

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

"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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