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1. [Prologue](#) by Jaree

2. [Chapter 1](#) by Jaree

Prologue by Jaree

A Second Chance

By: Jaree (mightyenas\_pup@y...)

Fandom: Harry Potter

Rating: PG-13

Pairings: None

Spoilers: All five books, just to be sure.

Warning: A very strange Mpreg

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The book had to be around there someplace.

Albus Dumbledore searched through his many bookshelves, in a slight frantic pace, rifling through the numerous books that had gathered in his office over the many generations of Headmasters. His hands shook slightly, revealing his nervous state, but he kept himself breathing evenly, trying to calm himself down, but his heart was still beating frantically within his chest. He kept trying to tell himself there would be time to fall apart later, but nothing seemed to get through his frenzied state. His deep blue eyes, devoid of their normal twinkle, scanned different passages, behind his crescent-shaped glasses, before throwing them hazardly to the side. Not even his closest friends would recognize him, as he seemed to have changed from a wise and powerful wizard, to a possessed man.

The Headmaster's office was unnaturally quite, except for the sounds of books hitting the stone floor and the murmuring coming from the Head of Hogwarts. The portraits of the past Headmasters were all silent, watching avidly, and with more than a little concern, as Dumbledore ripped through the office, becoming more crazed with each passing moment. Even Fawkes, looked on with a worried expression in his eyes. Every now and then, the scarlet bird would try to break the oppressive silence by trilling softly, trying to give any comfort he could but with no avail.

"There it is," cried Dumbledore in relief as he grabbed a large blue book from off the shelf. He quickly scanned the old, heavy tome, looking for what he needed, and when he found it, he took off out of his office, like a man on fire, without repairing any the

damage that he had caused. The portraits came instantly alive, gossiping amongst themselves, trying to figure out what the old wizard's bizarre behavior meant.

Dumbledore made his way down the quiet halls of the old castle, relieved that there was no one around to see him sprint down the long corridors. Everyone, but a select few, were away from the school, including the boisterous children that normally filled every part of the castle with noise. Dumbledore did not think Hogwarts had ever been so empty since it had been created, for even in the summer time, there were many professors in and out, getting ready for the new term, and some that even stayed in the castle permanently. However, he quickly put those thoughts aside when he reached the door that led to the hospital wing.

The Headmaster took a few moments to compose himself, outside the large doors of the hospital wing, as he knew it would do him no good if he worried Madam Pomfrey overmuch. After he calmed himself down, or as calm as he was going to become, he pulled out his wand and muttered a few words, shrinking the book he held in his hands, to a size smaller than a finger, and slipped it into his brightly colored robes. He then walked into the room, and was immediately greeted by Pomfrey.

"How is he?" asked Dumbledore, concern coloring his voice.

"There has not been any change," replied Pomfrey sadly. She then reached out to the older wizard and tried to give him some support and added, "There is nothing that we can do. The damage is just too great. He won't last much longer."

Albus nodded, looking down at the floor, not able to look the Medi-witch in the eyes. "Could I have a moment alone with him?" questioned the wizard that looked to have aged a hundred years in such a short time.

Madam Pomfrey nodded and gave his arm a small squeeze and then walked out of the room to give the two men some privacy.

Dumbledore waited for a few moments to make sure the witch was truly gone and then went further into the room to where a figure laid spread out, over one of the hospital beds. His blue eyes filled with tears as he saw the battered body of his potion's teacher. Voldemort had truly worked him over. There were cuts, from where a knife had been taken to him and bruises that marred his pale skin. Even the hideous dark mark seemed to pulse angrily, causing the ex-Death Eater great pain. For not the first time, Dumbledore wished he could pay Voldemort back for all of the pain and misery he had caused, but he knew that those thoughts were rather futile now, and that he should just be happy that Voldemort had finally been destroyed. However, this was only a small comfort to him as he watched Severus Snape slowly pass away from the land of the living.

Severus moaned softly, but did not wake up from his unnatural sleep. Albus quietly pulled up a chair and sat down, pulling one of the younger wizard's limp hands into his own. He then pulled out the book that he had brought with him from out his robes and restored it to its natural size. He once again opened it to the page that he needed and slowly went over what the book had to say. After he was sure that he had everything pretty much memorized he set it down on a neighboring bed and started to scan Severus, using his wand.

Dumbledore was no Medi-witch, but he did have some skill. This was very fortunate because he did not want Pomfrey to be there when he started the spell that he got from the book. However, the spell needed Severus to be just about dead, though still among the living. His condition needed to be carefully monitored or else the spell would fail, and he had only one opportunity to perform it. The spell was a very old one

and bordered in between dark and light magic, like most ancient magic did. Most present day witches and wizards would shy away from using such magic, but Dumbledore knew it was the only chance that Severus had. The spell itself was rather simple; however, it took one of great magical ability to be able to perform it, and it had quite a few serious complications, but he felt that he would be able to handle whatever would come. If he succeeded, it would be well worth the effort. Dumbledore was also aware that many people would feel he was completely out of his mind, those that did not already think so, and he thought that perhaps this time they were right, but he also knew, there was no way he would be able to live with himself if he did not at least attempt it.

Just as he was beginning to fear that Poppy would return before he had a chance to perform the spell, Severus slipped into the condition required for the spell, and Dumbledore began to recite the passage from the blue book, his wand clutched tightly in his right hand. He concentrated on pulling all of his magic into the spell. He could feel the magic come from inside him and then surround both Severus and himself. The pull of the magic was so strong, that he had a difficult time focusing it, and he closed his eyes tightly, trying to draw all of his strength to get the spell to work. He could feel himself losing his energy, but he refused to give up, repeating the passage over and over. He could feel himself beginning to lose consciousness when he felt the spell complete, and he collapsed against the side of the medical bed unconscious but with a satisfied smile upon his face.

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"It's just not right," murmured Harry Potter as he tiredly slumped against the Gryffindor table in the Great Hall.

"I know Harry," responded Remus just as tiredly, "but then most things never are when it comes to war."

The war had not been over for more than twenty-four hours, and yet it seemed like an eternity. The final battle had been fought over at the Ministry of Magic as Voldemort had tried to take it over completely. He had almost succeeded, but Harry, with the help of the Order of the Phoenix, had been able to stop him at long last. There had been quite a few casualties, most of whom, Harry was not familiar with. However, each death still hit him hard, and he felt like an emotional wreck. Over the entirety of the war, he had lost so many dear to him from his parents, to Sirius, to fellow classmates that he had spent the last seven years of his life with. He was not new to loss, but even one more death just seemed to amplify just how terrible Voldemort was and how precious life truly was. Now, when the battle was finally over, and Voldemort was at long last dead, he was about to lose someone else, Severus Snape, dreaded Potions Master.

Severus Snape had never been one of Harry's favorite people; in fact, most times, he could not stand the greasy git. He even had a difficult time believing that there was any hint of good in the man, and actually spent most of his time working with him, hating him. Harry often felt there was not much good that could come from a man that used to be one of the enemy. He knew that Ron and Hermione, though she probably held the most favorable opinion of him, felt the same way. Still, over the years, Harry had gotten used to the professor being there, watching his back, and never really thinking about what the older man had actually put himself through. For the most part, he never saw the ex-Death Eater as really human. Anytime he thought he saw something that resembled humanity, he was just as soon reminded what a hateful man Severus Snape really was, but now his opinion was changed once again. Snape was down in the hospital, dying, and Harry could not think of him as anything but human, and thoughts of what Snape had actually done to help him, in all his time at

Hogwarts, was beginning to sink in, and he was feeling a little overwhelmed. Harry could tell, looking around the table at those gathered that they all felt the same way.

Everyone was lost in their own thoughts. Remus, who was sitting across from him, was looking thoughtfully down at his hands, and Harry's thoughts drifted to the fact the Severus was the one that made the Wolfsbane potion for the werewolf, and he wondered what was going to happen now. Hermione, who sat to his right and was trying to not to cry. Harry felt almost exactly the same way. Part of him felt that this was the time for celebration, for the Dark Lord was no more, but mostly he felt it was a time for mourning. They had all lost so much, and it did not matter that the Dark Lord was no more. Ron sat on the other side of Hermione, his arm rapped around her, trying to give her comfort. He looked a little lost but was trying his best to be strong for his friends. The last few weeks had been really demanding, and Harry thought everyone was now just trying to cope with the aftermath.

Harry's thoughts were interrupted when the Great Hall's doors opened and Madam Pomfrey and Professor McGonagall entered. From the look on Pomfrey's face, Severus was not going to be able to hang on much longer. McGonagall looked rather upset as she sat down next to Remus, and Harry was once again reminded of the strange friendship that the Head of Gryffindor had with the Head of Slytherin and knew that the Transfigurations teacher must be taking his soon death hard.

"Is there nothing we can do?" asked Harry in frustration, helplessness welling up inside him. It seemed to him that if they could defeat the Dark Lord they should be able to help the Potions Master.

Pomfrey shook her head sadly and said, "I'm afraid not. I have done everything I can think of, and I have even asked for the advice of my fellow Medi-witches and wizards, but everyone says the same thing; there is nothing that can be done for him, except make him as comfortable as possible. I'm afraid that won't be for very much longer. Dumbledore is alone with him at the moment."

Everyone went back to their private thoughts as they sat there waiting. They remained in silence for a little bit when all of a sudden they all felt this powerful surge of magic. Everyone's eyes jumped up, and they looked at each other expectantly.

"What was that?" Remus questioned as he stood up from the table, pulling out his wand. Everyone else followed his example, but no one had an answer to his question.

"We should go check on Albus and Severus," commented Pomfrey, already carefully heading towards the door. Everyone nodded and started to follow her. As they made their way down towards the Hospital Wing, they noticed the feeling, of strong undiluted magic, was not dissipating, but instead, increasing, coming towards them in mighty waves. This made each of them increase their speed. When the feeling suddenly stopped, they each took off in a run towards the hospital wing, where each was sure the source of the magical pulse originated.

What they saw made all their hearts stop. Dumbledore was collapsed against the bed that once held Severus, who seemed to be missing.

"Albus!" cried Minerva and Poppy at the same time, rushing towards him, trying to see if he was alright. Pomfrey was already taking the white-haired wizard's stats.

"What happened to Severus," questioned Hermione right behind the older witches.

Remus, Harry, and Ron, looked around trying to see if they could see the Head of Slytherin, but could not find him anywhere, but Remus noticed the book on the bed

next to where Severus had been laying. He walked over to it and picked up and read the page that was opened, curious about its content, but he was quite shocked by what he read.

Remus began pale as he what read, in the passage, began to sink in, and he whispered, "Albus, what have you done?"

"What is it Remus," questioned Pomfrey when she heard what the werewolf had said, still checking over the fallen Headmaster.

Remus ran a hand through his prematurely, grey hair and said, "He has performed an ancient spell. It is a second chance spell. From what I have been able to gather from this book, it is a spell that when a person's life was far less than ideal, his or her life can be restarted, if the spell is cast right before the person dies."

Silence met Remus' statement, so he continued, "It takes a really powerful witch or wizard to perform this spell and most people will never have that sort of power in their life time. However, if completed successfully, the person the spell is cast on will revert to a child within a womb. Because of this, the caster has two choices. One, the caster can transfer the child back into his mother, and she can carry the child again, or two, the caster can impregnate his or herself."

Everyone in the room looked at each other in shock. They could not believe what they were hearing. Poppy looked at the man unconscious in her arms in disbelief and shakily asked, "Albus has impregnated himself with Severus?"

[Back to index](#)

Chapter 1 by Jaree

A Second Chance

Written By: Jaree (mightyenas\_pup@y...)

Fandom: Harry Potter

Rating: PG-13

Pairings: None

Disclaimer: Harry Potter belongs to J.K. Rowling. No infringement intended.

Summary: Dumbledore takes some drastic measures to save Severus' life.

Author's Note: I have thought long and hard about where I want to go with this story. I was not sure if I wanted to go through all the stages of Dumbledore's pregnancy and him raising Severus. I have a plan for the story, and I was thinking that if I did all of that, it would take a long time to get the story where I needed it to be. On the other hand, I think that part of the story is very important as well. I have decided to skip that part, but to refer to that time throughout the story.

Author's Note 2: I do not know what Dumbledore's wand is, so I made it up. If you know it, please let me know. Thanks!

Chapter One:

11 years later:

His child was a handful.

Albus Dumbledore sighed in resignation when his son came tearing through the house, leaving a thick trail of mud behind him. The young ten-year-old had been cooped up inside the two-story house for the past week due to a large rainstorm that

soaked the small town in which they lived. So when the sun had decided to peak through the dense, grey clouds, the young boy had dashed outside to try and burn off his excess energy. However, Severus seemed to have an endless supply.

Days like this one, Dumbledore had a difficult time keeping up with Severus. It was quite depressing for the older wizard because before his son had been born, he had always thought he had been very energetic for someone his age. After all, he had been the Headmaster of Hogwarts for about fifty years, and he had had to manage a few hundred students between the ages of eleven and eighteen. However, that had not prepared him for raising his precocious child. The young boy was so full of life that Dumbledore often felt all of his 163 years. Nevertheless, he never once regretted giving Severus a second chance at life. In fact, it was because his son was so full of life that it made his decision so worth while.

Severus had been such a hard and unhappy man. Life had not been kind to him, due not only to bad decision made in his youth, but also by circumstances beyond his control. Dumbledore could remember when he had first met Severus. He had been just a small first year, but even back then, he had been rather sullen, showing signs of what a difficult childhood he had already had. Dumbledore was also sad to admit, that while Hogwarts should have been one of his happiest memories, it was a time in which he had been picked-on and harassed. Dumbledore knew a lot of it was his own fault, for he often turned a blind eye to the attacks made on the greasy-haired boy. This was not to say the Severus had been faultless, but it still did not relieve him of his own shortcomings in the matter.

Now, the second time through, Severus was a happy child. He knew how to play and how to laugh. The black-haired boy was energetic and had the self-confidence that Dumbledore did not think his other self had ever had. This did not mean that there was no trace of the old Severus, and while certain likeness was a given, some of the similarities concerned Dumbledore greatly. It was not just the fact that Severus seemed to have an unnatural ability, even when compared with those who showed superb natural talent, in potions, for this could be easily explained. However, there were times when Severus seemed to transform into his other self. His expressions and mannerisms would change, and Albus would feel as if he was dealing with his old friend once more, instead of the young boy he actually was. Dumbledore had tried to explain the phenomena away, trying to tell himself that of course Severus still had some mannerisms that were the same. However the explanation felt more than a little hollow to him.

Dumbledore was not the only one that saw it either. Harry Potter, who he still saw quite often, between his work as an auror, often commented how Severus would sporadically change, and how his naturally graceful walk would turn into the sweeping stride that often intimidated the students of Hogwarts. He also insisted that when Severus seemed to be caught in one of his "spells," as they started to call them, he would look at the Boy-who-lived with suspicion in his fathomless eyes. Dumbledore might have thought Harry was being paranoid, however, there was no mistaking the hurt in the younger wizard's voice. Harry had become quite close to the younger boy, and Severus to Harry, and Dumbledore knew it would hurt Harry terribly if Severus just all of sudden reverted back to his former self. Thankfully, Severus rarely had these spells.

Still, Dumbledore, as well as Harry, had taken upon themselves to look into the spell that had been cast almost eleven years ago. They each had been hoping to find out more about what was going to happen to Severus, but they found very little information on the subject, so they just had to take it one day at a time.

At the sound of a tiny pop, Albus was brought out from his musing just in time to see

a house elf beginning to clean up the mess that Severus had caused. He sighed quietly and decided he had better find his son and discover what he was up to. He climbed up the stair that led to the living quarters and entered the Severus' room. He watched with great amusement as the young wizard carefully placed a few different types of plant material into separate glass containers, his face scrunched up with concentration. He had obviously been out collecting for his potion's supplies. Dumbledore smiled. He had been silently encouraging Severus' love for potions. He was well aware that the other Severus had been more interested in other things besides potions, like the Dark Arts, but there was no denying that he had had a great gift when it came to the subtle magic. He also thought that, though Severus might have wanted to teach Defense Against the Dark Arts instead of potions, there had been a special place for the subject with the anti-social man. This thought had been confirmed, in his opinion, by his son's love for all things potions.

His smile turned to a frown when he noticed the large dark puddle forming on the green rug beneath his son, from where the young boy stood dripping from head to toe like a giant mud ball.

"Severus," cried Dumbledore in slight exasperation.

Startled, the black head shot up, from where it was bent over his ingredients, and black eyes widened slightly when he caught sight of his father. Dumbledore could tell Severus had no idea what he had done wrong, so he gave the boy a meaningful glance, making an exaggerated show of looking at him from head to toe. Severus looked down at himself and grimaced slightly, his pale cheeks turning a light pink.

"Sorry, Papa," apologized Severus, getting up to get out of his wet clothes.

"You've left a trail of mud all the way from the front door to your bedroom," admonished the older Wizard. "What have I told you about that?"

"Not to come into the house soaking wet," answered the guilty boy.

Dumbledore sighed and then said, "Why don't you get out of those muddy clothes and then help clean up the mess you have made. After that we can have dinner."

Severus nodded and then started to get out of his wet clothes. Dumbledore left him to it and started walking down towards the dining room, his blue eyes twinkling softly behind his glasses. After he made sure he was far enough away from where Severus was he let out a small chuckle; his son had certainly looked rather ridiculous covered in all that mud.

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The next morning, the day was promising to be another sunny one. Dumbledore watched in amusement as Severus began shoveling food into his mouth as fast as he could, getting ready to go back outside for another day of gathering potion ingredients. He had spent all last night talking about all of the different things he had collected and what he wanted to collect that day.

Their meal was interrupted when a large brown owl flew through an open window, hooting softly. Fawkes, who had been perched behind Dumbledore, trilled softly in greeting to the other bird. Dumbledore went to reach for the letter but the owl flew over towards Severus instead. The young wizard seemed surprised to see the bird come towards him, but he automatically reached towards the bird and pulled the letter from the owl's leg. When he saw what the letter was, he quickly opened it up, grinning.

"It's my letter from Hogwarts!" cried Severus quickly reading through the admittance

letter.

“That’s great my boy,” responded Dumbledore encouragingly; however, he could not keep the slight worry from showing in his expressive blue eyes.

“When can we go to Diagon Alley, Papa?” questioned the boy excitedly.

Dumbledore took a moment to consider and then said, “we can go a week from today.”

“Can’t we go sooner?” asked Severus.

Before Albus could answer, they heard a commotion coming from down the hall. They both turned just in time to see Harry Potter coming into the kitchen.

“One of the house elves let me in,” explained the dark-haired man, “I hope you don’t mind.”

“Not at all,” said Dumbledore while motioning for Harry to sit down. “Are you hungry?”

“Just a little,” replied Potter a little sheepishly before helping himself to some of the breakfast Dumbledore offered him.

“I got my Hogwarts letter today!” said Severus proudly to Harry, waving the letter in front of his face.

Harry turned his full attention to the boy, smiling at him and said, “Wonderful! I suppose I don’t have to ask if you are excited.”

Severus blushed before saying, “I can’t wait! Papa said we could go the Diagon Alley next week. Can you come?”

Harry smiled and said, “I’ll have to check my schedule first.” However, Harry could tell the boy was not really listening to him, as his thoughts seemed to be a hundred miles away.

His musings were confirmed when the young boy speculated, “I wonder what house I will be in.”

The room went strangely tense, and Severus looked up in confusion, trying to understand what was wrong. Both Harry and Albus were looking at each other with strange looks in their eyes that Severus could not quite make out before Dumbledore said, “which ever house you are in will be fine son.”

Severus looked between the two older men shrewdly, knowing there was something that they were keeping from him, but he could not figure out exactly what it was. He would have to figure out later.

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The week past slowly for Severus but soon enough he, Dumbledore, and Harry were in the wizard’s part of London, shopping for his school supplies. They had already gotten his books and potion supplies, though Severus had wanted to say a little longer in the apothecary shop, as well as gotten him a nice grey-coloured owl, in which he named Bezoar. Severus had wanted to take Fawkes with him, but Dumbledore would not let him. They were just finishing getting his school robes, and then they were going to head over to get his wand at Ollivander’s.

When they entered the wand shop, Severus watched as an older, white-haired man put away a few boxes in a large stack that must have been about thirty boxes high. The man turned towards them after completing his task and then took a good look at his customers.

“Albus Dumbledore, twelve inches, willow, phoenix tale feather, flexible,” greeted Ollivander before moving towards Harry. “Harry Potter, holly, phoenix feather, eleven inches, nice and supple.”

“Hello Ollivander,” replied Dumbledore. “We’re here to get Severus a wand.”

“Severus Snape,” Ollivander turned towards the black-haired boy. Severus gave him a nervous smile, and then before he knew it, he had a tape measure in his face, taking his measurements. He frowned at the device and then tried to find where the owner was, since the tape measure was doing its work by itself, and noticed him talking to his Papa and Harry. Severus strained to hear what was being said, but he was sure he must have misunderstood what they were saying, for it sounded like Ollivander asking his Papa if he still had Severus’ old wand and then his Papa responding that no he did not because it had been destroyed. However, that did not make any sense, for he never had a wand before.

Whatever they were talking about ended quickly enough and Ollivander disappeared for a moment and then came back with a large stack of boxes.

Ollivander called back the tape measure and handed a wand to Severus. “Give it a swish,” commanded the wand maker.

Severus obeyed and almost instantly the wand was taken away. This process was repeated a few more times until he came across one that Ollivander seemed satisfied with.

“Oak, ten inches, dragon heartstring, stiff, great for potion making.” Ollivander told Severus. The young wizard smiled at the comment about it being good for potion making.

Dumbledore paid for the wand and they headed outside. Severus was happy with the day of shopping and was looking forward to going home so he could start reading his textbooks. The only blight in the otherwise perfect day, was the bizarre conversation he had heard at Ollivander’s. He just could not get it out of his head. He did not understand why, but he knew that the conversation was important, and until he figured out exactly what it meant, nothing would be quite right.

TBC...

[Back to index](#)

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