

Polyjuice Cravings

by Marti

A pregnant Severus wants something

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Chapter 1 of 1

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"Are you sleeping?"

"Yes."

"No, you're not. Roll over."

"No. I'm comfortable. Go back to sleep."

"I can't. I have heartburn. And I'm thirsty."

"So? Go get a drink."

"I don't want to get out of bed. Would you go get me one?"

"... Do I have to?"

"If you ever want sex again, then yes."

"Fine."

Hermione rolled out of bed, stomped to the bathroom, got an antacid tablet from the medicine chest and ran the cold water for a couple of minutes. She scowled, looking at her reflection in the mirror above her. 'Like I should cast a reflection! After waiting on King Whine-ass night and day for the last four months, you'd think I'd turned into a vampire. Never get to see the sun, trapped in the dungeon with him 'cause he's afraid someone might discover his secret. Turning into a bloody vampire,' she ranted to herself and filled the glass, turning to go back into the bedroom.

Severus had moved to sit up in the bed, his back supported by the three pillows he now had to have constantly. He was only six months along, thanks to their little Polyjuice sexcapade six months before, but hardly looked that big. Right now, he just looked like a middle aged man with a beer belly. But his kicked and bounced at night. Usually into the small of her back while he was trying to snuggle against her. She couldn't wait for his 'ordeal' to end: it was driving her nuts. Sighing, she handed him the tablets and the glass, waiting with her eyes half-closed as he ever so slowly drank the water.

"Thank you, love."

"Welcome. Can I go back to sleep now?" Hermione climbed into her side of the bed before waiting for his answer and rolled to her side away from him. Severus grinned and reached over to stroke her hip. He looked down at himself. Although the baby made it difficult, he could still see his erection, and his theory was that if he could still see

it, he could still use it. During the first trimester, he hadn't wanted his wife's touch, and they'd forgone lovemaking, especially since he got sick at the most inopportune times. Last month was the first time he'd really wanted to be with Hermione, but he just kept feeling her pull away from him.

"Hermione? Would you like sex now?"

"Maybe after I've finally slept more than two hours at a time, Severus. I'm tired, sweetheart." She yawned and flung her arm over her head, pulling the blanket up with her. Severus sighed in disappointment, but he understood how she felt. She'd been helping him so much since they'd discovered the results of their experiment that he didn't think it was fair to ask more of her.

He looked down at his still raging erection and reached down to stroke it instead. He was more sensitive now and only a few strokes had him thrusting his hips into his hand. He grunted and bent one leg, pushing his balls against his body. His other hand rubbed first one then the other tight hard nipple, squeezing and pinching them as he felt his balls start to tighten.

Suddenly, he felt Hermione's hand replacing his, and he moaned at the contact.

"Hermione?"

"I'll sleep later." She had rolled over and sat up, stroking him while pulling her nightshirt off over her head. As always, she slept without underwear. Quickly, with a short kiss, she straddled his waist and guided his cock into her tight, wet heat. He moaned and thrust his head back against the pillow. She rode him quickly, giggling down at the baby kicking against her pubic bone as she thrust down on her husband. Then she moaned as she felt a small orgasm take over her tired body, rippling through her as she felt Severus come deep inside her, releasing in short spasms. She slowed her thrusts, and then started to drop on top of him before remembering that the baby was there first. She slid over to lie against him, maneuvering until her head rested on his shoulder.

"Cheeky woman. Made me do all my own work, and then you just take right over."

"Yeah, well, I was tired. If it makes you feel better, I'll do something for you later."

"No, love. It's no fun if I can't see you when you're sucking my cock," he sighed in the dark. She slapped his arm then rolled over to her other side.

"Who said anything about that? I was thinking about giving you a back rub."

"And how do you do that? I can't roll on my stomach. The watermelon is in the way, remember?"

"How can I forget? You talk about the pregnancy constantly. Excuse me, not talk, but bitch."

"Forgive me for not being comfortable, my love. I won't bother you any bloody more!" he snapped and rolled to face away from her too.

Hermione sighed and counted to one hundred. Her husband's mood swings were causing hers to fly every which way. She felt for men who ran themselves ragged when their pregnant women made them go out in the middle of the night for some obnoxious food that only pregnant women want.

"Severus, I'm sorry. I shouldn't snap so. I'm not used to you being so moody."

"I'm not moody!" he practically yelled.

"Fine, you're not moody. Your students are all afraid to talk in your classes because of the Boggart in the cupboard, not the great black bat who's assigning more detention than Filch can manage," Hermione snickered. "Not to mention the Great Hall is quieter in the last four months than it has, oh, ever been! Because why? Oh, yes, because they're terrified the emotional Potions master will yell at them." Hermione rolled back over, on a tangent now. "Let's not forget that *your* House has lost more points than any other because you can hear them in their common room and it bothers you! Hell, it bothers you when they breathe anymore."

"There's a good point, you know," he muttered a few seconds later.

"And that would be?"

"You don't bother me. You're the love of my black life, my little Gryffindor."

Hermione drew up short, unable to continue her tirade.

"I'm sorry, Severus. I'm not used to you being quite so snarky."

"I'm not used to being weepy either. At least the students haven't seen me like that."

"Sev." Hermione swallowed and looked into the darkness, tears gathering in the corners of her eyes. "Why didn't you abort the fetus when Poppy found out? You knew, somewhat at least, how difficult it would be to continue with the pregnancy."

Severus rolled over toward her until they were facing each other. He reached over and grasped her hand, linking their fingers together. He lifted them to his lips and ran his lips across her fingers, kissing them softly.

"You ask me this all the time, love. The answer hasn't changed. It's our baby. It's half of you, half of me, something that when together, makes more than its parts. Babies are miracles, the only true miracles in our world. Does it matter how the baby was conceived? Not to me. Not as long as we don't advertise it."

"I'll stop that full page spread I ordered in **Witch Weekly** then," Hermione joked, reaching up to stroke the stubbly cheek in front of her. "I do love you, Severus. I've just been tired lately. The last week has been so stressful and... tiring," she finished lamely.

"I know I'm asking a great deal. Only another couple of months before the baby comes, though. That's something good. Then you can take over!" he joked. She swatted him again, but she agreed. She couldn't wait until the baby came, even if she wasn't the one carrying it. When she felt vindictive, it made her happy Severus was the one having their baby.

"Let's get some sleep, Severus. I'm sure the Slytherins will be getting up early and raising a ruckus with their heavy breathing," she teased. He laughed softly and kissed her hand again.

"Good night, love."

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"Poppy, can I have a Pepper-up Potion? Severus kept me awake all night again. Running me ragged, he is." Hermione yawned as she entered the infirmary. She looked at the cots longingly.

"No."

"What do you mean, no?" Hermione's new feature, a scowl, came immediately to her face at Poppy's response.

"I can't give it out for more than three days in a row. I have to do an examination if you continue to need it. Go, lie down and wait for me."

"I'll just lie down if you promise not to let Severus in here. It's like the man has a bloody 'Hermione's in bed' detector," she grumbled under her breath.

Poppy laughed and motioned for the younger witch to go to the nearest exam bed.

"Have you been feeling ill?"

"Does sick of Severus' whining count?" Hermione countered. Poppy shook her head ruefully. "I'm just really tired, Poppy. I'll be fine soon if you just give me something to keep me awake."

"I told you, I can't. Now, lie back and relax."

Hermione laid prone and watched Poppy. She was tempted to close her eyes, but she knew she'd probably fall right to sleep. She watched the medi-witch wave her wand over her body, from head to toe, then back up again. It glowed a bright yellow over her abdomen, and Hermione stared at the wand, then back to Poppy.

"You're joking."

Poppy laughed and shook her head, sitting on the cot nearby.

"First Severus, then you. You're a very fertile couple, Hermione," Poppy laughed some more, tears running down her cheeks as she wiped them away to only start over when she looked at the young witch lying in stunned silence. "You're only three weeks, too. Taking care of Severus must be wearing you down, indeed."

"I need a good sleep!"

"Something is happening in the bedchamber, at least. Stay here until lunch. Oh, gods, I'm just thinking about you and Severus with that big stomach of his." Poppy started laughing again as she pulled the privacy curtain around the new mother-to-be. Hermione sighed and closed her eyes, her hands covering her stomach immediately. Now that she had a chance to sleep, it wouldn't come so easily considering what Poppy had told her. 'A baby. Another baby. What where they going to do with babies only a few months apart? It'd be like twins. Would Severus be mad?'

Hermione fell asleep ruminating over it all. Severus found her three hours later when she'd missed lunch and the class afterward. He looked down at his sleeping wife and smiled. She really had been wonderful during the last few months. She was right: he had been horrible, not only to his students, which was expected, but to her. He sat on the edge of the cot and cupped one breast, stroking her nipple through her thin shirt. She moaned and batted his hand away, trying to turn away from him. He grinned and heaved himself down so he could drop a gentle kiss on her lips. She opened her eyes slowly and looked up at her husband.

"Good afternoon," he whispered.

"Hi, Severus."

"I'll try not to bother you so much. I hadn't realized just how tired you were, love."

"I'm pregnant," she blurted out, cringing as she waited for the explosion. She looked back at him when nothing happened. He was staring down at her. "Severus?"

And like Poppy, he burst into hard laughter, holding his stomach as if in pain, doubled over.

"Oh, dear. We certainly are a pair, aren't we?" he laughed.

"You're not mad?"

"Hell, no. Now you're going to know how I've felt these last few weeks!" He grinned at her cheerfully, and if any of his students had seen him then, they'd think he was possessed.

A/N...Thanks to everyone who has reviewed my previous 'Polyjuice' stories. I couldn't believe how much people enjoyed reading them!

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