

Not That it Mattered

by karelia

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: Not mine. Really.

“No! No! Absolutely not an option!” she yelled. “I will make no claims. I won’t bring your name into it. Ever. And I won’t tell him or her your identity until he or she is of age.” She sounded calmer now. Still desperate... “But please don’t ask me that.” Strong and equally mortified. He had no idea why.

Not that it mattered.

He sighed to himself. If he’d had any inkling... No. That wasn’t fair. Neither to him nor to her. *I wish I could turn time back.* He grimaced inwardly.

A child. The thought was preposterous. It would grow up and turn into a—a what? A monster like himself?

“Do you really think I would have made love to you if you were a monster?” she whispered. Her hand cupped his cheek. The touch gave him comfort.

Not that it mattered.

“When did *you* learn Legilimency? Who taught you?” She’d not known Legilimency—at least not to his knowledge—when they started working together. He found the thought that she might have learned it from someone else rather irritating.

A small smile played around her lips. “Why would I need Legilimency? You’re easy enough to read.” His name on her lips was no more than an afterthought.

Not that it mattered.

“I still wish you’d consider at least.”

She shook her head. “How could I?”

“How could you not?” He cupped her chin only to force her to meet his eyes.

“Did you hear my earlier words? I made love to you. I did not say we shagged. I did not say we had sex. We made love.” She added his name—again—as if it was an afterthought. “Severus.” He liked his name on her lips.

Not that it mattered.

Their parting wasn't exactly amicable. But it wasn't hostile either. He kept an eye on her. It was his child she carried. He could not possibly allow any harm to come to her.

He bled for her when she faced Weasley. "How could you do that?" the redhead yelled.

"How could I do what?"

"Get pregnant!"

"That was the easiest part." Her tone was positively dry. "I dare say that was the fun part as well."

His face turned a very bright shade of red. "How could you?" he spat.

"How could I? I tell you how I could! I was devastated when I found out you and Lavender... were shagging each other senseless. And eventually I decided to live my own life. Let me tell you this: I do not regret a single moment!" She looked disgusted with her former boyfriend.

He felt pride well up within him for his—or rather *not* his—witch.

Not that it mattered.

He kept watching her. Encountering the boy who lived was not pleasant for her either.

She was showing a gorgeous bump when she finally faced Potter who gaped. "Hermione! Who is the father?" he asked

"Like I'm going to tell you." She grinned. "You know it isn't you."

She went into labour.

He cracked. *She's in pain!*

It matters not.

Yes. It does matter. She is in pain because... because of you.

He gave in to his urge and followed her to St Mungo's.

"I'm the father! Let me see her!" he demanded over and over again as he was faced with one Healer after another.

"Oh! Go right ahead! ... Sir!" one Healer finally said after looking at a chart.

He rushed to her side. "Hermione! I... I am so sorry. I should have been at your side since the day you told me. I am sorry. I'm sorry you had to face Weasley. I'm sorry you had to face Potter." He drew a deep breath. "I'm sorry you had to face it all alone. Please... Please allow me to be at your side from now on."

His witch smiled at him despite the obvious pain. "Severus." His name rolled off her tongue like a blessing.

"Hermione?" He knew his tone was pleading.

She yelled and grimaced as another contraction hit her. His hands offered comfort. If only as a tool for biting.

Not that it mattered.

A miniature version exactly half-Hermione and half-Severus eventually emerged. He was perfection with a pert Hermione nose and pitch-black Severus hair. A result of an apparently random union that could not have been less random.

"Yes." It was the sweetest word he'd ever heard. And he finally realised that *everything* mattered.

A/N: Thoroughly beta-read by notsosaintly. Thank you, love.

I was innocently conversing with [sunny33](#), who is ever so fond of mocking me with my punctuation obsession, and suddenly, she challenged me to write a 500-minimum-word fic without commas. I gasped. It was a temptation I found myself unable to resist. Then, as I thought of inspirations, I invited [notsosaintly](#) to join, who then came up with the following prompt:

- It must involve sex, but doesn't necessarily have to be erotic or graphic.
- Severus needs to be the central character, but any other characters are up to you.
- Must be a one-shot.