

Positive

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Written for the 'Muggle Devices' challenge on GS100.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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"What's this, woman?"

Snape held the offensive, white plastic stick into the air.

"Severus Snape, how dare you go through the belongings in my handbag?"

The witch glared at him indignantly, hands on her hips and angry flushes coloring her cheeks.

"Since *my* apprentice looks and behaves like something Hagrid would adopt, I repeat my question: Woman, what is this?"

"Nothing of your concern, *Master*. Now give it back to me."

"No."

"What?"

"No, not until you explain why it says 'positive'."

"Because the result was positive. Now give it back."

"What kind of result?" The witch was hiding something.

"You only asked me to explain why it says 'positive', not what 'positive' means. Now give it back."

The witch approached him, holding her hand out to him in an impatient gesture.

He frowned.

"I refuse to do anything like that until you explain yourself, witch."

Damn. Her eyes were welling. Again. He could see it. Merlin, what was this whole crying thing all about lately?

"I will do no such thing. Good day, *Master.*"

The witch spun on her heels, slamming the door behind her.

Snape placed the white thing on the table, pinching the bridge of his nose.

He could feel it. The headache was coming as sure as Albus' next offer of lemon drops.

What the hell was wrong with the troublesome witch? She had been distracted these last days. It had culminated with her rendering a batch of Dreamless Sleep completely useless yesterday.

But what infuriated Snape even more was that he had the feeling she was distancing herself from him. She had even refused to share his bed this week...

And he had missed her, had missed the feeling of waking up next to her warm body. Damn, he had grown accustomed to her presence.

A door opened.

"Severus, are you here?"

His throbbing head buried in his hands, Snape choked a heartfelt groan.

"I am not in the mood, Albus."

"My boy, I am sure our lovely Miss Granger will be delighted to brew you a headache potion. Lemon drop?"

"Our lovely Miss Granger is indisposed at the moment. Now leave me alone, Albus."

"Oh, I heard this should happen quite often with pregnant women."

"With *whom?*"

"Pregnant women."

"Miss Granger is not pregnant."

Dumbledore gave the plastic thing an annoyingly smug look.

"Well, this Muggle pregnancy test tells otherwise. Unless it's yours, Severus."

Snape slammed his fist against the wood.

"Witch, open the door."

"No."

"Granger, we need to talk, and I refuse to do it while standing in the staircase of Black's hovel."

"Then go away."

"Hermione, please."

Heartbeats passed before wood croaked, revealing the witch's tear-streaked face.

"Well, you wanted to talk?"

"May I come in?"

"No."

Snape ran a hand over his face.

"Fine."

"What do you want?"

"You are pregnant."

"Yes."

"Damn, witch, why didn't you say anything?"

"Because it's none of your business."

"This is *my* fucking business."

The witch sighed.

"You don't even like children, Severus."

"I never said that."

"No, Severus, you said – wait, I have got to get your exquisite choice of words right: *'I'd rather drown myself before having my life dictated by these noisy, biscuit munching, little monsters.'*"

Had he said that? He had said that. *Damn.*

"I meant Potter's brats, woman."

"The meaning was quite clear, Severus."

"Hermione."

"What?"

Snape cupped her face with both hands.

"I am convinced that our children won't become noisy, biscuit munching, little monsters."

"*Our* children?"

Hell, he had to do something about this crying thing.

"*Our* children. And now shut up and kiss me."