

Teddy is...

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/24634813) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/24634813>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	F/M
Fandom:	Harry Potter - J. K. Rowling
Relationship:	Harry Potter/Ginny Weasley
Characters:	Harry Potter , Lily Luna Potter , Ginny Weasley , Teddy Lupin , James Sirius Potter , Albus Severus Potter
Additional Tags:	Adoption , Feels , Baby Teddy Lupin , Harry Potter Raises Teddy Lupin , Child Teddy Lupin , Teen Teddy Lupin , self discovery , Teen Angst , Anger , Hugging , Family Feels , Lily Luna is a genius child , cause why not , sibling dynamics , mostly cannon , Artistic License
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of Potter Children
Stats:	Published: 2020-06-10 Words: 3,922 Chapters: 1/1

Teddy is...

by [Snowfall66](#)

Summary

Three scenes from Teddy's childhood with Harry and Ginny. Is he a Potter or is he a Lupin, does it really matter?

Mostly cannon with my own twist on things and more teenage angst than I set off to create but what the hell.

Could be taken to follow on from my other Harry Potter one-shot 'Reunion' but you don't have to read that to read this.

Enjoy xxx

Five months after the end of the war Harry made a point of visiting Teddy at least twice a week. He stayed with Andromeda full time while Harry and Ginny were fixing up the cottage in Godrics hollow but Harry was hoping that when he could get a room sorted for the infant that he could stay the weekends or on Wednesdays. It was as Ginny was playing with the six-month-old on the floor that Harry decided to broach the subject.

“Andromeda I was hoping we could talk about Teddy’s living situation.” He said carefully not willing to upset the mother who had only recently lost her child.

Andromeda nodded smiling as Ginny made Teddy laugh which led to his short tufty hair turning a bright red, the exact same colours as Ginny’s.

“Yes... I think you should take full custody of him.”

Harry’s mouth fell open his eyes bulging.

“B...but..I... I mean... What?” Was all he managed to stutter out in his confused stupor making Andromeda chuckle not once taking her eyes of her Grandson.

“I am an old witch Harry.” She started as he tried to compose himself.

“I have raised my children and I don’t have the energy and possibly not the time to raise another. He needs parents Harry and I can’t give that to him. You can, he’ll still have me, but he needs you and Ginny.”

Harry was still shocked but as he watched Ginny bounce the young boy who was falling asleep in her arms he started to come round to the idea.

“I’ve watched you two with him and I know Ginny’s going back to school soon but I wouldn’t be suggesting it if I didn’t think this is what's best for him.”

Harry looked at her then nodded slowly turning back to his fiancé.

“Ginny, can you come here a second?”

Ginny nodded knowing that they were probably discussing Teddy’s future now that things had calmed down finally. She made sure Teddy was fully asleep before moving to sit on Harry’s lap where he wrapped an arm around her waist and gently smoothed Teddy’s hair.

“Andromeda wants me... well us... she wants us to take full custody of Teddy.”

Ginny gasped and looked to the older witch who smiled.

“It’s what's best for him.” She said simply.

Ginny glanced back to the child in her arms.

“We could raise him as our own and tell him stories of his parents. We could give him the childhood you never had. It would be like our last great thank you to Lupin and Tonks.”

She looked to Harry who was grinning as he watched her, twisting a lock of ginger hair around his finger. She nodded wordlessly and he nodded back in a silent agreement. Until he was old enough to understand they would raise Teddy Lupin as a Potter.

Nine years later and Harry was in the kitchen making breakfast as a heavily pregnant Ginny set the table.

“Sit down love Teddy can do that.”

“Yeh Mum you need to rest.” A nine-year-old Teddy claimed as he walked into the kitchen holding five-year-old James and two year old Albus’ hands. Ginny smiled and kissed his hair which was currently his usual bright turquoise.

“Thank you, Baby.”

“Mum I’m not a baby.” Teddy groaned moving to set the table.

“You’ll always be my baby don’t fight it,” Ginny told him daring him to argue and making both him and Harry laugh.

Breakfast was mainly spent discussing the new baby and trying to get Albus to eat something other than sausages. That was until James asked the question Harry and Ginny had been dreading...

“Mummy, how did the baby get in your belly?”

Ginny froze and Harry choked on his coffee getting it all over his daily prophet. Casting a cleaning charm he glanced at his wife in panic unsure how to answer until Teddy seemed to take matters into his own hands turning to his younger brother.

“When mummies and daddies decide they want a baby they cast this special spell, that only mummies and daddies know, that puts the baby in the mummy’s belly.” He said matter of factly and Ginny chuckled vaguely remembering Bill and Charlie telling him that when Fluer was pregnant.

“That’s how they made all of us.” He concluded.

James looked up at the nine-year-old in wonder.

“Really Teddy? Even you?”

Harry’s head shot up at that one but Teddy didn’t flinch.

“Even me, right Mum?” He said looking to Ginny who seemed to be doing an impression of a deer in headlights.

Harry cleared his throat after thirty seconds of silence.

“Eat up Ted you and I are going out after breakfast.”

Teddy started inhaling his breakfast as James perked up, Albus just continued dropping his eggs methodically on the floor.

“Can I come?” James asked excitedly.

Ginny caught her husband's eye before answering.

“I need your help with the nursery today James.”

Seemingly satisfied with this answer James returned to his breakfast as did the rest of the family.

After the meal, the boys were sent upstairs to get ready (or chuck all their clothes on the floor until Ginny went to help them) as their parents cleared up. A quick spell had the dishes doing themselves and Albus' food picking itself up from the floor.

Harry wrapped his arms around his wife from behind as she watched their children trek up the stairs.

“Are you going to tell him?”

The question was quiet, there was almost a hint of fear which she would of course blame on pregnancy hormones.

“I think it's time, don't you?” Harry answered with a sigh kissing her head.

“Yeh... I just don't want to lose him...”

An hour later Harry led Teddy to a church the young boy recognised.

“Dad are we going to visit the marauders?” He asked slightly confused as they only usually came to the graveyard on Christmas and the anniversary of what his parents referred to as ‘the day it ended’.

“Sort of,” Harry led him to a bench within sight of the six graves, Lily, James, Sirius, Remus, Tonks and Fred; George said that his brother would have been honoured to be buried with the marauders, Harry insisted that the late Weasley was one of them.

Harry pulled out the book he'd been carrying under his arm and placed it on his lap turning to his son with a sigh. He'd been preparing for this conversation for a while knowing it was coming but it was still going to be possibly the hardest thing he'd ever done.

“Teddy, do you remember all those stories we’ve told you about my parents and their friends?”

The nine-year-old nodded eagerly, the adventures of the marauders being his favourite stories to hear.

“And do you remember what I told you about Moony, Remus Lupin, and his wife Nymphadora Tonks... about their Son?”

Teddy nodded again patiently knowing his father would get to the point eventually even if it took him a bit longer than it would take his Mum.

“You said he was safe and loved and that his parents are watching over him from the next great adventure.” He said dutifully repeating what he’d been told.

“That’s right... Teddy, before I tell you this I need you to know that your Mum and I love you so much and this doesn’t change anything unless you want it to.”

That made him frown, he’d never doubted his parents love so what would make him now, but again he nodded.

“Teddy, that boy, Remus and Nymphadora’s son, that’s you, you’re him... they’re your biological parents.”

Harry couldn’t bring himself to use the phrase ‘real parents’ knowing it might break him a little inside. Teddy’s face gave nothing away and for once neither did his hair, it changed to a pale violet that it had never been before and Harry didn’t know what that meant so made the unconscious decision to keep talking.

“This book is something that your Mum, Ginny that is, has been working on.” He placed the book in the young boy’s lap.

“It’s every picture we could find of them, your parents, I know it’s not much but we thought it would be good if you had something of them.”

Teddy moved through the pictures almost numbly. He ran his fingers delicately over the smiling faces and forgotten scenes until he reached a picture from just after he was born. It showed both Tonks and Lupin smiling down at a wrapped up bundle and the love on their faces seemed to jump straight from the page to his heart. His hair changed from violet to a dirty blonde, to a midnight black, to a bubble gum pink, to a fiery red finally settling on his usual turquoise. This process took over ten minutes as his hand rested on the baby in their arms, him. Harry sat silently trying desperately not to let his tears fall.

“They loved me?”

His voice was small, barely audible but Harry was searching for it.

“Yes... yes, they loved you so much, Teddy. It’s why they fought, they wanted to make everything safe for you.” Harry said daring to take the young boy’s hand and breathing out a sigh of relief when he held tighter instead of pushing him away.

“And you... you love me as much as they did?” A bit louder this time but still unsure.

“Absolutely. Teddy no matter what you decide you will always be our eldest son, nothing could change that?”

Teddy flung himself into Harry's arms squishing the book between them but Harry didn't care, holding his son as close as possible. They both let a few tears fall and Teddy sniffled trying to stop them.

“Why don't you go talk to them for a second I'll stay here.” Harry gestured to the graves and Teddy nodded walking over still clutching the photo album in his arms.

Harry watched but made a conscious effort not to listen in knowing this was a private conversation. The young boy appeared smaller than ever as he whispered to the graves and all at once it hit both of them, Teddy Potter was a Lupin.

Almost exactly six years later and Teddy was a lot bigger. He was sat on the steps in Godric's hollow trying to ignore Ginny's indistinct yelling. Currently, she and Harry had secluded themselves in the kitchen with the Auror that had brought him home and the reporter threatening to out the story. He wasn't sure who Ginny was yelling at right now, he was just glad it wasn't still him.

“Hey, Ted,”

“You should be in bed Lily.” He deadpanned not really in the mood for the six-year-old.

“So should you.”

She was right. He'd been given a potion to clear the alcohol from his brain, but not prevent tomorrow's hangover, and told to go straight to bed. He'd fully planned on marching up to his room slamming the door and not coming out for the rest of the summer but for some reason he'd stopped halfway and had been sat there for the past twenty minutes.

“Budge.” The small redhead told him and he slid over on the hardwood making room for her small form next to him.

She wore a pair of red pyjama shorts and one of Harry's old quidditch jerseys from school that she'd found in the attic, her long hair up in a ponytail to keep it out of her face. Her bright green eyes studied him in a way no one else of her age could. Lily was smart, she hit every milestone early and beat all her brothers every opportunity she got but was never snobbish about it. That was one of the many things Teddy liked about her, she would definitely take on bragging rights and would never go easy on someone but instead of pointing out everything others did wrong she would seek to help them improve and never looked for any sort of compensation except a rematch.

“Sounds bad.” She pointed out glancing at the kitchen door and Teddy let his shoulders slump with a sigh.

“Yeh... doesn’t matter though.” He grumbled and Lily rolled her eyes.

The youngest Potter was closer to Teddy than she was to James and Albus. It wasn’t that she didn’t love them all equally she just found conversation came easier with Teddy just like cuddles came easier with her Dad but adventure came easier with her Mum. They were kindred spirits and Teddy was fascinated by the small redhead since the day she was born, determined to show her the world but as of right now he was struggling to see the world outside of his own head. Lily had asked her parents why her once vibrant, lively brother had now put a lock on his bedroom door and they had told her all about teenager hormones but she knew it was more than that.

“Course it matters. At this rate Mums gonna ground you ‘till your thirty.”

It had been a steady build-up to this point. First slacking off in Hogwarts then general rudeness around the house, he stopped coming to ministry functions that were mandatory for ‘Head Auror Potter’, stopped coming to family functions. Eventually, he was staying out past curfew and sneaking out before everyone was awake but none of that was as bad as what he’d tried to do less than an hour ago. He’d almost gone through with it, a bottle of fire-whiskey in his hand, banging on the reporter's door, if that Auror hadn’t come along and busted him for underage drinking...

“She won't do that.”

Lily chuckled humourlessly.

“Just you watch her,”

“She’s not gonna ground me, Lily.”

“She’ll change the ruddy law if she has to. You remember that time she caught James with the key to the liquor cabinet...”

“She’s not going to ruddy ground me, Lily!” He raised his voice cutting her off, his hair flashing red then fading to a muted brown.

“She’s not going to ground me because I’m not really their kid.”

“What are you on about silly, of course you’re their kid.” She said without a shred of doubt, unaffected by the older boys agitated state. Lily Potter wasn’t afraid of anything, especially not her brothers.

“No, I'm not. Lily, I’m adopted. I'm not really you’re brother.”

It was at that point the kitchen door opened and the two guests were shown to the door. The adults had yet to notice the children so while Lily stood to make her swift escape she pressed one small hand to Teddy’s shoulder.

“I know that Ted, I’ve always known. You’re still my brother.”

Teddy didn't watch her go knowing it would have given her away but he thought about what she said. His thoughts left him however when he caught Ginny's eyes. She gestured him down with a nod of her head and he thought about not going but after a few seconds trudged down to sit on the second to last step. He expected Ginny's face to be red, the way Ron looks when he gets really mad, but it was her eyes that were red like she'd been crying and it made his heart hurt which in turn made him mad because he didn't want to be sympathising with either one of them right now. It didn't help that she had her arms wrapped around herself and was leaning on Harry like she didn't have the strength to stand. On the opposite side of the spectrum, Harry was stood up to his full height his shoulders set and his face not showing any emotion but he didn't look angry either. This made Teddy feel worse because he was angry and the whole point of this was so they'd be angry too he wanted them to shout and scream at him so he could shout and scream back.

"Why?"

Ginny asked but Teddy just shrugged resigning himself to studying the step below him.

"That reporter said you were banging on his door what were you going to tell him?" Harry asked trying a different approach.

Teddy had an answer to this one and he all but spat it out, the very words feeling bitter on his tongue, or maybe that was just the fire-whiskey.

"Everything. I was going to tell him every little thing, Lilly's genius test scores, James' ridiculous pranks, the fact Albus can talk to snakes. The inside scoop on the Potter family secrets."

Harry shook his head in disbelief. He'd never expected any of this from Teddy, he'd had a few warnings about the teenage years from the older guys at work but he never thought it would be like this. James was their problem child, Albus the nervous one, Lily the genius and Teddy was always the golden child. He helped around the house, kept his room clean, babysat his siblings, got good grades then all of a sudden it was like someone had flipped his switch and turned his eldest son into someone he didn't recognise.

"Do you know what that could have done to our lives, to our careers. The things you could have subjected James, Albus and Lilly to. For Merlin's sake Ted it's James' first year at Hogwarts in less than a month what were you thinking? And it would have affected you as well, you're a part of this family too."

Teddy laughed at that.

"Yeah right." He grumbled under his breath still looking down.

Ginny sat on the bottom step trying to catch Teddy's eye, he looked away to the wall but not quick enough to miss the tears in his eyes.

"Talk to us, Teddy. We're losing you and I don't understand. Why are you doing this?" Ginny tried, reaching out a hand but not touching him in fear of him pulling away.

Ever since they first brought Teddy home the thing Ginny Potter feared most was losing him or any of her children. She saw what happened to her mother when everything happened with Percy and then even worse when Fred... She didn't think her heart was strong enough for that and now her worst nightmare was coming true and she didn't even know why.

Teddy was staring at the wall. Why? That question kept repeating in his head. Why was he doing this? To make Harry and Ginny angry. Why did he want to make them angry? Because he was angry. Why was he angry? Was it because even though he could make his hair black or red he would never truly look like them or because when he signed something Potter it felt like a lie. Was it the fact that he could never truly know where he came from and therefore never really know where he belonged. Maybe it was because some kids at school had found out his birth dad was a werewolf and were bullying him over it. Maybe it had something to do with how he'd only just realised that Ginny had never grounded him like she has Albus and Harry has never shouted at him like he has at James and the only reason he can find for that is that they pity him because his parents are dead. UGH!

“YOUR NOT EVEN MY REAL MUM SO JUST LEAVE ME ALONE!”

He couldn't help it, all the thoughts in his head and the anger in his heart just exploded and his hair turned a dangerous red as he stormed up the stairs.

“EDWARD REMUS LUPIN-POTTER DON'T YOU DARE TALK TO YOUR MOTHER LIKE THAT! YOU GET BACK THIS INSTANT AND APOLOGISE OR SO HELP ME MERLIN I WILL..”

There it was: Edward Remus Lupin-Potter. No one had ever called him that before, officially his last name was Potter, friends knew he was a Lupin, it never occurred to anyone that he could be both.

He turned around and Harry was angry... his Dad was angry, really angry so was his Mum and it made him smile. She had a way of reigning in the worst of her temper with her children but Teddy could see it in her eyes, she was angry and hurt. The smile dropped from his face and he flew down the stairs dropping to his knees and wrapping his arms around his Mum in the most important hug he'd ever given in his life.

Ginny was shocked, she knew her children were well aware of her temper and they had tried everything to get out of her, sometimes slightly harsh, punishments from crying to blaming each other but never had one of them hugged her. She felt the anger melt to the back of her mind and realised that Teddy hadn't hugged her since he got back from Hogwarts this year. She wrapped her arms around his shoulders, wondering slightly at how tall he was that even knelt down he almost came up to her chest, and kissed his hair which had flashed from red to black to blonde to pink before settling on its familiar turquoise. She looked up to Harry, who still looked pretty mad, and shook her head.

“I'm sorry Mum, I'm so sorry. I'll clean both bathrooms for the rest of the summer and I'll stay in and help you with the others and I'll never touch fire-whiskey again and I'll,”

Ginny cut him off by making him look her in the eyes. What she saw there almost broke her heart but at the same time gave her hope. She saw regret for what he had done, anger at

himself for doing it, love for her and Harry and also something still slightly... lost, and she knew that he still had some things to figure out.

“Just promise me we’re not going to lose you okay? That’s the one thing I just can’t take. I can’t lose any of my Baby’s.” She told him teasing slightly and kissing his forehead the way she used to do when he was little after they tucked him in each night.

“I promise, Mum.” He chuckled slightly.

Teddy looked up at his Dad who, despite his earlier outburst, was smiling a little, though the look in his eye’s said he still wasn’t completely forgiven.

“We’ll talk about it tomorrow, son,” Harry said patting his eldest’s shoulder.

“For now go get some sleep, I’m sure you’re brothers will have you up at the crack of dawn to regale your tales of adventure despite your imminent hangover. Assuming Miss Genius listening from the landing hasn’t told them everything already.” He continued a playful sparkle glinting in his eye’s as the tiniest giggle was heard from up the stairs.

Teddy chuckled then nodded. He gave his Dad a hug, kissed his Mums cheek then trudged up the stairs picking Lily up on his way, who was already prepared with her blanket and stuffed dragon. He entered his room to find James and Albus passed out on a mattress on the floor and he chuckled quietly throwing a blanket over them, then climbing under his own covers letting Lily curl up beside him. He lay there thinking for a while as he listened to the steady breathing of his siblings.

Teddy was a Potter, Teddy was a Lupin, he was both and that’s okay. Maybe someday he’d be something else, he was still figuring out who he was and that’s okay too.

Edward Remus Lupin-Potter.

It suited him.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!