

Gifts

by snitchette

This story is a sequel to Dead Man's Ear, written by Angel Mischa. Severus Snape is thinking about all the gifts Hermione has given him since the beginning of their relationship.

Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N:

This is my first attempt to write anything and I really hope you will enjoy it.

This fic is largely inspired by "Dead Man's Ear", written by Angel Mischa. It's not necessary to read it first but I encourage you to do so as it's a fabulous story. Of course I'm posting here with her entire authorization. She was also kind enough to beta it for me. I wish to give her my hugest thanks for all her advices and corrections: You're wonderful. Thank you so much.

I'm in love with no wait I love the most fabulous woman in the world. And she always gives me the most beautiful gifts I could imagine. You could suppose we have known each other for so long that she knows me, what I like and the kind. But no. Our story began not so long ago. Would you hear it? You're lucky I'm in the mood to talk today and I don't have anything else to do at the moment.

As you know, I was supposed to be dead in the Shrieking Shack just before the end of that devil I was forced to call My Lord for so many years. But you know me: I'm full of resources. Just after Potter left I barely had time to activate the Portkey that never left me after Albus' death. It led me to a private Wizarding clinic. And the Healers there saved me. I woke up some days later to learn about the final battle and my being a hero but not wanting to return to that world.

So I sort of hid in the Muggle world where no one knew me. And I spent some Fridays in that pub near the place I lived, forgetting my miserable life in alcohol. One night, she came in, sat beside me and drank with me, barely surprised that I was alive. We spoke little. She came back the next Friday, waiting for me to arrive. I suggested we continue at my place. The third Friday, she met with me directly at my home, catching me before I left for the bar. That was the first time we slept together. When I woke up, she was gone. After that night, she came every Friday, always leaving before dawn, for almost two months. I think that's when I became addicted to her. Eventually, I told her I love her. She still came to me, so it appeared she needed our encounters as much as I.

But I wished to get out of my hiding and be alive in the face of the world. She didn't want me to. I told her to leave, even if at the moment, that broke my heart. After a few weeks of self pity, I decided it was time for me to take back my place in that world I hadn't like until now. A world which I hadn't realised that I craved to be part of.

So I was there in Flourish and Blotts, wandering the alleys, waiting for someone to recognise me. Suddenly, the owner of the shop was before me and congratulated me for all I did. I was beaming. I never saw her. But she was the one to tell the seller who I was: the famous Professor Severus Snape, dreaded teacher, ex Death Eater and War Hero.

That's when, without my knowing, she gave me her first gift: my life back.

A few months passed. Minerva asked me to resume my old post as Potions teacher for the next school year. Unexpectedly, I accepted. I knew then I was going to see her again.

Indeed she came to me every Friday night, and before she left, I always managed to confess my love to her. I still woke up alone though.

Eventually, Christmas came. The students had left some days ago. I spent time looking for the perfect gift for her. I ended with a book. Safe gift. As it was Friday, I expected her to arrive soon. All went as usual, and I felt inspired: I asked her to stay all night. To my great surprise and joy, she agreed, and we didn't leave my quarters for the rest of the week-end. That's what I thought was her first gift to me: her body if nothing else.

I was so happy I pushed her too far. I asked her to move in with me in the dungeons. She refused and left after a terrible fight. She wouldn't listen to me. So I decided to stop trying. Maybe we weren't made for each other after all. Obviously, she avoided me, leaving her chambers only when it was required, leaving me terribly hurt.

Days passed. One night, a Saturday for a change, she broke into my office in tears. She said she loved me and was sorry she had needed so much time to realize it. And, if I was still okay with it she would gladly transfer all of her belongings by the evening. At that moment, I thought that I could have flown away with happiness, if I weren't rooted to the floor by her words. I just put my arms around her and hugged her hard for a very long time. She was giving me another beautiful gift: her heart for my birthday.

From that day, things went relatively smoothly. We tried to be discreet around the students. The Wizarding World is known to be conservative, and free couples are not so common and not very well accepted.

Valentine's Day was coming. I planned to propose to her that night, taking the risk of her refusal. I arranged a romantic dinner by the lake with music and French cuisine. There were flowers, lilies and roses. Her favourites. When dessert arrived, I dropped on one knee and offered her the little black velvet covered box that hadn't left me since I had bought it three days ago. I chose a simple diamond on a platinum band. Honestly, she couldn't do better than an engagement ring for a Valentine's gift, could she? I was so terribly wrong.

She surprised me once more. Instead of answering my question, she just announced to me with a soft voice that she was pregnant and had conceived at Christmas when she stayed with me. Missing the potion for three nights was all it took. I swear, as long as I live, I will never forget the look in her eyes at that moment. Anxious with hope, joy ready to burst at every moment, depending on my reaction. I just took the ring out of the box and slipped it onto her finger. We kissed ... and never touched the dessert.

I lived the next few months in a dream. The preparations of our wedding, in June just after the last exams, were exhausting. Everyone wished to help, to be there for us, to share our happiness. Each night, she would lie beside me and I could watch her for hours, looking reverently at her belly, observing it growing softly, protecting our child.

I knew I was supposed to offer her a wedding gift. But that made me slightly nervous. I couldn't expect more of her. Not in a million years. She had given me everything already. Nonetheless, it appeared she always had something up her sleeve. But not this time. I found THE book. An Arithmancy book. It was supposed to have been destroyed long ago. It took me time to find it. I wrapped it carefully with red paper and a gold bow (could you imagine that, me, Slytherin by all means, involved with Gryffindor colours?).

I was so proud of me, I really needed some time to recover from the shock. Not only was she standing there, right in front of me, being my present. Not only had she given me her body, her heart, a baby, in one word: my future. But that particular day, our wedding's eve, a Friday night of course, she gave me my past back: my mother. She had kept looking after me for all these years without my knowing: Poppy Pomfrey. She explained to me with much emotion that she had to leave and change her name to protect herself. But that's too long a story for now. I couldn't help but fall to my knees and cry all the tears I held when I was a little boy, not wanting to appear weak.

We've been married for three months now. Here I am, waiting for my first meeting with my child. Once again a Friday. My mother is supposed to call me when she's delivered him or her. We argued a lot about that. I wanted a girl. And she a boy. To "perpetuate the Snape name" she said. We still haven't come up with a single name. We can't agree on anything as she will only consider boy's names and me girl's.

It seems I heard a wail. I think I should go. Poppy, no, Mum is calling me to enter the bedroom.

There she is, my little treasure, lying on the bed, sweat shining on her forehead. She seems exhausted yet very peaceful at the same time. With a strange smile on her lips. I approach the bed and kiss her lightly, then I turn around to take a look at the baby and burst out with laughing. I hadn't seen that one coming. My precious wife has another gift for me: twins. A boy and a girl.

Me, Severus Snape, the Death Eater turned spy, the greasy git, the bat of the dungeons, has become a father. And a very soft one at that.

I can't imagine what next Christmas will be like.

And all these years, I thought that a good book was quite a gift.

A/N: As it's my first writing, I'm very interested in what you think of it.