

So In Love With You

by savine_snape

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however, unforeseen circumstances conspire to interrupt their celebrations... What
happens next?
Rating is for later chapters.

Chapter One

Chapter 1 of 2

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A/N This is my first venture in writing a full story rather than just my usual, safe drabble writing. It is written as a thank you to my lovely beta Lestatswife, who has patiently corrected my grammar and cheered for me when I have doubted what I have written.

Thanks go out to AngelMischa who turned this first chapter around for me at the speed of light.

Many thanks also go to her for encouraging me to dip my toes into the water initially at GS100.

Chapter One: Introduction

Severus Snape was slowly making his ways from his research labs, which were attached to the teaching labs he shared with the junior Potions professor, towards the office of Headmistress McGonagall. Everything had changed since that awful night some six years previously when Hogwarts had borne witness to the worst battle in recent Wizard history. When The-Boy-Who-Lived-To-Blight-His-Life, with the other two members of the Hapless Trio, had dispensed with the wizard formerly known as Tom Riddle.

Gone were the stark black teaching robes which prior to the Battle of Hogwarts acted as the professor's exterior armour against the rest of the wizarding world. After all, as a double agent in the fight against Tom Riddle, it had been too dangerous to allow anyone to penetrate his defences.

His life now was unrecognisable compared with the years in the build-up to the final great battle. Oh, he was still a surly, uncompromising bastard, but one person in particular had been able to penetrate the previously cast iron barriers and enter the heart, yes - the professor had a heart - and encouraged him to learn to love with passion rather than obsession.

Today Severus Snape was wearing a pair of charcoal grey slacks with a crisp white shirt that was not completely buttoned up. Admittedly, he was nowhere near as much of a wizarding pin-up as Lockhart, but his wife would argue that he was one hundred times more engaging than the jumped up Lockhart who still lay languishing in St Mungo's.

Headmistress McGonagall had battled hard to get Severus to return to Hogwarts once he had recovered from Nagini's attack and had been cleared of all charges by the Wizengamot relating to the death of Albus Dumbledore and his activities as a Death Eater. She had agreed to his wish to no longer teach anything but NEWT level Potions, enabling him to pursue his dream of potion research.

Heck, he had even developed a close working relationship with one Professor Neville Longbottom. Neville had never been cut out for the Potions lab; however, his knowledge and understanding of Herbology was second only to Pomona Sprout. Severus had not been the least bit surprised that Neville was offered the post when Pomona announced her intent to retire. They had recently worked closely together on manipulating the Wolfsbane Potion to increase the efficiency and lessen the side effects.

Turning the corner, Severus was greeted by the sight of two Slytherin pupils coming as close to sucking each other's faces off as he had ever seen.

"Ten points from Slytherin, Mr Thomas! And another ten for your behaviour, Miss Richards," Severus snarled. "Get back to the common room. I hope you realise how much it pains me to take points from my own House, and you can both report to Filch tonight for detention."

The young couple turned and ran away quickly before their joint Head of House decided to take more points off them. He heard them complain about why things hadn't changed since he'd got married, and he thought to himself that in truth they had got off lightly.

Ascending the last staircase, he pondered about what could be so urgent that Minerva had decided to summon him to her office on a Wednesday evening. He was pretty sure that she had a whist drive with the other older members of staff on a Wednesday evening. Muttering the password to the guard gargoyle, Severus waited patiently to enter Minerva's office and seek the solution to his question.

Minutes later Severus sat in the current Headmistress' office, slowly swirling the last few drops of his firewhisky around the glass whilst staring into the fireplace.

"It is, of course, as you say, Minerva, a golden opportunity. However, I am sure that it has not slipped your astute mind that Monday is in fact a very significant date for me."

"Severus," Minerva purred, "I am well aware that Monday marks your first anniversary as a married couple, but Hermione will, I am sure, encourage you to embrace this chance. It doesn't happen all that often that you are invited to speak about your research, and to be named as the Guest Speaker... Come now, Severus, surely you are a little intrigued about the offer."

"Headmistress, don't misinterpret my reluctance to accept this opportunity as an out right refusal to attend. I am more concerned that Hermione will not take kindly to my absence on that particular date. You are aware, of course, as to how gifted my beloved wife is with any number of hexes and curses. I hope you can understand my reluctance to be hexed seven ways into next week!" He found himself almost shouting the last sentence.

"I am sure you overreact, Severus. Yes, Hermione can be... flighty," at this Severus let a huff escape his tightly pursed lips, "but she will understand that this is indeed an offer to be carefully considered."

Just then, a noise could be heard from the portrait behind Minerva's head.

"Minerva, can you not see that the boy wishes to celebrate his first anniversary at least in the same country as his wife."

"Albus," Minerva was employing her Headmistress voice, "the conference is not being held at the end of the world. It would not take more than an hour to get back."

"Minnie," Albus employed his pet name for his wife, "think back to our first anniversary. It is quite possibly more important than any other, is it not? I remember that we made a fuss at the end of our first year. Maybe Severus wishes to whisk Hermione off to some secluded place and not surface for several days." The portrait's eyes still managed to twinkle annoyingly with that certain air of wickedness.

"If you will excuse me," Severus gave a small bow to them both. "I think I need to go discuss matters with my wife. After all, like I said, I have no real desire to be hexed or cursed by Hermione."

With that, Severus departed in a swirl of black. Making his way slowly down to the dungeon level of Hogwarts, Severus pondered his plan of attack. Such a lot had changed since the fall of Voldemort. He himself was now able to devote more time to enhancing the Wolfsbane Potion to alleviate as many of the side effects as possible. His young wife had surpassed his achievements both in the NEWT's and in the fact that she gained her Mistress level in Potions in record breaking time. Not that he had ever doubted her talent. Had it not been for the fact that he had been leading a duplicitous lifestyle whilst Hermione was a student in his classroom, he would have felt no restraint with effusing praise for her skills with ingredients and mixing.

Severus' arrival back at their dungeon apartment was greeted with the smell of his favourite meal being cooked.

"You're back," Hermione greeted her husband with a soft peck on his left cheek.

"That much is obvious, love," he replied, returning the kiss.

"So, what was so important that Minerva had to call you to her office at this hour?"

"Sit, my dear, we have much to discuss."

Hermione did not like the sound of her husband's tone; reluctantly, she sat next to him by the fireplace, and casting a stasis charm on the evening meal, she snuggled up to her husband. Taking in a deep breath to absorb the mixture of smells that were quintessentially Severus Snape, even now she found the mixture of Potions ingredients and sandalwood soap intoxicating.

Chapter Two - Explanations and Revelations.

Chapter 2 of 2

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I must also thank two wonderful people. First sc010f, thank you for alpha reading this chapter. Secondly, thank you so much to Subversa, for whipping this chapter into the beautiful shiny piece that it is. I appreciate all your hard work. You are something really special. I hope all goes well with your studying.

Severus pulled Hermione to his side, surreptitiously breathing in her subtle perfume: a scent he had developed for her as a Valentine's Day gift. It was a distinct mix of jasmine, vanilla orchid, and neroli with a subtle hint of sandalwood. Turning to the drinks table, Severus Summoned the decanter of Ogden's Finest Firewhisky and two crystal tumblers.

After pouring two generous glasses of Ogden's Finest, Severus turned to Hermione, lifting her chin from his chest and looking into her deep amber eyes as he offered her one of the glasses of Firewhisky.

"Minerva, as you know, asked me to join her in her office once lessons were completed as she had something important to discuss with me." Severus slowly caressed the side of Hermione's face as he continued to speak "She has received an urgent missive from The Potion Masters' Research Guild. I, too, received a similar communication. To cut a long story short, Horace Slughorn has had to withdraw at short notice from next week's conference in Paris because of unforeseen circumstances."

"But... we've already discussed this," Hermione whispered as tears began to appear.

"Hush, my little nymph," Severus soothed. "Yes, we did talk this through. Yes, we did agree that I would not go this year, especially given Monday's significance. However, with Horace unable to attend and with it being such short notice, they have asked if I would present the findings of Neville's and my research with the Wolfsbane Potion."

Severus loved Hermione dearly, with a purity that had been lacking with Lily. He had even come to realise he had not truly loved Lily. Yes, he had been infatuated, but it was a far cry from the feelings he had for his little nymph. She had progressively and persistently broken down the carefully constructed barriers he had erected over his years as a double agent. In fact, her persistence had occupied most of the six months he had spent recuperating, first in St Mungo's and finally in the hospital wing at Hogwarts, under Poppy's close supervision.

Hermione had been the one to return to him as he lay prone on the floor of the Shrieking Shack; it had been she who had found the vial of anti-venom on the chain around his neck, and she who had summoned both Poppy and the St Mungo's Healer to aid Severus. She had borne the brunt of his bad moods, depression and anger whilst he had made slow, steady progress.

Against all the odds, the insufferable, impertinent little nymph had worn him down and forced him to open up to his feelings about everything that had happened, something that not even Albus had managed to achieve in all the years he had known Severus. Slowly but surely, a grudging friendship had progressed to respect, then to desire and finally to mutual, unassailable love. It had taken Severus by surprise how elated he had felt when Hermione had rushed to his side to open her NEWTs results letter, how he had been the one with whom she had shared drinks when she had been accepted as an apprentice by the same Potions master who had trained him, and how much pride he felt when she had gained her Mistress status, ahead of schedule.

"Hush my dear; I long to be nowhere but by your side this coming Monday. It would be very remiss of me to miss our first anniversary and celebrate it apart from you; I would not be able to bear that." Looking deeply into her eyes he sighed. "However, it would also be an accomplishment to present the paper to a group of my peers."

"Severus, I know how much the research means to both you and Neville, and I wouldn't want to stand in your way. I suppose we could always celebrate later in the week."

Hermione was only too well aware of how much the research meant to both Severus and Neville. Both had developed a budding friendship with Remus during the run up to the last great battle against Tom Riddle. When Hermione had told Severus that Remus had been left for dead, the fear and sorrow that had shown in Severus' face had nearly been her undoing. So many times as she had filled Severus in on what had happened after Nagini bit him, she had had cause to hold her breath and hope that her information would not cause a relapse.

Remus had barely survived the war, and he and his son, Teddy, mourned the loss of Tonks daily. Remus was reminded of Tonks whenever Teddy demonstrated his Metamorphmagus tendencies. It had been a huge relief to Severus when Remus had visited him once he was transferred back to Hogwarts. However, Remus was leaner and bore more scars than Severus cared to remember. Gone was the prejudice that had blighted their schoolboy days, to be replaced by shared interests and a longing to preserve their current uneasy peace. The Potters had, to Severus' relief, offered Remus and Teddy the attic area of Grimmauld Place after it was transformed into a spacious living area. Ginny embraced her role as Teddy's surrogate mother with the gusto and bravery that was associated with the Weasley family, and Remus had somewhere safe to transform into a werewolf when there was a full moon.

Pulling his impulsive Gryffindor as close as he possibly could, Severus planted a soothing kiss on her tense lips. "Oh, my little nymph, I thought my life would be simpler after the war." He sighed into her hair and stroked her cheek with his right thumb. "My research is important to me, and I want to present the findings of the improvements we've seen in the side effects of the Wolfsbane Potion. I am loathe to miss our special day, though; I want us to celebrate together." He pulled back a bit to look into her face. "What about coming with me? I'm sure Draco could cover Monday's classes for us."

Hermione seemed to ponder Severus's offer for her to join him. Before she could answer, he rose from the settee and offered his hand to her. He led her through to the dinning area where Hermione had laid the table for their evening meal.

"Come, it is getting late; we should eat." Severus pulled Hermione's chair out for her before sitting across the table from her.

In the blink of an eye, Winky appeared with the starter, and the two began to eat. Together, they consumed their meal in near silence, broken only by stilted conversation. Severus appreciated the effort she had invested and began to wonder what had prompted her to prepare such a feast.

Once sated, the pair retired to sit before the fireplace.

Swallowing audibly, Hermione embraced all of her Gryffindor courage and grabbed the moment to bestow her news upon her unsuspecting husband. "Severus, I know we still have much to discuss about the offer that has been extended to you, but I have news of my own, which I hope will thrill you."

"Come now, woman, what is it you need to say?" Severus drawled lazily as sleep attempted to claim him.

"We discussed, did we not, the prospect of having a family?"

"Indeed we did. What of it?" Severus stirred from his partial slumber. Rubbing his face with the palms of his hands he turned to face Hermione.

"We agreed to let nature take its own course, to leave it to Nimue. Well I have news for you, my dear. I saw Poppy earlier today and..." Hermione paused, unsure of how Severus would respond.

"Come now, my little nymph, I am tired; it has been a long day. I wish to get out of these clothes and settle in between the bed sheets with my little lioness." His hand idly caressed Hermione's unclothed arm.

"Severus, I'm pregnant!" Hermione blurted.

With a start, Severus jerked the hand that was drowsily rubbing Hermione's arm. "What did you just say?"