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Chapter 1: OOOPS! or ... The First Trimester by Darklady

Author's Notes:

Note: I was just considering how MPRG is universally considered an offshoot of slash - and then I realized that it didn't actually HAVE to be. If you know what I mean. So...

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Third Note: I think I got Pixi Pox from someone. (No - not literally! Scratches - just in case.) I don't remember who- but my thanks. If you're here - drop me a note.

A Nose for Magic

Chapter 1: OOOPS! or ... The First Trimester

by Darklady

Disclaimer: I don't own the characters and I have little hope of owning them in the future. (Well - there IS always the lottery. I COULD win. But it still wouldn't be enough to buy out JKR.) This story is mine. To my great sorrow, no one is planing to pay me for it. So - no violations intended.

Fandom: Harry Potter (no spoilers)

Rated: PG

Slash?: Some.

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Archive: Here for now. Maybe elsewhere later. We'll see.

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He had been busy.

He had been distracted.

He had been... Snape snapped his robe sharply as he turned the corner back to his quarters... an idiot.

At first he had thought the small bump on his nose was an ensuiant wart.

How cliché. Not to mention that - while wicked - he was hardly a witch.

He had owled for a tube of Wart-B-Gon. (Commercial crap, but he had been - as mentioned - BUSY. Much too busy to spend an hour brewing when Voldemort was poised for his final assault.)

It hadn't worked.

The wart cream, that is.

At his next glance at the mirror the blemish was bigger then ever.

No surprise. That had just confirmed his opinion that commercial potions WERE crap - but by then he had been in the middle of the Dark Lord's elaborate plan to infect Dumbledore with Pixi Pox, dispel the school wards, and... oh yes... kill the Potter brat.

Which - by the by - hadn't worked out either.

Potter 200 points.

Deathaters 0.

Then there had been a two day stay in St. Mungo's being generally ignored, (Why the hell, Snape had wondered, did they call it observation when nobody came by to observe you. Or to answer the buzzer when you needed a drink. Or a better wart potion.)

Then two weeks brewing up potions for those *not* fortunate enough to escape the infection. His own House among them. Pixi Pox always hit purebloods worst.

Naturally the last thing on his mind had been his appearance.

So when the month of scratching and scabbing had quieted and the last student had been dispatched on holiday and Hogwarts had been quiet again?

When he had had a chance to look in the mirror?

The supposed wart was... clearly not a wart. More like a festering boil. What had been a small pea had bloomed to something the size of a large grape - and nearly as green. His already yellow skin was stretched over a ball of pussey fluid.

He had leaned closer, considering whether he should lance the boil or just pop it. Neither the best choice, Snape had conceded - given the obvious dangers of open wounds inside a potions lab - but better then looking like the cliché villain in a muggle fairy tale. While he was considering the point, he had noticed... something. Inside.

Moving.

Panicked... make the concerned ... he had run... ahem... dropped by to see Poppy Pomfrey.

Snape remembered every minute as clearly as any Pensive.

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The school nurse watched with evident concern as Snape fingered the tender side of his nose.

"A remnant of the Infestus curse?" Unlikely. Even at it's most powerful, it tended to induce *minor* diseases. To wit and in situ - Pixi Pox. But there *had* been that infestation of toads back in 1262. Skin worms back in 412. Very well - that last was natural. And to muggles. Still....

"Perhaps." Pomfrey carefully not-argued. Which was more nerve raking then any plague. " The magic signature is..."

She waved her wand - and a tiny glowing fetus appeared in mid-air.

"Good Merlin!" Snape shot up from his chair. "How is that possible!"

Except? With a gut-sinking Snape knew.

Double Potions - about a month before the battle.

That he remembered too.

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"Fecundus Potion."

He hadn't even needed his usual inspiration (Voldemort, first years, and how much more this year's idiot was making teaching the DADA class) to get the tone of loathing into his voice.

"Normally a controlled substance, but today apparently a shower gel, thanks to Mr. Longbottom's clumsiness." If looks could kill - a certain Gryffindor would have been Kadavra'd on the spot.

Snape paused a moment, enjoying the sight of the seventh year boys trying to mop up the splattered mess without touching it - themselves - or anything else in the room.

"For the young ladies." He stepped back sharply as Bulstrode stumbled by. Life in Slytherin was complicated enough. "Blessedly there is an antidote." He shot a look at the dripping redhead who had tactically stepped behind a table. Out of reach. "Lord knows we don't need another Weasley in the world."

"For the gentlemen, or at least the Y chromosome remainder of this assembly, the matter is less reparable." He glowered at Draco, who had one finger raised and was gazing consideringly at Hermione Granger. "You will have to wait for the effect to wear off. Which means for the next 24 hours you are more fertile then a Weasley in heat."

Snape caught the redheaded boy's unvoiced objection. He mentally deducted two points from Gryffindor. "Do not touch your quondam girlfriends. Or boyfriends." He

shot a sneer at Zambini. Mostly just because he could. "Do not - this I most clearly stress - touch *yourselves*. If possible - and in view of your adolescent impulses I add this as a futile gesture - even *think* about sex."

"In the hands of a strong potions master." Snape preened slightly. "Which we must for once be thankful Mr. Longbottom is historically *not*." Another look from Weasley. Another two points from Gryffindor. "Wish fulfillment `virgin' pregnancies have been noted to occur."

Normally at the will of equally powerful Wizards, and as the outcome of a convoluted series of near-Dark incantations, but as adolescent emotionalism had it's own unpredictable force?

"Finally." His eyes swept carefully over the entire room. "As you will have no*social* distractions tonight?" Snape waited - giving time for the edge of dismay to sink between the ribs of a Friday date-night. "Group detention in the library - where you will each write three feet on the dangers of unplanned sexual activity." He cut off Goyle's unspoken witticism. Likely something crude about being willing to plan for it anytime. "Due by curfew. After which you will be locked into your dormitories until breakfast."

By which time - one hoped - the bungled potion would wear off. Rendering the need for the academic exercise.... academic.

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The small section of Snape's mind not occupied with gibbering and/or denial was rather proud of the calm tone in which he recounted those events.

"But you..." Now Pomfrey really *did* look worried. "You were outside the splash zone. My scan cleared you."

Snape nodded. He had been. Not to mention that he had changed his clothing anyway, down to the skin, and sent even his shoes to Hogsmeade's finest de-hexing laundry. In addition to the fact that he *never* forgot to set his personal anti-disaster wards. So how?

Damn!

Parchment.

Rolls of parchment. Rolls of parchment that would have been in book bags that would have been under desks that would have been *soaked* by the Fecundus potion. Even as had their owners.

Rolls of parchment that wouldn't have been replaced or even noticed - but that would have been used for the next assignment . An assignment that was... also well remembered.

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Snape leaned back , scratching his nose. That had been a prime rant... Not his best - the language was a bit lacking - but pure rage had made up for it.

Of course? Snape shifted the pile that cluttered his desk. Now he had to grade all these papers. Perhaps he should have just taken points? No - because Crabbe had been Longbottom's partner in the Fecundus disaster, and Snape extracted point from his own House as willingly as he would have extracted one of his own teeth.

Not to mention that Slytherin was ahead, for once, and while he had no doubt the Potter brat would turn that around at the end? Well - no need to provoke Minerva into any premature retaliations.

Besides - writing papers had kept the hormonal little beasts under his and Flicht's eye - and out of trouble. Which would hopefully keep them out of *trouble*.

As a House head, Snape had dealt with his share of youthful parents. Then the parents of youthful parents. The resultant screaming, tears, and threats were not conducive to a peaceful dungeon.

Of course. He scratched his nose again. Neither was the prurient near-porn these brats managed to scrawl. Dipping his quill, he scrawled `Not even if you could levitate, which your Charm grades assure me you can not' - over a particularly contorted bit of description.

He scratched his nose again.

Really. Purple ink would suit these better than red.

Snape gave thanks that he had been out of the splash range. And - with slightly less gratitude - that it likely wouldn't have been a problem anyway. The schedule of a double agent put paid to one's social life, and after a triple session of Voldemort, Dumbledore, and brats? Even Mother Thumb wasn't all that attractive.

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Regrettably - and this specific moment would likely be the first and only time that Snape did regret it - disinclined was nothing like disabled.

In the end? Even without... emphasis... there was always *some*... discharge. That was a rule of basic biology.

A catalyst can remain in effect after its substance has been removed. That was a prime rule of potions.

Anything that can go wrong will. That was the first rule of the life of Severus Snape.

Which brought him back to the present.

Could points be deducted retroactively? Or would it be simpler to wait until Longbottom returned and bury his broken body in one of the more isolated sub-basements. Certainly Dumbledore would understand.

Drawing in a deep breath, he turned to the medi-witch.

"I'm pregnant."

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Chapter 2: ULP! or ... The Second Trimester by Darklady

"What do you expect - I'm pregnant, you stupid piece of glass!"

Snape stared in the mirror. He was doing more of that these days. Not because he was looking better.

He pulled on the heavy hooded robes that he **refused** to think of as maternity wear, whatever the Headmaster may have quipped. Long, deep cuffed sleeves draped over his puffy fingers, falling almost to his aching feet. Perhaps the worst possible garb for a potions laboratory - but at least the heavy hem covered the quilted slippers he was forced to wear. Not that he was getting **in** to his lab. Not without at least one Imperious - and possibly a few Kadavra's - aimed at that damn Weasley the Headmaster had hired as his `teaching assistant'.

Snape found himself reduced to lecturing these days. Which required actually **speaking** to his students. Not the brightest prospect at the best of times.

"Pregnancy only makes you **more** beautiful", his mirror recited, more dutifully than convincingly.

Damn Dumbledore for enchanting the thing.

He preferred his mirrors silent. Or at least truthful. This one was converted to `positive feedback'.

That might be true - given the low aesthetic level from which he had started - but he doubted that any amount of `glow' could compensate for the golf ball embedded on his left cheek.

Snape patted the bulge... gingerly.

When he had first realized his condition he had... not panicked. A Snape never panicked. And compared to facing down Voldemort and the full circle of DeathEaters a mere conception - even his own - was.... frankly terrifying.

"Poppy. How can...?" He apparently hadn't kept all the emotion out of his voice, because the mediwitch was patting his hand and lowering him into a waiting chair.

"If you want to... terminate... then..."

"No!" Severus has shocked himself with his vehemence. He did **not** want to be pregnant but.... It was... It was his... It was a **SNAPE**. He couldn't just... kill it.

But he also couldn't.. well, he didn't think it was possible to grow a twenty pound wart on one's nose. Even a Snape-sized nose. The very idea was preposterous.

He coughed. Mostly to force his voice down to it's usual baritone.

"You'll have to move it, of course." Preferably into some sort of flask or jar. Perhaps one of the thermal glass cauldrons used for hatching salamander eggs. He could tuck it in behind the class three restricted ingredients in his personal laboratory and...

"I'm sorry , Severus." Pomfrey had given up hand patting and shifted to shoulder rubs. The sign of a near- terminal diagnosis. "The spell doesn't work like that..."

So... on his face baby-boy-Snape had started - and on his face baby-boy-Snape would remain. Visibly. According to `What to Expect When you Didn't Expect to be Expecting' , glamours and illusions charms were not safe after the first trimester.

(The Restricted Section had a surprising knack of producing the right reference book for **any** occurrence. As if by magic. Which - mostly likely - it was.)

Buck up, he told himself. Look on the bright side. (Which some of his misinformed colleagues swore that he never did. HA!) The hundred points Dumbledore had... after

discussion .. allowed him to take from Longbottom had put Slytherin House back in the running for the house cup.

Not as gratifying as actual defenestration - but then - One couldn't have everything.

A year's maternity leave (assuming Voldemort was not merely dead, but most sincerely dead - thus placing life beyond Hogwarts in the survivable category) would give him the chance to finish that paper on Newt/Gecko dosage equivalences he had been promising himself. And? Snape brushed his hair forward. One more layer of veil between him and an intolerable world. The house of Snape would survive into the next generation. Something that had been looking less and less probable as his social life vanished into the mists of not-very-satisfying memory. Not that he would not have preferred the ivy covered cottage and some sweet little witch who... no, no be honest Snape knew he couldn't endure a sweet little witch for the nine months necessary to gestate a Snape heir. Likely not even for the three minutes or so it would require to start the project. Not that any sweet little witches had very been there to volunteer.

Oh well - moot point now.

Tucking his wand securely inside it's sleeve holster, he swept (well staggered) into the great hall.

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"Any idea who the.... father.. .is?" The ministry medi-clerk was clearly struggled to keep his voice professionally non-judgemental. A losing battle - but for once Snape found himself appreciating the effort.

Pregnancy must be making him soft.

"This was hardly a planned pregnancy." Snape tried to convince the little voice in his head that his response was cold. Sneering. Superior. Perhaps - the voice snapped back - but it sounded closer to panic.

Merlin! Any of.... twenty male students - Slytherin or Gryffindor - who had failed to wash their hands. Hades! Given that only one cell was required - he could not totally eliminate the female students. Or - he shuddered at the thought - any of the faculty who might have borrowed - or lent - a quill. Touched a text.

It had been rather amusing, the last few weeks. Watching schoolboys scramble to avoid him. Not that they didn't normally - but now ? Faced with the prospect of Snape naming them on the Paternity Rolls? Blast Ended Skrewets moved slower.

That was the up side. The down side?

This travesty. A ministry delegation - complete with medi-wizard, recording clerk, and Auror witness - here to cast the official Paternis.

"I'm required to ask. Strong opinions can invalidate this spell." the Clerk tried for a collegial chuckle. It came out closer to bronchitis. Or embarrassment. Snape was glad to see he wasn't the only one here suffering. "You wouldn't want that, would you?"

"No." Snape answered automatically.

He didn't want any part of this. Well, not except possibly the end result. Perhaps. Eventually. So how could.....

Wait a minute.

A bright beam of cunning shot through the murk of hormonal emotion.

Think like a Slytherin. Who **did** he want - or not want - the sire to be?

Blessed Morgana - not Goyle. Or Crabbe. He didn't want his child to be an idiot.

Well, of course, HIS child wouldn't be. His child would be brilliant.

Not Weasley. Snape didn't think he could face another red-haired menace. Not when he was so close to being quit of them.

Or- Dear Nimue - not Granger. He **had** been a DeathEater. Repentant or not - he wasn't certain he wanted a half-blood child. Although? The bushy haired menace WAS a witch. A powerful one. And there was something to be said for two sexes in a family. Something - but not enough. Especially as one of those sexes was one he had never much had a taste for.

Potter? Never! Even if he had grown into late-blooming shaggability. Dark Lord or no Dark Lord, the brat had the life expectancy of a fruit fly. Not to mention the chivalry to marry Snape and `give the child a name." Dragon shit! He wasn't going through this for someone else's house - that child would be a SNAPE!

Zambini- no.

Parkinson - **please** no.

Longbottom - HELL no.

Draco? Not so bad. Snape allowed himself a half-second's happy contemplation on silver hair and gray eyes. Pink lips. Long legs. Firm arse. And the inheritance. There was the inheritance. The Ministry fines on Lucius wouldn't dent the families true wealth. Plus... Dumbledore might be able to get the fines reduced - even forgiven - as a sort of `wedding present'.

Still... the name issue.

They could always hyphenate. Snape-Malfoy. Malfoy-Snape?

No. Lucius would kill him . Of course - as Lucius was currently in Azkaban?

Then Narcissia would kill him.

Pity - Draco and he would have pretty children.

Child. He was having only ONE child. If that. He was nervous about the process as it was. Still - if Molly Weasley could manage matters?

Draco clearly preferred women... but? That didn't have to doom the relationship. Malfoy's were hardly monogamous the best of times. Snape would have to be... somewhat faithful... at least while the child was young.

But as he'd been going without about as long as Draco had been alive?

The choice was obvious.

".....velatto" The Ministry Official had evidently cast the charm while Snape's attention had been distracted.

pleasepleaseplease The voice in Snape's head blurred to a wordless whimper.

Pink and blue lines of light whirled over Snape's expanded abdomen, spangled into a shower of silver sparks, then shot up to form rune sigils over their heads.

"Mal..." The mediwitch squinted at the display. "Do you know a Draco Malfoy?"

For the first time in twenty years, Snape had the serious desire to *kiss* someone.

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Chapter 3: OUCH! or ... The Third Trimester by Darklady

Author's Notes:

I think I got the magazine names from someone. Don't know who. Probably several someones. Still, if they are yours ? Stand up and take a bow.

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The engagement had been short and... less agonizing than Snape had anticipated.

It was enough to shake a wizard's faith in human nature.

(Snape had a deep and fervent belief that the natural state of humanity was foul, moronic, misogynistic, and given half a chance sadistic. *That* was the faith that was being shaken.)

Draco had proved a remarkably charming finance. (Well - once the minor matter of dower and bride price and Snape's future alimony was settled. Plus Draco's increased allowance. The standards of a married man being much above the tat acceptable to a college student. Obviously.)

Snape had convinced Draco that it *was* - in proven fact - his child.

Draco had convinced Narcissia that casting an unforgivable on her first grandchild would be... ill advised. In as much as she might want a second grandchild. Eventually. (One way or another, an enraged Snape might make that .. less achievable.)

Narcissia had convinced Albus that Albus would be held responsible for his teacher's condition. After all - both teacher and student had been under Dumbledore's authority at the time of the... disaster. If either of them chose to approach the Wizmot? Perhaps siting unsafe classroom conditions? .

Albus had convinced the Ministry that Draco's willingness to marry a `war hero' proved that the Malfoy family was not all Dark. (Or perhaps it was just that the Ministry considered marriage to THAT PARTICULAR war hero - ie Snape - to be punishment enough.)

Whatever the cause, the effect was the refund of all fines, plus a general pardon for those crimes the Ministry suspected but had not yet quite proved.

The wedding itself had been... better than expected.

Snape had insisted on a private ceremony. Entirely private. To be held in the Malfoy's private chapel. With Albus to serve as minister, best man, witness, and `father of the bride'.

Narcissia had sulked, but conceded.

Her desire to see her sons face on the front of (wizard Society Magazine) whimpered into an unmerciful demise with the realization that Snape's face would , by necessity, appear as well.

Snape's face wasn't a work of art on his best day. Well - not unless one was fond of Picassos's more adventuresome works. These days? Half his features were blotted out by a pimple the size of a pumpkin.

And witches complained about swollen *ankles*?

HA!

The other half was set in a permanent... smile.

Shocking as that might seem.

Married life had been.... astoundingly pleasant.

Most especially after Snape had assured his young husband that he - Snape - would *not* be the sort of spouse given to jealous rage. Leave that to the homey Hufflepuffs. Let Draco date who he would - or as many as he could - and if photos of Draco and a dozen Muggle lingerie models appeared in the Quibbler?

Snape reached for his sharpers scissors. Then for his scrapbook album. He rather enjoyed reading the Society page these days.

If the orgy was truly newsworthy , Draco might even drop the memory into a Pensive so they could share.

Severus Snape flashed his wand.

Two house elves appeared. One with fresh tea water, and the other to fluff his pillows.

Snape sighed.

The married life did indeed agree with him.

Malfoy Manor was spacious, modernly furnished, sunny, and *warm*. None of which adjectives could be applied to his Hogwart's quarters.

Narcissia Malfoy (After she had come to see the advantages of the situation - such as the return of her husband and her jewelry collection. Snape saw no need to comment on which return has elicited the louder squeals.) had proved gracious, intelligent, and undemanding company. Again, words seldom applied to Snape's faculty colleagues.

He had no idea why so many morons seemed to despise their mother-in-laws. *His* was a treasure.

The Malfoy fortune had expedited the conversion of the old dragon hatchery into a modern potions facility. One twice the size - and three times as well equipped - as the lab Snape had to scrape and skint to install at Hogwarts. Not that Snape was able to work in these last months, but after the child was born? He knew that eventually the life of leisure would cloy, and he would want to rejoin the intellectual world.

Even that was better now.

The Malfoy name guaranteed that Modern Alchemist and Potions Quarterly (and yes - even that prick Querulous Quark, who had snubbed Snape at the last Arcane Arts Conference) were eager to take his fire calls. Three previously rejected articles were now on the path to publication, and

Schlemyel at Scholastic Scrolls had suggested they might be interested in a book.

Plus... there was Draco.

Pale, beautiful, and... horney.

Rampantly so - pun admitted.

Draco had been gratifyingly receptive to Snape's marital advances. Of course, that might just be because - even among the straightest of men - it is acknowledgedly hard to pass up a free blow job. Snape had never deluded himself that all (read - any) of the `gentlemen' he had previously found himself kneeling before had been especially enamored of him. But he had also never deluded himself that such tender passions were a requirement to either parties enjoyment. Helpful, perhaps, but hardly required. If it had been, a part of Snape suspected he would still be attracting unicorns.

Draco hadn't been moved to hearts and flowers - but he also hadn't moved away when Snape slid a hand down the back of his trousers.

Draco was **very** pretty.

Snape was **very** talented.

Sex is **very** fun.

Snape's wicked tongue -inspired by someone as pretty as Draco - could make sex very fun indeed.

As Draco came to understand.

So to speak.

There had been a brief but memorable `honeymoon' period, before Snape's growing pregnancy had put a stop to such intimacies.

Snape sighed. Again.

Memories of the happy first two months of his marriage had been all keeping Severus on the earth though the last. The grape had become a lemon had become a summer squash had become a **thing** with the mass of a Christmas goose.

A **living** goose that seemed to take a sadistic delight in kicking straight for Snape's jaw.

He was sure at least three molars had been loosened. (The dentist said no - but how could that idiot be sure. Snape could barely get his mouth open these days to give the man a look)

He was living on weak tea and vitamin potions.

His back was killing him.

He could no longer hear out of his left ear. (Pressure on the ear canal. The mediwitch assured him this was temporary.)

His left eye was swollen shut.

Even with levitation spells, standing up was an iffy operation.

Snape was contemplating Kadavra's. OK. Nothing new there. But now? He was contemplating pointing his wand at himself.

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Snape woke - as he did all too often - to the *crack* of a tiny foot against his jaw.

He cracked his good eye.

The wizard clock on the nightstand pointed to `too damned early'.

Snape agreed.

His... offspring... had been restless yesterday. Enough so that the mediwitch had relented and allowed Snape a mild analgesic potion. Such things were not recommended in the last stages of pregnancy, but neither was banging ones head (and child) against the nearest wall. Which Snape had threatened to do. A broken skull could not possibly have hurt more then the migraine caused by two feet playing drum solo's on ones cranium.

Nimue! Crucio didn't hurt more than that.

Snape was in a position to know.

He adjusted the pillow for better support and closed his eyes.

The blob moved again.

He reached for his wand.

The tiny foot shifted.

Snape's nose itched.

And itched.

Forget the wand. He reached for a handkerchief instead.

His nose *really* itched. So much that his eyes watered.

Rolling to one elbow, Snape took as deep a breath as he could and...

*S*N*E*E*Z*E*D*

Ten liters of water gushed out onto the bed.

Wet, sticky, pink, water.

Snape fell back on the mattress.

"DRACO!"

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It was noon.

The midwife had arrived. As had the support mediwitch. As had the house elves with fresh dry sheets. Only the last was giving Snape any comfort.

The sneezes had grown stronger. To the point where Snape was thankful for the mass covering his right eye. It would hold the eyeball in place. He expected the left eye to pop out at any minute from pure explosive force. The sneezes were more frequent. From one every quarter hour or so,

they now came in waves. No sooner had one stopped, then the next was on it's way.

This seemed to please the midwife.

Nothing - absolutely NOTHING - was pleasing Severus Snape.

He wanted to breathe.

He wanted to see.

(Preferably to see the room empty and the clutter of cretins passing themselves off as healers
GONE FROM HIS SIGHT!)

He wanted that creature that called itself his offspring OUT of his body RIGHT NOW!

If no sooner.

And - by the bye - he wanted Draco Malfoy's balls on a platter.

Just in case.

"Now, now, Severus." The mediwitch pressed a warm towel to the back of his neck. "You don't mean that."

Oops, Snape released, he must have accidentally said that last out loud. Part of him (the biggest part) wanted to growl `Hand me a rusty butter knife and see how much I mean it', but before he could manage the first syllable another wave of sneezing cut off his air.

"Dilating nicely." The midwife smiled.

"Not bad for a male pregnancy," the mediwitch agreed. "I had expected it to take longer."

Not and have both of them live, Snape snarled mentally.

The midwife patted his hand. "You're doing very well for a man."

Or that's what he thought she said. Another wave of facial cramps hit. All Snape heard was his own moan.

And women complain? Severus snarled to himself.

Snape decided he was never brewing another comfort potion again.

Try carrying a creature the size of a plucked turkey literally under your nose instead. See how that took you.

They thought *they* were in pain?

Passing a child out of a passage designed for exactly that had to be ease itself compared to....

"NO Severus - not yet." The midwife pinched the base of his nose.

Snape whimpered.

"Blood pressure rising." The mediwitch looked over Snape's shoulder, her focus on the midwife.

"OK." The midwife answered. "He's open." She knelt bedside Snape. "When the next spasm comes - try hard to sneeze."

As if he hadn't been doing just that for the last twelve hours.

He started to shout just that, but a huge wave of pain clenched his chest. NO, his toes. Lights danced before his eyes. Spasm after spasm gripped him, rocking him back against the pillows as he fought futilely for air. The room blurred. His hearing failed.

Frantic, he put his strength into one last desperate heave and...

waaaahhhh

A particularly shrill cutting scream filled the room.

Snape looked down at his lap.

Ten pounds of red flesh wallowed in a pool of snot.

Black hair. Black eyes. Baby lips curled up in a baby scowl.

Snape breath caught.

Worse than before.

He lowered one finger.

Tiny purple fingers wrapped around it.

Snape's vision blurred again. This time from tears.

He smiled up at his husband.

"She's... beautiful."

^^()^^ ^^()^^ ^^()^^ ^^()^^ ^^()^^

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