

Love Never Fits in Lists

by Lorraine Bluestar

The Trio discuss the possibility of having children.

Originally written for the [triofq](#) 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.

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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 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.

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.

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*."

"Why do you ask that?"

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

[illegible]

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

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

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?"

"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."

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

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.

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

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

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

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.

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

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

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.

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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."

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.