



Bloodlines

Beth McCombs

ALSO BY BETH MCCOMBS

COLLECTIVE DREAMING

Perchance to Dream
Deflections of Loneliness
Away With the Fairy
Home for the Holidays
Primal Instincts
The Course of Love

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Who Wants to Live Forever
A Kind of Magic
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PROLOGUE

“Here’re the results you wanted, mate.”

Ianto managed not to flinch when Owen slapped the manila folder down onto the railing between them. His focus was on the small conversation going on below between Hermione and Toshiko which Jack was watching so intently from the nearby sofa. Ianto snatched the folder from Owen’s fingers; however, he didn’t open it. Yet. He was far too intent on interpreting Jack’s expression as he watched the conversation. Equal parts pride, love and just a tiny hint of lust as Jack’s gaze flickered between the two women.

Shaking his head a bit, Ianto twisted around to face the greater portion of the greenhouse. He glanced down at the folder then over at Owen. Regardless of what anyone thought, he and Owen were friends. One look at the older man’s face told Ianto the answer to the question which had driven him to Owen in the first place. “I was right, wasn’t I?” he said flatly.

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“Yeah,” Owen said. “Sorry, mate.” There was a long pause during which Ianto watched Owen glare past him at Jack on the lower level. “All of it. You were right. Though how that’s even...”

“Remember what he said when we first met Gwen?” Ianto interrupted. He raised an eyebrow, watched, and almost smirked when he saw the light bulb dawn over his companion. “That’s how.” He turned again to gaze down at the lower level. As he stared down at them, Jack rose, brushed his hand over Hermione’s curls and headed for his office. Ianto nodded to himself, flicked the folder open long enough to confirm his guess though he knew, in regards to this, Owen would not lie to him, and drew in a deep breath. “Coffee?”

“Nah, I’m good.” Owen’s hand came to rest on Ianto’s arm. “Mate?”

“Don’t worry, Owen,” Ianto replied. “I’m not going to kill him. Just demand a few answers.”

“In that case, I’ll take Tosh and Hermione to lunch. Call when it’s safe to come back?”

Ianto laughed softly. It wasn’t a pretty sound. He knew it. He nodded once. “Of course.”

With one final glance at the women, he slipped from the greenhouse to descend to the kitchenette to brew coffee for Jack and himself. While it brewed, he read the file and mentally prepared himself to confront his lover.

CHAPTER ONE

Ianto stepped into Jack's office, carefully set the coffee on the desk, and straightened away from the older man before Jack could reach for him. He took a careful two steps away from the desk before tossing the folder onto the desktop beside the coffee. "Want to tell me how I could have another daughter?"

"Another?"

"Fuck," Ianto muttered. He shoved a hand through his hair and took a deep breath before answering. "Talk for a different time. I want to know how I can have a daughter who's only eight years younger than me." He took a step forward, leant on the desk and glared over it at Jack. "A daughter who is not only eight years younger than me but whose DNA matches only yours and mine."

"Ianto..." Jack's low drawl just oozed sex as his hand slid over to stoke the coffee mug.

"Don't try that with me, Jack," Ianto snapped. He shoved his hand through his hair with a soft snarl. "Don't try to distract me with sex." He stalked away for a moment whirled about and stalked back. His

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voice dropped to a vicious hiss. “You know how I feel about family. You know...” He trailed off for a moment as his eyes closed, his hands clenched tight by his sides. “Jack...”

“Dad?”

Both men turned toward the door. Now that he knew the truth, it was easy to see traces of himself in the teenager standing in the doorway. Without thinking of the consequences, Ianto answered her before Jack could. “Hermione, I thought you’d left with Owen and Tosh. Why are you here?”

Brown eyes flipped between he and Jack, an eyebrow rose and it was all Ianto could do to keep from reacting to seeing his own disbelieving look on her face. She focused her attention primarily on Jack even as she answered him. “Dr. Harper was too intent on getting me out of the Hub. I found an excuse to stay.” She stared hard at Jack. “Is what he said true?”

“It’s complicated....”

“Jack.”

“Dad...”

“Jack,” Ianto snapped. He reached out to silence Hermione with a hand on her shoulder. “We need to know.” He dropped his hand from the teen’s shoulder to move closer to Jack. “Just a few weeks ago, you promised me no lies. Don’t...”

Jack raised a hand. Ianto fell silent watching him. They stared at each other, intent, reading all the questions they didn’t dare ask. Finally, Jack nodded once. “It’s not something we can talk about here.” He barely smiled, lifted his arm, quickly programming the wrist strap, and motioned them both over to join him. “Hands on the strap, kids.”

“Jack?” Ianto asked. He gave his lover a questioning look even as he waved Hermione over to join them. “I thought the Doctor disabled that.”

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Jack just grinned, covered their hands with his, and reached beneath to hit a button on the strap.

The world dissolved around them. One moment they were standing in Jack's office the next they were staggering just a bit as the world reformed. Now they stood in what was clearly the foyer of a grand manor house. Two curving staircases swept up toward the first floor above them while beneath their feet an elaborate compass rose medallion covered the floor. Ianto shook his head, wincing as his neck cracked, and stared in amazement at Jack. However, before he could demand an explanation, Hermione's voice shattered the quiet.

"You apparated!" She all but screeched. "But you're a muggle. Muggles can't..."

Jack waved his wrist strap in front of her. "Clarke's third law, Hermione," he retorted. "Now, if I remember correctly, the study is..."

A pop sounded cutting off Jack's musings. Ianto was hard pressed not to laugh at Jack's jump and Hermione's glower as all three turned toward the source of the sound. Ianto continued to shake his head in amusement as a small house elf flung herself at Jack's legs with a joyous scream. Jack's longsuffering look as he struggled to calm the little being while simultaneously responding to Hermione's demands for him to free the elf finally broke Ianto's control. He started laughing and staggered the few steps necessary to lean against the stair rail. When all three glared at him, he just shook his head in response. "You brought this on yourself, Jack," he retorted with a smug smile. "I still want to know my answers."

"So do I," Jack replied. "Not just an explanation of your comment in my office, but why you're taking this so calmly."

"I know everything," Ianto said. "Remember?"

"Yeah, I do." Jack grinned and gently extracted himself from the house elf's hold. "Hermione! That's enough."

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“But...” She waved her hands at the house elf. “It’s not fair! They should be free.”

“Remember what I told you when I told you that you couldn’t live with me?” Jack snapped back to her. He reached out, grabbed her and shook her once hard. “I don’t know why you’re being as prejudiced as those purebloods you complain about every time you send me a letter.”

“Especially since you’re as much a pureblood as them,” Ianto interjected. He watched them both whip around to face him, but ignored them in favor of speaking to the house elf. “Your name?”

“Mipsy, sir.”

“Mipsy would you serve us tea in the...” Ianto began only to trail off and look at Jack in question.

“The study,” Jack answered.

“In the study,” Ianto repeated. He considered his daughter and lover for a moment before turning back to Mipsy. They really needed to talk all this out before anything else festered though he worried just a bit that his daughter would hold all the typical Gryffindor prejudices. “Also, would you contact Libby for me? Tell her that Sarin is back and would like his wand.”

“Yes, sir.”

Mipsy grinned happily up at him before she snapped her fingers and disappeared to complete her errands. Ianto turned to Jack and tilted his head slightly to one side. “So where’s this study?”

“And how can I be a pureblood!” Hermione demanded.

“One explanation at a time,” Jack snapped. Ianto could see the other man was reaching the end of his patience with the situation. “Follow me. We’ll settle in the study, have tea and talk.” He pointed a finger at Ianto. “And I really want to know what additional secrets you’re keeping from me.”

“I could say the same, Jack.” Ianto waved Hermione in front of him. They trooped through the house, though few details stuck with

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him, until they reached an elaborately carved double door. Jack grabbed the doors, flung them open and stalked through them with Hermione one step behind him. Ianto followed, automatically pausing to close the doors behind him, and crossed the room to settle into a chair before the unlit fireplace. He stared at the dark blackened bricks lining the firebox and listened with half an ear to Jack and Hermione's argument behind him. He knew from experience that it was best to let Jack lead the conversation. It would do him no good to push the Captain. Jack would talk when Jack was ready to talk and not before then. The tea appeared on the table between the armchairs. With a faint smile, Ianto leant forward to begin fixing tea for his companions.

CHAPTER TWO

“Hermione!” Jack snapped. He grabbed his daughter’s wrist and dragged her over to the fireplace. He shoved her into the unoccupied armchair. He rested his hands on either side of her. He glared down at her until she dropped her eyes from his. “You will calm down and listen. This may not be how I wanted you to find out these things, but I know far too well that once a door’s been opened it’s impossible to close until the answers are found.” Jack crouched in front of the chair and cupped her cheek. “As much as I could, I’ve been honest with you since the moment you insisted on contacting me before your first year started.” He sat back on his heels and briefly rubbed her cheek with his thumb. Jack dropped his hand after she flinched away from his touch.

“You lied to me.”

“I never lied,” Jack replied quietly. “You only asked if I was your real father. You didn’t ask anything beyond that. You were too excited, too determined to tell me how special you were.” Jack shook his head with a laugh. “So I let you talk.”

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“So, is what *he* said true?” Hermione glared over Jack’s shoulder at Ianto. “I mean how can he be my father if you are?”

“It’s very complicated, sweetheart.” Jack slowly rose to his feet and accepted a cup of tea handed him by Ianto. He passed it over to Hermione, accepted the second one Ianto made, and stepped over to lean on the fireplace mantle. He looked between Ianto and Hermione. If he said the wrong thing, he’d lose the man he was just now realizing he was honestly in love with but he if didn’t explain fully, his daughter would want nothing to do with him again. Finally, he took a deep breath and smiled at them both. “So, do either of you know Clarke’s third law?”

“Any sufficiently advanced technology is indistinguishable from magic,” Ianto murmured. He glanced over at Hermione. “There’s also the inverse credited to Larry Niven.”

“Inverse?” Hermione leant forward in her chair to grab a biscuit off the tea table. “I’ve never heard of an inverse to that.”

Ianto laughed softly. “Sufficiently advanced magic is indistinguishable from technology,” he replied. He nodded to Jack. “What does that have to do with this?”

“It gives me a starting point.” Jack sipped his tea, sighed, and set the cup aside on the mantle. “Ianto knows some things about me that you don’t, Hermione, but they do pertain to this.” He had no idea how to explain this to her. “I’m not from here. I’m from a fifty-first century Earth colony called the Boeshane Peninsula.”

“The future...” Hermione shook her head in disbelief. “Dad...”

“It’s the truth.” Jack lifted his arm and tapped the wrist strap. “This is a vortex manipulator. Time Agents, which I was for most of my early adult life, use these to travel through time and space. There’s a lot of functions to it, though it’s time circuits are disabled again, but the teleport still works.”

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“Which is how you brought us here,” Ianto interrupted. “Not apparition, per se, but a similar technology.”

“Exactly.” Jack shook his head with a chuckle. “You wouldn’t believe my reaction to the first time I saw a wizard apparate. I wanted to know where his manipulator was.” He leant his head back, a remembering smile on his face, and took a few minutes to actually remember the man before dropping his head down to consider the others. “It was just after I’d been abandoned by the Doctor. After listening to my drunken rambles, he insisted on taking me to his home.”

“But I thought...” Ianto started to interrupt but subsided before finishing. He didn’t want Jack to believe he was prying when he’d read the archive reports by Emily Holroyd. Instead, he reached out and poured himself more tea.

“It was before I had the unfortunate meeting with Emily and Alice. Before I was recruited by Torchwood.” Jack smiled at Ianto. “You’re the archivist, Ianto. I know you read the files.” His smile deepened as Ianto blushed high across his cheekbones. He shifted his attention to Hermione. “The wizard I met in 1869 adopted me. Told the Ministry I was an American-born cousin fathered by his squib brother. Since the brother was dead, there was no one to claim otherwise. I’ve never revoked my ties to the family. So, under Ministry laws, you’re a half-blood.”

“Pureblood.” Ianto interrupted mildly. “If I acknowledge you as mine, you’re a pureblood.”

“Why wouldn’t you acknowledge her?” Jack demanded. He glared down at Ianto. “Ianto!”

“You still haven’t told me how I can have a daughter who is only eight years younger than me.” Ianto set his teacup aside. “Owen’s tests have no validity with the Ministry, Jack. Wizards use potions. We both know about the situation developing with Voldemort. Why else would you have agreed so readily to bring Hermione into the

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Torchwood for the summer?" He looked over at the teenager and gave her a tiny smile. "I know you're friends with Harry Potter and Ron Weasley. If I acknowledge you, it changes all your records with Hogwarts as well as the Ministry. And..."

"And what?" Hermione snapped. "I'm not appreciating being talked to like I'm a child."

"I know you aren't," Ianto replied. "You're a very intelligent young woman. Both of your friends will likely reject you as soon as who you are becomes common knowledge. I'm certain there will be demands to have you resorted as well."

"No one can be resorted." Hermione glared across at him. "No one. It's never happened. I would have read it in *Hogwarts: A History* if there had been."

"Do you really think something as controversial as a resorting would be recorded?" Ianto asked. "I know it was done at least once because my original housemates and my head of house demanded it when the truth of my parentage came out during my fourth year potions class. Professor Snape was very happy to have another Slytherin afterwards."

"You're a Slytherin?" She leapt to her feet. Her wand whipped out to point at Ianto. "Slytherin's are evil."

Jack reached out and grabbed Hermione's wand. He snatched it away before she could even begin to threaten Ianto with it. "Sweetheart," he murmured. "You've been with us for nearly a month now. Has Ianto honestly done anything to threaten you?"

Hermione stood there, quivering, her hands clenching and unclenching by her sides. She couldn't believe her father trusted her safety to a Slytherin, a Slytherin who was claiming to be her father as well. It was wrong. One of them had to be lying to her.

"Slytherin's are evil," Ianto murmured. "I bet you believe that certain families are pure evil with no chance at redemption as well."

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He rolled his eyes, rose and stepped around the chair. “Let me think. I doubt the list has changed since I was a student. Malfoy, Nott, Gaunt, Avery, Snape, Rosier, Black, Parkinson,” Ianto paused when Jack made a slightly strangled sound in response to him naming the Parkinson family. He raised a questioning eyebrow but received a quick headshake in return. “The Lestranges.”

“Yes!” She snapped in response. “Especially the Lestranges! They tortured the Longbottoms. Luckily they’re all in Azkaban where they belong.”

“No, they aren’t all in Azkaban.” Ianto turned around, rested his hands on the back of the chair he’d abandoned moments before. “The current acknowledged head of the family is Sarin Lestrangle. He keeps a low profile, preferring to spend more time with his adoptive family and in their world than in the wizarding world which is so prejudiced against him simply because of his name.”

CHAPTER THREE

“What are you saying?” Jack asked carefully. He cautiously handed Hermione back her wand. He knew she’d be more comfortable with it in hand. He could also see the tension in his lover as the young Welshman stared intently at the still pissed off Hermione. He wanted his family together, not at each other’s throats. “Ianto?”

“I didn’t tell you because I divorced myself from that world when I graduated from Hogwarts.” He looked down at the chair for a long moment and then looked back up Jack from beneath his lashes. “Do you know how hard it is to convert NEWT results to the real world? Why do you think my records say I was a good student but not exceptional? Why I drifted through jobs until One recruited me?” He shook his head his emotions shattered by learning that his daughter was as prejudiced as nearly everyone else against the pureblood families. “Now I have to tell you even as I have no idea how I have a daughter eight years younger than me.”

“I’m sorry, Ianto,” Jack apologized. “I should have told you before, but I...”

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“Enough with that,” Hermione snapped. “There is no Sarin Lestrage. He’s not in any record.”

“Do you only believe what you read?” Ianto snapped back. “You’re starting to remind me of Gwen. My way, my opinion, nothing else matters.” He straightened up and glared at her. “I was lucky. I was adopted by the Joneses after my parents disappeared. I was ten. I had no idea what happened to them until I went to Hogwarts. My adopted father was determined I be better than my parents. Always pushed me to be better than them, yet I had no idea why until we did the genealogy potions in fourth year. Imagine my surprise when the little Gryffindor muggleborn turns out to be the only child of Bellatrix Black and Rodolphus Lestrage!”

Ianto stalked toward her, watching her eyes widen in fear, but refused to temper himself. “It took less than ten minutes for every single friend I thought I had to turn on me. By dinner, I was being hexed every time I moved by my own housemates.” He stood over her and stared down at her. “And Professor McGonagall was no help. She’s the one who convinced the Headmaster to resort me...” He shifted his voice just a bit, mocking the professor’s accent. “He wasn’t sorted under his real name. It wasn’t a proper sorting so it should be done again.”

Ianto whirled away from Hermione and Jack. He knew he needed to get himself back under control before his long ignored magic got away from him. He took several deep breaths and forced his emotions away behind his long held mask. Only then did he turn back to the others in the room. “Dinner that night was a great production. I try to sit with my house only to be hexed. No points or detention given. I almost left the hall but Dumbledore called me back, explained that they’d discovered I’d been hidden by my parents. Made a great production out of announcing exactly who I was to the entire school before plopping that hat on my head,” Ianto bit out the words. “I

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demanded to be put in Slytherin, Hermione. At least there, I knew why I was being hated by everyone else in that damned school.”

“Hogwarts is the best wizard school in Europe!”

“Goddess, do you ever think for yourself!” Ianto retorted. “Hogwarts is an armed camp tearing the British Wizarding World apart with prejudices from the moment a child steps onto the train. I saw that from both sides of the equation.”

“You’re wrong. You’re a Death Eater spy.”

“I’m your father!” Ianto snarled. “So is Jack Harkness. I don’t give a damn about the war. All I want is to know how I have another daughter. Hoped that we could be a family... you, me, Jack, and...”

“No,” Hermione snarled back. She struggled away from Jack her wand held on both of them. “You’re lying. Probably just a Death Eater using potions on my dad to get close to me and then to Harry.” She took a few steps back to press her back against the wall behind her. “Dobby!” she screamed as loudly as she could, hoping that it would work as Harry had once told her it would. A strangely dressed house elf popped into the study. Its wide eyes took in the whole room. Before he could do more than open his mouth, Hermione was making demands. “Dobby! Take me to Dumbledore. I’m not safe here. He’s a Death Eater.” She glared at the two men in front of her.

“Hermione,” Jack pleaded. “Let us explain.”

“There’s nothing to explain, Dad!” she snapped. She took the hand Dobby held up to her. “You lied to me!”

“Hermione,” Ianto started. He fell silent when he saw the hate so plainly written in her eyes. “Miss Granger, don’t blame Jack for who I am. Please, stay for him. I’ll go...” his words broke off as Dobby snapped his fingers taking him and Hermione away. Ianto dropped his head and a stifled sob escaped from him. He squeezed his eyes shut, felt the tears gathering, even as he twisted about to look at Jack. “I’m sorry, Jack,” he whimpered. “I just wanted...”

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“I know,” Jack whispered. His heart was breaking. For his daughter, for his lover, for himself, everything had gone wrong from the moment Ianto had stepped into his office. He never should have hidden Hermione from Ianto, should have told him about their daughter from the moment of his return, but he’d wanted to protect her. “You wanted a family, Ianto. You told me a long time ago that was the thing you wanted most before Torchwood took over your life.”

Ianto wrapped his arms around Jack’s waist and buried his face in his lover’s neck. “Do you want me to go?” he murmured. “You could probably get her back without me around. I’m sure…”

“Shh, Ianto, shh,” Jack soothed. He rubbed Ianto’s back while debating what to do. Finally, he maneuvered them over to one of the armchairs, settled in it, and pulled Ianto into his lap. “It’s not your fault. I should have suspected she was picking up those attitudes from her letters and those from Monica.” He sighed softly. “I was just too proud of her being so bright, so talented, that I never paid attention to the details.”

“I tore you away from her.” Ianto shifted away to rise to his feet. “I shouldn’t have done the test. Just ignored all the little things I saw. I’m sorry.”

Jack rose, gathered Ianto into his arms again, and lifted the younger man’s chin in order to look into his eyes. “You did nothing wrong, Ianto,” he whispered. “I have just as much blame as you for this, but answer me a question.”

“Hmm?”

“What other daughter?”

Ianto gave a tiny weak laugh. “I have a three year old daughter. My adopted sister is raising her. She’s a half-blood. If I thought I could do it around Torchwood, I’d bring her back home.” He looked up at Jack for the briefest of moments. “I thought you didn’t want a family. It’s why I never told you about her.”

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Jack considered Ianto for a very long moment. He could see the pain darkening his blue eyes. He knew his lover would blame himself for the division between him and Hermione; however, Jack also knew that he was as much to blame as Ianto. He stroked Ianto's cheek. He knew he could do nothing about their older daughter. Forcing her to listen would do nothing but drive her away. Teenage angst and hormones being what they were. All they could do was wait for her to come to them. Yet, there was one thing he could give Ianto. "Bring her home," he said. "Bring your daughter home to us."

"But..."

"I have a terrace house by the Park," Jack interrupted. "I lived at the Hub because I was waiting for the Doctor. Bring her home, Ianto."

EPILOGUE

Ianto propped an elbow against the doorframe as he watched Jack play a wild game of tag in the back garden. It had taken weeks of talking to convince his adoptive sister to let him once again have full custody of his daughter. Weeks and lots of visits before she'd agree to the transfer though Ianto was certain that Mica's quick attachment to, and demands to see, Jack helped his case a lot. He smiled for a moment as he considered the toddler. Soon she'd start nursery school. Jack was already searching for one with the right combination of security and educational standards to meet both of their high expectations. Ianto knew his daughter would one day get a letter inviting her to Hogwarts, but for now she was just a little girl untouched by the prejudices of the Wizarding World whose mere presence had eased the pain of Hermione's rejection of them both.

A sigh slipped from Ianto. He'd seen Jack's pain. How it kept increasing with every returned letter and ignored package. Every time another letter was returned be it by Royal Mail or Owl Post, Jack brooded more, though a smile or hug from Mica eased the pain until it

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happened again. Ianto had renewed his subscriptions to the Daily Prophet and the Quibbler in order to keep up with the news. It was the only information they had, scanty that it was, about Hermione. Silently, Ianto sent up a prayer to deities he'd long since stopped believing in for Hermione to be safe, for her to remember them when she needed a place to run to as it was only a matter of time before she would need a place to hide from Voldemort and the Death Eaters.

“Tad!”

Mica's voice broke him from his thoughts. Ianto smiled down at his younger daughter and caught her with ease just before she ran into his legs. He swung her up onto his hip and smiled a greeting at Jack. “Everything's ready for your VIP visitor tomorrow,” he said by way of greeting. “I also took a trip to Lle Cudd today to replace my wand. I can ward the house now.”

“Good,” Jack replied with a fainter version of his usual pleased grin. “I'll be a lot happier once you've done that and we've found someone to stay with this little angel when we're at work.” He tweaked one of Mica's pigtails before leaning over to briefly kiss Ianto. “We need someone who knows about both worlds. A squib or a muggleborn trained in defense. I think there's some with UNIT.”

“I'll look into it.”

“Good because Mipsy is chafing to come and start taking care of ‘Missy Mica’.”

Ianto laughed softly. “We might have a house elf fight on our hands then. Libby's already asked if she could be nanny to Mica.” He tilted his head toward the door. “Dinner?”

“We ate already.” Jack nodded anyway. He followed Ianto into the house. “We'll just have to have another one then. One for each elf to tend.” He broke up laughing at Ianto's stunned expression and grinned merrily at him. “Think of all the fun we'll have practicing. Plus, you need an heir for the Lestrange estate.”

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“You would...” Ianto trailed off for a moment just staring at his lover before setting Mica on her feet. He took a step, rested a hand on Jack’s chest over his heart, and murmured. “We don’t have another baby until we have a proper bonding, Jack.”

“Is that a proposal?” Jack’s voice was equally soft even as it shook with repressed emotion. “Ianto?”

Ianto merely raised an eyebrow and waited. The silence stretched in the room as the men stared at each other. It was so quiet Ianto swore he could hear the sound of the grass growing in their back garden. Finally, just when Ianto was certain his heart would break in his chest, that he was nothing more than a casual fling to Jack, the other man spoke.

“Yes,” Jack whispered. He wrapped his arms around Ianto’s waist and rested his forehead against Ianto’s. “A civil partnership, a wizarding bonding, and I want to adopt Mica. A full proper family, Ianto.” He stroked a finger down Ianto’s cheek. “All or nothing.”

“And Hermione?”

“We have to wait on her to come to us. She’s more Monica’s child than ours.” Jack sighed softly. “I only came into her life as her father when she was about to go to Hogwarts. Until then she thought I was her Uncle Jack. Monica, like her half-sister, doesn’t really like me. Add that to what Hermione’s been taught at Hogwarts.” He shrugged and looked away only to discover Mica staring up at him. “We have your Mica. Any other child we might decide to have. Maybe one day Hermione will want to know her proper heritage.”

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Previously published under a pseudonym as an erotic romance author, Beth McCombs has returned to her roots as a fan fiction writer in an attempt to recover from a severe bout of depression-induced writer's block. She still hopes to be published again someday, but isn't pushing herself in any direction instead she writes for the pure joy of writing.

Beth lives in South Alabama with her husband and young daughter. In her spare time, she studies history, anthropology, and mythology.

You can email Beth at beth@memccombs.com or visit her website at www.memccombs.com.