

All I Want For My Birthday is a Toy Broom

by norwegianeyes

Why is it so hard to get a birthday present for a three year old?

Oneshot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Harry's head shot up as he heard the front door slam, footsteps pounding down the hallway and harsh curse words, which grew louder as the person drew nearer.

Ron was home.

He burst through the kitchen door and flopped down in a chair opposite his lover.

Harry sipped his tea and said in a mocking tone, "Hello, dearest. What's bothering you?"

"Remember Teddy *really* wanted that toy broom for his birthday and said if we didn't get it, he'd hate us forever?" Ron growled.

Harry smiled and nodded. "Vaguely."

"Well, the store only had *one* left. Me and this smelly old bat grabbed it at the same time and *wrestled* over it."

Harry choked on his tea. "You *didn't!*"

"Of course I did! Well, the store manager broke us apart and said that it was shameful that I would pick a fight with an old lady."

Harry looked amused and gestured with his cup. "You'd think that George would side with you."

Ron threw his hands up. "I know! But he said I was disrupting business."

"So what are you going to do about that broom?"

He sighed. "I guess Teddy is going to hate us from now on."

"Come off it, Ron. He's only three. He doesn't mean it."

The redhead shrugged. "I'm not sure. Aren't kids impressionable at his age? I mean, I still hold a grudge against the twins from when we were little."

"Hm." Harry took another sip of his drink. "The teddy-bear spider incident."

Ron rolled his eyes. "Yes. My point is that little kids can hold grudges over stupid shite."

Harry smiled. "Well, *most* of us are normal and don't hold childhood grudges in our twenties."

A mischievous grin appeared on Ron's face. "You're looking to be *bepunished*, aren't you, mister?"

Harry's eyes smiled beneath his thick rimmed glasses. "Sorry to disappoint you, honey, but Teddy's home, and you know the rules."

"I know, I know." He swallowed and made his voice deeper in an attempt to imitate his lover. "When Theodore Remus Lupin is in our home and not at a baby sitter's, we can not have wild, hot, kinky sex."

"Oi, you agreed on the rules." Harry took a sip of his lukewarm tea. "So what are you going to do about Teddy's birthday present?"

"I had to get him something else, but I'm sure he's going to hate it." He left the kitchen and came back with a small brown bag.

He cocked an eyebrow and grinned. "You got him a brown bag?"

"No, you twat. His present is *inside* the bag." He gently pulled out a purple box with two young children, expressions in awe as they made a potion on the cover. In yellow, jagged lettering it said Professor Killian's Potions for Tots. "Well, what do you think?"

Harry said nothing as he studied the present. He was about to open his mouth, but the sound of soft footsteps silenced him. Teddy pushed open the door, holding his wolf stuffed animal under his armpit while his hand was rubbing the sleep out of his eye. "Papa," he whined, "I can't sweep." Suddenly Teddy caught sight of the potions kit, and his eyes bugged out. He rushed over to his dad, arms outstretched. "Is that my birthday present, Daddy?"

"Bugger," Ron moaned in frustration. Harry laughed hysterically as his partner handed the kit over to their adopted son.

Once Teddy had toddled out of the room dragging his present behind him, Ron groaned, and he slumped into a chair. "What the hell am I going to get him *now*?"