Polyjuice Repercussions

by Marti

Nine months after 'Polyjuice Fun' and Severus isn't having as much fun now!

one-shot

Chapter 1 of 1

Nine months after 'Polyjuice Fun' and Severus isn't having as much fun now!

I am not JK Rowling. She writes way better than I ever could.

Thanks to Ubiquirk for doing the final validation. My Word Program is possessed and likes capitalizing just about everything!

"It's your own fault, you know." Hermione nodded her head sagely as she watched her husband writhing on the hospital bed, clutching his distended stomach. She held his left hand and brushed his sweaty hair from his eyes, smiling not unkindly at the older man she'd married a year ago, only a month after the Dark Lord's final defeat.

"Oh, like you had nothing to fucking do with it?" He moaned and thrashed his head from one side to the other.

"Well, I guess fucking was involved with me of course. But really, Severus, you should have planned ahead before coming up with your ingenious, yet lascivious, idea." She grinned at him.

"I don't remember hearing you complain too much, woman!" Tears were squeezed from behind his tightly clenched eyes as the pain assailed him again. She stroked her finger over the back of his knuckles consolingly, but he jerked away from her, the pain blazing wildly in his eyes.

"It's your fucking fault!"

"It takes two to tango, Severus Tobias Snape! It was your Polyjuice Potion and your brilliant ruddy idea to be me and me you. You should have thought of taking the dammed Contraceptive Potion! Now look at you. You're going to be on the front bloody page of the *Daily Prophet* once this is over!" Hermione gestured grandly at his stomach, swollen and hard with the laboring baby inside trying to be born. And no one wanted to guess on where the baby was going to come out.

"I know, 'Mione, I'm sorry... It just hurts so much." Severus Snape, former Death Eater, feared Potions master of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry pouted, pouted, at his wife as another contraction made his face screw up and his body tighten in pain. "Cruciatus isn't this fucking inhumane and painful, you know! Childbirth should be one of the Unforgivables, dammit!"

"Oh, stop your whining, Severus. Women have been giving birth since time immemorial. One little man gets knocked up by his own stupidity, mind you, and the whole human race might as well expire. Bloody wimp." She snorted in derision, but began stroking his forehead again.

"Obviously women don't understand the true nature of tortu--"

"Will you two shut the hell up?" The doctor entered the delivery room and scowled at the two parents-to-be. "Getting the mumm--dad--host parent all worked up is not going to help his labor at all."

"He started it."

"She started it." They said at the same time, frowning at the interruption.

"Yeah, well, whatever. The Healers brought me in because we're going to perform the cesarean section on Mr. Snape."

"Professor Snape!" he snarled at the young physician. He'd been brought in by St. Mungo's just for their case, a Squib trained in Muggle obstetrics to help the magical hospital's unique parents-to-be.

"Okay, Professor. We've been through this. In a few minutes, the nurse will be bringing you a potion to completely knock you out. Then we're going to go into a sterile room where I will make an incision just above your pubic area, cut into the abdominal wall where the fetus is resting and extract it. It won't take long since Healer Whelps will be performing magical sutures to help your healing along. The procedure will be over within the hour, Mr., um, Professor and Madam Snape, and ma'am, you'll be able to hold your baby as soon as the pediatrician is finished checking him or her out."

"I want Hermione to stay with me during this procedure, Healer Radcliff."

"I thought you didn't want me to touch you again."

"I spoke in haste, wife. Besides, since it was your fault I'm in this condition, you should be there to follow it through to the end."

"Severus! Minerva found me a Transfiguration spell that would actually make it possible for you to have natural birth," she said conversationally, her arms now folded over her breasts, her left foot tapping with her irritation. Severus took one look at his wife's glare and swallowed, the most recent labor pain fading. He knew how good she was with Transfiguration.

The Polyjuice incident had been fun, but well, he was rather fond of his bits remaining where they were and in the same condition. He remembered Weasley describing his wife as 'scary... bloody brilliant, but scary,' and firmly agreed with the youngest Weasley son.

Severus turned back to the Squib Healer. "I'm ready for that potion, Healer. Let's get this over with, why don't we, hmm?"

Adam Radcliff bit back the snort of laughter. His older brother had been a student of Severus Snape's years ago before they knew Adam wasn't going to be magical. Every vacation and summer David would come home swearing the Potions master was evil, a bat, a vampire, a Death Eater (okay, that was true, but no one had known then), and even the devil incarnate. He'd have to let David get this memory from his mind and put it in a Pensieve.

"Thank you." Adam moved away from the door as an older mediwitch came in with the three vials of potion to help the laboring... parent. Severus sniffed them carefully and nodded his head with approval.

"Finally! A pain relief potion. You know some old biddy brewed this and kept it hid--" His newest tirade was cut off by his wife's gentle swat to his shoulder.

"Severus, just take the damn potions." Hermione laughed, knowing that it was true what he was thinking. A woman had probably prepared his pain relief but 'forgot' to administer it hours ago. He cringed at the taste and lay back after the third one was swallowed.

"Now that Sleeping Draught will take about five minutes as you know. Relax and no more arguing, you two!" Adam smiled and left the two of them alone. Severus was already closing his eyes, his hand reaching for his wife's. He'd been in labor for the better part of the day since Adam had been in the middle of another Muggle birth and couldn't arrive at St. Mungo's until that was finished.

"Now that's better. Close to a Cruciatus." He sighed in relief and allowed himself to relax as the pain faded.

"I love you, Severus, you know that. You could have terminated, but you didn't."

"Our baby. Love you," he mumbled and drifted off, his fingers going slack in her hand, but she held them anyway. Hermione smiled at her husband and kissed his forehead. A moment later, a witch came in and with a swish and flick, levitated Severus and his bed up, down the hall, and into the surgical delivery room.

'I'm in hell, aren't 1?' Severus thought as noises, voices became coherent around him. He thought about continuing to pretend to sleep, but Hermione, and of course Dumbledore, knew him too well.

"Oh, good, Severus." He felt a set of soft lips on his cheek and he gave a half smile as he opened his eyes. Thankfully the room was half lit only by the open shades.

"Hermione?"

"Everything's fine, love."

"What is it?"

"A little boy. He looks just like you, Severus," Hermione whispered and brought the blue blanket wrapped bundle up to his line of sight. He looked inside to find his black straight hair and dark blue eyes. Dear lord, the poor child had his nose. He sighed. "I think he's beautiful, Sev."

"You have a wonderful son, Severus. And he's quite famous now, thanks to his... unique start to the world." Dumbledore was standing near the window with Potter and Weasley, neither of whom could look him in the eye. Not that he minded. He would have preferred that his wife hadn't invited them at all.

"So, it's all over?" He hated the whiny sound, but hell, men just weren't meant to bear children.

"Yeah, the scar won't even show, and look, your tummy's back." She smiled and shifted their son into his arms. He looked down at the little parasite that had inhabited his body for the last eight and a half months.

He had a son.

He had a son who was starting to cry.

"What's wrong with him?"

"I think he's hungry, Severus. Don't worry."

Ron looked at his former instructor, his head cocked to one side. "So, does that mean Professor Snape's going to breastfeed?"

The End

A/N~~ I hope you enjoy this. Oh, for the joys of Polyjuice. Heck, I'd be happy with a good pain relief potion, but then, that's what the epidural is for. And, yep, Radcliff is in honor of Daniel.