

Severus and Mrs Snape

by Shella LaRoche

A grown up and confident Hermione accidentally travels back in time.

Awakening in the Infirmary

Chapter 1 of 9

A grown up and confident Hermione accidentally travels back in time.

Awakening in the Infirmary

"Who are you?" the Potions master asked with a stern voice in the dimmed light of the infirmary.

"Severus Snape, you bloody well know who I am!" the young woman chided him.

"I beg your pardon; I have never seen you before."

She moaned, tried to focus her eyes and addressed the nurse assistant, who was fussing about her. "Could you please tell Poppy or Minerva to kick this thick-headed husband of mine?"

The nurse shot suspicious glances at her. It took her some time to answer.

"Professor McGonagall has to teach classes, Madam Pomfrey has her day off and pray tell, who is your husband?"

The patient sat up, enraged about this blunt attempt at a tasteless joke, and was ready to bully her spouse into the next week as a deep voice interrupted her.

"Yes, please, who is your husband?" Albus Dumbledore's voice came from behind.

"Are you joking, Headmaster? Okay, just to end this silliness: my husband is Potions master Severus Snape, Head of Slytherin House, and I am Hermione Granger Snape, his wife and Arithmancy teacher at Hogwarts."

Dumbledore walked around the bed. "You must be mistaken. Professor Snape is our newly appointed Potions master. He hasn't enough personal experience to be appointed as Head of House."

Hermione inhaled sharply and managed to look at them closely for the first time. The Headmaster seemed to be younger and – as she was able to focus at her husband – so did he.

"Have you any proof for your words?" the older professor asked.

She reached under her robe and took out a chain with a pendant to pass it to him.

He was instantly transported to Severus, dumped at the feet of the young man, who took the pendant and just marginally looked at it.

Snape completely ignored the swearing Headmaster, who was trying to get back to his feet, before he gave the pendant back to the woman.

"It is the Prince family crest, and you have to be my wife in order to make it work. But obviously we aren't married yet."

She tried to recollect her memories. She must have had a Time-Turner accident. She remembered a duelling club and a spell going wrong: it hit her Time-Turner and then everything went black. Hermione decided to ask the obvious.

"So please tell me, in which year do you live?"

Severus and Dumbledore exchanged glances. The old sorcerer cleared his throat and glanced at the curious nurse lingering in the background.

"Why don't you and Severus take this discussion to a more private place? In the dungeons perhaps?"

After some unsuccessful attempts to walk on unsteady legs, the headmaster summoned a cushioning cloud and dressed her appropriately with a flick of his wand.

The younger man nodded in agreement and led her to the warded rooms of his private refuge.

In His Rooms

Chapter 2 of 9

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In His Rooms

"Well, Madam, since you are able to wear the Prince family crest, you are either who you claim to be or you are a very powerful impostor with magically skilled allies." He frowned at her.

This caused her to raise an eyebrow. "And impersonating your wife would gain me what advantage?"

"That remains to be seen." His brows furrowed, and he closed his eyes for a brief moment.

"Left or right?" asked Hermione and rose, a little bit steadier than before, to her feet.

"What are you talking about?"

"Your migraine." She went straight to the storage shelves and removed an almond massage oil, which she poured into a bowl and added a few drops of some other ingredients. She stirred it gently and returned to his side.

"What's that?" he asked, sceptical.

She sighed. "Something I developed over the years to ease your pain. Lean back and let me help you."

He wasn't convinced. "Why should I trust you and your skills. I don't know you!"

Hermione's patience was at an end. "Severus, don't play the fool, it doesn't suit you. You are a Legilimens, see for yourself if you can detect any deceit and then lean back and relax!"

She felt the subtle touch of his mind, and then he relaxed and leaned back.

She soaked her fingers in the oil and rubbed her hands together to increase the temperature. With long, gentle movements, she began to massage his temples and add pressure to some special points.

Severus was completely taken aback. His headache faded, and he found himself ready to purr in pure enjoyment at her ministrations. However, he contained himself, unwilling to let his natural guards down so easily and pondered the idea of having a wife.

Nocturnal discussions

Chapter 3 of 9

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Nocturnal discussions

"Severus, I am your wife. I will not sleep anywhere else!" She stood in front of his bed.

He had been completely taken by surprise when she had yawned, risen and made her way into his most private room.

He had risen to his full height and glowered down at her. "Madam, you are overstepping your limits! I will not share my bed with you."

Hermione changed into an emerald satin nightgown with a swish of her wand. She knew that this would be his favourite, and he ogled her admiringly.

"Fine, do as you wish. In respect of your feelings, I will wear a nightgown, and you may wear pyjamas, if you like."

She made herself comfortable under the covers. "Or you might like to sleep on the couch in your study. Are the springs on the left side already broken and screeching?"

She propped up her head on her hand and looked at him expectantly. She knew, at this angle, the cut of the nightgown would outline the deep valley between her breasts.

"Come on, Sev," she purred. "You've slept in far worse company, and I have given you evidence to support my story."

'Oh, well,' he thought, 'she is right.' He hadn't felt any deceit as he had probed her mind, and the sofa was decidedly uncomfortable.

He was a sorcerer and could have conjured something far more comfortable – but he liked it that way. And if a visitor had to sit on broken, screeching springs, he would not stay long.

With a fluid movement of his wand, he changed into his pyjamas, went to bed and lay down on the outer edge.

The golden light from the fire in the fireplace outlined the amber curls of her hair.

Well, sharing a bed with a beautiful woman wasn't that bad after all. Before an independent body part could ponder at that idea and rise to conquer, he shut his eyes and thought of Minerva and Sprout in their underwear – that always did the trick.

On the left side of the bed and next to him, Hermione curled to her right hand side. 'Okay,' she thought. 'This shouldn't take long.' He began to snore. 'Yep.' Soon after, he rolled to his right and flung his arm around her waist.

'Gotcha!' she thought and rolled a bit more to the right, shifting her knee a little bit up so that his leg came to rest between hers and his lower wand rested against her derriere. She began a subtle wriggling of the muscles in that area and didn't have to wait long.

An increase in volume and a deep moan in his throat convinced her that his best friend was ready to take control of the action. Still on the verge of sleep, he began to kiss her neck and nibble at her soft skin while his right hand caressed the curve of her breast. She leaned herself into his touch, and seconds later she found herself flipped onto her back and kissed with passion.

Then his mind cleared. "We can't do this!" he exclaimed. Without much success he tried to restrain himself. A soft murmured spell of hers caused their night clothes to disappear. He felt her warm, wet and welcoming beneath him.

"You are my husband, and past, present or future, I love you!" And with a decisive movement of her hips, she guided him home.

Morning Has Broken...

Chapter 4 of 9

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Morning Has Broken...

Soft kisses trailed down her throat, her chest and over her breasts. He took his time caressing them, enjoying their softness. He played with her nipples and was glad to hear her moan. His butterfly kisses covered her stomach; he couldn't resist licking her bellybutton. She giggled helplessly. The cover slid back, and he saw silvery lines where the skin had been stretched.

He traced them with trembling fingers. "Hermione," he whispered. "Do we...?" His voice faltered. He looked down, unable to speak anymore.

She reached out to gently turn his chin. "Yes, love, you are a father. His name is Sebastian, he is almost two years old."

Severus let his head sink down to her stomach. He was overwhelmed. Not long ago he was convinced that he would never have a loving wife, and now here she was. And he had a family!

He shuddered involuntarily. A family means the danger of being vulnerable. He knew he couldn't bear to lose her. He whispered, "He must be out of his mind, worrying about you!"

It was the first time he referred to his future self.

Hermione's hand gently caressed his hair. "I don't think so. He knows that I am with you. And since you are him, he knows perfectly well that you love me."

He pressed a gentle kiss down the lines on her belly and sat up to face her. "But you have to return to him." An ice cold hand grabbed his heart, and the fear of losing her almost overwhelmed him.

"Yes, and I am afraid, you will have to wait for me for quite some time." She squeezed his hand. "But you will tread dangerous paths, and you would be vulnerable to your fellow Death Eaters if you had a family at that time. It is of utmost importance that you keep your contacts and feign further loyalty to their cause."

"I can't!" he exclaimed. "How can I return and humble myself to somebody who poses a threat to you?"

"Because without you in his inner circle when he returns, I won't have a fighting chance to live."

He hung his head and tried to fight against the rising fear in his heart that the battled darkness certainly wasn't bowed.

Later....

Chapter 5 of 9

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Later...

"You will have to teach me. You are a hard taskmaster, but as you once told me, a diamond can only be formed through high pressure. You call me an 'annoying little know-it-all'."

"When do my feelings change?"

"I can only tell you when I recognized a change in your behaviour. That was in my sixth year. One night you came back from a summoning. You were badly hurt, and I managed to get you into the dungeons and alert Albus and Poppy. Well, you didn't really thank me. If I recall correctly, you called me a 'silly little girl' and fainted – but you gave me what I desired most at that time."

"My undying love and a child?"

Now it was her turn to snort dryly. "Nope. A pass to the Restricted Section of the library."

Severus couldn't help but laugh.

Hermione looked out of the window, lost in thought. "You know, we spent a lot of time in there together. We didn't talk much, but sometimes, you just handed me a tome I needed that added a special point of view to my research, or you slipped me an article of Ars Alchemia. And you were always there when I needed you. When... certain events... left me in need of comfort, you sat next to me, never touching, but always there."

His voice was hoarse when he asked, "And when did you fall in love with me?"

Hermione studied his face lovingly and answered with carefully chosen words. "I didn't 'fall' in love with you. I grew into it quite naturally. I couldn't not love you. But there was a moment when the possibility occurred to me that you might love me too."

He reached for her hand and kissed it. "Let me guess, it was in the library?"

Hermione commenced talking. "I was in need of a special Potions volume that was rarely needed and high on the shelves. There was no ladder so I took a stool and went for it. And then I saw another interesting one just a little bit to the left. Well, being on top of the stool, I was too lazy to climb down. I extended my hand and tried to reach it when the old stool shifted to the side. I was in danger of falling just as your strong arms caught me and helped me to straighten up. You didn't let go. You looked into my eyes, and for the first time I saw something deeper."

"You know I can't!" he breathed.

"But someday you will!" she answered.

Severus nodded and gently helped her down.

"Someday there will be no-one able to stop me, but you."

"And I won't," she replied.

Later that evening your owl brought me a friendship ring. It looked like the fashionable silly ones the other girls wore, but this one," she raised her hand to show him, "is platinum with an anti-lose and anti-theft spell, like the family crest. Whenever I drop it, it returns to you and reveals my destination to you. If ever someone were to take it from me, the thief would be transported to your feet. You asked me to wear it for the moment, and I began to consider the possibility of changing it into a marriage band someday, like you suggested."

His eyes searched her hand but didn't find another ring. Searching her gaze, his eyes opened in question. She smiled and looked deeply into his eyes.

"... I instantly slipped the ring on my finger, and I refused to change it for another one. This is my marriage band."

"So you know that I am a Death Eater." It wasn't a question; it was a statement.

"I know you WERE a Death Eater," Hermione emphasized.

"You just don't quit being a Death Eater, Hermione, and if he really returns, he will demand my service. I still don't know why Albus gave me shelter when I confessed my sins to him. Voldemort's demise was quite fortunate, for I couldn't have endured spying on him any longer. I was shaken by the cruelty and the deaths all around me – between friends and foes alike. Albus didn't ask me to sever my connections. I think he considers them a possible asset in times to come, perhaps to get early access should a possible successor of the Dark Lord gain power."

His fingers trailed the outlines of the Dark Mark. "How can I return to his side?"

She sighed. "You know I can't give you too many details." She pondered a moment about how to answer his question. "Some of the Death Eaters have gone into hiding, haven't they? Many others pretending to have been forced to join under an Imperius. Since the Dark Marks on their arms haven't vanished, they think a return of the Dark Lord is imminent, that his spirit has survived and he will recover to rule again?"

"Will he?"

"He will TRY!"

"Then why should I join him, if he does recover? If he is to regain power and possibly win, how can I be standing at his side?" he asked stubbornly, playing devil's

advocate.

"You and everyone who bears the Dark Mark will be enslaved to his will. Once you were willing to take the Dark Mark for yourself out of desire for company, for power and for knowledge – but you didn't get any. You couldn't trust anyone because Death Eaters sell each other's hides to rise in the Lord's favour. Voldemort doesn't share power and for that reason keeps his secrets and his knowledge to himself. I know for certain that with your intelligence and expertise you can win a place in his inner circle. You can pass information and protect your future."

He listened carefully to her words. "And I have one?" he couldn't resist asking, if only to hear her declare her love once again.

But this time she rose and stepped to him. She gently took his hand, cast a short spell on it and placed it on her stomach so that he could feel an ever so slight wriggling of a baby in its mother's womb.

"More than one," she whispered softly.

Carpe Diem

Chapter 6 of 9

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Carpe Diem

Later that evening Severus Snape was pacing the office of the headmaster.

"So now you know all the reasons why I will have to join Voldemort again!" he declared.

"God, Albus, if she goes back, I won't be able to see her again for more than 15 years! What am I going to do?"

The headmaster stirred his cup of cocoa, his spoon making little clinking noises against the china.

"You will see her sooner."

"She will be a child, and I will have to be mean to her! I am old enough to be her father, and I really don't know what she sees in me..."

The headmaster looked at him with a stern face. "Yes, considering she's Harry's classmate, she will probably be in diapers right now."

Severus made a face. "Thanks, Albus. You're helping so much."

"Nevertheless, son, she loves you. And if you are still willing to help the Order, then I am willing to help you through this dour time."

He took a sip of cocoa. "But first of all we have to get her back to her time."

Severus's hands grabbed the armrest, his knuckles white under his skin. "Have we?"

"I see no other choice. Her life would be in mortal danger if Lucius Malfoy were to know that you are in love with a Muggle-born."

Severus rubbed his eyes with one hand. "I know, I just hoped..." He trailed off.

"The special Time-Turner I ordered will be ready at the end of the week. It is important for her to leave at the earliest opportunity. The more advanced she is in her pregnancy, the greater the risks will be for the baby. Take some time off. I will fill in for you until Friday. On Saturday we will send her home."

Severus rose with the air of the condemned man, walking towards the gallows. "Carpe diem," he choked and went through the door.

"Carpe diem, indeed." The old man nodded and sipped at his cocoa.

For Whom The Bell Tolls...

Chapter 7 of 9

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For Whom The Bell Tolls...

"I left you a gift, Severus," she whispered into his ear. "It was very hard to think of something visitors won't see and Voldemort can't extract with Legilimency. So it couldn't be a photo, a medallion or something like that."

She caressed his chin with her hand and looked in his eyes.

"When you lie down in bed, you will see that the snake ornament in the centre of the headboard is now silver. It has been changed into a kind of Pensieve. It will activate itself when you sleep so that you will remember only a particular dream. I have stored my memories in there, and Albus helped me change it. When I am gone, you will have to carefully edit your memories of us and store them and other memories away safely."

She followed the curve of his lips with her fingers.

"Touch the snake and go to sleep. Dream of me, as I will dream of you, love." She sealed his lips with a last kiss.

He had to gather all his strength not to beg her on his knees to stay.

She stepped back, his arms caressing hers, until their fingers parted and activated her Time-Turner. "Soon, very soon, I will be in your arms again...." With those words she vanished.

"Hermione!" he cried.

Back Again

Chapter 8 of 9

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Back Again

"Who are you?" the Potions master asked in a stern voice.

"Severus Snape, you bloody well know who I am!" Hermione Snape chided him.

He bent over and embraced her with loving arms. "Yes, I do, love. How's the little one?"

She gazed at Poppy, questions in her eyes. "The baby is alright," replied the nurse casually.

Another visitor entered the room.

"Look, Sebastian, Mummy is alright!" Ginny Potter held a pudgy toddler by the hand and helped him climb onto the bed.

He smacked a wet kiss on his mother's mouth and smiled at his father.

Severus tousled the boy's hair and looked confidently at his wife.

"Yes, everything will be alright."

Past Again: That Will Be The Day

Chapter 9 of 9

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Past again: That will be the day...

"Today, she will come." This sentence, spoken casually at the dinner table by the headmaster, caused emotional turmoil for Severus Snape.

He rushed out of the hall into the fresh air and inhaled deeply. So it wasn't a dream; she was real. It had been hard at times to convince himself that the story was true and not just a dream. Only six years to go and she would be his. In the meantime he would have to be a dreaded teacher to her, but he would protect her – even from herself and from him.

With banging doors he entered the hall again and sat down. A rumor went through the elder pupils. He heard whispered words. "Be careful, he's in a foul mood again..."

Just as he thought about replying casually with: "Ten points from Gryffindor," the great doors of the hall swung open and Minerva McGonagall shepherded the first years towards the head table.

The Sorting Hat was put on the first years' heads, and he caught a glimpse of bushy brown hair. Was it her?

"Granger, Hermione!" called Professor McGonagall, and Severus's heart almost skipped a beat. He carefully schooled his expression, not giving away the joy he felt at that moment.

"Gryffindor!" She emerged smiling from under the hat, and her eyes met his. A bolt of lightning struck through him, but she only saw an imposing black figure.

"It's her. No doubt!" He felt a rush of gratitude for having chosen to fight for her and his future.

After the long years of waiting, he was certain: tomorrow, the first day of this future would begin.