

Events Unfold

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In 'Unexpected Events', Hermione presented Severus with twins. But what do the pair get into as they grow up? A series of independent drabbles for GS100.

180

Chapter 1 of 9

In 'Unexpected Events', Hermione presented Severus with twins. But what do the pair get into as they grow up? A series of independent drabbles for GS100.

AN: This (these?) drabble(s) are related to [Unexpected Events](#), which introduces the infant twins. Written for the Rose Snape & Scorpius Malfoy challenge @ GS100.

Turia frowned at the letter, an act not unnoticed by her family.

"Malfoy being horrid again?" her twin, Titus, queried, eyebrow lifted. "Want me to hex him for you? Hold him while you hex?"

"No..." she replied doubtfully, examining the writing. "I don't *think* so."

"You don't *think* so?" Severus glanced at his sixteen-year-old daughter, his own eyebrow mirroring his son's. Like his wife, Turia was usually quite... decisive.

"Depends on whether he's serious or having me on." She shrugged, handing the parchment over. "He's gone from hate mail to love letters."

"You hold, *I'll* hex," Severus told his son.

An Early Start

Chapter 2 of 9

"Nobody had needed to tell Severus that the pitter-patter of little feet could be a pain in the arse..." For the GS100 'Snape's Birthday' challenge.

An Early Start

Nobody had needed to tell Severus that the pitter-patter of little feet could be a pain in the arse; he'd known *that* for decades. So it came as no surprise that, though he loved his children dearly, there were times when he could cheerfully transport them to some distant continent— Australia, perhaps.

Early mornings were a particular *bête-noire*. And the sounds coming from downstairs were horrendous. What the devil was Hermione thinking?

The bedroom door opened, and the two miscreants appeared at his bedside.

"Happy birthday, Dad! We made you breakfast in bed!"

A tiny smile. "Thank you, Turia, Titus."

AN: This emerged from a holiday spent in the company of two small children— one of whom wanted to wake *me* up for morning playtime.

Reflections

Chapter 3 of 9

What does Severus see when he looks at his children?

Reflections

It must be admitted that Severus Snape stared at his children. True, it was in an entirely Snape-like fashion— unobstrusive, side-long, and unobserved—but often he would watch them playing or sleeping or eating.

He found it fascinating that little bits of himself and Hermione showed so clearly in their faces.

Titus, poor child, was cursed with his father's Nose and mother's hair. But his infectious grin made them seem almost inconsequential. Turia was, even at six, extraordinarily pretty, with Hermione's full mouth and stubborn chin. And with his eyes.

Incredible, that something so beautiful could have his eyes.

Pomp and Circumstance

Chapter 4 of 9

Small wizard children and large Muggle crowds are not the best combination...

Pomp and Circumstance

Severus growled as a tragic-looking young female stumbled into him.

"Mummy, Daddy's mad," Turia remarked. Hermione merely glanced over. Getting shoved about was to be expected; enormous crowds were waiting to see the procession following Prince William's wedding. (Hermione had blackmailed her husband into taking the children. Never mind the twins were only six.)

Their attention was diverted by Queen Elizabeth's carriage.

"Look, Mummy! Pretty!" Instantly, the queen's feather-bedecked hat flew over the crowd, settling on Titus's curly hair.

Hermione's hands hid her crimson face. Severus merely stared in vague horror as his son beamed from under purple ostrich plumes.

An Idle Question

A teenaged Turia has a serious question for her mum.

An Idle Question

"Mother?"

Hermione sighed inwardly; Turia now considered herself 'too grown-up' to call her 'Mum'. The teenager stood, gazing out the window, looking very much the classic long-haired witch. Difficult to tell whether it was deliberate; at sixteen, Turia knew very well how to use her looks dramatically. "Yes, love?"

Turia still didn't turn. "Why did you marry Father?"

Startled, Hermione set down her ball-point quill. "I loved him; I still do. You know that."

"But how did you *know* he was The One?" Turia pursued impatiently.

Hermione felt an amused smile form. "Because he said 'yes' when I asked him."

AN - I felt Hermione needed a little more screen time in this series, so I came up with this. I hope it was enjoyable.

So You Said

Sometime after '180', Scorpius comes to get an answer in person.

So You Said

or

A Snape Never Forgets

"Well?" Malfoy demanded, standing but a few feet away. If he was at all nervous, it didn't show through the arrogance.

Turia, smiling sweetly, replied, "Fuck off, Malfoy."

He scowled. "What the hell kind of answer is that, Turia?"

Her expression darkened, with more than a hint of her father in it. "You'll call me ~~Snape~~*Malfoy*. Nobody gave you permission to use my name. And I should think 'fuck off' is quite clear."

"Dammit, Tur— *Snape*," Scorpius near-shouted, "I'm in love with you!"

"So you said. But a few years ago, you*also* said I was 'my parents' mistake'."

Act Your Age!

Titus has a few things to say to his mother...

Act Your Age!

Dear Mother,

Do you know what a burden it is on us children that you are *still* in love with Father after *fifteen years* of marriage?

Any idea about walking in *with our friends* on you two snogging? Hearing the thumps against the wall at night? Having to hex classmates who call Father a paedo? Explaining to others that, no, he's *not* our *grandfather*?

Why can't you act *properly*, like other parents, and politely ignore each other instead of whispering and giggling at meals?

I fully expect you to pay our therapy bills when we're older.

Your son,

Titus Granger-Snape

A Disparate Pair

Chapter 8 of 9

A single event, different perspectives.

A Disparate Pair

Scorpius scowled blackly at his bastard uncle, son of his grandfather and, of all people, Scorpius's Scandinavian au pair. He'd never particularly minded before; after all, such things happened, and a Malfoy was a Malfoy—though the bend sinister was certainly not the same as a son of the house. And Lennart hadn't been such a bad kid—kind of like a little brother.

But today, he wished Grandmother Narcissa had managed to geld Grandfather. Scorpius's scowl deepened as Turia, glorious in golden dress robes, took her place beside the younger Lennart, equally golden and gorgeous, and declared her vows.

Severus scowled blackly at the couples gracefully swaying upon the dance floor, his arms crossed over his chest.

"They're going to accuse you of plotting murder," Hermione whispered in his ear.

"I am," he replied, but relaxed enough to slip an arm around his wife. She smiled sympathetically.

"It had to happen eventually," she said.

"No, it didn't," he snapped back, more harshly than he'd meant. Hermione leaned her head against his shoulder, careless of its fancy style.

"All children grow up," she murmured, a tear escaping down her cheek as they watched their twins dance at their double wedding.

Of a Different Stripe

Chapter 9 of 9

Severus and Hermione receive news of their twins. News both expected and surprising.

Of a Different Stripe

The news arrived with the magnificent force of two bludgers: one in the face and one in the gut.

Hermione's fork clattered noisily on the floor, whilst Severus, in mid-mastication, began choking, the resulting hacking and convulsions lasting until his wife recovered enough to notice and smack him on the back. He downed greedy gulps of air, his mind returning to the subject at hand. The others who had come to dinner—Potter, a few Weasleys, Draco and his family—simply gaped at Minerva, the bearer of the tidings.

"My children..." Severus wheezed incredulously. "*My* children. were sorted. into. *Hufflepuff*?!"