

How Hard Could It Be?

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Chapter 1 of 1

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This was originally written for the inaugural sshg_promptfest on livejournal, following a prompt by jaxomside.

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Hermione walked into the sitting room and quickly straddled the lap of her lover as she started to unbutton the row of black buttons going down his chest. Gently caressing him as she made her way down the long black robes, she leaned in to kiss his cheek, slowly moving her lips to the side of his face. She nipped and sucked on his earlobe, gradually working her way down his neck before speaking softly to him.

"Now, where were we..." she whispered seductively as she bit softly on the sensitive scar tissue on his neck, pausing only when he let out a small gasp of pleasure.

"I think we were talking about all the wicked things you are going to do to me tonight, witch," he moaned as she leaned in even closer, pushing her warm core against his straining erection.

"Oh, God," she mumbled as he began to slide his fingers under her skirt, working methodically up her leg towards her now damp knickers. "It's been so long, and this feels...*ahh*...so good." Her words turned incoherent as he started rubbing her now-throbbing clit through her thin satin knickers.

He pulled her to a standing position, quickly divesting her of her jumper and unzipping the side of her skirt. She had just unbuttoned his trousers when they both paused as the soft chime of a warning charm had activated. Seconds later, they heard the now-familiar whimpering coming from the smaller bedroom.

Hermione sighed wearily as she zipped her skirt and then quickly put her jumper back on. "Let me feed and change him, and then I'll be back so we can continue this." She tried to give him one last sultry look before she headed towards the baby's room.

-ooOOoo-

After settling the baby, Hermione quietly closed the door to the nursery, heading to the sitting room once again. Looking around, she walked towards the kitchen once she noticed that Severus was no longer in there. After once again finding an empty room, her eyes sparkled with mischief. He had already gone to their bedroom.

She quickly disrobed down to her bra and knickers and opened the door to the bedroom. Sliding under the sheets to continue what they had started, she reached around

him and heard the soft snores coming from the other side of the bed.

Damn, she thought to herself as she pulled the sheet and duvet up to her neck. It had now been six weeks since Madam Pomfrey cleared her for sexual activity, and it seemed like fate, or at least a very small baby with a large appetite, was conspiring to keep them apart.

-ooOOoo-

"What's this?" Severus raised an eyebrow in curiosity as he stared at the small plastic stick with the two blue lines in the middle.

"So much for me trying to be clever." She rolled her eyes at him as she snatched it back. "It's a Muggle pregnancy test. I figured with your Muggle background you would know what it is."

"A Muggle pregnancy test..." he stopped speaking as what she was trying to tell him clicked in his head. "You are... Really?"

"Yes. Really." Her smile was radiant as she softly answered. "You are going to be a father in about eight months, Severus."

He turned quickly towards her and pulled her into his lap. "That is amazing, wonderful, and so many other emotions that I can't put into words at the moment."

Hermione startled awake when the familiar sound of crying roused her from her dream. She smiled as she thought about how different her life was now from just a year ago. Different was good... well, in every area except the bedroom.

-ooOOoo-

Hermione walked towards Severus's classroom and paused at the door. He was just finishing a combined Ravenclaw/Hufflepuff fifth year class, and from the tone of his voice, the class had not gone well. She pushed the door open slightly so that she could see into the room.

"And I expect two feet of parchment on Monday explaining why *chewing gum* is not allowed in a Potions class. Dismissed!"

Hermione moved to the side as the class hastily exited the room. Looking at her husband, she watched him rub his temples as he stared at the rack of potions in front of him.

"Bad day?" she asked. Walking behind him, she started to massage his scalp.

"Yes. One of the worst in a while, I would say. There was a mild explosion caused by gum falling into the Babbling Potion they were brewing today. Fortunately, I was able to contain it before anyone was injured, but several students had to be Langlocked."

"I'm sorry," Hermione spoke softly and moved towards the front of the desk. "Would you like me to help you... um... relieve some of the tension before your next class?" She sat down on the desk and lovingly stroked his face. "I know you have an empty period before the Slytherin/Gryffindor sixth years."

She slowly started unbuttoning his robes and slid her hand into the gap that she had created. As she reached the bottom button, she slid her hand into his trousers and gently cupped him through his pants.

"Yes, that would... help." He groaned in response to her ministrations. "But would you mind if we continued this in our quarters? I would rather not be reminded of potions at this moment, and I do believe a bed would be more conducive to stress relief."

Severus grasped her hand, casting a disillusionment charm before they hastily made their way out of the classroom and down the corridor towards their quarters. They walked in silence through the sitting room before slipping into the bedroom.

"Is Silas asleep?" he asked her as he hastily threw off his robes, not caring where they landed, his heart beating rapidly in anticipation.

"Yes, and he should be for at least another half-hour," Hermione replied as she disrobed as well. She climbed onto the bed, clad only in her bra and knickers, and licked her lips as he climbed in beside her.

"I've missed this," Hermione said, sighing as she took in the sight of him. She stroked her arm down his pale chest and stopped to twirl the hairs below his navel. Hermione gave him a devilish smile before pushing him onto his back and straddling him. She started kissing her way down his chest, then stopped suddenly as he started to unhook her bra.

"What's wrong?" he asked curiously as he noticed the fretful expression on her face.

"I'd, um, rather not take it off, if that's okay." She sat up and pulled the straps back onto her shoulders. "Since Silas is nursing, it could make things, um..." she blushed a bit, pausing to find the right word, "messy."

"But I want to see you, Hermione. All of you." He continued reaching back behind her, unhooking her bra and letting it drop to the bed. His dark orbs slowly roved down her body, his pupils widening as he worked his way down. "You look so lovely." He trailed his hand down her side, touching the curve of one breast then sliding his fingers towards her pubis.

Hermione moaned and lifted herself as his fingers delved into her curls. She reached behind to grasp him when she heard Silas cry in the nursery.

"He'll go back to sleep, Hermione." He pulled her towards him to kiss her, not noticing the look of distress on her face.

But it was too late. Hermione's body was already answering the primal call of motherhood. The tingly warmth was by now familiar, and before she could even say "Open wide," he received a face-full of breast milk.

-ooOOoo-

"No, you didn't!" Ginny squealed, almost falling over from laughing so hard.

"Yes, I did. I was mortified. What else could I do?" Hermione blushed as she thought back to that day. "He had breast milk all over his face and it was still leaking down my chest. I was so embarrassed. I picked up my bra and knickers and ran to the loo as quickly as I could."

"I still can't believe you just didn't, um..." Ginny was now sporting a blush as her voice got quieter. "Finish. You could have at least finished. It's been how long now since you two have had sex?"

"Four months. Four *very long* months." She sighed and then glanced down at the baby to make sure Ginny's loud squeals hadn't wakened him.

Ginny's eyebrows rose in shock. "We didn't even make it the six weeks that Healer Thomas had recommended after Albus was born. She scolded me for giving in at the one-month mark. But even a month seemed like an eternity. Harry and I both thought we would combust from the tension."

Hermione repositioned Silas over her shoulder, carefully picking up her tea, then taking a long sip before speaking. "It is a long time. Believe me, we've tried at least a dozen times. Either fate, or a very small little black haired boy," she paused to gently pat the baby's head, putting him down gently into the basket at her feet, "has

intervened at the most inopportune moments. The last time it was a fight between two boys in Slytherin. At least this time we hadn't taken our clothes off yet. But the frustration is about to kill me!" Hermione dragged both hands down her face, sighed, and then picked up the delicate teacup for another sip.

"Well, you need to find some way to get together before you explode from the tension." Ginny looked at Hermione, smirking slightly before speaking. "Either that or release some tension on your own. I think I still have some credit at Wicked Wands if..."

"No, that's okay, Ginny," Hermione interrupted. "I already own... um... toys." Her face turned beet red as she tried to hide behind her teacup.

"In that case, how about a babysitter? You could always ask Harry and me to watch him so you could have... *adate*." She waggled her eyebrows to emphasize her point.

Although the wording was innocent enough, Ginny's tone was anything but. Hermione knew that she wasn't referring to dinner and a movie, but watching Silas so they could have *sex*. She couldn't help but blush at the thought. *But I am desperate...*

"When could you watch him?" she asked a little too quickly.

Before Ginny could answer, two small boys had entered the sitting room, arguing loudly as they ran.

"Mummy, Albus took my broom, and he's going to break it!" James, the taller of the two boys, was frowning and pointing at his smaller brother.

"Will not," said the smaller boy in a defiant voice.

Ginny turned to both boys and spoke in a very Molly-esque voice. "Albus, give James his broom back. You have your own, and you can play with it instead." She gently herded them towards Hermione, and spoke much softer. "Aunt Hermione is visiting today with baby Silas. Why don't you say 'Hello' to the baby before you go play."

"He-wo, Si-was," Albus exclaimed a bit too loud, waking the baby up. Silas lifted his head up, looking towards the direction of the noise.

James looked at the baby curiously before speaking. "Mummy, do all babies have noses that big?"

-ooOOoo-

It had taken almost an hour to get Silas settled, and Hermione crawled into bed next to her already sleeping...and snoring...husband. She laid there awake, hoping that sleep would soon take her, knowing that Silas would be up and ready to eat in less than four hours. She finally had started to drift off when she felt Severus's arm gliding softly up and down her thigh.

"What are you doing?" she asked in a scratchy almost-asleep voice.

He leaned in and kissed her neck. "What do you *think* I am doing?"

She turned towards him, her speech slightly slurred since she was yawning at the same time. "*think* you are forgetting that I just now got into bed and was almost asleep. That I haven't had any sleep, and it is two A.M., and Silas will be up in about three hours." She sighed and rolled onto her back. "But if you want to that badly and won't be offended if I fall asleep, have at it. Just pull the covers back up when you are through so I don't get cold."

-ooOOoo-

"And where does your wife think you are? I know she wouldn't approve of you being here. She may tolerate me now, but I think that is about the extent of our relationship." The speaker arched a blond eyebrow towards the dour man sitting across from him.

"Really, Lucius. It has been years. She understands that you had nothing to do with the events here that traumatized her. She is even quite friendly with Draco..."

"So she knows you are here?" Lucius threw a stern look towards Severus.

"Uh... no." Severus shifted in his seat, picking at a small piece of lint stuck to his robes.

"So what is the emergency, Severus?"

"It isn't an emergency, per se, more of..." He looked away from Lucius as a slight pink started to tint his cheeks. "Frustration."

Lucius looked at him, his eyebrows slowly rising into his hairline. He then doubled over and began to laugh. And kept laughing.

"Oh, Merlin, Severus. You came here because you aren't getting any sex?" His words came out broken as he struggled to control his laughing.

"It's not funny, Lucius. We haven't since... well, since before Silas."

"Well, why the hell not?"

"Many reasons. The biggest being timing issues. Either the baby is crying or hungry at a most inopportune moment, or when we do have a moment we are just too exhausted to act on it."

"Really? Why don't you just summon a house-elf, leave instructions, bottles and nappies, and book a room in Hogsmeade for the night."

"That wouldn't work, Lucius. For one thing, Hermione is still breastfeeding and will not leave Silas overnight. And for another," he turned slightly away from Lucius and spoke quietly, "she won't use a house-elf for that long."

"Well," Lucius rubbed his hand through his hair as he spoke, "Cissy and I could always watch him for a few hours."

Severus coughed as he tried to stifle a laugh. "You? Really, Lucius... have you ever even changed a nappy? I don't ever remember you taking care of Draco. When Cissy was gone, he was always with a house-elf."

Lucius blushed as he mumbled, "How hard could it be?"

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Minerva McGonagall had seen many strange things in her more than 80 years. She had been a witness to many transfigurations gone wrong, including several Animagus horrors. In recent history, most of the strange occurrences could be attributed somehow to the Weasley twins. But what had shocked her today was the sight she came upon in an unused classroom.

She had been on her way to her office, when she noticed a tingle of magic coming from the empty classroom. It was a strong Notice-Me-Not charm, but over the years she had learned to fight the effect, knowing that most often it was a sixth or seventh year in a compromising position with a student of the opposite sex. And on rare occasions, the same-sex.

Quietly canceling out the charm, she opened the door, prepared to dock points from the appropriate houses. The words died on her lips as she looked into the back of the

classroom.

Sleeping on a badly transfigured mattress in the back of the room, with an even more poorly transfigured pillow, was the snoring body of her usually dour Potions master.

Minerva had to stifle the chuckle that was trying to escape. She knew from her talks with Hermione that the baby wasn't sleeping at night. But to see Severus Snape spending his free period asleep in an empty classroom was the last thing she ever expected to witness.

After watching him for several seconds, and making sure he was sound asleep, she transfigured a piece of chalk into a blanket, gently placing it on him before dimming the lights.

Closing the door quietly and recasting the Notice-Me-Not charm, Minerva smiled as she walked back to her office.

-ooOOoo-

Hermione sat in a corner seat in the staff lounge, forcing her eyes open as she watched the gaggle of women fawning all over Silas a few seats away from her.

She had almost dozed off when she felt a hand rest lightly on her shoulder.

"When is the last time you had more than four hours sleep?" She turned her head towards the sound of the familiar Scottish brogue.

"Hmm... I would say four or five months? I'm not really sure, but it was before I had Silas. Before I had him, the severe heartburn kept me up, and now it's because he is up about every three to four hours to eat. I've tried the 'sleep when the baby sleeps' suggestion, but I just have too much to do to get a nap in."

Minerva smiled at her, "Doesn't Severus get up with the baby at night?"

"No, but that's my choice. Don't get me wrong, he has offered, but I want him well rested for teaching. He is grumpy even with enough sleep." A smile formed as she watched the older woman nod in understanding. "And with me breastfeeding, he really can't help me that much. He has taken a feeding or two on weekends and given Silas a bottle. But even a few extra hours sleep at those times still doesn't make up for the lack of it all week."

Minerva was just about to speak when loud, hysterical laughter came from the older women holding Silas. She and Hermione turned towards the noise, wondering what was so funny. The older women were looking towards the door and trying their best to stifle their boisterous laughing.

"What in the world..." Minerva started to speak until she turned towards the door.

There, at the entrance to the staff room, was Severus Snape with his arms crossed and one eyebrow raised. There was a scowl on his face, and both Minerva and Hermione were pretty sure that the grim expression was meant for the older women holding his son.

Hermione's eyes met her husband's, and then she followed his glare to the older women, noticing that Silas had the exact same expression. Well, minus the crossed arms.

Hermione looked over at Minerva, watching her struggle to maintain her composure. She looked from Minerva, to Silas, then back again at Severus, and at that moment, she started to laugh as well.

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Hermione pushed open the door to their quarters, quietly making her way to Silas's nursery. She laid the sleeping baby down with care and then headed towards the master bedroom. She was exhausted after shopping for several hours with Luna and her baby, Astrid, but they both had needed some baby items and decided it would be fun to go together.

Slipping her shoes and socks off, she began to massage her aching feet. She had just finished with the first foot when she heard faint sounds coming from the bathroom. Walking towards the room, she heard the sound of running water as she approached. Having a good idea what her husband was up to, she quickly peeled off her blouse and shimmied quickly out of her trousers. Clad in only her bra and knickers, she opened the shower door.

"Do you... need a *hand*?" she asked her husband in a husky voice. She momentarily locked eyes with him before looking down towards his erection, which he was still grasping tightly in his right hand.

Only replying with a slight smirk, he grasped her hand and placed it on his erection. She stopped after several strokes, just long enough to shed her bra and knickers and climb into the shower with him. She had just started to stroke him once again when she heard the chime alert her that Silas was awake.

Leaning back into the shower wall, she closed her eyes and sighed with frustration.

"I think..." she paused, trying to catch her breath, "it is time to call Ginny."

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"Do you think I forgot anything?"

"Perhaps the kitchen sink?" Severus replied dryly. "Seriously, Hermione, you left him three changes of clothes, two pairs of pajamas, two dozen nappies, and several days worth of bottles of formula and breast milk. He should be fine. We are leaving him for twelve hours, not twelve days. Even if you forgot something, I'm sure the Potters would be able to make do just fine."

"But..."

"Hermione. Eat your dinner." Severus replied sternly. "The Potters were gracious enough to watch him for us so that we may go on a date, and you are not enjoying said date. They have two offspring of their own, and although I doubt Potter's decision making on a daily basis, I do have confidence that they can take care of our son for one night."

Severus watched as she twirled her pasta on her fork. After several minutes of watching her, and she still had not taken a bite, he had had enough. He pulled the small black rarely-used Muggle device out of his pocket and handed it to her.

"Check on him. Then, once you are assured Silas is fine, let's try to enjoy the rest of our date."

Hermione beamed at him as she flipped the phone open and hit the second number on speed-dial.

-ooOOoo-

"I can't believe we are actually doing this." Hermione looked up at the facade of the Charing Cross Hotel as they approached the entrance. "I've always wanted to stay here."

"I remember," Severus replied thoughtfully. "I do believe you have mentioned it a time or two."

Hermione put her hand on his forearm and gave him a gentle squeeze. "Thank you, Severus. I know I have worried a bit about Silas, but this night has been perfect so far."

They quickly checked in and took the lift to their third-floor room. Hermione let out a small gasp as she walked into the room.

"Flowers? And a bottle of wine? This is wonderful, Severus." She pulled his head down and leaned in close to kiss him.

After thoroughly thanking him, she turned her head and glanced around the room. Walking around the king-size bed, she checked out the amenities that she could only dream about when she was younger. As she entered the en-suite, she eyed the large two-person shower speculatively.

"Do you mind if I freshen up before bed?" she asked as she walked back out towards the bed. "You are welcome to join me." She waggled her eyebrows suggestively at him.

"As appealing as that offer is," he replied silkily, "I'd rather save my energy for this nice, large...*bed*." He laid back and stretched out on the bed, propping himself up on one arm.

Hermione climbed into the shower and quickly began to wash. Although she preferred to shave the Muggle way, this time she cast a wandless shaving charm before exiting the shower. After casting a drying charm on her hair and brushing her teeth, she put the large, fluffy bathrobe on and walked towards the bed.

Severus had already changed into his black satin pajama bottoms and was lying on the bed, holding two glasses of wine. He handed a glass to her as she stripped out of the robe and climbed into bed beside him.

After taking several sips, she put the glass down and gently stroked his arm. "Since we have all night, do you mind if we simply cuddle for awhile? I've missed just being able to relax like this since Silas was born."

"That sounds quite nice," he replied as he moved closer to her, gently spooning her backside. He softly traced her side and hips with his hand for several minutes, getting slower with each passing stroke.

"Are you thinking what I'm thinking?" Hermione asked suddenly.

"Yes," he replied somewhat incoherently, yawning as he spoke.

They were sound asleep within minutes.

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