

Summary: Snape makes an offer to Remus.

Categories: [Harry Potter](#) Characters: Remus Lupin, Severus Snape, Severus/Remus, Snape/Lupin

Genres: None

Warnings: Bonding, Complete, Future mpreg

Challenges: None

Series: Adjustments

Chapters: 1 Completed: Yes Word count: 1255 Read: 4 Published: 12/26/2017 Updated: 12/26/2017

Story Notes:

A/N: Takes place a few months post-Adjustments. Can be read on own, though.

This is a scene I wrote a while ago and wanted to share. It's a thank you note to all of those kind readers that waited so patiently for me to finish 'Adjustments'.

1. [Chapter 1](#) by Nikita

Chapter 1 by Nikita

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"I could fix the damage done to you, Remus."

Remus blinked and looked over at Severus. "What?"

"I should not promise you certainties...rather, I believe it is possible...though the years may have complicated matters."

A growing understanding and horror rose within him as he stared at his lover. "You mean...you mean the ster-" he couldn't even say the word. Luckily, he didn't have to - Severus nodded, understanding his inability to finish his sentence.

"The sterilization potion they used on you should be easy to negate...and there are potions to help encourage regrowth and healing to the damage..."

Remus swallowed over the large lump forming in his throat and struggled to control the raging thoughts and emotions that surged through his head at Severus' calm, matter-of-fact words. 'The sterilization potion' - such horrid memories those words revived. The smell of the sterile white room he'd been led to by the stern Mediwitch - her hands cold and impersonal on his shoulders. The large bottle of green/black potion and the small cup next to it. The burning feeling in his throat - his stomach - his private parts...the sound of the rushing blood in his ears as his head pounded and his legs shook at the weird sensations spreading throughout his body.

Sterilization. Such a cold - unemotional - *sterile* word for such a life-changing and horrible decision made for him. At age seven.

His mother had explained to him as best she could - werewolves were dangerous...werewolves could not be allowed to breed and make more werewolves...werewolves must be sterilized by wizard law as soon as they are registered... It had been an awful lot for him to take in at that age. He'd had a hard enough time understanding the change his body went through each month and what that meant to his general health and freedom to understand something so complicated and grown up as having children someday.

It was another seven years before he really understood just what they had done to him that day.

"Remus...Remus, I apologize. I shouldn't have brought it up..."

The voice was soft and full of pain and sorrow - it was enough to shock Remus out of his fugue...Severus so rarely apologized or spoke tenderly. He must have really worried him.

"It's okay - it's...what do you mean? You can undo what they did to me?" His voice was raspy and dry as if he hadn't had water in days. Lupin reached for his cup of tea and was surprised when Severus steadied his hand briefly as he picked it up.

"Yes...although the damage was done quite some time ago...there might be complications."

Remus sipped his tea and tried to wrap his mind around the offer Severus was making him...
"What exactly are you saying here, Severus? Why would you want to restore my ability to have children?"

The other man's eyes narrowed to slits as they always did when he perceived himself as being insulted. "You wonder why I would want you to be undamaged and whole? Do I have to remind you of what you are to me?"

That made him smile - the pain of the conversation lessening just a bit. "It wouldn't hurt to remind me once in a while...but that wasn't what I meant. I meant - why now? Why 'fix' me in this way?"

Severus looked away from him - his eyes slowly drawn to Maura, playing on the floor with her toys. He didn't answer.

Remus felt his heart skip a beat and he quickly set down his cup before he dropped it. "Are you suggesting...Severus, look at me," he demanded.

His lover hesitated, but finally looked back at him, his back straightening and a mask coming over his emotions as he stared back at Remus.

"Severus..." his voice was becoming raspy again, "...are you suggesting what I think you are?"

There was a long moment in which Remus was sure Snape was going to deny everything, but as he stared into those black eyes he saw something melt a little and his lover sighed. "I wasn't suggesting anything...simply offering," he finally said.

Remus could feel his heart swell at those words, his eyes were stinging with unshed tears. "Offering?"

Severus sighed and looked back at Maura. "I know you love Maura as if she were your own...and you love young Potter as a godson...but there is something in seeing a part of yourself in a child...seeing yourself in their smile or their personality as they develop... I never thought I could feel pride in seeing a child grow up to be like me - in any way...but I do - and I want you to have that feeling as well... They took that choice away from you, Remus. Took away your children...I want to give that back to you."

It was too late to stop the tears - they ran unheeded down his cheeks. Remus reached blindly for Severus' hand and found it deep inside a black sleeve and clutched it in his own, silently. Severus' hand tightened in his clasp and he tugged on Lupin's hand until the werewolf was leaning against him.

They sat like that for a long time. Finally, Maura began fussing and letting it be known that it was her bedtime and Severus gave his hand one last squeeze before letting go. He stood and picked up their daughter, heading up the stairs to tuck her in. Remus watched quietly until they were out of sight. He then put out the lights and followed them upstairs, peeking in on them in their nighttime ritual. Severus read a short story in a low, melodic voice - something with a fairy princess and an animagus that turned into a cat. Maura listened avidly to her father read the

story, but slowly her eyes drifted shut - long eyelashes against plump cheeks. Remus quickly tiptoed away towards their bedroom and waited for his lover to come to bed.

Severus came in shortly after and stripped off his robe to exchange it for a nightshirt. He climbed into bed next a naked Lupin and whispered, "nox."

Remus turned to face him in the darkness. "You want to have another child?"

Severus turned to face him as well, though neither could really see the other's face. "I'm not looking forward to puking my guts out every morning and watching my ankles swell. And giving up potions again and peeing ten times at night and getting up at three a.m. to feed a screaming banshee and walk around all day like a zombie..." he drawled. There was a moment of silence. And then: "But I do want to have *our* child."

Remus lay quietly in shock at the admission. He'd never imagined in a thousand years that he might have a child of his own someday...and certainly not that Severus would be willing to become pregnant again...for him. It was a priceless gift. And the surest declaration of love he could ever hope for from Snape.

Leaning forward in the darkness, he found soft lips and kissed them once softly. Then again, possessively. He pulled Severus' unresisting body closer to his own and hugged the slight form next to him with all of his strength as he expressed his love and passion with his mouth and hands...

They would have to hide this pregnancy as well...and not only because it was a male pregnancy. No one could ever know that the second child they 'adopted' was Remus'...

END

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