

When I'm Old and Grey

by Prof M McGonagall

What kind of parents would Severus and Hermione make? A look at them from their kids' point of view.

one-shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: A lot of this story belongs to J.K. Rowling. The rest belongs to me, but I'm still not making any money from it. Thanks to ladyinthecloak, whose beta skills made this story better.

Snape sat in the Three Broomsticks, his *Potions Monthly* magazine set aside. Drumming his long fingers against his glass, he glared at the door. *Why agree to meet early if she wasn't punctual?*

It wasn't long before she entered the pub. The wind had blown her bushy, brown hair into chaos, but it had also brought a becoming blush into her cheeks and put a sparkle in her brown eyes. She quickly scanned the pub.

Snape stood as she walked, smiling, towards him. They enfolded each other in a tight hug. Alexander Snape smiled fondly at his sister. "Hi, Cass."

"We're waiting for Mum and Dad?" Cassandra asked, sitting.

"Yes, I don't want Mum giving me lessons in manners," replied Alexander. "She's teaching me housecleaning charms that my *future wife* will appreciate. She asked me what I think of *Lily Potter*. Lily's almost like a sister. Ugh!"

"Would Dad talk to her?"

"No. Dad would tell *me* that potions sales and manufacturing is a waste of my talent. *His* research is educational; mine is just foolishness. Imagine what Dad's reaction would be if I told him the Weasley twins make more money in one year than he makes in ten."

"How's life, Cass?"

"Oh... fine."

"Really?"

"Well, Mum has given me *another* revision schedule for NEWTs. Dad has started following me whenever Nigel Longbottom and I leave the common room. We can't even

walk by the lake! He's making Nigel's life impossible in class, even though Nigel's much better at Potions than his dad was. And... I really like Nigel. The whole thing is embarrassing."

"You know what worries me, Cass? Everyone says we're just like our parents. Do you think we'll be like them when we're old and grey?"

"Alex, if I *ever* get like that, please hex me."

The elder Snapes appeared, blowing in through the door on a strong gust of wind. "Blasted wind!" Severus snapped.

"I told you to wear your cloak, but you didn't," scolded Hermione.

"I assure you, madam, I can still cast a warming charm," was the response.

Hermione paused to remove her cloak. Severus reached around her to unfasten the clasp, resting his hands on her shoulders as he did. Hermione turned, gazing lovingly into his eyes. Severus kissed her temple tenderly as he removed her cloak.

Cassie sighed. "If I'm still that much in love, don't hex me after all, Alex."