

# Plus One

*by Rose of the West*

Andromeda Tonks isn't quite as alone as she feared. Inspired by information from Pottermore. May contain spoilers.

## After the Battle

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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This was no place to bring a baby.

Andromeda hugged little Teddy tighter and swallowed the bile that refused to stay down. She would win this battle of wills with herself; she was a Black, after all. It was just taking a few minutes longer than usual. The Healer, after bringing her here and patting her on the shoulder, had told her to take her time. However, at some point they would have to come for—Oh, Merlin—come for the bodies.

Some merciful soul would prepare them for burial. All she had to do was take any valuables. "You wouldn't think it, but there's always some who see such a thing as an opportunity to line their pockets," the Healer had said with a sideways glare toward Mundungus Fletcher.

Andromeda had shivered and nodded. She had reached for the locket she knew was around Nymphadora's neck, but quickly had to find a place to sit down. Now she was breathing deeply, desperately keeping control of the only thing she could. Her last meal would stay down if it killed her. When was her last meal, anyway?

Teddy shifted in the baby sling. Andromeda looked down and saw him purse his lips before sighing and letting out a soft snore-like sound. She didn't have much time left to deal with this. It wouldn't be too long before he'd truly wake and she would need to give him a bottle. What she would do when the bottles Nymphadora had left her were all gone was a puzzle she wasn't sure she wanted to face. At least it wasn't the current problem. One at a time.

She brought herself to kneel next to Remus. "I'm so sorry to intrude like this," she whispered as she unfastened his robe enough to find the breast-pocket. She felt something like a wallet and pulled it out. It was a leather frame, two frames she realized as she opened it. On the left were two smudgy figures and on the right were Remus, Nymphadora, and little Teddy. She only recognized it because she herself had snapped the picture. Her eyes were too full of tears to really see anything else.

A shadow fell across Remus's face. "I assume you're Nymphadora's mother?"

She hastily wiped her eyes on her arm and looked up. Then she had to look down to check. Remus was really lying there, dead. She looked up again into the face of a man who might have been his older brother. Completely confused, because Remus was an only child, she finally focused on the photograph in her hands, which could only be of Remus's parents. Finally, something clicked. Remus looked decades older than he was because of the lycanthropy.

"Mr Lupin?"

"I'm Lyall."

"I'm Andromeda."

"Your hands appear to be full. Would you rather that I do that?"

Oddly enough, meeting Nymphadora's father-in-law over the dead bodies of their children was just enough of an insanity to snap her back to herself. "There are a great many things I'd rather, Mr. Lupin, but none of them are going to happen."

"Lyall, please, and there's nothing you can tell me about regret that I don't already know." The man's face creased into well-worn lines around his eyes. It was a sight familiar to Andromeda, who had seen Remus do the same thing often.

She reflected that this man was in as much grief as she was and felt a pang of compassion. Perhaps this task would help him. She held out the frame as an offering. "Please, Mr-Lyall. I'd appreciate it, if you don't mind."

He knelt beside her and touched Remus's face. "I saw him so rarely after he was grown. Who could help him being ashamed of me? After all, it was my fault he was attacked, my fault he was infected. He probably couldn't stand the sight of me."

Lyall went through the remainder of Remus's robe pockets. Watching him, Andromeda gained the strength to move over to Nymphadora and unfasten that locket. "It wasn't shame, Mr-Lyall. He felt that his attack was just one of those things, and spoke highly of your skill in fighting Greyback off. He told us often and lovingly of the sacrifices you and your wife made to take care of him. He said that once he was of age, he didn't want you to have to work so hard just because of him anymore."

"I wish he hadn't felt that way, especially since Hope died." As they worked, Lyall told Andromeda of the fears and frustrations his family had faced due to his son's condition and laws that before that time he considered the minimum of necessary. Andromeda made sympathetic noises. She'd felt the same way about those laws until recently.

There wasn't much in the pockets. Just a picture or two, a watch, the locket, and a fake galleon. The last item must have been a good luck charm. Nymphadora said she never took anything particularly valuable into battle because she wouldn't want it to be lost. Andromeda didn't want to leave, though. She simply sat for a few minutes, holding one cold hand and caressing the face she'd long since memorized.

A new shadow came over them. "Andromeda, I don't think you want to watch this part." It was Poppy Pomfrey. Andromeda looked up and saw the bodies of others being carefully placed in bags and moved out of the Great Hall. They couldn't do that to her sweet, lively girl. Perhaps it was time to go.

"What will happen next, Poppy?"

"I'm sure someone will contact you. It may take a while."

"Where are they going?"

"St. Mungo's doesn't have space for everyone. Gringott's says they have a room..." She went on, describing climate control and atmospheric conditions.

Lyall cleared his throat. "Nothing is more precious than our children." He stood and offered Andromeda a hand.

Suddenly she was a little disoriented. Nothing had mattered more than coming and looking after Nymphadora and Remus, but now she couldn't think of what to do. "Where do I go, now?"

"You go home, dear. Fix yourself some tea and try to find some way..." Poppy bit her lip and turned around.

"If you don't mind, Andromeda," Lyall's voice trembled a little, but it was reassuring, "could I see you home? And if it's not an imposition, could we talk for a while? I know so little about what Remus has been doing the past few years, and I'd like to meet my grandson."

Andromeda's hand slid along the sling and the little backside tucked within. Unimaginable as it might be, there was a future to worry about, to plan for, and to love. She nodded slightly, and then more convincingly. "Of course, Mr. Lupin. You're most welcome."