

## The Making of the Potter Clan

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# The Making of the Potter Clan

by [SomeGuiltyPleasures](#)

## Summary

"Lily, Love," he starts slowly, not quite believing his ears, "Are you in labor at the hospital?"

"Uh, yes, seems that way."

"Is this, is this what we're doing now? Just popping out babies left and right everyday without informing me?"

An If They Lived AU set in the AU of "Grace: For When You Can't Forgive". How the births of the Potter children go. R&R please my lovelies! :)

## Notes

Disclaimer: James and Lily belong to the wonderful JKR. Everything else falls into my Grace universe AU

If you haven't read Grace: For When You Can't Forgive, check it out before or after this for more context!

This is going to be a seven chapter series of all of the children's birth stories but I started at the end and made up a lot of stuff for my OC's, so stay tuned for the rest!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

When James wakes up, he feels the most refreshed he has in years. Even when he was on the run with Sirius destroying horcruxes, while worrying about Lily who despite being home with a young Gracie, had still insisted on feeding them her research and theories on Voldemort's life, he was sure he had never felt quite so exhausted. But being the father of six children, with a seventh on the way at the ripe age of 39 had shown him that the war had been nothing in comparison. Emily and Elizabeth had been up all night with nightmares, and he eventually ending up crammed in Lizzie's bed, and though he appreciated every night one of his daughters ended up sleeping with their head on his chest, since it had been so long since Gracie had needed him for anything, his back had ached all night from sharing a twin bed.

But now, as he finally became more alert and his eyes began to flutter open and see with the help of his glasses, he realized that he had woken up in his own bed, and that the ache in his back had substantially subsided. He gazed at the clock, and realized that it was 9am. Blearily, as he slid his hand along to feel for his wife, he felt the other half of the bed abandoned and cold.

He figured she had probably gotten up with the twins, and sometime during the night he must have gotten up and traveled back to his own bed. He pulled on a jumper and made his way down to see if Lily had started anything for breakfast.

"Lil?" he called as he made his way into the kitchen. "Lily?"

The kitchen was empty.

James, being the experienced Head Auror and defeater of Voldemort that he was, pained.

"Lily!" he called frantically through the house, checking the living room, parlour, dining room, and the yard through the window before running back upstairs and checking all of the rooms there.

"Lizzie! Emmy! Emily!"

He threw open the door to the twins' room, the last room in the house, only to find their beds unmade and the room, unoccupied.

Shit.

After the war, with so many wizards and their magic able to be tracked through extensive methods, James and Lily had both agreed to get muggle cell phones to communicate, both to connect with the muggle world, and for a faster solution for contact than finding a floo. Trying to quell his fear, he made the calm and rational decision to call Lily, while simultaneously brushing his teeth, and getting ready to apparate to whatever hostage situation she and the girls were clearly held in.

"C'mon, c'mon, pick up," he mutters frantically, pulling on his shoes, his wand between his teeth.

"Hello," Lily's calm voice answers after the sixth ring.

"Hey, Lil," he begins, adjusting the phone to sit between his shoulder and ear as he finally relaxes his stance and lays back on the bed, one shoe forgotten and hanging limply off his foot, "Um, where are you?"

"I'm at Mungo's, James."

"Mungo's? Why the hell are you at Mungo's? Are you alright? Are the girls with you? I didn't hear you get up this morning..."

"James, I'm fine. I'm just—"

"8 centimeters!" he hears a voice exclaim from the other side of the phone, "You really are progressing quickly Mrs. Potter. I'll send in the Healer, but I'd give you 30 minutes before you actually start pushing."

"Thank you." That voice was Lily.

"Lily, Love, " he starts slowly, not quite believing his ears, "Are you in labor?"

"Uh, yes, seems that way. Number seven is coming today."

"And you didn't tell me? What do you need? Do you have the overnight bag? What about the \_\_\_"

"James, darling, all I need you to do is focus on getting here. I was just about to ring when the Healer came in, you know how long these things take—"

"Is this, is this what we're doing now? Just popping out babies left and right everyday without informing me? You know how much it hurt me when I couldn't be there for Johnny's, and I vowed—"

"Yes you vowed—"

"Lily I VOWED, never to miss another of my children's births!"

"You're so dramatic, it wasn't like it was an Unbreakable vow. James, I left without telling you because I needed someone to watch the girls until I called Gracie. Just apparate here and then you won't miss the birth of number seven."

"Fine."

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James might have been more frantic at the hospital, intent on not missing the birth of number seven than he was moments ago when he thought his wife and daughters were being kidnapped.

"Hullo," he says out of breath as he practically falls onto the welcome desk, "Lily Potter. What room?"

"And you are?" the witch at the front desk stared him down with cold eyes.

"Her husband. Please she'll be giving birth any second."

"Identification?"

"There's no time!" He started pulling at his hair, a habit he had never quite grown out of from school.

His phone binged.

Text from Lily: RM 503

"503," he breathed.

He turned back to the mediwitch and held up his phone, "Got it. Thanks."

And then he bolted.

"Stop that man!" followed him down the hall, but he didn't stop to turn back, and wasn't going to give them the opportunity to catch him.

"Hullo love," Lily said he neared her bedside.

"Hullo?" he asked incredulously, "What the hell were you thinking? Not waking me up when you needed to go to the hospital."

"Well," she said, wincing through another contraction, and he grabbed her hand and let her squeeze as much as she needed, "We needed someone to watch the girls because I didn't want to just leave them unattended, and my water broke so I had to go-"

"Wait, so you're water broke while you were on the toilet, and you just didn't think to come and get me?"

"You were so tired last night staying up with Lizzie and Emmy, so I came here and then I floored Sirius to come get the girls and I forgot he was in Austria, and then I floored Remus, but he and Tonks are on their honeymoon, you remember how they delayed it, so then finally Gracie got home from spending the night at the Weasley's so I just had her take the girls and told her to wake you up."

"Did you tell Gracie where you were going?"

"No, I didn't want her to worry."

"Wait, Grace wasn't home when I woke up."

The door slammed open, "Hullo Parentals,". Grace was a whirlwind of bags as she entered the room, but the bags were the only anomaly. Grace always brought a whirlwind with her.

"Oh good, Dad you're here." She barely spared him a glance as she began to lay things down on the bed next to Lily.

"Ok mum I got the overnight bag but then I stopped by the shops to get snacks so here's some dark chocolate, for you know after when you're depressed, and then I got some new clothes, Dad-" she tossed something in his direction, "You get a Mars bar, mum I got you a new bra that's supposed to let the girls hang comfy because I figure your nipples will be destroyed-"

"Oi, Grace! That's enough!" he exclaimed,

She looked back to Lily and seemed to give her a look and mouthed something that looked suspiciously like, "men".

Lily, the traitor, laughed.

"No, not the nipple thing. You, you little twit were supposed to wake me up today! What, you were just going to let your mother give birth alone and have me miss it?"

"Right, first of all, I did wake you up when I went to go get the twins and you said 'five more minutes' so I said 'alright get up in ten' and transported you back to your own bed and set a wand alarm which you probably slept through. So I did get you up. And even if I didn't, what's the big deal if you missed it? You missed Johnny's."

"I KNOW I MISSED JOHNNY'S!"

Lily and Grace laughed again. The pair of them were getting much too good at riling him up. Sometimes he wished he raised a daughter that wasn't exactly like her mother. Most times, he was so never more proud to claim her as his own.

Lily piped up, "Speaking of Johnny and our other children, where are the girls?"

"In the waiting room."

"You left them in the waiting room alone?"

Grace rolled her eyes, "No, I left them in the waiting room with Johnny and Louie, and Max."

Now, James was utterly confused. All three of his boys were supposed to be Hogwarts.

"Wait," he chimed in, "What happened this morning?"

Grace sighed heavily like he was stupid for asking the answer to questions that should have been obvious.

"I got your lazy arse up, or at least I thought I did, then I got the girls ready because they're six and can't match an outfit to save their lives, took them to breakfast, and took the private floo to McGonagall's office a got Max out of Defense, and Louie out of charms, and Johnny out of Potions-"

She cuts herself off with a meaningful look at both her parents, "And we really need to talk about the way Snape is treating him, I mean it's sixth year now and he has to pass his NEWTS next year, so we need to talk to Dumbledore and get this all sorted out."

"And then I got the boys to watch the twins and I went to Diagon Alley and got you all gifts and then we came here."

She smiled, then crossed the bed and sat on Lily's other side and grabbed her hand.

Lily stroked her hair, "My sweet, sweet girl. You didn't have to do all that for me."

Gracie blushed, "Well, I wanted to do something nice, since I'm not going to be around soon, and I know this pregnancy was hard on you and..."

Lily sniffed, eyes brimming with tears, and James watches as his eighteen year old daughter knows her mother well enough to change directions to humor.

"And because I made this one so memorable, I hoped this would ensure that this would be the last one."

She looks at both her parents meaningfully.

James laughs and reaches over to kiss her head.

"Last one we promise."

Gracie rolled her eyes, "Yeah that's what you said last time," But she remains leaning into her dad without protest.

Truthfully he does feel bad that there will be such an age gap between his oldest and youngest child. Grace won't live in the house with them when this one is having its year old party, she's just graduated and is looking for a flat while she is apprenticing at the ministry underneath his department.

And God is he going to miss her. He holds her a little tighter now, a little closer, because she is his Gracie. She was Head Girl and Quidditch captain and a strong independent mind who stood up to the blood purists with the pens she made them buy her for school instead of quills. She looks out for her brothers, takes the brunt of it for them and is as funny as a whip, while still managing to have fun and party and get to work on time. She is already ahead of the other apprentices and he dreads the day when she finally moves out, when he has to say goodbye to his firstborn little daughter, which he has always been a little more protective of.

"Alright," the door opens and in comes the mediwitch, "Mrs. Potter, you should be dilated by now," she ducks her head under the blanket and checks.

"Ready to push love?"

"Wait!" exclaims Gracie, ducking out from under his arm and jumping to her feet, "Let me leave first. I don't need to see this."

"I thought you wanted to see the miracle of childbirth," teases Lily as Grace makes her way to the door.

"Not from the vagina I came out of!" she calls before slamming the door behind her.

"Ok," says the Healer, coming next to the mediwitch, dressed head to toe in robes and gloves, "Time to push Mrs. Potter."

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James is proud to say that he does not faint or feel peaky this time. He passed out for about five seconds when Lily gave birth to Gracie, and though he missed Johnny's, he has only felt peaky at both Louis and Max's. And the twins, well that had just been stressful considering there were two of them. But this time, James was as strong as an ox. Seventh time's a charm.

And it was a boy. James had welcomed his fourth son into the world. He was glad. When the twins had been born, as he had been hoping for a girl because Gracie was the big sister to three younger brothers, and Lily said he was spoiling her too much as their first born and only daughter. But now he was thrilled, that their last child was one who was healthy and average, and he got the experience to raise one more. Somewhere deep in his gut, he knew this would be their last one, and he was so grateful to his wife for doing this so many times.

"God he's perfect," he whispers, moving the finger his son has grasped up and down.

He looks at Lily, tired and sweaty, but glowing with warmth and radiating love.

"Thank you," the words are so soft they barely make it out of his mouth, but he leans down and kisses her forehead. She accepts, and then, careful of the baby, pulls him down by the collar and kisses him full on the mouth.

"Your welcome. I'm glad we've got one more."

"Me too."

"We've really gotten ourselves a bunch, haven't we? How are we going to deal with seven?"

"This one's got no choice, he's gonna have to be a beater, isn't he? The rest of the Potter family Quidditch team positions have already been filled."

"We'll have to look out for the little runt. He's going to have to toughen up if he's going to deal with our motley crew."

Johnny pokes his head in, breaking them from their quiet admiration of the newest member of the Potter clan.

"Can we come in? The girls are getting antsy and Louie and I kinda gotta get back for Quidditch practice."

Lily rolls her eyes, "Ah the world lives and breathes around Quidditch."

Johnny smiles, "Oi, I don't even know how Gracie just pulled us out of school like she did. No one else gets to randomly leave class when they get a new sibling. I didn't get a chance to



warn the team. And I'm captain now." His chest puffs up as he mentions his newly elevated status and it reminds both Lily and James so much of an immature 15 year old James that they share a knowing smile and a laugh.

Emily weasels her way around Johnny's leg and runs up to James where he is still holding the baby.

"Is that the baby? Can I see dad please, please!"

Sure enough their manipulative little devil of the family has found herself a way to be the first to meet her new brother. He would put money that this one is going into Slytherin because he knows she and Lizzie have been making bets for months about who will see him first and now her sister will be jealous.

"Yes, it is, " he answers, handing the baby back to Lily.

Emily climbs up on the bed next to her mother.

"Remember to be gentle," Lily cautions and Emily reaches down to grab her new brother's hand.

"He's so tiny," she says, and then James lifts Lizzie onto the bed too and she is grasping his other hand.

"What're you gonna name him?" asks Louie, immediately coming over to his mother's side and looking over the girls.

Instead of moving towards his brother like his younger siblings, her sweetheart teenager Louie comes to kiss her on the cheek, "Hullo mum."

Lily smiles back up at him and kisses him back, "Hi, love."

"It should be something cool," says Max from her left, "Something we could yell when he's the only one at Hogwarts."

"I'm thinking something softer," Lily admitted, "For the tiniest of the bunch."

"What about Harry?" Grace suggests, "Harry Potter? It's got a nice ring to it don't you think?"

"Eh," says Johnny, "I just feel like that name is so eighties. Plus Harry Potter? Sounds a bit stupid. Like he'd grow up to be a scrawny specky git."

"What about Callum?" pipes up Lizzie, who has been oddly silent this whole time, "There is a boy in my class named Callum and he's really nice."

"A boy?" questions James automatically, "What are you doing hanging out with boys in class? You're only six!"

Lizzie blushes.

Emily laughs, "Lizzie wants Callum to be her boyfriend."

It has been so 12 years since James has dealt with his daughter's schoolyard crushes and he is ashamed to say that he doesn't know how to react.

"Alright, let's just stop it!" he exclaims, "Just no more talk of Callum!"

But Lily is giving him that cheeky look.

"Actually," she says, peering up at him with wide eyes and their son in her arms, knowing he could never deny her anything at this moment, "I kind of like Callum."

"Callum Potter," announces Louie thoughtfully, "Not a bad name."

"It's alright," concedes Max, "It's not something cool I can yell in Quidditch or off a motorbike."

Lily shoots James a look that says they will definitely be discussing that motorbike comment later and why their eleven year old is so keen to have one when he should not have been able to ride on Sirius's yet.

"I like it," says Johnny.

"Me too," chimes in Grace, leaning against James again. See this is why he loves her. Never in all her years of naming her brothers has Grace tried to give him a heart attack like Lizzie in trying to name her brother after her 6 year old crush.

"Callum Potter it is," announces James.

"Welcome to the world Callum Potter," as she has with all of their children once they've been named.

All is quiet and perfect for a moment as James is surrounded by his family, this beautiful conglomeration of people that he loves more than his heart can stand, all seven of them wonderful, fantastic creations of what he and Lily and their love have made.

And then, eleven year old over-excited Max just has to ruin the moment.

"Johnny, you've got Quidditch in 15 minutes!"

"Bugger," says Johnny, "Louie we've got to go."

And then begins the rounds of goodbyes, loud chaos composed of "goodbye" and "I'll be home soon", "send news about Callum", "don't get suspended again", and so on. When it ends, it is just James and Lily and their daughters and their newborn son.

"I'll take the girls home while you guys get some rest," Gracie volunteers as the mediwitch takes Callum for his night in the nursery.

And then it's just Lily and James.

"I can't believe you almost had a baby without me." He expects her to counter jokingly, about how she's done this five times before, or another rib about how he missed Johnny's birth, but Lily just seems to sigh and sink back into the pillows.

"I'm sorry love. I did send someone to get you, and then I was pretty preoccupied with labor."

"I can't believe he came so fast. It was what, three hours?"

"Yes, and I asked for that muggle epidural and that thing worked wonders. Could barely feel a thing, just some uncomfortable movement."

"Gracie's moving out soon."

"And Johnny will be graduating next year."

"And Louie has his owls."

"And Max might blow up Hogwarts if we're not careful."

"I know you don't want to hear this but I think Emily's gonna be in Slytherin."

"Oh, I don't mind, that devious little girl belongs there. I think it's the fact that Lizzie won't be there with her that's worse."

"And now we've got Callum."

"Yes, yes we do."

James looks at Lily, like really looks at her. He takes in her tired eyes, an emerald green that never seem to fade, her fiery hair graying at the roots, the wrinkles forming around her forehead and smile, and he thinks how lucky he is that this woman has agreed to be his wife for 21 years, that he has spent more than half of his life loving her, and she him, and he feels as though they are growing old and staying young at the same time, with a baby moving out and a newborn moving in.

He smiles at her softly, fondly. She snorts and closes her eyes.

"Stop that."

"What?"

"Stop looking at me like that. I've just given birth, you imbecile."

He laughs under his breath, then resumes staring at her.

"Sorry, it's just, i never thought we'd get here."

Her eyes remain closed, but she grabs his hand.

"I just...there were so many times when I thought I was going to die when we were in the order, when I thought you were going to die, and I mean really die, and I used to think you,

we resented each other for it, and when we went one of us would be left to just...pick up the pieces and raise Grace and Johnny and now...we've got it made Lil. We have seven beautiful kids and I just thank Merlin every single day for this miracle because it's like a one in a million chance that we'd make it here, you know? And I thank my lucky stars everyday that you let me love you."

She squeezes his hand tighter before she responds.

"I love you," she starts, "I love you so much it hurts and I love our children more, and don't you ever doubt for a second James Potter that would I ever trade what we have for anything else. I know how easily it could've ended for us and I..."

She takes a deep breath, eyes brimming with tears until one trickles out.

"I am so happy to have the privilege to love you."

And then he leans over and kisses her, long and deep and definitely not appropriate for the fact that they are in the hospital ward and she has just given birth but neither of them seem to care.

She pulls away first reluctantly with a need to breathe, her nose still a little clogged from her earlier tears.

"Shove over," he says, helping her move to the side of the bed so he can climb in beside her. It's a tight fit, one with Lily more piled on top of James than in the bed but neither of them complain.

Right as she's dozing off she hears,

"You better wake me for the next one."

She laughs against her better judgement.

"That was the last one."

He adjusts his arms around her and buries his face in her hair.

"I know."

"But that's what you said last time."

## End Notes

Author's Note: Hello my lovely readers! I have finally started writing again. I was in such a rut and then I reread Grace: For When You Can't Forgive in class today and realized how much I love it and this AU so I wrote this!

I don't think James and Lily would have 7 kids, maybe 4 at most, but this is my happy fantasy world where everyone lives forever and has plenty of opportunities for babies :)

In case you are wondering, yes I am Grace, I wrote her as me, I always felt like I could be a female Harry.

Just to clarify these are all going to be fluffy little pieces and I totally realize that Grace: For When You Can't Forgive is an iconic better story and I think it deserves more hype and a companion piece so please read and this has a completely different tone.

PLEASE REVIEW AND DROP A KUDOS EVEN IF YOU LIKED IT A LITTLE I GOT DISCOURAGED LAST TIME AND COULDN'T WRITE FOR MONTHS

I appreciate you :)

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