Love Never Fits in Lists

by Lorraine Bluestar

The Trio discuss the possibility of having children.

Originally written for the triofqf community in LJ.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: All characters and concepts of Harry Potter's universe belong to J.K. Rowling; I just borrowed them for a little while.

Harry opened the door and stepped quietly into the house he shared Hermione and Ron. After the war, he had gotten rid of the house at Grimmauld Place, preferring to move to a new place and have a new start with the people he loved. He went through every room in their house, even to his own bedroom, before realising they weren't there. He entered the sitting room and moved to sit in the couch and wait for them. On the little table beside the couch was the picture a French photographer took of them during Bill's wedding. They had refused first, not feeling in the mood to pose for a picture, but Fleur insisted that she wanted to have pictures of everyone at her wedding. Despite their lack of interest, the resulting picture was one of their favourites, Hermione in the middle of Harry and Ron, each hand on their waists, while they placed their

But it didn't develop until they were on their own, searching for Horcruxes. After Dumbledore's death and with the absence of Dementors, there was a mass breakout again at Azkaban. Soon after, they discovered they were being tracked down, or better to say, Hermione was being tracked down. Antonin Dolohov was obsessed with killing her after the failed mission in the Department of Mysteries, and from the moment he escaped from Azkaban again, he'd started his search. He'd found them when they were near Sussex and considering a trip to France in order to search one of the oldest Black Manors that was occupied by the Lestranges during the late seventies. He caught her off guard and hit her with the Cruciatus Curse when she was alone, waiting for Harry and Ron to come back with food.

arms over her shoulders, entwining at her back. But what made the picture special was the look of complicity and total understanding they shared, knowing that they were about to start what might their last adventure together. Looking at it now, it was obvious to Harry that even in that moment what they had was beyond friendship.

When they came back and found Dolohov torturing her, he felt an incredible anger filling his chest---he wanted more than anything to destroy the man. Mad with anger he raised his wand.

"Expelliarmus!"

Dolohov was quick enough to block the spell, and the Death Eater turned to face the boys who'd entered the room, a disgusting grin on his face. "Here you are. I wondered when the Boy Who Lived would come to save his Mudblood slut." He sensed movement on the other side of the room and turned to face Ron, who had his wand raised, pointing it towards him, as he tried to move to Hermione's side. "Where are you going, boy? *Stupefy*."

Ron's body fell to the ground, and Dolohov laughed maniacally. "Who would have guessed that we would come to this, Potter? Me being the one to finish you and your stupid friends up? The Dark Lord will be pleased when I tell him how I killed you, the blood traitor, and the filthy Mudblood; it's a pity I won't hear them beg for their useless lives."

"Shut up!"

"Still as brave and stupid as I remember, boy. I think I'll start with your slut. Now watch the Mudblood die Avada..."

"Avada Kedavra!"

Dolohov fell to the ground, his lifeless eyes wide open. Harry was breathing heavily, anger still boiling inside him before he moved to Ron's side.

"Rennervate."

"Harry, what happened; where is he?"

"He's gone. I killed him. Now you have to help me with Hermione."

Ron nodded and moved with Harry to Hermione's side. She was unconscious and in a very bad shape.

"We need to get out of here. She needs help, and we can't stay in the same place. He might have not been alone." Harry was speaking rapidly while he gathered Hermione in his arms.

Ron had never felt more useless in his life, but he nodded and followed Harry. He was still shocked about his girlfriend being attacked and his best friend killing someone. Eventually something like this had to happen; they couldn't just run about without being caught all the way until they had found and destroyed all the Horcruxes.

Hermione had to be taken to a hospital to recover, but considering the only thing they had was a Muggle one, her recovery was slower and more painful. Harry spent long hours by her side. Sometimes he shed a couple of tears for her while he held her hand, and sometimes he just swore to her unconscious figure that he would always protect her. Ron knew that, aside from genuine concern, Harry was feeling guilty about her attack, knowing that he was the one to suggest that she wait for them and stay alone, but Ron never imagined the real feelings Harry was developing for her.

After almost two weeks in the hospital, Hermione was finally feeling better and able to leave. Her recovery and her illness were still a mystery to the whole staff of the hospital, but after dozens of tests, they couldn't find anything, so they had to let her go when she was fine. Hermione left the hospital holding Ron's hand and leaning into her boyfriend's body for support, and when Harry felt a feeling of longing, he knew that something had changed inside him. When he'd first seen Hermione motionless on the floor with blood on her mouth and her body still twitching after the Cruciatus, he knew he would never cope with losing her. He didn't want to take Ron's place with Hermione, but he wanted to be there as well, to take hers and Ron's hand as well. That mix of jealousy and love was the weirdest feeling Harry had ever experienced.

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Hermione always said that it ended being something anticlimactic because everyone had expected a cruel battle with lots of casualties, not the confrontation between Harry and Voldemort in Little Hangleton. In the last minute, Wormtail had saved Harry's life to honour his life debt with him before being killed by Voldemort for his betrayal.

Hermione and Ron were still busy securing Bellatrix while Harry fought Voldemort. Spells were cast one after another before a halo of magic surrounded them. Firstly, Harry thought it was Priori Incantatem again, but it was something different. It was magic turning against Voldemort and strengthening Harry. He wasn't certain how it happened or if he really did something beside wishing to see Voldemort gone forever, but he felt how magic flowed through him before leaving him to destroy Voldemort.

Harry fell to his knees, shocked about what had happened, completely drained. Bellatrix's screams were the only thing breaking the silence, but Ron Stunned her, leaving Hermione to quickly reach Harry, kneeling by his side.

"Harry?"

He turned to see her. He looked so lost, so empty that Hermione did the only thing that came to her mind to soothe his pain: she kissed him. Harry's hands came to her waist, encircling her body and pushing her closer to him. Ron watched them kiss, their lips moving desperately against each other, as if they were trying to drown in each other. But it didn't feel wrong; he didn't want to go and break them apart because she was his girlfriend and not Harry's. And then he understood what had been there all that time but none of them had realised. Hermione belonged with him as much as she belonged with Harry, and he belonged to both of them. Only together they were complete.

Ron moved to kneel on Harry's other side and touched his shoulder. Harry abruptly let go of Hermione and turned to face Ron with a horrified expression when he realised what he had been doing, not knowing if he would be furious at him. But Ron smiled to him and nodded before he turned to Hermione's confused face. He placed a palm on her cheek and leaned over to kiss her gently. He broke the sweet kiss and turned again to face Harry, and when he found understanding in his green eyes, he kissed him, as tenderly as he had just kissed Hermione. Neither Ron nor Harry had ever felt attracted to each other or any other man, but it felt right because they loved each other. Hermione's arms encircled her boys, and they all knew that they belonged together.

Harry smiled faintly. Three years had passed since he had defeated Voldemort and they had started their unique relationship. The wizarding world was now at peace, and everyone was trying to make up for the lost time. They started attending wedding after wedding, which only brought about a baby boom, as Hermione called it. Since Ginny and Neville had had their twins, he'd started thinking about parenthood, wondering how things would have been if he had kept the relationship with her. But after seeing Lavender and Dean beaming with happiness earlier, the idea hit him completely and made him realize that it might never happen. Not that he felt he was up to it, mind you.

Almost an hour later, he heard the door opening, and Ron and Hermione entered laughing about a story he was telling her about a dreadful new Chaser that had recently joined the team. Ron was making some exaggerated movements with his hands when they entered to the sitting room to find a sullen Harry.

Ron lit more candles with his wand and asked him, startled, "Harry! What are you doing here? Didn't you have training with the new recruits in the Auror Headquarters?"

"I did, but one of them tried to show off saying he had top grades in Defence Against the Dark Arts and ended up hurting a girl badly. We had to take her to St. Mungo's, and this git received a huge scold from Kingsley."

Hermione removed her cloak and settled on the couch beside Harry. "How is the girl? Is she better now?"

"Well, we took her to St. Mungo's quickly enough, but I don't think she'll be back in training soon. Where were you by the way?"

"We went out to eat. We were expecting you much later, so we didn't wait for you. I guess that we'd better fix something for you. You must be starving."

Hermione was already standing from the sofa when Harry placed a hand on her shoulder to keep her there.

"Leave it. I'm not hungry."

Hermione looked at him in surprise. "Harry, is something wrong?"

"Why do you ask that?"

"Well, I've noticed that usually after having an especially hard training you return home starving, and you've just said you're not hungry."

"I guess I'm just upset about what happened in the training. That git could have hurt her worse, you know?"

Ron sat on the armchair across the sitting room, looking at Harry. "I know you better, mate. Something is bothering you. Why don't you just..."

Ron's words were cut off by Hermione, who was now standing beside him and placing a hand over his arm. He turned to face her and could read in her eyes a request to leave Harry alone. She was right. When something upset Harry, it was better to let him be. Eventually he'd go to them and let everything out. He nodded to Hermione and let Harry cope with his worries until he was ready to talk to them.

Later that night after having dinner, they were enjoying a quiet time, Hermione on the couch reading while the boys played chess, a habit they'd have never left behind. After only a few minutes, she heard Ron saying, 'Checkmate.' Hermione raised her eyes from her book to look at them, "I think you have just set a record, Ron. How does it feel?"

Harry tried to look offended when he turned to face her. "Hey, I have won before. Besides, I was distracted, so it doesn't count."

Hermione tried again to make him talk to them. "Harry, are you sure nothing is bothering you?"

Harry sighed in annoyance and started picking up the chess pieces. Knowing that he had to face them sooner or later, he just let it go. "I ran into Dean and Lavender when I was in St. Mungo's, and she's pregnant."

Hermione smiled at the news. "I was wondering when they would finally join the parents group. I guess now we're the only Gryffindors in our year that haven't started a family. But that's good news. Don't you think? I still don't understand why you've been acting so sulky though."

Harry sighed and turned to gaze at the fire burning in the heart of their house. There was no point in hiding his feelings from them

"Well, it made me think about some things, but I'm not sure if I should tell you or how you'll take it."

Ron's hand moved to grasp his reassuringly. "Mate, you know you can tell us anything." Hermione nodded and Harry felt he should explain his feelings.

"Well, I wonder how it would be to be a father. I've never had a family, and after seeing how it can be at Ron's house, I wonder if I could ever have that. But now we're together, and I'm afraid that will never happen."

"Oh, Harry. Why you have never told us about that?"

Harry grunted exasperatedly and turned to face her. "Hermione, how am I supposed to tell you about having a family? I don't even know if either of you have considered that."

"I can tell you, mate. I have never considered that. After having a family like mine, I don't think I'd like to have children and have to cope again with the chaos."

"How could you say that, Ronald? Don't you love your siblings?"

"It's not about loving them. It's obvious you didn't live there when we were all little children. I wonder how my parents didn't lose their minds."

They were silent for a while, the three lost in their own thoughts. Finally Harry moved to sit beside Hermione, and he asked her quietly, "And you, Hermione, have you ever considered having a family?"

She faced him, her cheeks pink, and just nodded. When Harry's hands took hers, grasping them tightly, she sighed and faced them both. "When I was a girl, I dreamed about having a family of my own, to have children, but how can that happen now? I mean, we're together in a relationship now, and children are a huge responsibility. I think a decision like that has to be thoroughly analysed."

"Wait a minute. We don't have anything to analyse because not everyone here wants a family. For once we're living our lives on our own. Why would we want to ruin that?"

"Ronald, it's only an idea. No one here is making decisions."

"Fine... because I don't think I want to have children. I'd better go to bed because I have an important game tomorrow. Goodnight."

Ron rose from his seat and exited the sitting room, leaving Hermione and Harry speechless. When they heard the door of the bedroom slam, they looked at each other.

"Well, that didn't go fine. With a family like his, I would have thought he craved something similar for himself."

"I don't know, Harry. He has a point. After having so many siblings, perhaps for once he wants to have some peace. And you, Harry, do you really want so badly to have children?"

Harry ran his hands through his unruly hair, making it look more untidy. "When I was younger, I craved the family the Dursleys never gave me, and when I met the Weasleys, I knew I wanted it more than anything. But, Hermione, how can I have a family if I don't know how it works? I never had a father, so I would never know how to do it. I'm afraid that if I ever had children, I will never be good for them."

"Oh, Harry." Hermione hugged him close to soothe him, and when she broke their embrace she looked at him with utter sadness. "If someday you decide to have a family and decide to have it away from us, I will understand it and support you all the same. I'm sure that if you have children, they will be lucky to have you as a father because they will be loved and wanted."

When two lonely tears fell from her eyes, he hugged her again. "I could never leave you. I love you both, and I can't imagine a life away from you. If one day I become a father, I want you to have my baby, our baby."

"I love you, too, Harry, and I couldn't cope with losing you. But I want your happiness, and I will never take it away form you"

Harry ran his hands over her back. He broke their embrace to look at her and tilted his face to capture her lips with his. Their kiss was deep and passionate as always. When Harry lowered her body onto the couch, Hermione melted into his kiss, letting him love her. Their lovemaking was always passionate when they were one their own. It was Ron who brought the balance to their relationship. Where Hermione and Harry were only a mass of feelings and emotions, Ron was the patience, always taking his time with them.

"I think we'd better go back to bed before Ron starts wondering where we are. He is angry enough at this point, and he will be furious if he feels we've left him out."

"You're right." Harry stood and offered Hermione his hand to help her stand. If he knew they were making love without him, he might feel that they were siding against him somehow.

"C'mon, Harry. We'll need to be rested for tomorrow's game."

Harry nodded, and with their hands still clasped, they moved upstairs to their bedroom to join Ron in bed. But Harry's thoughts still toyed with the possibility of having

children.

Three weeks had passed since that night, and none of them had dared to talk about the subject again. One afternoon Ron was alone in the house during his day off when Ginny's face appeared on the hearth of the sitting room.

"Is someone there? Ron? Hermione? Ha..."

"I'm here, Ginny. What's up?"

"Oh, Ron, thank Merlin you're there. I need your help. Can I come to your house?"

"Sure."

Ron stepped aside to let Ginny Floo in. She stepped out of the hearth and moved to hug him. "I'm so glad you're home. I need your help desperately. Alank has a terrible fever, and I need to take him to St. Mungo's. Can you take care of Ginelle while I take him?"

"I'm not sure, Ginny. You'd better ask Mum. I'm sure she'll be happy to help."

"She's not home. She went to Romania to take care of Elisabeta. Charlie told us they expect her to give birth at any time. Please, Ron, no one else is available. I promise she's a sweetheart; she won't give you any problem."

"Ok. Ginny. I'll take care of her."

"Thank you! I owe you a favour, big brother."

"A huge one, I must say."

Ginny returned to her house and came back a couple of minutes later with her little girl in her arms. She gave her to Ron, and when Ginelle felt her mother moving away from her, she looked at Ginny with pouty lips and tearful eyes.

"Remember what I told you, sweetie. Mum has to take Alank to the Healer. You'll stay with Uncle Ron; you love him, right? He always visits you with Uncle Harry and Auntie Hermione, and they always tell you all those nice stories. Now, be a big girl and wait for Mum here. I'll be back soon." Ginny leaned to kiss the girl's brow and thanked Ron again before Flooing back home.

"Ok, Ginelle, let's go and look for something to do."

Hours passed and Ginny hadn't returned, but thankfully, she hadn't lied about her little one being a good girl. The only problem came when Ron had to change her nappy. He was in the middle of that when Hermione arrived home to find him dealing with the little girl. Her big hazel eyes widened when she saw Hermione and started calling for her excitedly, moving her legs quickly and kicking Ron. "Auntie 'Mione, Auntie 'Mione!"

"Oh, look who is here, my favourite niece."

Ron rolled his eyes. Every Weasley baby was her favourite, but all of them believed it because she treated them in that way.

She moved closer to kiss the little girl, but she took a little step back when she realised what Ron was doing.

"Come on, Mione, you can't tell me that you wouldn't change your favourite niece's nappy?"

Hermione sighed, but moved to stand beside Ron and helped him change Ginelle's nappy. After that, she took her with her to the sitting room to read her a story, giving Ron a time out from babysitting.

When Harry Apparated home, he was welcomed with a dimly lit sitting room in which Hermione was talking quietly to a sleepy little girl who was yawning widely, but doing everything possible to stay awake a little longer. He smiled at the picture they made and was joined shortly by Ron.

"She would be a good mother, don't you think?"

"Yeah, I agree." They stayed in the doorframe looking at them before Ron spoke again. "Mate, I'm sorry about the way I acted the other day."

"It's okay. You were right, not all of us agree with the parenthood issue, and we have to be together in that."

Ron nodded, and his gaze returned to the lovely image Hermione and Ginelle made. "Harry, if someday you and Hermione feel the need to have a family, I can consider it."

Harry turned to face him. "I don't know, Ron. We'll have to discuss it thoroughly. It's not something easy."

Their conversation was interrupted when Hermione rose from the couch, the little girl sleeping in her arms. "She finally fell asleep. I'll take her upstairs and Transfigure a cradle for her. Then I'll be back to have dinner." She kissed Harry briefly to greet him before walking upstairs.

A couple of hours later, they were in the sitting room sharing a quiet night. Ginny Flooed again when they were having dinner and begged them to take care of her daughter for the night because Alank wasn't better, and he had to stay for the night in the hospital and wait for the potions to take effect.

This time it was Ron who broke the silence. "I have been thinking about what we discussed the other night, and after taking care of Ginelle, I think I now have a different opinion about this children issue."

Hermione and Harry looked at him curiously, wondering what he had decided.

"What I mean is that if you're both willing to have children, I can consider it. I love you both, and I want your happiness, and... well, selfish as I am, I don't want to lose you both."

"Oh, Ron, you'll never lose us. We love you, too, and you'll have a hard time if you ever want to get rid of us. Why would we love you less or want to leave you?"

"Well, with a baby at home, he'll have all the attention, and things will never be the same between us. We won't be able to stay up all night or to have an escapade at the beach if we want, and..." Ron's face turned bright red before he admitted one of his worries, "We won't shag as frequently and as freely as we do now."

Harry and Hermione had to laugh about that. Of the three, it was Ron who was the most hedonistic and greatly enjoyed having both of his lovers with him in bed.

"Well, you can laugh about it, but it's true."

"Do you think that seeing me pregnant will stop you from lusting after me or Harry? Honestly, Ronald, you should know better. Well, I hope you'll still want me, even if I get huge as a whale."

"You won't look like a whale, Hermione," Harry added lovingly. "In fact, I think you will look more delectable swollen with our child."

Hermione snorted, and both men laughed at her. It wasn't unusual for Hermione to feel insecure about her looks and about how her boys thought she was beautiful. Ron's expression was the first one to change, and he looked at them seriously. "So, are we reaching an agreement about this issue? Are you certain you want to have a family?"

Harry's expression darkened, and his eyes lowered. "Well, I don't know. I certainly want to have a family, but I'm not sure if I will ever be a good father. I never had a family or a father, so how will I know how to do it?"

It was Hermione's time to reassure him. She moved to sit closer to him and took his hand in hers. "None of us know how to be a good parent, but we'd be together in this, and we won't let each other down if we decide to take this responsibility."

Harry smiled shyly at her and nodded slightly. Hermione smiled brightly and used her wand to conjure a piece of parchment and a quill. "I think now that we're discussing this issue, we'd better start a list of pros and cons."

"Hermione, do you have to make a bloody list every time we have to make a decision?"

She glared at him, but chose to ignore him. "We can start with Ronald's concerns about sex and his fear about us falling apart. Anything else you want to add?"

Ron laughed nervously.

"What is it, Ron?"

"Nothing. I just wonder what my mother would say if this happens. She had a hard time coping with us being together, and I wonder what she'll say when she sees Hermione pregnant. She would want to know who the father is from the beginning, you know?"

"Well, we'll tell her we're both the parents."

"She'll cope with that easily enough, I think; your mom is not as narrow minded as some."

"Yes, and if she managed to accept when Percy announced that he was gay and would move with Oliver Wood, she can cope with us having a baby."

"You're probably right."

"Okay, I guess that family approval counts as a pro. What else boys?"

A year and a half later, after lots of discussions and lists that were utterly useless, Hermione gave birth to twins, a girl with curly black hair and blue eyes and a boy with unruly red hair and huge green eyes. It was an odd combination for both children, but not even Molly dared to ask about it. In fact, Ron was sure that the first time she saw her new grandchildren, she smiled knowingly when she saw the perfect combinations of the three of them. There was no doubt that magic and love always worked in mysterious ways.

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And special thanks go to my friend Inell for her invaluable advice and support. This is my first attempt with the trio, so I hope you had enjoyed it.