

# You Mean I Don't Have to Choose?

*by blue artemis*

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

Severus gets some unexpected guests on his 50th birthday.

January 9, 2010. Severus Snape looked at the calendar balefully. Here it was, his fiftieth birthday, and he was all alone. Not that he had anyone to blame but himself. After his unexpected survival, he had moved out to the middle of nowhere, Wales. He had a thriving mail-order potions business, all the books he could ever want and blessed solitude. But sometimes, just sometimes, he wished for company, even if it was from his past.

The only ones who stayed in touch with him were Minerva and Filius. Everyone else couldn't overcome their embarrassment at the way they had treated him, or unexpectedly, in the case of Potter and Granger, acceded to his wishes that they leave him alone. He never expected that. He had been quite certain that they would, true to their nature, disregard his instructions and he would be overrun with questions about Lily, or discussions on Potions and Arithmancy. He had planned to see where it might lead, not certain whether Harry's green eyes or Hermione's intellect would be the deciding factor in his final choice. But he had forgotten he had not spoken to children, and the newly-adult Harry and Hermione followed his instructions to the letter, much to his regret.

He sighed and went to get his decanter of Firewhiskey when there was a tentative tapping at his window. He walked to the window, opened it, and let the rather unusual spotted owl in. He removed the letter tied to its leg and gave it a piece of bread and a left-over sausage. Instead of leaving, the bird made itself at home on the back of Severus's dining room chair and started to preen.

Severus sat back down in the plush chair before the fire and opened the letter.

*Dear Sir,*

*I know you asked us to leave you alone, but we decided*

*your fiftieth birthday would be a good time to try to*

*reconnect.*

*If you would allow us to visit, we would be very happy.*

*best wishes,*

*Harry Potter and Hermione Granger*

Severus got up, looked about rather wildly to see if his cottage was ready for visitors, then decided that the two would not care. He scrawled "Come" on the back of the letter. He then prepared a Portkey out of a quill, wrapped it in the letter and went to the owl. He tied the letter with the enclosed Portkey to the owl's leg and sent it off. He sat back down in his chair, pulled out a Potions journal and read while he waited.

Fifteen minutes later, Harry Potter was sprawled in an inelegant heap on his floor while Hermione Granger was standing there gracefully, trying desperately not to laugh at her companion.

Severus smiled at his arrivals. "Welcome to my home, Mr. Potter, Miss Granger. I am pleased to see you!"

"Truly? We thought you would be rather put upon," said Hermione artlessly.

Severus snorted.

"See, I told you, 'Mione, he wouldn't have told us to come if he wasn't happy that we had written," Harry said.

The two turned to their erstwhile professor and looked at him expectantly.

"I would have never expected the two of you to honor my wishes. I had expected a letter or something from one or both of you years ago," stated Severus wryly.

"I am sorry, sir. But you always accused me, well, us, of not heeding you, and so this time we did. You were so emphatic about saying we were to leave you alone!" Hermione declared.

The two Gryffindors were obviously going to start wallowing in guilt, so Severus decided to put an end to it.

"Never mind that now. You are here."

"Oh, thank you, sir!" Harry and Hermione spoke in chorus.

"And both of you may call me Severus. You are not children anymore." They most certainly weren't. Harry had grown into his rather careless good looks and was a very striking man. Hermione was lovely, all curves and curly hair. The magazines would not use her as a model, but Severus thought she was beautiful.

"Neither one of you are married?" Severus asked. "And where is Mr. Weasley?"

Harry and Hermione looked at each other.

Hermione took a deep breath, blew it out then started to speak. "Fame was far more important to Ron than we were. He wanted me to wait while he made his way through his fan girls and took it badly when I wouldn't. When Harry stuck by me, he dropped him too; he was famous enough on his own. Ginny wanted to be in all the papers and spend money like water, and when Harry wasn't willing to be seen out and about, she dropped him for Draco, who was all too happy to be seen with a heroine. And you are wrong, sir, I mean Severus. We are married. To each other."

Severus was startled. He had never expected that.

Harry smiled knowingly. "I know it seems strange, Severus, but after being burned by those we thought had our best interests at heart, we realized that we always had each other. It wasn't hard to take the next step."

"So, why did you come to seek me, then?" Severus asked.

"We've been feeling incomplete. So, Hermione started to research and figured out that our magic, our very beings, were quite used to being in a trio and that maybe we were meant to be part of a triad. So we started talking about who we might want to join us, and we kept coming back to you." Harry looked quite pleased with himself.

"I cannot believe that out of all the witches or wizards in the world, I am the only person you could agree on."

"Oh, you aren't the only. Luna loves us, but she is quite happy with Rolf. Fleur won't let Bill within 50 feet of us. She says together we are more alluring than a Veela. And Remus is dead. But you are part of a very short list," Hermione said.

"And what do you propose to do if I agree to join with you?" Severus asked in his best Professor Snape voice. He wasn't sure that he was awake at this point. The only two people he missed (although he would only admit to that to himself, in the darkest part of the night) wanted to make him a permanent part of their lives. He was unsure what to say or do, other than protect himself by snarking at them.

"Be very happy, Severus. Oh, and probably annoy you to death, come to think of it," said Hermione.

"Sex. Lots and lots of sex. I want to see what you can do with those very graceful hands," declared Harry.

The two turned to each other and laughed.

They then turned back to Severus. "So, what do you say?"

"You mean I don't have to choose?"

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A/N: Prompt by beaweasley2: Severus turns fifty and finds himself alone in his home on his birthday. Until he receives a \_\_\_\_\_ from \_ .

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