Sacred Parchment

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Summary

Harry cringes when he wakes up in the middle of the night after having a sex dream about Professor Snape...

He dreads going to potions class and desperately tries to avoid the gaze of the professor...

Hermione notices somethings not right with Harry and tries to get to the bottom of it...
Harry whimpered as soft lips pressed against his own, the room was shrouded in darkness as his tongue ran over the wet flesh before him. He couldn’t tell who it was but he knew they tasted delicious. A pang struck his groin, a signal that told the rest of his body that he wanted to this further, as far as this stranger would allow. Harry’s legs caved underneath him as he felt the
warmth draw away from him. He felt lost, his eyes searching the darkness before feeling soft
breath dance across his ear.

“Do it… You know you want to.” The voice teased, the breath hot against his neck. It was
familiar, yet he couldn’t quite pinpoint where he recognised it from. Harry didn’t need any further
encouragement as he fell to his knees. He pressed his hungry lips to the man’s groin. He didn’t
hesitate before collecting the man’s member in his earnest mouth. He took it in further, as though
he couldn’t get enough of it. He pushed the man’s tip to the back of his throat, it was a sensation he
craved, yearned for, no amount seemed to be enough. Harry felt himself growing hot, the man
thrusted into his mouth, going deeper with every turn and he loved it. The young wizard ran his
teeth along the sizeable cock, as if to capture it, hold it within his lips forever.

Harry sunk his fingers in to the man’s supple buttocks, kneading it without intention to ever stop.
The man’s body began to shake, as if of its own accord. Harry didn’t have to think about what the
man’s reaction meant as his mouth filled up with the man’s warm fluid. Harry swallowed eagerly
before rising to his feet. Moon light shone through fogged up glass, it’s presence becoming
stronger, soon flooding what now appeared to be the potions classroom with a radiant light. The
face of the man before him grew clearer, his features becoming distinctive. A large nose penetrated
through what remained of darkness before unveiling the man’s identity.

The man was…

Professor Severus Snape.

Harry’s eyes tore open as sweat dripped down his forehead. He sat bolt upright, trying to
comprehend the dream he just had…

Snape…

And sex…

In the same dream?

What the hell was wrong with him…?

How was he ever going to look Snape in the eye ever again?

There was one thing he knew for sure, he was so not getting back to sleep tonight…

And gods he hoped no one had heard him moan and scream out Snape’s name…

He quickly glanced around the dorm, everyone was still asleep…

Good…

Relief slid over him, as he let his body fall back against the mattress.

~*_~*~

“Potions… yey…” Ron rolled his eyes, the sarcasm rife in his voice as the three drew closer to the
dreaded classroom. Harry didn’t respond, keeping his gaze affixed to the floor in front of him. He
felt students rush past him, the tip of their robes billowing out behind them. The sight proved only
“Harry.” Hermione began, stopping the young wizard just before they reached the familiar doorway.

“Are you alright? You seem a bit, well, out of sorts is all.”

“Yeah I just didn’t sleep last night, that's all.” she gave him a doubtful gaze, but let him carry on without any further interrogation.

“Today you will be learning about Wolfebain and its many many uses.” Snape’s voice was devoid of enthusiasm as it drawled through the classroom. Harry tried to avoid making eye contact with the professor, it was a task that was proving to be quite the challenge. The raven haired boy pretended to take notes as a way of evading the professor’s gaze, one that seemed to linger more so today than any other.

No.

Perhaps he was just being paranoid. He just needed to avoid Snape without looking like was deliberately not paying attention. Harry felt a rough shove at his side, watching as a piece of parchment fell on to the wooden desk in front of him. The nudge was from Ron but the note from Hermione. He carefully unfolded the note before running his eyes over the words.

*Are you sure you’re alright Harry?*

He subtly slid his quill from his work book to the parchment.

*Yeah just had a disturbing dream last night is all.*

He folded the note back up, carefully passing the note to Ron, to pass back to Hermione.

It wasn’t long before it was back on his desk.

*About what? Was it about Voldemort?*

Harry shook his head subconsciously at the note.

“What’s that Potter? You disagree?” Snape’s voice penetrated the otherwise silent room. The mere resonance of his words sent a shiver down his spine.

*Oh great… the very person he was trying so desperately to avoid…*

“Um no, sorry Professor.” Harry replied, deliberately avoiding the professor’s gaze.

“Your acting very peculiar today Potter.” Snape began, making appoint of running his eyes up and down the young wizard’s thin form.

“Actually taking notes?” He continued, taking a threateningly slow step towards Harry before stalling.
“Always.” Harry replied before he’d really thought about it, discreetly sliding Hermione’s note under his workbook.

“Always.” Snape repeated, his voice retaining the same doubtful drawl that it never seemed absent of.

“Doubtful.” The professor added before turning back to the black board.

“He’s got you there.” Ron sniggered next to him, not making any effort to lower his voice.

After a safe amount of time had gone past, Harry retrieved the note from under his workbook.

*It wasn’t about Voldemort it was about Snape.*

He folded it up once more before passing to Ron, receiving it back only moment later.

*S Snape? What about Snape?*

Harry thought carefully about whether he should divulge the nature of this particular dream to his friend…

She was his friend after all…

If she didn’t understand who would?

*I had a… sex dream about him.*

He wrote back before passing it again to Ron, who seemed to suddenly decide that he didn’t want to be left out of this private conversation any longer. His slender fingers impatiently tearing the parchment undone.

*Oh no…*

“You what?! Eww man that’s disgusting that is… About Snape and all.” Ron pulled a face to match his words, apparently forgetting he was still in the classroom and everyone else was silent.

Harry didn’t need to glance around to know that the eyes of every other student in the class were upon him. He flinched before subconsciously sinking down in his seat.

“Shh Ron.” Hermione silenced him, her words invariably late before quickly snatching the note from the red head’s fingers. A snort left her lips as her eyes quickly ran over the unbelievable words on the parchment.

“What’s this Granger?” Snape stated before quickly snatching the note from her fingers.

“Passing notes back and forth in my class are we?”

Panic gripped Harry as he fathomed the dire situation he was in.

He prayed with all his might that Snape wouldn’t read the parchment, only he knew full well this was highly unlikely, make that impossible.

*Ohmygod please don’t please don’t please don’t.*

Snape’s eyes ran across the parchment.
Harry didn’t realise how tightly he had been gripping the desk, until he felt one of his finger nails give way under the pressure.

“Interesting note.” Snape stated slowly as his eyes turned to Harry, an almost smug expression formed on the professor’s lips, like he had just struck gold.

“You will serve detention with me this evening.” The professor continued, turning away from the three before heading back to the front of the class.

“All of us?” Ron interrupted, making no attempt to disguise his trepidation. Silence filled the room, Harry began to wonder if Snape had actually heard Ron’s question.

“Just Harry.” He responded slowly, not bothering to turn around.

Great…
Dangerous Games

Chapter Summary

Harry serves his dreaded detention with Snape but things don't go the way he expected

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Harry had difficulty concentrating in the rest of his classes as the dreaded detention with Professor Snape loomed over his head.

“Hermione what am I going to do!” Harry didn’t bother to hide his panic as he sat next to the gifted witch at the dining hall table.

“You’ll have to just see what he says I’m afraid, I mean it was a dream, it’s out of your control really.”

“The old git should be flattered someone thought about him that way, I bet no one has in years.” Ron chimed up, remnants of fried chicken accompanied his words as they flew from his mouth.

“And what old git would that be, Mr Weasley?” Snape enunciated each word with a precision only he could master. Ron froze before dropping a sausage he was trying to shove down his throat. He panicked as it rolled off the table and onto the floor.

“Oh um ah…”

“Mr Filch Professor.” Hermione came to the red head’s rescue as Snape raised his eyebrow, knowing full well it wasn’t Mr Filch.

His eyes darted to the boy who hadn’t said a word.

“Don’t forget detention Mr Potter.”

“Yes Sir.” The boy replied, how could be possibly forget…

~*~*~

Harry headed to the potions classroom, hovering by the doorway

*Maybe he won’t be there…*

The raven haired boy peeked inside the classroom.

*No one…*
“Mister Potter.”

That voice…!

Harry instinctively glanced behind him, his eyes fell on Snape as he approached the door before averting his gaze to the floor.

This was going to be hell and he knew it.

“Take a seat Potter.” Snape snarled slowly, not taking his off the boy at his mercy.

“I think you know why you’re here.” Snape began, his arms supporting him as he slowly leant over the boy’s desk.

“Do you care mister Potter to explain this to me?” Snape looked down at the boy, a smile creeping onto his lips as he held the parchment within his fingers. Harry didn’t know what to say, he thought the note was pretty self-explanatory.

“I had a dream… About you… Sir.” Harry’s fingers were under the desk, clawing at the wood as his nerves got the best of him.

“Yes… and what I wish to know Potter,” the professor began before allowing the breath to escape his lungs. It was the first sign of hesitation Harry had ever witnessed in the man.

“Was this dream a reflection of… other feelings you may have towards me, or was it simply that… a dream?”

Harry’s eyes widened as he struggled to summon words to his lips.

“I uh, I, don’t know.” The boy hesitated as he began to wonder why he didn’t just say it was just a dream.

Maybe there was more to this than he cared to admit… There was that time Snape rescued him from Professor Quirrell when he cursed his broomstick…. Effectively saving his life… And he had covered for them randomly in the past with no apparent gain to himself. There was something about the man that did attract him, though he couldn’t exactly put his finger on it… Snape’s eyes narrowed before tossing the parchment onto the desk

“Is that a yes or a no Potter?”

Harry hung his head, unable to look at the man, hesitation clawing at his throat before deciding that being honest was probably for the best.

“It’s a yes.”

The silence in the room was deafening. Harry thought it would never end before he felt a hand on his chin, pulling it up towards the Professors gaze.

“Good.” Snape whispered before seeing the confusion developing in the boy’s eyes.

“Perhaps a demonstration… Is in order…” The professor’s voice was like silk as he leaned toward the boy, pressing his lips against Harry’s before feeling a hand snake around his head, drawing him
closer. Harry couldn’t believe how right this felt, how much he was actually enjoying this… who would of thought?

Harry’s body began to act off its own accord as he suddenly wished the desk wasn’t in the way. He pulled back, breaking the kiss before climbing on top of the wooden contraption.

Harry reclaimed the man’s lips before instinctively undoing the buttons on his own shirt. He desperately needed this man inside of him but where did this need come from? Right now he didn’t care…

The young wizard didn’t stop until all the buttons were undone before tearing his shirt off. He exposed his bare chest to the professor before feeling the man’s arms encircle him, embracing the raw flesh.

*How far would Snape be prepared to go?*

_Maybe testing the waters is a good place to start?_

Harry began to undo his trousers before pulling them down, exposing everything in the process. Snape’s fingers wrapped hungrily around his erection, as if deprived of a primal necessity.

*How’d he become so good at this?*_

Harry threw his head back in pleasure, forgetting he was still on the desk as he began to fall back. Snape forced his other hand behind the boy, catching his fall. Harry shot the man a grateful glance before his hormones seized control of his body once more.

“I want you.” Harry whimpered, his words becoming a struggle as he ground his hips desperately against the professor.

“Inside me.”

That was enough for Snape as he pulled away from the boy. Harry took the opportunity to get up before leaning over the desk.

“Please.” Harry begged no longer caring about why he so desperately needed this. Snape summoned a nearby potion bottle before lathering the liquid on to his fingers. The Professor pressed his index finger against the boy’s entrance before sliding it through the resistance.

“Are you sure about this Potter?” Snape whispered, his breath hot against the boy’s ear.

It was a bit late to be asking that now.

“I never wanted anything more in my life.”

Snape extracted his finger, undoing his trouser button before withdrawing his member. He slid more potion on his member before aligning it with the young wizard’s opening. Harry bit back as he felt the man enter him, it was uncomfortable, there was no denying that. He resisted the pain, wanting nothing more than for the man to explore the depths of his body.

“Are you okay?” Snape whispered, the concern in his voice resonated with a sincerity he had never witnessed in the man.

“Yeah, keep going, the pain will go away soon.” Harry whimpered before feeling Snape thrust in
and out of him. The discomfort subsiding as waves of pleasure seized his body. He was close… So close… The moan’s escaped him without his consent as he felt precum drip down his cock.

“Right if you’ll come this way Cornelius.” The voice was loud, abnormally loud, and distinctively Dumbledore’s…

“Oh no.” Harry mumbled, his eyes darting to the door as he prepared for his inevitably dire future. Snape withdrew from Harry as the footsteps drew closer before grasping the boy by the waist.

“Under my desk.” He whispered before pulling Harry towards the wooden table and sliding him under it. Snape shoved his cock back in his trousers, quickly securing the button up just as the door handle began to open.

“Severus.”

Chapter End Notes

Please let me know what you thought :)

I welcome all feedback :)
Harry felt his heart racing as he heard footsteps creep closer to the professor’s desk. Being caught completely naked, with cum dripping out of his body, under professor Snape’s desk by the minister for magic himself was not a good start towards his aspirations of being as an auror…. Besides, what about Snape? How much trouble would he get in?

A lot more he imagined…

“Cornelius.” Snape stated slowly, acknowledging the man’s presence, while trying to disguise the distain from seeping into his words. Snape couldn’t mis the distinctive twinkle in Dumbledore’s eyes, causing the professors heart rate to increase.

*He knows…*

“Now, Severus.” Dumbledore began, the ever-present smile on his lips wavered slightly.

“Cornelius here, has asked to see your classroom, or more precisely should I say, to see if you have any Felix Felicis?”

“Unfortunately, no.” Snape replied, wishing he had some for himself at that moment.

“Never the matter.” Cornelius muttered as he took small steps around the room. Snape kept a careful eye on the minister as he wandered aimlessly around the classroom, his gaze falling on this and that. Snape got the feeling there was more to this visit than mere Felix Felicis. Cornelius turned his gaze to the floor before raising an eyebrow.

“What are these robes doing here?” The minister raised his voice in curiosity as a puzzled expression plastered his face.

*Shit…*

Harry’s breathing hitched, keeping his eyes on Snape’s legs as they refused to step away from his desk like a guardian angel.
“Robes?” Dumbledore questioned as he approached Cornelius before kneeling down to collect the garments in his fingers.

“Ah yes, perhaps a student left these here by mistake? I will see that they get them back.” The headmaster chuckled before waving his wand at the garments, watching as they disappeared from his grasp. Harry panicked, the sudden realisation dawned on him that he was going to have to get from under Snape’s desk, back to his dorm with absolutely nothing on… A feat deemed impossible without the invisibility cloak…

“Was there something else I could help you with minister?” Snape drawled, trying to hurry this unpleasant visit along.

“No, I think I’ve seen all there is to see here.” He stated, his eyes still studying the endless bottles of potion ingredients as they lined the cluttered walls.

“Well then Cornelius, I trust you know your way back.”

“You will not be joining me?”

“No, you see minister, I wish to speak with Severus about a, private matter.”

Snape flinched.

“Very well.” Cornelius nodded before heading for the door, closing it hesitantly behind him.

“You wished, to speak with me?” Snape tried to disguise the panic in his voice as he darted his eyes between the door, his desk and the man standing in front of him.

“Ah yes Severus.” Dumbledore began, a knowing smile growing on his lips as he took another step closer to Snape.

“You see, I’ve just discovered a small problem and I’m not sure quite what to do about it.”

Harry bit down, terrified as to where this was going as he subconsciously covered his bare flesh with his arms. Snape nodded slowly, encouraging the man to continue but dreading what he was about to unveil.

“You see, I’ve had this cough and I can’t seem to shake it.”

A sigh escaped Harry’s lips as relief surged through his veins. His relief was short lived however, as he felt Snape’s shoe gently kick his thigh, reminding him they weren’t out of the woods just yet.

“You wouldn’t have a potion for this now would you dear Severus?”

“Of course, headmaster.”

Harry watched Snape’s legs disappear from his view as the man sifted through a myriad of potion bottles, quickly locating the one he was after, before turning around to face the headmaster. Harry bit down as a new set of legs entered his view range, he slowed his breathing right down, praying the headmaster wouldn’t peer under the desk. Why would he do that though? What reason would he have?

Snape flinched, his eyes widening as he realised Dumbledore was standing in the danger zone. He quickly paced toward the headmaster, before reclaiming the space next to him, subtly trying to drive him away from the desk.
“This should aid you headmaster.” Snape tried to calm his racing heart as he handed the potion over.

“Thank you, my dear Severus.” Dumbledore smiled, accepting the bottle before turning toward the door. “I must take my leave now, I fear I have interrupted something very… important.”

Snape bit down on his lip as Harry’s eyes widened.

“Have an enjoyable evening Severus.” Dumbledore smiled before turning to the door.

“Oh, and, tell Harry his robes are on his bed.”

A gasp escaped Harry’s lips before feeling his head collide with the top of the desk.

“And to enjoy the moonlight stroll back to his dormitory.” Dumbledore turned his head around, not making any effort to disguise his chuckle as he delivered a wink before heading out the door, leaving the aftermath behind him. Harry couldn’t calm his racing heart as he heard the door click closed. He instantly felt Snape grab his arm and pull him out from under the desk.

Harry felt the man’s hot lips against his ear.

“You’re staying with me tonight.”
Protection

Chapter Summary

Harry finds himself in a Snape's personal potions store cupboard as the two attempted
to evade a certain blonde haired Slytherin boy

Chapter Notes

I hope you all enjoy :)

Harry cringed as his bare feet pressed on the cold stone of another Hogwarts hallway, cowering
behind the professor, trying to hide his naked flesh as they made their way past a myriad of
sleeping portraits.

Harry prayed none of them would wake up… The gossip would be rife! Whispered all around the
school before sunrise…

It was lucky Snape knew these corridors like the back of his hand, making navigating them in the
pitch black surprisingly easily.

Harry’s ears perked up at the sound of faint whispers, panic gripping his heart before instinctively
classing his arms around Snape’s waist. The professor halted, feeling the boy accidentally slam
into his back.

He turned around, grabbing the boy by the arm as the voices got steadily louder. Snape quickly led
the boy towards the voices, Harry’s heart skipping a few beats, certain he was about to get busted.

“W-what ar-” Harry whispered, before impulsively pulling against the man, in a vain attempt to
evade the voices.

“Shh” Snape silenced the boy before propelling him into a nearby cupboard, joining him before
quickly closing the door. Harry winced as light flooded the small space, before feeling his eyes
adjust to the sudden brightness.

The cupboard was familiar… shelves oozing with potion bottles and various potion ingredients.

Snape’s personal store… That’s where they were…

The voices grew louder, until they were practically on the other side of the door. Harry winced as
the voices refused to diminish… whoever they were, they were not budging.

Harry’s eyes widened and as his legs began to give out. One of the voices became very
distinguished… Very familiar…

There is only one person that in the world that that voice belonged to…
Draco Malfoy…

The situation was terrifying him yet, at the same time, arousing him beyond his wildest dreams. He felt Snape press against his body, pressing him against one of the heavily stocked shelves.

Harry felt his cock stir once more as the professor held a finger to his lips, encouraging the boy to remain silent.

Snape smiled at the boys growing erection before hearing a knock pound on the door. Harry’s eyes darted to the door, panic gripping his body before watching as the door began to open.

Snape spun around, intercepting the unwelcome visitor before they had a chance to enter.

“What are you doing wondering the corridors at this late hour Mr Malfoy?”

“I told you what I need” Draco insisted.

“You best be careful Mr Malfoy, before you buy yourself a month’s detention”. Snape’s drawl remained steady, as he looked down on the blonde boy.

“Is that a threat? You wait till my father hears about this”

“Is that so” Snape raised his eyebrows, undaunted by Draco’s threat.

“Now hurry up and give me what I asked for” the blonde pressured unrelentingly as he tried pushing past the professor.

“Why?” Snape recoiled, equally bluntly before barring the blonde from entering once more.

“Mind your own business” Draco snarled, trying once more to push past the dark haired man.

“Well, I guess… No lacewing flies for you Mr Malfoy” A faint smug smile growing on his lips as he slammed the door in the blonde’s face, before quickly locking it.

Snape’s gaze returned to Harry’s as he paced towards the boy.

“Bloody greasy git” Draco mumbled as his voice faded down the corridor.

Harry tried to hide his chuckle, before feeling the man rest his hand on his cheek.

“What’s so funny” Snape questioned, his eyebrow raised before leaning closer to the boy.

“You”

“Is that so” Snape enunciated before pressing his lips to Harry’s, grinding his body against the boy.

Snape grasped the boy’s erection with his fingers, gently pulling on it as he watched the boy writhe in pleasure.
“Come” the professor began, “my chambers are not far from here”.

Harry shook his head, terrified of having another encounter with Draco.

“He’s gone” Snape began “besides… I have ways of silencing the boy if need be” the professor smirked before grasping the boy’s arms, dragging him toward the door.

Harry felt his body fall against the soft mattress before watching as the professor removed his cloak. Harry’s arousal grew stronger as more of Snape’s clothes fell to the floor.

Harry felt his breathing hitch as his eyes fell on the completely naked man in front of him. Harry’s heart raced as he felt the professor climb on top of him, bare flesh on bare flesh.

Snape planted soft lips against the boy’s neck as he rubbed his erection against Harry’s.

The raven haired boy subconsciously spread his legs, his desperate need to have the man inside him spiralling out of control.

Harry gasped as he felt warm lips around his cock, moaning as he felt it press deeper into the man’s throat.

Frantic moans escaped the boy’s lips as he felt himself close to release. Snape pulled away from Harry before summoning a mysterious liquid.

The man carefully poured the substance into his hand before rubbing it onto his cock.

The professor grasped the boy’s legs, pulling them over his shoulders as he pushed his penis to the boy’s entrance. Harry felt precum drip out of his cock and trickle over his abdomen as he longed for Snape to enter him.

The boy moaned as Snape slipped his cock into his opening, gently thrusting into Harry’s lithe body.

Snape pressed his lips to the boy’s, grinding his member deep into Harry’s body.

“Please” Harry begged, for what exactly he wasn’t sure as he felt himself release all over Snape’s chest.

Another moan escaped Harry’s lips as he felt his body fill with the professor’s seed.

“How long can you keep this up for?” Snape whispered against the boy’s ear.

“Forever”
The joys of a loose tongue...

Chapter Summary

Harry turns up late to divination and his friends are determined to find out where he has been...

Harry opened his eyes, cringing as the sunlight assaulted them before glancing around his surroundings.

Where am I?

I don’t recognise this...

Oh wait...

“Aren’t you supposed to be somewhere Potter?” Snape’s voice swum into his ear as he turned over to stare at the man. Disappointed to see his flesh concealed by clothing.

“Like where” his mind still reeling from the events of the previous evening. It still didn’t feel real...

He pushed the sheet off his body, forgetting he was naked until he felt the professor’s eyes on him.

Harry felt a pang in his groin, being so exposed like this and having Snape gaze it him only made him aroused. His body writhed as he felt his cock stir.

“Class” Snape stated bluntly.

“What time is it?” Harry asked the man as he pushed his legs over the side of the bed, rubbing his eyes in an attempt to wake up.

“If you go now you might make it for the second half of Divination.”

Shit!

Harry flew out of bed before feeling his body slam straight into the floor. It turns out everything has a price, and the price for the anal sex he had last night equalled inability to walk properly…

He didn’t need to look to know Snape’s eyes were on him, he could envisage the amused, slightly smug expression hinting at his lips.

“Are you alright there Potter? You don’t perhaps… need a hand”

Harry hardly had time to react before feeling an object enter his opening. The sensation was soothing as it slid in and out of him, bringing with it a cooling sensation.

“This will help” Snape assured him before pulling his finger out, droplets of the potion dripping down the boys thighs and onto the floor.

Harry’s heart stopped before suddenly remembering his robes were still in his dormitory, courtesy of Dumbledore.
“Snape what am I going to do?” Harry panicked as he turned to the professor

“What about?”

“My serious lack of clothing… I can’t turn up to class like this…”

“Why not?” amusement played at the professor’s lips before he turned around, grabbing a pile of dark clothing off a nearby dresser and throwing them at the boy

“Try these”

“What are they?”

“What I wore when I was your age”

Harry figured he didn’t really have a choice as he threw on the clothes in front of him. They fitted surprisingly well, and smelt distinctively of Snape. He hoped no one would notice…

“Where the hell have you been?” Ron barked, looking Harry up and down as he sat down at their desk. “And what is that?”

“What is what?”

“What your wearing?” Ron’s face screwed up like a paper bag.

“You might as well have not shown up at all your so late” Hermione added

“I doubt old crazy eyes would have noticed” Ron mumbled, aiming his head in the direction of Professor Trelawney.

A silence fell between them.

“Well, how was it?” Ron’s eyes were wide open as he expected an answer, feeling like he shouldn’t have had to ask.

“How was what?” A look of panic struck the raven haired boys face.

“How was the detention you twit, you were gone so long I thought Snape had eaten you for breakfast”

“Dessert actually” Harry let slip out, instantly regretting it.

“What did you say?” Hermione turned to him, her gaze penetrating to his very core.

“Nothing” Harry whimpered, knowing the witch wouldn’t buy it.

She raised her eyebrow, she wasn’t going to let this one slide so easily and Harry knew it.

“Harry, what happened last night?” her tone was dead serious

“I’ll tell you later” Harry whispered, suddenly remembering there were other students around them.

She held her gaze to him before finally relenting, “I’ll make sure of it”

Now Harry was dreading later… Whenever that would be… He couldn’t tell them that Snape
fucked him on his desk and then he wondered the corridors completely naked before nearly getting caught by Draco… Only to wind up in Snape’s chambers for the night…

He doubted they would believe him even if he did tell them…

Hmm… What to do…

He knew what he had to do…

Avoid them!

Harry sat in the library, trying devise a way to initiate another encounter with Snape. It had only been a few hours but he was already craving the intimacy once more… He began to wonder how he ever lived without it.

*Maybe I should go see him tonight in the potions classroom…*

*No that would be too obvious…*

*It’s still less obvious than going directly to his chambers…*

“Harry!” the sound of his name made him jump before looking up from the book he was pretending to read.

“Hagrid! Wha- what are you doing here?”

“Oh you know I uh just thought I’d come see how you were” the giant began before pulling a small chair out and sitting on it. Harry was sure he heard the chair crack, marvelling how the small wooden object was managing to support the Man.

“listen uh Harry” Hagrid began again “I got talking to nearly headless Nick this morning and he said well… uh…”

Harry’s heart raced, having a fair idea where this was going…

“Well I don’t actually know how to tell you this Harry but he reckons he saw you with old Professor Snape in the corridor last night”

Harry’s eyes widened before he instantly narrowed them, not wanting to add fuel to the fire.

“I had to see him for detention” Harry quickly intervened, hoping the ghost hadn’t mentioned anything about his lack of clothing… But surely he must have, otherwise why would Hagrid come and see him about it?

“Now Harry, I told him don’t you go spreading gossip now you hear?” Harry was grateful to have amazing friends like Hagrid.

“You would uh tell me if there was something up though wouldn’t you Harry?” Hagrid’s eyes were serious as he refused to break contact with the boy.

“Of course, Hagrid” he lied, feeling horrible before glancing at his book and then back to the giant “and thanks”

Hagrid didn’t look convinced, giving the boy a stern gaze.
“No problem Harry”.
Calm Depths

Chapter Summary

Harry ponders how to get close to Snape once more... But as luck would have it the professor comes to him

Chapter Notes

I'm not gonna lie this story is turning into chapter after chapter of pure smut... I'll try re-establish the story line i promise! lol

Actually scratch that I don't think there was much of a story line to begin with... I thought about maybe tossing some Mpreg in there but hmm... we'll see...

Harry opened his eyes, only to have them greeted by darkness as he tried to figure out where he was. His eyes fell on the myriad of books in front of him, he raised his eyebrow as his gaze travelled to the book shelves surrounding him.

The library.

He was still in the library…

Why hadn’t anyone woken him up?

Why hadn’t his friends come looking for him?

Oh wait… He was supposed to be avoiding them… Just as well then…

To be honest he just had to avoid Hermione… Ron was his best friend but he was a bit clueless… He doubted the red haired boy picked up on his accidental remark earlier in class.

He quickly glanced at his watch, before remembering that of course he wouldn’t be able to see it. Harry sighed as he withdrew his wand.

“lumos” he whispered before marvelling as a little ball of light appeared at the tip of his wand.

“You’re up late Mr Potter” Snape’s voice muttered seductively behind him.

Harry’s ears perked up before feeling the man draw closer to him, his gaze turned to meet the man’s.

“I was wondering how I was going to see you again” Harry whispered, not looking away from the man. Only then realising his voice probably sounded a bit desperate…

“There’s no need to whisper Potter, no one else is here” Snape stated, a wicked smile growing on his lips.
Harry knew what that smile meant as he stood up from his chair, before leaning seductively on the desk.

“How did you find me here by the way?”

“I’m not about to give away all my secrets Potter” Snape drawled, raising an eyebrow before leaning closer to the boy.

Harry moaned as he felt the professor’s hands grasp his waist before pressing his body against the boy’s. Snape leaned in before pressing his lips to Harry’s, gently pushing against his body until he felt the boy lay on the table.

“Are you ready for more Potter?” Snape’s drawl echoed into the boy’s ear as his breathing shallowed, wishing the professor would strip him and fuck him right here, right now.

His wishes were soon granted as Harry felt Snape wrap his arms around his body before gently lifting him up, pushing his young body against the bookshelf. The boy gasped as he felt his trousers suddenly around his ankles.

Harry loved this. He loved that it was just Snape and him, his own little secret that he didn’t want to share with anyone. He felt to do so would be to have some of the specialness stolen from it. Other people just wouldn’t understand.

Harry gasped before a set of lips met his own once more. A shiver ran through his body as Snape slid his hand down, grasping the boy’s cock. Harry’s body pushed into the contact, craving more as the professor’s grasp grew tighter.

The lips broke away from his own before moving to the boy’s neck.

“Turn around” Snape murmured before pulling back, allowing the boy space. Harry eagerly complied before resting his hands on the bookshelf, bracing himself for what was about to come. Impatience beginning to get the best of him.

What is it about this that suddenly became so addictive…? Harry felt naked without Snape inside him, like a huge chunk of him was missing, empty, saddened almost. The professor made him feel complete.

Was he perhaps…

Falling in love…?

Perhaps he was past the falling stage…

The more he thought about it, the more he realised he was always in love…

From that moment, in the great hall, when he first laid eyes on him…

Something about the man grabbed him, made his heart pang against his will… Harry couldn’t put his finger on it…

Till now that is…

Harry moaned as he felt the familiar penis push against his opening.

“Do it” the boy commanded, subconsciously pushing his ass against the man’s cock.
Snape didn’t need any more encouragement as he pressed through the tight opening until he reached the deep innards of the boy’s body.

“Give me all you’ve got” Harry whimpered before feeling the professor begin to thrust in and out, moaning as his cock rubbed against that special spot inside Harry’s body.

Meow

Harry’s eyes bolted open, his body flinching before turning his head to the direction of the noise. He was sure he’d heard it… The sound could only mean one thing… Harry prayed for a miracle…

“What is it?” Snape whispered, feeling the boy’s body tensed up around him.

“I thought I hear-“ Harry began

Meow

“A cat?” Snape stated more than asked before the sudden realisation dawned on him

Mr Filch…

That meowing was the squib’s cat...

Snape quickly withdrew himself before kneeling down to collect Harry’s trousers, pulling them up for the boy.

“Your wand” Snape whispered, Harry only then realising it had been emanating light that whole time.

“Nox” he quickly whimpered before hearing footsteps approach from the hallway.

Harry’s heart pounded as each step grew louder.

The professor slipped his hand into Harry’s before slowly leading him down another aisle.

“I know another way out” Snape stated quietly as they approached an apparent dead end.

The professor tapped his wand on the bricks in an irregular fashion as Mr Filches muttering filled the room.

Harry shot Snape a desperate glance, the professor didn’t seem phased as the bricks began to reshuffle themselves, forming a small passageway.

Snape pushed the boy in before following him and resealing the passage.

“Where are we?” Harry asked, his eyebrows raised as he felt the professor lean in closer, his lips against the boy’s ear.

“Somewhere where we can finish what we started”.
Stand By Me

Chapter Summary

Harry struggles to pay attention in class after spending the night up with Snape...

Chapter Notes

I got up at like 3 in the morning to write this lol so sorry for all the mistakes in advance!

You know when you can’t sleep and you have an idea so you get up to take notes and end up writing the whole chapter…

Yip… that’s what happened lol.

Why was he so exhausted?
Let’s be honest, it was probably because he spent the whole night in a random passageway at the back of the library with Snape…

Now he was limping to transfigurations class wishing he had more of that potion Snape used on his opening… He could really do with a whole bucket of it at this rate…

His body ached as another yawn escaped his lips.

“Harry!”

Oh no…

“Where were you lastnight man?” Ron questioned his friend, a concerned expression plastering his face.

“I uh, fell asleep in the library” Harry began, it wasn’t exactly a lie…

“What were you doing in the library you balmy git…? Turning into Hermione you are”

“She’s looking for you, you know?” Ron’s eyes were wide open as he slapped a hand across his friends back.

“She said she has something really important to discuss with you, surprised you didn’t run into her at the library actually.”

He had a point…

“She gets a bit scary when she’s determined about something” he continued, balancing an apple in his fingers before taking a bite out of it.
“Hey why a’you limping?” Ron eyed his best friend up and down.

_O crap_…

“I ah, fell down the stairs and uh must have twisted my ankle”. Harry lied. He was starting to get good at this…

“You should get madam Pomphrey to look at that you should”.

“yeah, I’ll go later”.

“Nah, we’ll go now. It’s on the way” Ron pointed his hand at an upcoming corridor, not like Harry didn’t already know where it was…

“I’ll go later” Harry panicked “besides we don’t wanna be late for class” he quickly added, hoping Ron would drop the subject.

“But Harry it’s right here” the red haired boy reiterated before taking another bite of his apple.

“It’s okay I’ll just ask Snape for something after potions class”

Harry instantly realised the error of his ways, wishing he could unsay his last sentence…

“Snape? Why would go anywhere near that greasy git if you didn’t have to?!?” Ron screwed up his face at his best friend.

“He’s supposed to be the best potions brewer, isn’t he?” Harry panicked “Besides Madam Pomphrey is probably really busy”.

They both gawked into the infirmary, as they reached the door.

No one…

_Dammit…_

Ron raised an eyebrow at his friend, this close to grabbing his sleeve and dragging him inside.

“Let’s go” Harry stated as he quickly carried on to class, sensing what the redhead was about to do.

The boys arrived at Transfiguration class miles too early…

“See I told you we would have had time” Ron whispered before playfully shoving his friend.

“Harry!”

The raven haired boy instinctively glanced around, already knowing who it was.

“Hermione”

“Where were you lastnight? I was looking for you everywhere!”

_I know…_

“I fell asleep in the library” Harry mumbled.
“You look a fright” the witch eyed her friend up and down, taking in his messy hair, tardy robes, his obvious lack of sleep…

She raised an eyebrow before opening her mouth, like she was about to say something but then stopped.

“Let’s get to our seats, McGonagall will be here shortly”.

Transfigurations class went by uneventfully as the only thing Harry could focus on was stifling back his yawns…

He sat there praying the professor wouldn’t ask him any questions and make his lack of attention paying abilities apparent to the rest of the class.

“Well Harry what do you think?” Hermione questioned him as they headed down the corridor towards potions class.

“Huh?” Harry only just realizing he’d missed their whole conversation as they approached the classroom door…

“See I told you he was miles away Hermione” Ron nodded at the witch as Harry tried to reel in his thoughts.

And it’s about to get worse…

The three took their usual seats as they waited for the professor to arrive.

It wasn’t long before the door flew open and Snape stormed into the classroom.

Harry bit down, instantly feeling his groin begin to stir at the sight of the man.

“Today class we will be learning how to brew Skele-gro potion”

“That’s convenient” Ron slapped his friend on the arm a little too hard, accidentally knocking Harry off his seat.

No no no no…

Harry felt himself collide with the floor,

This can’t be happening…

“Is everything alright Mr Potter?” Snape raised his eyebrow, not moving from his position at the front of the class.

Harry could hear Draco chuckling in the background, along with Crabbe and Goyle.

“Something funny Mr Malfoy?” Snape shot him a penetrating glare, instantly silencing the blonde boy.

Harry silently thanked Snape as he climbed back into his seat.

“I’m fine sir” Harry muttered, unable to stop the redness from flooding his cheeks. Harry looked up, meeting the man’s gaze, a silent message passed between the two.
Harry wanted him…

So did Snape…

Not much got passed Hermione and this certainly didn’t…
Troubled Waters

Chapter Summary

Hermione digs a bit deeper but is she ready for the shocking truth about Harry's relationship with Professor Snape?

“You two go on ahead, I’ll catch you up” Harry stated, not looking up from his workbook at the end of class.

Hermione gave him a doubtful expression but left him to it as her and Ron left the classroom.

Harry waited until most of the students had left before heading to the front of the class. The boy stood in front of the potions professor before deciding it was safe enough to ask.

“Professor”

“Yes, Mr Potter” a smirk grew on his lips, before he retrieved a bottle of green fluid from, well, Harry wasn’t exactly sure.

“I know what you’re going to ask for” he enunciated quietly before handing the bottle to the boy.

“Thanks”

“My pleasure”

“Well, I guess I’ll, see you later then” Harry murmured before turning towards the door.

“Indeed” Snape smiled slowly as he watched the boy walk out of the classroom.

Harry stepped into the hallway before feeling his body shoved against the wall. The boy turned around, his eyes falling on blonde hair…

_Draco…_

A smug smile formed on the blonde’s lips before he paraded past Harry. The boy watched as Draco strutted into the classroom, sending Harry a snarky grin, before shutting the door behind him.

Harry had to know what this was about… He could just ask Snape later…

Or he could listen now…

Harry silently leaped toward the door, pressing his ear against the wood.

_Snape cringed as he watched the blonde boy marched up to him_

_Here we go…_
“What was that about?” Draco demanded, his eyes boring into the professor’s.

“I don’t think that it’s any of your business Mr Malfoy” Snape raised both eyebrows before looking down at the blonde.

Draco gritted his teeth, frustrated at his lack of progress.

“you’re supposed to be on my side!” the blonde spat as he clenched his fists.

“Am I?” Snape muttered as he turned away from the boy, before walking over towards a shelf of empty potion bottles.

“Don’t walk away from me Snape!” Draco raised his voice “or I’ll tell father that your helping Potter”.

The professor turned to the nuisance of a boy, his eyes piercing the blonde’s.

“Is that the best you can do?” Snape smirked before pointing at the door, “haven’t you got a class to attend?”

Draco stood there shaking with rage and frustration before he turned towards the door.

Harry panicked as he heard the footsteps on the other side become louder.

_Where to go…_

_Where to hide…_

_It was too late as he heard the door knob turn…_

“You better watch yourself Draco, you don’t want to draw unnecessary attention to yourself.”

_Thank you Snape._

Harry seized the opportunity to escape as he quietly ran up the hall and darted around the next available corner.

Harry waited until Draco had gone past before he rushed to his next class, knowing there was no way he’d get there before it began.

“I’ve been starving all day!” Ron cried out in between mouthfuls of food as he shovelled it down his throat

Harry felt a familiar presence behind him before catching something falling at the corner of his eye.

_A piece of parchment…_

Harry quickly collected it before it landed on the table, he couldn’t afford to let anyone else see it.

He carefully unfolded it under the table, hoping no one had seen it and if they had, that they wouldn’t ask what it said. Although he could just lie… He’s been doing a lot of that lately already…
Come to my chambers at 10

Harry smiled, a rush of excitement flooded his veins as he began to fold the parchment up. He glanced towards the man before feeling the parchment ripped from his fingers.

Harry’s eyes instantly darted back, panic swamped his body as he traced the location of the parchment…

Hermione…

He froze as he watched her eyes skim across the writing.

“Harry” She began before turning her eyes to her best friend.

“Are you-“ she began before realising the dining hall wasn’t exactly the appropriate environment to discuss such things.

Harry instinctively nodded, knowing what Hermione was going to say.

“So your going to go?” she tried to keep her voice steady but failed.

“Yeah”

“Go where?” Ron interrupted, realizing in between mouthfuls that he’d missed something important.

“It doesn’t matter” Hermione replied before trying to think of a new topic before Ron pressed further.

Hermione cornered Harry after dinner in the Gryffindor common room.

“Harry, you’re not seriously going to go, are you?” her eyes widened at the thought of what could happen to him.

“Why, what could he do to me?” Harry asked, shrugging as he tried to avoid the witch’s glare.

“What if he tries to… to… I don’t know… have sex with you?”

“He already has” Harry bit back, instantly regretting his words.

“What?!?!” Hermione stepped back, trying to comprehend what she had just heard.

“When?” her eyes falling on his, “was it that night you had detention with him? After he read that note?”

Harry nodded, realising it was too late to try convince his best friend it didn’t happen.
In Too Deep

Chapter Summary

Harry joins Snape for late night bathing fun

It’s 9:45… right…

Harry glanced at his watch before creeping further down the stairs from his dormitory. If he was quiet enough he might be able to avoid getting another lecture from Hermione about why he shouldn’t go…

She just doesn’t understand how Snape made him feel…

He’d been craving the professor’s touch since the incident in the library and he wasn’t going to miss out.

Not tonight.

The wizard made it the whole way to Snape’s chambers without running into a single person, which surprised him…

Harry approached the professor’s door, extending his arm to turn the door knob before stalling.

Voices….

They were muffled but they were definitely coming from the other side of the door.

The boy stopped dead in his tracks, panicking as he tried to figure out what to do…

He should have brought his invisibility cloak…

Why didn’t he bring his invisibility cloak…?!?!

He could have kicked himself for being so stupid…

The voices grew louder, Harry knew he had to get out of there and fast as he began to step away from the door. The boy stumbled back, trying to regain his balance before silently pacing down the corridor.

Harry heard the door creak open and the voices grow louder until they formed actual words.

“I don’t feel you’ve been truthful with me Severus” a male voice stated bluntly. The voice was familiar and Harry raked through his brain trying to recall who it belonged to.

“Your entitled to your own opinion Lucius” Snape stated frankly back before trying to close the door on the man

Lucius….
What was Lucius doing here? Harry wondered before scurrying behind a pillar, hoping to avoid the long haired man.

“Indeed.” Lucius began, ramming his cane into the door way, preventing the door from clicking shut.

“But I must warn you Severus, if Draco reports anything else to me about you helping that Potter boy, you will be receiving another visit from me.”

Lucius stated this slowly, before retracting his cane and turning away from the professor.

Harry held his breath as he heard the blonde haired man step towards his direction, praying he would waltz past without noticing him.

The few seconds felt like hours as the footsteps faded into the distance.

Harry bit his lip, too afraid to move but too afraid to stand still as he eyed Snape’s door.

The coast was clear…

Harry stepped out, keeping his eyes in all directions before knocking on the man’s door.

The door swung open, Harry felt himself being pulled in before hearing the door slam shut behind him.

“I see you had a visitor” Harry broke the silence.

“Indeed” Snape eyed the boy up and down.

“Come with me” he carried on before leading the boy into the bathroom.

“I thought we might enjoy a bath” the professor continued as Harry’s eyes fell on the enormous pool of water in front of him.

“Is this bath all yours?” the boy asked, his mouth gaping open as he realised it rivalled the prefect’s bathroom.

“Yes” the professor replied smoothly, “you best get in before it gets cold” he added before a faint smirk appeared on his lips.

“Alright” Harry agreed before pulling his robes off, letting them fall to the floor. Snape made no effort to move as he watched the boy. His naked body slowly becoming one with the water as he stepped further in.

“Aren’t you going to join me?” the boy glanced around, catching Snape ogling his naked flesh.

“Of course” he whispered, his voice hardly escaping his throat as he too began to remove his robes.

“What did Malfoy want?” the question left Harry’s lips before deciding if he actually wanted to ask it.

“Nothing of consequence” Snape whispered before wrapping his arms around the boy before planting gentle kisses down his neck.

Harry felt the man’s hand slip down his abdomen before reaching its final resting place.
The gasped as he felt the man’s grip tighten around his cock, a moan escaping his lips as he leaned into the man behind him.

Snape had the right idea here, the hot water combined with the professor’s hand sent his hormones into overdrive.

Snape released his grip as he slid in front of the boy before gently pressing him onto one of the underwater stairs.

Harry’s breathing hitched as he watched Snape disappear under the water in front him before feeling a mouth capture his cock.

It didn’t take much before Harry screamed out in pleasure, releasing his seed into his professor’s mouth.

“God your good!” the boy exclaimed, trying to recapture his breath as he watched Snape resurface.

“One breath was all it took” a wicked smile grew on Snape’s lips before continuing “I challenge you to do the same”.

“One breath?” Harry looked horrified… This wasn’t going to be easy…

“One breath” Snape reiterated, “But don’t fret, you don’t have to get it right the first time” a cheeky smirk returning to his lips.

“We’ll just keep going until you succeed”. 
Dark Abyss

Chapter Summary

Harry's heart yearns for Snape as he is forced to spend his summer break back with the Dursleys.

Chapter Notes

I wrote this chapter during my lunch break at work so sorry in advance for all the errors!

Harry laid on his bed, sighing as he flipped through the pages of his Advanced Potions book. He closed his eyes before letting his head fall onto the pillow.

He missed Snape terribly.

This summer break was going to be the death of him. He felt so vulnerable without the man in his life, but why?

He’d lived most of his life without even knowing who Snape was and god knows how long hating him. Now he can’t hardly go a day without him.

He struggled to suppress this empty feeling welling up inside, like he was on the verge of tears all the time.

Harry gazed across the room to the window, marvelling at the morning sun as it filtered in through the blinds before drawing the potions book Snape had given him close to his chest.

Harry turned over before pulling the blanket over his head, wanting to escape the world.

He must have drifted off as the sound of his uncle yelling downstairs roused him from his sleep. Harry threw the blankets off before deciding it was time to face the world. The boy threw his legs over the side of the bed before feeling a sudden wave of nausea rise from his stomach. Harry fell to the floor, trying as hard as he could not to throw up. He managed to succeed as he heard a series of car doors slamming followed by an engine starting. A sigh of relief escaped the boy’s lips as he crawled to the bathroom.

He felt awful as he folded his arms over the toilet seat before resting his head on them. He was exhausted and so glad no one else was around to see him like this. He wondered how long his Uncle, Aunty and Dudley had gone out for…

Of course he would prefer it if they didn’t come back at all…

He felt another wave of nausea rise in his throat before he leaned over the bowl, feeling awful as
the contents of his stomach fell to the bottom of the bowl. Harry tried to hold back the tears that threatened to fall but it was no use. He felt like he was going to die. He wished Snape was here to comfort him, to make him feel safe, to make him feel complete. Simply being around the man made all his problems seem irrelevant.

It had been a few minutes and Harry felt it was safe to leave the vicinity of the bathroom. He thought he should try to eat something but the realisation crept in that there was no way it was going to stay down.

Harry trudged back to his bed before crawling under the covers once more. His whole body ached, he felt like he could sleep forever and still be exhausted. He closed his eyes before allowing his body to fall into a slumber.

“Boy!” Harry stirred, wondering if he’d heard his uncle or if he’d just imagined it.

“Boy!” It definitely wasn’t his imagination… A sigh escaped his lips as he prepared for the onslaught that was his life at the Dursley’s.

Harry turned over just in time to see his door fly open, cringing as it slammed into the wall behind it.

“What on earth boy!” Vernon began his rant.

“Have you been in bed all day?” He barked at the boy before closing in on him.

“It’s dinner time you lazy ungrateful brat” Vernon continued. “I’m in half a mind to make sure there’s no left overs for you to eat tonight” the man’s entire body shook with rage as he pointed his fat finger at the boy.

“You’ll earn your keep tonight boy!” his uncle yelled before storming out of the room, slamming the door behind him. Harry heard the lock click shut, the noise resounding through the room, only making the boy feel more trapped.

Harry wondered what his uncle meant by that last statement as he climbed out of his bed. His eyes fell on the dark abyss outside his window, his body flinching as the realisation struck him that he’s literally slept all day.

What was wrong with him?

He was tempted to climb out his window and disappear into the dark abyss forever. He sunk his teeth into his lips, contemplating his situation, wishing Snape was here with him.

Two days Harry... Two days... You can do this... Two days and you’ll be in Snape’s arms once more.

Harry felt his body collide with the kitchen floor. “Clean this up boy!” Vernon demanded as he indicated at the floor, twirling his finger in a circle at the clump of mashed potato smeared on the floor. Harry sighed silently before climbing to his knees, slowly wiping up the mess before him.
Harry cringed as a growl escaped his stomach, he instinctively grasped it, annoyed at the betrayal. “What’s that boy?” Vernon began, his eyes narrowing on Harry. “Are you hungry?” a smug smile creeping onto his lips as he grabbed a leftover steak off a nearby tray before tossing it to the boy like he was a dog.

Harry watched as it slammed on to the tiled floor, before bouncing slightly towards him. He was so hungry he actually considered eating it. The boy cringed at himself, a mixture of disappointment and self-hatred welled up inside him. His body flinched as he heard another set of footsteps approach him. He didn’t need to look up to know who it was.

“What’s wrong Harry? Is our food not good enough for you?” Dudley mocked him before tossing the uneaten broccoli off his plate at the boy.

Harry bit back the tears as he picked at the meat on the floor, trying to ignore the men’s laughter as it penetrated right through to his soul.
Harry dragged his suitcase behind him as he began the trek to the train station. He tried to ignore the cramps tightening in his abdomen.

He still wasn’t well, he still threw up every morning and today was no exception. His hand slipped off the handle before he darted into a nearby bush.

He fell to his knees before repeating the now daily procedure. He stayed on his knees as his body shook uncontrollably.

He needed to see Madam Pomphrey as soon as he got back to Hogwarts, something was terribly wrong with him and he needed to know what. He sighed before wiping his mouth on his sleeve. The wizard glanced at his watch, realising he had to get a move on.

He climbed to his feet before reuniting with his suitcase. Harry carried on down the foot path, he couldn’t wait to get on the train, to see his friends again.

Hermione looked her best friend up and down, her eyes falling on the beads of sweat forming on his forehead. Her eyes narrowed as she realised how much the boy was shaking…

Why would he be sweating and shivering? Something was definitely wrong… She kept an eye on him, pondering whether to pry or just leave it.

Harry flinched before grasping his stomach. He rushed to his feet before slamming the compartment door open. The boy bolted down the carriage, in search of the nearest bathroom. Ron’s gaze locked with Hermione, a confused expression passed between them.

Harry was so sick of this, tears of frustration forming in his eyes as he slumped against the bathroom wall. The wizard closed his eyes before covering them with his hands. He could so easily fall asleep right here, he sighed before curling up into a ball.

The train suddenly jerked, jolting Harry awake, he gasped as he realised he had actually fallen asleep. He quickly stumbled to his feet before making his way back to his friends.

“Harry!” Hermione practically shouted, “what happened to you?” she began, running her eyes over the boy. “I fell asleep in the bathroom” the wizard mumbled before realising how bad that sounded.

“Fell asleep? On the toilet? That whole time?” Ron’s voice sounded like it was about to break as his eyes widened and his mouth hung open.
“Not on the toilet” Harry sighed, exhausted.

“Are you alright?” Hermione questioned as she watched the wizard sit down, before claiming the seat next to him.

“I’ve been better” Harry whimpered, resting his head against the train window.

“What’s wrong?” the witch whispered before giving the boy a reassuring hug.

“I don’t know” Harry tried not to cry as he told her truthfully.

“I’ve been throwing up for days, feeling exhausted”.

“I think you should see Madam Pomphrey at once” Hermione insisted.

“I’ll go see her after the welcoming feast” Harry pushed back, Hermione didn’t look impressed but chose not to pursue the matter.

“As long as you do go” She sighed, the worry for her friend very evident in her voice.

She leaned in closer “Ron and I can come with you if you want”

“Thanks Hermione”.

Harry hardly touched his dinner, he didn’t even want to look at it to be honest. He turned around on his bench, letting his eyes fall elsewhere…

They fell on something much worse… Draco Malfoy.

Harry held back the vomit before turning back to face Ron.

Hermione flicked Harry a sympathetic glance as she eyed his empty plate.

“You must try to eat something” she whispered before tossing some ham on his plate.

Harry cringed before cutting into it. He brought the meat to his lips, his face screwed up as he sunk his teeth into it. The wizard fought against the reflex to spit it out. Why did it taste like metal?

“Harry dear, do come in and pop up on one of the beds. I’ll be with you shortly”. Madam Pomphrey indicated as she disappeared into the darkness. Harry glanced around the empty room, dangling his feet off the side of the bed. He waited as the silence grew, suddenly feeling very much alone. He wished now that he had taken Hermione up on her offer to accompany him.

“Now dear boy, what seems to be the matter?” Harry jumped, startled from his thoughts by the voice.

Harry relayed his symptoms to the nurse, who nodded receptively before gathering together some items from the nearby trolley.

“Ah I see” she acknowledged before continuing “now I must ask you if you have had any intimate relations with other men in the last few months?”
Harry’s eyes widened, a gasped escaped his lips before realising he was in no way attempting to disguise his panic. The question had taken him completely by surprise… What relevance did it have to his current predicament? Maybe she knew about him and Snape? If so, did the whole school know?

“Uh wh-why do you say that?” Harry’s voice was very unsteady as he struggled to force the question from his lips.

“I take that as a yes” she chuckled, trying to ease the boy before handing him a cup. Harry raised his eyebrow before holding the cup up at eye level.

“Now dear I need a urine sample from you, the bathroom is over there” she pointed to a door in the far corner of the room.

It didn’t take Harry long to fill the cup before he handed it back to the nurse.

“Right this won’t take long” she smiled as she dipped a stick in to the yellow liquid.

“Wh-what is it testing for?” Harry hesitated, not taking his eyes off the cup.

“Pregnancy” Madam Pomphrey stated very matter of factly.

Harry’s eyes widened as he waited for the nurse to laugh and say it was a joke…

… … …

Nothing…

Ohmygod she’s serious…

Harry was stunned into silence, he didn’t know what to think let alone say…

“Right here we go” the nurse pulled the stick from the cup before adjusting her glasses to get a closer look. It was the longest wait of Harry’s young life as he anticipated the result.

“Well I’m afraid it’s still going to be quite a few months before you are well”. She smiled before clarifying.

“You’re pregnant”
Someone To Watch Over Me

Harry felt his world close in around him, everything growing dimmer before he remembered he has to breath. Oxygen flooded his lungs before he remembered where he was.

The infirmary.

Madam Pomphrey couldn’t be right, could she? Surely?

“Now dear Harry, it’s not uncommon for wizards to get pregnant, it usually only happens when two men truly love each other” the nurse began.

Well at least now he knew that Snape truly loved him… But why didn’t Snape warn him this could happen? Surely he must of known… Oh god… How was he going to tell Snape…?

“Now drink this every time you feel unwell, it will help with the morning sickness” Madam Pomphrey handed him a small bottle of orange coloured liquid.

Harry eyed up the bottle, pretty certain he was going to need a bigger bottle at his rate. “Right, unless you have any more questions, you are free to go”.

Wait what? Harry had a million questions! He opened his mouth before watching the nurse stifle a yawn, feeling bad for keeping her up late like this.

“Will you have to tell anyone?” Harry decided this was his biggest concern at the moment.

“I will have to inform Dumbledore but you must realise it will only be a matter of time before everyone will be able to tell.” She gave him a serious glance.

Harry’s heart sank as he realised she was right. He winced at the thought of everyone speculating who the father was and spreading vicious rumours.

“Now Harry dear, you must go and try get some rest” She gently patted him on the shoulder while attempting to stifle another yawn.

Harry stumbled down the hallway, his mind still reeling at the news. He knew he had to tell Snape but it didn’t have to be right now did it? He still needed time to process everything. Maybe he should go see him anyway…

It didn’t take long before Harry found himself standing in front of the wooden door to Snape’s Chambers.

He raised his hand, about to knock before hesitating. Maybe he shouldn’t do this now… Maybe he should just come back tomorrow… The door flew open in front of him, the wizard gasped as his eyes fell on Lucius Malfoy.

Harry instinctively stepped back, his hand stilled raised in the air. The man’s eyes fell down to the boy, “what are you doing here Mr Potter?”

Dammit…

Harry couldn’t think of anyone worse to find him here… Except maybe Draco… But they are one
in the same really.

Harry knew he shouldn’t have come here tonight, he was lost for words as the panic tearing through his veins clouded his judgement.

“He’s here because I wished to see him about a particular matter” Snape’s voice interrupted from somewhere inside the room. Harry silently thanked the father of his unborn child as he watched Lucius turn his gaze to the potions professor.

“And why would that be Severus?” he questioned, his eyes drilling into Snape’s.

“Why hello there gentlemen” Dumbledore’s comforting voice flooded the hallway. Harry raised his eyebrow at the old man, wondering where exactly he had come from… Talk about perfect timing…

“I do hope I’m not interrupting” the headmaster continued as a relieved sigh escaped Harry’s lips, thanking the gods for the disruption.

“Now Harry” Dumbledore turned to the boy, the young wizard praying he wouldn’t ask why he was outside Snape’s chambers…

“I hear a congratulations is in order” he smiled warmly at his favourite student.

Wow that was fast… How did he know so quickly… Let’s be honest he probably knew before Harry even arrived back at Hogwarts…

Harry’s eyes widened, suddenly remembering his present company…

No no no no no

“Now it was lovely to see you again Lucius” Dumbledore turned to the man before pushing past him into Severus’s chambers. The headmaster not making it subtle that he wanted the blonde man gone. Lucius got the message before calmly pacing down the corridor while he still had a shred of dignity intact.

“Now Harry, if you will excuse us, I must speak with Severus” he smiled kindly before closing the door in the boy’s face.

Well so much for seeing Snape tonight…

Harry sighed before heading back to his dormitory.

“Well Harry? How did it go?” Hermione all but ambushed him as he entered the Gryffindor common room. Harry sunk his teeth into his lip, he hadn’t thought this far ahead…

The boy glanced around the room, his gaze meeting several other’s as they subtly tried to eavesdrop… Or maybe he was just being paranoid...

“Come with me” he whispered before leading the witch down the corridor, he wasn’t exactly sure where he was taking her but it dawned on him that if he was going to get through this he was going to need his friends.

He knew he could trust Hermione, plus she probably knows everything about pregnancy and wizards. He lead her into the library, a warmth filled his body as his mind drifted back to the time Snape and him had fooled around against the bookshelf.
“What’s wrong Harry?” Her voice breaking as she realised it must have been something serious if he dragged her all the way here. She hadn’t wanted to ask him in the hallway, knowing those portraits, the gossip would be all round the school by morning.

Harry turned to face the witch, “I’m pregnant” he spat it out, bracing himself for Hermione’s shocked reaction…

He didn’t get one.

“I suspected as much” the witch began, “Harry you should have been more careful”

“It’s too late now” he winced defensively.

“Are you going to tell Snape?”

“Yes. I went to see him before but he was busy”

“How far along are you?”

“I-I didn’t ask”

“What? Why didn’t you think to ask?” Hermione lowered her voice, she didn’t mean to bark at her best friend like that

“I’m sorry Harry, we’ll go tomorrow and find out”.

Harry agreed, not really feeling like he had a choice in the matter.

“We’ll go after first class in the morning”.

“What’s the first class?”

“Potions”. 
Revelations

Chapter Summary

Snape finally learns the truth

Harry waddled down the corridor towards potions class.

Oh great.

He was waddling already…

He felt like he hardly slept at all last night, he had to lied to Ron about what Madam Pomphrey said was wrong with him… He felt awful about that and he knew his best friend was going to be angry when he did find out… And he will find out… Along with everyone else… He wanted to tell Ron but he didn’t think the red head was ready to hear that his best friend was pregnant with Snape’s child.

Harry cringed… He knew his friend wouldn’t get it as he stepped into the classroom before continuing on to his usual seat. The boy sat down before feeling his abdomen cramp up again, he gently massaged it, hoping it would help but didn’t seem to.

Harry glanced to the front of the class, noticing Snape wasn’t there yet before seeing flash of blonde in the corner of his eye.

Draco…

He subtly watched the boy as he moved closer to Harry before adopting the seat behind him.

The raven haired boy didn’t have time to wonder why Draco was sitting so close to him before Snape swept into the room, taking his usual place at the front of the class.

Harry felt his member stir at the sight of the man.

Oh no…

During potions class Harry didn’t normally have this problem… It usually took a bit more than the sight of the man to make him hard… Like when Snape held him… kissed him… sucked him…

Oh great… Harry winced as he felt his erection grow even more…

Perhaps it was the hormones?

It had to be… Surely.

Harry flinched as he felt a wave of nausea roll through his body. He turned around before reaching down as he scrambled through his bag, trying to find the bottle Madam Pomphrey had given him.

Ah ha…

Success!
It was only then that Harry remembered that Draco was sitting right behind him and had no doubt noticed his erection.

Dammit…

Harry quickly turned to face the front of the class before bringing the bottle to his lips, too mortified to even glimpse at the blonde.

He took a quick swig before putting it back in his bag. Harry felt eyes staring at him but the source didn’t seem to be Draco. The young wizard flinched before glancing to the front of the class, his eyes connecting with Snape’s.

The man looked like he’d witnessed the most hideous thing imaginable. His eyes were wide open, along with his mouth and he couldn’t tear his eyes off the boy. Harry felt the eyes of fellow students begin to rest on him too. He hated the attention.

Harry cringed as he realised what was going on…

Of course…

How could he have been so stupid! He should have taken the potion before he got to class…

Snape is the potions master…

He knows exactly what this potion is for…

Dammit…

But surely there’s more than one orange coloured potion? Just because its orange doesn’t automatically mean it’s for morning sickness, does it?

Even though it totally was… But that’s not the point…

It could be for something else, right?

Well…

He was going to have to tell him anyway let’s be honest.

Harry glanced away from the professor, not knowing where to look as his eyes darted around the room before falling on Draco.

Dammit…

The blonde’s eye collided with Harry’s, a horrified expression also plastering his face.

Maybe Harry just had something on his face…

He subconsciously wiped his cheek before turning back to the front.

“Today class we are going to be brewing veritaserum” Snape began, not once dragging his eyes away from Harry. Harry winced, he hadn’t seen Snape this stern since… well… before he read the note…

He knew other students were going to start to notice if they hadn’t already…
The whole lesson carried on like that, Snape never once taking his eyes off Harry, and never hovering more than a few metres away from him at a time.

“Class dismissed” Snape announced once all the students had finished packing up.

“Except you Mr Potter”

Everyone turned to stare at him but nobody looked surprised. Snape waited until everyone had filed out of the classroom before storming to the door. His eyes fell on Draco, who clearly had no intention of missing this conversation.

“The does not concern you Mr Malfoy” Snape stated, a slight irritation apparent in his voice as he slammed the door. Snape was convinced he heard the boy’s body collide with the floor but at that point in time he didn’t care.

Harry sat at his seat, beginning to panic, he had never seen Snape act like this before. He gasped as he heard the man draw closer.

“Give it to me” Snape commanded

Harry reached for his bag before withdrawing the bottle and handing it over to the professor.

Snape snatched it from the boy before holding it up to the light.

“When were you going to tell me?”
Harry winced, Snape’s presence was arousing him again…

Dammit…

Of all the times…

“Well?” Snape pressed, before leaning in closer to the boy.

Harry flinched before being brought back into the present. Why was he having so much trouble concentrating.

“Last night, that’s why I came to see you” Harry finally spat out.

Snape stepped back, keeping a cautious eye on the boy as Dumbledore’s words seeped back into his brain.

“I hear a congratulations is in order?” Snape repeated the old man’s words. “Is this what he meant?”

Harry looked down before nodding.

Snape turned around, suddenly feeling bad about his behaviour.

“Harry” he began, the boy glanced up, realising that was actually the first time Snape had called him by his first name.

“Go back to bed, don’t worry about attending the rest of your classes, you and I will talk later”.

Harry nodded, not that Snape was looking at him before collecting his stuff and heading towards the door.

“And Harry” the professor began, “don’t worry yourself, everything will be fine”.

The boy raised his eyebrow, a glimmer of hope fluttered through his heart as he wrapped his fingers around the door knob.

“Thank you, Severus” Harry smiled at the man as he watched him turn around to face him, relieved when that smile was returned.

The boy opened the door, watching as Draco fell into the classroom.

“Now now Draco” Snape snarled at the boy, “perhaps I wasn’t clear earlier” Snape began as he stepped toward the blonde boy. “This doesn’t concern you” he leaned toward the boy, watching him flinch and try to move back from the professor. Harry tried not to chuckle before stepping past the boy, leaving him in the professor’s more than capable hands.
Harry climbed the stairs before finally reaching his room, he sighed before falling onto his bed. He pondered his current predicament, he wished he could just have that talk with Snape now… Now he’s got all day to stew over it… What if he resented him for the whole situation…?

Harry closed his eyes, perhaps it was best if he just tried to sleep.

He must have dozed off as a series of stumbling’s roused Harry from his slumber, he honestly thought someone had fallen down the stairs as he fluttered his eyes open. He forced his body from the bed before gazing out the window. It was pitch black. Harry’s eyes widened at the sight.

What the hell was the time?!

He grabbed his watch off his bedside cabinet before holding it up to his eyes. 7:30?! In the evening?!

Great that means he’s missed dinner… He looked down at his stomach before suddenly remembering he never did find out how far along he was…

Perhaps now was a good time to go see Madam Pomphrey? Then after that he’d go see Snape.

Harry climbed off his bed before heading down the stairway, praying he wouldn’t run into anyone. He really didn’t feel like talking to anyone at the moment. He glanced around the common room, there were a few students around but Harry decided to ignore them as he bolted past and made his way to the infirmary.

“Ah Harry dear!” Madam Pomphrey looked very excited to see him as she guided him to a nearby seat.

“Now what can I do for you today my dear boy?”

“Um, well, I was kind of wondering if you could possibly tell me how far along I am?”

“Why of course” the nurse smiled before pulling out her wand.

“It is a simple spell my dear” she smiled before flicking her wand at the boy’s abdomen.

Harry waited for something to happen but nothing did…

“Okay dear you are 13 weeks along” Madam Pomphrey smiled at the boy before patting him on the shoulder.

“Thank you” Harry nodded before another question popped into his head… He wondered why it never occurred to him to ask this before now…

“I’ve just got one more question” the boy began, the nurse nodded, encouraging him to continue.

“Um, uh… How is it going to come out?” Harry couldn’t wipe the panicked expression plastered all over his face.

“Don’t worry dear, I’ll give you a potion that give you a temporary vagina” she stated it so matter
of factly…

Harry’s eyes widened as the realisation dawned on him that he was going to have to push this baby out of him eventually…

“Was there anything else dear?” the nurse asked ever so kindly.

“Uh, um no, thank you” Harry replied before getting up from the chair.

Harry headed straight for Snape’s chambers, he suddenly felt like his body was on fire and the only one who could put it out was Snape.

Harry reached the professor’s door, not bothering to knock, he just turned the door knob and strutted straight in. He needed Snape right here, right now.

What had gotten into him all of a sudden?

“Harry” Snape greeted him, he didn’t look surprised to see him barge in at all…

“I have to…” the boy began, his breath was short and his body desperate.

Snape stepped closer to the boy as he fell to his knees. The professor wrapped his arms around the boy before pulling him to a nearby chair.

Harry didn’t realise how much his body had craved the touch of Snape.
When Two Become One

Chapter Summary

Snape shows Harry how much he means to him...

“I made something for you today” the professor began before retrieving a glass bottle from his pocket.

Harry eyed the bottle before feeling the man press it into his hand. The boy gazed at the deep orange fluid before looking up at the professor, a confused expression on his face.

“It’s a stronger version of the same potion Madam Pomphrey gave you, with this you should hardly notice your symptoms”.

Harry smiled to himself before leaning deeper against the man.

How thoughtful of Snape.

A warmth emanated through his whole body, it was in that moment where he realised what Madam Pomphrey said must have been true.

He did love Severus Snape and he must have loved him back.

The young wizard closed his eyes, feeling safe in the man’s arms. Harry felt his fears, his worry, his troubles dissolve away as the professor tightened his grip around the boy.

“Come” Snape commanded before helping the boy out of the chair.

“Where are we going?” Harry asked, raising an eyebrow at the professor before climbing to his feet once more.

“Bed”

Harry smiled at the idea before allowing Snape to lead the way, not that the boy didn’t already know how to get there…

Snape stood in front of the boy before methodically undoing his robes, allowing the material to fall to the floor. The professor drew Harry’s lips in closer to his own before joining them, allowing two to become one.

Harry let his clothes fall to the floor, being complete exposed in front of the professor. Only this time it was different. He felt like there was no separation between him and Snape, like they were one in the same. He felt like he no longer needed to have sex with the man to feel close to him.

Of course, he was still going to...

He felt Snape’s arms around his bare flesh, holding him ever so closely.

He led the boy to the bed before gently laying him down. The man began to plant gentle kisses down the boy’s neck before progressing to his exposed chest. He began to slow as he reached the
slight swell in Harry’s abdomen.

The young wizard watched as Snape rested a hand on the boy’s abdomen, gently rubbing the tiny bump that was beginning to appear before gazing into the young wizard’s eyes.

“You know, you are so beautiful” Snape whispered before venturing further south, wrapping his lips around the boy’s member.

The young wizard gasped, forgetting just how good this felt before letting a moan escape his lips. Harry felt the man take him further down his throat, another pant left his lips as he dug his fingers into the blanket under him.

Severus was making him feel like nothing else mattered and he loved every second of it as he subconsciously spread his legs wider for the man.

Harry’s body writhed under the professor, wanting more as the pleasure welled up inside him. He couldn’t take much more of this as he felt his body prepare to release.

“Oh! I’m going to…” Harry cried out before feeling waves of orgasm flood through his body.

Snape felt the boy’s fluid inundate his mouth before allowing it to slide down his throat. The professor released the boy from his lips before returning to the bump in the young wizard’s abdomen.

He closed his eyes before resting his head against what was going to be his child. The realisation that this new life was going to be his began to sink in as he wrapped his arms around Harry’s naked body.

Harry slid his arms around the man’s head, holding it there as he watched the candle light flicker against Severus’s bare skin.

Harry waddled up the corridor towards divination class, the potion Severus had given him worked like a charm. He hardly felt pregnant at all! It was a refreshing change to say the least…

He knew he got a few glances from random students as he wondered out of Snape’s corridor but he truly didn’t care anymore. He felt like the lock on his heart had been unleashed and nothing could hurt him anymore.

He was on cloud nine.

He felt immune to the darkness of the world.

A yawn escaped his lips as he sat in his usual seat, waiting for Hermione and Ron to show up, along with professor Trelawney. The truth be told he didn’t hardly sleep at all last night, but we all know why that was…

He struggled to keep his eyes open before feeling a heavy stare bore into him. He didn’t need to turn around to know who it was…

Draco…

Harry instinctively held his abdomen, protecting his unborn child from the harsh gaze. He winced
before realising that was probably the worst action he could have made…

He quickly glanced around, catching Draco’s shocked expression…

Oh hell no…
Harry looked into his cup, he never did enjoy tea leaf reading as he tried to make out what was at
the bottom of his cup.

“Now, swap with the person opposite you” Mrs Trelawney called out as Harry’s eyes locked with
Ron’s before exchanging cups.

Harry looked down and couldn’t make out a single thing… It literally just looked like a clump of
green sludge… He had no idea what to tell Ron… Maybe he should just make it up?

“Right dear boy” the professor pointed to Ron, who glanced nervously around the room, hoping
Trelawney meant someone else…

No…

Ron collected the cup in his fingers before glancing up at Harry.

“Uh, um well ah, let’s see” the redhead began as he tried to make out the form in the cup before
him.

“It looks like a… Baby?” Ron stated too loudly for Harry’s comfort as his eyes widened and he
instinctively kicked the red haired boy under the table. Ron accidentally dropped the cup before
looking up at his best friend, a mixture of confusion and annoyance plastered over his face.

Harry’s eyes darted around the room, I seemed like everyone in the class had their eyes on him,
even professor Trelawney.

He didn’t know what to say as panic took over his mind

“Let me see” Hermione interrupted, collecting the teacup off the table. “How does that look like a
baby Ronald?” she began, feeling bad about insulting the boy’s intelligence to protect Harry’s
dignity.

“It clearly looks like a snow man wrapped in a scarf with a carrot for a nose” the witch continued
before deliberately stirring the leaves in an attempt to mask the blatant baby symbol resting at the
bottom of the cup.

Harry heard chuckles emanate from various points across the room before turning to meet Draco’s
gaze.

He didn’t look at all amused as his stare went straight through the boy’s soul.

Suffice it to say Harry was glad when that lesson was over…

“Right everyone! Gather around!” Professor Sprout called out to the students, waving her arms in
an alarming fashion as she struggled to gain everyone’s attention.

Harry cringed as he stood in front of a baby mandrake, he had to admit it looked kind of cute in a
weird sort of way.

“Right now, before we begin, there are a few ground rules I must cover. Firstly…” the professor
began before glancing around the glasshouse, attempting to make eye contact with every one of her students.

“Because we are going to be experiencing the screams of the mandrake I must ask does anyone here suffer from any of the following conditions...” The professor continued as Harry felt a wave of exhaustion wash over him. The young wizard let out a massive yawn, not thinking how rude that was before quickly trying to stifle it. He swiftly glanced around the room before receiving a disapproving expression from Hermione.

“And lastly, pregnancy. Is anyone here pregnant?” professor Sprout’s eyes darted amongst the students. Harry panicked, his head moving a little too quickly as his eyes locked with Hermione’s. His eyes widened, wishing he could stop time and figure out a solution to this drama without giving away his biggest secret.

Hermione raised her hand “excuse me professor” she began, feeling everyone’s eyes instantly upon her, the speculation rife in their eyes.

Harry seized the opportunity to slip back from the table before sneaking toward the door and escaping the class. He didn’t want to turn around, too afraid to know if anyone noticed him leaving and starting a savage rumour.

Harry wondered down the empty corridor as he quickly checked his watch. It was 20 minutes until the next class change over, so that meant he had that long to get to Snape’s chambers. He only had one more class that day but he didn’t feel like facing it as he approached his favourite door.

“Alohomora” the young wizard whispered before hearing the door clunk open. It felt weird being in Snape’s chambers without Snape. Harry stepped toward his bedroom before climbing into his bed. He felt like he probably shouldn’t have been there but he felt safe here. He wanted to be around Snape but seeing as that wasn’t possible at the moment, being in his bed will have to do it. He laid his head on the pillow before falling instantly asleep.

Harry stirred awake as he felt the bed move, he turned over to see a naked Snape pulling back the covers and climbing in to join him. The boy smiled at the sight before feeling the man’s arms wrap around him.

“I was worried when I didn’t see you at potions” Snape whispered to Harry before pressing a kiss to his forehead. “Draco asked where you were” Snape began before pulling the boy in even closer.

“What did you say?” the young wizard asked, curiosity getting the best of him.

“In my bed’

“You didn’t” Harry’s eyes widened as he looked up to meet the man’s gaze.

Snape smirked at Harry before closing his eyes.
True Love Conquers All

Chapter Summary

Snape takes his lover on a little picnic

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Harry pressed his body closer to Snape as he watched the morning sun emanate throughout the room.

The young wizard was so glad it was Saturday, he could lay in bed all day if he wanted to. He felt Snape’s arm tighten around him, holding him closer against his bare flesh.

“I thought we might go out today” The professor whispered into the young man’s ear, hoping he was up to the suggestion.

“Where to?” Harry asked sleepily, not looking up as he pressed his head deeper against the older wizard’s chest.

“Anywhere you want” he man began, drawing gentle circles with his fingers on the boy’s back.

“Anywhere?” Harry tilted his head toward the man before finding it too hard.

“Anywhere.”

The boy pondered the idea before coming to a decision.

“I want to see Spinner’s End, where you grew up” the young wizard answered, wanting to know more about the man he’d grown to love.

“Are you sure? There isn’t a lot there” Snape raised his eyebrow at Harry before tossing the blanket off his body and climbing out of bed.

“I would still like to see it” Harry smiled as he watched the professor pull on his clothes.

Harry felt his body rip through time and space before watching as a house materialised in front of him.

Snape reached down as he grasped the boy’s hand in his own before leading him towards the front door.

Harry marvelled at the collection of books piled to the ceiling as he stepped through the doorway to the living area.

He loved it. It epitomized Snape in every way.

“Incendio” Snape whispered as he pointed his wand at a fire place in the far corner of the room.
Harry smiled as a warmth radiated throughout the room, the house felt so homely.

“So, this was your parent’s home?” the young wizard questioned before looking up at the man.

“Indeed”

Harry nodded in acknowledgement as his eyes wondered around the room, taking in every detail.

“I wish to take you somewhere for lunch” Snape glanced down at the boy as he watched him collect a book off the floor before opening it.

“Where abouts?” Harry asked as he began to riffle through the pages.

“It’s a surprise” Snape smirked before collecting a coat from the nearby rack and passing it to the boy.

“You will probably need this, I don’t want you catching a cold” the professor advised before wrapping the coat around the young wizard.

“Now come” he smiled as he led Harry out the back door and down a narrow lane. It wasn’t long before the two reached a tranquil lake adorned by trees, the leaves beginning to fall as winter drew near.

“Wow it’s beautiful!” the young wizard exclaimed before leaning in closer to his lover. The professor wrapped his arm around the boy before pecking him a kiss on the cheek.

Snape led Harry towards the water’s edge before retrieving a small bag from his pocket. The professor brought his wand just above the opening before summoning a picnic blanket. He passed the item to Harry before retrieving a picnic basket from the magical bag and gently placing it on the ground.

Harry tried to bite back the tears, no one had ever done anything like this for him before. Severus was so sweet.

The professor took the blanket from the boy before laying out on the ground beneath them. He knelt down, before drawing the boy down with him.

Harry reached over before wrapping his fingers around the cane handle, bringing the basket towards them before resting it between them.

“Wow! This looks delicious!” a delighted smile grew across the boy’s lips as he retrieved a plate of sandwiches and a bowl of fruit salad from the basket.

Snape smirked before collecting a grape in his fingers and bringing it to the young wizard’s lips. A warm smile grew on the boy’s face as he opened his mouth to receive it.

“Fancy seeing you two here”

Snape flinched as his eyes widened at the familiar voice weaving it’s way into his ear.

“Professor Dumbledore” Harry tried to smile before realising there was no real way he could deny he was on a date with the potions professor.
“It’s a lovely wee spot here isn’t it” the headmaster continued, his gaze dancing across the still water before returning to Harry.

“Right, I best leave you two to it” an all knowing twinkle appeared in his eyes, “but before I go” Dumbledore turned to Snape.

“I must warn you there Severus, there are some who won’t take kindly to seeing you out with a student like this” the old wizard’s eyes darted over to a bridge in the distance.

Snape’s eyes followed the headmaster’s before falling on a man with long blonde hair.

“What’s he doing here?” Snape muttered instinctively, not really expecting an answer.

“I trust it’s just by pure chance but I must implore you to be careful” Dumbledore gave Severus a stern gaze, like there was another message he was trying to pass to him without words, something he didn’t want Harry to pick up on.

Snape nodded before casting several protective charms, hoping it would be enough to evade the notorious Lucius Malfoy.

“Well I must bide you farewell” Dumbledore smiled before vanishing in front of their very eyes.

Snape slip his hand over Harry’s as he leaned in towards him before planting a gentle kiss on his cheek.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry this will be the last chapter I’ll be able to post for a while, I’m going to a country where I’m pretty sure I won’t be able to access this site without getting in a heap of trouble... I will keep writing though :) and just bombard my stories with a gazillion chapter's when I get back :)
Hey everyone :) Sorry for the huge gap from the last chapter to this one... I know its unacceptable! hahaha

I hope I don't get in trouble for posting this :)

Harry felt Snape’s body press against his, the weight pushing him deeper into the mattress as he felt soft lips caress his. The young wizard felt his body come alive with every touch, every movement, every beat of the man’s heart. He wanted him, only him, no one else would be able to come close as he slipped his fingers into the man’s hair, grasping his head, holding on to his lips. Harry never wanted to let go, he wanted to stay like this forever.

The picnic at the lake that morning had been beautiful, Snape has a truly caring soft spot hidden in the depths of his heart and Harry wanted to see just how deep it went.

The young wizard was torn from his reverie by a loud knock on the door. He felt Snape tense up at the intrusion before reluctantly pulling away from the boy. Harry let a disappointed sigh escape his lips as his body drew cold from the separation. He watched the man he loved as he tossed on his robes, not bothering to put anything on underneath them before disappearing out the door and down the steps to the front door.

Harry listened carefully as he heard the front door click open, desperately wanting Severus back in his arms.

Who would be visiting Snape anyway? Especially at this hour… He didn’t exactly have an abundance of friends…

The young wizard listened carefully, waiting for an exchange of words to take place but it didn’t seem to come. Harry climbed to his feet, quietly approaching the doorway before creeping down the first few steps. He made sure he remained hidden as he craned his neck, trying to see who it was.

“Draco has told me something rather odd”

Harry rolled his eyes as the familiar voice trailed up the stairs into his ear.

“Is that so” Snape responded, not giving away anything.

“Yes, he has. He seems to think that Harry Potter is pregnant”

Snape flinched, doing well not to let his panic show.

“I don’t have time for this stupidity Lucius” Snape enunciated, wishing the man would just leave as he closed the door in the man’s face.

The blonde jammed the door with his cane, preventing the potions professor from getting away that easily.
“You have 10 seconds to tell me the truth Severus. Don’t try to bullshit me, I know you gave the boy a morning sickness potion”.

Snape tensed up, unsure of what action he should take towards the man.

“Why don’t you ask him yourself”

“Perhaps I will” a smug smirk growing on his lips as he pushed past the professor before heading towards the stairs.

Harry’s eyes widened, panic flooding his veins as he scrambled to backtrack up the stairs.

“You don’t truly expect to find him here Lucius?” Snape raised an eyebrow at the man, hoping against hope that the blonde wouldn’t call his bluff.

“You haven’t given me any reason to think otherwise Severus” the blonde turned only briefly to the professor before continuing towards the staircase.

Harry dived into Snape’s wardrobe, praying the blonde wizard wouldn’t try too hard to find him.

He watched as the man walked into Snape’s bedroom, his legs visible through the slits in the door. Harry slowed his breathing right down as the legs stopped pacing in front of him before turning to face his direction.

Harry winced, suddenly wishing he had clothes on before watching as the door was yanked open in front of his eyes.

Fuck.

Harry looked up as Lucius looked down, their eyes meeting, the situation causing a smug smirk to form on the blonde’s lips.

“Who’s the father Severus?” Lucius called out, refusing to break eye contact with the boy in front of him.

A horrible silence consumed the house, although Harry wasn’t sure which was worse... That or the sound of Lucius’s voice.

“It’s you, isn’t it?” the blonde continued before kneeling down until he was just above eye level with the young wizard. The smugness on his lips continued to grow before he leaned in closer to the naked boy. Harry instinctively wrapped his arms over the small bump in his abdomen before drawing away from the man. The young wizard felt gloved fingers encircle his neck, tightening their grip before pulling him from the wardrobe. Harry struggled against the suffocating hold as he felt his body slam against the wall.

Harry’s eyes widened, he’d never felt more vulnerable in his life than at that moment. The blonde’s grip tightened even further around the young wizard’s neck, his limp naked body dangling from his grasp.

“Let. Him. Go. Now” Snape pressed the tip of his wand firmly against Lucius’s temple before pushing it in further.

“Oh what Severus?” the blonde taunted, not yielding his grip on the boy’s throat.

“You have messed up royally Severus. You best not get further on my bad side unless you want the
dark lord to kill you next”.

Snape’s body froze as he contemplated what to do next.

“You know, when the dark lord finds out you have mated with the boy at the top of his hit list, well, I don’t actually know quite what he’ll do…” The blonde mocked as he refused to loosen his grip on Harry’s throat.

“But never mind you, what’s he going to do to the boy? And your child?”

Snape glanced at Harry before watching as the life began slipping from his eyes.

No.

“Septum Sempra” Snape murmured without thinking as he watched the blonde fall to his knees, his hold on the young wizard’s throat released as his body began writhing in agony. Harry instinctively reached for his throat, gently massaging it as he felt the oxygen flood into his lungs. No amount seemed to be enough as he continued to gasp for air.

Snape watched as the blood seeped from Lucius’s body, his wand remained pointed at the man. He was in two minds about the whole situation, half knew he had to stop what he had started, repair the damage, perhaps use a memory charm on the blonde before sending him on his way. The alternative was tempting…

Let the bastard bleed...

The potions professor decided what he wanted wasn’t an option as he knelt down before gliding his wand over the wounds, watching as the blood seeped back into the gashes. Snape darted a sympathetic glance towards Harry, how was still on his knees but starting to breathe normally once more.

The professor wanted nothing more than to hold Harry, to comfort him, to make everything okay again. He struggled to take his eyes off him as a grunt escaped the blonde beneath him.

Snape watched as the last of the blood disappeared back into the man’s body.

“Wait here Harry” the professor whispered before wrapping Lucius’s arm around his shoulder and dragging him from the room.

Harry heard what he presumed was the back door opening as he reached for his clothes. He quickly put them on before venturing to the top of the stairs.

The professor dragged Lucius down three alleyways before locating a dead end

This will do…

Snape let the man down, resting his body against the brick wall of someone’s house before withdrawing his wand and pointing it at the blonde’s head.

“You’ll pay dearly for this Severus” the blonde began, his gaze unwavering as he shot Snape a deadly serious glare.

“Obliviate” Snape whispered as he watched the stern gaze melt from Lucius’s eyes. His body almost instantly loosing it’s staunch as his eyes gazed around the empty alleyway. Snape raised his
eyebrow before being convinced the spell had worked. A silent sigh of relief escaped him before abandoning the blonde wizard in the alley way.

Harry held his breath as he waited anxiously for Severus to return.

The sudden realisation dawned on him… Draco knows… This is not good…

At least he hasn’t told the whole school…

Yet…

The young wizard heard the door close, his teeth sinking into his lips as footsteps drew closer. His breathing ceased before feeling a bead of sweat trickle down his forehead and over his cheek.

He felt like time had stopped before relief flooded his veins as Snape appeared at the bottom of the stairs.

His gaze locked with the professors, an unspoken realisation passed between them.

“I need to speak with Draco” Snape finally broke the silence before stepping toward Harry.
Harry let the lid of his trunk slam shut before pulling it off the blanket and sliding it under his bed. The young wizard sighed as he sat on the soft mattress before his mind began reminiscing of his weekend with Snape, wishing he was still there with him, laying in his arms, wishing time would’ve stopped forever in those moments.

He was torn from his reverie as his abdomen suddenly tightened, prompting him to gently rub the small bump. He wished he could be with Snape, it had hardly been a few hours since they had apparated back to the school but he was already missing him.

There was no denying it, he was dreading this, being back at Hogwarts, or rather dreaded running into Draco… He knew it was inevitable but how long could he put it off for…? Besides, Draco was just going to tell Lucius again and the problem would be on repeat…

Hmm… What to do… Maybe Snape would sort it out for him but he felt bad making him do all the dirty work… but he was good at it after all… Too good… Even so, he had never felt so safe as when he was in Snape’s arms… Oh how he wanted him… Right now…

What was wrong with him? When did his hormones control his life like this? He felt like he knew the consequences of all his dangerous decisions but he didn’t care…

Harry turned toward the stairs before deciding he was going to hunt Severus down… But what if he got sick of him? What if he needed some space or maybe just needed to prepare for his lessons…

Now that he thought about it, it was just about dinner time… and he held out for dinner these days, he was starving!

“So, what do you think Harry?”

The young wizard had forgotten that his red haired friend was even there… He hoped he hadn’t been talking to him that whole time! God he was a terrible friend these days… Poor Ron…

“Ah, yeah, it’s great Ron” Harry tried to cover up the fact he had no idea what they were talking about. He thought he did a pretty good job until his eyes met the horrified expression plastered over Ron’s face.

“What?! You think Draco’s ab’s look great?!” Ron yelped loud enough for the whole common room downstairs to hear.

Oh fuck…

“Wait that’s not…” Harry began before realising there was no point.

“Speaking of ab’s” Ron began before darting his gaze to his best friend’s stomach.

The raven haired boy cringed, forgetting he was starting to show…

“A bit of going to the gym would help that” the red head continued as he indicated at Harry’s stomach with his thumb.

It was going to take a bit more than going to the gym Ron…
Wait… oh great… If even Ron’s noticed that means everyone else would have too…

Harry bit down before deciding it was best to say nothing as he began toward the stairs, his hungry stomach taking over his brain.

“Hey wait up Harry! I didn’t mean it in a bad way but you know” the red head began as he followed his best friend down the spiral staircase.

“It’s just people are starting to talk”

Harry froze at the remark, hardly noticing when Ron walked straight in to him.

He knew it was inevitable but he didn’t feel ready for the whole school to find out but soon he wouldn’t have a choice. He felt a wave of anger wash over him as his fists began to shake.

What business is it to anyone else? Why do people always have to do this? It has nothing to do with them! At all! Why can’t everyone just fuck off!

“Talk about what?!” Harry growled, knowing full well what as he refused to move, his back still to his best friend.

“Uh, um, ah, well, you see, people are just saying stupid stuff” Ron hesitated, taken aback by his friend’s outburst.

“What kind of stupid stuff?” the raven-haired boy pushed, trying to bite back his anger as he wondered if his friend would actually tell him.

Silence fell between the boys as Harry decided to turn around and face Ron.

A few seconds passed before the raven-haired boy pressed further.

“Well?”

Ron glanced down at his feet before closing his eyes, deciding he needed to just spit it out.

“They’re saying you’re pregnant” the red haired boy winced as the words left his lips, his eyes wide and expectant.

Harry flinched. He knew what Ron was going to say but it was still a shock to hear it.

“W-what why would they say that?” Harry fumbled, knowing he should just be upfront and honest because it was going to become very much undeniable soon.

“Well” Ron began, not even trying to hide his glances between Harry’s eyes and his abdomen. “They do have a point” he cringed as the words left his mouth, praying his best friend didn’t feel betrayed.

The raven haired wizard turned away, trying to disguise how much his body was shaking.

“I have to go to the bathroom” Harry finally forced out as walked away from his best friend wishing they would never have this conversation again but knowing otherwise.
Harry sat on the toilet as he pondered his predicament. The truth be told he didn’t really need to go, he just needed some space. Privacy was a rare commodity these days as the young wizard rested his head in his hands no wanting to leave the solace of his cubicle.

He knew this moment was coming but dreaded it none the less. There was no denying it anymore. The was no way he could hide the large bump any longer. He might as well face his daemons. A sigh left his lips as he looked up, his eyes meeting the back of the cubicle door. He wished he could just run away from his life, escape the gossiping, evade the unrelenting stares. The young wizard felt tears sting at his eyes as he tried to suppress the sadness and fear rising in his body.

Harry let his body slump against the wall as he felt his mind slip into an abyss of defeat. Maybe he could just run away? He craved freedom, to feel the release surge through his veins. The young wizard closed his eyes, the desire to escape, to live someone else’s for a while was simply too enticing. He knew he had to get to class but he simply didn’t care as he tore his body to its feet.

Harry stalked across the grounds of Hogwarts before descending a slope, the dark forest appearing on the horizon. He glanced around before his eyes fell on a familiar hut. Hagrid. The young wizard pondered whether he should go visit his best friend, the truth be told he didn’t feel like seeing anybody at that point in time, even someone as dear as the giant.

Harry sighed, his eyes lingering on the hut before glancing away. Perhaps not. The young wizard turned back, his tired feet beginning the arduous journey back to the castle.

“Now now dear Harry, you didn’t think you’d come out here and not pay me a visit now did ya?” The young wizard froze, the voice familiar and kind but at this point unwanted.

“Well you see I was just…” Harry began, not entirely sure how he was going to finish the sentence as his body refused to turn and face the giant.

“Come now young Harry” Hagrid began, not giving the boy a chance as he threw his arm around the wizard’s shoulders. He felt his body being pulled into a hug, all resistance was pointless as he let Hagrid lead him down the grassy hill towards the hut.

It wasn’t long before Harry was sitting at the very large table, greeted by an equally large cup of tea.

“Now Harry, where is Ron and Hermione? How come they aren’t with you? They’re alright aren’t they?” Hagrid began, not hardly giving the boy a chance as a sympathetic expression slid across his eyes.

“y-yes they’re fine” Harry began, glancing up at the giant before returning his gaze to the cup.

“We just had a fight is all… Well… Me and Ron did”

“About what?” Hagrid leaned in closer, his eyebrows drawn as he braced for an exciting story.

“It’s nothing” Harry expected to see disappointment dissolve all other emotions in the man before him.

But it only made him more intrigued.
“It wasn’t about that baby inside you, now was it?”

Harry’s eyes bolted open, panic tainting his expression as his body braced, preparing to run.

“You know if Ron won’t help you look after it, you can be sure I will”

Harry felt his body give way as Hagrid’s kind words sunk into his brain.

Wait… That means Hagrid thinks the baby is…

“It’s not Ron’s” Harry spat out before halting, deciding it was best to choose his words carefully.

“What do you mean it’s not Ron’s? Who’s else would it be? You’re not close enough to anyone else for this to happen”

The young wizard felt his heart pound as he wondered what to say next. He couldn’t tell Hagrid the father was Snape could he?! What would he think?! He would never look at him the same again.

“It-It doesn’t matter” Harry stuttered before pushing the chair back, preparing for a speedy escape.

“It very much does matter Harry” Hagrid leaned in closer before taking the boys hand, giving it a gentle squeeze.

“But if you don’t want to tell me that’s fine too” the giant smiled before leaning back, grasping his cup in his fingers and drawing it to his lips.

“It’s not that” Harry began before realising he wasn’t actually sure how he wanted to finish that sentence.

“Its fine Harry. All in good time”.

The two sat in silence as Harry let his mind wonder. How kind of Hagrid to offer to look after the child but how kind would he be if he knew it was Snapes?
Harry felt the cold air brush against his cheek as he began the ascent back to the castle. He allowed his eyes to close as he stifled a yawn, refusing to admit to himself just how tired he was. It was only 7:30 and he was ready for bed already, when was he going to stop being so tired? Probably not till the baby is born… Then again… That equalled another set of challenges… Which he dreaded would equal no sleep.

Harry’s eyes instantly shot open as a pelt of cold rain made its home on his cheek. He had to get inside, the last thing he needed was a cold on top of everything else. The young wizard darted for the door, the water littering his body until he reached safety.

Harry stopped before allowing his body to slump against the castle wall.

When had he become so unfit? He glanced back to the doorway, his eyes falling on the sun as it became one with the horizon.

“Harry, might I have a word?”

The young wizard jump at the sudden intrusion, looking across as his gaze locked with professor McGonagall’s. Where had she come from? He hadn’t even heard her approach.

A lump formed in the young wizard’s throat, he knew what was coming as let his gaze fall to the stone floor.

“Might I suggest a concealment charm?” the witch advised, not waiting for the boy to answer as genuine concern seeped through her voice. She leaned forward before gently resting her hand on his shoulder.

He could tell she was curious who the father was but had the decency not to ask.

“You know a charm that would work for this?” Harry asked, deciding that denying the pregnancy was suddenly pointless.

“You’re not the first wic- or should I say wizard to fall pregnant my dear” McGonagall gave the boy a stern glance before turning around, a wave of her hand the only indication for the boy to follow.

Harry traipsed behind the professor for what seemed like forever as they approached the familiar transfiguration classroom.

“Don’t you think it might be a bit late?” Harry wondered before cringing at the realisation the words didn’t stay in his head.

“I think perhaps not” McGonagall comforted, gently massaging his shoulder before allowing her hand to slide from the boy.

“Now shall we?”

“Wait, how long does it last for?” Harry panicked, realising he should have asked this question a lot earlier.
“Precisely 6 hours” the professor answered almost too quickly as she withdrew her wand from her robes. She looked at the boy before her, an eyebrow raised.

“Any other questions before we begin Potter?”

“Um, no professor” Harry thought there should be but all other thoughts had vacated his mind.

Harry pushed open the familiar door as he peeked around the corner, he knew Snape was there, he must be, otherwise why would he leave his door open? The young wizard gently pushed further into the room, the smell of something baking greeting his nostrils.

Snape baking? Now he was curious.

Harry glanced around the room not realising how much his heart yearned for the man until he was this close to seeing him again.

His eyes fell on to a cake resting on the kitchen bench, chocolate icing covered almost ceremoniously with rose petals. Did Snape make this? Harry stepped towards the delicious treat, all self control out the window as he slid a finger gently across the icing. The young wizard held the finger to his lips almost tasting the chocolate before it even entered his lips.

“I can think of a better place to put that chocolate” a familiar voice mumbled seductively behind him, causing the boy to almost choke in disbelief.

Harry’s eyes widened, when had Snape gotten so bold?

“Is that right?” Harry smiled knowingly before running his tongue around his finger suggestively, his eyes begging for more as they locked with the professor’s.

“Indeed” Snape smiled before stepping closer to the boy, gently wrapping his arms around the younger wizard’s hips.

“I missed you… So much” Harry whispered, cringing at how pathetic he sounded as the words fell from his lips.

Snape only greeted the comment with a smile before drawing the boy closer against his body.

“Show me” A wicked glint flashed across his eyes as he gently dragged the young wizard across the room before tossing him on to the dining room table. A gasp escaped Harry’s lips as he felt his body melt before the man. He closed his eyes in anticipation, his body begging for the man’s touch.

Nothing…

Harry opened his eyes, a confused expression plastering his face as he watched Snape step back from before drawing his wand.

The young wizard gasped, a surge of panic tainting his eyes as they were unable to look away from the wand.

“A concealment charm?” Snape whispered before washing the spell away with a flick of his wand.
Harry’s eyes narrowed in confusion as he refused to look away from the man.

“I want to see you as you are” Snape stated as he leaned in closer to the boy, pressing his lips to him before deepening the kiss.

A smile engulfed Harry as he welcomed the attention, his body graving more with every touch.
Harry had forgotten how amazing it felt to have Snape buried deep inside him as he felt the man thrust relentlessly into his body. The young wizard threw his head back in pleasure as moans escaped his lips. He wanted more. He cried out as his body ground against the professors, yearning, craving more than he could handle as he felt his body grow close.

How did he ever live without this?

Harry sunk his nails into Snape’s bare flesh as he felt his body prepare for release. He couldn’t get enough of the man penetrating him as he felt his body begin to shake uncontrollably.

Oh how he needed this.

Snape watched as soft breaths left Harry’s lungs, he needed to make sure the boys was asleep before carefully pushing the covers back and crawling out of bed.

He had another dreaded deatheater meeting with Voldemort tonight and he refused to upset Harry by telling him about it.

Snape struggled to stifle yawns as issue after boring issue was discussed, thrown back and forward before being ultimately dismissed between the members seated around the oval table.

“Now, lastly” Voldemort began before turning his attention to Snape. The professor glanced up, feeling the gaze of everyone in the room upon him.

“I have come across some rather disturbing information” Voldemort’s eyes darted to Lucius before returning to Severus. Snape’s heart skipped a beat as he braced himself for the worst. He forced his body to remain motionless, he couldn’t afford to have any expression give him away. He knew what was coming, that glance to Malfoy told him everything. Surely the dark lord would have more tact than to bring up any rumour about him and Potter in front of everyone…

Unless of course he wished to humiliate him in front of everyone, forcing Snape to emotionally remove himself from Harry.

Snape turned his gaze to meet Voldemort, refusing to break the connection, refusing to show any weakness.

“I take it that it concerns me?” Snape stated flatly, not looking away from the man.

“Perhaps” Voldemort didn’t offer much reprieve as he leaned further over the table towards the professor.

Severus raised an eyebrow expectantly, his expression of boredom disguising the underlying panic. At least ‘perhaps’ meant he may still have plausible deniability… maybe… but would he really want to deny Harry? The new love of his otherwise miserable life… After all, the young wizard was the only thing in his life that made it really worth living.

“I’ve heard the potter boy is… well…” the dark wizard deliberately halted, adding more suspense
to the whole situation as Snape tried to ignore the eyes on him.

What was he going to say when Voldemort finally got to the point? Perhaps neither confirm nor deny…?

“Yes?” Snape attempted to hurry the man along, having had enough of the suspense.

“Pregnant”

Snape flinched, although he did well to not let it show. Why had he flinched? It’s not like he didn’t already know what the dark wizard was going to say… Perhaps he wished his intuition was for once wrong…

A smirk formed on Voldemort’s slender lips as he anxiously awaited an answer.

“No idea” Snape stated plainly, praying that would suffice but expecting it wouldn’t.

“Is that so?” the doubt rife in the dark wizard’s voice as he pushed his body back in his chair. His face pondering whether to push this issue or not.

“You see, that’s not what I heard”

Snape flinched, this time not so sure he did well to hide it. He knew the man was reading him carefully, each question worded specifically to capture his instinctive reaction. The truth only being given away in the first split second of the question asked.

“Indulge me” the professor stated flatly, the storm raging behind his calm demeanour.

Silence filled the room as Voldemort refused to break eye contact with the potions professor. The dark wizard leaned in closer, narrowing his eyes as he slipped his hand into his pocket, retrieving something, most likely a wand.

“It is a shame dear Severus” the dark lord began, a smug smile growing on his lips

“What is, my lord?” Snape questioned bluntly, not breaking eye contact with the dark wizard.

“You’re not being very, shall we say, forthcoming”

The potions professor remained silent, he knew he had to pick his words carefully, he couldn’t afford to make a mistake… Not now.

“Pity” Voldemort glanced down, feigning a look of disappointment and pulled his wand out, placing it carefully on the table between them.

“You see, I was hoping it wouldn’t come to this” the dark lord smiled as he raised his wand, aiming it at the professor.

Snape’s eyes narrowed on the instrument aimed at his head, unsure exactly what the man had in mind as he braced himself for the worst.
Love of My Life

Snape raised his eyebrow, feigning confidence as the wand continued to aim at him.

Time seemed to have stopped as anticipation filled the room. Surely he wouldn’t? But then again he wouldn’t put much past the dark lord.

“Legilimens” Voldemort called out as he drove his magic into the potions professor’s mind, attempting to gain the truth at all costs.

It took all of Snape’s strength to block the dark lord from invading his inner most private thoughts.

He had to resist.

He simply had to.

There was no other choice.

The professor felt Voldemort push further into his mind, showing no regard for the man as he violated every fibre of his memories.

He was lying and they both knew it. But he couldn’t afford to crack, to give the man the satisfaction of being right.

No way.

Oh how he wished he was with Harry, safely tucked in bed, his arms around him, never wanting to let go. Instead he had the pleasure of this violating and potentially humiliating interrogation. He had to keep his thoughts focused. He couldn’t let them drift to Harry, he couldn’t compromise his defences. It wasn’t worth it.

What would Voldemort do if he managed to confirm Harry was pregnant? Or worse, that he was indeed the father… Oh the consequences were too dire to contemplate. Besides, the dark lord himself couldn’t keep this up forever surely?

XOXOXOX...

Harry felt the soft sheets against his flesh, the scent of the man he loved filling his nostrils as he rolled over, reaching out for him.

He cringed as another cramp seized his abdomen.

What was this? He wondered, half dazed as his hands instinctively clasped at his stomach, hoping the pain would go away.

It didn’t. It only got worse as he reached once more for the potions professor.

Nothing. His eyes tore open.

Where the hell was Snape?
The young wizard’s eyes darted around the room, panic seeping into his heart as his eyes failed to locate the man.

His heart pounded as he threw the blankets off, pulling his body from the bed before his stomach was seized by yet another cramp. Harry cried out as he felt his knees hit the floor.

What was wrong with him?

The young wizard began to sob as the cramp intensified, panic beginning to consume him as he crawled towards the light switch.

Where the hell was Snape?!

The young wizard pried his way across the floor, his concern growing as he drew closer to his destination. He knew there was no way he would be able to get back to sleep until these cramps stopped but why were they happening?

He had to find Snape, he couldn’t be far away surely?

But where…

Harry cried out once more as another cramp consumed him.

Why was this happening? He still had months to go until the baby was due to be born.

His heart began to pound as the cramps grew more intense until he could think of nothing else.

He couldn’t shake the feeling that something bad was about to happen…

XOXOXOX

Snape closed his eyes before using every bit of strength in his being to force the dark lord from his mind.

Relief flooded his veins as he reclaimed his mind and body, feeling entirely his own once again.

Occlumency was his bread and butter after all. Dumbledore wouldn’t have asked him to teach Harry if he wasn’t an expert.

He could see the frustration building on Voldemort’s face as he locked eyes with the man, refusing to look away.

A snide smile grew on the dark lord’s lips as a dangerous thought flashed across his eyes. There was no way Snape missed it as his eyes widened, his heart missing a beat as he knew what Voldemort was about to do.

Surely not? But then again, he didn’t get what he wanted when he violated his mind, so perhaps…

“Well… Perhaps another strategy then?” Voldemort chuckled before apparating from the room. Snape’s eyes widened as he watched the dark wizard disappear before him.

F*ck.
The potions professor didn’t need to be a mind reader to know exactly where the wizard had vanished to.

XOXOXOX

Harry gripped at his swollen stomach as he reached up, forcing his fingers to switch the light on, his eyes squinting as light flooded the room.

“How nice to see you again”

Harry’s eyes widened. That voice…

Oh no.

Panic surged through the boy’s body as he turned to face the imposter.

Voldemort.

A gasp escaped his lips as he eyed up the dark lord.

This evening just got worse and worse.
“So, I see the rumours are true then” Voldemort began as he looked the naked wizard up and down, his eyes falling on his swollen abdomen.

Harry panicked as he tried to figure a way out of this terrible situation.

A satisfied smile formed on the dark lords lips as he witnessed the terror in the young wizards eyes.

“This quite convenient really” the man smiled as he watched the confusion dance across Harry’s eyes.

“Now I guess I can take out two birds with one stone” Voldemort forced a chuckle from his lips as he withdrew the wand from his pocket.

“I have to say, I do wonder” the dark lord began as he held his wand the young wizard’s head.

“What exactly are you doing in Snape’s chambers” a knowing smile plastered across his lips.

“Especially in your current state” Voldemort continued, a snigger escaping his lips as his eyes ran over the nude flesh before him.

Harry felt uncomfortable, violated, but most of all afraid for his life, and of course the life he was carrying in his abdomen.

Surely he wouldn’t kill him, would he? He supposed it was the dark lord’s ultimate goal after all...

“H-how did you get in here?” Harry stuttered as another wave of cramps ran through his body.

“Why that’s none of your business now is it boy?” Voldemort laughed as he flicked his wand back in preparation to cast a spell.

Harry knew exactly which one.

“But seeing as you are about to die, I might as well tell you” the dark lord began, the satisfaction growing within his eyes.

“I had a little help from your friend”

“My friend?” Harry demanded, not believing any of his friends would ever betray him.

“Why Draco of course”

“Draco and I are not friends!” Harry yelled, his voice breaking as the cramps seized control of his body once more.

God, he was hating this. The pain was relentless.

“Of course, I know that, do you think I’m stupid?” Voldemort chuckled before leaning in closer to the boy.

“At least I’m not stupid enough to get myself pregnant” he spat out, his words riddled with spite as his gaze lingered over the boy’s stomach.
The look of distain on the older wizard’s face turned Harry’s stomach as he tried to move away from the man.

XOXOXOX

“You’re not really going to go and chase after that foolish boy now are you Severus” Lucius chuckled as he watched Snape stand from the table.

He had to go to him, there was no way he was going to leave Harry alone with that monster but what about the game plan?

Dumbledore would never forgive him if Voldemort learnt he was working for the ‘enemy’.

That’s probably what this whole experiment was about. He was testing him.

What to do…

“You’re not seriously going to rescue that whore” Lucius chuckled as a wild fire of laughter erupted from around the table.

Snape’s eyes narrowed at the insulting remark, wanting nothing more than to destroy Lucius.

He had to go. He had to save him. F*ck the game plan.

“You’d be a fool to go to him now” the blonde haired wizard continued to provoke the potions professor, knowing he was about to see the man snap.

“You’d be a fool to think I wouldn’t” Snape muttered, no longer caring what everyone thought as he apparated from the room.

XOXOXOX

Harry wondered if all these cramps had something to do with Voldemort’s visit. The timing was too precise… Either way it didn’t matter, he had to get away and get away now…

“What’s wrong there Harry” Voldemort mocked as he watched the boy crawling slowly away from him.

“You don’t seriously think you can get away from me, do you?” the dark lord chuckled as he aimed his wand at the young wizard’s head.

“It’s about time I finally got rid of you, your nothing but a waste of space” Voldemort’s eyes narrowed on the boy, the words spitting from his lips like vile poison.

“Avada K-”

Harry closed his eyes, realising it was too late to get away as he cringed, praying for some kind of miracle as he awaited his fate.
Harry flinched, waiting for the spell to be delivered.

Nothing.

What was going on?

The young wizard pried an eye open, his heart skipping a beat as a familiar figure stood before him.

Snape.

His heart began pounding, relief washing over him at the sight of the man he loved.

He was here to save him, to protect him, prepared to take a spell for him.

“What are you hoping to achieve?” Snape stated bluntly, making no effort to hide the annoyance in his voice.

“You best be more careful where you chose to apparate dear Severus, you might have been yet another casualty” the dark lord chuckled as malice raged in his eyes.
Snape eyed Voldemort up and down, trying to figure out what Voldemort’s next move was going to be.

He simply couldn’t afford to get this wrong…

The dark lord was fast and he had to be prepared for that.

Snape gasped as he felt his wand fly from his fingers, watching helplessly as it ended up in the hands of the very man he wanted to use it against.

F*ck.

The potions professor couldn’t afford to let his panic show to the man before him as he refused to step away from Harry.

He simply couldn’t let the dark lord get the best of him.

Snape resented the man before him more than ever in that very moment as a smug smile made itself at home on the dark lord’s lips.

“You are… Shall we say, full of surprises dear Severus” Voldemort sniggered, a glint of malice flickering in his eyes as he looked the potions professor up and down before trying to get another glance at Harry.

“Leave now” Snape commanded, remaining in front of Harry, his arms outstretched, in an effort to protect the young wizard.

“Why Severus” the dark wizard chuckled as he began to wonder aimlessly around the room, playing with Snape’s wand in his fingers.

“You’re not exactly in a position to be making demands now, are you?” Voldemort mocked as he stepped closer to the potion’s professor.

He knew the dark lord was right but what else could he do? Harry’s safety was his number one priority at that point in time and nothing would change that. He knew the chances of him living to see the next sunrise were very slim if not impossible.

Now he had to think carefully, how on earth was he going to get rid of this man from his room? This man he had spent years deceiving, only to have it all unravel in one night.

He prayed it would never come to this but secretly knew it would. Someone had betrayed him and he knew exactly who.

“I always thought you a wise man Severus” Voldemort began as he tip-toed towards the potions professor.

“And as such, have always kept you close to my side”

“But…” the dark wizard gazed aimless at the ceiling, pretending to consider what to say next before turning back to the dark haired wizard before him.

“I see now, I was wrong” his eyes narrowing as he leaned in towards Snape.
“You are nothing but a fool” the dark lord spat in the man’s face as he once again lifted his wand before aiming it at the professor’s face.

“Now you will pay for the humiliation you have caused me here today” Voldemort promised as he flicked his wrist back, wanting this spell to have a little more kick.

Snape prepared for the worst as he knelt down in front of Harry before holding the boy in his arms. If he was going to die at least it would be like this, with the man he loved.

“I might spare your little boyfriend for a while after you’re gone” Voldemort chuckled, hoping to ensnare rage in the potions professor.

“Perhaps have some fun of my own with him” his eyes locked with Snape’s. There was no need for words as the thought of the dark lord doing that to Harry infuriated him.

“Hahaha! You’re truly pathetic” the dark lord looked down on the man who he once trusted to advise him, there was no doubt in his eyes, no sign of remorse as he swung his wand into action.

Snape pulled Harry in close to him, sorry it had to end this way as he rested the boy’s head on his shoulder before pressing a gentle kiss on his cheek.

“Avada kadavada”

Snape’s heart pounded as he watched the green light head straight towards him. He knew this was it. This was the end.

He closed his eyes, bracing for the impact as he held Harry tighter than ever.

… … …

Moment’s had passed and he was sure it should have happened by now…

Why hadn’t it happened?

Snape pried his eyes open, a gasp escaping his lips as he watched a bolt of red intercepting the green, forcing it slowly back.

“Now now, that’s quite enough dear Tom” Dumbledore’s soft calming voice filled the room as both spells ceased.

“I’m afraid I’ll have to ask that you leave at once” the old wizard stated politely as he paced slowly in front of Snape and Harry before stopping.

“I fear you have caused enough discomfort for one night” the older wizard smiled as he aimed his want once more toward the dark lord.

All three watched as Voldemort apparated into thin air, praying he would never return but knowing better.

Snape tried to ignore the shaking in his body as relief washed over him, he couldn’t believe Harry and him were both still very much alive.

Dumbledore did always have impeccable timing after all.
“I trust you are safe now Severus” Dumbledore nodded in the direction of the potions professor before turning his gaze to Harry.

“Now, my dear boy” the old wizard began before rearranging the glasses on the bridge of his nose.

“You best be more careful” the man smiled down at him as Harry wondered exactly how he could be more careful. His heart pounding at the thought of that happening again, and even if it did, how would he stop the dark lord if Dumbledore wasn’t there?

He didn’t want to think about it as he glanced over towards Snape.

“Well, I best take my leave” Dumbledore concluded before smiling at them both and turning towards the door.

Harry watched as the old wizard wondered out of Snape’s chamber’s before feeling familiar arm’s tighten around him. He closed his eyes, taking comfort in the safety surrounding him, praying it would never leave.

The young wizard rested a hand on his abdomen, relieved the cramps had stopped at last. Now he had labour to dread even more, especially now he knew what to expect.

Great.

“Here Harry, take this” the young wizard looked up, his eyes falling on the bath robe being handed to him. “We will need to go and see Madam Pomphrey” the man whispered as he watched the boy take the item before wrapping it around his exposed body.

XOXOXOX

“Now what do we have here at this ungodly hour?” Madam Pomphrey’s voice rang out through the sick bay as she approached Harry and Snape.

Her eyes ran up and down the potion’s professor, confusion reining in her eyes as she pondered why he was here with Harry.

Snape cringed, knowing exactly what the nurse was thinking.

“I found him in the corridor…” the older wizard began, wincing at his own lame excuse before being cut off by the nurse as her attention returned to the patient.

“Right, well, what seems to be the matter dear Harry?”

“I-I ah, had cramps just before” the young wizard began, his eyes instinctively turning to Snape.

He knew he had to stop looking at him but it suddenly seemed so wrong that it ‘wasn’t appropriate’ for the world to know he was the father.

“Perhaps its best if you leave professor” Madam Pomphrey all but barked at the man.
No. That wasn’t the intention, Harry cringed at the nurse’s reaction.

“No, it’s okay…” Harry began before feeling a sudden wave of exhaustion flood over him.

Oh man, why is this suddenly hitting him now?

“Go Professor” the nurse commanded as she indicated towards the door with her finger, saving any possible confusion.

Snape glanced to Harry, his gaze lingering before he started for the door.

Harry made no attempt to mask the sadness in his eyes as he watched the man he loved walk for the door.

“Right Harry, where were we?” the nurse began as she fluffed around with the blankets before placing them over Harry.

“I-I was just telling you about the cramps, but its okay now because they have stopped” the young wizard began, his eyes still instinctively glancing for the door.

“How long ago did they stop now dear?” the concern evident in her voice as she leaned closer to the boy.

“A-about 20 minutes ago”

“Your still a few months off Harry dear” Madam Pomphrey stated factually as she gave the boy a stern gaze.

“What I’ll do is, I’ll give you something to stop any further contractions”

“Contractions?!”

“Yes dear, we don’t want the baby to come this early now do we”

Harry closed his eyes. He knew the baby wasn’t coming, it was all because Voldemort paid a visit and that was all…

“No” Harry mumbled, deciding that going along with it would create less wide spread panic than letting the cat out of the bag that Voldemort was well and truly back.

“Right dear, I’ll be back in a moment” She whispered, before giving Harry a reassuring pat on the shoulder.

He wished Snape was here…

Is he still just outside the door?

He hoped so.

He wanted to spend the night with him.

He needed to spend the night with him.

Especially after that debarkle with Voldemort earlier, he knew he needed Snape in his life forever. The thought of losing him devastated him.
The man was his everything.

“Right dear, take this and you are free to go” the nurse smiled before handing the young wizard a dark liquid in a weirdly shaped vial.

He brought the vial to his lips before swallowing the fluid in one mouthful.

Oh god it tasted awful but he didn’t exactly have a choice.

“Right Harry it’s back to bed for you” the nurse commanded as she ushered the boy out of sick bay.

Harry waddled through the door, his eyes lighting up at the sight of Snape in the hallway waiting for him.

How he loved this man.

And how he needed to show him just how much…
Harry turned over in the bed, oh how he loved how comfortable it was. He wished he could stay like this forever.

He felt absolutely wiped as he opened his eyes, the sunlight assaulting them before he slammed them closed again.

Was it morning already?

He so wasn’t ready for this…

What about his classes? Oh who cares. Harry pulled the blankets up around him before turning back over, away from the sunlight.

Snape stood behind his desk, peering at the students as they practiced brewing veritaserum. A difficult potion to brew at the best of times.

The dark haired professor wished he could shake this feeling of unease that lingered in his veins. He knew the dark lord would return. It was just a matter of time. He had to be prepared.

He wished he didn’t have to leave Harry by himself but the boy was exhausted, not to mention it doesn’t take much for rumours to start around here.

Which begs the question, what was he going to do when the child was born? People would eventually notice how much time they spent together.

What about Harry’s education? He had to finish school, there was no way Snape was going to let him drop out.

The child… They would have no other choice but to raise it in Snape’s chambers. Harry will just come live with him. He pretty much already does as it is anyway.

The other students would notice though… The fact that Harry would never return to his dormitory at night…

Wait, when was the last time Harry slept in his own bed? There’s no way Snape would let the boy sleep anywhere but in his bed with him after last night.

The other students though… Are they already getting suspicious of where Harry goes at night?

“Excuse me professor, have you see Harry lately?”

Snape was shaken from his thoughts as he glared down at the red haired boy.
“Why are you asking me?” Snape stated a little too bluntly, his eyes penetrating Ron’s as the boy took a step back.

“Well I just thought you might have seen him is all. I’ve asked everyone else but he seems to just disappear and I only ever see him in classes these days and even then…”

Snape glanced around the room, where was everyone?

The class was empty.

His eyes widened as he lost his composure.

Had the bell already gone?

This wasn’t like him, this wasn’t like him at all…

His gaze turned back to the young wizard standing before him, he had to answer the question… But how to do that without raising suspicions?

“I assure you Potter is fine” the potions professor drawled.

“How do you know that?”

Dammit.

“Because I know everything” Snape glanced down at the boy before turning away, his cloak billowing in Ron’s face.

XOXOXOXOX

“Somethings definitely not right you know” Ron stated as he turned to Hermione, stuffing his face with mashed potato.

Hermione winced as splattering’s of mashed potato came flying towards her.

“Yes, well, we need to find Harry, only he can tell us what’s really going on”

“Yeah Hermione but where? It’s not like we haven’t tried looking for him”

“Yes but there’s one place we haven’t tried…” her voice now barely above a whisper.

“Oh yeah? And where would that be?” Ron eyed the brunette doubtfully.

“Snape’s chambers”

“Oh what?! Why would Harry be there?”

Hermione squinted as pieces of mashed potato flew over the table.

“It’s worth a try” Hermione added, trying to convince the red haired wizard without giving away too much information…

After all Ron still hadn’t figured out about Harry and the professor.
“Oh yeah, and how do you suppose we get into that greasy gits chambers?”

XOXOXOXOX

Harry threw the covers off as he struggled to sit up. He thought he would be used to his baby bump by now but… guess not…

He had to admit, he missed being able to lay on his stomach.

He stood up before making his way to the bathroom. His body ached as he climbed into the warm bath Snape must have prepared earlier.

The young wizard leaned back, closing his eyes as the warmth radiated through his body, silently thanking the potion’s professor for his thoughtfulness.

Snape must have put some spell on the water to keep it warm.

XOXOXOX

“It’s this way” Hermione grabbed Ron’s arm, dragging him the isolated corridor.

“You know, I don’t reckon we should be going into a teacher’s chambers, I mean what if he’s… You know…”

“What Ron?”

“I don’t know… Naked” Ron’s face screwed up like a paper bag at the thought.

Why did he allow that thought into his head?!

“Well I brought this just in case” Hermione advised, holding up the invisibility cloak in her fingers.

“Right… But that’s not going to spare my eyes!”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you so much for all your kudos and lovely comments :)
The Truth Will Always Out

Hermione threw the invisibility cloak over the both of them before creeping closer to the door.
Perhaps Ron was right? Maybe they shouldn’t do this after all…
But she wanted to see Harry, it had felt like an eternity since they had properly hung out…
Besides it’s too late to turn back now…
Hermione aimed her wand at the door, deciding it was best not to second guess herself.
“Alohamora” she whispered, watching as the door unclicked itself before opening before them.
“Come on Ron, let’s go” the young witch commanded as they slipped into the potion’s professors chambers.
“Wow! Look at this place!” Ron shouted out in excitement
“Shh!!! Ron!” Hermione reminded the red haired wizard to be quiet, although her words weren’t exactly quiet.
“Oh right!” Ron exclaimed, again forgetting to lower his voice.
Hermione’s eyes darted around the room as she pondered the best place to begin. The young witch stepped towards the bedroom without warning.
“Hey wait!” Ron growled as he began to chase after her, not watching where his feet were going before tripping over the edge of what he suspected was a coffee table.
“Ahh…” Ron tried to form coherent words as he felt his body lose balance before falling towards Hermione as if in slow motion.
The young witch was powerless to do anything as she felt Ron’s weight collapse on top of her.
Hermione cringed as she managed to break her fall with her arms.
“Ron!” she growled before remembering she had to be quiet.
They weren’t very good at this…
“Sorry Hermione! I couldn’t help it!”

XOXOXOXOX

Harry was sure he’d heard something as he turned his head instinctively towards the source of the supposed noise.
Was Snape back already? But it kind of sounded like a girl…
He turned his body around before preparing to pull himself out of the water.
This was getting so difficult…

He closed his eyes before feeling a spasm in his abdomen.

Was that…

What he thought…?

A bubble of happiness exploded inside his heart.

His child…

This all of a sudden felt so real.

He was really doing this…

He was seriously having a baby…

Why did it only just actually dawn on him now?

A smile grew on his lips as he rested his hands on his expanding abdomen.

He had to show Snape, he had to experience this too.

Harry forced his body out of the bath before grasping a towel in his fingers and proceeding to dry his body.

Hmm…

Perhaps he should surprise the man he loves…

The smile grew on Harry’s lips as he allowed the towel to slip to the floor before he started for the door.

XOXOXOX

“Where is it?” Hermione gasped, the desperation evident in her voice.

“What?” Ron asked, seemingly oblivious to pretty much everything.

“The invisibility cloak! Where has it gone?”

“Oh…”

“Come on Ron! Help me!” the young witch demanded as she vigorously patted the floor around her in a vain attempt to locate the object.

Her eyes darted around, realising the red haired wizard had still not hardly moved.

“Well?! Come on!”

“Oh right!” Ron finally engaged his brain before joining the search.
“It must be here somewhere” Hermione whispered desperately before finally grasping something with her fingers.

“I think I may have found it”.

XOXOXOX

Harry opened the bathroom door before striding through it, the determination to surprise Snape evident in the manner in which he conducted himself.

“Did you hear that?”

Harry raised an eyebrow at the foreign voice, that didn’t actually seem that foreign at all.

He darted his gaze to the origin of the voice, his eyes locking straight with Hermione’s.

Then Ron’s.

Harry’s eyes widened in disbelief, but they were met in equal disbelief as Ron stared back at him in horror.

Nothing Ron could do could possibly mask the shock displayed so blatantly all over his face.

The red haired wizard’s eyes darted down to the swollen belly of his best friend

“H-harry, a-are y-you…” he began but couldn’t quite get the last word out as he suddenly couldn’t bring his gaze back to meet the dark haired wizard’s.

It was then and only then that Harry remembered he had no clothes on.

Great.

Now Ron really has seen everything.

Harry instinctively went to hide his body before realising there was no real point.

“Pregnant. Yes Ronald” Hermione cut in realising this conversation was going nowhere fast.

“B-but when…? How…? Who…?” Ron stuttered, his eyes dancing between Harry’s stomach and Harry’s face.

The pregnant wizard closed his eyes before realising he owed his best friend the truth. Although to be honest, he was surprised his friend hadn’t put two and two together…

He was after all in Snape’s chambers and almost seven months pregnant…

Then again…

This was Ron.
Chapter Summary

I apologize in advance for the horrific state of this chapter. My poor laptop doesn't love me anymore and won't stay on for longer than 5 minutes before deciding to turn itself off and not recover my documents... Angry face emoji... So needless to say I had to write this chapter on my phone lol and omg spell check kept changing Snape to shape so again sorry!!

Harry's eyes darted between Hermione and the passed out body of his best friend on the floor.

What had he done? Then again the truth was inevitable really...

Harry's mind raced through a million possible scenarios as his eyes turned back to Hermione.

He knew what she would say... That he had to tell Ron when he woke up... If he woke up that is... He did hit his head pretty hard against the floor after all...

A smile formed on the young man's lips as a new idea formed in his mind... Levitation...

Yes... That would work...

Harry quickly searched his room in a vain attempt to locate his wand.

"Harry" Hermione began, her voice not disguising the underlying frustration she was feeling as she slowly shook her head.

"What?"

"I know what your thinking" Hermione sighed before stepping closer to Harry.

"But you simply can't" she persisted before resting a comforting hand on his shoulder.

She couldn't possibly know he was contemplating levitating his best friend all the way up to his room and then casting a concealment charm before telling him this was all a crazy nightmare, could she?

"You must let him come to terms with it, I mean what about when it's born? Your simply not going to be able to hide it now, are you?"

Harry's face screwed up at the realization that Hermione was indeed correct.

Again.

"I guess your right" he whispered before glancing once more at his unconscious friend.

"Now first things first" Hermione began once more as her eyes darted to the pregnant wizard's groin.

Harry raised an eyebrow in confusion, why was she looking at his...
Oh no!

Harry panicked! Suddenly remembering he was naked. His eyes widened as he reached for the duvet before using it to cover his bare flesh.

"How long were you going to leave it before you were going to tell me that I had nothing on!" Harry blurted out, seriously flustered by the whole situation.

"Well I shouldn't actually have to tell you at all Harry" Hermione raised her eyebrow once more before turning away, giving her friend a chance to put some clothing on.

Harry scurried to Snape's drawers before searching desperately for something to wear.

Hermione shook her head before withdrawing her wand and aiming it at the red haired boy on the floor.

"Wingardium Leviosa" she states loudly as she watched the body rise into the air. The young witch winced as the sound of slamming drawers behind her but she refused to be distracted from the task at hand.

Harry sighed audibly as he pulled out an oversized knitted Jersey and a pair of jeans that might just do the trick. It was weird to think of Snape wearing jeans....

Come to think of it the only thing he'd actually seen Snape wearing was his teaching robes...

And of course nothing at all......

Harry felt the heat rise in his cheeks at the thought as he pulled his Jersey on, trying to dodge the sudden curious glances Hermione was dealing to him.

"W-what?" Harry stuttered, knowing the young witch never missed a beat as she carefully slid her wand back into her robe.

"Why are you blushing so furiously Harry?"

The young wizard bit down, not masking his indignation at the question being asked of him.

"I'm not blushing!" Harry bit back, a little too harshly as he suddenly silenced himself.

Hermione shook her head before turning back to Ron as he laid peacefully on Snape's bed.

"Actually, on second thought, I don't wish to know what you are thinking about because it is likely naughty. Very naughty indeed".

Harry tried to mask the smile as it grew across his lips, relieved that Hermione was facing the other way and not privy to his body's response.

Harry's attention diverted to Ron as a groan escapes his lips before his eyes slit open, studying the room before him.

"Where am I?" The red head mumbled, his fingers grasping at the sheets under him before allowing his gaze fell on to Hermione.

"Your on Snape's bed" Harry mumbled, watching as his friends eyes widened in horror.
"W-what?!?! That greasy git? why the hell am I on his bed???” Ron all but shrieked as his body bolted from the mattress under him.

Ron had never moved so fast in all his life as he stumbled across the room.

"W-wait... If I was lying on Snapes bed, does that mean I'm in..." the thought seemed to terrorfy the young wizard into silence as his eyes peered nervously around the room.

"Yes Ron, you are indeed in Snapes chambers".
Just When You Think Your Safe

Chapter Summary

Thank you so much for all your supportive comments :)  
Sorry its taken me so long to update!

Harry had hardly seen Ron since he bolted from Snape’s chambers in apparent horror. Then again Harry had had a lot of time to get used to the idea of

1. Being a man and being pregnant

1. Snape being the father

He supposed time to adjust to the concept was something Ron had yet to experience the luxury of.

Then again, it was also school holidays so naturally Ron had gone home…

It did sadden him somewhat that Ron had neglected to invite him this time round, but then again he wasn’t exactly surprised.

It did feel weird not being there during the break but at least he would never have to go back to the Dursleys….

Hopefully…

If worse came to worst and he had to return, well…

Let's just say he would certainly need his concealment charm then.

“It’s not long now Harry is it?” Madam Pomphrey smiled at the young wizard before her.
“No, it's not. It seems like I'm still not ready for it” Harry mumbled as he felt another kick from inside his abdomen.

“You'll find a way to manage, you always have, haven't you?” The nurse reassured him as she prepared a tonic for the wizard.

Harry wasn’t so convinced as the reality began to sink in. It was a shock at the start but then life carried on, almost like a fairy tale but now it began to feel scary again.

Harry tried to pin point what exactly was making him so nervous…

Was it perhaps the birth or maybe everyone finding out and judging him?

They're going to know its Snape’s eventually… he couldn't exactly keep that a secret for ever… Could he?

And who was going to look after the baby? He had to study and Snape had to teach…

Plus where was he going to live? He couldn't live in Snapes chambers without someone noticing eventually… could he?

Argh. It was all too much to figure out, but it's not like he hasn't had months to come up with a plan.

Months.

And he still hadn't…

Then again, why should he even care what other people think…

It's his life after all, not anyone else's.
“I don't believe that is such a good idea Severus” Dumbledore stated softly as he stood facing the potions professor.

“Why?”

“It would rouse a lot of suspicion and draw you a lot of unwanted attention”

“I am prepared for that”

“You see, I don't believe that you are. I don't believe you are foreseeing all the consequences, if any at all” Dumbledore sighed before lightly shaking his head.

Snape gave the old wizard a quizzical look as he contemplated whether to carry on with this argument or not.

“Do you not realize Severus, if word of this got out that, the ministry would give me no choice but to fire you”.

“Is that a threat?”

“More a warning to a dear friend”

“Dear friend?” Snape hadn't meant to repeat the headmasters words out loud as they fell from his lips.

“Of course Severus. You know I value our friendship, as I hope you do also”.

Snape eyed the man cautiously before answering.
“Of course” The professor nodded.

“But surely you won't allow him to return to the Dursleys for the break?”

The mere thought drew disgust all over the professors face.

“I'm afraid there isn't much choice.” Dumbledore sighed as he began pacing in his office.

“Surely if we were discrete” Snape began, trying not to let the hope build up, knowing it would only be dashed.

“I'm afraid not Severus” The headmaster stopped in his tracks.

“I have, of course, protected you thus far”.

Snape knew that move signaled the end of any more discussions on the matter.

“Very well.” Snape resigned from the conversation before turning away and striding towards the door.

He secretly hoped Dumbledore would change his decision upon watching the wizard walk away.

But alas, no such luck

Snape felt defeat well up inside him as he thought of Harry going back to stay with the Dursleys, especially in his current condition.

Besides, it wasn't long now.
Harry sat at the great hall stirring his scrambled eggs around in circles on the plate. He had to admit that for once, he wasn’t actually hungry.

The whole school felt strange with no one else in the great hall, or his dormitory, or anyone wandering the corridors.

The young wizard tried his best to keep his eyes open. He was exhausted and his day had hardly started. He sighed before his eyes caught sight of an owl as it appeared to fly towards him.

Harry leapt up as the bird dropped a piece of parchment before him. The young wizard quickly grasped the note before nervously holding it. Half of him was dying to open it, the other was too afraid.

…

…

Here goes nothing, the wizard sighed before unfolding the parchment.

Harry,

I have spoken to the headmaster and unfortunately we will not be able to spend the holiday season together. He believes it will complicate an already delicate situation and he doesn’t wish to put either of us through such an event unnecessarily.

I look forward to seeing you upon your return from the Dursley’s.

Thinking of you,

Severus
Harry felt a sharp pang strike his heart as he realised his worst fear…

No…

The Dursleys.

XOXOXOX

Harry dreaded what was coming as he stuffed more of his clothes into a suitcase. He truly thought he had seen the last of the Dursleys.

At least Snape had tried and he could kind of see where Dumbledore was coming from.

He deeply regretted not being able to see Snape once more before he left. He knew the potions professor was terribly busy with something, but what, he didn’t exactly know.

At least it was only a few weeks and then he would be back.

The young wizard threw the last of his things in to the case, watching as a piece of parchment slipped out before slowly drifting to the floor.

Harry knelt down to pick it up, as he held it in his fingers, he realised it was the marauders map.

Perfect.

Perhaps he could pay him one last visit before he left, after all.

One last passionate visit.
Pleasant Surprise

Harry stepped through the front door to the house he wished he would never have to return to.

He was tired, this pregnancy was really taking it out of him as he began to climb the stairs.

He could hear Dudley chuckling at something on the TV. None of the three bothered to greet him when he arrived, but then again, why would they?

He knew his presence was nothing but an annoyance to them all, as he made his way for his usual bedroom.

He sighed before sitting down on the bare mattress. His abdomen felt so heavy and strained. It felt strange to him to be able to feel it but not see it. But then again, he should have been used to it by now, he’d been using the concealment charm for months.

His hormones were destroying him, he needed Snape and he needed him now!!

It was going to be weeks before he could go back to Hogwarts and see the professor again.

Maybe he should be naughty and go visit Snape at his house. He would be there surely… Wouldn’t he?

Harry flinched as he heard footsteps approach his door. He waited in anticipation for his uncle to bolt through that door.

Sure enough…

The door swung open before Vernon stood before him.

“You best get downstairs and sweep the porch, those leaves aren’t going to jump into piles by themselves”.

“But you can’t be serious! It’s nine o’clock at night”

“Ah but I am! When I tell you to do something, I expect you to do it. Do you hear me boy?!“ Vernon argued, his face screwing up in anger, causing the vein in his temple to became more pronounced.

“Yes uncle” Harry nodded, deciding it was easier than going head to head with the stubborn man.

XOXOXOX

Harry sighed as he stepped outside into the cold night with his rake. The amount of leaves was enormous…

This was going to take a while…

The sooner he started, the sooner he could finish he supposed, as he pulled his coat tighter around him.
The young wizard began creating a small mound of leaves before quickly tiring.

He looked through the glass at his aunt, uncle and Dudley, as they watched some comedy on the TV.

He knew they wouldn’t let him back into the house until he was finished.

Harry sighed in defeat as he sat down on the cold grass.

“You do know there is a faster way that this, don’t you?”

That voice… It was so familiar.

But it couldn’t be…

Could it?

Maybe he was just imagining it?

Harry turned around, his eyes searching the darkness before falling on eyes he knew so well.

“Severus?” Harry smiled, not making any attempt to hide his delight as he climbed to his feet.

He wasn’t going lie, getting to his feet that seemed harder every time he did it these days.

“What are you doing here?” Harry whispered as he wrapped his arms around the man.

“To see you, obviously” Snape smiled slightly before withdrawing the wand from his robe pocket.

The professor swirled his wand around, causing all the leaves to arrange themselves into one huge pile.

“Shall we move this pile onto your uncle’s bed?”

Harry cracked up at the man’s suggestion.

“I don’t want to loose my head tonight, so perhaps not” Harry chuckled before leading the man towards the back door.

“Come” the young wizard whispered as he snuck the professor inside and up the stairs.

He had to admit, this risky behaviour was exhilarating and put his level of arousal through the roof.

He lead Snape into his bedroom before his eyes fell on the bed.

Dammit.

He still hadn’t made it…

He’d forgotten about that.

Then again, he also hadn’t expected Snape to turn up.

No that he wasn’t glad that he had.

Harry turned to Snape, who already had his wand out.
A few seconds later, the bed looked like it was fit for royalty.

“Come” Snape commanded as he stepped toward the bed before slipping his robe off.

“W-wait, what?” Harry’s eyes widened in comprehension of what was about to happen.

“You know what Harry, I know you have been dying for it for quite some time” Snape whispered.

“But here?” the idea of getting caught suddenly terrifying him.

“Yes, here. If Dumbledore won’t allow you to come to me, then I shall come to you” Snape drew the boy down onto the bed.

“But what if we get caught”

“We’ll just have to make sure we don’t” Snape reassured him before slowly undoing Harry’s trousers.

The feel of the man’s touch was something he had craved for so long, it felt almost unreal that he finally got to experience it again. Every little touch only made him want more.

Harry gasped as he watched the professor fall to his knees in front of him. His heart pounded as he felt the man take him in his mouth. His soft wet lips engulfing his length.

“S-Snape” Harry began to shiver at the sensation, before suddenly wanting more as he tore his shirt off.

He wanted Snape inside of his body, filling him up with his cock, giving him wave after wave of orgasm.

Oh how he needed it, as Snape released him from his lips.

He couldn’t believe he was doing this in his uncle and aunts house.

With Snape.

Oh how he needed this.

He needed the release like his life depended on it.

“Fill me up” Harry whispered before laying back on his bed and spreading his legs, all but begging for the man to enter him.

“With pleasure”.
Harry laid back on his bed, his body craving every inch of Snape (and yes, there was a lot of inches) as the man pressed against his opening. He was begging for penetration as the professor climbed further on top of him. Harry needed this. It had been far too long. The young wizard felt Snape enter his body, slowly pressing his cock further and further into his pleading body.

Harry suddenly wished he’d turned the lights out, just encase a certain uncle of his decided to pay him a visit. Which was unfortunately very likely, then again, they still think he’s outside raking up all those leaves…

So perhaps now was the best time…

Harry quivered as the professor planted soft kisses on his neck, before heading slowly down his body. The young wizard ground against the man, needing more of his cock as waves of pleasure began to surge through his body.

Severus smiled down at the wizard under him, wanting nothing more than to satisfy every ounce of his being.

Harry needed him, only craving more as he drove himself against Snape’s cock, trying to extract more pleasure as he drew close to orgasm.

“Where the hell is he?!” Vernon’s voice resounded through the house.

Harry’s eyes bolted open, his gaze locking with the professors, there was no denying the panic as it surged across his face.

The door flew open.

Harry was afraid to look.

“Eww!! Yuk!!”

The voice was familiar, but it didn’t belong to his uncle.

Oh no…

Dudley?

He didn’t know which worse, being caught by him or by Vernon…

Then again, he figured Dudley was just going to run off and nark on him anyway, so he was in for the third degree, that much was for sure.

Why was he still standing there? If it was ‘so gross’ then why doesn’t he look away?
“What is it Popkin?” Aunt Petunia called out, her voice riddled with slight alarm.

“What is it Dudders?” Vernon’s voice drew alarmingly close as his shadow loomed in sight of the doorway.

“Don’t worry Harry” Snape whispered as heavy footsteps stormed closer to his room.

“How can I not worry?” Harry whimpered as he laid naked, in the middle of getting boned by his teacher, who was also just as naked. Not to mention they were both about to get caught by a man that already hated him more than anything in the world.

“Nox” Snape whispered as the light from the room and all that surrounded it faded.

Harry panicked.

He hated that Snape couldn’t apparate at will while inside this house. Then again, those charms were supposed to be there for his protection.

Dumbledore obviously didn’t foresee this happening when he set up those protective charms.

“What’s happening?!” Petunia cried out in fear at the sudden darkness.

“I’ll get to the bottom of this!” Vernon yelled before storming into the bedroom.

Shit.

How were they going to get out of this one.

Snape pulled out of Harry’s body, before reaching for his wand. He always left it within arm’s reach.

Always.

“Don’t go in there Dad!” Dudley yelled at his father.

“Why not?”

“He’s doing something revolting with some old guy!”

Old guy? Snape refused to take offense to the comment. He had bigger things to worry about right now.

“Come” the professor whispered, as he lead the young wizard to the nearby wall, which was like one step away from the bed in his miniature bedroom.

“Not in my house he wont be!”

Harry felt the wall turn to a substance similar to jelly as Snape lead him through to the next room over.

“We must leave at once” Snape whispered as he summoned their clothing with his wand.

The wizards quickly tore the clothing on before attempting to sneak out of the house.

“Where the bloody hell is he?” Vernon continued to yell as he fumbled through the darkness.

Snape lead Harry down the stairs, before feeling eyes on him.
“You!” Petunia yelled in shock as her eyes fell on the dark haired older wizard. “I remember you! All those years ago, you were friends with my sister!”

Great…

“What the hell are you doing in our house?!” Petunia began to yell hysterically, attracting the attention of the two other occupants of the house.

Harry felt Vernon clamber towards them, before laying eyes on the wizards from the top of the stairs.

“Who the hell are you? And what the bloody hell are you doing in my house?!” Vernon reiterated his wife’s question as Dudley suddenly appeared next to his father.

“I know what they were doing” Dudley teased dangerously as he threatened to reveal their passionate love making session.

“Any suggestions?” Harry whispered to the professor as panic began to set in.

At least his concealment charm was still working…

“They were having sex” Dudley suddenly announced.

Shit.

Harry cringed.

Snape grabbed the boy’s hand before leading him down the rest of the stairs.

“Sex?! You? With my nephew?!” Petunia looked aghast as she watched Snape tear past her.

The expression on her face was worth savouring, but he could appreciate that later as he lead Harry out the same door they had come in.

“Sex!! In my house?!” Vernon’s voice trailed in to the background as Harry and Snape fled the scene.
Harry can't help himself as his desires get the best of him. His craving for Snape intensifies to just about breaking it's limit. Good thing Snape is right there to help his pregnant boyfriend out ;)

Morning sex! To make up for interrupted sex last night!

It took me forever to write this tiny little chapter (which let’s be honest, is the same length as all my others) because everyone kept wandering past asking what I was doing.
Nothing! *quickly slams the laptop shut*

Some times I think this story is just smut with the occasional plot chapter lol

Anyway I hope you all enjoy :)

Oh man, there was no way he’d be able to face the Dursley’s again…

Not after last night.

How embarrassing was that?

Harry covered his eyes with his hands, as if masking the lingering shame. Trying to summon the memory from his thoughts so he could cast it aside forever.

But then again, everything only lasts as long as the last person to remember it.

Perhaps a memory charm ought to suffice?

Harry was shaken from his thoughts as the man next to him rolled over, encompassing him in a tight hug.

Harry loved this, Snape’s bed was so comfy, he didn’t want to get up as he felt the naked man press up against him.

It didn’t take much these days as he felt himself grow hard at the mere contact.

He needed it.

He needed more of last night, all shame be damned!

Harry slid his body even closer to his professor’s, pressing his bum against the man’s growing
hardness, trying to wedge it between his cheeks.

He wanted Snape to bury himself deep inside him, just like last night, plough him, screw him, use him, but also love him afterwards.

Harry reached around, grasping Snape’s throbbing member in his fingers before drawing it up against his opening.

It was so sensual, having the tip of the man rubbing, grinding against his opening.

He needed more.

Maybe he should ‘accidentally’ kick Snape, wake him up. Make him satisfy him.

…

…

“Ah” Snape groaned as something hard smacked against his leg, forcing him from his sleep.

“Please, Severus” Harry moaned, if he any less aroused he would have cringed at how the words slid from his lips. So needy, so slutty. He gasped, grinding himself against the man, his eyes pleading for penetration.

A slight breath escaped Snape’s lips as he threw the blankets off, revealing their naked bodies to the early morning sunlight as it made its way through the window.

The professor climbed onto his knees before grasping Harry’s hips. The young wizard knelt on all fours as he unconsciously spread his legs, wanting the man buried within him.

Snape lined himself up, rubbing the tip of his hardness against the opening, before gently sliding himself in.

Harry moaned as he felt himself full up. He craved every inch of Severus as he began to drive in and out the boy.

Harry gasped as waves of pleasure surged through his body, intoxicating his thoughts, his judgements, what other people thought of him? Gone.

Completely vanished from his thoughts, the only thing occupying Harry’s thoughts was Snape’s cock as it ploughed him like a field. His body ground back against the man, trying to extract further pleasure to satisfy his desperate needs.

The pressure was building inside him, he could feel himself, he was so close.

“Now, now, what did I tell you Severus?” Dumbledore’s voice filled the room, tearing Harry’s thoughts straight back to the present.

No.

Oh no.

Why.

Why does this keep happening?
Snape’s grip on Harry’s hips tightened, although the young wizard doubted the potions professor was aware of it, as his body grew tense.

The young wizard felt the man withdraw from his body before turning to face the headmaster.

“As it so happens, I am well aware of the events of last night” Dumbledore turned to face Severus.

Harry’s eyes widened.

Oh no.

Can’t he at least keep one secret to himself without someone else finding out about it?

“So therefore, I can let this slide, however, I am curious Severus” Dumbledore began, twirling his finger in a circular motion.

“What headmaster?”

“Why you didn’t just fix it yourself”

“I think you know why headmaster” Snape muttered as he refused to take his eyes off the wizard before him.

“So you could spend the night with Harry” Dumbledore nodded, already knowing the answer.

“But alas, I have corrected the issue with a simple memory charm” Dumbledore smiled before turning to Harry.

“That means it is perfectly safe for you to return to the Dursleys, they won’t remember a thing” Dumbledore chuckled at Harry’s expense.

“But Professor, I’d much rather stay here”

“Unfortunately Harry, my dear boy, life isn’t so simple. You will return to the Dursleys for the remainder of the break. Any other visits from professor Snape I dear say, I may not look upon so favourably” Dumbledore gave Harry a warm but stern smile, before turning his attention to Severus.

“Although I must Say Severus, quite the risk taker, aren’t you?” Dumbledore winked at the potions professor before apparating into thin air.
Sorry everybody for the late update! I kept drawing a blank with this chapter and it took a while to refocus where this story is going.

Anyway, I hope you all enjoy :)

Harry stood before the all too familiar front door. The door he dreaded. The door that brought back memories from his childhood that he would much rather forget.

“It’s only for a short while Harry” Snape whispered, watching the boy’s face screw up at the idea of being apart for anything longer than two minutes.

“I’ll be here to pick you up in a few days” Snape attempted to reassure the boy, but doubted his success.

“Can’t you just come and hide in my room?” the young wizard whimpered.

“That didn’t exactly work out last time, did it Harry” Snape drawled as he stood facing the boy.

“Guess not” Harry’s eyes darted to the floor.

“Go now Harry, I’ll be right here in a few days” Snape whispered, giving Harry a quick kiss on the forehead before apparating into thin air.

He missed Snape already.

The young wizard shook his head as he began towards the front door. He prayed Dumbledore’s memory charm had, indeed, worked. He didn’t want to walk in there and then have everyone stare at him with disgust.

Like before.

Harry shuddered at the memory, before stepping up to the door.

He wouldn’t be able to stand that look again.

Harry began tapping his knuckles on the hard wooden surface.

“Muuum! Someone’s here” Dudley’s voice called out from somewhere inside the house.

Great.

He better not answer the door.

Harry waited, his heart filling with dread at each passing second.

He watched through the frosted glass, as the distorted figure of a human approached the door.
Here we go.

The door wrenched open before him, the figure of his uncle confronting him.

The man peered down at the boy, a spoon hanging from his mouth as silence greeted him.

At least his uncle didn’t peer down at him in disgust, well he did, but not the disgust, mixed with slightly disturbed, mixed with, ‘I don’t even want to look at you’, that he had been expecting.

“Well, well, boy” the smug expression oozed from Vernon’s lips, as he stood, blocking the door way.

Harry flinched, suddenly doubting the effectiveness of Dumbledore’s memory charm.

“Well?!” the man growled, the wizards answer had apparently no sufficed, as he yanked Harry by the shoulder, dragging him into the house.

“Well what?” Harry shot his uncle a confused look.

“Why are you late boy? I’ll have you out there raking up leaves in a minute”.

Harry grinned, knowing the task had already been completed the night before, at least he’ll be able to sit outside and enjoy the peace and quiet.

“What are you smiling at boy?”

“N-nothing” Harry stuttered, realising he mustn’t anger his uncle, however impossible the task may seem.

“Put your stuff away upstairs and start raking” Vernon leaned in closer, as if doing so would amplify the threat, intimidating the boy.

Harry began up the stairs, lugging his trunk along with him before finally reaching the top.

“What’s wrong boy?! Lifting a trunk isn’t that hard. I thought you’d be stronger at your age”

Harry kept going, deciding to ignore his uncle, although he suspected he would regret that decision later.

XOXOXOXOX

Harry pulled the lace curtain back to get a better view of the driveway. He would be embarrassed to admit this was the 20th time he’d done this today alone. Every time wishing he’d spot Severus
Snape, standing there waiting for him.

And only him.

Harry sighed before drawing a hand to his stomach, at least he carried a piece of the man within him… Albeit, not the part he craved at this very point in time.

He still desperately needed the man.

It seemed no amount was enough these days. Then again, let’s be honest, his thirst for sex had never quite been quenched lately.

All those…

Interruptions…

He couldn’t wait to be back at Hogwarts.

To be in Snape’s arms again.

XOXOXOXOX

Snape cringed as an owl perched itself on his window sill. It carried a letter within its beak, the wizard suspected he knew who it was from, and why it was here, in his house.

Snape screwed up his face as he reluctantly swiped the envelope from the bird’s beak.

Dumbledore, no doubt.

The professor gracefully opened the envelope, withdrawing the letter before unfolding it.

Dear Severus,

You are required in my office. I will fill you in once you arrive, but I must warn you, you are under investigation by the ministry of magic.

So, it is, dare I say, urgent.

Yours Truly,

Dumbledore

Snape reread the words in front of him, hoping that this time, they would somehow read differently.

Unfortunately, no such luck.

The man shook his head as he held the parchment in his fingers. He knew this was about Harry, but how did the ministry find out?
Snape waltzed down Hogwarts corridor, after Hogwarts corridor, until he finally approached his
dreaded destination.

The headmaster’s office.

Snape took a deep breath, before feeling the air leave his body. Deep breaths were supposed to
calm the body.

Not today.

“You called for me headmaster” the potions professor stated factually, as he stepped into
Dumbledore’s office.

Snape’s eyes searched the room, quickly falling on Cornelius Fudge. The professor’s body
flinched, his mind recalling the last time he had seen the man…

That time in his potions classroom, when Harry was hiding naked under his desk. The adrenaline
had surged through him then, much like it did now.

“Ah, Severus, do come in” Dumbledore welcomed the man, waving his arm toward a nearby seat.

Snape remained silent as he stepped closer to the older wizards.

“It has come to the ministry’s attention that,” Cornelius began, before stalling, as if trying to piece
together the right words in his head, before delivering them to the accused.

“Yes, minister?” Snape prompted the man, wanting to hurry up and get this torture over and done
with.

“You have been involved with a student. And as a professor here at Hogwarts, I would have
thought yourself aware of the consequences of such an indiscretion.”

Fudge’s words cut like ice through his ears, as he felt his heart begin to race. This couldn’t be
happening… But it was, and there wasn’t a lot he could do about it.

Although, he should have seen it coming. After all, Dumbledore did warn him, if he wasn’t
careful...

Snape was deep in thought as a long silence passed between them.

“Well?! What do you have to say for yourself?” Cornelius prompted, tearing the professor from his
thoughts.

Snape didn’t know what to say as his mind drew a blank. No matter how much he tried to summon
his thoughts, nothing responded.
“Nothing?” Fudge raised an eyebrow at the professor, the absence of a response from Snape seemed to only delight him further.

“Cornelius” Dumbledore sighed as he approached the minister, seemingly aware of the distress in his professors eyes.

“A man does retain the right, to remain silent until his trial” the headmaster reminded the interrogator.

Trial? What trial? Snape’s mind began to reel at the thought. The minister couldn’t be serious, could he?

“I suppose” Cornelius shook his head, looking less than satisfied as he strolled towards the fireplace.

“You’ll be hearing from the ministry shortly” Fudge pointed his finger at Snape in an accusing manner, before gathering floo powder in his fingers.

“Enjoy the rest of your day Albus” Cornelius farewelled, before climbing into the fireplace.

“Same to you, minister” Dumbledore’s words lacked sincerity and his lips a smile, as he watched the man disappear into a sudden burst of green flames.

A few moments of silence passed between the two remaining. Although Snape hardly noticed, trying to refocus his thoughts.

“It’s going to be alright Severus” Dumbledore attempted to reassure the professor, who looked like no amount of reassuring would change the situation.

“What happens to people found guilty of this?” Snape spat out, making no attempt to hide how much this whole thing was bothering him.

“Azkaban, I’m afraid” Dumbledore made no delusion about hiding the truth from him.

“You must be wondering what has prompted all of this?” Albus turned to face the professor, before reaching for the Daily Prophet on his desk.

Snape eyed the headmaster carefully, as he passed the newspaper to him.

The professor hesitated, not wanting to know what horrors were being concocted up about him.

He eventually took the paper, before scanning the front page. 

Notorious Hogwarts professor accused of inappropriate conduct with one of his students.

“Who’s behind this?” Snape demanded to know, before realising he was taking his anger out on the wrong person.

“You really need to ask Severus?” Dumbledore took a seat on the edge of his desk, not wanting to distance himself physically from the circumstantially vulnerable man.

The confusion swimming around in the professor’s eyes was answer enough.

“Your friend, Lucius Malfoy”

“Lucius?!” the shock and disgust seethed in Snape’s voice, as he tossed the newspaper back down
on Dumbledore’s desk.

“But why?”

“Have you done anything to insult him, his arrogance perhaps or maybe his son?”

Yes.

Which time though?

Guess that in itself answers his question.

“Make no mistake Severus, the man holds high influence over the council. If for no other reason than threatening to curse their families, if they don’t go along with his wishes.”

Snape knew that all too well.

“I have to go” the professor dismissed himself as he headed for the door.

Dumbledore made no attempt to stop him.

This couldn’t be happening. Snape’s heart pounded, attempting to deny the whole situation to himself as he strode down the corridors. He had to get out of the castle, he had to get back to where he felt safe.

As soon as his feet touched the grass, he was gone.
Harry wiped down the dining room table for what felt like the thousandth time this summer. It didn't help that he had Aunt Petunia's critical eye watching him all the time.

One more day Harry mumbled to himself. One more day and Snape would be standing in the driveway, coming to whisk him away, like a knight in shining armour.

“You’ve missed a bit boy! I can see it from here!”

Great.

Now he had his uncle critiquing his work as well.

He tried not to stare at the fat finger as it shook, pointing accusingly at him.

“Yes uncle Vernon” Harry muttered, trying with all his self-discipline, not to roll his eyes at the man before him.

“What was that boy?!” Vernon’s face screwed up in rage, like he was looking for any excuse to let his anger boil over at his Nephew.

“Yes, Uncle Vernon” Harry repeated, forcing cheeriness into his voice, in the hope his uncle would just ignore him.

“You better watch your tone with me boy! Its very good of us to take you in and put up with all your nonsense” Vernon was squinting at the young wizard, his face becoming engorged with blood as he seethed, allowing his anger to consume him.

“Yes uncle Vernon” Harry repeated again in a monotonous tone, accepting the fact that nothing would ever change the way he'd be treated in this house.

“Now get upstairs boy! I want that bathroom to be like the day we moved in here” Vernon commanded the boy, his fat finger moving in the direction of the stairs.

“Yes uncle Vernon” he was sounding like a broken record as he headed towards his next chore. He could hear Dudley laughing in the background, most likely at something ridiculous on the TV.

Harry knelt down by the toilet bowl, the memory of when he threw up in it all that time ago, announced itself in his mind. It had seemed a life time ago, as he began scrubbing the floor around the bowl. A deep sadness welled up inside him, like the rawest of homesickness, or the feeling you get when you think its going to be the last time you see someone.

Why was he feeling like this? He shook his head, lightly scrubbing at the floor, as the remnants of his care factor vanished. At least here he could be left alone to his thoughts, which in itself was a dangerous thing.

His ears perked up at the sound of a car engine starting. Could it be? Harry climbed to his feet, making his way to the nearest window. A smile appeared on his lips, more the result of relief, as he watched the three other occupants of the house pull out of the driveway.

Harry strolled to his bedroom before climbing into his bed. He was exhausted. He hoped the others would be away for a long time as he pulled the blankets over his head. Finally able to relax in
peace. It didn’t take long for his body to succumb to sleep, his mind dreaming of a better life.

XOXOXOX

Snape sat in his recliner, trying to read the latest article about how gillyweed gained new, previously undiscovered attributes, when mixed with dragons blood. But he just couldn’t focus. Even the glass of scotch he had in his fingers wasn’t helping. The professor sighed before tossing the article aside, in favour of closing his eyes. He needed to figure out how to get out of this mess, and fast. Bloody Lucius. He should have known he’d do something like this. You never could trust the Malfoy family, they had the integrity of rats, every single one of them.

Snape was dreading the sound of an owl approaching, but at the same time, craving it. He needed to know what he was up against, he needed to form a strategy, right now he was powerless. Right now he felt like a sitting duck. One that people seemed to love taking pot shots at. No different to the rest of his life really. He wasn’t lying when he said life wasn’t fair.

He didn’t even want to step outside, he doubted there was a witch or wizard alive, who hadn’t seen the article. Then again, ironically, Harry probably hadn’t seen it, yet he was at the centre of it. Snape gasped, the thought suddenly dawning on him that of course Harry wouldn’t know. He needed to warn him. He was due to collect him tomorrow, but there was no time. He needed to prepare him, otherwise he’s going to get sucked into a den of lies and accusations. Which Harry, in his short life, was no stranger to, but this was different. This was personal.

But would he even be able to get near Harry? He wouldn’t put it past the ministry to put up protective enchantments.

There’s always one way to find out.

XOXOXOX

“Harry?” the young wizard was sure he heard his name, but the desire to sleep kept calling him, the voice fading in and out of consciousness.

“Harry!” he was summoned again, only this time his body was shaken, the action of which, tore him back to his reality.

“Your awake”

“I am now” Harry mumbled, not registering what was going on as he rubbed his eyes.

Wait. That voice. It was so familiar.

“Snape?”

Was this a dream?

“Harry, I need to tell you something, its very important” Snape words slowly hitting the young wizard. He felt the bed sink as the man sat next to him.
“Your here!” Harry almost shouted, realizing this wasn’t a dream after all. Although he might soon wish it was.

“But I thought you weren’t coming until tomorrow?”

“I wasn’t Harry, but something has come up, something serious”

“How serious?”

“Azkaban serious”

Harry’s eyes bolted open at the words. What had happened in the last few days that he’d missed? He always felt like such an outsider, having to go home to the muggle world every break. Why did all the exciting things happen then? Not that this was exciting. This was terrifying.

“W-what happened?” Harry began, suddenly feeling like he was going to collapse if he didn’t find out.

“Perhaps its best if you read this” Snape murmured, before handing Harry a copy of the daily prophet.

Harry gasped as his eyes scanned the headline. Was this really happening?

“Who did this? How did they find out? Was it Dumbledore?” Harry spat out a million questions, craving answers for every one of them.

“Lucius Malfoy”

The name shot Harry into silence. The one name said it all.
Thank you so much for all your encouraging comments and kudos! Sorry its taken do long to update, this chapter is extra long I promise ;)

“Stay with me” Harry murmured, breaking the long silence before finally tearing his eyes off the newspaper headline.

“I will” Snape whispered, trying to hide the hesitation in his voice as he wrapped an arm around the young wizard. Fate being ever so cruel, would mean there was no way he could ever guarantee that his words would rein true.

Harry allowed himself to sink into Snapes arms. This situation was truly dreadful and there wasn't a lot he could do about it.

The young wizard felt movement in his abdomen, reminding him he was carrying a piece of Snape within him.

“It's going to be okay Harry” Snape whispered, drawing the boy in closer before resting his lips against his cheek.

The young wizard sunk his teeth into his lips, trying to suppress the tears as they welled up in his eyes.

Harry gasped, a thought suddenly consuming him as he tried to look up at the man. What if this was the last time he saw him? What if he was whisked off to Azkaban, never to be seen again? Harry panicked, suddenly clinging to the man, afraid to let him go. Why did this have to happen to him? The young wizard pressed more weight against the professor, pushing his body against the mattress. Severus smiled, allowing his body to comply until they were both laying down.

Snape held Harry tight in his arms, wishing he could stay in this moment forever.

Dumbledore sat behind his desk, trying to decide the best course of action for Severus to take. Unfortunately for the man, now that the ministry was involved, it did rather complicate things. The headmaster stood before turning to face fawkes, as if the bird would give him an enlightening suggestion. Dumbledore smiled as the phoenix tilted its head, as if expecting the same from the old wizard.

“You have been my oldest, and dearest, friend Fawkes” the old wizard locked eyes with the bird, his smile unwavering as he turned back toward his desk.

The headmaster returned to his seat, drawing towards him a stack of parchment before collecting a
quill in his fingers.

He sat there a moment, before seeing a flash of green flames from the corner of his eyes.

“To what do I owe this pleasure?” Dumbledore sighed, his voice lacking its usual sincerity, as he forced himself to be polite to his visitor. He didn’t need to look up to know who was standing in front of him, as he continued to etch his quill into the parchment before him. He was losing patience with the minister, and he made little attempt to hide this.

“You are to suspend Professor Snape until his trial” Cornelius began, not wasting any time, as he strode towards the headmaster.

“And when is that scheduled to take place?” Dumbledore questioned, before finally looking up at the minister.

“In two days time” Fudge stated bluntly, the slight embarrassment laced through his words was only noticeable to the trained eye.

Dumbledore didn’t miss a beat as he rose from his seat.

“Two days? That’s hardly enough time to mount a defense, Cornelius” Dumbledore tried to implore reason from the man.

“The ministry wishes this whole embarrassing matter be resolved as quickly as possible” Cornelius nodded as the words left his mouth, his feet leading him idly around the headmasters office.

“But what about Severus?” Dumbledore leaned forward, not hiding his concern for the potions professor.

“To be quite frank Albus, the ministry doesn’t care what happens to the death eater” Cornelius waved his hand idly, clearly displaying no regard for the man.

“Severus is no more a death eater than I am” Dumbledore growled at the minister, before turning away from the man.

“The public don’t see it that way”

“You can thank Lucius for making it public knowledge” Dumbledore let out an annoyed sigh, the frustration at the unreasonable response was getting to him, as much as he tried not to let it show.

“You are aware that, you too, will be on trial Albus” the minister made not attempt to hide the deviation on his lips, as the corners of his mouth turned up into a smile.

Dumbledore turned to the man, confusion masking the suspicion on his face.

“Under what charges?”

“Failing to intervene at the knowledge of an inappropriate relationship. You need to remember, Albus, that as headmaster, you are solely responsible.”

Silence fell between the two, it was true that Dumbledore knew of the relationship between them, and also allowed it in his own way. But how would the ministry ever be able to prove that?

“The ministry takes a very dim view of professor Snape’s actions, and yours too Albus” the minister nodded, the smile still stuck to his lips like glue.
“I cannot say that I particularly care what the ministry thinks of me or my staff” Dumbledore mumbled before turning his attention back to Fawkes.

“Well, that is rather unfortunate” Cornelius muttered as he began towards the fireplace.

“I will see you in two days headmaster” the minister waved before disappearing into a burst of green flames.

Dumbledore rose, he needed to see Snape at once.

XOXOXOX

It was 11 o’clock at night and the Dursleys still hadn’t returned. Not that Harry minded of course, he would prefer it if they didn’t come back at all.

He was glad Snape had stayed with him this whole time, he didn’t want him to leave. Ever.

Harry felt terrified about what was to come, he just had to worry about the baby before, but now he has to worry about Snape not being there to help him raise it. He felt the professor’s arm tighten around him, as if he’d heard his thoughts. It was Snape, so he could probably read his thoughts all the time. He turned his head to face the man, before gently planting a kiss on his lips. He held it there, wanting to be one with the professor forever.

Harry’s eyes widened as he heard the familiar sound of footsteps climbing the stairs. He instinctively sat up, finding it strange that he hadn’t heard the Dursley’s car pull up in the driveway, and yet someone was clearly in the house.

Harry darted his eyes toward Snape, panic flashing across them as the professor remained still. His eyes remaining closed, sleep continuing to detain him. Harry watched the door carefully, instinctively reaching for his wand before aiming it for the door.

He heard all the locks successively unclick, before watching as the door flew open.

Harry’s breathing hitched as he anticipated the intruder.

“I should have known I’d find you here, Severus” the familiar voice invaded the room, throwing the young wizard off guard. Harry flinched as he felt his wand fall from his fingers.

The young wizard prayed Severus would wake up as he watched the blonde haired wizard slowly approach the bed. How did Lucius get through the protective enchantments?

Harry felt a shiver run through his body as the death eater closed the gap between them.

“You’ve lowered yourself to this” the blonde wizard smirked, his eyes darting towards Snape’s sleeping form, before returning to penetrate Harry’s.

“And now the whole world knows of your shameful activities and the disastrous consequences” Lucius chuckled before raising his wand at the boy.

Harry panicked before fumbling for his own wand, he knew it was too late but he had to at least
try.

“I’m glad we have this little chance to chat” the blonde smiled as his eyes pierced the young wizards.

Harry felt his heart pound, why wasn’t Severus waking up? The man was always three steps ahead of everything, always alerted to the next threat. He flicked his eyes towards the professor, hoping he would rouse from his slumber.

Nothing.

Harry gave the man a light shove, trying to ignore Lucius’s chuckles as they clawed into his ears.

“Your dear sweet boyfriend will not wake for quite some time. Pity really” Lucius’s smile was riddled with everything minus sincerity.

“What did you do to him?!?” Harry yelled at the death eater, momentarily forgetting he had no way of defending himself.

“Do to him? Why would I want to do anything to that greasy haired dog?” Lucius’s throat roared with laughter, the prospect apparently disgusting him.

“Unlike you Mr potter, or should I say, Mr Snape? Either way, I am a pedigree and deserve much better than your pathetic hound. I never did think highly of you Mr Potter, but I never thought you would sink this low” the blonde darted his gaze towards Snape’s resting form.

“How dare you insult him this way?!” Harry growled, defending the professor’s honor under the grit of his teeth.

“Really? I do believe there was a time when you couldn’t stand the sight of him? What’s changed my dear?” Lucius sniggered, stepping closer to the boy, his wand inches from Harry’s forehead.

“You enjoy sucking his dick?” Lucius’s laughter drenched his ears, drowning the room and preventing any chance to escape it. Harry’s heart filled with rage, how dare this man make assumptions about something he clearly doesn’t understand? The young wizard clenched his teeth together in anger, grinding them so hard until he heard one crack.

“You are a disgrace, your reputation is now tarnished beyond repair” the blonde’s voice suddenly changed, going from snark to resentful, to beyond threatening. He drove his wand into Harry’s forehead, causing the boy to flinch from the pressure.

“You didn't truly believe your little escapades would go unnoticed did you?” Lucius spat the words from his mouth, the mere thought of Snape and the boy going at it sickened him, as he tried to expel the vileness from his mind.

Harry closed his eyes, he knew doing so would only aggravate the blonde, but he needed to concentrate. He was good at digging holes for himself, and the ones dearest to him. But now, how was he going to get himself out of this one?

“And what do you suppose will happen when the baby is born? You surely must know that Snape would be lucky to go to Azkaban, at least he would be alive. If the dark Lord gets his hand on him, he's finished” Lucius continued, apparently loving the sound of his own voice.

“I almost think perhaps he hates Snape more than he hate you now Potter, after all, Snape has betrayed his confidence, this whole time he's been having it off with you, his biggest, most hated
enemy” Lucius drilled his wand further into Harry’s head as his anger abounded.

"Severus doesn't stand a chance, but that suits me just fine, I will rise to take his place at the dark Lord’s side” Lucius’s eyes lit up at the mere prospect.

“What do you want to achieve by all this?” Harry squinted as the the pain from the blonde's wand became impossible to ignore.

“What's it to you? After today your life will become a great deal harder, that is of course, if I choose to let you live” The blonde tilted his wand at a different angle, before driving it in once more.

Harry felt the baby within him move around, he knew it must be feeling his anxieties as he slipped his fingers over Snapes. He gave the man a tight squeeze as he tried to suppress the tears that threatened to fall.
Harry sat there on the edge of the bed, frozen in time. Fear was rendering him powerless as he kept praying that Snape would wake up.

“Your dear boyfriend seems to be under the impression that I, Lucius Malfoy, have forgotten what he did to me down that alleyway” the words spewed forth from the man lips, tainted with bitterness as he gazed down at the boy.

“Thanks to the Dark Lord, I have regained what was taken from me” the blonde chuckled, his eyes not leaving the boy before him.

Harry didn't bother to hide his confusion, he truly had no idea what the man was referring to. Alleyway? What on earth happened down the alleyway?

The boy tried to shake the thought from his head, although it was proving difficult. He was unable to ignore the blonde wizard, and the wand held to his head like a gun.

“Boy! You get down here at once!” Vernon's voice hollered up the stairs, resonating through the house, before finally reaching Harry's ears. He never thought he would be actually relieved to hear his uncle's voice.

“Who is that?” Lucius stated, his eyes darting to the open door, as if anticipating the man to barge through at any moment.

“My uncle, Vernon” Harry stuttered, annoyed at himself for how pathetic his voice sounded.

“A muggle?” Lucius screwed up his face at the mere prospect.
Harry couldn't tell if it was a statement or a question, only that it oozed disdain.

“Where are you boy! Are you deaf? Didn't you hear me? I've been yelling out for ages!” the man's voice grew in intensity and his footsteps approached the door.

As if he'd be anywhere other than his room. Harry wanted desperately to roll his eyes, but thought better of it.

Harry shuddered as he foresaw the upcoming event. His uncle's demise. Only, he couldn't decide which of the two men before him that he resented more.

Harry winced, it felt as though time had stopped, he was witnessing what he knew would be his uncle's death. Yet he remained powerless to do anything about it.

Vernon bolted through the doorway, his face red from either rage, or exhaustion from climbing the stairs.

“You ungrateful…” the man began, before suddenly realizing his nephew wasn't alone in the room.

“Who the hell are you? And what are you doing in my house?” Vernon ran his eyes up and down the blonde man before him, as if trying to figure out if he was even human.

Harry cringed, his uncle couldn't have picked a poorer choice of words, or a worse person to use them on, except perhaps Voldemort himself.

Lucius turned his attention toward the muggle, suddenly annoyed by the man's presence.

“How dare you question me in this way?” the blonde pulled his wand away from Harry, before pointing it straight at Vernon's forehead.

This was Harry's chance, likely his only one at that.
“Accio” he mumbled quietly, but his words not absent a mixture of passion and despair.

The wand instantly flew into his fingers, taking the young wizard by surprise. He quickly rose the potential weapon at Lucius, suddenly remembering his predicament. Lucius gasped. Harry heard it, something hadn't expected to hear, not in this life time at least. The young wizard suddenly felt a surge of energy course through his body. He no longer felt afraid of the blonde wizard before him. He felt immune, like nothing the man could do would ever touch him.

Harry darted his eyes toward his uncle, he identified the fear welling within them before returning his attention to the death eater. It was the first time he felt a bond between the two of them. Perhaps it was just because his uncle's life depended on it. Either way, it was a pleasant change.

“And just what do you think you’re going to do Potter?” Lucius snarled, his confidence returning as he stepped an inch closer to the young wizard.

Harry felt the anger rise within him, there wasn't one thing about this man he could appreciate. Harry hesitated, trying to decide which spell would be most appropriate...

Sectumsempra perhaps? One of Snape's favourites, seems fitting, but messy.

Perhaps not.

“Stupify” the young wizard growled, watching as Lucius’s body was collected from the ground, before being pummelled into the bedroom wall.

Vernon’s eyes widened at the damage to his house, his gaze darted to the boy, his mouth widening as he prepared to shout.

Harry braced himself for his uncle’s assault of words, wincing as he felt his own body collapse against the floor. Cramps surged through his abdomen, it must have been the adrenaline, or perhaps the fear of losing Snape. Either way, this wasn’t a good sign. Harry searched the corner of his eyes, the blonde wizard lay in a motionless heap. He felt a wave of relief wash over him, but it was short lived as another cramp tore through his body.

“Harry” the voice was soft, gentle, familiar, but above all, caring. It couldn’t possibly be his uncle. The boy looked up, his eyes met Snape’s. He was awake. Thank goodness. Harry breathed a sigh
of relief at the sight, but the older wizard looked drained, tired and absolutely exhausted.

A deliberate cough, originating from the other side of the room summoned Harry’s attention. The boy gasped, suddenly remembering the presence of his uncle. He glanced down at his stomach, a panic took him, his heavily pregnant stomach was visible. This meant only one thing, the concealment charm had worn off. Could there have been a worse time?

“W-what the hell?” Vernon’s voice was laced with hesitation and confusion as it etched through the room. Harry didn’t need to look up to know that the man was eyeing his swollen abdomen.

“And who the hell are you?” Vernon demanded, suddenly remembering the presence of another in the room. He was clearly irritated by the amount of strangers that were invading his house.

Severus looked down at the man, his eyes locking with his, as if an invisible war waged between them.

“Your worst enemy”
“Severus, I-I think it’s coming” Harry whimpered, clinging to the professors arm as if his life depended on it. Could it have decided to come at a worse time?

Snape’s eyes widened as he collected the boy in his arms. He needed to get him to St Margo’s as soon as possible, he couldn’t afford to be worried about anything else right now.

“Here Harry, take this” Snape whispered softly, snatching a blanket from the boy’s bed before wrapping it around his compromised body.

“W-What the hell is going on?!” Vernon growled, frustrated by the fact that he was being so blatantly ignored in his own home.

Snape sunk his teeth into his lip, trying to refrain from yelling at the muggle before him. The man may have been Harry’s uncle but right now he only stood in his way.

“Please move aside” Snape commanded, gathering the boy in his arms as he prepared to charge past the muggle.

“Not until you tell me what the hell is going on!!” Vernon stepped closer to the potions professor.

“Fine. You want answers?” Snape began, his eyes turning to the blonde wizard, laying in heap.

“He is an evil wizard, one I would suggest you remove from your house before he becomes conscious once more”

Vernon tried to disguise the flash of fear that danced across his eyes. It was a pointless task, after all, not much escaped Snape’s eyes.

“But how?”

“Drag him outside and leave him on the street”

“What?”

“I don’t care what you do Mr Dursley, just get out of my way” Snape muttered before trying to push past the man once more.

“And Harry? He’s not, he’s not, pregnant? Is he?” Vernon screwed up his face as he gripped the professors cloak in an effort to stop him, his eyes remaining locked on the boy’s swollen stomach.

Snape sighed, resisting the urge to roll his eyes as he rose to his feet.

“Yes”

The man’s eyes widened in disbelief.

“B-but how did this happen?”

“I believe you would have received sex education in school, even back in your day, Mr Dursley”

“B-but, he’s a boy! How is this even possible!?” the man was becoming hysterical as he flailed his arms around, trying to ascertain if this was actually happening.
“You seem to be forgetting a key factor in this”

“What’s that?”

“Your nephew is a wizard, Mr Dursley” Snape stepped toward the man, trying to pressure him to move aside once more.

“T-then, who is the, the father?” Vernon stuttered as he struggled to collect his thoughts.

“Me” Snape stated, the delight emanating through his voice as he pushed past the muggle.

Snape didn’t bother to turn around as a loud thud emanated from the room. He knew the man had likely passed out from pure shock, either way, he had to stay focused, Harry needed him now.

XOXOXOXOXOX

“When did the contractions start?” Madame Pomphrey questioned the potions professor as she gathered a range of medicines.

“About an hour ago” Snape confirmed as the nurse shoved a vial in to his hands.

“What are you doing here at St Margo’s?” Snape questioned the nurse, watching as she piled a heap of potions onto a trolley.

“I placed a spell on Harry, one that would advise me the moment he goes into labour”

“If that were the case, then why did you need to ask me when the contractions started?”

“It was the first time I had ever cast such a spell, I wasn’t entirely sure it would work. Besides, I wouldn’t miss the birth of this child for the world” she smiled as she wheeled the trolley towards her patient.

“Hold this while I administer the single most important potion” she commanded as she thrust the vial into the professors fingers.

“What potion is that?”

“One that will enable Harry to develop a temporary vagina”

Harry’s eyes widened as a vial was forced to his lips. Unprotected sex suddenly seemed like such a bad idea, what had past Harry been thinking?!

His body laid back on the hospital bed, the pain tearing through his abdomen with unrelenting force. It had only been an hour and the pain was only getting worse, how much longer would this go on for?

The young wizard tried to hold back a cry of agony, as another contraction gripped at his body, forcing him to wiggle around, as if doing so would relieve the pain.

It wasn’t working.

“Harry take this” Madame Pomphrey ordered, as a vial was forced to his lips once again.
The wizard clenched his mouth shut, the pain paralysing his body as he begged for it to subside.

“Come now Harry, this will never end if you don’t take this at once” the nurse insisted as she gripped the boy’s chin, forcing his lips open.

Harry coughed uncontrollably as the fluid was forced down his throat.

“How about you take this now, Harry?” Snape whispered as he collected the boy’s hand within his own.

“Severus” Harry whispered as sweat dripped down his forehead, he couldn’t recall a time in his life when he had been in this much pain. He hadn’t even come close to this as he struggled to summon words.

“Now Harry dear, Professor Snape will give you another potion. This one will help to relieve the pain you are currently experiencing” she reassured the boy

The professor nodded to the nurse before pushing the vial to Harry’s lips.

“Drink this Harry, it will make you feel better” Severus reassured as poured the fluid down the young wizard’s throat.

Harry willingly accepted, a whimper escaping his lips as the potion began to take effect almost instantly.

“How about you take this now, Harry?” Snape whispered before collecting the young wizard’s hand in his fingers once more.

The boy turned to face him, the effort involved in even such a small movement was great. He was exhausted already, how would he cope with the next few hours?

His eyes locked with Snape’s as he struggled to keep them open.

“I love you” Severus whispered as he planted kiss to Harry’s hand. The action drew a smile to Harry’s lips as he felt the onset of another contraction starting.
Harry allowed his head to fall against the damp pillow. He had been in labour for so long he could hardly recall a time when he wasn’t marred in agony. His body ached with exhaustion as another wave of contractions clutched at his abdomen.

“How are you doing Harry?”

The young wizard gritted his teeth, trying not to get agitated by the woman’s question as he wished the torture would subside. Harry simply groaned as his lips refused to summon words. Madam Pomphrey trotted from his bedside before positioning herself between the young wizard’s legs. She pried his shaking knees apart in an effort to gain a better view.

“Right well, you are six centimetres dilated, still got a ways to go I’m afraid.” She shook her head, as if disapproving of the boy’s current condition. Harry gritted his teeth, not feeling at all consoled by the woman’s words, only irritated by the fact he was powerless to do anything to ease his current predicament. He was growing weary from the constant prodding and perpetually violating but necessary actions of the nurses.

Harry closed his eyes. He needed so desperately to rest, only the hospital staff refused to grant him such a reprieve. He had to remain conscious, it was dangerous to allow sleep to consume his body.

“W-where is Severus?” He whimpered as he nestled his head into the soft pillow beneath his head.

“Right here Harry.” The professor answered him without hesitation, grasping his sweaty hand tightly within his own. He wanted nothing more in that moment than to reassure the man that everything would be alright. Only, he wasn’t so convinced. He should be further than six centimetres by now. He couldn’t help but worry, he had never anticipated that his life would ever work out like this. He was so lucky to have Harry at his side now and always. The sight of him in all this pain was destroying his heart. He had never seen the boy so exhausted and absent life.

The echo of faint footsteps approached him but he refused to turn away from Harry. His suspicions were soon confirmed as Madam Pomphrey leaned in close to him, her lips mere inches from his ear.

“Severus, may I have a word?” Her words were barely above a whisper.

The dark haired professor nodded, an awful sense of foreboding loomed in his heart as he rose from his seat next to Harry.

“I’m afraid we have tried every known potion, yet nothing is working.”

Severus nodded, realising as much for himself.

“We may need to operate.”

Severus nodded, it was a fate he had anticipated but prayed wouldn’t be so.

“You are not allowed into the operating room I’m afraid.”

Snape tried to disguise the disappointment in his eyes but suspected he had failed as he watched the nurse wave her arms at several nearby nurses, prompting them to prepare the boy for theatre.
“You just wait here.”

He likened her words to torture. How was he supposed to just sit here and wait while Harry suffered through this hell of a pain by himself?

He had no choice.

Snape refused to sit down, he wouldn’t allow himself to be comfortable, not while Harry was denied the right. His heart pounded, watching as the young wizard was wheeled away before finally disappearing from sight. Snape stood there, paralysed as he fought the urge to chase after him. He needed to calm down, he was ordinarily very good at that, or at least hiding it from the rest of the world. He paced across the hard wooden floor, making his way toward a large bay window. He needed to think, although he felt as though his thoughts were a very dangerous place to linger as his eyes ran across the unassuming landscape. Huge rolling hills greeted his eyes, their tops littered with trees and tall green grass. It was serene, picturesque and should have calmed his nerves, only it didn’t. Nothing could.

~*~*~

Harry clawed at the sheets under his fingers. This was his worst fear, something going wrong. No one had said anything to him about what was going to happen, though he had a fear idea as an assortment of surgical knives were placed carefully on an small tray. He didn’t want to look, the sight would be too terrifying. He took a deep breath before feeling a cool breeze dance across his skin. He suspected he knew why but prayed it wasn’t so. He peeked his eyes open, the sight of his bare flesh greeted him. He was naked in front of everyone. A nurse pried his legs apart, inspecting the one part of him that he wished they wouldn’t. He’d certainly left his dignity at the door, that much was obvious. He wanted to cover himself up but had nothing available to him, besides, it would likely just get pulled off of him anyway.

A tall blonde man entered the room, his white coat dangled from his slender frame as he veered dangerously close to Harry’s bedside.

“Mr Potter?”

Harry watched dubiously as the man stood next to him, he seemed vaguely familiar yet he couldn’t quite pinpoint what exactly it was about him.

“I will be the doctor delivering you baby today, or rather, performing your caesarean.”

“Caesarean?”

“Yes, I’m afraid your body isn’t coping too well with the birth. It looks as though the only way to get it out, is to cut it out.”

Harry sat there stunned, he figured it would be inevitable but the idea still horrified him no end.

“I believe you know my cousin.”

“Who would that be?”

“Draco Malfoy.”
Harry felt his body seized up at the man’s words. It would be just his luck that a relative of his rival would be the one to see him in this rather vulnerable condition. He tried to force a smile to his lips, not wishing to appear perplexed by the doctor’s words.

The blonde man collected a scalpel from the nearby tray. He held it up to the light, as if mesmerised by the blades sharp edges.

“Right, let us begin.”
The Plot Thickens

What was taking so long?

Snape gritted his teeth as he stared out of the large window into the expanse beneath him. The sight of green rolling hills and the myriad of trees that littered the countryside did little to comfort him. His eyes darted toward the door that Harry had been wheeled out through only moments earlier. Something wasn’t right. If he were to have a cesarean, as Snape suspected he would have to have, then it still should have been done by now.

No matter how much he tried to reassure himself that everything would be alright, he still couldn’t deny the nausea welling in the pit of his stomach.

Something was wrong, very wrong indeed.

*~*~*~*

“Is it done Draco?” Voldemort leaned forward in his seat, Nagini slithered between his feet, as though attempting to gain a more suitable vantage point. The eyes of the snake echoed with malice as they followed him like prey. It was as though the creature could sense the doubt lingering within the blonde boy’s heart. He always hated the snake, and the shrieking shack for that matter. He could pinpoint it to that one memory where he was attacked by that invisible force.

Yet another reason to hate Weasley and that mudblood.

“Yes my lord.” The blonde wizard bowed slightly as he deliberately avoided eye contact with the infamous dark wizard.

“Good. You never told me your cousin was a nurse at St Mungo’s.” Voldemort smiled, though the act seemed far from sincere.

“It never came up in conversation.” Draco mumbled, his eyes drilling holes in the wood beneath his feet, as if it were the most interesting object he had ever beheld.

“It shan’t be long now Draco and I will have this child in my possession.”

“What do you intend to do with it?” Draco dared to ask, instinctively stepping away from the evil wizard as the words left his lips.

“Now now Draco, don’t be so rude. What the Dark lord wants to do with it is his business and doesn’t concern us.” Lucius interrupted, though Draco suspected his words were only spouted forth to gain Voldemort’s favour.

Yet, Draco seemed to be the only one concerned. It was a foreign sensation to him, yet he knew Potter was the only way to defeat the dark lord. He resented the power the evil wizard held over him, his family and the rest of the world. Though, he wouldn’t dare voice such opinions to anyone around him, doing so would only cost him his life. Why did his father have to get involved with the Dark Lord in the first place? He was the one he truly blamed for their current predicament, and the rest of the world’s.
Voldemort offered the blonde wizard a chuckle but nothing more, though his eyes gave away more than any words ever could.

“Your doing the right thing.” Lucius whispered as he guided his son away from Voldemort.

Despite what his father told him, Draco still couldn’t shake the gnawing sensation that tore at his stomach. This was a new life they were talking about. And why did he have to arrange it? Was it because he had easier, more direct access to Potter? Or was it because the Dark Lord wanted to punish him for something? Or perhaps it was all to test his loyalty. Either way, he still couldn’t determine which wizard Voldemort wanted to punish more, Potter or Snape. In the end it wouldn’t matter, if this half hitched plan were even remotely successful, it would hurt both men equally.

Two birds with one stone.

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Harry sunk his fingertips into his sheets as Draco Malfoy’s cousin veered in for another swoop. He suspected the man was up to something, only he didn’t have the brain power to figure it out. The dark haired wizard closed his eyes as another wave of fatigue washed over him. He just wanted this whole process to be over. Another contraction seized his abdomen, when were they going to start the surgery? Surely there was a spell they could use that didn’t involve cutting him open. He wished Snape was here, he would know what to do. Why had they barred him from the delivery room anyway?

It only added fuel to the fire that something was not right.

“It’s time.” Malfoy offered as he withdrew a clear vile from his white coat pocket. It had contained within it, a green potion, one Harry suspected wasn’t a medicine typically prescribed to every patient in his position.

He suspected the liquid was made solely for him.

The blonde wizard wasted no time popping the wooden cork from the vial before drawing towards Harry’s lips.

“Swallow this, it will help with the pain.”

Harry instinctively pulled away, unsure of whether to trust this relative of Draco’s or not. Though, he wasn’t exactly in a position to refuse.

“How now Mr Potter, its for your own good you know.”

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Draco made his way up a snow encrusted path towards Hogsmead. He was torn between apparating to St Mungos, or simply walking away from this situation entirely. He couldn’t understand why this dilemma was getting to him so badly.
Since when did he care about what happened to Potter?

Since when did he struggle with moral dilemmas?

Maybe what he truly craved above all else was not Potter, or Hogwarts or even his family for that matter.

But his freedom.

He had spent his whole life serving the Dark Lord’s every whim, his entire family had, along with other noble wizarding families. Yet none of it satisfied him. He craved desperately to lead his own life, one where he was free to do what he pleased without having to consider how Voldemort would feel about it.

Draco closed his eyes as miniature snowflakes began falling against his blonde eyelashes. He prayed the Dark Lord wouldn’t detect his next course of action as he finally made up his mind.

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Dumbledore began down the long, seemingly distorted corridors of one of the few places he couldn’t stand. Madam Pomfrey had told him Harry was in labour and therefore, in very real danger. If Tom Riddle were to try anything, now would seem the most opportune time.

Loud footsteps behind him summoned his attention and he turned around to investigate the commotion. None other than Draco Malfoy was standing by a side entrance to the hospital. His arrival could be anything but a coincidence.

Dumbledore continued to watch as the blonde boy darted his eyes behind him as if afraid someone was following him.

“Draco my boy, just what brings you here on this cold winter’s afternoon?” Dumbledore smiled down at the young wizard, though his betrayed that he knew the answer to that question already. The blonde wizard looked taken aback, as if expecting anyone but his headmaster to be standing before him.

“Just needed a walk. What’s it to you anyway?” Draco skewed up his face as he attempted to drive the old man away, hoping for once that he would mind his own business.

“To the hospital? That’s seems a rather odd destination for a stroll, don’t you think?” A knowing smile tugged at his lips as he pretended to adjust his glasses.

Draco’s eyes darted across the wooden floor, as if trying to summon his brain to come up with a believable reason, one that didn’t give away the truth. Coming here had been a mistake, how foolish of him. His chances of getting caught were far too high and that was a risk he couldn’t afford to take. If the Dark Lord found out he was here, then he would only know all too well why. Draco gritted his teeth as he felt Dumbledore lean in closer towards him. He fought the urge to step back, to escape before anyone else had the chance to recognize him.

“Your a good boy Draco, a good boy who has inherited a rather unfortunately lot in life.”

Draco sunk his teeth into his bottom lip, he couldn’t deny the truth in the old man’s words, though
he wouldn’t dare confess that to him.

“It can’t be easy to spend all your time and energy trying to please your family when deep down inside you don’t agree with what they are doing.”

“What’s it to you?” Draco began, his bark began to break as he realized the man had penetrated straight through his defenses.

“I have faith in you Draco, faith that you will do what is right.”

“Don’t act like you know me.” Draco spat, forcing himself to turn away from the old man before beginning down the corridor once more. If he was going to do this he had to be quick.

“You will find a comforting face in the room four doors down.”

Draco pretended not to hear the man’s words, though his feet said otherwise as they trailed in the man directions. He turned into the room without hesitation, finding within it an large empty space, minus a few beds. His eyes ran over the scene once more, only this time taking in the tall dark figure standing before a large bay window.

Professor Snape.

So that’s who Dumbledore had been referring to.

“Professor.” Draco began, his voice lacking its usual confident aura despite his attempts to appear unphased by the impending situation.

“Malfoy? What is it? What are you doing here?” Severus folded his arms across his chest as he stepped toward the blonde wizard, unable to resist the urge to look down upon his somewhat disheveled form.

“There is something you should know.” Draco spat out, fearing that if he did not, the words would likely never leave his lips.

“And what might that be?” Snape’s mannerisms remained cold and distant as he tried to determine the boy’s true motive.

“Potter is in danger.”

Severus’s eyes widened at the the boy’s words, yet they were of little surprise. They acted rather as a confirmation of what he had already suspected.

“Is that so?”

“He’s about to receive a potentially lethal dose of a potion from my cousin.”

“W-what? How do you know this?”

“The Dark Lord is behind it.” Draco mumbled, as if hoping the words wouldn’t reach Snape’s ears, yet he felt as though he owed the man an answer.

Severus instantly stormed from the room, his robes billowing out behind him as he strode straight for the forbidden room.

Draco stood frozen, unsure of whether to follow his potions professor, or whether to run while he
still had the chance.
Merry Christmas to all of you! Sorry it's taken forever for this update.

“Hurry up and drink it.” Draco’s cousin demanded as he leaned over Harry’s writhing form.

“Don’t you dare.” Severus barged into the doorway, his wand at the ready, balanced delicately at the tip of his fingers.

“Who are you? And what are you doing here? Get out!” The blonde medic growled, as though startled by the presence of another. How dare this individual attempt to ruin his plans? How did they even find out about them?

“S- Severus.” Harry stuttered as another wave of contractions clutched at his abdomen.

“Come Harry, we are getting out of here.” Snape dashed to the young wizard’s bedside, never once lowering his wand. He knew there was no way they were getting out of there without a fight.

“Where are we going?” Harry whispered as he felt Snape’s arm slide under his arm and around his back before raising him from the bed.

“Somewhere safe.” Snape muttered, as if not wanting the relative of the Malfoy’s to overhear.

“Hey! Where are you taking my patient? You can’t leave! It’s not safe for him to be walking at such a time! His body isn’t made for this! He requires extensive medical care!”

Snape ignored the blonde man as he dragged Harry from the bed.

“Hey! Don’t think I’m just going to let you leave!”

“Petrificus Totalus.” The professor mumbled, as if bored while aiming his wand at the so-called medic.

“Your lucky that’s all your getting.” He added before lugging Harry towards the door.

*~*~*~

Draco stood paralysed, as if unsure what to do with himself. He had to leave before his presence roused even the slightest suspicion, yet his curiosity appeared to be getting the better of him.

He hovered by the doorway to the corridor, one foot threatened to cross the threshold, while the other remained inside.
He gasped as another door flew open at a great velocity, almost as though it had been kicked open. It was the same door Snape had entered only moment earlier. Draco’s heart pounded in his chest as he anticipated the worst case scenario playing out before his eyes. Draco’s mouth hung open as Snape staggered out, carrying under one arm, a heavily pregnant and barely able to walk Harry.

“Here, let me help.” Draco hardly had time to think as he instinctively stepped toward the pair. He gritted his teeth, attempting to put aside his shock as he stumbled toward the two.

“We just have to get outside, from there we can apparate.” Snape advised the origin of this unexpected help, right now he could use any he could get.

“Right.” Draco nodded as he darted to the opposite side of Harry before sliding his rival’s arm over his shoulder.

Snape led the way as they stumbled toward the main entrance of St Mungo’s.

Draco’s eyes searched the vicinity of the hospital ward, surprised not to see Dumbledore. Where had he got to? He was here only a few minutes ago? Surely he would stay to oversee Harry’s safety?

Snape shoved through the heavy doors and in a matter of mere seconds, they were out in the freezing cold.

“Hold on tight.” Snape commanded as the three instantly apparated from the hospital before reappearing on the outskirts of the forbidden forest. Harry felt a cold breeze dance across his skin, a simple reminder that he wasn’t exactly dressed appropriately. Snape felt the shudder run through the boy’s body as he instinctively shrugged off his robe before wrapping it around Harry’s shoulders.

“Hey! What’s going on here?” Hagrid’s eyes widened as he sat on the steps outside his front door.

“Hagrid!” Harry offered the giant a smile as he felt himself being dragged toward the castle.

“Harry is about to give birth and we need to get him into the castle.” Draco filled in the gaps for the giant as began the arduous ascent.

“Well, leave it to me!” Hagrid began as he stepped toward the young wizard before collecting him in his arms.

“Which part of the castle are we heading to?”

“My Chambers.” Snape began as the three traipsed up the hill toward Hogwarts castle.

*~*~*~*~*~*

Harry pried his eyes open, his vision was blurry before coming steadily into focus.
Where was he now?

His eyes ran over shelves lined with books and bottles filled with what appeared to be various potions ingredients.

Was he inside the castle? He couldn’t recall much since passing out in Hagrid’s arms.

“What are you going to do Snape?” Draco almost pleaded as he watched Hagrid lay Harry down onto Snape’s enormous bed.

“Trying to find something I prepared earlier.” Snape mumbled as he tore through his drawers for the much sought after item.

“What is it?”

“An experimental potion.” Snape vaguely clarified, not bothering to look around as he continued to fossick at a dangerous pace.

“Experimental? Are you sure it’s wise to try it out?” Draco expressed a surprising amount of concern for his fellow rival.

“Of course. Though, I can’t exactly practice it now can I? How often do you see wizards getting pregnant around here?”

“I suppose your right.” Draco sighed as he knelt down at Harry’s bedside.

“Either way, we have little other option I’m afraid.” Snape mumbled as he pulled open a final draw. A sigh of relief escaped his lips as his eyes finally beheld the much sought after violet potion.

“You listen to me now Harry, once all this pain is over, your going to have a gorgeous little baby to hold in your arms. Once you lay eyes on it, you’ll soon forget the pain.”

“How do you know that Hagrid?” Draco questioned the giant, dubious that his words indeed held the truth.

Harry offered a reassuring smile before turning to the blonde wizard.

“Why are you helping me?”

“Don’t speak Potter, you need to save your energy.” Draco spat as he collected a blanket from the end of the bed before tossing it over the wizard. The truth was he didn't have an answer for the boy.

“So what does this potion do exactly?” Draco returned his attention to the professor as the older wizard knelt down at the edge of the bed.

“It will make for a swift and relatively painless labor, I should have just given it to him from the start, especially had I known this was going to happen.”

“You couldn’t have known though.” Draco muttered, his words marred with a twinge of guilt.

"I owe you a thanks, Draco."

"No you don't."

"I hardly think that's true. What was in that potion you cousin was trying to give him?”
“I’m not exactly sure, but it was supposed to kill the child before it was born.”

“But why?” Snape spat out as he instinctively turned to the vulnerable boy laying in his bed.

“The dark lord wants to hurt both you and Potter, he figured this was the best way to do it besides actually killing you both.”

“That’s dreadful.” Hagrid shook his head, his voice breaking as he gazed down at the young wizard on the bed.

“What do you expect from the Dark Lord?” Snape grunted as he pulled the cork from the glass vial.

“Harry, drink this.” He whispered softly as he held the bottle to the young wizard’s lips. Harry obliged without hesitation as his throat tightened around the soothing liquid.

“It won’t be long now.” Draco added, as if scouring his mind for something to say.

Anything.

“Harry, on your next contraction, I need you to push with all your strength, do you understand?”

“Yes.” The young wizard nodded as he collected a ball of blanket in his fingers.

“Good.” Snape slid his hand over the boy’s before giving it a reassuring squeeze.

“Thank you.” Harry whispered, closing his eyes as he prepared for the onslaught.

“One more push and it will all be over.”

Harry nodded as his fingernails sunk into Snape’s skin. A torrent of pain was threatening to flood his body once again.

“Here it comes.” Harry spat out through gritted teeth as he clenched his fist. The act was soon followed by a scream as a contraction gripped his stomach. It felt as though no amount of screaming was enough to subdue the pain.

“Your almost there Harry.”

“Hagrid, take over from here.” Snape signaled to the giant as he slid away from Harry’s side.

Snape went straight for Harry’s knees before pulling back the hospital gown. He needed to find out for sure if the potion was indeed working.

“Come on Harry, your almost there.”

Harry gave it his all as he forced all his muscles to their limit.

“Just a bit more!”

Harry’s heart pounded in his ears as he summoned the remainder of his strength. A violent scream tore through his throat, an act that was soon followed by the cries of new life.

“I-it’s here.” Snape whispered, his voice breaking as he drew the newborn baby towards his chest.

“Hang on Severus, I’ll just get some towels.” Hagrid nodded, more to himself than anyone as he
rose to his feet before making for the bathroom.

Snape gazed down at the child as it lay so dependently in his arms, it’s tiny arms flailing about helplessly. The professor held the baby closer before cradling it in close to his chest. He never expected this would take place in his life, he never imagined he would ever be a father. The sensation was magical, a feeling that transcended all words.

“Aww! Isn’t he just adorable! Come on Sev, let me hold him for a bit.” Hagrid leaned over, passing the man a black towel before watching as the man wrapped the infant in it.

Snape soon passed the baby over into Hagrid’s excited arms.

“Aren’t you just the cutest thing, naww.” The giant ran his finger teasingly over the babies face.

“He’s got your nose there Severus.” Hagrid chuckled before passing the baby into Harry’s arms.

“Poor child.” Snape half smiled as he watched the love of his life struggle to keep his eyes open.

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