

Her Clever Husband

by Meladara

After a long week, Hermione must face what she already knew but didn't want to admit.

Chapter One

Chapter 1 of 1

After a long week, Hermione must face what she already knew but didn't want to admit.

A/N: Ok. So I KNOW I wrote this a week or two ago. Randomly. However, I cannot remember writing it. Anyhow, here it is. It's a sweet little oneshot. My most sincere thanks to Mrs. I Write for the beta!

~Meladara

The characters and canon situations in the following story belong solely to JK Rowling, Scholastic and WB. I am not making any money from the publishing or writing of this story.

Hermione sat in a plush cozy chair before the fire. Her face was framed with soft curls that fell wildly around her shoulders as her distant eyes studied the fire before her. Completely lost in thought, she was unaware of anything around her.

He entered the room quietly and was not surprised to find her in her favorite chair. As he watched her, he wondered what it was that had captured her attention so strongly. Typically, she would be lost in a book by the time he was able to return to their chambers, and when he entered, he would be greeted by her vibrant smile. Today, however, it was clear she was unaware of his presence as of yet.

Absentmindedly, Hermione sighed and closed the book that she'd been holding, the subject of which long since forgotten. It had been such a long week, and she was completely exhausted. Placing the book on the side table, she shifted in the chair, bringing her arms forward to wrap around her front. Her left hand slipped down, hidden below her right forearm, to rest gently on her stomach. This was what had captured her attention, or rather, what was demanding her attention so fiercely. If she were honest with herself, it had truly captured her attention days ago; however, she had stubbornly refused to acknowledge it for as long as possible.

It had all begun six days ago, but Hermione, being the tough and stubborn woman that she was, had ignored her ailment and simply gone on about her business. There was simply too much to do, and she couldn't be bothered with the nonsense of submitting to some small stomach bug. She was sure that Severus had realized she wasn't in top form. When he had questioned her about it, she had assured him that she was fine and he had simply nodded, wisely dropping the subject. He knew that if she truly needed a break, she would take it.

All week she had battled the nausea and unexplainable fatigue. Finally, this afternoon, she had decided to give in and make the quick visit to Madam Pomfrey. Her last class of the week ended at three, while Severus would be in class until just before the dinner hour, so she would have plenty of time to go the hospital wing with him none the wiser. There was, of course, no reason to alarm him prematurely.

So, there she had gone and the verdict was given. It was truly no surprise. After all, she was a smart and quick-minded witch, who was familiar with her body and what it was telling her. However, the idea that it was actually happening... right now... and to her! It was so life changing and alarming that she had found, still, that it was easier to

remain in denial until she was ready to face the truth. In fact, she'd not even let herself fully absorb the knowledge until she'd left the hospital wing and the overbearing presence of the Madame Pomfrey.

As she walked through the corridors of Hogwarts and considered what she'd been told, her mind and heart jumbled in an odd mix of anxious anticipation, awe and terror. Of course they had talked about it before and she knew that everything would work out fine, even if he fainted from the shock of it all.

This was the ultimate symbol of their love, and it really was miraculous, so unlikely and impossible. Yet, there it was.

And this is what she was contemplating so intently as he had entered the room.

Severus approached his wife silently, watching her troubled expression closely.

"Hermione," he spoke in a soft purr. "It is time for dinner. Come, my love." His eyes watched her as she startled from her trance. Her eyes flew up to him, and her face immediately brightened. With gentle smile on her face, she motioned for him to come and help her up.

Severus sighed and moved to stand before her and then, with a put out look on his face, he extended his hands to his wife and pulled her up. Amusement flashed in his eyes, and a smirk played on his face. "What's got you so lost this evening, love?" he asked.

Hermione pulled his arms around her and melded her body to his. Burying her face in his robes, she breathed in the intoxicating scent that was distinctly his. Turning her face up to his, she stretched up onto her tiptoes and nuzzled against his neck. It was amazing how much he affected her. All it took was a simple hug from him, and she was more relaxed than she'd been all day. Pulling back from the hug she looked up to his face and smiled. "Nothing urgent, Sev. I'll tell you all about it later. Let's go up to dinner. I'm famished, and if we don't leave soon, we'll be late."

He nodded and made his way to the door. Opening it, he stood aside and waited for her to pass through. After closing and warding their chambers, Severus took her hand in his and they silently made their way to the Great Hall for dinner.

When they entered the Great Hall, dinner was in full swing. The students were noisily eating their Friday meal and enthusiastically discussing their weekend plans. Unnoticed, by most in that Great Hall, the couple made their way to their seats at the head table and took their seats.

As dinner progressed Severus noticed two things: first was that his wife, despite her claims that she was famished, was merely artfully rearranging her food on her plate and decidedly not consuming it, and second, Madam Pomfrey and Headmistress McGonagall were observing them closely with knowing smiles.

Severus had a good idea of what was occurring here. He had not been a spy for nearly two decades for nothing. His wife had been unwell all week, and he'd suspected that she might be... well that it might have happened. They'd been careless before, and there was always the chance that it could happen. What he couldn't understand was why she seemed to be upset. He was sure that he'd made it clear that any developments on that front would be welcomed, and she'd returned his sentiments, he'd thought.

Once again he turned his attention to his wife. She was now sipping a cup of tea, peppermint it smelled like. He knew that the peppermint tea had greatly helped calm her stomach this week.

"Hermione, you've not eaten anything. You cannot survive on tea and bread, love," he whispered to her.

She sighed. "I know. Nothing seems to appease my stomach this week."

"I'm sure there is a very good reason for that, my dear," he said, meaningfully.

Hermione jerked her face toward Severus. "What?" she asked, the surprise clear on her face.

He smirked back at her and looking extremely smug as his eyes looked to her stomach.

"I wasn't born yesterday, you know," he said raising an eyebrow.

Hermione smiled. "You look so pleased with yourself right now. When did you figure it out?"

"I didn't know for sure until now, but I had a hunch. Is that what has had you so serious this evening?" He was hesitant to start this conversation here; the Great Hall was not the place to talk of such things.

"In a way," she answered, evasively.

"Let's retire to our chambers; you can't call what you are doing eating anyway. Then, you can explain to me why this troubles you so," he said in a serious but still teasing tone.

He stood and pulled out her chair as she rose, then with a smirk he leaned to whisper into her ear. "Really, Hermione," he said, "it's only one little baby. We can handle it."

"Oh! No Sev, that what's wrong," she replied with the same smirk and tone. Then in a voice that could be easily be heard around the Great Hall she continued, "It's not just one, it's three."

"What?" he yelled. As Hermione exchanged an amused look with the two chuckling women a few seats away, Severus Snape, the most feared professor in the history of Hogwarts, promptly fainted.

"Men!" Hermione said with a roll of her eyes. Seeing that he wasn't going to wake anytime soon, she sighed and reached for her wand. As the two women approached, she deftly levitated her husband through the doors of the Great Hall.

"Thought he was so clever," she told them, a smug smile playing on her face and an impish twinkle in her eye. "He figured out that I'm pregnant and thought to tease me about it. However, apparently, he couldn't handle the number of babies he's sired."

"I've always said that Slytherins, for all their sneakiness, don't take surprise well," the Headmistress said as she watched Hermione float Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry's resident Potions master down towards the dungeons.

"I'm going to take him home now. After that spectacle, he'd never forgive me if I woke him in the Great Hall or in the Hospital Wing. Best let him get his mortification out in private," she said as she winked to the chuckling two ladies. Then, with quick, brisk steps that echoed off the stone walls, Hermione followed her floating husband down into the dungeons. Feeling happier and more energetic than she had in days, she silently wondered if she could get Severus to carry out a repeat performance for her when the nausea returned, as it had apparently cured her. Then again, she thought, perhaps it would better to ask him for a potion instead.