

Pacing, Andi felt like she could cry as Teddy finally stopped his fussing and fell asleep against her chest. Her distress had nothing to do with her grandson, not at all. If it weren't for him, she was confident that she would've had a complete breakdown by then. He gave her some small ray of sunshine in a painfully bleak life. It took a great deal of effort some mornings just to get herself out of bed, but she managed for him.

No, the reason she had to fight back the tears, somewhat successfully, was because it all just reminded her so very much of Nymphadora. Even down to the way that his hair would randomly change colors or his eyes, or the shape of his nose could go ludicrously out of proportion to the rest of his tiny body.

She didn't think there'd ever be any part of her that could fully accept that she'd never get to see her daughter walk through the door again, with her bubbly personality and combat boots to boot. But even if she couldn't accept it, it was still the reality of things. And knowing that she died fighting for a better future, one free of the insanity of Voldemort, didn't bring her any comfort, because it didn't bring back her little girl.

Or Ted. And worse for her husband, he hadn't even had the opportunity to fight. He'd been hunted like a dog simply for having the gift of magic. It broke her heart. But she only allowed herself those quiet moments of heartbreak and self-pity when her grandson was peacefully asleep, because heaven's forbid that they died for nothing...that the precious little bundle of joy drooling onto her shoulder know anything than a loving grandmother and a happy life.

There was a soft knock on the front door, one that was clearly conscious of the fact there was a young baby in the house. It genuinely caught her by surprise, because she hadn't had a visitor once since the end of the war. Everybody was much too busy trying to get the world back in order again, not that she blamed them.

Heading to the door, she had her wand in hand. There was still that undercurrent of fear that had been driven home in the last two years, and that didn't just go away overnight. It wasn't needed though, because waiting for her on the other side of the door was somebody who certainly didn't mean either of them any harm, "Harry?"

He gave her a wan smile, "Hello, Mrs. Tonks."

"Andromeda, or Andi," She insisted as she opened the door wider, "Please come in." She'd seen the young man a few times in the last month, at the ceremonies and funerals that followed Voldemort's death. And each time he just looked more tired, more run down. He was a teenager being asked to help clean up mistakes made over decades and it seemed like it was taking its toll.

They were calling him the Man-Who-Conquered, and for every person singing his praises for ending it, there were just as many decrying him for not getting it done sooner. *As though it should've rested on the shoulders of a teenager to begin with.* She'd seen the character assassination leveled at him over the years, and this was the first time where he was simultaneously the hero and villain depending on which article you read.

"Sorry for intruding on you like this." He told her politely and quietly, looking down at Teddy in her arms.

"Nonsense," She assured him just as softly, "you're more than welcome. Sit...sit." Andi wouldn't pretend to know Harry well, but Nymphadora never had anything but good things to say about him. *Save for the*

fact that he could get a bit moody... and even then, she said he had more right than most to get that way. And she certainly appreciated the fact it'd been him that talked sense into Remus when he **left her daughter.**

Andromeda padded over to Teddy's crib and laid the baby boy down without a fuss. Thanks to a nifty bit of magic, they'd be able to hear him, but they wouldn't disturb him, "Now, what brings you here?"

"I just came to see, Teddy." He explained almost nervously, "I don't know if Tonks and Remus told you, but they made me his godfather."

"They did." It wasn't something she had a strong opinion on one way or the other. She certainly wasn't expecting the young man in front of her to take that role seriously, though.

"I'd like..." He took a deep breath, and it looked like he was having a hard time holding back tears of his own, "I'd like to be there for him, help take care of him where I can."

"That's lovely, Harry," And it really was in her opinion, "But you're a very busy person, and so young. I understand..."

"No, I don't really think you do." His voice was calm, resolved, "I know what it's like to lose your parents... and while I'm sure you're a right sight better than my aunt and uncle, I wouldn't be able to forgive myself if I didn't do my absolute best to make sure he grows up knowing that I care about him."

For a long moment, she just looked at him. And then it dawned on her, "You want to be for him what Sirius wished he could've been for you."

He swallowed thickly, and gave her a nod, "It's important to me."

If nothing else, she had to admire his conviction. *And given Remus didn't show him the same sort of care when he was a child speaks volumes about his character.* It wasn't hard to guess she hadn't been her son-in-law's biggest fan. When she found out, it baffled her that he'd gone thirteen years without so much as checking on his best friend's child.

Her sympathy couldn't override her own good sense though, "I understand that, Harry, I really do. I just..." She didn't want this to come off as callous, and chose her words carefully, "If you do this, you can't flit in and out of his life. Being inconsistent and unreliable is worse than being absent." It felt wrong thinking ill of the dead, but she couldn't help herself because that had been one of her biggest concerns with Remus. *He made a habit of using his condition as an excuse. How often would it have happened with his son?*

It was Harry's turn to fall silent. What she saw in his face wasn't doubt or indecision, it was resolve. So, she really wasn't surprised when he spoke, "That's not what's going to happen. From now on, if your agreeable to it, I'm going to come round every Saturday for lunch, and I'll show you that I can be consistent."

He was so earnest, she found it impossible to refuse, "Alright... alright, it'll be good to have the company if nothing else." She'd spent weeks with no one for company but her grandson, and as much as she loved him, it would be nice to have some adult conversation again.

"And if you need help with anything... please let me know."

“That really won’t be necessary, but I appreciate the thought.” Her husband had been a successful solicitor and they’d made some very good investments in the muggle world that allowed her to work just part-time as a healer. So, money really wasn’t a concern.

“I mean it, though. Even if it’s just because you need a break for a few hours... just floo me.”

She couldn’t help but smile at that, because he really was eager, and quite thoughtful on top of it, “Once I know you can handle yourself with a baby, I might just take you up on that.”

For the first time since he came into her house, she saw a genuine smile on his face. They were going to keep chatting, but Teddy chose that moment to start fussing. Her first instinct was to just go over there and take care of it herself, but she found herself stopping as Harry stood with her, “He’s probably hungry, it’s that time of day. I’ll go get a bottle and you can help with that, yeah?”

She half expected him to look nervous, but no, he just took it in stride, “Absolutely.” Andi didn’t realize it in the moment, but it was the first time she’d smiled at anything other than Teddy in months, and it wouldn’t be the last time.

Pushing the door open with her foot, Andromeda was carrying a tray of teacakes in her hand as she made her way into the sitting room. Sitting on the floor, giggling and gurgling was a very happy Teddy, and an absolutely beaming Harry. In the month since he’d made his promise, Harry had been true to his word. *Better than it, even.*

There was a snitch hovering around in the room, just out of reach of Teddy’s chubby, outstretched hands. She couldn’t help but smile at the sight. His visits were the highlight of her week and, for the wonderful hours she found herself enjoying his company, she was able to forget about the losses of her life. He was unerringly kind, but capable of some rather cutting wit when the mood struck him. He was far older than his age dictated, but given the circumstances of his life, that wasn’t surprising. *And it doesn’t hurt that he’s quite handsome as well.* There was a part of her that felt guilty even thinking that, but it came all the same.

Andi would always love Ted, but she knew him well enough to say that he wouldn’t have wanted her to dwell and wallow in misery for the rest of her life. *And Harry’s been helping that with every visit.*

“Well done, Teddy!” Harry enthused as those little hands finally managed to capture the flitting snitch, though that had more to do with the wand that was discreetly holding it in place, “We’ll make a seeker out of you, yet!”

Andromeda rolled her eyes as she put the tray down on the coffee table, “If he ends up anything like his mother, he’ll be a beater... I’m sure.”

As if to prove her point, Teddy swung his little fists with all his might and bashed the snitch against the ground. It didn’t do any damage but it made them both chuckle. Teddy laughed along with them, and then got an odd look on his little face. Andromeda had to control her reaction as she watched his hair change to raven-black, and his eyes shift to emerald green. It was the first deliberate change that she’d ever seen her grandson make and she couldn’t say she was surprised. *Nymphadora started switching her appearance between me and Ted.*

“Well... I’d say he likes you at this point.”

Harry just stared at the little boy for a long moment, clearly taken aback by it, and conflicted as well, "I... I didn't..."

"Hush," she told him, "Don't think too much about it. You're here for him, so of course that's going to happen. All he understands is that you're someone that makes him happy right now. Eventually, he'll understand the whole story, but until then..." *And even when he knows the whole story, he's still likely to morph his appearance if Harry is the primary male figure in his life, but that's a conversation for another time.* "Now, tea."

"Thank you." She knew he didn't mean for the tea. Harry sat down on her couch with Teddy bouncing away in his lap.

"You're welcome."

As they sat there and chatted, Andi really looked at him, and there was something that she just couldn't get off her mind, "Harry... are you feeling alright?" Maybe it was the healer in her, but it seemed that every time he was over, he was getting weaker, even if he managed to hide it.

"Fine, absolutely fine." He said it too quickly, and she knew it was a lie. The look that she gave him was one that she'd perfected over the years of being a mother to Nymphodora. *That wonderful, willful girl.*

He tried to avoid her eye, and his hand subconsciously went to his chest, but eventually, he sighed and conceded, "I'm fine really... I just haven't had a moments rest since the end of the war. I think it's all just catching up with me. It seems the only time I get any time to myself is when I'm here."

"Are you sure that's all?" She didn't want to pry, but at the same time, she wanted him to be alright.

"I... don't know. It doesn't seem to matter what I do, I can't set myself right." Teddy was now resting against his chest, and Harry patted his little head, "I've been having to take Pepper-Up Potion just to get through the day."

That explains how he's hiding it, but why? "Have you been to see a healer?"

He snorted, in disbelief and rubbed at his chest again, "Wouldn't want to do it even if I could find the time. Could you imagine the papers if they caught wind of something like that?"

"Not once since the battle, not even Poppy?"

"She had so many people to look after, I wasn't going to waste her time."

It was infuriatingly self-destructive, and exactly what she would expect of someone who'd spent so much of his life being nothing but selfless. *But no more of that. He's going to look after himself whether he likes it or not.* Standing up, she went and grabbed Teddy from his lap and took him to his crib.

Turning back to the young man on the couch, she commanded, "Come with me." They'd know if Teddy woke up, but after playing and eating, she was sure that he'd be down for a good long while. Harry didn't protest and followed her through the house. Stopping at one of the doors, she led him in. There was a simple bed inside and she pointed to it, "Sit."

"Is this really necessary?" he asked, almost like he found it amusing.

“Yes,” she told him seriously, “Teddy is rather fond of you...” it was left unsaid that she was too, “so, we need to keep you around for a while. That won’t happen if you don’t start taking care of yourself.”

Her reasoning seemed to hit home, and he suddenly had that same serious look on his face she’d seen the month before, “Alright, what do you need me to do?”

“Right now, all you have to do is sit there and look handsome.” It was something she’d say to her patients when they were feeling nervous, or beautiful for the ladies, and it just slipped out. She could feel her cheeks flush, but pointedly ignored it.

“Well... I’ll do my best.” If he noticed, he decided it would be best not to comment on it. *Smart boy.*

Her wand was out, and she cast a quick diagnostic spell. Something became immediately obvious, that tendency toward his chest wasn’t just some nervous tick, “Alright, shirt off.”

His eyes got big, and he stuttered out, “Wh... what?”

“Shirt off.” She repeated herself, “Don’t worry, it’s not like it’s something I haven’t seen before.”

Reluctantly, he followed her orders and pulled his t-shirt over his head. Andromeda had to focus on her breathing, because while what she said was true, she wasn’t unaffected by him. He was skinny, but well-muscled though any appreciation of that fact fell away as she saw his chest, right above his heart. It turned out she was wrong, because that certainly wasn’t something she’d seen before.

There was a scar there, shaped inexplicably like the famous one on his forehead. Although, this one was an ugly red, surrounded by purple and blue bruising that nearly reached his neck, “Is that...”

“Yes.”

“And how did you...”

“Ridiculous circumstances that I really don’t want to get into right now.”

“Did you actually die?” Something about the very thought made her want to cry. He was a genuinely good young man, and they were far and few between. She knew that it would’ve meant far less to her, other than the tragedy of a young hero’s death, just a month earlier, but now it struck right to her heart.

“Mostly...” he didn’t sound like he was entirely sure himself, and she couldn’t blame him. It sounded rather complicated, after all.

“Right... well.” She moved closer to him and ran her hand along his tender flesh, “You really didn’t think that this was worth having checked.”

He shrugged nonchalantly, “Just didn’t seem important... there were people who needed the attention more.”

Andi wasn’t sure whether she should smack him upside the back of the head or hug him. Frankly, she wanted to do both, but decided instead to just get down to business. If she were to guess, she was about to become the second person in history to analyze the physical effects of surviving the Killing Curse. There was residual dark magic from the vile act, not to mention the very real physical pain. His heart appeared to be working far too hard for someone his age.

But, in the end, she thought it was all manageable, "It'll take time, and I can't say how long. But we should be able to set you right."

"Since I'm going to be here anyway..."

She smirked at him, "You say that as though you have a choice."

"Of course not." He smiled at her, and she felt her cheeks flush again.

Turning away from him, she hid her own smile, "Just count your blessings. Imagine what Poppy will do to you if she ever finds out about this." He looked genuinely frightened at the prospect and she couldn't help but giggle.

"And then Sirius came in completely purple and covered in feathers," Andi laughed at the memory of her childhood, before things turned for the worst. When she still had two sisters that loved her, "Aunt Walburga went nearly the same color by the time she was done yelling at him."

"I wouldn't have taken you for a prankster." Harry was laughing right along with her. It was Saturday again, months later. Teddy was sound asleep after a long day out with his grandmother and godfather. They'd gone to the beach down in Essex for the day and spent the afternoon enjoying the sand and sun.

They both had a glass of wine in front of them, and they were just sharing stories like two old friends. And at this point in her life, he was her closest friend. He made her feel taken care of, comfortable, all the things that you would often take for granted... all the things that she'd lost during the war. *And to top it all off, he's one hell of a cook.*

Despite her earlier protests, he always brought over groceries, cooked for them, and took care of a dozen of other small chores around the house. At a certain point, she just accepted that's who he was and let it be, "Well, I didn't make a habit of it like my cousin or your father ever did, but I could put on quite the show when I took the opportunity. It had the added benefit of ensuring Sirius had a healthy fear of getting on my bad side afterward."

"Hard to believe Sirius was afraid of anything when he was young."

"Oh, he was, trust me." Andromeda giggled at the memory, "I'd say he was more afraid of your mum than anyone. I didn't know her that well, but I remember Sirius telling me she once threatened to have him neutered after sticking him in her animagus form... Something about letting you fly on a proper broom when you were six months old."

Harry had to wipe his eyes as he laughed hard and full-bellied. Giggling, she just watched him. He looked better finally, week after week of treatment had allowed her to remove the internal and external bruising and restore the atrophied muscle. Just like the one on his forehead, the scar above his heart would always remain. *There are just some things even magic can't fix.*

If she was being perfectly honest with herself, she was lamenting the fact that his treatment was coming to an end. He was a handsome young man, and she got to spend a considerable amount of time admiring his body. She was doubtful that she'd have any excuse to do more of that in the future.

It was wrong, or so she constantly reminded herself, but she couldn't help it. And with every doubt in her mind, there was an answering voice that told her Ted would've wanted her to be happy, not to live

her life in sorrow after his passing. And Harry made her happy at a time when she still felt the pain of so much loss.

But she couldn't help but feel it was all too fast... and with a significantly younger man, too. Not that their age difference seemed to bother him any. She was a witch, after all, and looked younger than she was, and she was sure she caught him watching her in ways that were more than friendly as of late. It had caused her more than one restless night.

Harry's hand found its way to her thigh as he steadied himself. It was hard to know if it was intentional or just an innocent gesture between them, but she knew for sure that it sent heat right to her core. *Get a hold of yourself. You're a grown woman, not some horny teenager.* Though considering what she decided to do next, the horny part was certainly accurate.

It could've been the wine talking, but it wasn't it. All it really did was give her a bit of liquid courage. Her hand overlapped his as she looked him in the eye, "Harry... I think I need to take a look at your chest."

There was a part of her that was afraid, horribly afraid that she'd misread everything, that it would just be thrown back in her face. That he'd point out he was perfectly healed, and it wasn't necessary. A thousand thoughts went through her head in the scant seconds before he set her mind at ease. There was a wry little smile on his face, as though he knew that she was overthinking, "Of course, lead the way."

His emerald-green eyes were dark, and she unconsciously licked her bottom lip as she felt her heart beating rapidly in her chest. Grabbing his hand, she laced her fingers with his and led him to the same guest room where they'd done all their treatments.

Going to the dresser, she picked up a small jar that was sitting there. It was a salve meant to help with the scarring, she kept it there for him just in case and he had his own at home that he was applying daily. It was the last thing left in his recovery. When she turned around, his shirt was already off, and it had the same effect as it always did on her.

Focusing on her breathing, as she went a little lightheaded, she walked over to the bed as he sat. There was need in his eyes, a deep desire that she could feel pulsing in her own veins. But ever considerate, he didn't rush her. He just let her set the pace.

Gathering the salve on her fingers, she pressed into the hard muscle of his chest. The raised ridge of the scarring was smooth beneath her fingers. It was the first time in all the time they had spent together that she touched his bare chest. And every part of her wanted to touch more.

Her voice was low, tinged with the lust thrumming in her veins, "You're all healed, Harry." Physically, it was true. There was nothing more to be done, but the truth was they'd been healing each other in an entirely different way, too. The grief, the survivors' guilt, they'd processed it together, been there for each other. And just like the scar on his chest, they would both bear the scars of those losses the rest of their lives... but they were no longer raw. And more importantly, they were ready to keep living.

"Thanks to you." His voice was thick, emotional, and she knew that he felt just the same. Her hand drifted up from his chest along his neck to his jaw. She tickled the soft stubble there and felt him lean into her touch.

They were on a precipice, and she wanted to jump. Tilting his head up, she leaned down to capture his lips. It was soft and sweet, and invigorating. It felt... fantastic. And she really hadn't been certain it would. When you spend twenty-five years loving one person wholeheartedly, it's hard to imagine you'll find that same spark within anyone else.

Harry's hand went to the small of her back and pulled her against him. Her breath hitched as she came to sit in his lap. He took her momentary surprise as an opportunity to deepen their kiss and she wasn't complaining one bit. Andi drove her hips down into him, reveling in the wonderful pressure as she grinded her needy sex against him.

His hands drifted down to her thighs and found the hem of her dress. It was a sheer flimsy thing that she'd worn for a warm day at the beach. He pushed it up her body, and they pulled apart briefly to get it over her head. He threw it away without a second thought and left her in just her bikini from earlier in the day.

Her top didn't last long, he undid the strap at her neck and let her bust bounce out in the open, "Oh..." His soft lips wrapped around one of her hardened nubs as he cupped her big breasts in both hands. Andi had always been proud of her chest. They were more than a handful and still had all their youthful perkiness. And she was lucky enough to have particularly sensitive little nipples. Just his nipping and sucking was enough to bring her close to her first climax of the night.

She didn't know if it was experience or instinct, but he was pressing so many of her buttons just right. As if to prove that point, one of his hands drifted down along her smooth belly, to her puffy pussy mound, slipping beneath her bikini bottoms. Her mouth opened in a silent scream as he pinched her slippery clit between his fingertips.

It was impossible to remain silent for long, though, "Oh... god... yes!" It exploded inside of her violently and she wiggled uncontrollably in his lap as she hugged him against her breast. Harry rode out her orgasm by twirling his tongue around her nipple like it was a lollipop.

One thing she knew about him, unequivocally, was that Harry was selfless, and as he pushed her right from one peak to the next, it became obvious that fact carried over to lovemaking, too. And she was happy to reap the benefits.

Her body was on fire as he played her like a fiddle. It was a blissful, sensual experience and they hadn't even gotten to the main event yet. And through the haze of her own euphoria, she knew that they needed to change that immediately, "Harry... sweetheart... please..."

Finally, he gave her a chance to breathe as he pulled away from her nipple and looked at her, "What do you want, Andi?"

"You... in me." Just saying it out loud felt incredibly naughty, but she didn't just want it... she needed it. As if to prove her point, she dragged her dripping slit along his prominent bulge. The groan she pulled from him sent a fresh pool of desire right to her core.

Reaching between them she managed to pull down his trousers and reveal his impressive manhood. It was hot and hard, and pulsing with every beat of his heart. Criss-crossed with blue veins, it was big and heavy and she whimpered at the feeling of him in her hand.

Angling him toward her slit, Andi wasted no time in sitting down on his fat crown. Her pussy stretched to accommodate him, and her eyes rolled to the back of her head at the exquisite sensation. Slowly, she dropped her weight down until she reached her limit.

Harry kissed against her shoulder, as she made her journey down his length. His voice was filled with adulation and awe when he whispered, "So good...tight..."

"You fill my little pussy so good... sweetheart." Andi felt him twitch inside her, responding to her naughty words, "Now... do you want me to bounce on that big cock?"

"Yes!" He growled out as his hand glided down her back to cup her bum. Together they worked into a rhythm. There was nothing hurried about their lovemaking, but nor was it sedate. They just moved at the perfect pace. *Clap. Clap... Clap... Clap. Clap!* Every time she dropped on his length they sighed and groaned in their pleasure. She loved how vocal he was, how unrepentant he was in showing his enjoyment.

They were absolutely ravenous for one another, tweaking and nipping at each other as they rutted. Being so wanted, so desired, was a heady feeling all its own. Her world became nothing more than the handsome man stretching her snug slit. It was pure bliss.

She came once and then again, and it seemed to just bleed into one continuous peak. His cock was covered in her creamy cum. There was an obvious ring of her essence right at the base that was easily the sexiest thing she'd seen in her entire life. It could have been mere minutes, or it could've been hours, she really didn't know as they lost themselves in each other. They were sweat-slick, and the room reeked of sex. There was a stain of her juices forming between his legs as it dripped from his cum-filled bollocks.

Finally, she felt him twitch inside of her and his fingers dug into her pert bum. His voice was tight as he said her name almost like a prayer, "Andi..."

She kissed against the side of his jaw, just below his ear and whispered, "I know... inside. All inside... sweetheart."

"Uhhh..." He held her tight and nestled his face between her tits as she felt him swell inside of her. Andi kept bouncing her hips up and down on her young lover as he unloaded inside of her. His legs spasmed with the effort as he fired off again and again. It was so very warm, and she could feel it filling up her womb. It sent her over the edge right along with him. Or at least, caused the seemingly constant euphoria she'd been experiencing to spike again. Her whole body tingled in the most marvelous way.

They breathed against each other, pressed together as closely as two people could be. She felt... incredible and found herself giggling, unable to control her giddiness. Harry just squeezed her hip and grinned.

Somehow, despite the intensity of his own climax, he was still hard inside of her. Andromeda would've been happy to go for another round, even if she didn't have the strength in her legs to ride him like that again, but they were interrupted.

There was a soft cry from just down the hall. Harry smacked her bum, stood, and dropped her back on the bed, "I'll take care of it." He did up his trousers and didn't even bother putting his shirt back on.

As she watched him go, she just smiled. She half expected to feel guilty, but it never came. They were scarred people who'd lost a great deal. They could never replace the things they lost and would never pretend to. *But at least we can make the most of what we still have.*