Gingersnapes

by peppermint

Severus has a problem. A Ginger Problem.

Gingersnapes

Chapter 1 of 5

Severus has a problem. A Ginger Problem.

PajamaPants gave me this prompt: Severus is pregnant with the baby of a Weasley twin – but doesn't know which one.

Thanks to kittylefish for looking this over and taming my commas.

~~~~~~

Severus' first indication that Something Was Wrong came about six weeks after what he had been calling "The Ginger Incident" in his brain.

The fifth morning in a row that he spent curled on the cold stone floor of his loo, his cheek pressed against the cool porcelain of the toilet, he realized that he wasn't just dealing with a bit of flu. Fearing an insidious disease (dragon pox, or perhaps something even worse), he managed to get himself dressed and drag himself up the stairs to the infirmary.

Poppy sat him down and, after quizzing him about his symptoms, cast a few preliminary diagnostic spells.

He took it as a rather bad sign when she dropped her wand and doubled over in gleeful laughter.

"What?! I'm incredibly ill here, woman! What could possibly be so funny?"

Poppy wiped her eyes on her apron, still sniggering. "Tell me, Severus – have you had unprotected sex lately?"

He straightened up, brushing imaginary lint from his robes. "And if I have?"

"Well, it's your business – but you've managed to get yourself up the duff. You're pregnant."

"Bugger," he murmured.

"Yes, Severus," Poppy helpfully said, "that would be how you got this way. I'll go get you some prenatal potions – I suspect you're not up to brewing for yourself right now."

As she bustled away into her office, Severus leaned back in the chair. It had to have been The Ginger Incident. He ought to have known better than to let Fred and George get him extremely drunk. His secret weakness for ginger hair was more amplified the more inebriated he became. He didn't remember who'd made the first move, but everybody had eventually been, well, *everywhere.*

He was pregnant with the spawn of a Weasley, and he didn't know which one.

Bugger didn't even begin to sum it up.

Deux

Chapter 2 of 5

Severus breaks the news to his paramours.

"Oi, Snape! We got your letter!" George's voice rang out through the Floo in Severus' sitting room. "What's so ruddy important that we've got to come right away? Fred's in the middle of an experiment with…" He trailed off. "Severus? You all right, mate?"

The wizard in question was curled up on the sofa in front of the hearth, a tatty blanket draped over his long, thin form. He looked like death warmed over.

"I am most assuredly not 'all right,' Mr. Weasley," he managed to mutter.

"Buck up, mate. We'll be over in a jiffy," George promised.

Before long, Fred and George were situated in the armchairs flanking the sofa and had succeeded in getting Severus to sit up and sip some weak tea. They were waiting with what Severus considered unusual reserves of patience.

"I'm sure you recall the evening we shared about two months ago," Severus began, "in which we all consumed a ridiculous amount of alcohol."

Fred and George shared an indecipherable look and nodded.

"Well, I've been feeling ill, and yesterday I went to see Poppy. She informed me that I am not in the least bit ill – "

"I think she was bang out of order, mate. You look horrible!" Fred exclaimed.

"Yes, thank you for your vote of confidence in my mediwitch, Mr. Weasley," Snape responded dryly. "What I was attempting to say is that while I am not ill, I am… with child."

There are all sorts of clichés about pins dropping, hearing the blood rush through your own body, and any other strange phenomena that may occur when one hears shocking news. Fred and George did what any sensible wizards would do when presented with such a dilemma – they fainted.

"Oh, bloody lovely. Couple of gallant swains these two turn out to be," Severus grumbled, heading off in search of smelling salts to revive his guests. "I tell them I'm up the duff, and they both faint like we're in a ruddy three-volume novel. Shall I change my robes to a high-waisted gown and buy a poke bonnet and parasol?" he muttered, rifling through his cupboard for something suitable.

"Don't think you quite have the figure to pull off the gown, Severus," a soft voice said from the doorway to the bathroom.

Severus jumped, his hand pressed over his wildly beating heart.

"Quite the accomplishment, sneaking up on the spy, George."

George stepped further into the room, taking Severus' hand in both of his. "Look, I know that night was unplanned and probably really stupid. I can only speak for myself, but if you're going to keep the baby, I want to be involved – as much or as little as you want. We don't even have to find out if the baby is mine or Fred's."

Severus sighed, leaning against the wall. "And what does Fred think about it?" he asked.

"Fred thinks you're a fantastic shag, but George here is the one who carries the torch for you," Fred quipped from the doorway. "I'm going to go now. I'll see myself out. See you at Sunday lunch, yeah?"

Severus, dumbstruck, could only bring himself to nod. Fred reached over and gave George's shoulder a squeeze before he left.

"Let's go back to the sitting room. It'd be ungentlemanly of me to put any undue stress on you in your delicate condition," George said with a grin.

Trois

Chapter 3 of 5

Dinner at the Burrow

Word spread quickly through the Weasley family grapevine that George had a new bed warmer. Upon hearing the news, Molly began to needle George about bringing his beau to Sunday dinner at the Burrow. George, in turn, began to needle Severus.

Severus flat out refused.

"I'm not going to dinner to be gaped at and fussed over like some experiment. Besides, I can't eat anything right now without wanting to vomit, and your *mother* will want to know why. Do you really think that's going to go over well?"

"Better she finds out now, so she has the next five months to get over it. Pretty soon, you're not going to be able to disguise the baby bump as a beer gut," George teased. "Besides, I heard from Ron that he and Luna are expecting their second, so some of the attention will be on them."

"Fine," said Severus, "I will have dinner with your insufferable family and the rest of the strays that tend to show up."

By the time Sunday afternoon rolled around, Severus was regretting his decision. He hadn't been able to keep anything down all morning, his only pair of jeans no longer fit, and every T-shirt he owned didn't quite close the gap. George finally took pity on him and transfigured the clothes to fit, although there was no disguising the rounded baby bump. It looked nothing like a beer gut.

By the time they got through the Floo to the Burrow, most of the family had already arrived.

"George is here, everybody! And he brought his… Oh my! Severus!" Molly gasped, but recovered her composure quickly. "Well, this is a surprise. Come in, dear, and welcome!"

Ron caught George's eye and mouthed 'Snape?' with a smirk. George responded with a discreet two-fingered salute, causing Harry, who was attempting to spoon pureed peas into young James Sirius' mouth, to miss his mark completely, covering Jamie's cheek in green goo.

Jamie took his father's inattention as a cue to grab the bowl of peas and fling it off his highchair tray, hitting his Uncle Fred on the forehead. Fred, who would never pass up the opportunity for a food fight, shot a spoonful of mashed potato at Charlie, ensuring chaos.

Molly yelled and pleaded for them all to stop, but her shouts went unanswered.

Finally, Severus stood up from his chair and shouted, in his best classroom voice, "That is ENOUGH! One hundred points from Gryffindor!"

He didn't notice that he had one hand cradled protectively across his slightly rounded abdomen.

Spoons clattered onto plates, and the room went silent.

"Oh, Professor! How lovely! I had been hoping this baby would have a cousin close in age!" Luna piped up from across the table.

A/N: thanks to kittylefish for betaing :)

Original Prompt: Severus is pregnant with a Weasley twin's baby. Which one? How does he cope?

Quatre

Chapter 4 of 5

A spat over baby names

"Sebastian is a horrible name. Too close to 'bastard.' I won't have it!" Severus snapped.

George sighed the sigh of the long-suffering, rubbing at his temples with tired fingers. "Remember what Poppy said about your blood pressure, Severus."

"It's bad enough that I had to quit teaching because I kept knocking over cauldrons with my stomach, but having to stay in bed because of high blood pressure and listen to your ridiculous name suggestions is too much. Besides, you don't know that it'll be a boy." He sniffed, rubbing absently at his distended abdomen.

"Yes, I do. I'm a Weasley. There haven't been any firstborn Weasley girls for centuries," George pointed out, sitting at the end of the bed.

"If you're wrong, I think her name should be Branwyn. Branwyn Sophia Snape-Weasley," mused Severus. "Yes, that has quite a nice sound to it."

At this point, George was pretty sure he was just supposed to agree to keep Severus from fretting over it any longer. At least, that's what he'd seen his brothers and brother-in-law do to keep their pregnant partners from flying into a hormonal rage and attacking. He was pretty sure that Severus didn't know Ginny's bat-bogey hex or that flick of the wrist that produced Hermione's evil canaries, but he wasn't taking any chances.

"It's a very nice name. For a girl. If you don't like Sebastian for a boy, how about – OW!!" he shrieked as Severus zapped him with a Stinging Hex, "What was that for?!"

Severus merely glared, turned the other way, and snuggled down in the covers, feigning sleep.

George sighed and went out to the sitting room, closing the door behind him. He flopped down on the rug in front of the Floo and tossed some powder into the fire.

"The Burrow!" he called, closing his eyes against the whirling sensation. "Hello?"

Arthur was sitting at the kitchen table in his dressing gown, a cup of tea in front of him. "Oh, hello, son. Everything all right at Hogwarts tonight?"

"Dad... how in the world did you put up with mum through six pregnancies? Everything I say to Severus is wrong, somehow. He just hexed me for telling him that there's no way the baby will be a girl!" George rattled off, without preamble.

Arthur chuckled, shaking his head from side to side. "I don't know if I can help you there, George. Your mum had her moody moments, but Severus is moody all the time. Just do your best not to take it personally."

"Easier said than done," grumbled George. "Thanks, Dad. Goodnight." He pulled back out of the Floo and went back in the bedroom. He put his pajamas on and climbed into bed beside Severus.

"George?" Severus sleepily mumbled.

"Yes, Severus?"

"Sebastian... s'okay as a middle name."

A/N: Thanks to everybody who's been reading this little fic - especially those who are reading outside their 'ship!

Original Prompt: Severus is pregnant with the baby of a Weasley twin. How does he cope?

Cinq

Chapter 5 of 5

Off to the delivery ward

A/N: This is the end of the tale - thank you to all my readers who gave this a try, even though it was out of their normal comfort zone.

"You mean I have to go to St Mungo's to deliver the baby?" Severus asked.

"Severus, I just don't feel comfortable with a surgical delivery here at the school," Poppy soothingly answered. "I'm sorry if St Mungo's brings back bad memories for you. Look at it as a chance to replace them with happy memories."

"So, on Tuesday at six a.m.?" George asked for confirmation.

Poppy nodded and escorted them out of the hospital wing.

Tuesday morning at 6:00, two nervous wizards emerged from the Floo in St. Mungo's Happy Family Birthing Center, one stumbling and a bit off-center from his enormous belly..

Before long, they had Severus flat on his back in the operating room. George sat on a little stool near Severus' head; the head midwife didn't trust he wouldn't faint, even though George insisted he had got all his fainting done when he first found out he was going to be a dad. Severus had tried to protest that George could just wait in the "Fathers Lounge" down the hall, but George insisted on staying.

It turned out the midwife knew what she was doing. George didn't faint right away; it was only when his second daughter was delivered that he passed out and smacked his head on the tile floor.

Severus might have been heard to mutter something about a poke bonnet, but the pediatric mediwitch in charge of the babies just chalked it up to the nerve-block potions. Severus was almost glad George had passed out because he didn't much fancy explaining away the moisture creeping down his cheeks when a little dark headed baby and then a little redheaded one were presented to him for kissing.

The staff levitated George onto a cot next to Severus' bed to recover from his fainting spell, ran a quick diagnostic spell over him to make sure he didn't have a concussion, and left the little family to themselves.

Severus had the babies cradled in his lap and was admiring their delicate features – thank goodness, they had adorable button noses – when George came around.

"I wasn't dreaming, then?" he asked Severus, groggily.

"Indeed you weren't." Severus said, wearily. "Thankfully, they aren't identical."

"Budge over and hand me the dark-haired one," George said, perching on the side of the bed and accepting an armful of baby. "This one's Branwyn, yeah?"

"I thought Macha for her sister," Severus suggested, brushing his hand over downy-soft auburn curls.

"Welcome to the world, Branwyn and Macha," murmured George.

The peace was short lived, for as soon as Molly heard about twin granddaughters, she Apparated to St Mungo's in her dressing gown and started in on spoiling them rotten.

And if anyone thought it was odd that Severus and George referred to their daughters collectively as "The Gingersnapes," they never mentioned it.

The orignal prompt was from pajamapants: Severus is pregnant with the baby of a Weasley twin, but he doesn't know which one.