Stranded

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by NerosDad

Summary

Christmas Fluff piece.

Junior Doctor Hermione Granger gets stranded in a blizzard and meets Harry Potter.

Could be the script for a cheesy HBO one off.

Notes

Test piece - This is an innocuous post, so shouldn't break any of the rules.

I need to figure out Canadian laws regards to age of content vis-a-vis UK, where it's 16.

Junior Doctor Granger stepped into the rest room on the Obstetrics Gynaecology Ward of Wythenshaw Hospital in Manchester. She had completed her training last year, and as a result had the delight to look after the ward so the consultants could play golf. She was not bitter. She was not angry. She was exhausted. She stripped off the scrubs she was wearing and tossed them in the laundry cart in the room, grabbing a fresh set, and quickly checking her sports bra and knickers to see if any blood had soaked through. She had just delivered twins to a lovely young Asian woman called Padma, she had been a delight, but she had covered Hermione in blood.

It was her second night on duty, and she had not been home for days. Pulling the fresh trousers up over her grey knickers, she thought to herself, *they used to be pale blue? I really needed to find some time to buy some underwear that wasn't worn looking and washed to death.* Her sports bra was no better, some random incident with the washing machine at home had rendered her underwear fit for her granny. She pulled a fresh tee-shirt from her bag, her last one, and donned the scrubs top over it, as her Staff Nurse popped a head around the door, "Doctor Granger, can you assist in bay 3, it looks like a breech." The head disappeared, and Hermione followed him out the door picking up her stuff as she did.

They went to a caesarean and thirty minutes later she watched as the new mum held her daughter in her arms and everyone felt fantastic for five minutes until the next crisis. She managed a few hours sleep in one of the cots they had in the rest room, and one of the nurses made her a cup of tea at some point in the dead of the night. She handed over to her replacement at about eight that morning and zombie like drifted out to her beat up Volkswagen polo in the car park. The insides of the windows were patterned with condensation, it looked quite beautiful in the early morning sun, but to Hermione, it just meant she would be late home, and she would not see her boyfriend before he set off for work.

She arrived home, and wearily stepped into their rented house, it was empty, Phil left for work before eight and it was closer to nine, she dropped her bags on the counter top and went to bed. The phone brought her around in the late afternoon, Dr Guthrie was ill, she was needed as cover. Hermione scribbled a note for Phil and left for the Hospital a little after four, she would be home in the morning. It was almost three days before she saw the house again, it was Phil's birthday and she was late to the pub for his party, she smiled at him as she entered the room, and when they finally got home, she was out for the count before he had brushed his teeth.

A few weeks later she missed her own party, desperately fighting to keep a young woman from losing her baby and failing. She collapsed into the chair in the rest room and bawled like a five year old, by the time she got home and remembered that is was her party to celebrate her birthday, she had never felt less like a party in her life. She made it to the pub two hours late, and put on a brave face, once home she broke down once more, and watched as another nail went into the coffin of their relationship.

Six weeks later she walked in from her shift to find a note on the counter. "Dear Hermione……" Phil was a Civil Engineer and had been allocated to the project at Birmingham New Street Station, he would be there for about three years, and he wasn't

coming back. He loved her, but he could no longer cope with the fact her job always came first, the resulting lack of anything happening between them. She realised numbly that they hadn't had sex in about three months, and she felt slightly guilty that she did not really miss him.

December was soon upon them and she kept looking at the calendar, she had two weeks booked off over Christmas and was heading to her little cottage in North Wales, she looked forward to walking the hills and relaxing. The last delivery she made was the twin sister of a woman that she had delivered twins for a few months ago, this sister was called Parvatti, she was chatty and remarkably calm and just like her sister produced a healthy pair of twins, she thanked Hermione and she saw the sister complete with babies in the waiting area, she nipped out to say hello and was wrapped in a hug, that nearly set her off. She finally headed home for some much needed time off. She was giving up the house, and moving in with a couple of other Junior Doctors, rattling around in a house alone was empty in every way. She settled into bed with a cheesy romance novel and as the book became spicier she felt a stirring in her centre, and reached into the drawer for her vibrator, to discover the batteries were flat, she sighed, it summed up her love life, disappointing. Her hand slipped into her sleep shorts and as she worked herself to a peak a familiar fantasy about a green eyed, dark haired young man she had met once, years ago slipped into her mind. Finishing herself off in no time at all she drifted off to sleep and relived the night in question.

She had finished her A levels a year early and was in her first year of a medical degree, almost a year younger than her peers, they were in a bar off Princes Street in Edinburgh, enjoying a night out, and bumped into another group who were *really* celebrating, like they had just won the world cup, they grabbed her and the other girls and danced around the room. They were all young she thought, but they looked worn, a couple of them had really red hair and the redheaded girl was snogging all the lads one after the other and laughing, the male red, looked scandalised, and his friend had slapped his back and told him to relax.

Her friend Anna asked what the party was about and girl red had simply said, "We survived, we are alive." Hermione had looked at the friend in confusion, "It's been a bit rough for us," he had smiled at her, vivid green eyes that had lit her soul, and a lopsided grin she wanted to kiss, "It sounds a bit dramatic, but today is the first day of the rest of our lives, and it hasn't sunk in yet." The Redheaded girl had grabbed him for a kiss and as he peeled her away he laughed, "Ginny, go grab Dean and get yourselves a room," She giggled and moved along. They had stayed talking and laughing with the group for a few hours, but no matter how often they returned to the pub in question, she never saw him again, only in her dreams.

Finally she had some time off, her Christmas leave had been approved and she had refused to cover, making sure the other staff knew she would be too far away to come in. She loaded her little car with the stuff she needed and set off to the house she hadn't seen in almost two years. Her parents had died in late 2015 when she was still at an exclusive boarding school in the Scottish borders, officially it was a gas explosion, but their house was all electric, so it never made sense to her. As a result, by the end of the school year she went from an orphan, to a wealthy young lady as she had turned eighteen mere weeks before starting at University on her medical degree. Her trust fund filled by the life insurance, and other policies paying

out from her parents passing. She had enough money to study without worry, and could buy a modest house, without a mortgage, she kept their holiday cottage on the North Wales coastline and this was where she was heading in her car.

It was snowing hard, flurries of white flakes reduced visibility to yards in places, the traffic crawled along at little more that a jogging pace and Hermione worried that she might not make it to her destination. They were stopped on a section of the road, the car exhausts steaming in the cold air, the snow settling ever more thickly over the land. She checked on google maps and her phone informed her that the road ahead was blocked, showing a number of incidents and advised a detour up into the hills, she turned off the main road and hoped she would be OK. Twenty minutes later the phone signal petered out and the map froze as it lost its location, she persevered along the road, seeing less and less traffic until her car itself sputtered to a standstill She sat in despair looking around at the gloomy landscape, the sun had set and darkness was falling, everywhere was shrouded in a thick blanket of snow, and the grey light made the horizon difficult to identify.

Over to her right, perhaps a quarter of a mile away a window shone orange in the gloom, with little choice she grabbed her hat, coat and scarf and set off in the direction of the light, wading through the already knee deep snow. It took her fully ten minutes to reach the house, her nose and cheeks burning form the sharp cold. Knocking on the door, standing under the overhang of the porch she stamped her feet to free her jeans of the snow accumulated in the walk. The door opened and the owner of the house greeted her, “Hello, what on earth are you doing out in this?” he asked. Hermione stared for a few long seconds. Stood in front of her, looking like the man from her dreams, her rather recent and very erotic dreams, was a tall man, with messy dark hair, and those unforgettable green eyes.

She squeaked the first few words out, “My car is stuck.” She swallowed and cleared her throat, “I have no signal and google maps cut-out, if I could perhaps use a phone?” She saw a small boy peering around a door off the hallway at her, she mentally abandoned her fantasy, *married and children, just my luck* she thought.

“Sure, come on in. Get out of the cold, I am not sure if you will be able to call anyone out tonight though, the weather has set in and we often get cut off for a few days at a time. I am Harry, what shall we call you?” he asked and the lopsided grin she remembered from almost eight years ago flicked across his lovely face.”

“Hermione. Please call me Hermione.” She pulled off her gloves and hat, walking to the old fashioned phone in his hallway. Picking it up, there was silence, “There is no dial tone?”

“Sorry, the lines are probably down. Can I offer you a cup of tea?” He asked her.

“Err. Thank you,” thoughts of the film ‘Misery’ slipped through her mind, then she saw the boy again, he looked five or six years old, she should be safe, she hoped.”

“Where is your car?” he called from the kitchen.

“About four or five hundred yards down the road, it cut out.”

“The wards do that to the electronics,” he said as if it made sense. “Did you go to Hogwarts, you look about the same age as me, but I don’t recognise you. I think I would remember a Hermione, it’s a distinctive name.”

“Parents.” She sighed, “I didn’t go to Hogwarts, I boarded at St. Augustine’s and then Edinburgh Medical School. Was that the school you went to?”

He nodded, “I have never heard of St. Augustine’s, I didn’t realise there was another school for magicals in the UK, I thought it was only Hogwarts?”

Hermione laughed, “Did you say ‘*magicals*?’”

“Yes, like us, I can feel your magic, and you are in Godric’s Hollow, muggles cannot see the village, you don’t have to worry about the statute in here. I am not going to arrest you. I am on leave anyway”

He handed her a mug of tea and motioned her into the living room, where the youngster was watching Disney+ on a large screen TV. “This is my godson, Teddy, he will say hello when his episode finishes,” the boy looked around and gave her a sheepish smile,”

Hermione looked at him trying to gauge if this was a massive joke, or he was delusional. “I am a Doctor, I went to medical school, and I deliver babies, I am not remotely magical. Is this some sort of joke?”

In response her green eyed hottie, slash serial killer? Pulled something that looked like a conductor’s baton out of his sleeve and casually floated a plate of biscuits over to her, making an occasional table appear out of fresh air and lowering the plate onto it. Hermione watched with mixed emotions, disbelief, amazement, scepticism, and wonder. She was still trying to decide if this was just some sort of warm up routine or she had met Gandalf’s grandson.

She drank her tea in silence, stood and walked through into the kitchen, placing her empty cup into the sink, with the intention of leaving, and the large marble fireplace at one end of the room flared into life, and a tall dark haired man stepped into the room and turned to help a petite and very pregnant blonde woman arrive via the currently bright green flames. He waved his baton over the woman and cleaned off the soot she had accumulated, before carrying out the same on himself. The Lady was staring at Hermione, she was shorter than Hermione who was only five foot five, and the man was easily over six feet. Hermione took in her long almost waist length blonde hair, pale skin with large pale blue eyes that were fixed on Hermione like a curious owl.

“Hi, Hello. I broke down and er, Harry, let me try his phone, and made me a cuppa. I had better get going or I will be here all night,” she finished. “I will be out of your way in a moment, I will get my coat.” She added as she headed for the hall.

“Don’t go, please. I always wondered why you did not come to school with us, where have you been? We should have been friends,” The woman spoke in a detached almost dreamy voice, Hermione wondered if she was on some sort of medication, but she turned and smiled to be polite.

“I went to St. Augustine’s, a boarding school, did you go to the same school as Harry?”

“We did, that is where we all met. Do you live with the muggles, because you are very relaxed around Harry, people are usually a bit star struck when they meet him for the first time.” She replied, “perhaps it’s the wrackspurt infestation that’s keeping you from reacting.”

Her host, Harry entered the room, and greeted his guests, “Nev, Luna, great to see you. Should you still be travelling Luna, aren’t you due any day now?”

“Another week I think,” she rubbed her swollen abdomen, “He is in no hurry.” Hermione looked at the woman, she looked to her eyes like she was ready to deliver. She silently crossed her fingers, delivering a child in a kitchen in a complete stranger’s house was not on her list of planned activities for Christmas.

The New guy pulled a bag out of his coat pocket, the bag was far too large for the pocket and started to expand once it was free, “I have Teddy’s and your presents from us, where do you want them?” he asked.

“Pass them here, I will pop them under the tree, can I get you a drink or anything?” he asked. “Hermione? Would you like anything else?” She shook her head, “I really need to get going it’s getting dark. Correction it is dark and I need to get my car started.” Harry shook his head in return, “I doubt you will get your car sorted tonight, it would be safer to wait until morning, when you can see what is going on, you can pop back for it tomorrow.”

“Tea would be very nice,” Luna said from behind her. “Why are you using a car, why not the floo or apparate?”

Hermione looked at the odd woman her eyebrows raised, “I, what? I am starting to think I am in an episode of the Twilight Zone, I think I will leave before it gets any weirder.”

She paced into the Hallway and pulled her coat from the hook, quickly donning it and with her hat and scarf in her hands opened the door to leave, to see a pair of women pop into existence directly in front of her with an audible crack. She stopped. “Going somewhere dear?” the older of the two asked, “It’s a bit parky, and the snow isn’t going away any time soon. You will catch your death out there.”

The younger woman smiled, in spite of herself Hermione returned the smile, she was a rather attractive looking woman, even swamped in a heavy travelling cloak, she looked stylish and her eyes smiled as she did. “Harry, aren’t you going to introduce us to your lady friend.”

“Andi, behave, this is Hermione, she has arrived by muggle car and it has broken down, and I don’t think she has ever seen magic before, so, is freaking out a little bit. I only met her half an hour ago, so don’t go scaring her any more than Luna has already.”

“Excuse me” Hermione smiled and squeezed past the two women and set off towards her car at a jog. After a minute it was obvious that she was screwed. Her car was a soft shaped lump in the snow. Even if she could dig it out it was doubtful she would be able to even turn it around, let alone drive anywhere. The Dark sky was filled with falling snow and she felt the frustration of the last few months build up and she screamed at the sky, dropping to her knees

she yelled in frustration and anger. Panting and out of breath she slowly regained her feet and turned around and trudged back along her own tracks. She stood at the door. She would freeze to death outside. There were no other properties within sight. She was a little scared, was she about to ask to come back into the house where she would die, would she be safe? *He is the man of your dreams* an annoying internal voice answered.

She knocked on the door with her woollen gloved hand. The older woman opened it, “You’re back then. Come on in. I didn’t think you would get far.” She helped Hermione off with her coat and scarf, she kicked her boots into the corner.

“Am I safe here?” she asked the woman.

She smiled, “You are probably in the safest place in the whole country. Harry has a bit of a saving people habit. Luna seems to think you should have been at school with them, may I enquire what year you started your magical education?”

“I am not *magical,* I am a doctor, I do sometimes perform miracles, but only in so far as I deliver babies, in a hospital. I went to St. Augustine’s boarding school for girls from 2010, and I left early in 2016 to start studying medicine at University. What is all this talk of magic.” The woman ushered her through to the kitchen again, where the adults where sat around the table, and she was steered into a seat. A mug floated across and the tea poured itself out. “What is going on, where am I, who are you people. Have I crashed, are these the hallucinations of a dying brain.”

The younger of the two ladies pulled her baton out, “May I check you over, Miss?”

“Granger. Doctor Hermione Granger. Do whatever, what do I call you?”

“I am Senior Healer Andromeda Tonks of St. Mungo’s Hospital. I think you and I do similar work.” She made some swishing motions with the baton, *faster, violin section,* she thought to herself. A translucent blue scroll of sorts appeared next to her head, and she twisted her neck to see the writing appear down the scroll. Even viewed from behind she recognised her pulse, blood pressure, heart rhythm, saw her liver and kidney function listed as percentages, her previous injuries listed, her broken wrist from a snowboarding spill when she was nineteen, then the terminology became, well, arcane, and esoteric. Hermione prided herself in being up to date with medical research and development, but the remaining results were meaningless.

“You are generally in good health Doctor Granger, but you most certainly are magical, your core was triple bound, I assume when you were around eleven, and I am also guessing you had memory blocks placed at the same time. One of the bindings is failing, you are calling on your magic subconsciously and you are, or should be a very powerful witch. At Harry’s level or very close.”

“What does that mean?”

“It means Doctor Granger,” the elder woman spoke, “that soon after your eleventh birthday, either myself or a colleague visited your home, to explain to you and your family, that you were a witch. That you could come to Hogwarts and learn all about magic, and develop those

skills, or you could forever turn your back on magic and have your magic bound, the memory of the visit removed and live your life without magic. It appears you chose to stay muggle."

"Please, call me Hermione, I *chose* at eleven?"

"No, it would have been your parents. Where did you live at eleven years old?"

"Crawley, Sussex, my parents were called Dan and Emma, they died in 2015 from a 'gas' explosion, in a house that did not use gas."

The woman turned to Andromeda, "Can you remove her memory block after this much time, Andromeda?"

"I think so Minerva," she looked to Hermione, "With your permission."

"Go ahead."

"look at me for a moment," she stared into her violet coloured eyes and noticed the baton waving again. She was sat in her parents living room, and she was small again. A woman sat in a chair and turned the coffee table into a collie dog. The memory flooded her senses for a moment.

She took a sharp breath, "Deputy Head Mistress McGonagall?"

"I am the Head Mistress now, Albus Dumbledore passed on."

"You visited, I was desperate to learn magic, my parents refused, they were quite religious, witchcraft was a sin against their god. I was crying when you, bound my magic, and it hurt. I passed out." She finished the tea in her cup. "I am an adult now, may I be unbound, or is it unsafe?"

Andi shrugged, "you are on the point of breeching one of them anyway, I will do them one at once and let you settle between times, less chance of you blowing all the windows out."

"You are a muggleborn? we thought Riddle's people killed them all in the blood war."

"Neville, easy mate, instead how about, fantastic, you were the first person in your family to show magical abilities, congratulations, you are a very rare and special person." Neville blushed in embarrassment.

Andi made a few more baton strokes and Hermione experienced a rush of heat and sensations, for a brief moment she thought she was going to have an orgasm in front of everyone and was about to die of embarrassment. "Oh god, that's intense." She was breathing hard, Harry placed a hand on her back and she felt warmth radiate from his touch. "Is that some sort of healing magic you are doing, it's nice."

Luna's dreamy voice answered, "you are bonding. He is your magical match." She picked up a biscuit and bit into it.

“I would recommend waiting until tomorrow to cut the next binding, your magic is running a little bit wild at the moment, it will settle as your core adjusts to the released binding.” Hermione nodded, she looked around the table, everyone was glowing a little, and when she looked at Harry, his eyes were blazing bright and she might have become a little aroused just from the look.

“I feel a little intoxicated, is that normal?”

“I believe so, very few bound witches have the bindings removed in adulthood, there is little information with regards to the effects. I can imagine the sensation is both a little intoxicating, and perhaps stimulating?” Hermione nodded in response. *Am I evil to hope that Teddy’s mother is no longer on the scene, I could eat Mr Potter.* She tried to compose herself.

“Luna, was that a contraction?” Andromeda was staring at the strange woman.

“It might have been? and I think my waters are breaking,”

“Harry, I’ll call St. Mungo’s on the floo, we can portkey her over if necessary.” She stood and walked to the fire, throwing something into the hearth she called, “St. Mungo’s Maternity Ward.” The fire roared up in green. She dropped onto her knees and stuck her head into the fire. The conversation was muffled, but after a few moments Andi stood and turned, “They don’t have anyone on duty.” She shook her head, “I do not believe it, they are all on leave, all of them. I will hex them into the last century when I get hold of them.” She looked at Hermione, “You are a Doctor? You work in a Maternity ward?”

“I, I deliver babies in the non-magical world, I won’t bore you with the details, but seven years studying and years of training, if you can’t do it with your stick, I can sort it the normal way. Can you magic Luna to a Hospital?”

“It’s not safe to do it this close to labour, we will have to deliver the child here.”

“I have some stuff in a bag in my car, I will get it.”

Harry stood, “Winky.” The house elf appeared, “Please fetch Doctor Granger’s things inside from the vehicle nearby and place them in the guest bedroom,” Winky popped away. “Hermione, if you follow me, I will show you the room and you can change if you want to, I am assuming we have a little time.” She followed him up the stairs, her mind clicking into work mode and checking off what she needed. Harry opened a door and stood aside, her bags were all in the room and the little creature called ‘Winky’ was sorting and hanging her clothes in the wardrobe, and filling the drawers in the chest under the window. With a finger snap her holdall and suitcase were gone and with a small curtsey the elf disappeared. “Have you got everything?” Harry asked from the corridor.

“Yes, thank you.” He pulled the door shut and she heard his footsteps fade away and descend the stairs. It took her a couple of minutes to find a pair of scrubs and slip into them. She headed down stairs to find the table transformed into a decent facsimile of a delivery bed, Luna had a sort-of hospital gown on, it had sunflowers that were wafting in an imagined breeze and Andi was bent examining her.

“How is she doing?” she asked.

Andi, Healer Tonks, turned and gave her a look, it was one all medical staff shared, the ‘oh shit’ look. “Take a look,” She walked up, game face on.

“OK Luna, I am going to examine you,” she slipped a pair of gloves on and carefully checked, she could see a foot. The baby was breeched. “Ok, that’s good.” She stood and swivelled around to confer with Andi. “It’s what we call a breech, I would normally do a caesarean, surgical procedure and take the baby out of the womb, then stich her up, but she needs pain management.”

“I can do that, we normally work as a pair of healers and take the baby from the womb without cutting, but it needs two or I risk removing part of the mother as well.”

“If you can manage her pain, so she stays still, I can have the baby out in minutes, can you stitch her back up?”

“We can do better than that, let’s deliver Luna and Neville’s son.” The pair went back to Luna who whilst still smiling was sweating and not the best colour, Neville stood holding her hand. “Luna, we are going to carry out a procedure, I will have to stun you for the duration, ready?” Luna nodded. “With a flick of her wand Andromeda rendered Luna unconscious, “Neville, hold Luna’s head, make sure she can breathe, we will be quick.”

Hermione wiped over Luna’s abdomen with a wipe and with swift, precise and practiced cuts opened her womb and reached in, sweeping her hand around the baby she lifted the little boy clear, “cord.” She said to Andi, who severed it with a flick of her wand. Hermione then handed the baby to Andi who cleaned and swaddled the child as it took a breath and grizzled, Hermione finished her part. “Can you close up? or do I need to suture?”

“Watch, this will impress you. Andi handed Neville his son, as tears flowed down the new father’s cheeks, Hermione held the edges of the incisions and layer by layer Andi closed the wounds with magic, after a moment or two, they closed the skin and Hermione reached for a wipe, to watch Andi clean everything off with a wave of her wand. “*Ennervate.”* Luna gasped and snapped awake reaching immediately for her baby. Her face lit the room.

Andi looked at Hermione, “Thank you Doctor Granger, very nice work, I think that technique, is actually an improvement on the way we are trained, much swifter, and less taxing. Less stress on the little one. I would be honoured to work with you anytime.” She hugged the younger woman. “Now, I think we deserve a drink.”

Ten minutes later washed and changed again she rejoined everyone in the lounge with a rapidly recovering Luna giving little Henry Frank Longbottom his first feed and smiling bright enough to light the room. “Those potions are amazing, her recovery is,” she laughed, “magical.” Harry handed her a champagne flute, and she took a swig. A small creature with a blue elephant’s head and a short trunk walked in.

“Who are you this time Teddy?” Andi asked.

“I am Neel, from Skeleton Crew.” The strange looking creature replied.

“I think I like my grandson better,” she chided gently and his face morphed into a little boy with black hair and green eyes, then as he looked at Hermione, it morphed into a dark brown near afro with big chocolate coloured eyes. Andi grinned at Hermione, “you are honoured, he only mimics people he likes.” She sipped at her glass. “He takes after his mother, she was a metamorphmagus, a shape shifter.” Hermione was about to ask about the past tense, and stopped. That would wait until the little one was asleep, she obviously was going nowhere today. It was Christmas Eve tomorrow and she could still make it if the roads were clear.

They all sat and enjoyed a family meal together, the Longbottoms disappeared in a couple of quiet pops afterwards to put their new son to bed. Harry took Teddy up to bed, and the three women, sorry the three *witches* sat with a glass of wine.

“I imagine you have questions, Doctor Granger.” Minerva started.

“Please call me Hermione. Tell me about this war, were my parents victims?”

Minerva closed her eyes for an instant and took a breath, “I believe they were. There was a faction of, racists for want of a better description, they believed that new born magicals, muggleborn, were lesser, and killed them at any opportunity. I think they would have found your address in the records and destroyed the house. You were away at a boarding school, it certainly saved your life.”

“What was the point of it all?”

“Nothing. There was no point, it was the desires of a madman.” Minerva and Andromeda sat and talked Hermione through the potted history of the blood wars, Harry’s loss of parents, his life and losses. The task that Neville, Harry and Luna had undertaken to track the ‘artifacts’ and the final battle with a brief list of the people lost, the Hogwarts fifty as they were called.”

“Teddy is Harry’s godson? I thought he was his son.”

“He might as well be, they adore each other. There have been a few witches tried to become Mrs Potter, but most fail the Teddy test.”

Hermione blushed, “I wasn’t….”

Minerve interrupted, “no, I was not suggesting that you were, but you already passed the Teddy test and the magical one.” Minerva smirked at her. “You should have been in the same year as Harry and his friends, I think the magical world missed out on a brilliant mind, but perhaps fate saved you.”

“Saved her from what?” Harry asked.

“Draco Malfoy, Ronald Weasley, Pansy Parkinson, and dear Severus, the blood bigots we all knew and loved.” She replied.

“Ron wasn’t that bad. Was he?”

“Not in your company Harry, ask Katie Bell next time you see her. It is all water under the bridge now, and I suppose I should not speak ill of the departed.” She finished her glass.

“Time for me to get these old bones home, thank you for a very entertaining afternoon, a delight to meet you Hermione, I suspect we shall see each other again, Goodnight all.” She departed via the kitchen floo and Andromeda stood and made her excuses before heading upstairs to her room.

“Are you OK staying here? I can side along apparate you to wherever you were heading and collect you again when the roads are clear, if you prefer?”

“I will stay over, if that is OK, your little fairy unpacked everything.”

Harry laughed, “Winky is a house elf. They are the descendants of brownies, a type of pixie. They developed a symbiotic relationship with magical communities where they fed off the magic that all magicals give out all the time, similar to body heat, and in return they did stuff for their hosts. Over time they became almost servants. In a healthy arrangement they are family, but some of the old school wizards treat them like slaves and once bonded, the elf needs permission to break the bond. In our case Winky complains if I make her take time off.”

“How did you bond with her?”

“She was cast out of her family by the son, he was one of these Death Eater’s that the ladies told you about, she was dying and a mad elf I once knew asked me to bond with her.”

“A mad elf?”

“He was called Dobby, he died helping me rescue Luna. He is buried under a tree in the garden. He was a spectacular little fellow, and I miss him.”

“You have lost so many, all this was happening and I was sat with my nose in my books. I feel guilty.”

“Don’t. Neville called you a muggleborn, we don’t use that term now, but you would have been a target, sought out and killed before you were even old enough to understand why. If you had lived long enough to come to Hogwarts, then you would have been treated as second or third class. If you didn’t befriend someone from one of the ‘Great Houses’ (he used air quotes) you would have been in danger, a pureblood bigot like Malfoy would have raped you out of spite, and he would have faced no punishment, as a pureblood and you a ‘muggle’ he would have just told them you wanted it, and he would have been believed. He tried it on with Katie, but we got to her quickly enough.”

“Are you from one of these great houses then?”

“Sort of. Our family, the Potters, goes way, way back in wizarding Britain, but my mum was muggleborn, so I am called halfblood in the old terminology. We are regarded as ‘blood traitors.’ As you can imagine I stood up for any new bloods I met, my godfather, he made me the heir to the Black family, they were a really dyed in the wool, blood purist family, but he was my parents’ best friend and hated the whole schtick.”

“So you would have been a friend?”

“I think I would have been your best friend. You still have some binding and I guess you are new to magic. But Luna was correct, we are magically compatible, we would have been drawn to each other. At a minimum friends.”

“And maximum?”

“Can I answer that after you have your last binding removed?”

“I would like a little warning, I very nearly ripped your clothes off with the first binding going, if that is going to get stronger, I would like to be able to maintain some sort of composure.”

“OK, fair enough, you magic is made of your very essence, everything about you, ours is close enough to identical. Love at first sight stuff. Woman of my dreams.” He was blushing.

“You dream about me?”

“Ever since that night in Edinburgh.”

“You remember?” He nodded, “So do I, and the dreams are a bit ‘X’ rated if I am honest.” She blushed at her admission. “Why didn’t you say anything on the night back then?”

“We had fought our last battle that very night, and I had died for a brief while. I was in shock, drunk and probably a little insane at the time. Your core was wrapped up tight, it wasn’t until six moths later you popped into my dreams again and again, and I used a pensieve to find you in my memories and studied you. By then you were gone, and I had no idea where to look. When I opened the door and you stood there looking like a dream come to life, I thought I was asleep and this was a Christmas movie. I half expected you to pull a pack of cards out and tell me you fancied my best mate.”

“I hate that scene, it’s creepy.”

“The whole film is, two of the actors look like our old professors, Trelawney and Snape, and that is super scary weird.” Harry picked up the wine bottle and refilled their glasses, she looked at him and patted the sofa.

“Sit with me?” He slipped in beside her. “When I saw Teddy, I thought I had found the man from my dreams and was about to meet his wife and family. I nearly ran off.”

“You did once.”

“Do you blame me. This morning I was a Junior Doctor on an Obs and Gyn Ward and tonight I am a witch sat cuddled up to the man I am probably going to grow old with. Oh god I said that out loud. Are you seeing anyone, is there a future Mrs Potter in the wings?”

“I don’t know? I haven’t asked her yet, I only really met her today.”

She slapped his chest and muttered, “prat.” Harry laughed, “I haven’t heard a question, Mister Potter?”

“Doctor Granger, would you do me the honour of having dinner with me tomorrow?”

“Hmmm. On one condition?”

“What’s that?”

“Take me to bed, and shag my brains out. I am in danger of staining your sofa here.” She looked at the glass, “is this some sort of truth serum, I cannot believe I just said that!”

“What the take me to bed bit?”

“No the sofa bit. If you don’t take me upstairs in a minute, I am going to start undressing you, is this our magics affecting me?”

“I think so, you are intoxicating.”

“What is it going to be like when the other bonds are gone?”

“Amazing?” he flicked a wand out of his sleeve, and made a shape in the air. “You have destroyed the second bond already, and the last one is failing, I think you will be free by morning. You must call on your magic when you are doing healing, medicine, what do you call it?”

“Work?”

“Ha ha.” Hermione placed her empty glass on the table and swivelled around to face him, she pulled him into a hard kiss and devoured him. Her hands found their way into his shirt and she squirmed her way across his lap holding his bottom lip in her mouth she slipped her tongue into his mouth and tore is shirt wide open, feeling his hands grasp her waist and pull him towards her. She could feel him hard against her heat and she softly whispered, “bed.” He nodded without breaking the kiss and led her up the stairs into his room, before she could turn around his hands found the waistband of her jeans and with deft flicks they slid down her legs and she wriggled out of them, turning to face him in her woolly Nordic socks, her grungy grey knickers and an old band tee-shirt so faded the band was no longer identifiable. His face told her she need not worry and as she removed his jeans, his ardour was more than apparent. Pulling her tee- shirt over her head, she ditched her bra as Harry wiggled out of his socks. Before she could undress any further he pushed her onto the bed and pulled her knickers and socks off in one swift movement, pushing her up the bed and climbing on to kiss her, she reached to pull him out of his boxers, to find them gone. Her hand closed around him and Hermione pulled him down and into her, there would be plenty of time for foreplay in the future, it was almost too much for them and they peaked fast and high.

Harry stared into her eyes, “Oh my god.” He was panting and trembling still. The aftershocks of her climax were changing her pelvis to jelly and her breath was ragged and her heart was beating out of her chest. They kissed and her hips writhed beneath him in encouragement. Eventually, much later they slept.

She awoke to the sound of a running shower and spied a fresh mug of tea on the bedside unit, sitting up she gratefully drank the tea and ran over the previous day in her mind. She felt no

shame for bedding Harry the moment she met him, she wasn't hung up over such things and medical school had been a good time for her burgeoning sexuality, she had tried most things that interested her, and a few that satisfied curiosity enough never to try again. She was feeling blissfully relaxed and was contemplating joining him in the shower as the water shut off and moments later the man of the hour appeared with a towel around his waist. Hermione smiled and sat with her mug watching him. "What?" he asked, looking puzzled.

"I am waiting for the towel to come off." She smirked.

He laughed, and with a shrug let the towel fall, "any more requests."

"Oh yes, but I think I should shower first," she smiled, and slipped out of the bed placing the empty mug on the bedside, she walked over to him naked, and enjoyed watching his gaze drink her in, she was happy with her body, she was slim and fit, and had stopped worrying about prettier girls long ago, she caught the twitch of little Harry waking up at the sight of her and pulled big Harry into a kiss, "Is there a spare towel?" she whispered.

"There is."

"Good. You can wait here if you want to?" she reached between them and gently stroked him to full mast. "I will only be a moment." She let go and sashayed into the bathroom, as she set the shower running in the walk in stall, the door opened behind her.

"Fancy some company?" She smiled and stepped into the shower beckoning. It took them an absolute age to finish the shower, and she was most impressed with his dedication to ensuring everything was spotlessly clean, and particularly enjoyed how he confirmed things were clean. She padded down the corridor to the guest bedroom in a towel and dressed, reminding herself once more she *really* needed some new underwear. In fresh clothes she headed downstairs following the smell of food to find Harry sat at the table with Teddy eating toast and in a heated discussion about Darth Vader being a Death Eater, and should he be Darth Eater or Death Vader.

Andromeda passed her a fresh mug of tea and motioned to the end of the table where she sat and Andi scanned her with her wand. "Your bindings are gone, Harry mentioned you had shed the second last night, and judging by the way your magic is this morning, you and he are well on the way to creating a relationship bond." She paused and muttering something that sounded like pig latin to Hermione's ears, she waved her wand over Harry and then her. Harry was surrounded in an ethereal light show, it looked like his own personal version of the Arora Borealis.

Teddy stopped mid sentence and eyes wide went, "whoa. Dad you are glowing."

"Harry, please take Hermione's hand for a moment." Andromeda instructed, she reached over and she held his hand. The light show extended *down* her arm to meet his, and she realised she was glowing as well. Andi sat looking from one to the other. "Harry, Hermione, I hope you do like each other, you have bonded. Congratulations, it appears magic believes you two to be a couple." Hermione smiled, before she could ask, Andromeda continued, "Your magical signatures were very close to each other's, I could see that much yesterday, I think Luna had already said something to you, now the bindings have been removed, your magic is

settled, it is visibly *content*, it is also mirroring Harry's, or if you prefer his is mirroring yours. As far as magic is concerned, you two are married."

Hermione's eyes were wide, "married?" she looked at Harry who was laughing a little, and Teddy who was beaming.

"Are you going to be my new mummy?" he asked, Hermione froze, his face was so earnest and happy she didn't dare knock back the idea there and then.

Harry replied, "It is just magical match making little man, Hermione isn't actually married to me, and she may not want to be. It just means we would be a good match, if she accepted a proposal, but we have just met, so we need time to get to know each other and decide the normal way if we like each other enough to want to go that far." Teddy's face was in a serious frown as he worked out what Harry had just told him.

"Well. *I* like her, and I want her to be my mummy, so you had better not mess it up." He said the last with a firm head nod and folding his arms gave his father a hard stare. Hermione bit her bottom lip to stop herself laughing, and caught Andi's shoulders moving out of the corner of her eye, they exchanged a glance and lost it laughing away. She looked up to the ceiling to attempt to regain a straight face and felt the weight of Teddy climbing into her lap, his small arms reaching around her neck. "Please marry daddy, I want a little brother, and he is getting old." She looked down at the serious face of the boy that was now sat in her lap, gazing back at her with the face that would be their own sons, and felt her ovaries catching fire. She hadn't really considered children so far in life, but sitting with a child in her lap and still glowing from the morning activities with his father she realised, she was completely and utterly *fucked*. In every sense of the word.

Whilst Hermione was trying to hold onto her sanity Harry's phone bleeped a couple of times and he glanced at it for a second. He unlocked the device, and staring showed Andromeda whatever he had received, she squealed in delight and then laughed loudly. She looked up at Hermione, "It's some photo's from one of Harry's school friends, her twin sister had twins a little earlier in the year. There is a picture of the Doctor that delivered the babies as well. You look a bit tired in this one sweetie." She held the phone around so she could see the picture, it clearly showed Hermione with the Asian woman and her twins, she smiled.

"Parvati, she was a lovely mother, no trouble at all."

"Padma says she was caught out and went to the mundane hospital for a check up, to maintain her childrens' records and went into labour. Padma says Parvati was terrified, but when she realised you were a witch she relaxed and I think she will go slightly berserk when she discovered her children were delivered by the future wife of Harry Potter." She smirked at the last comment.

"Stop it, all of you, we have just met. I know I have fallen hard for this green eyed man, but I am not marrying him, just because he is everything I have ever dreamed about, and I have dreamed about him a lot. It's happening again, is this tea or truth serum? I just keep blurting out my innermost feelings."

"It's your magic, it is overloading your hippocampus a little I suspect."

“Is that even a thing?”

“I have no idea,” Andi laughed, “you are basically drunk on love Hermione, you don’t appear to be that upset.”

“I am not, but I am also a very logical person, and,” she paused looking at Teddy who was soaking in every word, “I need a little more time to be sure, this heady intoxication doesn’t always last.”

Andromeda lost the fight with her smile, “No it does not, but my money is on a wedding before a year is out and I reckon a baby quickly after that. Luna and Neville are a solid and happy couple and they are nowhere near your match magically. Just sayin.” She smirked and bit into a piece of toast. Hermione sat and panicked, trying her best to look calm and controlled as she had trained, when her world order had just been torn down.

Christmas arrived in the Potter House, very early as an excited Teddy burst into their bedroom. *When did it become our bedroom?* She had slipped on a pair of his pyjamas, magically resized to her waist and chest before they settled to sleep, against the inevitable invasion of excited children. The day went by in a blur, Teddy was a whirlwind of excitement and Hermione found him adorable. They all watched a movie after the large meal Harry had prepared and Teddy curled into her lap and chattered non-stop about the characters in the story.

As the day wore on and Teddy tired and became a little crabby, and pouted at being told to get himself ready for bed, she offered to read him a story, and his face brightened up. She read to him from a book based on Harry’s life, as he attended the school and his friends, she stumbled when Harry’s ‘best friend’ Hermione appeared in the story. Teddy yawned, “Where did you go? You are in all the books as Harry’s friend.” She looked at the cover, the author was Luna Lovegood. She wondered, Luna Longbottom? If she was the same Luna, she had told her she was supposed to be Harry’s friend. Teddy was on the edge of sleep and she brushed his hair out of the way, kissed his temple and slipped out of the room.

Back in the lounge, holding the book, “Is this the same Luna?” she asked Andi and Harry.

“Yes, her father had a printing press, he used to produce a paper called the Quibbler, before the war. She wrote fictionalised accounts of our lives, and added people she said were missing, I guess you are the Hermione, there was my fictional enemy Draco Malfoy, and his goons Crabbe and Goyle, and she delighted in making the girls that were mean to her into horrible characters.”

“OK, it freaked me out a bit finding a character in a book with my name, although I am Hermione Jane, not Jean, otherwise it is scary how like me the character is, I was really obsessive about my schooling, and didn’t really have friends until I learned to control myself a little around people.”

“You seem fine to me,” Harry laughed and opened an arm, she slipped into the space he made and lifted her feet to cuddle into the side of his chest.

“I have my good days, but I am better at dealing with it all then I used to be,” she replied, Harry shrugged and kissed the top of her head. She smiled and settled into watch the TV.

All too soon the holidays were over, the snow had cleared before new year, and with Harry’s help, she had moved her car to his house and got it to start. She had stayed with Harry for the duration and was starting to stress herself about what to do when she returned to work. Andromeda took her to the Hospital she worked at, St. Mungo’s and introduced Hermione to some of her colleagues. They were fascinated by her knowledge of anatomy, and when she described in detail how to perform a caesarean section where a natural birth was a risk, they were initially sceptical, until Andi described their delivery of Luna’s boy, and a couple of the Healers started to grasp the simplicity of the procedure over the more usual magical method.

No one said anything negative when they discovered Hermione was a mundane born witch and had only recently regained her magic. One of the older Healers asked her if she was interested in converting from muggle medicine to magical healing, and helping them to combine the best of both? This set Hermione thinking. Could she be a part of this crazy world and keep a foot in the mundane world?

She felt a bit tearful as she drove her car back to the house she now shared with a couple of others from the Hospital, arriving late in the evening and bundling her stuff into her room she made herself a drink and headed to bed, readying herself for her first shift of the year. Back in what she found herself calling ‘the real world.’ One where problems could not be made to disappear with a wave of a wand. She headed to bed early and sent Harry a text message, telling him that she missed him and loved him. As she drifted off to sleep she heard her phone alert her to a return message and with a small smile she slipped off to sleep.

Her alarm alert brought her back to reality with a thump at five am and she rolled out of bed and straight into the shower, heading out of the house by half past. The roads were quiet and mercifully ice and snow free, so she arrived in good time, donned a set of scrubs and with her hair in a bun behind her head, she took over the shift a little early to the gratitude of the Doctor who was coming off a two-day shift. With a quick hand over she walked the ward, checking what the status was and dropped fully into work mode. By mid afternoon her shift had become a double as her replacement did not appear, the nurses changed shift, and the senior nurse informed her that the other Doctor had left due to changes introduced when she was on leave, and had declined the offered contract. Hermione was a little concerned about this new contract, and pondered what was the tipping point for her lost colleague.

After a busy evening, she sat at the desk in the small room that passed as their office and logged into the system to complete some records. Her new contract was sat in her inbox along with about a hundred other emails, she sifted out over half of them as being social stuff now made redundant after the Christmas break, and a pile of routine admin stuff. In the small hours of the morning she checked, and the ward was quiet, she headed to the room that had their bed, to grab a couple of hours sleep, to find the bed gone. Even the sofa replaced by upright chairs.

She checked with Annie the senior on shift. It was a management directive, no staff were allowed to sleep on the wards. Hermione’s heart sank, some stupid suit was making life

changing decisions about a Hospital ward as if this was a call centre. Sleep deprived doctors, were probably more dangerous than useful, in her opinion. She made herself a coffee and sat herself down to read this contract that had caused one of her number to depart. After an eternity of irrelevant waffle about security and responsibility she found the section that was the issue. Her working terms were being ‘restructured’ and ‘streamlined. In simple terms, she would not get overtime pay, only paid at a flat rate. This would probably halve her take home pay, on which she already struggled to live a mundane life. She had no extravagances, but now she would be hard pressed to cover her living costs.

There was an email from the union rep, they were talking about going on strike, she sat back and felt her world shifting, everything she held dear was stripped bare. She became a doctor to help people, and the very organisation she needed was stabbing her. She logged out of the system and walked back onto the ward. In the end her shift was closer to forty-eight hours than not, and she had found a quiet corner and managed a few hours sleep. She headed home and her bed. Hours later sitting with a cup of tea, she re-read the contract. She was not going to accept it. It was so heavily weighted in favour of the employer, it felt almost like signing away her freedom. She sent Harry a text message, letting him know she was home for a couple of days. He replied that he would be free later, and would give her a call or pop around then.

He knocked on the door a little after seven in the evening and Hermione welcomed him in and they kissed, she walked him into the kitchen and was making them a mug of tea ach when Megha, one of her housemates stuck her head around the door, “Is that the kettle I can hear? Any chance of a cuppa?” she looked at Harry and muttered, “Cagē gadhē sāthī” in her native Punjabi. Hermione looked up at her friend, she was quite beautiful, curvy with gorgeous skin, to Hermione’s shock Harry looked at the girl and with a grin replied, “Tuhāḍā vī cagā hai, para maiṁ tarajīha didā hāṁ Hermione”

Megha stopped dead and blushed, her eyes wide. “You understood me?”

“I speak a few languages, but I went to school with a pair of twins that spoke Punjabi to each other, so I learned the language, it became our secret language and only about five of us in the school could speak it.”

Hermione had to know, “What did Megha say?”

“She said I had a nice arse. I told her that she has a nice bum as well, but I preferred you.”

Hermione laughed, not sure if she should be angry or proud, “Megha has nice everythings, most men drool when she is around.”

“You do yourself down, Hermione, you are one sexy lady, I am straight, but I would give it a try if you offered.”

Hermione laughed out at this, “No thanks Megha, I experimented in Uni, but I will stick with Harry.”

“I don’t blame you girl, looks like your Santa came through.”

“He did, then New Year brought this crappy new contract, I don’t think I am going to sign, have you been given the same?”

“Not yet, I only started at Wythenshaw in June, so I am still on a temp contract, but if they offer that as the permanent one, I shall be declining it.”

Hermione nodded, “they have given me until the end of the month to accept the new terms, I might as well kick it into touch now and get out while I still can. I feel so betrayed, I spent years studying, just to be dumped on by some ass in a suit with an MBA and no brains.”

“What are you going to do? Where will you go?” Megha asked.

“I am not sure, Harry here works for an organisation, I might see if they have an opening for someone with my, shall we say talents, and I can retrain if I need to. I am done with these people. I was running on empty before the break, and the last two weeks reminded me that I have to live, not just work.” She passed Megha a mug of tea and sat at the table. Harry slipped into a seat next to her and looked at Hermione.

“Fancy a bite to eat somewhere out, my treat?” she nodded

“Do I need to get dressed up?”

“No, nothing that formal. I just think you might enjoy a bit of a change of scenery, give yourself a break.”

She stood, carrying her tea with her, “Give me five minutes to have a quick wash and grab some clean clothes.” She disappeared out of the door.

Megha sat opposite Harry, “Have you known Hermione long? You two act like you have a long history, but I have never heard her mention you before, and the other night, your name was every third word.”

“She got herself stranded in the snow near my house, just before Christmas. I live in a remote part of Wales, and she was basically stuck at home with me and my godson, it’s a bit like a cheesy Christmas movie, but we fell in love, and if she is set on leaving her work here, I will do everything I can to encourage her to move in with me and everything that carries with it.”

“I am surprised, she wasn’t really that invested in her last relationship, he left because she was always putting work first, and now she has met you and her career is suddenly the thing she is walking away from. I have always told her to let her heart have a bit of a say in her life, but she is quite brutal with relationships if she thinks they are not going to pan out. You must have worked magic on her, Harry. I am not complaining, she is happier than I have ever seen her, she walks around humming and smiling, even the nurses could see the difference.” She laughed, “One of them did comment that it looked like she finally got laid properly at last.”

“Who did?” Hermione asked from the door as she entered pulling a Fairisle pattern jumper over her head and flicking her hair back out of the neck.

“Grace, on Ward three, she reckons Harry here gave you the proper seeing to that you have been missing. We have all noticed how much happier you are sweetie. Whatever this cute man sitting at your table does for you, keep letting him, it is nice to see a smile on your face.”

“Hermione snorted in amusement, “Well Grace is no one to talk, she broke a bed in the rec room with a certain Australian Doctor. Harry definitely makes me happy, and even if it gives him a big head, he definitely pushes all the right buttons in the right order for me. Now Mister Potter, can we stop discussing how much sex I am getting and get out of here, before Megha here decides she needs a sample.” Harry stood and with a nod to Megha, who was grinning from ear to ear, walked out of the room and house with Hermione, coat over his arm. Once out of view he slipped an arm around her waist.

“My place or eat out?”

“Mmm. Both.”

“Both?”

“Take me to your place, and eat me out.” What is a man to do? Harry thought to himself as he apparated the pair of them to his house and led her to the bedroom.

Later, laid side by side sleepily laid in Harry’s arms. “Will you ask Andromeda if she think s I could become a Healer in your world, I can’t face my world anymore. I am killing myself to keep assholes happy. I can’t even convince myself I am saving people anymore.”

“I can, and I will, I have found I no longer want to carry on where I am. I am tired of being an Auror, too many of the scum we deal with fancy a shot at ‘the man who vanquished Voldemort,’ they always go for seriously nasty spells and I am limited to non-lethal stuff. We keep asking to be able to reply in line with the level of the attack, and we get denied it every time. My partner nearly died yesterday, only the fact that Andi has taught me a lot of stuff allowed me to keep him stable so he was alive when we got him to hospital. He will be off work for months recuperating, and if I am honest, I doubt he will ever return to duty, he has a three year old daughter and he thought he was never going to see her again.” He sighed, “If that had been me, I would have died in the Alleyway. Ron doesn’t have my skillset for trauma magic, and he would not have been able to save me. I would have never seen you or Teddy again, and I sat in the waiting room while they fought to save Ron and realised I cannot do this any longer. My resignation letter went in this morning. I was thinking of becoming a Healer, so if you help me with the medical side, I can help you learn the magical side. What do you think?”

“I think I love you.”

“Good answer, how long will have to work your notice? When will you be free?”

“I am still on a one month notice period, it should be three I think, but my contract is old, and I have only taken six days leave so far this year, so I have over twenty unused plus a lot of time off in lieu I am owed. I can pretty much resign and walk out. I can’t do that morally, if it leaves the ward without a Doctor, but I can go in tomorrow on my off shift and resign, the Consultant might miss a game of golf, but I am past giving a hoot about that.”

“I am much the same. I expect I will be called in, and I expect they will try to change my mind, but I have had enough. Ron and I always got the most dangerous assignments, I was used to it. I thought it was normal, in truth we were just expendable, a half blood and a blood traitor. We fought and thought we had won, but nothing has changed. Ever thought of moving to another country?”

“I have relatives in France, do you speak French?”

“Mais oui, ma Cherie.”

“Hmm. We could try there, or maybe further, my parents talked about Australia a lot. I think maybe we should travel for a bit. Not rush into anything. We can take Teddy with us, I could home school him, you could teach him magic?”

“Not magic, not yet, not until his magic settles a little more, he has little control over what it does, once you start to learn, it makes your core stronger, like exercising a muscle, so his accidental magic outburst might do some real damage if we make him stronger too early in life. Travelling sounds good, he is a bright kid, I doubt he is really learning that much at school at the moment.”

“Good plan, let’s do that then.”

Three weeks later, the newly married Harry and Hermione Potter boarded an Airbus 380 with their son Teddy and flew to Dubai on the first leg of their world tour, a tour that would last until Teddy turned Eleven. They were next seen in Britain on Platform 9.75 as it had gone metric, waving Ed Potter, he was cool now, off to school as he departed on the magical Hitachi train that had replaced the old steamer. Their two daughters stood and waved their big brother off to school, and the family popped away without notice.

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