

A Paradigm Shift

by Sirius Girl 08

Victoire Weasley has always been close to her older cousin, Teddy Lupin, but what happens when she realises that he's not her cousin at all?

One-Shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Author's Notes: Thanks to Southern Witch 69 for her kind beta skills. This was my first time of writing any of the Next Generation characters and I've enjoyed it immensely, and I'd love to know if you've enjoyed reading it by way of a review. ;-)

A Paradigm Shift

Paradigm Shift A radical change in someone's basic assumptions about or approach to something.

It was one of those rare spring days in early March, one where the sun shines and warms the ground, doing its best to drive the cold harshness of winter away. Knowing that by tomorrow it would probably be cold and raining again, I grasp the opportunity presented to me and settle myself to study out by the lake. I am lucky enough to be able to spend the rest of the afternoon out here before dinner, as I have no more classes for the rest of the day. It is such a pretty spot, the white snowdrops still linger and carpet areas of the ground under the trees. Breathing in the fresh air, I open up my Charms book and set about reading the latest chapter we've been set for homework.

After reading for nearly an hour, I decide I deserve a rest. Marking my place, I put the book down and look around the grounds. There are a few different groups of students littered around, some working, others playing games or simply relaxing. Everyone seems so content, and I feel a smile rise on my lips as I observe them.

And then my eyes fall on him. Teddy. I'm sure many people wouldn't have realised who it is ... his hair is not its usual trademark blue, but instead his natural light brown. He is sitting further down the river bank, under the lone Oak tree, whose branches have grown so long, one of them nearly dipping into the water of the lake. His back rests against the tree, and I can see him studying something that he holds in his hands, but from where I am, I can't see what holds his attention so raptly.

We have grown up together, being only a year apart in age. Teddy has always been included as an honorary cousin, the oldest one out of all of us. When I came to Hogwarts, a year after him, I joined him in Gryffindor, though we each had our own group of friends in our respective years. However, it was nice to know that there was family here who I could go to if I ever felt the need.

As I've grown older, I've noticed how Teddy behaves differently around me when compared with everyone else. My mother, Fleur, has often warned me of the effect being a part Veela would have on boys. She has continually stated that I should not listen to the vain promises I was sure to hear from infatuated males. Of course, she had been right. I have regularly been asked on dates by many different boys, but with my mother's words repeating in my mind, I have always declined, much to my father, Bill's, delight.

Yet Teddy has always treated in the same way that he treats everyone else. To him, I am just Victoire, and I like that.

Having spent so much time with Teddy, I know him almost as well as I know myself. Even from this distance, I can tell that something is wrong with him. I quickly pack up my things, stand, dust the dirt off my robes and make my way slowly over to him. His attention never wavers from the item he holds in his hands, so I clear my throat softly in the hope that I won't scare him.

He still jumps slightly as he seeks the source of the noise. I feel my heart leap into my throat as I realise he has been crying. His eyes are puffy and tinged pink, the tip of his nose red and his cheeks blotchy. It is a sight that is startling in its unfamiliarity. Teddy doesn't get upset; he is always laughing and joking.

'Oh, Victoire, it's you,' he says, trying to mask his obvious distress. 'I, er, I didn't see you there.' He looks back down to his hand and slides whatever he has been holding out of my sight.

'Yeah, sorry,' I reply, trying to remain friendly and normal. 'I was just over there studying and I saw you, so I thought I would come and say hi before I headed inside.'

He nods but doesn't look up from his lap. I allow the silence to continue for a short while, but eventually, I can't stand it any longer.

'Teddy,' I say softly as I kneel on the ground in front of him, 'are you okay?' Slowly, I reach out a hand and rest it on his knee.

'Yeah, I'm fine,' he replies, yet his tone shows he is anything but.

'Teddy,' I repeat, feeling slightly exasperated and letting the frustration come through in my voice.

This time, he glances up at me through the locks of hair that have fallen across his face. He studies me for a moment before sighing dramatically, and I know I have won.

'Do you know what day it is, Victoire?' he asks, his voice still sounding monotone and hollow to my ears.

I think for a moment. 'It's the tenth of March.'

He nods but says nothing further. I begin to feel irritated again. He is *supposed* to be telling me what is wrong with him, not giving me the lamest quiz ever. I look at him...well, *glare* at him might be more of an apt description...but as I look-slash-glare at him I realise that he isn't trying to irritate me; he is actually trying to stop himself from crying once more. My irritation turns to nothing as my heart breaks at seeing him so upset. Patiently, I wait for him to continue.

After a while, he rubs his face in his palms, exhaling loudly as if trying to shake himself of his emotional turmoil. He looks to me again, but I remain still, waiting for him to break the silence.

'Today is my Dad's birthday, Vic.'

Oh. That is all I can think. My body seems to freeze as my mind tries to come up with something comforting to say. The problem is, I never really think of Teddy as an orphan. Of course I know both of his parents died during the Battle at Hogwarts, but in my head, Teddy has always been a part of my family. He is surrounded by people who love him dearly, but of course I should have realised that even that would never replace being loved by and knowing your own parents. A flash of guilt washes over me for being so naive of his loss.

Gulping, I know I have to say something. 'Teddy, I'm sorry.' *Way to go, Victoire,* I think bitterly. *You just couldn't think of something better to say.*

Slowly, he pulls back out what he had been looking at. It is a photo. Clearly, it has been viewed many times as there are deep creases along it and the edges are well worn. I scoot closer to him to get a better look, and my stomach falls heavily as I do.

It is Teddy as a baby, his mother holding him, her hair a shocking pink, while his father looks at him over her shoulder. Both parents are utterly captivated by their son as he lay sleeping. My throat tightens as I recognised the looks of sheer unadulterated love that shine on both Nymphadora's and Remus' faces.

'I can't even remember them,' Teddy whispers, his voice straining and hoarse. 'I've been trying, so hard, but ... but I just...' His fingers tighten their grip on the photo, and I watch him close his eyes tightly as he sucks in a deep breath.

I can't bear it, seeing him so upset. I reach out and put my arms around his broad shoulders, pulling him close to me as I hug him fiercely. I murmur soothing noises as he in turn wraps his arms around my waist. His grip is tight, almost to the point of pain, but I would never pull away from him in this moment. He turns his face into my shoulder, and I feel dampness through my shirt as his tears fall. My own vision becomes distorted as my eyes water in response to his pain.

How long we sit there holding one another, I don't know. All I do know is that when we do finally move, my muscles protest and I feel very stiff.

'Teddy, I wish I knew what to say,' I croak, my voice cracking through the lack of use and the emotions I am still feeling. Gently, I pull back, and we each loosen our hold on the other.

'It's okay, Vic,' he replies. 'I don't expect you to say anything.' He put his hand on my cheek and smiles. 'You've done more than enough already.'

I put my hand over his as it rests on my cheek. 'You'll always have me, Teddy Bear,' I say, smiling at him through my unshed tears as I use my childhood nickname for him.

His smile grows broader, and he leans forward to place a kiss on my forehead. 'And you'll always have me, Ickle Vicky.'

Slowly, we stand and make our way back to the castle for dinner where we part ways to sit with our own group of friends.

That night, I lay in my bed trying to get to sleep, my thoughts drift to something my mother had once told me.

'Victoire,' she had said, 'you know, by now, to be wary of men who offer you false promises because you know that they are not worth your time. However, the man who is able to stay true to himself around you, he is worth paying attention to. He will be someone who will see past the Veela magic and who will see you for who you truly are. He will be the one to love you. Trust me, my dear. I know because that is how I found your father.'

As my mother's word circle around my mind, I realise that for all these years, Teddy has fit her description. He's always maintained his composure around me, something that the other boys at school have never managed. I am always just Victoire to him, his friend, his playmate, his cousin, and he is all those things to me too.

Yet, today I realised for the first time that *he isn't* my cousin. I realise that the anguish I felt as I'd seen him fall apart was not just because I think of, and feel for him, like a cousin would. Now, a whole new realm of possibilities is opening up to me, and it is rather daunting.

For the next month, I watch him closely. Firstly, to make sure that he is doing okay after that day by the lake, and secondly, so that I can attempt to sort out the thoughts and feelings that are running rampant through my brain.

Through my observations, my stomach develops a rather annoying habit of feeling like a flock of butterflies have set up home in there and are having a rave. My palms start to feel clammy, and my heart also beats like it does after my morning run. The more I watch Teddy, the more I realise that my mother is right. He is everything I have ever wanted in a boyfriend, everything that I *would* ever want. However, I also realise that to him, I am just Victoire ... his younger 'cousin'. How could it be that this one quality about him that I have always liked is now a thorn in my side?

I sit in the common room, curled up on one of the comfy sofas reading, when I hear Teddy laughing. Instinctively, I look up, and the butterflies make their obligatory appearance. His hair is its usual electric blue, matching his eyebrows, and his eyes are alive with happiness. He is with his group of seventh-year friends, one arm draped around the shoulders of a brunette girl called Kelly, and I feel a stab of irrational anger towards her. He pulls her close to him before he fluffs up her hair and she shoves him off her. The group continued to laugh as Teddy changes his appearance to the demands of his friends.

I drag my eyes back to my book and allow myself to become lost once more in the story that is unfolding on the pages.

'What's up, cous?' Teddy asks as he jumps over the back of the sofa, landing heavily in the spot next to me.

I startle in my seat from fright and clasp the book to my chest protectively. I look over to see him grinning mischievously at me. Glaring, I snap the book shut and hit him round the bicep with it.

'You bloody prat!' He laughs loudly as I pout at him.

'Vic, you're far too pretty to pout,' he teases, my cheeks tingeing pink at his words. The butterflies make a come-back with a vengeance. 'You look like an angry rabbit or something ... it's too funny to have the effect you want.'

'Hmm,' I grunt as nonchalantly as I can before turning back to my book. Teddy remains silent, but I can feel his eyes on me as I pretend to read.

'What's wrong, Vic?' he asks.

'Nothing.' I keep my eyes on the page, but I can't read the words that I'm seeing.

'Come on,' he persists. 'I can tell something is wrong...why won't you tell me?' He scoots to sit closer to me, and I'm forced to look up to face him.

'Honestly, Teddy, it's noth...' I break off as I see the look of hurt flit across his face. We don't keep secrets from one another. 'If you must know, it's ... boy troubles.' My tone is flippant, and I hope he will drop the subject.

'Whose arse do I need to kick?'

'Teddy,' I admonish, chuckling slightly as he grins. 'You don't need to kick anyone's arse; you know I don't date.'

'Oh, yeah, the whole "boys-becoming-drooling-idiots" thing,' he states.

I nod. 'Yeah.'

'Hmm, I've never understood that. I mean, *I* don't behave like that around you. Maybe it's because we've grown up together.' He shrugs and looks to me for an answer.

'I have no idea either.' *Liar*, one voice says in my head. *Shut up*, another answers irritably.

'So, are you going to tell me what these "boy troubles" entail?'

I stare at him as I try to think a way out of the situation I have landed myself in. I know I can never get him to forget this until he's heard the full truth...he will know if I am lying or even if I try to tell him half truths. I look into his eyes, and I know I have to take a chance, just not here.

'Come with me,' I say as I stand. Teddy looks perplexed, but he is curious enough to not protest. He follows me out of the common room, and I lead him to a secret passageway he showed me during my third year.

I stand with my back against the wall, casting a quiet *Lumos* to shed some light in the dark corridor as he slips behind the tapestry that conceals the passageway. He comes to stand next to me, his shoulder propping him up against the wall, arms crossed over his chest.

'So, what's wrong?'

I take a deep breath and turn to face him properly, mimicking his stance. 'Well,' I begin, 'do you remember when you asked me about why I didn't date?'

He nods. 'You said that your mum told you not to bother with people who promised you the world.'

'That's right. Well, she also told me that one day I would meet some who was able to act exactly as himself around me and that *this* person would be my ... soul mate.' I look down, fiddling with my fingers as I speak.

'Hmm, I see,' Teddy says.

Peeking up at him through my lashes, I see that he is actually thinking seriously about what I am saying.

'And I suppose you are wondering when you will meet this person...correct?'

'Not exactly.' He raises a blue eyebrow at me. 'I've already met him.'

Teddy's eyes grow wide. 'Right ... so, where is the problem?' He waits, but I don't answer. 'Does he have a girlfriend?'

I shake my head.

'Is he ugly?' he asks. 'Because you know *you* couldn't go out with anyone ugly.'

'Teddy!' I slap his arm lightly.

He chuckles, 'Okay, is he a teacher?' He pauses briefly before turning wide, panicked eyes on me once more. '*Please* tell me it's not Hagrid!' He looks genuinely horrified at the idea.

I roll my eyes and glare at him again. 'Teddy, I'm *trying* to tell you something serious, and you're making jokes about Hagrid!'

'Alright, I'm sorry. So, he's single, not ugly and, thankfully, *not* a teacher. So, what's the problem?'

'I'm not sure if he sees me that way,' I answer honestly.

'Vic, you're *gorgeous*...inside and out. Any guy would be beyond lucky to have you. How could you *possibly* be worried that he wouldn't like you?' He looked at me earnestly. 'Who is it...maybe I could help?'

'It's you,' I whisper, daring to look at him as I speak.

His eyes widen almost comically. 'Me?' he stutters. 'Victoire, are you having a joke?'

I would have felt better if he had slapped me. I stiffen at his words and feel my throat grow tight as my vision blurs. I'd laid my soul bare for him, thinking I could trust him, and he thought I was *joking*. Just bloody great. I push myself roughly off the wall and try to storm past him before my tears betray me and fall down my cheeks.

I feel his hand wrap around the top of my arm, and he spins me effortlessly to face him and my wand falls unheeded to the floor, the *umos* spell still in place casting a dim and slightly eerie light on us. His eyes rapidly take in my appearance and I see his confusion.

'You're telling the truth, aren't you? You're saying you fancy me?'

'No, Teddy, I'm *saying* you're my soul mate.' Internally, I groan at my Gryffindor rashness...*why* couldn't I be a shy Hufflepuff?

He blinks rapidly as his grip loosens on my arm. Not knowing what to do, I stand, shifting my weight from one foot to the other, as I nervously wait for him to say something else.

'I can't believe this,' he says softly. 'You really think this?'

I nod hesitantly; in for a Knut, in for a Sickle after all.

He breaks into a massive grin, and I feel dumbfounded. 'Do you have any idea how happy I am to hear you say that?' he asks.

Still feeling stunned, all I can do is shake my head.

He laughs before he pulls me towards him, his hands resting on my waist. 'Vic,' he says reverently, his blue eyes searching mine. 'I've loved you for longer than I can remember.'

'What?' I ask.

He smiles indulgently. 'Did I ever let anyone else call me "Teddy Bear"?' he says, chuckling. 'I don't think I did.'

I let this information sink in, my smile growing broader the more I begin to understand. However, then I remember why I was so nervous to tell him about my feelings in the first place.

'But what about what everyone will think?' I ask.

'Does it really matter?' he replies. 'We aren't related. Okay, so *technically* we are, somewhere really distantly, but not enough so it would matter.'

'But ...'

'Listen, if you aren't comfortable telling everyone yet, then we don't have to,' he says to reassure me. 'I'll do whatever it takes to make you happy.'

I nod and smile at him. 'I just think we should keep it quiet for a little while,' I say.

'Then that is what we will do.' There is a moment of silence where we continue to just look at one another before Teddy speaks once more. 'So, let me get this straight. You like me.'

I nod.

'I like you.'

I nod again.

'And no-one can know.'

I nod a third time.

'And because I like you, and you like me, I get to kiss you?'

This time I pause. I feel my cheeks heat as I see him gaze at me intensely. I bite my bottom lip as I slowly move my head up and down. His grin grows even wider before he pulls me closer to him so that our chests are pressed against one another.

He draws one hand up slowly from my waist to bury it into my hair, tilting my head back to meet his lips. My own hands move of their own accord, one sliding around his waist to grip his shirt on his back while the other finds its way into his hair. His lips move slowly over mine, a soft and tender promise and I lose myself in it.

At length, he pulls back, and my first kiss is at an end. I smile brilliantly at him and feel elated as I realise his expression matches my own.

'I could *definitely* get used to that,' he says, his eyes twinkling. I giggle, but show that I agree by kissing him once more.

I lose track of how long we stay in that hidden corridor, but eventually, several kisses later, we both agree that we need to return to the common room; however, we also agree that it would be better to go back separately. During our several kisses, we had turned so that I am once again against the wall. Teddy stands, one arm bracing against the wall while the other holds my waist as he gives me a final kiss. As he pulls back, he rubs his nose against mine before gently placing a kiss on its tip.

'Hmm, I should go,' he says, his voice rumbling against my ribcage.

'You should,' I reply, though my fingers are still gripping the front of his shirt.

He smiles wickedly at me. 'You know, I think this whole sneaking-around-thing could be fun.' He winks and smirks at me, slowly releasing his grip on me as I do the same to him. I stare at his back as he walks away. Just as he is about to step around the tapestry again, he blows me a kiss before he disappears from sight.

For the next five minutes as I wait, I can't stop the grin that covers my face, even if it is hurting my cheeks.

This story was inspired by the Teddy/Victoire drawings by [*burdge-bug](#) on deviantART, but especially these pictures:

["Teddy tries to remember"](#)

["Her Teddy-bear"](#)

Her artwork is truly brilliant, and without it, this would not have been written.

I do have a follow up story to this story planned in my head and hope to (one day) get that idea transferred to paper.