

# Might Have Beens

*by blue artemis*

A conversation in a pub.

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

A conversation in a pub.

The pub was dark and dank and located in a desolate part of Muggle London. The two men sitting at the table in the corner seemed oblivious to their surroundings, but they were anything but. This might not be a place one would find a Death Eater, but there were eyes and ears everywhere.

Severus surreptitiously waved his wand and muttered *Muffliato* under his breath.

"Why did you do it, Lupin? Why would you marry her?" asked Severus.

"She needed some hope, and anyway, we kind of had to," responded Remus.

"Were you that in need of a shag that you failed to notice she was a woman??"

"I was drunk, you had just pulled off that horrid request of Albus's, and she took advantage. Found out later she had taken a fertility potion."

"You needn't sound so despondent, Lupin. I wasn't expecting a wedding ring, you know. It isn't as though I'm really expecting to survive this war; I've lived too long as it is," replied Severus.

"I'm not going to survive if you don't!" declared Remus.

Unexpectedly, Severus smiled.

"Ah, love. You are such a drama queen!"

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A/N: Prompt from astopperindeath: Snape and Lupin have a conversation over a few pints. It can be at any point in their lives, but try to keep it DH/Epilogue-compliant.

A/N2: Thank you to astopperindeath for the beta!