

Watching Teddy Grow

by jmlane57

Part of my post-DH series. This one will chronicle Harry's relationship with his godson Teddy Lupin as I see it. Installments will be in four-year increments until Teddy is grown.

2002

Chapter 1 of 5

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By hgseeker

(A/N this is the closest song I could find with the proper theme. Bear with me.)

Watching Scotty Grow

Bobby Goldsboro

There he sits with a pen and a yellow pad,

What a handsome lad, that's my boy,

BRLFQ spells mom and dad,

But that ain't too bad, that's my boy.

You can have your TV and your nightclubs,

And you can have your drive-in picture show,

I'll stay here with my little man near, we'll listen to the radio,

Biding my time and watching Scotty grow.

Making a castle out of building blocks

And a cardboard box. That's my boy.

*Mickey Mouse says it's thirteen o'clock,
Well, that's quite a shock! That's my boy.
In four short years I've gone from rags to riches,
And what I did before that, I don't know,
So let it rain on my windowpane, I got my own rainbow;
And we're sitting here shining watching Scotty grow.
Riding on daddy's shoulders off to bed,
Old sleepy head, that's my boy.
Got to have a drink of water and a story read,
A teddy bear named Fred, that's my boy.
What's that you say mamma, come on and keep your feet warm,
Well, save me a place; I'll be there in a minute or so,
I'll think I'll stay right here and say a little prayer before I go,
Me and God watching Scotty grow.
Me and God watching Scotty grow.*

2002:

22-year-old Harry Potter smiled as he listened to the old Muggle song wind down. Most precisely, it was a father talking about bonding with his small son, but his own feelings for four-year-old Teddy Lupin were very much akin to the feelings of the father in the song. As a result Harry found himself superimposing Teddy's name over the boy's and their own actions for the actions in the song. He tiptoed out of Teddy's room and placed a Silencing Charm on the door so he would have an undisturbed nap. It was fortunate that the child had fallen asleep in time for him to spend some alone time with Ginny, who was coming over after her latest game ended. He generally went to watch her play, but had had to forego it because of babysitting. Andromeda hadn't had a free day for weeks; it was the least he could do. Harry had explained why he wouldn't be able to come; Ginny had said she understood and told him she would drop by after she finished the game. If she wasn't too tired, that was.

Harry had been thinking along the lines of napping himself, but all thoughts left his head when Ginny Apparated in. The lovers met in the centre of the room, unable to stop kissing for a long time. When they finally did, he led her to the couch and they sat down, Ginny curling up close to him with her arms around his waist and her head on his shoulder.

"Gods, I've missed you, Harry."

"That goes double for me," he crooned, kissing the top of her head, then resting his cheek on it as his own arms tightened around her.

"Isn't it about time we thought about getting married? After all, it's been over three years since the war."

"I've been busy at the Ministry," he apologised; his tone wasn't lost on Ginny.

"I know; I heard the latest batch of laws you helped get passed," she remarked with a smile. "Such as:

protective charms on Muggle homes, especially those with Wizarding kin

require the wealthiest wizards to give 10% of their annual income to the neediest

make the use of Polyjuice Potion permissible under controlled circumstances

make Dumbledore's birthday a Wizarding holiday

How could I possibly object to laws like that? To think I'll be able to brag to our children later that it was their father who brought about such tremendous changes!"

Ginny also recalled that Harry had once said he didn't want anything named after him in his lifetime, and that even after his passing, it would be necessary to get his children's, if not Ginny's, OK before doing so. Typically modest of him, but he had to expect it sooner or later, after all he had done for the Wizarding world, not the least of which was the destruction of the worst Dark wizard who had ever lived. She could also understand how Harry could identify with Teddy, losing his parents as a baby just as he himself had. However, he had at least had his mum and dad for over a year; Teddy had only been a month old when Remus and Tonks had been killed in the war.

Not that the boy would lack for love, however. Not with his maternal grandmother, his parents' friends and his godfather, the Boy Who Lived (again), himself, taking care of him. Even without ever having known his mum and dad, Teddy was starting out with more than Harry himself had ever had in the way of emotional security. There was a long silence, where the lovers simply sat communing silently together, luxuriating in the other's warmth and closeness. When Harry least expected it, Ginny spoke again.

"Has Teddy come up with a special name for you yet? I heard from Mione that he calls Andromeda 'Nana.' She even said that he's called Ron the same thing Lavender used to! You should have seen the look on Ron's face. It was priceless!" Ginny laughed, provoking a like reaction in Harry.

"Oh, no! You're kidding!" Once he calmed down, he replied to her earlier question. "To get back to the subject, he's still learning how to say my name, frankly, and if he wants to do that, I won't mind. After all, I called Sirius by his Christian name."

"Just the same, it's always nice to have a child give you a special name," Ginny observed.

"By the way, has Teddy given *you* a special name yet?" Harry threw back.

"Not that I know of yet, but there's still time for both of us," she replied.

"How'd your game go?" he finally asked; she gave him a blow-by-blow account. When she finished, he commented, "Sounds typical of Pansy to do something like that, though ... hitting a Bludger in your direction and forcing you to do a Sloth Roll. I'm thankful for the new law that requires Quidditch players, whether amateur or professional, to have special protective spells around their heads to act as helmets. Even at that, they can't stop all injuries, especially not injuries inflicted by sheer nastiness like McLaggen did to me that one time. It was a wonder I survived it!"

"You just have a very hard head." Ginny laughed at the look on Harry's face. "Well, you do. How else could you have survived?"

"No more talk. We don't have a lot of time," Harry crooned, lifting Ginny's face to look into her eyes, brushing her hair away and stroking her lips with his thumb. Ginny felt her heart speed up at the mixture of love and desire in her beloved's lovely sea-green eyes, and it prompted an answering emotion in her own.

"You'll get no argument from me," she returned with a smile. "Let's get to it."

It was the better part of two hours later that the Silencing Charm wore off and Harry heard Teddy call for him. "Uncle Hawwy! Uncle Hawwy!" He sounded upset, and Harry had to find out why with all speed.

Harry released Ginny; she moved off and got up to follow him, watching as Harry moved to scoop Teddy into his arms and cuddle him. It was obvious the child had been crying and Harry asked why.

"What happened, Teddy?" Harry asked even as the boy buried his face in his shirt, his hair turning green in his distress.

"Bad ... dweam ... Uncle Hawwy," Teddy explained through his tears. "I saw ... Mummy and ... Daddy. They were ... dead." All of those present looked at the smiling picture of Remus and Tonks on the boy's night table, reminiscent of the picture of his own parents, taken shortly after Teddy had been born and while he was asleep.

"It's all right, mate. It was just a bad dream. Everything's fine."

"But Nana says that Mummy and Daddy are weally ... gone. Fo'ever," the boy said, the word provoking further tears and his hair to turn a deeper green.

"That happens to everyone, mate. You'll join them one day. We all will. And you know something? I happen to know that your mummy and daddy loved you very much. That's one reason why they're ... gone. You're too young for me to explain it all now, but when you're older, I will. I promise."

"Cwoss your heart and hope to die? Nana says Gwan'pa told her that you only say that when you weally mean something."

"Cross my heart and hope to die," Harry assured the child, making the crossing gesture over his chest.

Ginny stood leaning against the door, smiling at the tenderness and understanding Harry was showing the sobbing child, unable to help picturing him doing it with one of their own. Meanwhile, bonding with Teddy was the best experience he could have for his future parenting.

After a time Teddy calmed down and Harry gently patted his wet cheeks dry, kissed the top of his head and hugged him tightly. "Okay now, mate?"

"Yeah. Uncle Hawwy?"

"Yes?"

"Who's the pwetty lady in the doorway?"

"That's Ginny. She's my friend Ron's sister. I intend to marry her. Would you mind that?"

"Not as long as you stay my godfather."

"I'll always be your godfather, mate. Meanwhile, would you like to meet Ginny?"

The boy didn't answer but nodded; Ginny joined them after Harry motioned her over to sit beside them.

"Teddy, this is Ginny." Teddy lifted his head to meet Ginny's eyes and she smiled at him.

"Hi, Ginny."

"Hi, Teddy. Nice to meet you."

"Uncle Hawwy says you and he ... going to mawwy."

"That's true. Would you like to be in our wedding? As ring-bearer or something?"

"What's a ... wing-bearer?"

"He carries the rings for the couple to be married. You would walk down the aisle toward us and carry them on a little pillow."

"Think ... 'bout it," the child promised, then yawned deeply and his head became heavy on Harry's chest.

"I think he's going back to sleep," Ginny returned quietly.

"Looks like it. Give me a few minutes to make sure he's asleep and I'll be right with you." Harry leaned over to give Ginny a quick kiss and she got up and left the room.

A few minutes later Harry joined her after putting another Silencing Charm on the door of Teddy's room--or at least the room used as Teddy's in his flat. "He's asleep again?"

"Yeah, and 'Dromeda's supposed to be coming to get him soon. Hate to wake him up. He looks so peaceful."

"Maybe he'll stay asleep," Ginny remarked.

"Hope so. He needs it after that nightmare he had."

"Definitely sounds like he's following in your footsteps. Remember the nightmares you used to have."

"No more, thank Merlin ... and I wouldn't inflict nightmares like that on anyone, especially one like Teddy."

"Well, let's get back to the living room. We didn't get to finish our snog." But just as they were about to start again, there came a knock at the door and Andromeda's voice.

"Harry?"

"Come on in, 'Dromeda," he called back.

When the older woman came in, she hugged Harry and smiled in Ginny's direction. "Ted used to call me that," she recalled, a shadow coming over her eyes at the reminder of her lost husband, who would surely have doted on little Teddy...but he had been lost in the war, as surely as Dora and Remus had been. "How's Teddy?" she asked then.

"He's asleep," Harry reported. "He can stay here if he wants. You know I don't mind."

"Thank you, Harry, but I don't want to be alone in that house. Please go get him."

Harry sighed. "If you say so." With that, he left the room and came back with Teddy in his arms, wrapped in his favourite blanket and his hair as pink as his mother's, which usually indicated happiness and peace. He was still sound asleep.

"Here you go." Harry handed the boy over to his grandmother.

"Thank you. Harry, you know you're welcome to come by my place any time."

"Thanks, 'Dromeda. Would it be all right if I brought Ginny once in a while? Teddy's met her and they like each other. She's even invited him to be in our wedding."

"What could he do? He's only a little boy."

"There's a position in the wedding party called 'ring-bearer' meant for a boy about Teddy's age. Of course, you have the final say, although Teddy didn't seem to be averse to it."

"When were you going to have your wedding?"

"We haven't set a date yet, but we're engaged. As soon as we set a date, we'll let you know, then make plans for Teddy to be in the wedding party."

"I'm sure he'd be very pleased to be included," said Andromeda. "Well, I'd better get home now. Every happiness to you both."

Harry and Ginny smiled and nodded at the older woman, then she Disapparated once outside.

One look into the other's eyes told them what their partner wanted, so words were not needed. With that, Harry scooped Ginny into his arms and headed for his bedroom, then upon arrival, closed and locked the door so they wouldn't be disturbed. There was a long night ahead, and they intended to make the most of it.

2006

Chapter 2 of 5

Teddy is now eight years old. Harry and Ginny are married with one child and another on the way. Yet an incident occurs during one of Teddy's visits that obliges Harry to sit him down and tell him at least some of the "facts of life".

2006:

By this point Harry and Ginny had been married almost four years (they had married when Teddy was five and he had proved to be a most able ring-bearer). Ginny was now six months pregnant (for the second time) and both were looking forward to being parents again; she had retired from her stint as Chaser with the Holyhead Harpies and intended to devote at least the majority of her time to marriage and family with Harry. (Their first child, James II, had been born in 2003.) Once their second child was out of diapers, she intended to take a part-time job as Quidditch sportswriter for the *Daily Prophet* as she had been asked to do numerous times since her retirement from Quidditch.

Even at that, there had been times that Teddy had asked some questions which Harry had never imagined him capable of coming up with, but after talking it over with Molly and Andromeda, he decided to answer them...such as 'Why do people get married?', 'Why do they live together and sleep together?', things like that. Even in the wizarding world, it wasn't seen every day. Maybe part of it was because of Remus having been the intellectual of the four Marauders, so much so that he had even gotten a teaching degree.

But it came to a head when Teddy had actually caught him and Ginny going at it one day shortly after she had become pregnant again. Harry had been too involved with what they were doing to notice that they had an audience, and it wasn't until Ginny alerted him that he had reluctantly released her (what was worse, they had not been under the bedcovers, having decided to make love on top of the covers) ... and without clothes, that could turn into a most compromising position should anyone catch them like that. Harry had been convinced that because of the way Teddy usually slept, it would be safe enough to make love to Ginny, especially if a Silencing Charm was put on the door...but after this, he made a mental note to put a Locking Charm on it as well so as to avoid incidents like this again in the future. But in the meantime, he had some explaining to do ...

He had put on a dressing-gown and they had left the bedroom together, settling down on the big sofa in the living room. Harry settled himself before the fire and Teddy settled himself next to his godfather; once they were settled, his big blue eyes met Harry's green ones with a questioning look on his small face.

"Uncle Harry?"

By this time, Teddy was able to pronounce the name correctly, although he still stayed with Harry and Ginny on occasion...and it was during one of these occasions that the compromising incident had occurred.

"Yes?"

"What were you and Auntie Ginny doing in your bedroom?"

"It's something married people do when they love each other," Harry explained. "And there are many different ways to do it. Some things the man does to the woman, others the woman does to the man."

"Was Auntie Ginny eating you up one of those ways?"

"It wasn't 'eating up,' as such, mate. It's called ... 'fellatio,' basically ... oral sex where the woman takes the man's ... genitalia into her mouth and ..." In spite of himself Harry found himself blushing and fought against it, but knew his face was still flaming even as he made himself answer Teddy's question.

"What happens then?"

"She usually ... does something to ... arouse her partner."

"Is that why she had her head ... between ..." Teddy couldn't bring himself to finish, but Harry knew what he had not said.

"That's right," he confirmed, feeling better when he saw that the boy's hair was pink on the ends in addition to his face being red, definite signs of embarrassment. "And it's

all right for you to be curious, mate. Just don't ask us in front of other people; only when we're alone. What we were doing is considered a private thing, and it's best if it's kept between the partners involved or those closest to them, the ones they can trust."

"Do you trust me?"

"Of course I do, mate."

It was a cinch that Andromeda would think twice about letting Teddy stay again if he started asking her too many questions like this, because she would surely wonder why he was asking and where he had seen the things he was asking about...and if she surmised that it must have happened while he was staying with Harry ...

"And is what you did to Auntie Ginny another one of the ways married couples ... do what they do to have babies?"

"Sex...physical love...isn't just for babies, mate, although that is part of its purpose. Its main purpose, though, is to enable the couple in question to show love for one another."

"Is there only that one kind of love in the world?"

"Of course not. There's love between friends, such as your Uncle Ron and I have between us, as well as your Aunt Hermy." (Harry knew Teddy was still having trouble with the pronunciation of Hermione's name, so he called her this when talking to Teddy.) "There's also the love of parents for children and grandparents for grandchildren, such as your Nana has for you, or the love Auntie Ginny's parents have for her, her brothers and their families ... and me, too, incidentally. They've considered me part of the family since I was eleven years old."

"I'm also told that you look very much like your father, but that you have your mother's eyes," the boy remarked.

"That's true," Harry confirmed. "But I seem to remember showing you pictures of my parents. Last year, I believe."

"Could you show me again?"

"I suppose so." Harry sighed, then raised a hand in the direction of the bedroom where the album with pictures of his parents (as well as Sirius and Remus and Tonks) was kept. "*Accio* album!"

A moment later the album flew into his hands and he opened it on his lap; after a few pages, Harry found the wedding picture of his parents and Sirius. As with most wizarding photographs, they were moving, smiling and waving at the camera. Teddy seemed utterly fascinated, looking back and forth between Harry and James several times...then his gaze lingered on Lily for a while before looking at Harry to note his green eyes.

"Who's the bloke with them?"

"My dad's best friend, Sirius Black," Harry explained. "He was best man at their wedding, just as Ron was best man at my and Ginny's wedding. It's customary for the closest friends or close family of the couple to attend them at their wedding."

"Auntie Ginny said this ... Sirius was also your godfather."

"That's right."

"Why haven't I ever met him?"

"He was ... killed in my fifth year of school," Harry returned quietly, the pain of the loss still with him even after all these years. He frankly doubted it would ever go away. As his eyes closed in pain and filled with tears, his reaction wasn't lost on the boy.

"You ... loved him, didn't you?"

"Very much, mate. He was the closest thing I had to a father other than Mr. Weasley. Sirius was also a close friend of your parents."

"I've also heard Aunt Hermy mention someone called Dumbledore. Who was he?"

"The greatest wizard who ever lived. The only one Voldemort ever feared...and the Head of Hogwarts when I went there. He was ... one of my role models and the closest thing I had to a grandfather while I was growing up."

"What happened to him?"

"He was ... killed in my sixth year of school. This prompted me to go after the man who had killed him, although he wasn't punished until the following year when we had what is generally termed 'The Final Battle' with the Dark Lord, Voldemort."

"You ... killed him, didn't you?"

"I had to. There was a ... prophecy made when I was a baby which stated that I was the one destined to destroy him."

"Didn't he have several ... things you had to destroy first before you could kill him?"

"Horcruxes, yes," Harry had to admit, making another mental note to have some choice words with his friends about mentioning this to the child before he did. He hadn't planned on telling Teddy anything about them until the boy was considerably older...such as when he was also going to Hogwarts. "He had seven of them made ... placing a part of his soul in each one."

"How did he make them?"

"It's necessary to ... kill someone for each Horcrux made," Harry returned quietly. Nothing had ever been more difficult to discuss than this...and not simply because so many people had died at Voldemort's hands, some of them very close to him, like Remus and Tonks. Both he and Teddy were orphans because of him; so many had been robbed of so much, including their lives. The only good thing was that Voldemort had now been wiped off the face of the earth...all due to the efforts of Harry and company.

"Can you tell me which things were made into Horcruxes?"

Harry related the stories of the diary and the ring, the stone of which had turned out to be one of the Deathly Hallows; the locket from Salazar Slytherin; the cup from Helga Hufflepuff; the diadem from Rowena Ravenclaw and the giant snake Nagini, Voldemort's familiar...even Harry himself, the 'unintentional' Horcrux made when Voldemort attempted to kill him as a baby. The final Horcrux was in Voldemort himself, and Harry had managed to destroy him with Draco Malfoy's wand after having Disarmed him (Voldemort had had another of the Hallows, the Elder Wand, which had once belonged to Dumbledore) and caught it as he would have a Snitch, with all the Seeker's skills at his command. Another memorable moment was when Nagini had been beheaded under Voldemort's very nose by Neville, which had earned him the Order of Merlin, Second Class...as Harry, Hermione and Ron had each earned the Order of Merlin, First Class.

By this point Harry reached the page where he had placed his award, pointing it out to the boy.

"This is the award they gave me for defeating Voldemort."

"I guess that makes you a hero, huh?"

"I guess so. Not too many people are around who can say they fought Voldemort more than once and survived, much less defeated him ... although...as far as I'm concerned, anyway...the ones who fought in the two Wizarding wars are just as much heroes as I am, which include my parents and yours."

Both then turned their attention to the picture of Remus and Tonks, taken while she was pregnant with Teddy, looking at each other with love as Remus rested his hand on Tonks' large belly. It was truly incredible how much Teddy resembled his mother, and not only because he possessed her Metamorphmagus ability. Which reminded him ...

"Teddy, did I ever tell you that my dad, Sirius and your dad could change into animals?"

"They were ... what is it ... Animagi?"

"That's right. Or at least my dad and Sirius were. Your dad was a ... werewolf."

"How did he become a ... werewolf?"

"He was bitten as a child by the evil werewolf Greyback."

"Do you think I'll eventually show werewolf characteristics?"

"It's possible, but I doubt it. From what I've seen, you seem to take more after your mother, who was a shape-changer. To get back to the earlier subject, my dad could turn into a stag...that's a male deer ... and my Patronus, incidentally...and Sirius could turn into a dog. Which reminds me ... did you know there's a star in the sky called Sirius? It's referred to as the 'Dog Star.' I'll have to point it out to you one of these days, as Sirius once pointed it out to me."

"Do you think your godfather could have been named for this star?"

"It's possible, but I couldn't say for sure. Sirius never said just where his name originated."

"I also heard that you have some relatives on your mother's side which you keep in touch with."

"Yes; they raised me, such as it is." Harry didn't like to think of all he had gone through under their so-called care, but what mattered was that he had survived...and to his surprise, Dudley had actually matured enough so that Harry could make tentative moves toward ... if not family kinship, friendship at the very least. Harry had even heard that Dudley had found himself a steady girlfriend. It was, in fact, so serious that it wouldn't surprise Harry if Dudley actually got married one of these days. Definitely not something Harry could have foreseen in the early days, that was for sure ...

"Why did they treat you so badly?"

"I think a lot of it had to do with their dislike of anything having to do with the Wizarding world. They had basically lost my mother to the Wizarding world when she was eleven years old, although from what I understand, she was showing signs of magic far earlier than that. The relationships deteriorated over the years, but the final break between my mum and her sister, my Aunt Petunia, came when she married my dad. They never mentioned them in my hearing and disliked it intensely when I did. I didn't have friends until I started Hogwarts; my cousin Dudley saw that. There's too much to go into here, things I don't think your grandmother would want you to know about just yet. Maybe later on. For now we'll just concentrate on life as it is right now ... the love and closeness presently between our friends and ourselves."

At this point Harry looked up to see Ginny leaning against the doorjamb, her hair tousled with sleep and passion, smiling provocatively at him, and he found himself wanting her again. However, they wouldn't be able to get back to business until he could get Teddy taken care of.

"Is everything all right now, Harry?" Ginny's musical voice asked, her brown eyes soft as she gazed upon her husband and the child.

"I think so, Gin," Harry replied with a smile. "At least for the time being. What about you? Feeling all right?"

"Pretty good. Just took some more Anti-Nausea Potion. Looks like I'm going to have morning sickness for the duration of the pregnancy, not just until the fourth month, as I did the first time."

"Do you think you'll be up to our getting together again later?"

"Oh, I think so ... especially if you can manage to take care of Teddy in the meantime."

Ginny came over and kissed her husband on the top of his head, then squeezed him around his shoulders. Harry rolled his eyes up to meet hers and smiled at her again.

"Let me know when you want to get together again. Meanwhile, I think I'll go visit with Mum for a while and take James. See you later, luv."

Ginny then stood up again after kissing Harry's nearest ear and left the room, both Harry and Teddy watching her go.

"Uncle Harry ..."

"What?"

"You didn't answer my earlier questions ... you know, the ones about why people get married and live together."

"Sorry, mate. Got involved with other subjects."

With that, Harry began his additional explanations. By the time he managed to finish, he couldn't help noting a strange look on the boy's face, and couldn't help asking what he was thinking about.

"I think I ... like Victoire, Uncle Harry."

"Bill's daughter?"

"That's the one. She's so pretty and nice. In fact I think I may even ask her to ... marry me at the proper time."

"You're kind of young to talk about marriage, mate. Also, have you any idea how she feels about you?"

"I think she likes me too."

"Well, we'll just have to wait and see what happens. If you two do decide to eventually get married, I'm here if you need advice. Of course, you should discuss things with her and her parents first, though. Bill's very protective of his daughters and won't release them to just anyone."

"I would never hurt her, Uncle Harry, you know that."

"I'm sure you wouldn't, but I'm not the one you have to convince. As I said, time will tell if you and Victoire are meant to be together. Meanwhile, just enjoy the friendship you have with her. Remember how Aunt Ginny and I are, and we started out as just friends. It's best that a couple is friends before becoming lovers ... in essence, they should like as well as love each other."

"Thanks, Uncle Harry."

The boy hugged Harry, and Harry returned it, resting his cheek for a moment on the top of the boy's head and stroking his hair.

"You're very welcome, Teddy ... and you know I'll help you in whatever way I possibly can. Just ask."

"Can I go home now?"

"If you want ... I just need to check and see if Nana is ready for you."

With that, Harry went to Floo Andromeda and found that she was indeed ready; in fact, had just finished fixing a meal and told Harry that she had been about to call him and ask him to send Teddy home. Now all he had to do was wait for Gin to come back and they could get back to the very pleasant business they had been so happily engaged in earlier, but which had been inadvertently interrupted by the overly curious child. While he was waiting for her to return and after he had sent Teddy back home, Harry decided to owl his office at the Ministry to find out the latest developments on both the Auror front and the latest laws he had helped get passed, which were under the jurisdiction of Arthur Weasley's new job in the Department of Magical Law Enforcement.

Come to think of it, Hermione had just started working there, so it wouldn't surprise him if they, she and Arthur, eventually teamed up at some point. He would have to ask Gin upon her return if she had heard anything in that regard while she was at the Burrow. She and Hermione were as close as sisters, just as he and Hermione were like brother and sister...and now that she and Ron had married, Molly was as likely to know the details of their lives almost as well as they did themselves. Meanwhile, all he had to concern himself with was just living his life, his wife, marriage and upcoming child ... and eventually furthering his relationship with Teddy, which if the present was any indication, should be even closer in the future.

2010

Chapter 3 of 5

Part of my post-DH series. In this one Teddy is heading for his third year at Hogwarts; Harry and his grandmother Andromeda see him off.

2010:

Teddy Lupin was now 12 years old, nearly 13 in fact, and very nervous. He had gotten his Hogwarts letter two summers ago (it had turned out his parents themselves had told the school authorities of his birth and given them his birth date, although he had always assumed that it had been either his grandmother or even Harry), and they'd only had a few months to prepare him for his third year. He had asked Uncle Harry what it was like to go to Hogwarts and Harry had been only too happy to enlighten him, especially as to what his own third year had been like. He now considered him old enough to know about the things that had happened that year, even though they were never likely to happen again, since he had vanquished Voldemort years before. However, that was why he had become an Auror, and was in fact now Head of the Auror Department at the Ministry, in order to make sure that another of Voldemort's ilk didn't arise.

"Was my mum an Auror too? Nana says she was," he had asked Harry recently.

"She was. She was also a member of the Order of the Phoenix, as was your dad. However, she didn't become one until 1994, a few years before you were born."

"How long does it take to become an Auror?"

"Three years. It was tough work, but well worth it. I'm now Head of the Department at the Ministry."

"Do you think I would make a good Auror?"

"Couldn't say, mate. That depends on how well you do in the necessary subjects at school. Once you're in fifth year—that's usually when they do career advisory stuff at Hogwarts—you could discuss it with your Head of House then."

"Which House was my mum in, do you know?"

"I think she once mentioned that she was in Hufflepuff. Your dad was in Gryffindor, like I was."

"You know, the Sorting Hat wanted to put me in Hufflepuff, but I said I wanted to be in Gryffindor. Of course, I didn't know at the time which Houses my parents had been in; I just wanted to be in the same House as you because I admire you so."

Harry had smiled and blushed with pleasure, thankful the boy couldn't see it since his head was bowed. "Thanks, mate, but the Hat usually knows best how to Sort students."

"Probably too late to change it now, huh?"

"Most likely, mate. Have you got your trunk ready? Remember, we've got to have you at Platform 9¾ at King's Cross station day after tomorrow. You also better have your cat ready."

Last year this time, Harry had taken Teddy to get him a familiar. Hogwarts students were permitted either an owl, cat or toad—and Teddy had chosen a black cat with green eyes, naming her Dora after his mother. Harry was convinced the colour of her fur and eyes were a tribute to him, but didn't say anything at the time.

"Just got to put my new robes in," Teddy had announced, proud of himself for having his trunk ready on time for once. "I plan to do that just before I go to bed tomorrow night."

However, during one of the times he had visited Teddy in Hogsmeade, Harry had been unable to help noticing that the boy preferred Muggle clothes like jeans, T-shirts and sweatshirt jackets. His mother's influence again ... at least in part. As for his studies, Teddy seemed to be every bit as intellectual as his father had been. In fact, Harry had even told him once that Remus had been a Prefect, which usually only happened to the smartest students at Hogwarts in their sixth year. Maybe he would even end up one if he applied himself. That would be one way to do his mum and dad proud ... not to mention everyone else who knew him. But that was a few years away yet. Meanwhile, the best he could do was apply himself to his current year's schoolwork.

Harry and Andromeda took Teddy to King's Cross station that Saturday morning, September 1, at 10 a.m. so he wouldn't miss the Hogwarts Express, due to depart at 11. Ginny had wanted to come, but was still recovering from a nasty cold. In fact, Lily Luna, named for her paternal grandmother and one of her parents' friends, was just two years old, and young James had turned seven a short time before. Their second son, Albus Severus, named for the last two headmasters of Hogwarts, was now four. However, Teddy had made sure to say goodbye to her before they had left the house, promising to owl her and Harry as often as possible.

One of the proudest days of Teddy's life had been when he was presented with his mother's wand on his eleventh birthday. It had been salvaged from the debris at the Battle of Hogwarts and carefully preserved for when Teddy was old enough. They had searched for Remus's as well, but it was discovered to have been destroyed in the battle. Harry hadn't been pleased to hear that; Teddy had so little to remember his parents by. It would have been nice to have his father's wand, if only as a family heirloom. He had not had the heart to tell Teddy about that, although he had had Hermione do research on Tonks's wand.

It was made of rowan (mountain ash tree) wood and had a dragon heartstring core, making it both very magical and very strong, which wasn't really surprising. Tonks would go for that sort of wand, considering that she had been an Auror and needed all the advantages she could get against adversaries. It was also said that rowan wood had strong protective qualities, so it was probably the best one for Teddy to have, especially if he intended to become an Auror himself one day.

Not long afterward, they arrived at King's Cross station and Harry unloaded the trunk from the boot of the car. However, it was Teddy who flagged down a trolley to take it to the train since he hadn't learned the *Locomotor* spell yet. Harry made a mental note to tell him that Tonks had been an artist at using that spell at the first opportunity. After they had gone through the portal between Platforms 9 and 10, they found themselves just a short distance from where Teddy was supposed to get on the train. Harry saw a few of his former classmates seeing off their own children, but the ones who stood out (naturally) were the flame-haired Weasleys—or more specifically, Bill, whose oldest daughter, Victoire, was a year younger than Teddy and beginning her second year just as he was beginning his third. Harry had been about to call to them when Bill looked in their direction, smiled and motioned them in his direction. Harry smiled and waved back, motioning Andromeda and Teddy to follow him.

"Hey, mate! How are things with you and Gin?" Bill asked when Harry reached him.

"Fine. She just got over a nasty cold. Our third child, a daughter, is now two years old. We named her Lily Luna."

"Fleur's gone to France to visit her family, but told me to give you and Gin her love if I saw you." He noted Teddy standing next to his grandmother and smiled in the boy's direction. "And can this strapping young man actually be Master Teddy Lupin?"

"The very same," Harry returned proudly. "He's starting his third year, just as your Victoire is starting her second. Where is she, by the way?"

"She's talking to another of her friends. That way." Bill pointed a few yards off to where his strawberry blonde-haired daughter was speaking with one of her friends, another second-year who looked foreign, perhaps even Indian, like the Patils. He couldn't have said for sure, but wouldn't be surprised if she was.

"Is she ready for her second year?"

"I would assume so, although whenever I ask her, she simply shrugs and smiles, then says, 'As ready as I will ever be, Daddee.' She has an accent and smile similar to her mother's, although she has my eyes. I'm also sure that she'll end up every bit as smart as I am. Remember the twelve OWLs I had."

"Wouldn't surprise me a bit." Harry made himself smile, although he had been well pleased with his own seven.

Just then, the whistle on the train blew, indicating there were only five minutes left before the train departed.

Bill called, "Torie! Time to get on the train!"

"Coming, Daddee." The girl bade her friend goodbye but was most likely to either speak with her further, if not sit with her, on the train later. Victoire smiled at Harry and Andromeda, but her gaze lingered on Teddy. Harry smiled at the way the boy blushed and the ends of his hair turned a deep pink. "*Bonjour*, Teddee. Good to see you."

"You too, Victoire."

With that, the children hugged their relatives quickly and jumped onto the train, waving madly through the windows once they found a place to sit. Harry, Andromeda and Bill waved back, waving until the train had moved sufficiently so they could no longer see the children before turning and heading back to their vehicles—or rather, Harry's. It was getting progressively more difficult for Andromeda to Apparate, so they didn't unless absolutely necessary. As a result, Harry was obliged to use his Muggle vehicle to transport them to the train station. Teddy had been disappointed because he had wanted to Side-Along Apparate with Harry, though he understood that his grandmother couldn't and didn't openly complain.

"So how are you feeling, Mrs. Tonks?" Bill asked conversationally.

"Andromeda, please." The older woman smiled. "I'm doing as well as can be expected, although it can be quite tiring, looking after that young dynamo of a grandson of mine. He's his mother all over again."

"No doubt," Bill laughed. "Torie's the same way." A short time later, they reached the car. Harry helped Andromeda in, then closed the door, went around and got in himself. Bill lingered a few minutes to make his goodbyes. "All the best to you and Gin, Harry, and take care, Andromeda." Both smiled and nodded in his direction, although Harry was the only one who replied verbally.

"All the best to you and Fleur, Bill. I've got to get 'Dromeda home now, then back to Gin and the kids. See you later."

"Later, Harry. Say hello to Ron and 'Mione for me if you see them."

"Will do. 'Bye, now."

With that, Harry accelerated the car and was gone. Andromeda didn't seem in the mood for conversation on the way back, so he didn't engage her, but when they arrived, he escorted her to the door of her home, then kissed her on the cheek before returning to his car and departing. He thought of Teddy and how much he had grown and matured in twelve years. How proud Remus and Dora would be if they could see him now! So very unfortunate that they had been killed by that bloody bitch Bellatrix, and so good to know that Molly had finished her off. He would never underestimate *her* skills again, that was for sure! But now he had to get back to his wonderful Gin, his wonderful kids and his wonderful new life.

Part of my post-DH series. This one will chronicle Harry's relationship with his godson Teddy Lupin as I see it. Installments will be in four-year increments until Teddy is grown. This one has a now 16-year-old Teddy asking Harry for advice regarding approaching Victoire romantically.

2014:

It hardly seemed possible that sixteen years had passed since Teddy had been born, but he was now a sixth-year at Hogwarts, having maintained top grades the entire time. It was even rumoured that he might become Head Boy in his seventh year, just as he had been Prefect in his fifth year, having aced his OWLs just as handily as Hermione once had.

He and Harry had become progressively closer with every passing year, even through Harry's own now eleven-year marriage and three children. In fact, his oldest, James Sirius, was now ten and due to start at Hogwarts next year. Albus Severus, his second son, was presently eight, and his youngest, Lily Luna, was now six. He and Ginny were just as much in love as ever...as were Ron and Hermione, and their two children, Rose and Hugo, were now nine and seven respectively.

However, Harry had gained most of his parenting experience on Teddy. In fact, he did his best to treat him as he believed Remus and Dora would have. The way the boy had been talking and acting lately, though, Harry was convinced his godson was in love. If he had been able to call on Sirius in this same situation, things might have turned out a lot better for everyone concerned. Certainly not nearly as many mistakes would have been made. Well, nothing could be done about it now; besides, what mattered was that in spite of what they had had to endure to get to this point, he and Gin were not only together now but very happy and raising a beautiful family.

But right now, his main concern was Teddy. He recognised the symptoms from when he himself had first been in love with Ginny. If his own feelings were any indication, it wouldn't surprise Harry one bit if Teddy came to him in the near future and asked him how to tell the object of his love how he felt about her. Harry also strongly suspected that he knew who it was: one Victoire Weasley, Bill and Fleur's oldest daughter, now fifteen.

She was one of the loveliest young women who had ever lived...but then, considering she was part Veela, that was to be expected. Any man with an ounce of hormones would be affected by her, as they (he, Ron and many others) had been by Fleur. So it came as no surprise whatsoever that Teddy was so bewitched by Victoire. Not even the younger daughter, Dominique, and their son, Louis, had the same effect on their peers as Victoire did.

Neither would it surprise Harry if Teddy was also having sexual feelings regarding her. The question was, how did she feel about him? If Teddy himself didn't know, maybe he could ask Bill or Fleur to approach their daughter on Teddy's behalf as to just what her feelings for him were. It would be even more difficult, of course, if Victoire were unable to say just what her feelings were, but they would deal with that when it came up.

For the moment, Harry would prepare himself as best he could to answer any and all questions Teddy might have regarding women, sex and love. If nothing else, he would call upon Ginny for help ... but only if absolutely necessary.

* * * * *

Within a week Harry's suspicions proved correct. He was writing a letter to Hermione asking about the progress of the latest laws he had lobbied for when he heard a knock at the door of his study. Usually all those closest to him knew well that if his door was closed, he didn't want to be disturbed unless it was a bona fide emergency. However, he had been known to make exceptions on occasion...although those were fairly few and far between. And among those few exceptions were certain trysts with Ginny or talks with Teddy. It was for the latter reason that he would make yet another exception for the boy. After all, he'd have his own three children to help through the same thing before too much longer. Might as well get the experience now as later.

"Uncle Harry, can I come in? I need to talk to you. It's important."

"Sure, Teddy. Come on in...and close the door." Teddy did so; Harry motioned him to the other, vacant, chair in the room. "Where are the others?"

"Aunt Ginny took your kids to the Burrow for the day so we won't be disturbed."

Harry couldn't help thinking that Teddy must have asked her to do this, and that (at least technically) Ginny should probably have been here as well, especially if the upcoming subject matter was what he thought it was going to be...but didn't voice his opinion. Instead, his eyes widened in surprise at the anxious look on his godson's face. "It's that important?"

"It's that important," Teddy confirmed. "I need some advice about ... uh ... women. Or more accurately, teenage girls."

Harry's eyebrows shot up, but he simply said in his gentlest voice, sensing the boy's discomfort, "Any girl in particular?"

"I think you can guess," Teddy all but mumbled, blushing even as the ends of his hair also turned red. "I've liked her for ages, and I'm positive she likes me too, but I don't know how to approach her. You've always said actions speak louder than words, but I can't help thinking I should do more."

"That's true, although Ginny's always said that women prefer to be *told* how a bloke feels about them, at least once in a while. Those two facts should always be kept in mind."

"But that's not the only thing I need advice on, Uncle Harry," the boy all but blurted out in a rush, as if anxious to get the words out as rapidly as possible.

Harry had never seen Teddy blush so deeply and knew this talk had to be very difficult for him...but at the same time, knew it was necessary if he were to have any kind of future with Victoire.

"It's never easy to tell someone you love them, mate. Merlin knows it took me months to finally tell Gin I loved her. It's scary, how vulnerable love can make you. You become extra sensitive to everything your beloved says or does...or *doesn't*...do or say. Or even the way they do...or don't do...a given thing. Of course, under the right circumstances, it can be the most heavenly, wonderful thing in the world ... even just to see her or hear her speak, much less hold her, touch her or kiss her ..."

Harry's voice trailed off, but Teddy knew what Harry had not said...and why he had not said it...even as he smiled knowingly at the soft look that always came into his godfather's green eyes whenever he talked about his wife, even after over a decade of marriage and three children. Harry's smile also held infinite love and unfathomable tenderness as well as flames of desire.

Teddy hoped mightily that he might have that kind of relationship with Victoire one day...but it was only likely if he could manage to tell her how he felt about her at the right time and in the right way. Which reminded him ... there was something else he needed to know.

"How do you deal with ... physical reactions to the person in question?"

Harry's eyes widened again. "You mean ... sexual arousal?"

Teddy managed a stiff nod after another deep blush. "Sometimes I ... get so ... hard I hurt...and nothing I do helps for long."

"Believe me, mate, I know how you feel, but it's completely normal. Every young man feels like that at one time or another. I know I did! The times I had to be away from Gin before fighting Voldemort ... I truly hope I never have to go through anything like that ever again. I lost count how many times I had to do the solo bit to relieve myself ... and the fantasies I had about her, all I wanted to do to her ... there were times that she was all I could think about. Well, I think you get the picture. And for Merlin's sake, don't say anything to Ginny about this, or else I'll never hear the end of it."

"Don't worry, I won't. But what can I do, Uncle Harry? I know we're too young to marry, much less have sex...but I can't think of anything else right now. Even at that, I don't want to just have sex with her. I want to share my life with her, give her children ..."

"It's understandable that you would want to be intimate with her before marriage. Sexual feelings are very hard to control, especially when they first kick in. Believe me, I know! All the same, it's wrong because such strong feelings and desires belong only in marriage."

"What did ... you do, Uncle Harry?"

"If I tell you, you must keep it to yourself. It would hurt many people if it became public, especially Ginny and myself, much less our children. If you don't think you can keep it secret afterward, I can Obliviate you. That is, modify your memory so you don't remember it."

Harry could well imagine how Bill and Fleur would react if they could hear this, much less Arthur and Molly, having been very loving but all the same, very strict in raising their children, especially regarding matters of the heart...and body...which might affect any or all of them, including ... especially ... Ginny. However, shortly after the Battle of Hogwarts, there had been a point where their physical hunger for each other had become irresistible the time when young love became more important than morality. Fortunately, they made sure to use Contraceptive Charms, so they did at least one thing right. But even if they didn't exactly start out their intimate relationship correctly, what mattered was that it had ended up correctly...and he hoped the same thing for Teddy ... but at the proper time.

"I ... agree," Teddy returned quietly, all the while hoping he would never have to avail himself of the offer. "Now please tell me more of ... what you did."

And with that, Harry did, hoping all the while that Gin would not find out. If she did, she would likely Bat-Bogey him into the middle of next week, and he wouldn't blame her. But he only meant to help Teddy the best way he could.

But for the time being, at least, he intended to concern himself only with doing everything in his power to help the boy through this most difficult of "growing pains" and resolve his current situation...whatever that might involve.

Luckily for Harry and all those closest to him, including Teddy, the boy proved to be every bit as adept at keeping secrets as Remus and Harry himself, much less Ron, Hermione or any of the other Weasleys. Just the same, Harry intimated to Teddy that the option of memory modification would remain open should he feel he ever needed to avail himself of it.

As it turned out, Victoire loved Teddy every bit as much as he did her, but although Bill...a loving but strict father in the Arthur Weasley mold...gave permission for Teddy and Victoire to date, he warned that they must act responsibly when it came to intimacy of any kind ... especially when they were away at school. He also vetoed steady dating until Victoire was of age. As for marriage, that would not be permitted until and unless at least one of them had gainful employment ... preferably Teddy.

Fleur had sat next to him when he told Harry this, nodding in agreement with virtually everything her husband said, except at one point when she looked like she wanted to argue with him. Harry couldn't remember just when that point was now, but it didn't really matter. The point was that Teddy could openly date Victoire.

Teddy also vowed to keep in mind Harry's admonition that simply because he or other elders said or did a given thing didn't necessarily make it morally or emotionally right. Of course, there were times that people did things which could be termed "wrong," but Harry warned that the actions in question should never be done unless deemed unavoidable...and even then, one should think twice before doing them because they could have lifelong consequences for everyone concerned, not just the individual in question.

Harry fully agreed with these restrictions and warned Teddy to comply with them or else they would be tightened, especially if he or Victoire's parents ever found out Teddy had done anything wrong and tried to cover it up. Particularly if it involved physical intimacy with Victoire. Teddy became understandably indignant and defensive, assuring his godfather that he intended to toe the line.

"Don't worry, mate, I trust you ... and most importantly, Bill and Fleur trust you." Harry smiled. "Just keep in mind what the consequences will be if you ever betray that trust. In other words, if you act like an adult, you will be treated and trusted as such ... but if you act like an irresponsible child, you'll ruddy well be treated like one...and never mind what age you are!"

Teddy had no intention of risking losing Victoire, not for any reason, so he vowed to behave himself ... as best he could, anyway. He recalled when Uncle Harry had told him of his own emotional and physical hardships over the years and was glad that his own life had been much happier and easier. Of course, the lives of certain other elders had been very difficult as well...especially that of his father. He wouldn't wish lives like theirs on anyone, except perhaps his worst enemy ... and at this point, he was at least fairly sure that he didn't have one. At least not yet. All the same, he had best be prepared for that eventuality at the earliest possible time ... making a mental note to make that the very next thing he discussed with his godfather.

2018

Chapter 5 of 5

Teddy is now twenty years old and preparing to marry Victoire; Harry and Ginny will be his surrogate parents at the wedding.

2018:

Harry could scarcely believe it possible, but he had now been married for 15 years, had three children, two of them school-age—and what was more, was 38 years old. Most surprising of all, however, was that Teddy (though he now preferred the more mature-sounding "Ted") was now all but grown. He was twenty years old as of his last birthday, having graduated Hogwarts two years before with the highest honours the school could bestow, including the highest GPA in the history of the school.

Teddy was, in fact, all that Remus had been academically—Prefect, Head Boy ... and even though Nymphadora Tonks had been no slouch in the brains department, it was the general consensus of all those close to Teddy that he had gotten his brains from his father and his looks (not to mention his shapechanging ability) from his mother.

Harry couldn't have been more proud of his godson, especially considering the fact that the boy was now an Apprentice Auror—and best of all, had earned his place in the Auror Academy without Harry using his influence to help him along. He had wanted to succeed or fail on his own merits, not Harry's.

Only after he had become an Apprentice Auror had Teddy allowed Harry to work with him. He even let Harry's children watch them work out, although Ginny had admonished him to make sure to cast Shield Charms in order to protect them in the event a spell went astray. But the thing Harry was proudest of was the way Teddy had

gone about winning over Victoire (not to mention Bill and Fleur). The younger couple had, in fact, been engaged for the better part of the last year, ever since Victoire herself had graduated from Hogwarts. She had even decided to work toward becoming an Auror herself, if only so they could spend as much time together as possible.

Both of them seemed to pick up the necessary self-defense spells and fighting techniques with a speed that only Harry or Mad-Eye Moody could have equaled. Even Victoire's younger siblings, Dominique and Louis, treated Teddy like a member of the family. Of course, Harry knew it was the Weasley way, but warned the boy not to take it for granted because it could be withdrawn just as quickly as it had been given if he ever got out of line, especially regarding Victoire.

Harry recalled how he himself had finally managed to propose to Ginny shortly before finishing the Auror Academy and while still serving an Apprenticeship at the Ministry—now sixteen years in the past (he was now Head of the Auror Department). He had also been very thankful that Ginny had gotten her own flat at age eighteen while playing pro Quidditch upon her own graduation from Hogwarts. As a result, they had been able to spend several nights a week together, usually alternating between his and her flat.

However, he had hesitated to move in with her, mainly because Molly had an irritating tendency to either drop in unexpectedly or pop into the fire at an inopportune moment. The last thing he intended was to allow her to catch them in a compromising position. As it was, they had just been lucky that she had not caught them in bed together or going at it on the couch before the fire during their engagement.

If that had happened, Molly would not only have given them both seventeen shades of holy hell, she would probably have hexed his bits off—or one of Gin's brothers would have. The mere memory of her having killed Bellatrix Lestrange kept them from pushing the Weasley matriarch's fabled temper too far.

However, right now, what mattered was Teddy's own conduct regarding Victoire. He was immensely pleased that the boy had (so far, anyway) managed to keep his desires under control. Even though he had privately confessed to Harry that he and Victoire had engaged in some sexy love play on several occasions, he assured Harry that no actual sex had taken place. That could not have been easy for him, considering Victoire's Veela powers, but somehow Teddy had managed.

Of course, over the last few years, Harry had had a few other things on his mind ... such as establishing himself as an Auror, maintaining a marriage and raising three children. Harry had especially admonished his oldest son, James II (now thirteen and a third-year at Hogwarts) not to tell the younger kids the secrets of the school before they started attending.

Even at that, he was pretty sure that only Teddy had actually listened to him, simply judging from the fear of being Sorted into Slytherin which young Albus had displayed when he had started school last fall. Only after Harry had assured his son that he could ask the Hat to Sort him into his preferred House did the boy relax. In fact, Harry was frankly convinced that James was probably not only channeling his prankster uncles Fred and George, but his equally prank-pulling namesake paternal grandfather.

It was sad that Moony and Dora could not see what a fine young man their son had turned out to be—everything any parent (or prospective in-law) could ask for—not only smart but personable and morally upstanding. Nor did it hurt that he had also been voted the best-looking male student in school in both his sixth *and* seventh years. Just as several girls in Hogwarts had once tried to lure Harry away from Ginny—the most notable being one Romilda Vane—a similar amount had attempted to lure Teddy away from Victoire. They had had no more success than Romilda, unfortunately for them. Nothing could stand up to the power of the Veela ... and Teddy seemed to be a very willing victim of it. Harry also liked to think that his teachings had had at least a little to do with how Teddy had turned out, although he couldn't be sure just how much had actually sunk in.

Both he and Ginny had done all they could to be as good an example of how a marriage should be as they could manage ... both publicly and privately. Harry also fully expected that he would be called upon to give advice even after Teddy had actually married Victoire, which was now only three months away. Both Teddy and Victoire would have birthdays in that span of time, though, so once the wedding day rolled around, they would be twenty-one and nineteen respectively.

At the moment, however, Harry was contemplating what steps to take in preparing for said wedding, since the plans for same were now well underway. Even so, he knew that it would take weeks, even with magic, to do everything Molly and Victoire's parents wanted to do to give the newlyweds a rousing send-off into married life.

In fact, that was where Gin was right now, along with Molly and Fleur, assisting Victoire in choosing her trousseau. Fleur had already embarrassed the girl with several private talks regarding love and sex in marriage—how to keep a husband happy, both in and out of the bedroom ... although he had no doubt that she would implement them the first chance she got after the wedding. Harry smiled wickedly as he considered what Victoire's libido must be like if she was anywhere near as insatiable as Ginny. If that was the case, Teddy would likely need a vacation from his honeymoon!

Harry and Ginny would act as surrogate parents for Teddy; the latter had chosen his closest friend, one Scorpius Malfoy, as his best man. Would wonders never cease! As for himself, he and Draco got on tolerably enough, although their relationship would never be the calibre of the one between himself, Ron and Hermione.

But he had already lived his life as best he could; his job now was to make sure that Teddy and Victoire had the happiest possible life together, both now and for as long as they both lived. Andromeda may have been Teddy's official guardian, but it was Harry who had provided the male influence the boy had needed while growing up. It was now up to Teddy to utilise their teachings and make the most of his life that he possibly could—and Harry intended to be there to see it all (or at least as much of it as was realistically possible).