

Summary: None provided.

Categories: [Harry Potter](#) Characters: Arthur Weasley, Arthur/Molly, Bill Weasley, Bill/Lucius, Charlie Weasley, Ensemble, Ginny Weasley, Molly Weasley, Oliver Wood, Original Character(s), Percy Weasley, Percy/Oliver, Uriah (OC)

Genres: Gen, Het, PreSlash, Slash

Warnings: Adult Situations, Anal Sex, Birth, Bonding, Brain-Insane, m/f, m/m, Magical Conception

Challenges: None

Series: None

Chapters: 1 Completed: Yes Word count: 12654 Read: 3 Published: 05/03/2017 Updated: 05/03/2017

Story Notes:

Consensual sex between men and male pregnancy and not necessarily in that order

I don't own the characters. I really shouldn't even be playing with them like this, but I'm weak-willed and it's just so much fun.

1. [Chapter 1](#) by missfae

Chapter 1 by missfae

Once again the forces of light had triumphed over the forces of darkness and this time, the Dark Lord, once known as He-Who-Must-Not- Be-Named, was not just defeated but destroyed and was currently referred to as He-Who-Can-Now-Be-Called-A-Git.

As in every war, there were costs. Scarcely a wizarding family went untouched. Lucius Malfoy lost all the important things in the war, namely his wife and child. He didn't know at the time just how important they were to him until Voldemort killed them for perceived disloyalty. What had made it all the more unbearable was that it was his fault, all of it. He had decided that Draco should not be a Death- Eater, but a neutral bystander safely tucked away in a different country. He was hedging his bets. If the Order of the Phoenix won, then Draco would still be free to carry on the Malfoy line. If the Death-Eaters managed to successfully to take over the Wizarding world, then as Lucius' son, he'd still be safe. Or so Malfoy had thought.

The Dark Lord had seen through Lucius' plans and hadn't liked that. When Narcissa Malfoy tried to protect her son she, too, died. It all happened so swiftly that Malfoy hadn't had time to react, so complete was his shock.

It was not self-preservation that caused Lucius Malfoy to outwardly accept these deaths. It was the need for revenge.

He knew Voldemort's hidden weaknesses.

He knew of Harry Potter's hidden powers.

He knew exactly what to do.

Thus, Lucius Malfoy became instrumental in the downfall and annihilation of Lord Voldemort. That it had earned him a pardon from a grateful government, that he had helped save the wizarding world was neither comfort nor pleasure. Lucius Malfoy had planned to die in that final battle. He very nearly did. Nearly. It seemed that his true punishment was to survive.

Lucius Malfoy was never one to meekly accept the unacceptable.

Bill Weasley surveyed the tomb with impatience. Back in Egypt, after an absence of several years, Bill was picking up where he'd left off, working for Gringotts Wizarding Bank as a curse breaker. Even with a war to fight, Bill had been happy to be back in England, back with family. The Weasleys were a close-knit clan, happiest when they were together. Unfortunately the office

job he had taken so that he could be in England as a member of the Order of the Phoenix didn't pay as well as curse breaking for the bank paid and while there was always a surplus of love in the Weasley family, the same could not be said of money.

Neither of his parents were ever very good with money. When his father had an unexpected windfall in the form of a lottery winning, instead of saving it, they'd spent the bulk of it bringing the family out to visit because they'd sensed how much he was missing them. Well, he had been missing them. He still was, but if they'd have saved it instead, he might have been able to transfer home all that much sooner.

Still, it wasn't for much longer. Charlie's advanced education in dragons was finished and he was self-supporting. Percy had more ambition than talent, but he was a hard worker. He had managed a small promotion at the Ministry and while civil service never paid well, it was secure. The twins' business was turning a good profit, but unfortunately they were as hopeless with money as their parents. Whatever they didn't invest back into their business they spent. However, there was only Ginny's final year at Hogwarts and Ron's advanced studies in transfiguration to help out with.

In the meantime, he was stuck in Egypt, clearing out tombs. This tomb in particular had only recently been discovered. Bill's team had been working on it for over a week so far. It was one of the most heavily trapped tombs Bill had ever run across in his career. However, a heavily trapped tomb meant a rich tomb, if only they could get through all the traps to get to it, hence Bill's impatience.

Bill was the only one in the tomb when his boss, Adrian Fisher, appeared. It was unusual enough for Fisher to enter a tomb, the fact that he was accompanied by a non-bank employee was even more unusual. In fact, it was against regulations, but Fisher had probably thought everyone had gone to lunch.

Bill recognized Lucius Malfoy right away. The light emitted from magical sources gleamed on the silver white hair pulled back from a coldly handsome face. He was still dressed in his customary black, which seemed ridiculous to Bill considering the desert heat, but that was a Malfoy for you. Image was everything.

While Bill doubted that the recognition would be mutual, he chose to remain quietly hidden behind a column. It was never a good idea to embarrass one's boss by popping up when he was breaking the rules. He had no clue as to what Malfoy was doing in Egypt, although he suspected it was no good. He listened with vague amusement to his boss falling all over himself describing their 'important' work and trying to ingratiate himself to the powerful man at the same time.

One of the local workers rushed in, babbling about some sort of disagreement taking place outside. With a look of annoyance, Fisher allowed himself to be dragged away from the VIP he was trying to impress in order to settle the dispute.

From the corner of his eye he watched Malfoy, who seemed to be doing the most intelligent thing to do in a curse-filled tomb --- nothing. He stood unmoving, except for his eyes, which surveyed his surroundings, taking in everything. Just as Bill was about to relax and turn all his attention back to his work, he saw Malfoy reach out to touch the wall.

"NO!" Bill yelled, darting out to stop him. He was a fraction of a second too late.

As he tackled Malfoy, knocking him out of the way, there was a blinding flash of light. Bill felt as if something kicked him in his lower back. The entire room began to shake as sections of roof and supporting columns began to collapse. Something hit him in the head and Bill blacked out.

blblblblbl

Bill woke slowly. One by one the perceptions of his senses intruded into his oblivion. Of them all, the sensation of pain was the most insistent. It seemed to be everywhere. His head, his back, his legs, it all hurt.

A gentle hand touched his forehead, brushing aside his hair. Bill groaned and opened his eyes.

"Ahhh, Mr. Weasley, you're awake."

It took some effort, but as Bill forced his eyes to focus, Lucius Malfoy's face emerged from the haze.

"Whu- Wh...?"

Lucius slipped a hand beneath Bill's throbbing head, lifting it slowly, while holding a bottle of water to his lips. Pain stabbed through Bill's brain, but he swallowed a gulp of water.

"Thanks," he mumbled, as his head was gently lowered back to the ground. He looked around himself trying to take stock of their situation.

By the light given off by a single surviving magical torch, Bill could see Lucius Malfoy sitting next to him. He was dust covered and bruised, the long silver hair tumbling about his shoulders in complete disarray, but he seemed otherwise unharmed.

Well, outside of the harm that looking disheveled could do to a Malfoy. Bill didn't think anyone in that clan was accustomed to looking ... unkempt. He looked down at himself to see Malfoy's black cloak tucked around him. Beyond that was the reason for the pain in his legs. They were buried in rubble. Looking even further, to where the entranceway should have been was now just wreckage.

Bill shifted, wincing at the various pains that shot through his body as he moved and felt around for his wand in its customary pocket. He pulled out just one quarter of it.

"Mine is equally broken." Lucius told him. "I have tried shifting as much of the rock off you as possible, but most of it was too heavy. I'm afraid we will just have to wait to be rescued. Indeed, I am surprised no one has apparated in to check on us."

"They can't." Bill told him. "They'd have no way of knowing just how much of the tomb has caved in. They can't risk apparating into solid rock. There's also a chance that in a domino effect other traps and magicks were set off that'll need to be cleared. Plus the Egyptians tended to build some pretty tough magic resistance into their tomb building stones. As deep as we are, if everything has collapsed, it's going to take some hours to clear."

"Is that why you had a pack with food and water, Mr. Weasley? You've been trapped before?"

"No," Bill corrected. "But others have been. It was a reasonable precaution." He closed his eyes tiredly. "You know who I am? Red hair give it away?"

"Not precisely and there are more characteristics to your clan than just the hair. I know you are a Weasley. I just don't know which one."

"Bill, Mr. Malfoy." He mumbled as the world started to go gray again. "I'm Bill Weasley."

Lucius Malfoy was extremely annoyed. He had trusted Fisher's assurances that the tomb was empty. While the worker dispute had been fortuitous, he would have found some other reason to rid himself of the man's presence. He had been so happy to lose the toadying worm that he had not checked closely enough to notice Weasley spying on him.

Bloody hell. Why did it have to be a Weasley? Only a Weasley would try and save the life of an enemy. Possibly at the cost of his own.

Bill wasn't looking good. Even in the poor light, Lucius could see that young wizard's color was too pale. He hoped for Weasley's sake that he was wrong about the amount of time it would take to be rescued.

If it hadn't been for the Weasley boy's presence Lucius would not have wanted to be rescued. He had wanted to be buried under the rock covering Bill. A nice 'accidental' death. That's what he'd planned for himself. Nothing as overt as suicide which might have publicly branded him as weak. That wasn't the case. His revenge against Voldemort was complete. There was simply just no reason to live anymore and what was life without purpose? And now, he thought, as he examined the curse glyphs on the tomb walls, his plans would need revising.

Bill had brief moments of consciousness, during which time Lucius forced a little water down him and tried to distract him from his pain with questions about his work, which was one of the few topics that Malfoy could think of that wouldn't touch on their political and myriad other differences.

Faintly at first, then growing stronger, Lucius was aware of a grating sound and he hoped it wasn't just rock moles.

"Weasley," Malfoy shook Bill's shoulder. "Bill, wake up."

"Huh?" Bill's eyes fluttered open, confusion on his face. "Lucius? Something the matter? Are you okay?"

Lucius snorted in disbelief. Half-buried under rubble and Weasley was concerned about him?

"I think I hear something." He said.

The rock filling the entry began to glow. With an unnerving sound, the boulders began to move, rearranging themselves to clear a path for a group of wizards.

"Bill! Bill, are you okay?!" one of them shouted.

"Jamie," Bill called out feebly.

Half a dozen people now filled the room. With their wands directed at the pile of stone burying Bill's legs and a simultaneous shout of 'wingardium leviosa', they levitated the mass off him.

As soon as the weight lifted, Bill felt an overwhelming wave of pain surge through him. With a loud cry of pain, he reached out and clutched Lucius' hand before losing consciousness yet again.

Someone was lifting his head, holding a glass to his lips.

"Lucius?" Bill murmured, his eyes fluttering open.

"No, mate, it's me, Jamie! Be a good boy and have a swallow, will you?"

Bill pushed the glass away and looked around, a little bewildered. He was in a bed, a hospital bed. "We're not in the tomb anymore?"

"Don't sound so disappointed," his friend chuckled. "How do you feel?"

"I'm not feeling anything." Bill replied. It was true. He was feeling the odd disembodiment that came from a *lot* of pain potion. His thoughts were fuzzy, the room was slowly spinning, and he

was floating in a sea of nothingness. "How long...?"

"It took us close to eight hours to dig you two out. You've been unconscious for almost a week."

"Mmmm," something wasn't right. Bill sensed it, but the pain potion was making it difficult to think. "What's wrong with me?" He saw the indecision in his friend's eyes. "Jamie, come clean, mate."

"Your right leg was broken, but the healers have fixed that. Your left leg was smashed, though. That's why the healers want you to keep downing the pain potions."

"Mmmm," Bill's brain tried to digest the information.

Something still wasn't right. Jamie was avoiding something. "Why didn't they just re-grow the bone?"

His friend looked away and mumbled something.

"What was that? I couldn't hear you."

"I said, `because you're pregnant!'"

There was no assimilating that. Bill just stared at his teammate as if he'd lost his mind.

"You're bloody bonkers!" he said finally. "I am not gay! I've never..."

"You didn't have to." Jamie interrupted. "It was a curse."

"A curse? You mean, from the tomb?"

"While you were being taken to hospital we started studying the trap that Malfoy tripped because the healers would need to know if you were hit with anything not inherently obvious as it might affect their course of treatment and it turned out in this case it did."

"Merlin, that's an understatement." Bill muttered.

"The main trap was simple enough, bury the victim under a half a ton of rock. You pushed Malfoy out of the way with a flying tackle and as a result you were only partially buried under the rock."

"Believe me, it still hurt like the full half-ton."

"The ancient wizards that designed the security for the tomb added a curse that just in case someone survived being buried and got dug out somehow, even though all those tunnels had collapsed, they'd find themselves with child. Since early tomb robbers were mostly male muggles, that was pretty much a death sentence."

"And did the curse specify a father, pray tell? Am I pregnant with the child of some long dead Egyptian nobleman?" Bill was trying to find his sense of humor, but it had long since fled.

"Closest available male." Jamie said succinctly. "Lucius Malfoy."

"Ye gods!" was all Bill could think of to say.

It had been almost three weeks since the accident. The normal course of treatment for a smashed bone would be to cast a spell to remove the bone and then take a potion to re-grow it. Unfortunately, the bone growing potion was one that would have affected the development of the baby. The healers using a more time consuming and less effective set of healing spells to mend

the bone fragments. It would not heal completely, but he'd be able to get around with the aid of a cane.

Of Lucius Malfoy, there had been no sign. Bill was torn between relief and annoyance. The man could have said `thanks'. A Malfoy thanking a Weasley. That would have made headlines in the Daily Prophet. Yes, he would have enjoyed that.

On the other hand, the last thing Bill wanted was for news of his pregnancy to reach the man. No one outside of the medical staff and his teammates knew of the curse. Patient-Healer confidentiality would prevent the healers from saying anything. Friendship would keep his team quiet.

Bill never talked about it. Jamie had tried to bring the subject up a couple of times, thinking that his friend needed a chance to unburden himself on the subject, but each time Bill just shut down. He had already decided not to have the baby. Even if the child hadn't been Malfoy's, the timing just wasn't right. The bank wouldn't let him continue curse breaking while pregnant. Too much liability risk. Plus there'd be the added expense and responsibility of the child once it was born. Now was not a good time for this.

While bedridden Bill made plans. He would return to London on a disability leave where he could abort the pregnancy at St. Mungo's. Then he could get his leg treated properly. There'd even be a little time to visit with his family before he returned to Egypt to continue his work. His parents would be so happy to see him that they wouldn't question whatever lame explanation he came up with to explain his presence in England.

As Bill checked out of the hospital, the nursing witch brought him a small envelope with his personal effects. It was a small envelope, but Bill didn't have much of monetary value, just sentimental. The contents that spilled out into his hand were pretty much what he expected to see, the watch his parents gave him when he graduated from Hogwarts, the dragon fang earring his brother Charlie gave him, an antique platinum and emerald barrette... huh?

"This isn't mine." He held up the barrette.

"Nonsense, mate." Jamie said who was there to pick him up.

"You were wearing it when we pulled you out."

"But..." Bill frowned, trying to retrieve lost memories of the accident. He had bound his long red hair with a simple elastic when he'd gone to work that morning. The only other person there was Malfoy and most of Bill's memories of Lucius were of his long silvery hair falling around very broad, black clad shoulders, yet, now that he thought of it, Malfoy had entered the tomb with his hair held back by something. He stared at the barrette again.

Green and white.

Slytherin colors.

Apparating while pregnant was dangerous and even if wasn't, apparating the distance of Cairo to London would have been a record breaker. Port-keys were capable of it, but they were a variation of the apparate spell. A broom ride of this length, even for a healthy person would have been an arduous process. For Bill, already feeling the fatiguing effects of pregnancy, it would have been folly.

Jamie dropped him off at Ramses station in Cairo to catch a wizard train to London. It took five hours to get to Victoria station, his tall, lean frame squished into a too small seat. By the time he got off, his left leg was aching dreadfully. It was mid-afternoon by the time the muggle cab dropped him off at the Leaky Cauldron, where he'd already reserved a room for the several days

he'd need to complete his business.

Bill dropped his bag onto the lumpy bed. He felt done in. Still, he had to go out into Diagon Alley. He needed to drop by Olivander's and get a new wand, but the bed looked so enticing...

There was a sharp rap at the door. Bill was puzzled. He had told no one of his plans. He opened the door

"Malfoy!"

Bill stumbled back in shock. Malfoy's black gloved hand shot out and grabbed hold of him, steadying him.

"Careful, Mr. Weasley," he said, guiding Bill to the bed. With a firm hand, he pushed Bill down until he was sitting on the edge. "A fall in your condition could have serious consequences."

Bill went pale.

Malfoy knew.

Someone had ratted him out.

"What do you want, Mr. Malfoy?" Bill demanded as Lucius seated himself in a chair across from the bed.

"I am here to persuade you to miss your appointment tomorrow," he said.

"Not a chance," Bill said flatly.

"The baby need not trouble you after it is born." Lucius said. "I will take responsibility for him or her, raise and educate the child. Your life can continue on as if nothing had happened."

As if it could, Bill thought bitterly.

"No!"

"If it's a question of money..." Malfoy started

"Don't even try that!" Bill shouted furiously, face red with anger. "My baby is not for sale! What on earth makes you think that I would hand a child of mine over to you --- for any amount of money?!" The rage passing as quickly as it came, Bill buried his head in his hands and continued in a tired voice, "Look, I just can't handle this now and I refuse to let you take it. There's nothing more to talk about."

"I see," Lucius said, in a deceptively mild voice. "Then I guess you leave me with no choice."

Bill's head shot up, his hand reflexively reaching for a wand that he didn't yet have. Malfoy's sleep spell literally hit him right between the eyes

Lucius watched Bill fall backwards onto the mattress with a sense of satisfaction. He had not believed that he would have been able to dissuade Weasley. They were a stubborn lot, all of them. However, he felt obliged to try. On the whole, he had to admit, he preferred it this way.

If Weasley had been idiotic enough to think that he'd let this pregnancy be terminated, he would soon learn different. That baby was *his* and by all the gods, he would see it safely delivered into his own hands. Until then, what Bill Weasley wanted was immaterial.

"Bill... Bill..."

A voice calling his name penetrated the fog that surrounded him. As he struggled to awaken he felt something cool and damp on his forehead. He opened his eyes and saw Lucius Malfoy looking down at him, a slightly concerned look at his face. It was almost like being in the tomb again, only now he was stretched out on a dragon hide sofa and not a cold stone floor. Instead of Malfoy's black cloak, a light weight chenille throw had been tossed over him.

"I'm getting bloody tired of getting knocked out and regaining consciousness," Bill complained, pulling the compress off his head. He struggled to sit up, vexed at needing Malfoy's help to accomplish it. "And you!" he said, livid with anger. "Casting a spell on a pregnant man! What if you've hurt the baby?!" Unconsciously Bill's hand strayed to his abdomen, covering it protectively.

"So, you're not completely indifferent to the child." Lucius smirked.

"Listen you bastard, it wasn't an easy decision to make!" Bill exclaimed. "I had a couple of weeks to think of nothing else but this. And if you hadn't been so bloody stupid, I wouldn't have been put in this position to begin with!"

"I am not going to engage in a childish game of who-is-to-blame with you." Lucius scowled.

"Fine! I'm going!" Bill started to get to his feet.

"The only place you're going is to bed!" the older man retorted, pushing him back down. "You should never have been unconscious as long as you were from a simple sleep spell. You're exhausted and need rest."

"I'm not staying here!" Bill snapped.

"I don't remember giving you a choice." Malfoy pointed out. He looked over his shoulder. "Bascombe!" An elderly house-elf dressed in a crisply pressed black pillowcase popped into the room. "Is Master Bill's room ready for him?"

"Yes, master."

Malfoy scooped Bill up in his arms and stood.

"Don't struggle," he warned. "I'd only drop you and that wouldn't be good for the baby."
"

Malfoy carried him up a broad winding staircase to the second floor of the mansion. Down the long hallway they went until they turned into a room where Lucius dumped him onto a large sleigh bed.

Bill stared. Great gorgons! This one room was larger than his entire flat in Cairo. The fabrics were floral chintz, the furnishings soft, the colors decidedly feminine. This had to be...

"Yes," Lucius said softly, noticing Bill's startled look. "This was my wife's room." Then an expressionless mask seemed to slip back over his face. "You'll want to redo things in a more masculine style. Tell Bascombe what you want tomorrow and he'll see to it." He motioned to a table where Bill's bag from the Leaky Cauldron sat. "Your things have been brought over. That door on the right connects to my room. If you need anything, even in the middle of the night, you are to call me. The door on the left is the bath. Wash up and go to bed." he ordered, adding. "There is no escape."

Lucius left him then, pulling the door shut behind him. There was no click of a lock to keep Bill in, no murmur of spell, there was no need. Without a wand to concentrate and focus his magical energy, most spells would be beyond him. The baby was draining some of his magical ability as part of its development, further weakening him. Even physically walking away was virtually impossible. With a bad leg, he'd be lucky to make it to the front door before they caught him and that was providing he could find it to begin with. He had no one in England expecting him. No one in Egypt was expecting him back for months. In short, no hope of rescue.

Malfoy was right.

There was no escape

blblblblbl

First trimester over, fourth month well underway, Bill slid down from his bed so that he could dress as the healer jotted a few notes down on a pad of paper.

"You're doing just fine, Bill," he said. "But you do seem to be a little run down. I'm writing up a prescription for an elixir that you should take with every meal."

"I'll see to it, Uriah" Lucius spoke up from where he sat watching the examination.

Bill glanced resentfully at Lucius, but said nothing. Malfoy had been seeing to everything since he'd gotten there. Lucius arranged for the healer, a distant cousin of his, to call the morning after Bill arrived and he'd made regular housecalls for his prenatal examinations ever since. He managed Bill's diet, his daily schedule, the exercise therapy for his leg, even his wardrobe. When Bill had tried to return the emerald hair clip to him Lucius just refastened it in Bill's hair, telling him that it was his now and that the green stones looked good against his red hair.

It was his own fault. Bill could scarcely remember his first three months at the manor, so buried in a strange combination of anger and apathy he'd been. He was constantly under scrutiny by either Lucius or the house elves that had been ordered to keep a surreptitious eye on him. He moved through the days as if in some sort of bad dream he'd wake from soon. There was so much effort involved in just getting out of bed that it was simpler to let Lucius handle everything else.

Later that day, Bill sat on the library sofa, his legs draped over Lucius' lap so the older wizard could massage the injured left leg. Whenever Malfoy thought Bill had overextended himself, he insisted on performing the massage. Bill had to admit it helped. He wasn't yet ready to admit he enjoyed it.

"I told Bascombe I wanted curry for dinner tonight." Bill announced.

"I don't think something that spicy would be a good idea."

"I *want* curry." Bill declared, feeling it was time he asserted himself.

Bill tossed restlessly in bed that night. Ordinarily Malfoy sent him to bed early and Bill had no trouble sleeping deeply until morning. Tonight, however, sleep was elusive. He twisted about trying to get comfortable.

Finally giving up, Bill rose from the bed and crossed to the door dividing his room from Lucius'. As his hand wavered indecisively over the knob, he heard sounds of distress coming from the other side.

Pulling the door open he hurried into the master suite. Lucius was in the midst of a troubled

sleep, no, make that a nightmare. The dark wizard was in the throes of even darker dreams, his muted cries of torment were what Bill had heard.

Malfoy's body was too far across the bed to reach easily, Bill climbed onto the bed in order to shake him.

"Lucius! Lucius, wake up!"

"

Malfoy caught hold of the hand on his shoulder, squeezing it tight enough to make Bill yelp in pain. That sound seemed to bring him around, his eyes cleared and he seemed to finally see the younger wizard sitting on the bed next to him.

"Bill, is something wrong?"

Malfoy's voice was as calm and collected as if he'd never even been asleep. Something in the tone, however, told Bill that there was no use asking about the nightmare.

"You were right about the curry," Bill admitted.

Malfoy's lips twitched into a smile.

"Zoe," Lucius called out, into the darkness. "Bring some seltzer potion to my room. Master Bill has an upset stomach."

Seconds later there was the distinctive pop of a house elf apparating in with the requested remedy. Bill drained the small glass and the elf vanished as quickly as she had appeared.

"Under the covers, my boy," Lucius instructed. "You'll catch cold waiting out there for the seltzer to work."

Bill slid beneath duvet, the silken sheets comfortably warm from the heat of Lucius' body and smelling of his sandalwood soap.

"That's better," Bill sighed, although he himself wasn't sure whether he was referring to the soothing effects of the seltzer or the strong arm that wrapped around him to gently rub his stomach. "I'm starting to show," he mumbled sleepily. "Can you tell?"

He felt a pair of lips press against his hair as his eyes slowly closed and he drifted off to sleep.

blblblblbl

Bill knew without it being said that his presence in Malfoy's bed seemed to stave off the nightmares that plagued the dark wizard. Lucius never discussed them, but Bill, knowing that Lucius had watched his wife and son die, had a good idea of what he was reliving. He suspected that Lucius, even in his sleep, found holding his unborn child a comfort. With the innate generosity so characteristic of a Weasley, Bill went to Lucius' bed every night.

It was at the end of the second trimester that Bill's nightmares started.

"No! Nnnooooo!"

Bill sat up in bed, gasping for breath. Lucius was immediately awake, automatically reaching for the young man.

"Bill --- Bill, it's all right." Lucius held him until the trembling stopped. "The baby is all right."

"It wasn't a baby." Bill groaned as he and Lucius lay back down. Six months along, it was tough for Bill to spoon up against Lucius for comfort. Instead Lucius wrapped himself around the young wizard, brushing the long loose red hair aside so he could press a kiss against the back of Bill's

neck.

"What was it?" he asked

"A hippogriff." He replied with a shudder.

Under other circumstances Malfoy might have laughed, but this was the fifth time in as many nights where Bill awoke in horror after dreaming that he'd given birth to some abomination such as demospawn or a troll.

"It's not going to be a hippogriff, love." Lucius told him. "Our baby is going to be a beautifully *perfect* little witch or wizard."

"The baby was created from a *curse*, Lucius." Bill persisted. "Something's wrong, I just know it."

During the healer's next visit, Lucius, who ordinarily sat on the far side of the room, was instead sitting on the bed with Bill's head in his lap. He gently stroked Bill's forehead as he told his cousin about the nightmares. With an understanding smile, the healer moved his wand over Bill's distended abdomen, bathing it in a silvery glow. The glow rose into the air, first taking shape as something resembling a will-o-wisp and then features began to develop, forming into an image of the fetus curled up within him. As Bill and Lucius watched in awe, the healer moved his wand, rotating the image.

"Congratulations, it's a boy!"

"Is --- Is--- it all --- right?" Bill asked worriedly, reaching up to clutch Lucius' hand.

"Perfectly normal."

Bill sighed in relief. Lucius smiled, leaned down and kissed Bill's forehead.

"I think this calls for a celebratory tea," he said, standing up. "Uriah, will you join us?"

"Certainly, Lucius, just let me finish my exam first."

"Go right ahead," he said, heading for the bedroom door. "I'll alert the kitchen."

The exam didn't take much longer and soon Bill was dressing.

"Just a few more months and you'll be holding your son." The healer was saying conversationally. "I do recommend, however, that you and Lucius keep your subsequent pregnancies spaced at least two years apart."

Bill's jaw dropped. "Uhh, we haven't --- errr, haven't discussed"

"If you're nervous about telling him, I can do it for you. I know that Lucius is a man who likes to have his way..."

"You're telling me." Bill muttered.

"But he's not unreasonable." Uriah insisted. "He won't want to endanger the health and well-being of his mate."

"I'm --- we've never..."

"Oh, Lucius told me about the curse creating this baby, but" he touched the jeweled clasp in Bill's

hair. "Lucius gave you that, didn't he?" Bill nodded, the healer explained, "It's a family heirloom. We Malfoys only give heirlooms to our children or our spouses. You're not his child," he said with a twitch of amusement. "So Lucius has claimed you as his mate."

Bill was speechless.

"Ordinarily I don't have to advise wizard-wizard couples about spacing out their pregnancies. It's terribly difficult for a wizard to conceive even with the aid of fertility potions, but you are a Weasley and male or female, Weasleys are a characteristically productive lot."

There were two window seats in the small parlor. Bill sat in the one furthest away from Lucius and stared moodily out the window. The tempest outside matched his thoughts on the inside. It was June and everything still looked so bleak. He watched the wind blow through the trees and heard the tapping of rain on the glass panes. Would summer never come?

At the end of summer the baby would be born.

What would happen then?

//Lucius has claimed you as his mate.//

What did he want to happen?

He could feel Lucius' eyes on him. The man had been watching him since lunch, which Bill left largely untouched.

"Come away from the window, Bill," the older wizard ordered. "The cold is bad for your leg."

Bill reached for his cane and struggled to his feet. It was increasingly difficult to get around without assistance. He needed the support of his cane or Lucius' arm if he wanted to move more than a few steps. His stiff leg complained as he put weight on it and he winced. Bill hated it when Lucius was right.

Lucius rose to his feet in order to help lower Bill to the sofa. He pulled Bill's left leg into his lap, rubbing the young man's calf in an effort to alleviate some of the pain.

"I think Uriah should look at your leg," Lucius said. Bill said nothing. He knew that while it had been phrased as a suggestion, it was actually a mandate. The healer would be back, most likely tomorrow to examine his leg. "You are brooding about something. Did Uriah say anything to worry you?" The implication in the tone was clear. Don't bother lying, I will verify. Malfoy watched as a faint pink began to tint Bill's skin, a luscious strawberry color under milky white skin. He had to quell a sudden desire to pull the young man closer and taste him.

"He said we should..." Bill paused. It was damned difficult trying to say this and the way Lucius was looking at him was a little ... disturbing. Taking a deep breath he plunged on, "spacefuturepregnanciestwoyearsapart."

It took Lucius a moment to decipher the rapidly spoken words, but when he did it was all he could do not to laugh aloud.

"I will endeavor to keep that in mind," he said with as much gravity as he could manage. "However you are a..."

"Yes, yes, I've already heard it from Uriah." To Lucius' delight, Bill's blush deepened. "With six siblings, I'd say I have seen the Weasley prolificacy in action."

"Well, the Malfoy line is not quite so fortunate. In fact, it is quite the opposite." Lucius mused. "Perhaps the two will counteract each other."

God, the man was talking as if... Malfoy was joking, wasn't he?

"How did you know I was pregnant?" Bill demanded abruptly, needing a change of subject to take his mind off the track it had started to follow.

"We were in that tomb for some considerable time," he reminded Bill. "When I wasn't tending you, I had plenty of time to finish studying the magical trap. The glyph wasn't destroyed and if you will remember, I have no small amount of experience or skill with the dark arts."

"I do vaguely recall something of the sort." Bill said, his hand went to the emerald clip he now habitually wore. "Then this..."

"I was responsible for what had happened to you and it was the only item I had with me at the time to indicate my intentions," Lucius stroked the long red hair held back by the gift. "It had the added advantage of being a *discrete* indication." He continued his explanation. "Fisher was more than happy to confirm all my suspicions about your pregnancy and while he did not know what you intended to do about it --- I had to get that news elsewhere--- he did give me the information I needed to go collect you."

Bill stared at his lap, trying to ignore the pleasant tingling in his scalp Lucius was causing as his brain processed what he'd learned, analyzing all the implications. He raised his eyes to look into Lucius', seeing in the steely grey the answer to the question he couldn't ask yet.

Lucius would *not* be letting him go after the baby was born.

There would still be no escape.

blblblblbl

"Lucius..." Bill started uncertainly.

Malfoy looked up from his soup course.

"Yes," he queried as Bill continued to hesitate.

"I'd like to send an owl to my parents, if I may."

"Of course," Lucius said in surprise. "I never said you couldn't."

"Only because I saved you the trouble by not asking before." Bill retorted.

"You are an intelligent young wizard." was the somewhat affronted response. "I am sure you would have been able to compose a note that would have let your parents know you were still alive without revealing that you are being held against your will."

"Yeah, well, I was too busy sulking to think you might allow that."

"That hadn't escaped my notice either."

"So?" Bill prodded when Lucius turned his attention back to this soup.

"Yes?"

"You are determined to be as unhelpful as possible about this!" Bill exploded in exasperation. "What do I say?"

Lucius laid down his soup spoon with small sigh.

"It's deuced difficult for me to tell you what you should say to your parents when I don't know what you're thinking. How **do** you feel about the baby now? How do you feel about everything connected with it?"

Good questions, ones that Bill had been mulling over when he should have been napping that afternoon ---to hell with Lucius' ruddy schedule --- All his choices had been taken from him. Even if they hadn't, he knew he would never have been granted sole custody of his son. Malfoy's power and wealth aside, Bill's original intent to terminate could be used against him and he had no doubt that Lucius would use **every** weapon in his power. The only choice Bill had left was in how he felt about the situation he found himself in.

"I **want** the baby," he said earnestly. "And --- and everything that goes along with it."

He faltered a little on the last half. He knew it was an oblique reference to remaining with Lucius and he wasn't certain what that would entail. After this morning's conversation he wasn't sure he wanted to know yet. His feelings towards the dark wizard had been undergoing a gradual change over the months. The image Bill once had of the cold-blooded Death Eater lusting for power at all costs was now tempered by images of a man still tormented by the high cost of that desire, a man who held him tenderly through his own nightmares and whose affectionate gestures were beginning to make inroads on his feelings. It was all very confusing to Bill to have these feelings not just to a Malfoy, but to any male.

Lucius reached out and covered Bill's hand with his own.

"I am sure your parents would prefer to see you with their own eyes." He said. "I suggest we invite them for lunch."

It had taken Bill quite some time to write that invitation. In the end it consisted of only a few lines, apologizing for not writing and offering to send them a portkey by way of a luncheon invitation.

Lucius didn't even look at the note when Bill gave it to him. He just handed it off to a house elf to take to the owlery.

The reply came later that evening. Lucius was sitting at his desk while Bill was stretched out on the study's sofa, engrossed in a broadcast of a Quidditch match in the scrying mirror. Manchester was playing some American team and it was a surprisingly close match. Remarkable since America didn't usually field great Quidditch teams. He didn't notice that a house elf had popped in with a reply until he heard Lucius give one of his rare laughs.

He looked and saw Lucius walking towards him with a roll of parchment. For a moment Bill wondered if it was one of his mum's typically gushy letters until he looked at it.

SEND THE DAMN PORTKEY NOW!!!!!!

The final word was underlined half a dozen times and followed by as many exclamation points. It was unsigned, but the handwriting was his mother's. Never in his life had he ever heard his mother use such language. Obviously Lucius hadn't thought her capable of it, either.

"She seems upset," he chuckled. "Perhaps you should have written sooner."

"Yeah, I guess so."

Yes, naturally his mother would have been distraught by his six month disappearance. It was so obvious to him now. Why didn't he think of it sooner? How could he have been so self absorbed?

"Cheer up, love," Lucius said, leaning down to press a kiss against his temple. "At least it wasn't a howler."

blblblbl

The portkey was dispatched early in the morning with an activation time specified. Bill knew that under the circumstances his parents would be exactly on time.

He was the personification of anxiety from the moment he opened his eyes that morning. Now, waiting alone in the foyer, Bill thought he might faint from nervousness. He began practicing the deep breathing techniques that Uriah had taught him for his upcoming labor.

There was the distinctive electrostatic crackle of a discharging portkey and he heard his mother's voice crying out his name. Two pairs of arms wrapped around him, their enthusiasm early knocking him from his feet. For a moment Bill thought he was going to join his mother in tears of happiness.

"Son, what happened?" his father asked, drawing back. "Why was your letter so mysterious? Where are we?"

They were both now glancing around the grand entrance to the manor before looking back at Bill, really taking in his appearance.

"Bill, you're hurt!" his mother said, noticing the cane.

"And you're..."

Her voice trailed off as she noticed the distinctive silhouette for the first time. A physical shape she had been personally familiar with six times.

Bill smiled weakly at his parents' open mouthed shock.

"Mom, dad, I'm going to have a baby."

"I can see that!" his father snapped. "Who's the other father?"

As if on cue, the double doors to the guest parlor opened.

"Ah, I see our guests have arrived. Bill, invite them to sit down."

"Lucius Malfoy!" Arthur Weasley spat. "What are you... you... you got my son pregnant?!" his voice scaled up in astonishment. Then surprise turned to indignant accusation. "**You* got *my* son pregnant!"

Bill swiftly interposed himself between his father and Lucius. Molly Weasley took hold of her husband's arm.

"Arthur, wait, give Bill a chance to explain."

"Shall we go into the parlor?" Lucius suggested unruffled, still the perfect host, as if Weasley's outburst had never taken place. "As you can see, Bill shouldn't be on his feet too long."

The Weasleys watched their eldest son lean heavily on Malfoy's arm as the two of them led the

way into the parlor where a tea tray was already laid out. Plates of buttery shortbread on heirloom china to accompany the oolong tea in its silver service. Arthur noted the way in which Malfoy rubbed the small of Bill's back. He had often done that for Molly late in her pregnancies when the backaches never seemed to end. It was a solicitous act, something Arthur did not consider Malfoy capable of, let alone to one of Arthur's children.

Lucius leaned back on the sofa and let Bill do the talking. He knew Weasley wouldn't believe a Malfoy and aside from that, Lucius was quite interested to hear how Bill would explain things. It promised to be entertaining.

"There was an accident in a tomb I was working in and that's how I injured my leg." Bill had to pause while his mother made noises of concern and distress. "Lucius dug me out from the rubble as best he could and watched over me until we were rescued." Another pause for more maternal cluckings before Bill could conclude. "The accident triggered a curse which made me pregnant with Lucius' child since he was the nearest male in proximity."

Very neatly done. Nothing that implicated Lucius as the cause of the accident. As a matter of fact, he could easily be mistaken for an innocent victim. Frankly, he didn't think a Weasley capable of such deception, particularly to his own family.

"But Bill, why didn't you write?" his mother demanded. "We were all so worried. The bank kept sending us your allotment checks, but when we asked about you, they said you were on a paid sabbatical and that they didn't know where you were."

Bill's eyebrows shot up in surprise. He'd completely forgotten that part of his pay was sent directly to his parents. He shot a look at Lucius, whose face revealed nothing.

"Son, you should have come straight home." His father told him "We..."

"This is Bill's home!" Lucius interjected sharply, laying a possessive arm around Bill's shoulders. "The son he carries is a *Malfoy*."

Bill saw his father bristle in response to Lucius' glowering look.

"Dad, Lucius is right." Bill interposed himself between the two men verbally this time. "Would you have allowed yourself to be separated from your children?"

Touché, Lucius thought. The perfect argument to use on the man who thought he invented family togetherness.

"A boy?" Molly spoke up in an effort to ease the tension that had thickened suddenly. "You're going to have a boy? Oh, my goodness, I'll need to start knitting right away! When are you due? I hope I have enough blue yarn..."

Both Bill and Lucius began to relax. No need to worry about the future grandmother's feelings. Whatever her opinion of Lucius Malfoy was, she was happily prepared to smother her first grandchild in jumpers, booties, and blankets. For his part, Lucius didn't care what either parent thought of him as long as they accepted the fact that Bill as well as the baby were *his*.

By the time they were seated for lunch, Bill was beginning to be inundated with questions about the nursery. He looked at his mother blankly.

"Nursery?"

Not once, until this moment, had Bill even thought about the baby's room. Nor had Lucius ever mentioned the subject.

"Uhhhhh..."

Lucius saved him.

"We'll take you up to see it after lunch," he offered smoothly.

The nursery, Bill discovered, was at the opposite end of the hall from their bedrooms.

"It's still a work in progress," Lucius warned, opening the door.

That was a gross overstatement. Work had barely started, let alone progressed. The room was clean, but practically empty. There was no carpeting or area rugs, the walls had been primed a flat white and the crib contained a bare mattress.

Molly immediately began to tell Bill exactly what he should do, what colors to paint the wall, the pattern for the baby's bedding and where to buy the bedding. Lucius watched in fascination as Bill's face reddened. It was a different shade of red from the embarrassment Bill had occasionally displayed. No, Lucius had only seen this color once before, when he first confronted Bill about the baby and brought him to the manor.

Bill was getting angry.

"Temper," he cautioned in a whisper directly into the young man's ear. Then in a louder voice for Bill's parents. "We know it's looking a bit bare at the moment, but Bill's health has limited his activity. It will be complete by the time the baby arrives."

That did not stop the flow of 'suggestions'. It didn't even cause them to ebb. Very little else was said because no one could get a word in edgewise. Even Arthur Weasley was beginning to give them apologetic looks.

Bill and Lucius headed straight for the study after the elder Weasleys departed. The stress of the meeting was over and exhaustion was setting in. As they seated themselves on the couch, Bill was still giving vent to his feelings about his mother's orders.

"...surprised she didn't tell me how to breastfeed..."

"It's her first grandchild," Lucius interrupted. Bill's words had conjured a rather erotic image in Lucius' mind of himself suckling on Bill's nipples and he needed to banish it before he did something Bill wasn't ready for. "She's just excited."

"Well it's our first child," Bill shot back. "These things are *our* choices and *our* decisions!" Then he turned on Lucius. "And you! You've controlled me and everything about my life since you kidnapped me! How the devil did you overlook furnishing the nursery?!"

"Control you?" Lucius was startled. "You think I'm trying to control you?"

"Bill take your vitamins; Bill put on a warmer cloak; Bill don't stand on that stool. What would you call that?"

"I call it 'taking care of you', sweet boy." Lucius replied, wrapping his arms around Bill. "You've spent your entire life worrying and taking care of others. You deserve to have someone take a little care of you."

"A little?" Bill laughed. "You've left no aspect untouched." He looked meaningfully at the older man. "Gringott's doesn't give paid sabbaticals, Lucius."

"The board voted you a special award for saving the life of one of its members," Lucius

explained, looking a little abashed at being caught out.

"And the ruby earrings Ginny got as a graduation gift?"

"You would have sent something if you hadn't been so caught up in your worries about the baby."

"And yet you forgot the baby's room?"

There was a soft yearning in Lucius' voice as he said, "I was hoping *you* would eventually take an interest in it..."

Bill stared at Lucius, but the dark wizard's eyes were now concentrated on the rug, as if afraid of revealing some vulnerability. Bill suddenly realized that Lucius wanted more than resigned acceptance from him. Lucius wanted him to want this as much as he did.

"I'm interested now," Bill told him, squeezing one of the hands resting on his abdomen. He gave a small laugh. "As penance for not thinking of it sooner, I'll even let mum help."

Lucius rested his head against Bill's, smiling as the baby beneath his hands began to kick.

"Thank you for giving me something to live for," he whispered.

Something to live for? It suddenly made sense to Bill. He had been willing to sweep the baby from his life, not just because of the burdensome responsibilities he was already carrying, but because he still had family and plenty of time in which to have more children of his own. For an older man, such as Lucius, who'd lost his family and had less time, this baby was a gift from heaven, a second chance. In typical Malfoy fashion, he quite literally seized this gift, convinced that it was the right thing to do. Bill had slowly come to realize that once again Lucius was right and this time instead of resenting it, Bill felt a sudden upsurge of gratitude that Lucius had prevented him from carrying out his original plans.

"I was so wrong," Bill said remorsefully. He hung his head. It was his turn to study the carpet now.

"Don't dwell on it, love," Lucius lifted a slim hand to turn Bill's face towards him. "I'm learning it's no good to dwell on the past. Particularly now that we have a future."

He leaned forward and touched his lips to Bill's for the first time, a very heady experience for both of them. Lucius' previous kisses to Bill's head or cheek had been either comforting or lightly affectionate. He had never really made any loverlike overtures, until now.

This kiss sent shivers down Bill's spine. Lucius' tongue lightly stroked Bill's lips, begging admittance, which Bill was only too happy to give. Bill moaned softly as Lucius explored every contour of his mouth. No kiss had ever felt like this before. The kiss moved from sweet to passionate to...

Lucius pulled back, gasping for breath. Bill stared back at him, a mix of surprise and even a little fear in his eyes.

"I --- I've never..."

Lucius shushed him gently, placing his fingers on Bill's lips.

"I know, love." He said. "We have the rest of our lives together. We can go slowly."

blblblblbl

The depression that Bill had initially fallen into at the beginning of his pregnancy was completely gone. Owls began to arrive on a regular basis from Bill's siblings and friends. Occasionally when Lucius popped in to visit the nursery and check on Bill, he caught bits of good natured disagreement between Bill and his mother on subjects ranging from brands of baby oil to the length of Bill's hair.

Evenings were spent cuddling and kissing, the latter an increasingly frustrating activity. As Bill became comfortable with the deepening intimacy between the two of them, it was left to Lucius to apply the brakes, something that was getting harder and harder to do.

And speaking of hard...

"No," Lucius said firmly, pushing Bill off his lap onto the couch. The ass wriggling on top of the erection straining against the confines of his clothing was threatening to make him explode. "Please, Bill, now is **not** the time."

"It's because I look like a walrus, isn't it?" Bill pouted. "You don't want me!"

"That is simply not true, sweetheart." Lucius nibbled on Bill's lower lip which was protruding enticingly on account of Bill's petulant expression. He pressed Bill's hand against the hardness between his legs. "This is a sign of one thing and one thing only and I can promise you that it is **not** disinterest."

Their tongues began to spar with each other, until Lucius' triumphed. He claimed his prize, ravishing Bill's mouth until the younger man was whimpering in need. One of Bill's hands clutched Lucius' shoulder, pulling him as close as possible. The other hand was trying to get a firm grip on his lover's erection.

In spite of his resolve, Lucius began to mentally review positions in which it might be possible to take Bill, but with the pregnancy, Bill's bad leg and overall inexperience with gay sex, it just wasn't feasible. Once again Lucius pushed Bill away.

"Wait!" he gasped, coherent speech was difficult. "After wedding."

"Wha --- Whose wedding?" Bill leaned in for another kiss.

"Ours!" Lucius said, successfully fending off the younger man. "After the baby is born." He gasped as Bill's hand tried to slide beneath the waistband of his trousers. "Right after." He pulled Bill's hand away. "And although you make it devilishly tough, I'd really like to wait until our wedding night to finish this."

Lucius walked into the nearly completed nursery to find Bill and his mother sitting on the now plushly carpeted floor engaged in a quiet conversation that stopped when he appeared. Molly kissed her son's cheek, then rose to leave. As she passed Lucius, she rose on tiptoe to do the same to him.

"Did hell freeze over and someone forget to inform me?" Lucius asked, watching his future mother-in-law exit the room.

"Help me up." Bill asked, holding up a hand.

"Bill, your mother just ..."

"I told her the truth." Bill explained. "I told her what I had first planned to do and that you saved her grandson's life."

"Dear boy, you shouldn't have..."

"Yes, I did." Bill didn't seem to be in any distress from his confession. Indeed, he seemed to be completely at peace. "You forgave me, my love, but I wanted them to forgive me as well."

Lucius gathered Bill into a tight embrace. It was the first time Bill had used any term of endearment to him. A Weasley calling a Malfoy 'My love'.

Hell really was freezing over.

Lucius sat in his study poring over a business report when an agitated house elf popped in front of his desk.

"Master Bill's mother is screaming for you!"

Oh, God. It was as if an icy hand had just squeezed his heart. Bill!

Lucius grabbed his wand and apparated into the nursery. Bill was crumpled on the floor, his mother's arms wrapped around him. He looked up at Lucius, his face drawn with pain.

"I think ... it's time," he gasped.

Lucius brushed Bill's mother aside and lifted his lover off the floor. As he ran down the hallway, he shouted for Bascombe to get Uriah. Reaching their room, he laid Bill on top of the bed.

"Why the hell didn't anyone tell me how bad this was going to hurt?" Bill complained, curling up into a ball on the bed top. He looked at his mother, who just caught up with them. "How on earth did you do this so many times?! More to the point... why?"

In spite of her anxiety for her eldest child, Molly Weasley smiled, "Ask me that again, after you've held your son... that is, if you still you need to."

Uriah Malfoy swept in just then, followed by another healer. They evicted Lucius and Molly from the room amid loud protests.

"Stop acting like a bunch of muggles." Uriah admonished, shutting the door in their faces.

Lucius conjured chairs in the hallway, although he knew he didn't feel like sitting. He had an elf sent to inform Arthur Weasley and invite him to be present at his grandson's debut into the world.

"How much longer can this take?" Lucius muttered two hours later, pacing the hallway, narrowly avoiding Arthur who was doing the same. Each groan emitted by Bill from behind the door had sent a chill through him. The groans abruptly stopped a little while ago and Lucius found the silence even more frightening.

Then the thin wail of a baby's cry could be heard on the other side of the door. Lucius began to pound on the door.

"Uriah! What's going on in there? Open this door at once!"

"I'm busy," the healer's voice sang out. Lucius could have sworn there was a hint of laughter in the response.

Lucius stood there fuming until his cousin finally opened the door. Lucius pushed in, brushing by the two wizards, heading straight for the bed where Bill lay, eyes closed, long hair matted and sweat dampened.

"Bill!"

The new father opened his eyes and smiled wanly. With great effort he reached out to take Lucius' hand.

"What do you think of our son?" he asked tiredly. "Think he'll make a proper Malfoy?"

Lucius turned to see Molly with a small bundle in her arms. With a broad smile, she placed the blanket wrapped creature in his arms.

His son was tinier than he'd expected, but all the right bits seemed to be in the right spots. The baby's eyes were scrunched shut, but tufts of strawberry blonde hair were visible on his head, a perfect compromise between Weasley fire and Malfoy ice. He looked at Bill, unable to speak, not caring that there were tears in his eyes.

"I'll take that as a 'yes'," Bill said with satisfaction.

bblblblbl

Their wedding day dawned with the usual hectic activity surrounding such events. The house elves had been up all night cooking and cleaning. Lucius had been serious when he said they'd get married right after the baby was born. Alexander Malfoy was not even a week old. Bill's leg bone had been re-grown two days earlier and he had been evicted to his original room to preclude the chance of any carnal activity taking place before the wedding night.

Considering how their relationship started, Bill couldn't help but laugh at the absurdity of it all when he tried the door connecting their two rooms and discovered it locked.

It was a small gathering of just family, the Weasley side quite predictably outnumbering the Malfoy side. Equally predictably, Molly Weasley sobbed during the ceremony at the sight of her eldest `baby' being married. There were tears in Arthur Weasley's eyes as well, probably due to the fact that the other groom was a Malfoy.

At the reception Alexander was passed from one Weasley to another, cooed over by his adoring relatives. Percy Weasley's fiancée, the Clearwater chit, was particularly taken with her future nephew and seemed to be hinting to Percy that it was time they set a date.

Bidding the last of their guests good-bye from the manor entrance, Bill gave a startled cry of surprise as Lucius swept him up in his arms and started for the stairs.

"Remember the first time I carried you up these stairs?" Lucius asked.

"You told me not to struggle because you might drop me and hurt Alex." Bill had wound his arms around Lucius' neck and was gently nipping the edge of Lucius' ear.

"If you keep doing that I might drop you and you'd break your leg again." Lucius warned. "That would certainly impact the plans I have for you this evening."

"I hope those plans include fucking me through the mattress." Bill remarked casually.

How strange that words ordinarily so vulgar could be so exciting when uttered under the right circumstances by the right person, not that Lucius thought he could be any more aroused than he currently was.

Their room was bathed from the light of at least a couple dozen candles set on tables and floating in mid-air. The bedding had been folded back exposing sheets of black satin scattered with rose petals.

As Lucius placed Bill on the bed he undid the clip holding Bill's hair. Bill reached out to press his hand against Lucius' groin, smiling as Lucius groaned and batted his hand away.

"Good God, Lucius, you'd think you were the virgin the way you've been acting recently." Bill laughed.

"If you don't want the frustration of this all being over in thirty seconds, you'll do as I say." Lucius told him, through clenched teeth.

Bill spread his arms wide and flopped back on the bed, "Fine, I'll just lie here and think of England then."

"Do that," Lucius advised, pulling off Bill's shoes and socks. He paused to press the sole of each foot to his mouth, tickling each with his tongue and watching Bill twitch.

He unfastened the gold clasp holding together the top of the deep blue dress robe Bill was wearing, then moved on to the well hidden hooks holding the rest of the front closed. He unbuttoned the white silk shirt underneath in a lingering fashion, deliberately trailing his fingertips along the white flesh of Bill's chest. He spread the shirt open, his fingertips brushing over the nipples, causing Bill's breath to catch in his throat.

He moved down to the belt encircling Bill's waist, now back to its pre-pregnancy slimness in record time thanks to one of Uriah's potions. He undid the buckle, unfastened the top button and unzipped the trousers slowly, giving a sardonic grin as the knickers below pushed through the opening, held up by the erection beneath. He passed his hand over the fabric and it was Bill's turn to groan.

"Still thinking of England, love?" Lucius queried.

He hooked his fingers on the waistbands of both the trousers and undershorts. Telling Bill to lift his hips, he pulled them down Bill's legs and tossed them to the floor behind him. He sat on the edge of the bed and pulled Bill up for a kiss. As his tongue delved into Bill's mouth, his hands moved to push the shirt and robe from Bill's shoulders. Bill's moans filled his mouth.

Lucius pulled away. Taking a step back from the bed he began to slowly disrobe before Bill's eyes, watching his gaze grow hot. When he was completely naked, Lucius freed his own long hair, shaking his head to allow the silvery mane to cascade around his shoulders. Bill shoved his robe and shirt to the floor and moved back quickly to make room for him on the bed.

Lucius stretched alongside him and began an almost lazy inspection of all Bill's erogenous zones with his mouth and tongue, working his way down as his young husband began to writhe. When Lucius' mouth reached the base of Bill's cock, he was ready to weep in frustration.

"God, Lucius, please ... please." He begged. "I want you... "

"Do you now?" Lucius drawled, his calm, cool voice hiding the raging desire within. His tongue began to work its way up the stiff cock.

"Damn it, Lucius!" Bill wailed. "What's it going to take to get you to fuck my brains out?!"

Lucius moved back up to kiss Bill before taking two pillows and placing them beneath Bill's hips. He leaned over sideways to dip his fingers into the jar of lubricant on the nightstand. Scooping up

a liberal amount of the gel, he scooted back down the bed.

Bill opened his legs wide as Lucius settled himself between them. Lucius reached out to spread Bill open and began to apply the lubricant around the dark pucker, gently massaging the tight muscle before slowly inserting a finger within.

Bill almost purred with pleasure as the finger moved within him.

"Second finger," Lucius warned. "It might be uncomfortable."

It was. Uncomfortable, but not painful. The fingers moved scissor-like, working to loosen the tight ring.

"One more finger, Bill.

"

Bill gasped and stiffened. That was more than just uncomfortable, but as Lucius continued to work the fingers in and out of him, the discomfort died away, replaced by a lustful urge for more. He began to thrust himself back onto the fingers every time Lucius tried to withdraw them. Lucius' fingers brushed over something within him and an explosion of pleasure surged through him, eliciting a loud cry from Bill.

"Do that again!"

Lucius obliged. Bill's second cry had no discernible coherent words, but he began to thrash uncontrollably on the bed. Knowing that Bill was close to going over the edge and as ready as he was going to be, Lucius withdrew his fingers.

Reaching for more lubricant, Lucius coated his own leaking erection swiftly. He lifted Bill's legs and draped them over his shoulders. He took hold of Bill's hips as he positioned his cock at Bill's entrance

He gave one short thrust that buried the head of his cock just past the tight muscle. Bill gave a small cry of pain and might have pulled away except for the tight grip Lucius maintained on him.

"Deep breaths, Bill." Lucius told him, holding perfectly still while Bill accommodated himself to the invasion.

Just like labor, Bill thought as he took several deep breaths and tried to relax away the pain. Lucius reached down and took hold of Bill's now limp cock, squeezing and stroking it. Slowly he pushed himself inside Bill until his was fully sheathed. Lucius paused again, watching Bill's face as he adjusted to the feel of Lucius finally possessing him completely.

"So tight...Bill," Lucius said hoarsely. "Bill, I need to move."

"Yes... oh, God, yes!" Bill's hands were clutching the bedclothes. "Fuck me!"

Starting with shallow thrusts at first, Lucius began to do exactly as Bill asked. Soon the dimly lit room was filled with the moans and heavy breathing of the two men. Bill's legs dropped down to wrap around Lucius' waist, using them to pull himself forward to meet Lucius' thrusts.

Bill was turning out to be a vocal lover, serving to spur Lucius on to meet his husband's demands of harder and faster, until he knew that he wasn't going to last any longer.

Lucius renewed his attentions to Bill's cock, stroking it in time with his own thrusts.

"Come for me, Bill." Lucius ordered. "Come now."

Bill's body began to convulse with his climax and Lucius felt the hot sticky fluid spilling out over his hand. The muscles that clamped down around his cock as Bill came, sent Lucius spiraling into his own orgasm.

Bill felt Lucius stiffen and then the hot flood of the older wizard's seed was filling him, making him truly Lucius'. This was how their next child would be conceived, with Lucius buried deep inside him, planting his seed. Two years, Bill decided, not a second more.

He murmured a protest when Lucius slipped out of him, leaving him feeling empty. Lucius rolled over to his back and pulled Bill into his arms. The young man's eyes were already starting to close, but Lucius had no intention of letting Bill sleep tonight.

"The first night you came to my bed and I held you in my arms, I had a dream. In that dream I was wandering the manor and it looked different. It seemed brighter and warmer. I could hear laughter, lots of laughter and the voices of children." He kissed Bill's temple. "I knew that it had to be more than a dream."

"I feel I should warn you, a lot of kids will be hard on a place." Bill turned his head and began to nuzzle Lucius' throat. "This manor isn't going to stay in its current pristine museum state."

"I don't know if I could bear to put you through that again." Lucius said. One of his slender hands was slowly moving along Bill's rib cage. "You've been through enough because of me."

"I couldn't bear *not* going through it again." Bill replied. "Mum was right. As soon as I held Alex, I knew I wanted more. I want him to know the joy of brothers and sisters."

"I know I shouldn't feel this way, particularly after what you've suffered these last nine months, but I can't help it." Lucius confessed. "It was no curse. Although I daresay I don't deserve it, for me it was a blessing."

"Then we are of like mind, my love." Bill responded. He paused to kiss his husband deeply before continuing, "I am feeling rather blessed myself."

Epilogue

Lucius surveyed the crowd in the ballroom with satisfaction. Ten years ago people had gathered to celebrate their wedding and now they had gathered again to help Bill and Lucius celebrate ten years together. This time the gathering was somewhat less sophisticated as befit a party where large numbers of young children were running amok.

All the Weasley children had settled happily into marriage and immersed themselves in their growing families. Percy, in the sixth month of his third pregnancy, was absolutely huge. Bill told Lucius that Percy's husband, Oliver, had fainted when he learned that this time it was twins. Perhaps Wood should have thought of those things before he went to so much trouble to pry Percy free of that Clearwater creature. As it was, Charlie was still teasing Percy about having to miss an important interview for a research grant in order to help everyone rescue him.

Alexander had just started his first year at Hogwarts as a Gryffindor and had special permission to attend his parents' celebration. Bill was trying hard not to gloat at Alexander's house placement. Lucius suspected that hundreds of generations of Malfoy ancestors were now spinning in their graves.

Five more sons had followed Alexander, including two sets of twins. If Lucius was proud of his

family, Arthur Weasley was positively smug about his growing brood of grandchildren

"Still, not quite up to the example set by your parents, my boy." He'd said to Bill patting him on the back in consolation, with a shake of the head. "Only six. Well, I suppose it can't be helped. Lucius wasn't exactly a young man when you first started your family. Perhaps Ron and ..."

Just as they had ten years ago, Bill and Lucius saw their guests off with a smile. Their children had already been rounded up sent off to bed by their nanny, so there was no one around to hear Bill's surprised squawk as Lucius once again swept him up in his arms and started up the staircase.

"Remember the last time I carried you up these stairs?" he murmured in a low voice, his lips so close to Bill's ears, that he could feel them move.

"You told me that you might drop me and break my leg if I didn't stop nibbling on your ear." Bill chuckled softly. He turned his head to press a light kiss against his husband's lips before commenting. "I think it's more like the first time, though."

"In what way?" Lucius asked, smiling. "I'm not planning on taking you to the mistress of the house's bedroom."

"In that, if you were to drop me, you might hurt the baby."

For a moment Bill thought he just might be dropped, Lucius was that surprised. Lucius stopped and stared at Bill with disbelief as the meaning of the words became clear to him.

"Are you sure?" he asked.

"As if going through this four times previously didn't make me authority enough on the symptoms, I've already had an appointment with Uriah."

"Is it safe for you?" Lucius asked with concern. "I don't want to be insulting, love, but you're 37 and ..."

"Perfectly safe, dear." Bill reassured him. "If you don't believe me, double check with Uriah. I know you'll do it anyway."

Lucius' look grew thoughtful, "Hmmm, perhaps this will shut your father up."

"Lucius!" Bill admonished, but whatever else he might have said was lost as Lucius fastened his mouth onto Bill's.

When Lucius finally broke off the kiss, Bill could see the happiness radiating from his husband's eyes.

"Thank you," Lucius whispered. "For making my dream come true."

[Back to index](#)

All publicly recognizable characters and settings are the property of their respective owners. The original characters and plot are the property of the author. No money is being made from this work. No copyright infringement is intended.

This story archived at <http://www.squidge.org/mufa-mpreg/viewstory.php?sid=191>