Harry was also pregnant, and that his was a single pregnancy, not a multiple one. But then, maybe it was a genetic thing, since women were designed to be child-bearers and men weren't. Just the same, pregnancy wasn't easy, even a single one, as Molly could well testify. The only double one she'd had resulted in the prankster twins, Fred and George.

Ginny could only hope that her babies would be more well-behaved, although considering Harry's and her background, it was just as likely as not that at least one of them would end up a prankster and what Muggles called a "free spirit," not fond of following rules of any kind, unless it suited his or her purpose. But however they turned out, what mattered was that she and Harry were going to have children, little miracles created by their love—and with luck, the twins would be only the first of many, perhaps even as many as Molly and Arthur Weasley had had.

Over the next week, mainly due to the potion Molly had given them, Harry had enough energy to sit down and discuss things with Sirius—in fact, he virtually insisted on doing so before he would allow any physical interaction between them. Of course, due to their age difference, there were bound to be places where they would disagree as to how to raise a child, but that was par for the course. In the end they were likely to compromise on as much as possible and do as the custodial parent (in this case, Harry) saw fit the rest of the time, although he would definitely allow Sirius input when it regarded their child, especially in important things like her education, what things she was taught and when, stuff like that.

At one point, Harry even decided he liked the idea of giving birth first: to a certain degree, anyway. At least that way, he, Ginny and Sirius would be able to have at least a little bit of parenting skill before the twins were born. They all were apprehensive and nervous, even above and beyond their joyful anticipation of the babies' births. If marriage was a big responsibility, parenthood was an even bigger one, and none could be sure that any of them were mature enough, especially not emotionally, to raise children properly. Even at that, they were glad that they would have help from experienced parents such as Molly and Arthur, and vowed to call on them for advice if and when they needed it. The vast majority of their children had turned out well, so the new parents-to-be figured that if any- one knew best how to raise children right, it was them.

Eighteen - August 2000: Harry's Child is Born

Chapter 18 of 21

It is now mid-August 2000. One night in mid-month, Harry begins the labour which will result in the birth of a baby girl. He is with Sirius at this point, who takes him to St. Mungo's and owls everyone else concerned to meet him there so they can give each other moral and emotional support.

18 – August 2000: Harry's Child is Born

Ginny had never thought to ever see Harry looking as he did now, almost as big as she was with a single child as she was with two. It wasn't until after her morning sickness had inexplicably ended in the middle of her fourth month that her appetite kicked in, double-time. Fortunately she didn't have too many unusual cravings at this point: She just wanted to eat ... and practically around the clock, to boot.

There was finally a time that both Molly and Harry had to put their feet down in order to make sure that Ginny didn't gain too much weight, especially in the latter half of her pregnancy. Molly had admonished her that she should not gain any more than 35-40 pounds maximum and gave her yet another potion (pregnancy-safe, of course, but still most effective for appetite control). Of course, he had an increase in appetite around his sixth month – in more ways than one ... After the eighth month for both, ordinary face-to-face sex would be forbidden for the young parents-to-be. Other ways would have to be found to satisfy one another—and that wouldn't be easy, especially since both were pregnant and both allowances and restrictions as to position, who was on top and who was on the bottom, would have to be taken into account.

It was less of a problem for Harry and Sirius, albeit something of an inconvenience sometimes, because the boy's continually growing belly had an unfortunate and irritating (especially to Sirius) tendency to get in the way when he wanted to go down on his young lover. The only thing that kept him from going totally ballistic was Harry promising that they would make up for lost time with a vengeance once he had the baby. The backdoor sex could continue, at least for a little longer, according to the Healer; but soon it would be too dangerous to make love because of the likelihood of premature labour if shagging was done too late in the pregnancy.

Fortunately, Harry's labour pains began when he was with Sirius. Sirius recognised them because he had acted as moral support for James when Lily had given birth to Harry. He quickly scribbled an owl to Ginny and the elder Weasleys, and then he carried his pregnant partner to the car Harry had recently bought. It was also a good thing that Sirius had managed to learn how to drive it, especially since Harry was in no condition to do so. It was another stroke of luck that the main branch of St. Mungo's wasn't that far away from Grimmauld Place, although it was further away from there than the Hogsmeade branch was from Harry and Ginny's home.

He was a mixture of anticipation and apprehension as he tried to both drive and keep an eye on Harry, but in the end he knew the only way to get them both to medical help alive was to concentrate on the road ahead. Fifteen minutes later, he was glad to see the false storefront that was the cover-up for St. Mungo's appear a short distance ahead of him. He was also glad to see a mediwitch and mediwizard waiting for them with a levitating gurney.

They rushed to help as soon as he braked to a stop, turned off the car, pocketed the keys, and then went around and pulled open the passenger door. He and the wizard helped get Harry onto the gurney, moving as rapidly as possible into the building, then into the nearest lift that would take them to the birthing floor (with the growing popularity of male pregnancies, it had been decided to call what had always been called the "maternity" floor the "birthing" floor to cover both types of pregnancies).

They were met on the sixth floor by the older Weasleys, Ginny and Ron (who had recently become engaged to Hermione). They worriedly gathered around the sleeping Harry, who hardly moved except for his breathing and emitted occasional moans of pain. Ginny and Sirius got on each side of him, holding a hand and crooning soothing words of love and comfort until the mediwitch told them they needed to get the patient to the delivery room *toute suite*, obtaining joint permission from Sirius and Ginny to do the Caesarean surgery.

As big as Ginny had gotten, however, all were sure that it wouldn't be long before she would be the one lying on the gurney, ready to give birth, and it was likely to be Harry on one side of her and either Mrs. Weasley, Ron or Hermione on the other, speaking soothing words to her. A recent discussion with Harry had brought Ginny to her own decision to have a Caesarean when it came time for the twins to be born. It was especially logical, at least to them, because that way they wouldn't have to wait six weeks to make love, as would be the case with an ordinary delivery.

It wasn't long until they heard a loud cry as the baby girl they would name Stephanie Leigh Potter-Black joined the world. Ginny had had to lie down on her side, her head in her mother's lap, Hermione on her other side and Ginny's legs across her lap, the latter occasionally patting her friend's humongous belly. Despite her advanced pregnancy, however, Ginny almost literally sat bolt upright (and one may be sure her babies told her about it by kicking her hard) once she heard that cry. "Harry's baby ..." she murmured, almost too softly to be heard, as she was helped to sit up in a neighbouring chair to that of her mother.

"Yes, love, and it will soon be yours," Molly crooned back, one plump arm around her daughter's shoulders even as Ginny rested her head on the nearest one.

"I can hardly wait to see her," came the reply. "I bet she's beautiful." She didn't have to wait long, because within the hour after the baby's birth, a gowned, gloved and masked mediwitch brought a small pink bundle to the small group waiting anxiously in the outer room.

"The Potter party?" was all the nurse said. It was all she needed to say, because within moments she was surrounded. "Who is the father of the child?"

"That would be me," Sirius told her. The nurse handed the child to him—and with one look at his tiny daughter, Sirius "Padfoot" Black was instantaneously twisted around her even tinier finger. If ever there was a "Daddy's girl," little Stephanie would be it, and it would likely be all the others could do to keep her from being spoiled rotten by her doting father.

Ginny and Molly made their way over to the new father and his child, smiling tenderly and stroking either the baby's cheek or her lips, if not her tiny head with its wisps of

silky black hair, and crooning soothingly to her.

"Oh, aren't you the most precious little thing that ever was ... and so beautiful, too? But that's to be expected with Harry as one of your parents," Ginny murmured so only the baby could hear, even if she was presently incapable of understanding.

"I can hardly wait to see what your little ones look like, Ginny darling," Molly crooned. "I'm sure they'll be every bit as beautiful as this little one."

"Wouldn't surprise me a bit, Mum," Ginny replied as they returned their attention to the newborn child.

Neither would it be any surprise to anyone if little Stephanie turned out to be a virtual duplicate of Harry, right down to his green eyes. One could only hope, however, that her hair would act more like that of Sirius. It was best for a girl to have manageable hair, if at all possible.

Once he managed to tear his eyes away from the baby, Sirius looked up at the nurse and asked, "How is Harry?"

"He's fine. He's sleeping right now. We've got him situated in a private room. Unfortunately, there is a limit as to how many visitors he can have at one time. How about the child's father, the young man's wife, her mother, and older brother?" Arthur and Hermione didn't look too pleased at being left out as they watched the others leave with the nurse, but they were mollified when it was promised that they would be able to see Harry when Molly and Ron came back out half an hour or so later.

Nineteen - Bonding and Re-Bonding

Chapter 19 of 21

What happens with all concerned once Harry awakens, including bonding with the newborn child and the re-bonding between both sets of lovers.

19 – Bonding and Re-Bonding

Which they did, although Ron looked most reluctant to leave his friend's side, but it didn't look like he had much choice, the way Molly was propelling him along. They told Arthur and Hermione which room Harry was in, and they quickly made their way down the corridor, entering to find Ginny on one side holding Harry's hand, and Sirius on the other, still holding his baby daughter with one arm and the other hand holding Harry's opposite one. He wanted to show Harry his appreciation for the beautiful child in a more physical way, but what he was doing now was about as physical as he dared get in public, and even then, it was pushing his luck. All the same, he made a mental note to do so as soon as they could get enough time alone.

It was close to an hour later that Harry awakened from the anesthetic spell, which induced a deep unconsciousness as well as temporary numbness of the area to be surgically opened in order to offset pain. Harry would need to care for the scar on his belly and take a painkilling potion for a while. His green eyes fluttered open, and he could only see a fuzzy outline of his wife on one side and Sirius on the other, holding a small pink blur that he had surmised must be their child.

His flailing hand suddenly met Ginny's, which held his glasses; she gently pushed them into his hand, and Harry placed them on his face. He smiled at the loved ones gathered around him as they all came into focus. Ginny smiled and raised his hand to her lips. "Welcome back, luv. The baby is beautiful."

Harry was still too drowsy to do anything more than smile and squeeze her hand. Then he turned his head to face Sirius, who smiled and squeezed his other hand. "Thank you for the beautiful child, Harry. She's all I could ever have asked for."

"My pleasure," he managed to whisper. Then to everyone's surprise, he took Sirius's hand and laid it on his nearest cheek, pressing the latter into it for a time. He then looked around at Hermione and Arthur, smiling wearily at them—then he seemed to be looking over their shoulders; Ginny looked to see Ron and Molly standing in the doorway, and once again, Harry smiled and returned his attention to his wife.

"Your turn now, luv," he whispered to her, and this time he had strength enough to raise her hand to his lips, then place it on his cheek.

"Yeah, sure is," Ginny agreed, pressing her cheek into his hand before turning to softly kiss it. "I hope I'll find you in this chair once I have the twins, holding my hand and smiling at me."

"Count on it," Harry assured her. "I love you, Gin. More than ever, now." He turned his head to face Sirius again. "That goes for you, too, Padfoot." Sirius was hard-pressed not to blush, returning a soft smile in his young lover's direction before looking down at their beautiful baby daughter again. "Have you decided on a name yet?"

"Well, I was thinking ... how about 'Stephanie Leigh Potter-Black'?"

Harry mulled it over for a while, then smiled and nodded.

"Lovely name. She even has your nose and lips, Padfoot."

"I hope she has your eyes, mate," Sirius returned. "She already has your bone structure. But her eyes aren't open yet, so I can't be sure just what colour they are."

"Well, they should be open soon; we'll be able to tell then."

He would have spoken some more, but the mediwitch came up to the bed and said, "The patient needs some more rest, so I respectfully request that you all leave as soon as you can."

Ginny rose reluctantly, with Hermione's help, again raising Harry's hand to her cheek, still holding it even as she leaned down to kiss him goodbye. "See you later, luv."

"Later," came the soft murmur in return.

With that, Hermione put an arm around Ginny's shoulders and led her out. "Come on, Gin. Let's go home. You need your rest too. I'll sit up with you." When she passed Ron, she whispered where she was going to be; he nodded with a mixture of understanding and disappointment.

Neither did Arthur want to leave, but he knew it was best for Harry, so he simply patted his shoulder affectionately and smiled before taking his leave. As he passed Molly, a knowing glance was exchanged, and she went to make her farewells too, leaning down to kiss Harry on the cheek. "I'll see you later, dear. Sleep well. And congratulations on your beautiful little girl. She's the image of you."

"Thanks, Molly." Harry unexpectedly grabbed her hand and squeezed it. Molly blushed before smiling back and returning the squeeze.

Finally, only Sirius was left holding the baby, and even then, the nurse prepared to take the child back to the nursery for the night. He was reluctant, wanting to show the child off to his partner, but the nurse shook her head. So Sirius simply sighed and stood up, but he waited until he was alone with Harry before he leaned down to share a brief but sweet kiss even as he retained hold of the boy's hand. "See you later, Harry. Love you."

"Love you, Padfoot," Harry replied with a deep yawn. "Sorry."

"No need to apologise. Having a baby does that to people. Tomorrow." With that, Sirius took his leave and closed the door behind him. The nurse smiled understandingly and the pair walked back to the nursery together, Sirius making sure he got pictures of himself with the child, and the tiny girl alone. But he also intended to make sure a family portrait was made at the earliest opportunity, as well as one with Harry holding the child.

Truly, Sirius had never imagined he could ever be this happy, especially not after the hard life he had led for so many years. But now he had a partner whom he loved dearly, as well as an adopted family and a beautiful little daughter, whom he already doted on. His only wish was that James and Lily could have been here to share his joy ... and see their first grandchild. Oh, well, one couldn't have everything—but one thing was for sure, this was one time he sincerely wished that it was possible. Meanwhile, he had too much to be happy about to waste time dwelling on his losses.

Twenty - September 2000: The Twins Are Born

Chapter 20 of 21

Ginny and Harry's children are born.

20 September 2000: The Twins Are Born

Of course, three weeks later, around the 5th of September and three weeks before Ginny's official due date, her own labour pains started. Before Harry was even fully awake, she had reported that her water had already broken, so they had to get to St. Mungo's double-time, because twin pregnancies had a penchant for happening more rapidly than single pregnancies. After that, things seemed to move in fast-forward. Everything was a blur when Harry tried to recall it later on.

This time, it was Harry who owed everyone concerned to meet him at St. Mungo's, having already put little Stephanie with Sirius so he could stay with Ginny while she gave birth. The area of his body around the incision was healing nicely, although still sore, and Harry felt sure that would be the case for at least another two to three weeks, since the residual pain meant that he hadn't fully healed internally, although the wound looked externally healed.

Shortly after Ginny went into the OR to have her Caesarean, Harry was met by Ron and Hermione, followed closely by Arthur and Molly Weasley. They naturally asked where Sirius was. Harry explained, "He's home, looking after Stephanie so I could be here. But he told me to make sure that he was kept informed as to Ginny and the babies."

Ginny's due date had been calculated so that it fell on the 35-week mark, the average duration of a twin pregnancy. However, her actual delivery date fell three weeks shy of that, around 32 weeks (or eight months). The babies were at least six weeks premature, so both she and Harry had been told to expect smaller than usual babies, both by Molly and their Healer, who had also been Molly's during her pregnancies. Molly recalled that Fred and George had been six weeks early, and neither had weighed much over five pounds. In fact, George had been the first-born twin, not to mention the larger of the two, at five pounds, six ounces, and Fred had been five pounds, three ounces.

It was roughly two hours before they heard the cry of the first child. "Merlin, what a cry! That's got to be a girl!" Arthur Weasley proclaimed after finishing off his latest cup of coffee (his sixth, if his calculations were correct).

Molly gave her husband a dirty look but didn't say anything because she didn't want to disturb Harry, who had worn himself out pacing and finally lain down with his head in her lap. In fact, he had been sleeping for the better part of the last two hours, as had Ron, who was lying with his head in Hermione's lap. Both ladies were soothingly stroking the heads of the sleeping men, and everyone except Harry and Ron reacted instantly to the loud cry.

Just the same, Molly wasn't about to allow Harry to miss hearing the first cry of his first child, even if she had to shake the stuffing out of him. "Harry, Harry! Wake up! Your baby!"

Harry groaned and reluctantly opened his eyes. "Huh? Whazzgoinon?"

"Your baby! Listen!" Molly replied in a loud whisper; a moment later another loud cry filled the air.

Harry listened for a moment, and then he heard it. "Oh, my God. Is that ... my child?"

"The first," came the reply. "The second should come any time now."

But it was an hour later before they heard another cry, and Harry had almost fallen asleep again.

"There it is, dear! The second baby's arrived!"

The cry was still quite loud, although noticeably quieter, at least to Arthur's experienced ears. "That's the boy," he informed everyone. "Hope we see them soon, Mollywobbles; after all, they're our grandchildren."

"Don't call me Mollywobbles...at least not in front of people," she hissed in a stage-whisper. "Besides, you know it generally takes a little while for them to bring the babies out to show off. Just be patient."

"Easy for you to say, woman," he threw back. "I've waited almost twenty years for this moment."

In fact, it was roughly an hour before the babies were wrapped up and brought out. Molly nudged Harry hard to keep him from going back to sleep. "The babies are coming!" Harry reluctantly donned his glasses, and his eyes widened upon seeing two mediwitches carrying one blue bundle and one pink bundle.

"Who's the father?" the one carrying the boy asked.

"That's me," Harry said. "Let me see." The nurse handed the baby over to Harry, who still wasn't quite sure of the proper way to hold him, so Molly helped. Once he was

situated, all weariness seemed to leave him; he was too engrossed in bonding with his child. From what he could see, the boy was perfect, every inch of him...and what's more, he looked like Gin. If that was the case, Merlin knew what his daughter must look like. His *second* daughter, to be exact.

He then decided to hand the baby over to Molly to show everyone else while he stepped up to the other nurse so he could get acquainted with his new daughter. Again, she looked perfect, absolutely exquisite. Everything about her resembled him, especially the eyes, although he again hoped she took after Ginny when it came to the hair. It would be disastrous, especially for a young girl later in life, to have unmanageable hair, particularly if she were in a hurry getting ready for a date.

In fact, he thought he had a good suggestion for a name for his new son...Jacob Harrison Potter. That way he would be able to carry on the wizarding tradition of fathers giving their sons their Christian names for middle names, as he carried his father's. As for the girl, that was a bit tougher...but if he knew Ginny, she would ask if he'd picked any names yet, so Harry vowed to be ready with satisfactory answers before she awakened, if at all possible. Maybe Brittany Rose ... After a moment's thought, Harry's smile widened. That was perfect! Or at least he thought so. It remained to be seen what Gin would think of it. Which reminded him ...

"Excuse me," he asked politely. "How's my wife? Is she okay?"

"She's fine. She's just deeply asleep. Would you like to sit with her?"

"As long as we have the babies there. I want her to see them when she awakens."

"No problem." The first nurse exchanged glances with the other, who left for a short while to bring back a double crib, smaller than normal but sufficient for two smaller-than-usual babies.

He whispered the names he had tentatively chosen, and Molly's eyes lit up. "They sound lovely. Now I hope Ginny agrees with you."

He really had no idea how long it would be before Ginny woke up; he could only hope that he could manage to stay awake. Maybe if he had some coffee, too, it would help, stage-whispering to Arthur to get him a cup next time around...with cream and a bit of sugar. He didn't want to leave her side, so he had the older man bring it back to him, then sipped it in order to get as much lift from the caffeine as he could.

Another four hours passed before Ginny awakened from the anesthetic spell. When she did, Harry placed himself so as to make sure he would be the first person she saw when she opened her eyes. His one hand was intricately entwined with hers, and he had a tender smile on his lips as their eyes met.

"Welcome back, luv. Our babies are here."

He leaned over to kiss her, and she smiled.

"I've seen them; they're beautiful. Oh, by the way, I've tentatively decided on names for them. Let me know what you think of these."

With that, he recited the names he had chosen. For a time Ginny was silent, and then she smiled and nodded. "They're lovely. Go ahead with it."

One mediwitch took down what they said, including it with the other vital information concerning the babies, which would be included in their joint birth certificate. As far as that went, Harry and Ginny had already gotten copies of their own, as well as copies of pictures of their parents holding them when they were babies, if only for the sake of comparing them to those of their children when they were older.

In fact, Harry was still holding their own daughter, and placed her in her mother's arms, looking around for his baby son after he had done so. He soon spotted the baby in Hermione's arms and she was oohing and ahing over him just as much as if he had been her own. (No one present was aware of this just yet, but Hermione had missed her last period and was fairly certain that she was pregnant. However, she had not yet checked herself...which was why she hadn't said anything. She didn't want to get anyone's hopes up until and unless she knew for certain.)

After about fifteen minutes of Ginny holding her tiny daughter, little Jacob was brought to her, and the babies were exchanged between Hermione and Ginny. "I've already thought of a nickname for our son. How does 'Jake' grab you?" Harry finally said.

"Probably only natural, just as 'Britt' is probably only natural for our daughter," Ginny replied. "Or maybe Rose. A lot of people go by their middle names nowadays. Which reminds me...maybe our son will be called 'Harry,' just as you are. If that's the case, we can call him Harry, Jr."

"Whatever," Harry conceded. "What matters is that we gave them names they can live with their whole lives." He yawned deeply before he could stop himself and apologised when he noticed that Ginny had noticed. "Sorry, luv. I've been awake over twenty straight hours except for some napping in the waiting room."

"It's all right. What matters is that you were here when I woke up. Oh, yes. Have you told Sirius and the others yet?"

"'Fraid not. At least not yet. I was thinking I'd do that when I leave here...but I didn't want to leave until I was sure you and the babies were okay." Only at this point did Ron finally step up, lean down and stroke one baby's face and the other's head.

"One looks just like you, mate, and the other like Gin. Good thing they're of the opposite sex and not identical. Otherwise we'd have the very devil of a time trying to tell them apart, just like Fred and George."

"Well, in that case, I'll be leaving now. See you tomorrow, luv. I'll try to bring Sirius then so he can see the babies. Good night."

"Good night, luv." With that, Harry Disappeared; Molly was already making plans to get pictures of her new grandchildren at the earliest opportunity. Meanwhile, it was probably best for all of them to go home and get some sleep themselves, then come back tomorrow. Maybe they could even beat Harry here, but there was no guarantee. She knew of no one more conscientious when something was really important, other than maybe Hermione.

After all had kissed Ginny goodbye one way or the other and the babies had been taken to the nursery, all the family followed Harry's example and left. Ginny was beginning to feel tired again, not to mention sore, so the mediwitch gave her a sedative and turned out the light. Even at that, Ginny had charmed the picture of Harry and herself, as well as the one of her family, to glow in the dark, and she gazed at them for a while, smiling with love and pride at her wonderful husband, equally wonderful family...and now her wonderful babies. She eventually fell asleep, still smiling.

Twenty-One - Finally, A Family

Chapter 21 of 21

Ginny and the twins go home, then life settles down as all the new parents begin to raise their children. After a time Ron and Hermione decide to elope to escape the madness of their mothers' planning their wedding; Harry and Ginny help

them. They eventually decide to have a family portrait made after the wedding ceremony for Ron and Hermione and a commitment ceremony for Harry and Sirius--and Harry couldn't be happier. He finally has a family! Maybe not a traditional one, but a family nonetheless ... and that's what matters.

21 Conclusion: Finally, A Family

Ginny was brought home to Hogsmeade three days later with her and Harry's babies. They had already prepared a room for them across the hall from their own. But once they were older, they fully expected them to want separate ones...particularly given the fact that they were of the opposite sex. She especially wasn't fond of Harry's mollicoddling her, but there wasn't much she could do to stop him, particularly not when he had virtually the entire Weasley family behind him. Sirius wasn't much better, and even then only because he had to be looking after his and Harry's own child for the duration. Even at that, they were already discussing the possibility of bringing the children together to meet each other at the first opportunity.

Still, it was nice to see that Sirius mollicoddled Harry (or at least he saw it as such) just as much when they were together, especially when they were spending that time with their little girl, who was looking more like Harry every day. He had owed the Healer and asked if there was any type of contraception that would work for wizards in his position. He was disconcerted to say the least when he received the reply that they were still experimenting with various subjects, methods, and means and would let him know once they discovered one that would work. At this rate, he might have several children with Sirius before he and Gin could have another! Maybe he ought to have Ginny and 'Mione start working on something along those lines; if any two could do it, they could.

He really didn't want to forego the tenderly passionate sex life he shared with Sirius. But once again, he might not have a choice in the matter. In fact, he had a standing order for potion filled with testosterone to build up his male hormones again so he could one again impregnate Ginny at the proper time. If he'd had any idea it was such a problem to maintain two monogamous romantic relationships, he'd definitely have thought twice about starting the second one. As it was, however, it was too late to do anything about it, even if he wanted to.

It was roughly a month after his and Ginny's twins had been born that he had suggested a family portrait with all of them be made, including all the babies. She was open to the idea, but raising twins wasn't easy, to put it mildly, so it was hard to find time to set aside for having the portrait made. Of course, where there was a will, there was a way...so Harry was confident it would happen eventually, even if they had to get Molly and every other Weasley involved in order to pull it off. Sirius wasn't too put off by the idea either, but he wanted to make sure he looked at least halfway decent when the time came. He still looked entirely too thin, even though he had gained considerable weight ... mainly due to the constant food packages from both Harry and Ginny and Molly.

It was shortly after this that he suggested to Harry that they have a 'commitment ceremony' in order to re-affirm their love and determination to stay together for life...the closest thing the wizarding world had to a marriage ceremony for gay (or bisexual) wizards such as themselves. Harry promised he would think about it, but since he was already officially married to Ginny and intended to remain so, it wasn't going to be any cinch to pull off, much less discuss it with her or either of his friends at any length.

They might even have to do something unofficial to mark their commitment to each other and keep it to themselves as much as possible because it would definitely not be a good idea to make their romance public. Merlin, what the Ministry would do with this, not to mention Rita Skeeter ... Voldemort's wand had, in fact, been put on display under various charms and spells as well as armed guard as a prized artifact representing the triumph of the Light over the forces of Darkness, at Hogwarts after Harry had confiscated it upon dispatching his enemy.

By the time of the twins' birth, of course, preparations were well underway to get Ron and Hermione married, and their friends had already been chosen as best man and matron of honour respectively. Molly and Hermione's parents were taking care of the myriad details, and had in fact, bickered many times as to how Hermione would be dressed, where the wedding would take place, what kind of food would be served, what time of day it would be held, you name it. So much so, in fact, that the couple was strongly tempted to simply run away and elope with just Harry and Ginny as witnesses. At least that way, they would have the knowledge that they were already married to sustain them through all the madness presently ensuing.

In fact, they ended up deciding to do just that ...and not only them, either. Harry had managed to find someone willing to conduct a commitment ceremony for him and Sirius, and they ended up arranging it for after Ron and Hermione's own secret wedding. It was fortunate that the latter already had their own place picked out and a down payment placed on it so they could make plans to move in. For that matter, one of them already had...Hermione. Even so, all the younger ones were convinced that their parents at least suspected that they had been lovers for some time, even if they weren't officially living together. Harry and Ginny knew it from the start. They'd been the only ones their friends had told, and they'd been sworn to secrecy. Of course, Harry had also told Sirius and he had kept his counsel and silence on the matter, if only as a favour to Harry.

But if they were going to keep the ceremonies secret from the family at large, at least for the moment, they had to dress somewhere other than the Burrow, so Harry and Ginny offered the use of their home. Ron and Hermione were dressed in blue, and she entwined roses through her chestnut tresses, charming the flowers to be the same colour as her formal dress. It wasn't technically a wedding dress, but in this case, it would serve.

Again, Ginny definitely wasn't fond of the idea of Harry going through any kind of ceremony, 'commitment' or otherwise, with anyone other than herself, but there wasn't much she could do to stop it. If it made him happy, so be it...but that didn't mean she had to like it. It was a good thing she would have the children to keep her occupied for at least the majority of the time; otherwise she was sure that she would literally climb the wall at the mere thought. The older women were too occupied with wedding plans for their respective children to babysit, so the young parents had to look after their babies themselves, although all concerned shared responsibility for their care. It wouldn't be any cinch, not with three babies, but with all of them pitching in, it should work, with any luck.

They Apparated to the Ministry at the appropriate time, then made their way to the Department of Marriage and Children, told them they had an appointment for a wedding and were ushered inside almost immediately, Harry carrying Stephanie, Ginny carrying Jacob, and Hermione carrying Brittany. However, once it came time for the wedding(s), Ginny was left alone with the three babies, at least for as long as it took to conduct the one for Harry and Sirius (Ron and Hermione had agreed to stand up with them, since it was required to have two witnesses) after they had confirmed that Harry was of age and it was therefore legal for him to enter into such a committed relationship.

When they returned, arm-in-arm, Ginny couldn't help noting that Harry wore a gold ring in his left ear to accompany his ring from her on the corresponding finger...but this one signified his commitment to Sirius. Of course, they dropped their arms upon seeing her and each of them took charge of the babies: The group decided to have a meal at the Three Broomsticks in Hogsmeade before returning to Harry and Ginny's home and putting the babies down for their naps.

While waiting for them to awaken, they decided to discuss how to go about setting things up for the family portrait. After that, they talked about their future plans regarding both themselves and their children. They couldn't talk about every eventuality, but what mattered most to them was that they were all family in one way or another and intended to remain so. It had taken almost Harry's entire life for him to acquire the family he had always dreamed of...a family he himself had created...but now, in his twentieth year, he had accomplished it. He had three children he loved dearly, two partners he was madly in love with, and two married friends he loved like the brother and sister he had never had ... and that was just the beginning!

He was smiling so much, that both of his partners pointed it out to him. He said, "I'm just happier than I've ever been in my life. I finally have the family I've always wanted...and if I can help it, I don't intend for anything bad to happen to any of you ever again!"

"That goes double for us," Ginny replied, her gaze meeting Sirius's, then Ron and Hermione's, before returning to Harry. It was scarcely believable that she was actually his wife and the mother of two of his children. So far, he had managed to divide his time and affections fairly equally, but she had given a standing warning to them both: if that ever changed, the Bat-Bogey Hex would be the *mildest* thing they would experience! Both Harry and Sirius knew well the wrath of a redhead, so they didn't push their luck...mainly because they were both too fond of their bits to want to lose them any time soon.

They finally did do the family portrait. Everyone was appropriately dressed, and the babies were prominently displayed by their proud parents: Sirius held Stephanie, while Harry held Jake and Ginny held Brittany. The Weasleys surrounded the group *en masse*, and everyone concerned made sure to get copies of the family portrait to display

in a prominent place in their respective homes. It wasn't a traditional family unit, of course, but the most important thing was that they were all, finally, a family ... and had no intention of that fact changing, now or ever.

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