Speechless

by Son of the Mourning

Summary

6th year Severus falls in love with a new transfer student, Ollivander's granddaughter, who is also mute. She catches the unwanted attention of Sirius. In her 7th year she is forced to travel to the future. Severus waits 17 years for her to come back. *triggers* Possessive Severus, self-harm, alcoholism. *Nominee for "Best Time Travel" in 2018 Mischief Managed Awards.*

This fic is complete and posted fully on FFN. I'm just updating it here on AO3 as well. ^_^ https://www.fanfiction.net/s/12573250/1/Speechless

Notes

Pilot's Mistress and I created a Harry Potter OC Fanfiction group page on Facebook. This group was created specifically for Harry Potter OC Fanfiction and is a place for OC fic writers to share and grow and readers a place to discover. OC main characters, supporting characters and pairings. Are you a Harry Potter OC fic writer? Do you love to read Harry Potter OC fics? Join our group page to learn more about writing OC (original characters) and finding some awesome OC fics to read. PM me with any questions.

Harry Potter OC Fanfiction
Chapter 1
My Severus is not the cuddly closet romantic who pines after Lily. You will HATE my Dumbledore and Sirius. This fic will be dark….with some humor because I can never help myself.

This fic will have triggers. There will also be a lot of possessiveness from Severus and pure submissive behavior from my OC. She will not fight or question any of his demands or orders.

August 1995 Grimmauld Place

Severus Snape sat in the library of 12 Grimmauld Place in a large wingback chair reading the Daily Prophet. He didn't want to be there, of course, he had a million of other locations in mind than to be spending his summer. But no, his orders were to stay there where he was needed. Albus insisted he would be needed to stay close.

He'd almost talked his way out of it until they got news of Potter using magic in front of muggles yesterday. Then he was trapped. His job was to find out what he could about the Dementors that had been sent to attack Potter, keep an ear to the ground for death eater activity. Keep up with the Dark Lord's movement.

It was barely after breakfast when he and Black had gotten into another argument, resulting in wands drawn. Of course, Albus jumped in to take the mutt's side. He was ordered to wait in the library until he was ready to be debriefed and given his next order.

He pulled out his pocket watch and opened it, he read the time then hit a button on the top, and it flipped to another clock. He stared at it longingly. It was no ordinary pocket watch, it not only told time, but it had a timer. It was a countdown.

12 days, 288 hours, 17280 minutes, 1036800 seconds

The inside had an engraving on its casing. His thumb rubbed over it gently.

April 19th, 1978 11:45 am

August 19th, 1995 11:45 pm

His heart fluttered in his chest, a little more than a week and time would be up. His train of thought cut short when he heard Black in the hallway and the sound of a female voice. He snapped the pocket watch shut and tucked it away safely. He silently got up and made his way closer to the cracked door.

"My, my, aren't you a pretty little thing." He heard Black say.

"Um…thank you, Sirius. I should go find Harry and Ron." Hermione said. He could hear the tension and panic in her voice.

"You've grown so much since I last saw you. We should really catch up. You're such a precious little thing." Black said.

Severus cracked the door quietly and saw Black cornering the young girl in the hallway. His arms on either side of her against the wall breathing down on her. He had a flashback to when they were in school.
A young Black trapping a fellow sixth year in the same manner. She clutched the books to her chest, trying to hide behind her black wavy hair. Shaking her head 'no' violently as he reached out to touch her face and push the books aside.

"Aren't you a pretty little thing?" he said to the girl.

He grabbed her chin and forced her to look at him. His lips almost to hers as tears streaked down her face. Her hands came up to push him away. Young Severus snapped and drew his wand; he saw red. A loud bang

echoed the empty hallway, and Black went flying away from the girl.

She dropped her books and ran straight to Severus. Before he knew what was happening she threw her arms around him, burying her face in his shirt and neck while silently crying. He wrapped his free arm around her protectively as he kept his wand pointed at Black.

The flashback ended, he saw the current Black reach up to Hermione's face, and Severus instantly saw the girl with black hair. He snapped into action and threw the door open. The loud bang from his wand sent the other man skidding down the hallway on his back.

Hermione froze in fear staring at Severus. "I- I didn't do anything Professor. I swear." She said and threw her hands up.

"Miss Granger, get out of here. And make sure you lock your door at night. Same with Miss Weasley." He ordered her.

She nodded her head and stared open mouth at him and looked back to Black.

"Now, Granger." He snapped with a deep voice.

She almost tripped on the rug in the hall as she made for the stairs going up to the next floor.

He could hear the quick sounds of feet stomping up the stairs. Black slowly got up to his feet and drew his wand.

"Always gotta stick your big nose where it's not wanted," Black said and got into dueling stance.

"It's you who shouldn't be sniffing things that don't belong to you." He countered.

Lupin was first to arrive on the landing, Tonks, and Arthur right behind him. "What the bloody hell is going on?! Albus put an end to this earlier this morning!"

"Black is up to his old school tricks. Cornering defenseless girls and shoving his tongue down their throats." Severus sneered.

"He's lying! I was just talking to Hermione, and he rushed out attacking me!" Sirius yelled back.

"Severus, what was he doing with Hermione?" Arthur's asked in a cautious tone as he took out his wand.

"Cornering her in the hall and telling her sweet little whispers. I stopped him before he could touch her." He explained. His want and his eyes still trained on the other man.

"Sirius!" Tonks gasped and took a stance by Severus.

"Oh, come on! Are you going to believe this Death Eater? We were talking! Just talking! You saw
what happened this morning- he's just making up shit to attack me." He said while looking to Remus for help.

"Tonks, if you'd go check on Hermione please," Arthur said and nodded to the stairs.

She gave Sirius a firm scowl then took off to find the young girl.

"You were the same back in school, and you never changed. You like them young and innocent, don't you? So, they can't fight back." Severus sneered. He was trying to taunt him into making the first move.

"Oh, this is about little Miss Ollivander…. you're jealous of me, aren't you? Always have been. You were jealous of James when Lily chose him, and you couldn't keep Ollivander-" Sirius was cut off by Severus sending a nonverbal curse.

He blocked and deflected it to the side, and it scorched the wall next to him. He threw his own in return and then the duel really began.

"Hit a sore spot, have I?! Why did she leave again? Oh, that's right. He made up a story about her traveling through time!" Sirius let out a mocking laugh at Severus until a hex hit his shoulder and he felt the burn.

"What's your excuse for trying to touch innocent defenseless women? I've known Death Eaters who wouldn't even sink that low. I think you were in a cell next to one of them though." Severus shot back.

Arthur and Remus were doing their best to stay out of the way and somehow stop the madness blowing up in the hallway. Arthur yelled down to Molly to get Dumbledore and keep the children downstairs. Spells were flying everywhere, Sirius was panting trying to keep up with Severus who wasn't even sweating.

"Tell me what really happened. Come on. Tell me how she broke up with you. Tell me how she was disgusted with your greasy self and went to find a real man." Sirius was on thin ice now.

"Sectums-" Severus started to cast but was immediately stopped by the thundering sound of Dumbledore's voice.

"ENOUGH!"

Both men were staring each other down. The tall, pale wizard stepped in between them and towered over them.

"Severus, you will not attack a man in his own home. He has graciously opened it to us as headquarters," he said gravely.

Severus gripped his wand tighter but stayed silent. Dumbledore looked at Sirius and said "And I'm sure this is a big misunderstanding. Nothing was happening between you and Miss Granger."

His tone and firm look gave the first and only warning that was needed to get the point across.

"Of course, Albus," Sirius said after he gulped.

"Good. Now, Severus, you and I have things to discuss." He said and passed by both men and headed into the library Severus was in.
He followed his mentor and firmly shut the door behind him. He felt the old man's wards around them as he set the privacy of the room. Being a spy for so long, he placed his own as well. Fear nothing, trust no one.

"Please sit. Tea?"

"No thank you. I'd rather get this over with, so I may leave this Gryffindor infested house." He said and sat across from him by the fire.

"You mustn't fight Sirius like that; it's putting a strain on the people here at headquarters."

Severus clenched his fists and shut his eyes for a few seconds before answering as calm as he could.

"When you forced me into this role as your spy, you made it clear my job was to protect people. People I don't care for or about. I could give a damn if these fools lived or died and you know that. But you made it my duty to protect them. So, what did you mean by that? Hmm? Was it protection from the acts of war? From themselves and each other? Or protect Potter from drowning when he looks up in the rain? Because if that's the case, I can always look the other way and let them all eradicate their bloodlines and each other." He vented, and his voice was deep and forceful.

"You care for none of them, Severus? Not even the boy-"

"Especially the boy."

Albus chuckled and set his teacup down. "So, you only care about yourself preservation in all of this? After a decade of service, I'd hope you would have come around."

"We both know I don't give a damn about myself either. I've got the scars and liver damage to prove it. Was there a point to this meeting?" Severus said sarcastically with pursed lips.

"Ah, so it is still all about her. How much longer now? A month?" the older man asked while cleaning his spectacles.

"Next week."

"Are you excited?" Albus smiled.

Severus huffed and made a face "Is that why you brought me here? To gossip like fifth-year girls?"

"Calm down, my boy. I only asked since you've been waiting for her all this time." He explained.

"What are you getting at old man?" he said impatiently and sat up straighter.

There was no way he was going to take another bullshit excuse as to why the date was moved back. He spent the last seventeen years in the service of two egomaniac wizards for one purpose, and he wasn't about to be told 'no' after all this time.

"The girl, I need her when she arrives. She will have something I need." He said seriously.

"The timeline doesn't change? Is that why you sent her in the first place? To hide whatever it is you've needed for the war?" Severus' voice was even lower, and he was leaning forward. Any information he could get about her, he took it in like a dying man gasping for air, a junkie that was looking for the next high.

"She will arrive at the time and date I last gave you. It hasn't changed. When she arrives, I will need her, immediately. Collect her and bring her here. I will be traveling the next few weeks before term
starts. If I am not here, you will have her wait for me here. Do not take her anywhere else, do not take her out of this house until I speak with her." His orders were clear-cut, and it wasn't up for debate.

"What does she have? What did you send her with, a weapon? Will she be in danger of having it?" Severus was worried now. If she had something that the Dark Lord wanted it would make her a bigger target than Potter.

"I cannot tell you what she carries. Only one other person knows what it is and that is how it will stay. If Tom knew it was with her and he got his hands on it." He paused for effect. "We'd lose the war." He said gravely.

Severus sat before the older man in a silent rage. "Knowing this, you send her of all people? Why? Of all the order members to choose from, why her?"

"I didn't do it to hurt you if that's what you're thinking. What I'm about to tell you, you must never repeat to anyone." Albus said and locked eyes with Severus. He nodded and sat forward even more. Who was he going to tell anyway? His 'friends'?

Albus made himself another cup of tea and took in a deep breath "Back when Grindelwald was a threat; I made a deal with Gervaise Ollivander. We traded information that helped both of us. In the end, I helped him with a personal family matter, and in return, he gave me a blood oath."

Severus took this information in and processed it slowly. He stood and looked at the fireplace with his hands behind his back. "A blood oath. Goes to the whole family line."

"Yes, his oath granted me one favor of the Ollivander House in which they could not deny or their whole family bloodline would be cursed. One by one their bloodline would die out. For one of the purest bloodlines of the sacred 28, it was a serious matter." Albus paused and looked at the younger man waiting for any response from him. But he stood there looking at the fire soaking in all he was giving him.

He continued "At the time of her departure, the war was beginning. Tom was recruiting everyone, and soon we had no one left to trust. The information I had, the object itself was too dangerous to fall into his hands. I had to hide it."

"And sending a 17-year-old girl into the future was the best you could come up with?!" Severus spun around and slammed his hands on the small table holding the tea tray.

There it was, the outburst he was anticipating. "Believe me. I never wanted to send the girl. It was for the greater good. Only two Ollivanders were remaining. Garrick and his granddaughter. Garrick, our current wandmaker, had begged me to send him, but I couldn't. Everyone would notice Britain's most renown wand maker missing for over a decade."

"You should have let him. You should have spared the girl and let the old man go." Severus' tangent was cut off by Albus.

"What was I to do? Send off the only parent figure the girl had left? Leave her to step into the role of professional wand maker when she was still an apprentice herself?! I couldn't leave the girl in the world by herself." Albus said grimly and shook his head. He kept his head down and stared at the space beside him.

"SHE HAD ME! Am I not enough?! We were to be married! I would have taken care of her!" Severus screamed at the man sitting before him.
"Sending her grandfather, again renown wandmaker, off into the future and leaving her alone would have made her an easy target to Tom. As much as you may hate me and my decision, you know that much to be true." Albus said while standing up suddenly to match his intensity.

"I would have asked for her to be safe from the war, and he would have granted it." He replied smoothly.

"Like he spared Lily and James Potter?" Albus countered.

"I never asked for them to be spared."

Those words hit Albus like a punch to the gut. He quickly reached back for his chair to support himself. He slowly sat down and took a good look at the man before him.

"Then why?"

"I never cared what happened to them. Or anyone at that point in my life. I used the information on the Potters as a bargaining chip to get information on her. I came to you in hopes that what I had was crucial enough to trade." Severus explained and retook his seat.

"Trade?"

"Life for life. I brought you three souls for the price of one. I wanted her. Who did you think I was talking about when I begged on my knees to you? Lily?" He scoffed. "She had been dead to me since my fifth year."

"That's why you were so adamantly about her after the Potters died."

"I gave you information on the Potters well enough in advance to make a move. What you did with it was irrelevant to the deal we had. Whether they lived or died didn't change the terms." He said as if their lives were pieces of goods for barter.

"Their lives were only worth a date?" Albus' voice was soft in disbelief.

"I begged for a lot more than that." He said defensively.

Both men stared at each other for a few more moments. Both aware they weren't going to get anywhere with the argument they've had many times in the past.

"Is that all you wished to tell me? Bring her straight here when she arrives? Hand over a package? Then we are free to go?" Severus said and swept his hand as if it was a minor thing.

In truth, Severus was almost shaking with excitement. Seventeen years he waited for the one he loved. Sixteen years he'd been a 'death eater.' Fourteen years he had been a spy, a tool for Dumbledore and the Dark Lord. Soon he'd be free from it all, she would return, and they would be free from the war and this life.

"As soon as she delivers the package the blood oath of House Ollivander will be satisfied. She will no longer be needed, and she may return to her family." He said.

Severus' eyes narrowed, and his brows met in the middle. "Shall I pretend I didn't hear any mention of myself in that sentence?"

"It is late, and I have other obligations. For now, I want you to meet with your contacts within the ministry. See if anyone sent the Dementors from higher up or from Azkaban itself. I want names and
current locations. Send a Patronus to Minerva when you've got information and wait for me here. That is all." Albus said and waved his hand in dismissal.

"Very well, Albus," Severus said and bowed his head.

He lowered the wards and left quickly. The sooner he was out of that house, the better for everyone.
Chapter 2

Severus exited the room and made his way up the stairs quickly and silently. Lucky for Harry, he didn't see the extendable ear that was reeled rapidly back from under the door right before it opened. But he didn't get off the staircase soon enough.

"Sir." Harry greeted.

He didn't reply, but a firm look of disgust was shot back at him. When his professor continued down the stairs, he leaned over the railing to make sure he was out of sight. He rushed up the stairs to the next floor and into the girl's room where his friends were.

"Well?" Ron asked as soon as the door shut.

"I didn't get the ear into the room for the first part of whatever it was. And Snape had a silencing charm around himself, not the room. I could only hear half of what he was saying whenever he walked close enough." He said and tossed the ear back into the open trunk at the foot of one of the beds.

"Blimey," Ron said.

"He's smart," Hermione said.

"Well, he hasn't been a spy this long being sloppy, right? I heard Dumbledore saying that he needs a girl. Snape must bring him a girl. She has something he needs, and he sounded adamant that she is to be brought here and not to leave. Snape seemed upset. Something about a timeline changing." Harry said. He took a seat on the bed next to Ron, across from Hermione and Ginny.

"You think he's gonna kidnap someone?" Ginny asked.

"No, I don't think Dumbledore would have Professor Snape kidnap someone," Hermione said.

"Makes sense. Dunnit? I mean, he's the spy. He does the dirty work. What if she's one of You-know-who's people and she's got the information we need. What if she's the one who sent those dementors on Harry?" Ron said.

"Snape seemed really upset that he had to do it. That might be why. He said why can't someone else from the order do it. He started yelling about sparing the girl. I think maybe he's got to kill someone." Harry continued.

Ginny gasped and put her hand to her face. Hermione brought her knees up and hugged them.

"So, he brings the girl, probably for questioning, then he has to off her."
"Ron!" Hermione scolded.

"What? You want me to say kill her?" he asked and held his hands up.

Ginny threw a pillow at him and hissed. He caught it and set it aside.

"Well I heard him say that he would have spared her, but Dumbledore said there was no other choice. I think Ron's right." Harry said grimly.

"Harry, did they keep saying, girl or woman?" Hermione asked quietly.

"They kept saying, girl."

"Bloody hell. What if it's a student? Like the daughter of a Death Eater. Like he's gonna use her for leverage or something." Ron suggested.

"He wouldn't do that!" Ginny nearly shouted.

"I don't know. This is a war, Ginny. Cedric died because of it. What if Ron's right? What if it's payback for Cedric?" Harry started to agree with Ron.

"Ok now, this is a huge leap, Harry. Dumbledore wouldn't do that." Hermione said.

"What if it's a Slytherin? Like Parkinson. Good Ridd-"

"Ron!" all three of them said together.

Severus left Grimmauld Place in a hurry, he hadn't been home in a month, and he still had things to get ready for her arrival. His return to Spinners End was never pleasant, but he had to make sure everything was perfect for her.

When he arrived at his childhood home, he reset his wards and moved from room to room with his wand drawn. He had taken off his outer robes and rolled his sleeves up. He started meticulously cleaning from top to bottom.

He banished broken furniture and cobwebs. Scourgify and Tergeo took care of the thick layers of dust and grime. He didn't bother buying or transfiguring new furniture for the extra rooms. It was time-consuming and thorough work, but it had to be done, and it had to be perfect. He hadn't been in some of the places since his parents were still alive.

When he finished, he went to his sitting area, and wandlessly started the fire as he passed by the fireplace. A bottle of firewhiskey was calling his name, and he was going to answer. Once he had the bottle and a glass, he took his favorite armchair and poured his cup three fingers worth.

He stared into the fire and tried to imagine what would happen when she would return.

Would she want to stay here with him in his home? Would she want to leave and find another house? Leave the country?

All options were excellent with him. He'd gladly set a match to this run-down dump and walk away, the country as well. He downed his drink in a single shot. He was going to need more than this bottle for tonight, he knew it.

He glanced over at a journal on the side table that was next to the bottle. He hesitated about picking it up but downed another glass and did so anyway.
It was something he wrote back in his sixth year; it was his like a diary to him. In the beginning, it contained essential notes for potions and spells he was working on, quick thoughts and references he should look into later.

Soon after the start of that year, it turned into a book about her. Severus had sketches of her, and he couldn't bring himself to look at those. He remembered everything well enough to where he didn't need to look at it, but on dark days….

He stared into the fire and pictured her face, the first time he ever saw her. The first time he said anything to her. Touched her. Kissed her.

The glass shattered in his hand.

"Fuck. Tonight is going to be rough." He said out loud to the empty room. He repaired the glass and poured another.

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**September 1976 Hogwarts**

The school year had begun for everyone at Hogwarts, and everyone was buzzing about O. W. L.s so early in the year. Severus was in his sixth year and had already thrown himself into his school work. He’d lost his friendship with Lily the end of the last term and was at constant war with the Marauders.

For the most part, he was alone. He had no friends to study with, no one to spend time with outside of class. Sure, there were some fellow Slytherins who kept him close to use of his knowledge of the dark arts and potions. But he knew his purpose to them.

Three weeks into the term, Dumbledore had an announcement during dinner. He silenced the hall and stood up to address them all.

"I hope you all have been adjusting to your classes for this term. I would like to make an introduction of sorts. We have a student joining us this year. I am pleased to introduce Miss Juliet Ollivander."

McGonagall walked in with a young girl following close behind her. At least from what Severus saw, she was trying to keep up with the older woman. They had come in through a side door and stood directly in front of the tables by where the teachers sat.

She was hiding. From Severus' point of view, all he could see was McGonagall with a stern face. The new transfer was hiding behind her, and the students started laughing.

"Come here. Don't be shy now." She said and grabbed her by the arm and brought her forward.

The girl was hiding her face behind her hair and her hand's folded in front of herself fidgeting. Her hair was black, just like Severus', but it was wavy and hung down to the middle of her breasts. Severus couldn't help but look at those a few times.

She was filled out very well for a girl her age. There were a few wolf whistles and a cat call about her breasts that came from the Gryffindor table. She immediately closed her robe and wrapped her arms around herself.

"Miss Ollivander is a late start due to the paperwork of course. She has been homeschooled up until now, and the ministry requires all owls and newts be taken in an institution. She will be joining our sixth-year students until graduation to get her OWLS and NEWTS completed." Dumbledore continued.
McGonagall took over when the Headmaster took his seat. "Miss Ollivander has a rare condition that everyone needs to know about. I want you all to be patient and kind to help make this an easy transition for her. Did you hear me, Mr. Black?"

She suddenly brought all the attention to the black-haired boy in the back of the Gryffindor side. He had been making crude gestures about the girl to his friends who were laughing.

"Yes, ma'am!"

"Miss Ollivander is mute, meaning she cannot speak." She continued.

"Just the perfect woman!"

"Mr. Black! Ten points from Gryffindor and see me after dinner!" she yelled throughout the hall.

His fellow Gryffindors shushed and swatted at him to shut up before he lost any more points. Severus scoffed and turned back to the girl standing in front.

"Miss Ollivander communicates through sign language and writing. So please, be patient and kind as I know all of you have the ability to do so." Her tone and the arched eyebrow left no room for discussion.

"Please, introduce yourself, so they know."

The girl slowly brought her hands up and put one on her chest, tapped her fingers and spelled her name.

'Hello, my name is Juliet.'

Severus knew what the girl was signing. He had learned sign language from one of the books he found behind the library in its dumpster near his home. He spent the summer before he met Lily teaching himself, trying to tell himself back then it might be a needed skill later, but the truth was he had nothing else to do.

She brought her wand out and pointed it up quickly, and words appeared above her head in what looked like ribbon.

*Hello, my name is Juliet.*

There was a rumble of comments amongst the student crowd. She put her wand away quickly and folded her arms around her again.

"Now, as the tradition for all new students, we must sort you," McGonagall said and summoned a stool for her.

She timidly made her way toward it and sat quickly. Her hair still covering her face. She tried to make herself as small as she could. The hat was brought in by Professor Vector and handed to the other teacher.

Once the hat was placed on her head, it was silent for a full minute. Everyone was at the edge of their seat, hushed voices of the girl never to fit in filled the hall.

"An Ollivander…. I haven't seen one of you in almost sixty years. Yes… such a quiet girl with such a loud voice inside. Too much like your grandfather." The hat was rambling.

"RAVENCLAW!"
There were clapping and whistles amongst the cheering crowd. Once the hat had been removed, McGonagall quietly told her where to sit and pointed. The girl quickly rushed down the steps and to the table.

She just so happened to sit facing Severus with no one blocking them on either side. She finally lifted her head when the regular dinner chatter resumed. Her hair fell back away from her face, and she locked eyes with him.

Piercing silver eyes met jet black ones and held their gaze. Severus didn't know he was holding his breath. He took in her full lips, flushed cheeks and big bright eyes. Any other time Severus would have sneered and spat out an insult. He couldn't.

Time stopped for both of them. Neither realizing they spent the rest of dinner staring at each other until surrounding people started to get up and leave. A Ravenclaw prefect tapped her on the shoulder to get her attention, he introduced himself and asked her to follow him to the common room.

She looked back at Severus, and they locked eyes again. She blushed immediately and hid her face in her hair again. She got up and followed the Perfect out of the hall. Before she exited, she looked back at him one last time.
Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

Pilot's Mistress and I created a Harry Potter OC Fanfiction group page on Facebook. This group was created specifically for Harry Potter OC Fanfiction and is a place for OC fic writers to share and grow and readers a place to discover. OC main characters, supporting characters and pairings. Are you a Harry Potter OC fic writer? Do you love to read Harry Potter OC fics? Join our group page to learn more about writing OC (original characters) and finding some awesome OC fics to read. PM me with any questions.

Harry Potter OC Fanfiction
https://www.facebook.com/groups/harrypotterocfanfiction/

The next morning he was the first one in the great hall for breakfast. A plate of eggs and bacon in front of him, a fork in one hand and a book in the other. A few students filtered in and went about their day. He paid them no attention.

The massive door opened again, and he watched as Professor Flitwick escorted the new girl to the Ravenclaw table. He could hear the small man's squeaky voice getting closer. He sat her right across from Severus just like last night's dinner. He handed her a schedule and told her that early breakfast could be ordered if she spoke into her plate. He walked away before he realized that she wouldn't be able to.

She opened her mouth and waved her hand, but he already turned away. She let out a heavy sigh, and her shoulders slumped. She looked up and locked eyes with Severus again.

Her cheeks instantly blushed a bright red, and she ducked her head down to hide behind her hair. A few moments later she looked up at him and gave a small smile. It shook him, he physically flinched and looked around him to make sure she was looking at him. He narrowed his eyes and tilted his head slightly; he was trying to read her.

He put his book and fork down and slowly bent his head down to his plate. He spoke quietly and waited. He ordered bacon and eggs with toast and a bowl of fruit for her and requested that it be served to her.

When the food appeared she let out a small gasp. She looked back at Severus and gave him a giant smile. She nodded her head slightly to thank him and dug in. They sat there eating silently, staring at each other. The world moved around them, and both were lost in each other.

He noticed of the fruit before her, she picked out the strawberries and ate them. Slowly. He never found the way someone ate so….

A backpack suddenly slammed on the table next to her which caused her to jump and drop her fork. An arm came around and slid her orange juice over, and Sirius Black took its place as he sat on the bench facing her. His elbow was on the table with his chin in his hand

"Hey precious! My name is Sirius Black!" he said extremely loud. He was practically yelling.
She recoiled away from him and tried to scoot over to her right, but the person next to her wouldn't budge. Severus' mood instantly went to shit when he saw his enemy sit next to her. She shouldn't be talking to Black. She shouldn't even be near him.

He didn't know why he felt suddenly possessive; they didn't even know each other. His chest felt tight, his gut flipped, and he wasn't hungry anymore. Of course, Black would barge in and swoop the pretty girl off her feet. What else did he think would happen?

'I'm mute, not deaf' she signed to him.

Severus snorted into his cup.

Sirius apparently didn't understand her. "Welcome to Hogwarts! Don't worry! I'll show you a good time!" he kept yelling.

'Thank you' she signed, but her face and body posture seemed very uncomfortable.

'Can you please stop yelling at me?' She tried to reach for her wand in her pocket, but she was sandwiched between two people and couldn't reach her pocket.

"How do you like Hogwarts so far?" he continued to yell then he reached his hand up to brush her hair back from her face.

'I can hear you, please don't touch me.' She then held her hand up to block him and leaned away from him.

Severus felt the rage building. No one should touch her willing or otherwise. He didn't notice that thought had come to his mind. He was too busy watching Black get hands.

'You're going to knock over my orange juice.' She pointed to the goblet behind him.

What all Black saw was her hand making a squeezing gesture near her mouth and thought the dirtiest thoughts. His face broke into a huge grin, and his eyebrows wiggled.

"Oh….you're one of those girls. We're gonna get along just fine." He said with a silky voice.

"Mr. Black, stop yelling this instant. She can understand you. Don't you have a class to get to?" McGonagall scolded as she walked up to their row of tables.

"Yes Professor, I was going to escort Julie here to class." He said smoothly and reached to put his arm around her.

Her eyes went wide with panic, and she stood up suddenly to avoid him. She put her hands up quickly and shook her head no.

'My name is Juliet, not Julie.'

Her rejection and hesitance of Black cheered Severus up. She shouldn't let him anywhere near her. No one.

"I will escort Miss Ollivander. You move along." She ordered and shooed her hand at him.

Severus picked up his belongings and left before any of them did. He rushed to get to his first class, trying to beat the crowds and not be late.
He sat in the back corner of his Transfiguration class and had his face buried in his book. He wanted to get ahead jump on everyone else. The rest of the class filtered in and he ignored them as usual. No one ever bothered to sit by him anyway.

He did pick his head up and scowled at Potter and Black as they practically stamped into the room. How they made it into the Advanced Transfiguration class was beyond him. Their wand work was shoddy at best. They all waited for Professor McGonagall to come in and yell at them to settle down, which she did.

"Go and sit by Mr. Snape, he will help you catch up to where we are. Everyone quiet down and open your books."

Severus’ head shot up and looked at them. He saw her look over at him and blush again. She caught his eyes and gave him a small smile. She ducked her head shyly and made her way over to the only empty seat in the room, next to him.

He pulled the books on her side of the desk he had spread out. He pulled out the chair for her with his right arm. He almost stood up like a gentleman but remembered where he was and who was watching.

She sat next to him and pulled her book out, she leaned over to see what page he was on and grabbed her quill. Both of them kept watching each other out of the corner of their eye.

Black kept getting yelled at to the point of points being deducted. He now had detention that night as well as one on Friday he earned in the great hall. He kept turning around to look at her or make crude hand gestures. He implied them making out and something phallic looking. Severus kept throwing him a dirty look.

He wanted to put his arm around her so bad. He wanted to show him who she… he stopped that thought instantly. He didn't know why he was thinking things like that and he had to stop them.

She ignored Black the best she could, but it would only make him more annoying.

When class ended, she packed her things and gave him a small smile again and left. He followed a little bit after and headed to his next lesson. He saw Black accompanied by his friends, they were trying to talk to her again, but she ran as fast as she could around the corner. He wasn't getting the hint that she wasn't interested.

Every day they sat across each other at meals staring at each other. The awkwardness was gone. Curiosity took its place. Both were waiting for the other to break the silence first. Every early morning he ordered breakfast for her. He made damn sure to include a bowl of strawberries. Those were her favorite to eat and his favorite to watch.

Later that week he ran into her again in potions. And again she sat next to him per teachers orders. He could never get tired of the blush and small smile she gave him every time they met eyes. Again he cleared his stuff off her side of the table and pulled the chair out for her.

"Miss Ollivander, how truly honored it is to have you in my class. Your grandfather is an amazing wandmaker, lots of connections. Stay after class, and we will talk about a little club I have."

Slughorn said and continued to the front of the class.

Of course Black was in that class as well. When they all had to get up to collect their ingredients, she was reaching up to a higher shelf. He took the opportunity to come up behind her and cupped her ass. She gasped then jumped and dropped the glass jar she was holding.
Severus snapped and pushed Black into the shelf on the left. He pointed his wand at his face and held him there with his left forearm in his throat.


Before Sirius could open his mouth and reply Slughorn, was on them, taking points, threatening detention and sending them to their seats. Everyone knew Slughorn’s detention threats were empty. The man had better things to do with his evenings.

She cleaned up her mess and brought enough ingredients for Severus since he didn't get the chance to. She nodded her head slightly to thank him.

Severus saw Black’s face turn red with jealousy; the new girl brought him his ingredients while had to take a zero for the day. He shot a victorious smirk at him and got to preparing his potion.

Juliet flicked her dark hair back and gathered it all up into a messy bun on top of her head. He got a huge whiff of her sweet scent. Strawberries. She had a few smaller stray strands of hair that couldn't be contained by her hair tie, and they fell to frame her face. Some of them grazing the nape of her neck.

He groaned as he watched her. She turned to look at him, and he covered it with a cough and looked away quickly.

They were to make the Draught of Living Death, and the winner would get a dose of Felix Felicis. Severus had read about that potion in great depths and wanted it. Badly. He wanted it to give to his mother, and maybe it would get her away from his abusive, alcoholic father. Then again, any help he tried in that part of his life got him beat to shit.

But now, he wanted it for personal greed. One dose of that and he would know what to say, know what to do to get Juliet to be his. He suddenly wanted to bang his head against the table repeatedly.

Why? Why waste such a rare potion on this girl? A girl he'd never even properly "met" or been introduced to. She probably didn't even know his name. She probably would use him and throw him aside, the first chance she got. Just like Lily did.

His thoughts were halted when he saw her crush her bean instead of attempting to slice it. He was doing the same thing. At the same time. He looked from her to the offending bean.

How did she know? His book was on his right side; there was no way she could see from there. No one else was doing it. She looked at him and tilted her head to the right and raised her eyebrows. She looked confused and waited for him to say something. He didn't. He chickened out. He quickly looked away.

When it came time to make the final stirs to the potion he put his ladle down and to the side. Juliet added one more stir in the other direction. The potion was a pale lilac color and was supposed to turn clear. Eventually. His was lightening up at the present moment.

Once she gave it that extra stir, her potion immediately turned clear. Before he could open his mouth to bombard her with a ton of questions, her hand was already in the air.

Slughorn came over and inspected it. He looked at the clock on the wall then back to her.

"What the hell?" was all the old potions master said.

Her face brightened to a shade of pink. She ducked her head and put her hands awkwardly on her
"My dear, I think you set a record….I mean. It wasn't a race. Anyway….we have a winner! Miss Ollivander, twenty points to Ravenclaw and your very own bottle of Felix Felicis." He said and moved over to Severus' potion.

"Good work as always, Mr. Snape. Your potion will no doubt be perfect, although the challenge was the first complete potion. Twenty points to Slytherin though." Slughorn said with praise.

Severus couldn't even enjoy his praise; he was dumbfounded that someone not only completed a potion before him, better than him. He quickly started scribbling in his book, underlining and circling essential things. When his potion finished clearing, he bottled it and took it up to the front right behind Juliet who had taken the time to clean their station.

When she passed by Black, his hand shot out and grabbed her elbow. He tried to get her to turn to him. Unfortunately, it was the arm holding the potion. She instinctively pulled back as far as she could from him. She lost her balance and went backward so did her potion.

It shattered on the floor and splashed all over her. She was knocked out before she hit the ground. The Draught of Living Death wasn't as lethal by touch as it was consumed, but in a hefty dose as she has just been hit with was.

Severus' reflexes kicked in instantly, and he caught her and brought her to his chest. He cradled her to him, dropping his potion somewhere behind him, luckily it didn't hit him. Everyone gasped and went silent.

"No…. no no no." was all Severus said as he looked down at her face.

She's looked dead. Of course, that was the purpose of the potion. And with the lethal amount she was covered in, she might be. Severus grabbed her chin and tilted her face toward him, her eyes half opened and glazed over. He had never seen death before, and he didn't want to. Not her. Anyone but her.

"What's this?! Go! Go and take her to the infirmary! You- Miss Bones, what happened?!" Slughorn ordered.

Severus didn't need to be told twice, and he didn't stay to hear what happened or see Slughorn's Patronus pass by him through the wall. He never ran so fast in his life, up the stairs, through the hall, students parting the way for him.

He didn't stop when he heard McGonagall or Flitwick yell his name. They followed him to the infirmary. He kicked the doors open and rushed in screaming for the Mediwitch.

She was there with a ready cot and her wand in hand. Severus followed her into the curtained area and set her down gently on the bed. He stood over her on the right side of the bed; his chest was heaving. It wasn't because he had run the whole way, he was panicking.

"Poppy?" Flitwick asked as he rushed in.

His new Ravenclaw had passed by him unconscious in the arms of a Slytherin. He had his concerns, obviously.

"Horace sent a Patronus ahead. There was an accident. She was covered in Draught of Living Death." She explained as she ran her wand over Juliet.
"It wasn't an accident. Black tripped her. After he groped her in the potion supply storage." Severus said.

"Those are grave accusations, Mr. Snape," McGonagall said eyeing him up and down.

"Not now, Minnie. Did you see how much she got covered in? Her clothes are dry now. Her skin absorbed it all." Poppy said.

"A whole vial." He said.

"Will she-" Flitwick was cut off.

Poppy had cast a spell to monitor her heart rate. They were looking at a flat line hovering above her. The room went silent. No one seemed to breathe.

Then they saw and heard the loud thump. Then silence. It repeated every few seconds.

"Her heart rate has slowed down so much…. I've never seen Draught of Living Death do that. Slow heart rate? Yes. But this…” Poppy said.

Slughorn came into the curtained area huffing and puffing. He was gripping his side while leaning over a bit. He would wheeze now and then. He held out a brown leather case with gold latches.

Severus took it before the case, or the out of shape man fell to the ground. He put it on the bed next to her and started opened it and looking for the counter Wiggenweld Potion. None of the vials were labeled. A potions master knew which was which from their personal stores. Which meant this was Slughorns.

He knew what he was looking for, but the Professor had swept everything off his shelves and into the bag in a panic and rushed here. He found the correct colored green vial and held it up.

Slughorn, who was now coughing and wheezing, pointed and nodded his head enthusiastically. McGonagall was hitting him on his back and holding a glass of water.

Everyone either forgot or ignored the fact that Severus was a student. He wasn't asked to leave or get out from the curtained area. Poppy grabbed the and uncorked it.

"Sit her up, hold her for me. If and when this wakes her she may not lie still."

Severus didn't need to be told twice; he put his arm under her shoulders and lifted her. He sat behind her on the bed, her back to his chest. He wrapped his arms around her tightly and nodded to Poppy.

She tilted her head back and opened her mouth. As she poured little by little, she massaged her throat to get it down. They waited for a few minutes before Poppy rechecked her vitals.

Her heart rate picked up, but she still didn't move.

"Rennervate!" poppy said and pointed her wand at her chest.

She still didn't move.

"It's not enough. We need more potion." She said.

"Well, do either of you have any more?" Flitwick asked.

"No. We typically don't keep much on hand due to its short shelf-life." She said seriously.
"That's all I had. It takes a week to brew, and one cauldron only hauls one small vial that size. Given the dose that she was covered in…. I honestly don't know how many she will need." Slughorn said, he finally caught her breath.

"So you keep giving her dose after dose until she snaps out of it?" Flitwick asked sarcastically.

"Yes. Horace? How soon and how many can you brew?" Poppy asked.

"I'll get on it immediately. Although, with classes, I'm not able to man more than a few cauldrons at a time." He said while packing his bag back up.

"I'll help. Whatever you need. I will stop in before breakfast and classes, during lunch, free periods and after dinner." Severus said from the bed. His arms still firmly clutching her to his chest.

"My boy, I don't-" His head of house started to say.

"No. I'm the best potions student you've got. I've got the time. The common room is a few doors down from the classroom. Your private labs are even closer. My grades won't suffer. I'm ahead in all my classes." He ticked off every reason they couldn't say no.

"He's got a point. Very honorable of you to aid in the help of another student, Severus. Very noble towards inter-house unity, don't you think Horace?" Dumbledore said from the edge of the curtain.

He startled everyone; the worst was McGonagall who clutched her chest with one hand and her hat to her head with the other.

"Well, of course, Albus. We will get right on it. Mr. Snape, meet me in my office after dinner. I shall have everything ready by then." Slughorn said.

"In the meantime, Horace, your classes are being covered for the day by Pomona. I would like to have a meeting with you and her head of House about the events that happened. Preferably before I notify her grandfather." Dumbledore said with stress on the last sentence.

"Mr. Snape, thank you for your quick thinking and assistance today. Miss Ollivander is lucky to have a friend like you. Twenty points to Slytherin." He added and left with the other two men.

Severus unwillingly removed himself from her and her bed on Poppy's orders. His belongings had been dropped off by another student during his time in her ward. He was thanked again then bluntly told to leave and return to class.
Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

I'm not paid for this. If I did you would get a much better story.

The whole week couldn't go by fast enough for Severus. After the first morning without her in the Great Hall, he stopped going to breakfast. It wasn't the same. He spent the whole time in the labs. He was there much earlier than he led Slughorn onto, as well as much later.

He had a feeling his head of house knew because elves started bringing food to him. During long periods of time between ingredients and stages of brewing, he spent researching better ways to make it. Where could he cut corners or substitute faster, stronger ingredient properties?

In between classes and free time when the potion just needed to sit, he went to the infirmary and sat by her bed. He never said anything, and he definitely never touched her.

He believed that no one should touch her without her consent, or his for that matter. But he shoved those thoughts away. He saw how uncomfortable Black made her when he took liberties he shouldn't have. And Severus would respect those.

It didn't mean he would stop thinking about it. How he wanted to brush Juliet's hair from her face or hold her close to him again. When he rushed her to the infirmary, he was too much of a panic to enjoy it.

When he sat behind her and helped her for Madam Pomfrey, well that was different. He held her as tight as he could, to his chest. His arms were right below her breasts. And his face was buried in her hair. It gave him goosebumps just thinking about her sweet scent again.

He sat beside her as a silent protector, with his journal of notes on her potion. During times when he was stumped or finished, he would sketch. He missed her. He didn't even know her, and he missed her to the point his chest ached. He'd only shared two classes with her, and they were already lonely without her.

He cursed himself for his stupid heartache and crush on someone who didn't even know he existed. Did she? They shared every meal together staring at each other. Her eyes were what he missed the most. Grey eyes weren't common, but silver? Those were rare, and they were also a distinct trait of the Ollivander House. Much like the Malfoys platinum blonde hair.

He remembered getting his wand when he was younger. Mr. Ollivander's piercing silver stare as he tried to gauge him. His were more of pale silver, possibly due to age? Hers were shiny, like a freshly polished blade. He could see his reflection in them when he sat next to her. He could also see when they dilated when she looked at him. It was mesmerizing.

He didn't realize till be snapped out of his thoughts that he had sketched her eyes on the bottom of his notes. They looked exactly like them, but it just wasn't the same, they weren't hers.

He debated on getting her a get-well gift. It seemed the sort of thing "friends" got for each other. But they weren't friends, were they? Social etiquette was stupid.
What about a card?

He scoffed at himself. What would it say? Hello, my name is Severus. I'm the one who's been staring at you in the great hall. Get well soon. XOXO Severus.

He was getting the urge to slam his head into a hard surface again. It seemed typical when dealing with anything that had to do with her. He didn't like this. These feelings. He was always in control, of his actions and his emotions. But her? He didn't have the slightest damn clue.

His friendship/one-sided romance with Lily had nearly broken him. He had done anything, and everything for that girl and she'd take it all. Then turned around and chose Potter of all people. Not once did she stand up for him. Not once did she stand by his side like the friend she claimed him to be.

Did he regret calling her a mudblood? Yes. It was a horrible slur that should never be said. But it was the first one that came to mind at the time. Traitor, leech, succubus were much better words that would have gotten the point across.

What about a stuffed animal? No that was too childish. Here is this stuffed bear I hope you hold at night while thinking of me, but we both know it'll end up at the bottom of your trunk.

Candy? That seemed to be the thing other people were bringing their friends who were admitted to the infirmary. He already ordered her food every morning. To be honest, he'd rather get her a bottomless bowl of strawberries. Hey Juliet, I noticed while staring at you eat that these are your favorites. You can have them, but I want you to eat them in front of me. Slowly.

Stupid. Stupid. Stupid.

Flowers. Personal yet impersonal. Could be friendly, could be more than that. I killed this plant for your visual enjoyment. Now he was overthinking it. Flowers it was.

The first Hogsmeade trip of the year was tomorrow, and the potion had to brew for twelve hours before another round of stirring. He could run down there and hit the florist for a bouquet and be back in time. It wasn't a plan, but it was the perfect plan. That sentence didn't even make sense in his head, and he let out a groan. He was turning into a blathering fool around her.

His errand down to Hogsmeade was turning out to be a bigger pain in the ass than he expected. The group ended up leaving late because some third year couldn't find her permission slip. Then he was tripped and pushed into a bush by Potter and Black. By the time he got up and took out his wand, they were gone. Cowards.

He only had five galleons to his name that he earned by doing some potions essays for some 7th years. He hoped the flowers wouldn't be more than that or that bowl of strawberries was plan B.

He quickly made his way towards the florist at the end of the road before Hog's head. Overwhelmed was an understatement. Sizes, colors, types. What. The. Hell.

Alright, can't be that hard. Roses? No. Too typical romantic. This wasn't a Valentine date. If he could get away with it, he'd burn all the Lilies in the shop. Daisies seemed too childish. He'd point his wand at himself if he walked out of here with giant bright sunflowers.

"What are you looking for?" the elderly shopkeeper said.

She wiped her hands on her apron and put her hands on her hips.
"Uh… get well soon flowers." He said awkwardly. He tilted his head down and let his hair fall to cover his face.

"For your mother? Sister? Best friend?" She asked with raised eyebrows.

"No, she's a friend. I guess." He said and felt his face get hot. He tugged on his sleeves and looked down at his feet.

"Ah. So, she's your kind of friend you want to be your girlfriend."

"Wait. No. Maybe. I don't know." He stammered.

"Oh, don't worry. I know exactly what you mean." She said and winked at him.

She nodded her head to follow him through a doorway into another room with softer lighting. She stopped in the middle of it and turned to him. The smell in this room was less floral and sweeter than the front room.

"This room is for the more mature clientele; the front room is more for students who want to get their sweetheart something quick and sweet. You seem like there's more to you than a quick rose and a kiss." She explained and walked around the room in a large circle.

"Oh…uh. This is all I have." He said and held out the five galleons to her.

"Hold on to that. So, what's your name and what house are you in?" she asked.

"Severus. I'm in Slytherin." He said proudly.

"So, Severus of Slytherin, what's her name and house?"

"Juliet. She's in Ravenclaw." He said with less enthusiasm.

"What does she like? Favorite color?" she asked and picked up a watering can.

"I… don't know. We've never actually spoken before." He admitted and hung his head.

This was a bad idea. It was stupid, and Severus was in over his head. He didn't have a shot in hell with her; he knew nothing about her and this gift was too personal. He started to panic. His breathing picked up, and his hands were clammy. He should get out of there while he still had a chance.

"It's not the end of the world. Calm down. Flowers aren't always meant for people who are familiar with each other. Secret admirers do it all the time. If you're too scared to talk to her, it's normal." She said.

He puffed up his chest and stood up straight "I'm not scared to talk to her."

"Alright, alright. So, tell me then, why her?" The shopkeeper asked.

She put the water can down on the counter in the center of the room. She rested her elbow on it with her cheek in her palm. She looked like it was the easiest question in the world. Was it?

"Because she's… taken over my every thought. My chest feels hollow when she's not around. Then it feels as if it's going to burst when she's near. I haven't spoken to her because I don't know what to say. Because whatever I do say would never be worth her time." He just spat all his feelings out to a random florist. He immediately shut his mouth and ducked his face behind his hair.
"That is one of the sweetest things I've heard. Most boys your age come in here saying 'because I deserve her' or my favorite 'she's good for me.' I know just the flower for her." She smiled and walked to the corner of the room.

"You don't know her favorite color. So… a Slytherin walks into a flower shop for a Ravenclaw. Green and blue make teal, and that's not romantic at all." She said out loud more to herself than anything.

"Severus, what color is her hair?" she asked.

"Black like mine."

"Well, these aren't for a funeral. Ok, what color are her eyes?" she asked without turning around.

"Silver." He'd stared at them consistently every time they were near each other. He could paint a picture if she needed.

"Sil- she's Ollivander's granddaughter?" she turned around suddenly.

His face got hot, and he could feel the blush covering his cheeks. He gave a small nod and tugged on his sleeves again. He didn't expect to run into someone who knew Juliet personally. Now she would probably go running to Juliet and tell her everything he said. Or worse, tell her grandfather!

A wide grin broke out in the old woman's face "Perfect."

"Maybe I should just go…" he said trying to set towards the door.

"I didn't mean it in a sarcastic sense. I know Juliet, and I know exactly what her favorite flower is and the color. You're in luck." She said happily and clapped her hands together.

She walked clear on the other side of the room and brought back a bouquet of flowers and set them on the counter in between them.

"These are called dahlias. They are her favorite flower. These are green, which is her favorite color. These are the symbol of commitment and bond that lasts forever." She explained.

"Thank you. These are perfect. I'll take them." He said and reached for them.

She pulled them back quickly and said "Hold on. I want you to do something for me. I want you to take a good look at them. Each one. Then I want you to pick one. Just one."

One? Five galleons bought him one flower? Highway robbery! He didn't say anything; he decided that if these were her favorite, then he would suck it up and pay.

He took a few minutes to pick one. There was the prettiest one of the bunch in the center. It was full, vibrant and healthy looking but his eyes kept traveling to a different one. It was smaller, darker green and crowded in between two bigger ones. He pointed to it, and she smiled.

"Perfect. Good job."

"I'm sorry, was this a test?" he asked.

"Yes but not for me. For you. You could have easily picked this big beauty here, but you went for this one. Why? Same reason you picked her." She said and separated the flower from its companions.
His blank expression made her laugh.

"That's why I only want you to take one flower. Because this one flower represents your personal choice. Just like Juliet. Out of all the girls at school you chose her. I'm sure there are prettier girls, ones who can talk and aren't shy. But you still chose her. And you chose this flower."

"I… I don't know what to say. Thank you. That makes so much sense when you say it like that." He said.

She handed him the flower, and he held out his money.

"No. Keep it. On the house. Tell her I said hello." She said.

"Thank you. Seriously, for everything." He said and shook her hand.

When he left the shop, he quickly made his way through Hogsmeade back to school. He held the flower to his chest protectively as he pushed through the crowd.

"Look, Lily, Snivellus got you a flower to try and win you back." Someone to his right shouted.

He looked over and saw Lily standing with the Marauders. Potter was the one who said it while he arm was around her shoulder.

"Like I'd waste this on her," Severus said and kept walking past them.

Surrounding students laughed, and Lily's face turned red. They followed him, leaving her behind with her friends.

"Oi! I think he's gonna give it to the new girl." Lupin said.

"Oh yeah, he's been staring at her a lot. It's creepy really." Black said.

He continued to ignore them and walked faster. He didn't want them to ruin the flower. It meant too much to him.

"You think a girl that hot is gonna give a greasy git like you a second look? Pfft!" Pettigrew laughed.

"Right! When she's got a man like me!" Black said and pointed his thumb at his chest.

They moved and blocked his path back to the castle. He grabbed his wand instinctively and gripped the flower tighter.

"You mean a dirty bugger who cops an unwanted feel on a girl?" he shot back.

"That's right, I never got you back for that little show of dominance you tried to pull," Black said and pointed his wand at Severus.

"Tried?" his eyebrow quirked and a smirk on his face.

Black shot the first spell. He blocked it easily but didn't return fire.

"Give me the flower, Snivellus. I'll make sure it gets to her."

No. No way he would ever give this fool his hard-earned gift. He chose the flower just like he chose her and he wasn't going to give it up. His mind associated the flower as a symbolic version of her.
He would protect this flower and her from Black with everything he had.

"I said give me the bloody flower!" he cursed and shot a stinging jinx at Severus.

From there it was a light show of hexes and curses being thrown between Severus and the Marauders. He kept up his own with them for the first time. In the past, four on one didn't last long. But those fights were for self-preservation. Now? Now he had something to protect. Her.

A massive red curse came at him faster than the others. Severus' dodged it, and his wand started to vibrate and set off alarms. He had set a tempus charm as a timer for her potions.

"I have to go! Her potions!" he yelled.

They stopped immediately and looked at each other. They knew Severus was helping Slughorn with her potions; they made fun of him for it the whole week.

Black growled, "Let him go."

They parted and cleared the path for him to proceed to the castle. He didn't have time to dwell on if it was a trap or not. He had fifteen minutes to get the cauldron off the burner or the past week of brewing would have been for nothing.

Black grabbed his shoulder and stopped him when passing. "You bring my girl back. Keep your stupid flower."

"She's not your girl." He sneered and jerked his shoulder away.

They watched him take off in a rush to the castle and looked to their friend.

"We shouldn't have let him go. He's gonna be there when she wakes up and play the hero. Then Snivellus gets a one up on you. A girl like that? I would too." Potter said.

Black moaned and said "Damn it. Come on; I've got an idea."

He made it to the potions lab with five minutes to spare. When the timer went off again, he turned all the burners off and removed the cover charm from the tops of all the cauldrons. He set his timer again for one hour. He had enough time to get all the vials ready and clean his brewing stations.

Slughorn was supposed to help brew some of the cauldrons, but he ended up leaving it all to Severus. Not that he expected anything different to happen. He knew the potions master could brew, but his priorities were always at the bottom of a wine glass.

Severus quickly bottled the potions and corked them when the timer went off again. He cleared the workstations and set all the cauldrons by the sink to be washed later. He stood back and looked down at the ten vials of Wiggenweld Potion. He was proud of himself. He has successfully brewed ten cauldrons to save her.

It had to be a record of sorts; she had to find it impressive. At least enough to want to talk to Severus. He carefully put a cushioning charm on his satchel, an unbreakable charm on the vials and packed them away. He kept the flower safely inside his robes close to his chest, tucking into a pocket.

He quickly made his way out of the lab and up the steps towards the infirmary. He was nervous, excited, relieved. His hands were sweaty, and his chest was thumping. Today would be the day she'd wake up and see him.
He rounded a corner and felt a push on the back of his head and a kick to his feet. As he fell, the satchel was torn from his shoulder. He had two options, brace for the impact with the floor or try and protect the flower.

He chose the flower, and his nose slammed into the cold stone. There was blood, and he couldn't breathe. He rolled onto his side and looked up as an invisibility cloak came off the Marauders. Shit.

"Good one Padfoot!" Potter said.

They stood over him in a circle and laughed. They each gave him one good kick. He didn't know which foot belonged to who but he got one in the back, two in the gut and opened his eyes at the sight of a boot coming to his face.

It snapped his head back and split his lip from right below his nose down to where it met his bottom lip. He ran his tongue over it, at least he didn't lose a tooth. He turned and spat out blood onto the floor. His hands and arms kept to his chest to protect the flower.

"Thanks for bringing me the potions, Snivellus. Now I'll go save the damsel in distress and kiss her awake." Black said and kicked him again, this time in the gut.

"No." he moaned from the floor.

He reached for the satchel with one arm, but Pettigrew swatted it away.

"Someone's coming! We gotta go, put him in here!" Lupin said and opened the door to a nearby supply closet.

He felt two hands drag him by his robes and toss him in, knocking over mops and buckets. Then darkness as the door slammed closed.
Some reviews would be nice...
"Speechless" got nominated in the Shrieking Shack Society Awards for best Time Travel Fic.

You have no idea how much screaming and arm flailing has happened since I got the notification. I want to thank everyone who voted for Speechless and give you giant hugs. This isn't over though! I ask (beg) you to vote for Speechless again. If an OC fic won any category it would be huge. This is for all the OC writers who aren't recognized. This is for all the people who have been sitting on their story ideas for YEARS because they didn't think it was good enough. This is for the people who don't get recognized or their fics read because they write OCs.

If we can show them that an OC fic not only got nominated but WON then it would be huge. I want to pave the way for OC writers and show them that it's good to get your work out there, that you don't have to be ashamed or scared to post OC fics. That you don't have to follow the trend or the crowd by writing only canon characters and pairings.

So please go and vote for all the awesome nominations, there is a link to The Shrieking Shack Society.

www.facebook.com/groups/ShriekingShackSociety/

"Speechless" - Best Time Travel

"Voting will open April 1st and continues on until April 25th. Winners will be announced May 1st. Below are links to the awards as well as links to the nomination banners! We encourage you to share them with your readers and share the link for voting! Everyone is welcome to vote and rules are displayed on the voting form. If you have any questions, please let us know! You can also join the facebook group by searching 'Shrieking Shack Society'"

Thank you to everyone who voted for Speechless and thanks for those who will vote again!

-Son of the Mourning

Other news-

Pilot's Mistress and I created a Harry Potter OC Fanfiction group page on Facebook. This group was created specifically for Harry Potter OC Fanfiction and is a place for OC fic writers to share and grow and readers a place to discover. OC main characters, supporting characters and pairings. Are you a Harry Potter OC fic writer? Do you love to read Harry Potter OC fics? Join our group page to learn more about writing OC (original characters) and finding some awesome OC fics to read. PM me with any questions.

Harry Potter OC Fanfiction
Severus woke up two hours later in a dark, muggy place. All of his hard work gone and lost. Why did he even bother? Pointless, all of it.

He got up and walked out of the supply closet. He dusted himself off and went to find a place to lick his wounds clean. His face was still bloody, and he was sure he cracked a rib or two. The infirmary was the last place he wanted to go.

He could picture it now, her arms and lips all over Black for bringing her the potions. A sinking feeling hit his gut, and he stomped out towards the doors outside.

He stopped when he saw Dumbledore and Mr. Ollivander at the bottom of the steps. He watched as they shook hands and said their goodbyes.

"That boy with the potions-" the wand maker said.

"Yes, yes. I will make sure he knows you are grateful for his help. Miss Ollivander in good hands here, I assure you. And he is one of our favorite students; she's with a good crowd don't worry." Dumbledore said and walked the man out the doors.

Severus clenched his fists and punched the wall beside him. Ignoring the pain of his now split knuckle. It was too late, Black won. He waited a few more moments then went out the same doors and headed towards the lake. He had a tree that he liked to sit under and read; it was at the bottom of a hill closer to the forest.

When he got there, he pulled his wand out and pointed it at his ribs first. He heard a small pop, and he clenched his teeth as he groaned. Once his breathing slowed down, he did the same to his nose. That one didn't hurt as much, but he was so angry he didn't notice the pain.

He was used to healing himself. He did it at home all the time; his mother taught him. Whenever his father got into a drunken rage or when he thought Severus was breathing too loud.

He wiped the blood on the back of his sleeve and felt the sting of his split lip. He'd forgotten about that one. He didn't have any salve on him, and he would have to go to the infirmary for dittany. It could wait.

He didn't see anyone walking down the hill towards him. Juliet came into his line of sight and startled him. He thought he was dreaming; he blinked several times. She had his satchel on her shoulder.

They stared at each other for a few minutes before she finally moved. She slowly walked closer to where Severus sat against the tree. Waiting for him to tell her to get lost. She sank to her knees on his left side and opened the satchel. She pulled out a roll of gauze and a small bottle of dittany.

He noticed the Hogwarts seal on the stopper. She stole it from the infirmary. He couldn't believe this little Ravenclaw did that for him.

He watched her as she opened it and poured a small amount on a bit of gauze. She scooted closer to him and cautiously reached her hand to his face. She paused and gave him a questioning look.

He gave her a small nod and let her apply it to his lip. He winced as it worked its healing powers into
his skin. He saw a bit of smoke out of the corner of his eye come from his wound. That meant it was going to scar.

She pulled back and used another piece of clean gauze and wet it with her wand. She started to wipe the dry blood from his chin. He never had someone take care of him like this before, and he soaked it up by leaning in closer to her.

His bleeding knuckles were next, from when he punched the stone wall. Juliet reached for his hand and paused before grabbing it. She looked at him again for permission. He nodded. Her hands were gentle and soft, much smaller than his.

When she finished, she took the satchel off her shoulder and showed it to him. She pointed to the blood splattered on the front of it. Then she opened it and showed him where he wrote his name on the inner flap. She must have figured out what happened.

Smart girl. Ravenclaw would be proud, he sure was.

He reached out and took it from her and set it aside then reached into his robes and pulled out the flower he fought so hard to protect. He held it out to her and watched her face light up.

She gave him a beautiful smile and took it from him. She brought it to her face and smelled it. She held it out for him to sniff. He leaned in and realized that it smelt like her. That sweetness he smelled on her in class and the infirmary, dahlia. He gave her a small smile.

She pulled it back and with her other hand reached out to him. She paused before actually touching him and waited for his ok. He gave another small nod and let her cup his cheek. Her hand was warm and soft, he almost sighed.

Slowly she scooted herself as close as she could to him without touching. She leaned her face towards his without breaking eye contact. He stopped breathing; his mind went blank. Was this really happening? Or did he have a concussion?

He never kissed anyone before. What was about to happen was monumental. She stopped before her lips met his, she looked from his lips back up to his eyes. She was asking for permission. He gave another small nod and let her come to him.

He was afraid that a sudden movement would scare her away. Like a deer getting spooked in the woods. Softness touched his lips as he let his eyes close, he leaned into her and sighed.

Warmth spread throughout his body. Like the first time, he drank butterbeer. Or the first warming charm on a cold day. But better, a million times better.

His senses were in over drive; her smell was around him, she tasted sweet like the strawberries. She felt so heavenly, and it made him want to cry. Nothing in his life could ever compare to this moment right now.

She slowly pulled her face away from him and blushed. He finally breathed and gave her a lopsided smile. He reached his hand out to touch her cheek and stopped before he did. Silently asking for permission.

Before she could respond there was a yell from the top of the hill.

"Juliet, Juliet, where art thou Juliet?! Come here precious!"

She jumped in surprise, and her eyes went wide.
'No, no, no' read her lips as her head shook.

Before Severus could say anything, she jumped up and ran the other direction, getting as far as possible from Black and his friends who were rushing down the hill towards them.

He silently cursed Black for his shitty timing and chasing her away. That wasn't even how the play was written! He stood quickly and pulled his wand out, he felt like a new man. Well, now a man no longer a boy despite his voice dropping octaves two years ago.

He came out from behind the tree and walked towards them with his wand pointed at them. They didn't know he was there beforehand, so he had the upper hand for once. He knew he had to keep them as far as possible from her. Well, keep her away from them. Either way.

He started blasting off spells quickly with more force than he had before. He felt renewed and stronger than before because now he had a purpose. He was never the one to throw the first spell, never the first to initiate the duels.

No more. No more letting people walk on him. No more waiting for their inevitable move to hurt him. If they wanted to get her, they would have to go through him.

They weren't prepared for his attack, and they all got hit by his first string of pain. Black got petrified, Potter suffered the jelly legs jinx, Pettigrew got boils, and Lupin's arms turned to tentacles. They all screamed in pain and surprise, and he continued to advance on them with stinging jinxes.

"Shit! Run!" Potter called out and grabbed Sirius by the lapel of his robes. His wobbly legs were struggling to move where he wanted.

Pettigrew grabbed the other side, and they drug Sirius back up the hill since his body was frozen. Lupin followed them with his tentacle arms flailing in the air. None of them even got a chance to get their wands out.

When they disappeared over the crest of the hill he pocketed his wand and turned to look for her. She was long gone and probably back in the safety of the castle. He walked back to the tree and picked up his satchel. He opened it and found the rest of the dittany and the bandages. Then he pulled out a small vial of clear liquid.

Felix Felicis. Why? She must have forgotten it in his bag. A potion this rare and expensive would never be given freely to anyone.

The sun was setting, and dinner would start soon. His robes were covered in dirt and blood; there was no way to get to his dorm and change then make it to dinner. He would hit the kitchens then turn in for the night. He would give the potion back to her tomorrow.

He laid in his bed with his arms behind his head. He couldn't wipe the smirk off his face. She kissed him. Not Black. Him. As a reward for helping with her potions? For the flower? Or simply because she wanted to?

He didn't care. He loved it and would do it all again for another.

He carried the potion with him until he could have a private moment to give it to her. If people like the Marauders knew he had it, then it was as good as gone. He arrived early for breakfast as usual in hopes she would be there. She walked in, and before she could sit down, she was immediately yelled at by Madam Pomfrey.
"There you are! I told you to stay in bed and rest! What happens when I go and get you dinner? You're gone! You need to heed my medical advice young lady!" she said.

Juliet hung her head and signed that she was sorry. Once the medi-witch left her alone, she sat down across from him and put her bag next to her. She met his gaze and blushed, she bit her lip and fidgeted.

He smirked at her knowingly. She escaped the infirmary to find him. She stole the dittany, and she broke out just for him. Unless he was insane, the little Ravenclaw cared about him.

He ordered her food for her, and they continued their morning ritual like before. This time she had a small smile tugging at the edge of her mouth. He had a feeling he was doing the same.

They both stood at the same time to get to class. It was Monday, and he hoped that he could walk her to their Transfiguration class. He could give her back the well-earned potion, maybe hold her hand, possibly get another kiss.

"Mr. Snape, a word please!" Dumbledore called out.

He mentally cursed the old man's horrible timing as he turned and walked the opposite way. He watched her exit the hall and Black follow immediately after.

"Sir?"

"I wanted to personally thank you for helping with the potions for Miss Ollivander. Fifty points to Slytherin for taking charge and handling the workload. Mr. Ollivander wanted to personally thank you himself, but we couldn't find you. As a token of thanks, he wanted me to give you this." He handed Severus a wand holster.

He took it and looked at it. "Wow, thank you, sir. I've never had one before."

"This is a special one; it goes on your forearm. Now, get going, young man. Class starts in ten minutes."

He strapped the new wand holster to his right arm as he rushed out of the hall. He wanted to show her and thank her and her grandfather. When he got to the hallway where the class was, he saw her cornered by the Marauders.

"Hey Juliet, my friend here thinks you're cute," Potter said.

"Yeah. You two should go to Hogsmeade together," Lupin said.

"Got any cute friends?" Pettigrew asked.

Black stood way to close to her with hand on the wall by her head, leaning against it. She had her book bag cradled to her chest and her eyes filled with panic.

She had her wand out and pointed it up above her head 'Please let me go, I have to get to class.'

"Yeah, yeah. Don't sweat it. I'll cover us with McGonagall. So how about it, Precious? Wanna go out with me?" Black asked and reached up to touch her chin.

'NO! NO! NO! DON'T TOUCH ME!' her wand spelled the letters above in large red font.

Severus ran over and slammed Black with his shoulder into the wall. Then turned around to the rest of them with his wand drawn. He looked over his shoulder quickly and nodded his head towards the
She didn't need to be told twice. She took off without looking back.

Before any of them could react, McGonagall came around the corner. "Wands away! All of you! Five points from Slytherin and five points from Gryffindor a piece! Do not let me catch you dueling in the halls again!"

"But ma'am-" Black said while rubbing his cheek.

"Get to class, all of you!" she said and walked in before them.

Severus rushed in and took his seat by her before anyone else could. She was there with her books, parchment and quill out. She gave him a worried look. He reassured her with a quick smile.

He took out his school supplies and saw her hand creep forward to his, which was resting on the shared desk. She looked up at him before she touched him and he nodded. She squeezed his hand and smiled. It was her saying thank you.

He gently squeezed her small hand in return, and they both jumped and pulled back when McGonagall came up behind them and cleared her throat loudly.

"Pay attention." She said and moved to the front of the room.

Black threw him a death glare and turned around to read the board. Severus couldn't help but smirk back at him.

Towards the end of class, a small origami crane flew onto her side of the desk. She slowly opened it and gasped. She threw it on the desk and leaned back in her chair as if it burned her. He leaned over and read it.

It was a crude drawing of her on her knees in front of Black with his pants down. It was charmed to move inappropriately.

Severus was pissed, not only because it was offensive but because he saw the tears in her eyes. No one should hurt her. And no one could have her but him. He discretely slid his want out and set fire to the paper. When McGonagall's back was turned, he flung it hard at Black from across the room.

He yelped and patted the sleeve of his robes with his other hand. Lupin shot a blast of water at him to help. McGonagall turned and yelled at them after taking points away and assigning detention.

Both of them turned and glared at him. Karma was a bitch, and it was a long time coming. Severus now knew why they did these types of things to him for all those years. It was fun.

He felt her hand on the top of his thigh and squeeze softly. He gave a small jump and blushed. His hand made it's way down to cover hers. That's how they stayed the rest of class. Notes be damned, he wasn't going to let her hand go.

Class ended, and she was first one out the door again. He knew it was because of Black. He knew that the other boy made her feel uncomfortable and he felt terrible. He wished there was something he could do to get him to back off.

He didn't get a chance to give her back the potion. I'm between classes he kept looking for her but wasn't successful. By her hiding from the Marauders meant hiding from everyone. He would see her
at meals and then she would disappear.

Until he finally found her in the library on Friday. She was sitting at a desk in the back surrounded by books and parchment. He watched her for a bit as she furiously scratched at the parchment in front of her.

Then she leaned back and stretched her arms out. Her face contorted into a giant yawn, her tongue came out, and her lips smacked. It was adorable. Like a puppy yawning. She looked around the room lazily, and her eyes went wide when she saw Severus.

She quickly looked away hid behind her hair. He chuckled quietly to himself. He watched her silently get up from her seat with a few books and wall towards the tall aisles. Before she disappeared around the corner, she looked back at him. He didn't need to be told twice, he followed her.

She turned many corners and went down many isles in the maze of books. Always just out of reach for him. He liked this game, her small blush and smile that she gave him when she looked at him over her shoulder made it all worth it.

She finally stopped and waited for him when they got far enough away from public eyes. She stood there with her hands folded in front of her, watching him.

He stood in front of her then pulled out the small vial of Felix Felicis and held it out to her. She reached out and instead of grabbing the vial she grabbed his hand. She pushed it back towards him, and she put her other hand on his chest. She wanted him to have it. His hand covered the one on his chest.

He never realized how short she was, or how tall he was. The top of her head came to the middle of his chest not even to his shoulder.

He slowly reached out to her cheek and paused before touching her. His eyes searched for permission, begging for it. She nodded and leaned into his hand.

So soft, gentle, so beautiful. Those worse repeated in his head like a chant as he leaned in to kiss her. He paused again before reaching her.

He heard the faintest whisper of breath from her.

'Please'

It made him shiver.

His lips softly pressed against hers and he physically felt his heart melt. Warmth spread throughout his chest again like the day before. If this was what happened whenever he kissed her, then he never wanted to stop.

It was a simple, innocent kiss, no tongues, no battling for dominance. Severus knew what he felt was love. Whatever feelings he had before for Lily weren't anything like this. It couldn't even compare to what he was feeling now.

With Lily there was the empty longing for her, he wanted her. But Juliet was different; he needed her. And the most significant difference between the two girls was that Juliet felt the same way. Right?

He forced himself to pull back and look at her. Her face was flushed and beautiful. He put the potion
back in his pocket and reached that arm out to her waist. Again, he waited for permission, which was
granted. He brought her flush to his chest and looked down at her.

He opened his mouth to ask her to be his girlfriend but was interrupted.

"Is this guy bothering you? Want me to take care of him?" Black said over her shoulder.

Her eyes shut close and her brows furrowed. She brought her hands up and signed 'How the fuck
does he keep finding me?'

"Oi! Get your greasy mitts off my girl!" Black said as he got closer and saw them together.

Severus gently twisted her and put her behind him. He was now between her and Black.

"This Is a library! Stop yelling! Both of you get out!" Madam Pince yelled from behind Black.

Both? He turned around, and she was gone. He cursed Black once again for the millionth time. He
was ruining everything.

The librarian made them single file walk out the doors. That's when he noticed a piece of paper
sticking out of Black's back pocket. The map! It took him years to figure out how they kept finding
him to torment him.

He snagged it. He stuffed it in his pockets and kept walking. When they exited the library, he didn't
bother to wait for whatever smart ass remark he was going to say. He went to the Great Hall for
dinner. He knew she'd be there.

He didn't see Black patting his pockets and looking on the ground for his precious piece of paper.
Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

I live for reviews... just saying.

Severus was grateful that Black forgot to clear the map before putting it in his pocket. It was such a
great tool to utilize around the castle. He knew where the Marauders were at all times. He also knew
where Juliet was.

He swore to himself that he wasn't stalking her like they were. He just checked the map to make sure
they were nowhere near her. Thus he became her knight in shining armor.

One time he saw Black stalking her on the map after a class on the DADA floor, he rushed down all
the way from his History of Magic class which was on the fifth floor.

When he got to the landing, he saw them at the end of the corridor. Juliet was trying to slide away
from him along the wall. But he kept putting his arms up on either side of her head.

"Come on precious; I know you like me. I see the way you look at me in class. Let me get a taste of
you." He said seductively.

Her books clutched to her chest, trying to hide behind her black wavy hair. Shaking her head 'no'
violeently as he reached out to touch her face and push the books aside.

"Aren't you a pretty little thing?" he said.

He grabbed her chin and forced her to look at him. His lips almost to hers as tears streaked down her
face. Her hand came up to try and push him away.

Severus felt pure rage. She was his, and no one else could have her. His magic built up inside him
like he never felt before and he snapped and drew his wand, he saw red. A loud bang echoed the
empty hallway, and Black went flying away from her. His unconscious body slid on the stone floor
down the hall.

She dropped her books and ran straight to Severus. Before he knew what was happening she threw
her arms around him, burying her face in his shirt and neck while silently crying. He wrapped his
free arm around her protectively as he kept his wand pointed at Black.

He put his cheek to her forehead and said: "I'll never let you go."

He knew at that moment; she was his. He was never going to let her go. His to protect. His to keep.

His grip tightened on her. Black wasn't getting up. He put his wand away; now holding her with
both arms tightly.

"What's going on here?" McGonagall yelled and rushed down the hall to them.

"Black was forcing himself on Juliet. He didn't take no for an answer." He said.
"Those are very serious accusations, Mr. Snape." She said.

"Indeed. Perhaps we should take this to the Headmaster." He said.

He didn't wait for the Transfiguration teacher to reply. He slowly and carefully led her towards the stairs.

She gripped him tighter and followed. He felt her tears on his neck and through her shirt. His heart ached but his rage still in full force. Next time he would kill him. There won't be a "next time." There's always a next time.

Dumbledore must have been waiting for them. The gargoyle moved without a password given.

The elderly wizard stood in front of his desk with his hands folded in front of him.

"Mr. Snape, Miss Ollivander." He greeted calmly.

She looked up at Severus with pleading eyes. 'Don't leave me.'

"I'm not going anywhere." He said softly to her.

She pulled her arms away from him but grabbed his hand tightly. With her wand, she wrote in red ribbon everything that happened. Dumbledore stayed quiet as he read her story.

She finished with 'I want my papa.' And sniffled.

Severus brought his arm up and let her hide in his chest. Despite the circumstances, he was taking in all of her.

"Now, Miss. Ollivander, I'm sure this is a misunderstanding of young love. I assure you that this matter can be handled internally." He said.

Severus scowled at him; he knew he didn't want this blowing up in the paper or get to her grandfather. Mr. Ollivander was a quiet man, but everyone held him in higher regard and standing due to his profession and magical power. He was also known for being a world champion dueler and proficient in wandless magic. A wandmaker who didn't need a wand? Downright scary. People considered Dumbledore as a powerful wizard because he defeated Grindelwald. Everyone knew he trained and consulted the Ollivanders to gain knowledge and power to do so.

"She wants her grandfather. Either he hears it from you or through an owl." Severus snapped.

Sure, threatening such a powerful wizard who was also your headmaster probably wasn't a good idea.

The look on Dumbledore's face was priceless. After a long moment of silence he said, "Of course, I will floo him right away."

As they waited for him, Severus bent his head down close to her's and whispered: "I'm going to take care of you."

She tilted her lips to his ear and breathed a whisper "Thank you."

Her breath on his skin made him shiver. Her smallest whispers could send him to his knees.

She wasn't mute by mental capacity or choice. Due to her family being the purest of blood, health
issues did occasionally happen. Not as common as squibs though. She had an underdeveloped larynx. She had no voice, nothing more than a whisper.

The Ollivander bloodline was considered the purest of the sacred 28. Being direct descendants from Merlin himself. Passing his knowledge of wand making from the olive tree to his kin. Though they were the purest, there were only two. They were known to keep to themselves and marry and breed quietly, unlike the Malfoys.

But much like the Malfoys, they only sired males. Except for Juliet. She was the first female Ollivander. Her father married a pureblood ballet dancer from Rome. Sadly they were both killed when she was still an infant. It was all over the papers, 'Garrus and Aurelia Ollivander found dead in Ottery St. Catchpole home.' The mystery is still unsolved.

She was Garrick Ollivander's only family left, and he was extremely protective of her. That's why he had her homeschooled, and would still be if it weren't for the ministry requirements. Her homeschool classes really came from his connections. Example, her potions teacher before Hogwarts is the owner of Slug and Jiggers Apothecary, which was next door to his shop.

The floo flared a vicious green, and the wandmaker came through with a hard look. For a man who wasn't very tall, he sure did make Severus feel small.

"Where is she-" he said as he saw her in Severus' arms.

He eyed him with those same pale silver eyes like he did when he was a boy. Severus didn't break the eye contact nor did he back down. The older man gave him a quick smirk; he almost missed it.

When she heard her grandfather, she let go of Severus but didn't leave his side. With both hands, she signed the story of what happened. His face just kept getting angrier the more she went on.

"Is this the type of school you run? Letting boys grope and touch pretty girls and nothing happens?" he turned his rage to Dumbledore.

She flinched at his sudden outburst and hid her face in Severus' shirt again. He put both arms around her and his chin on the top of her head. It felt right.

"Now Garrick, I assure you that's not what's going on-"

"She said the boy has been harassing her since she got to the school. How does this go unnoticed by an entire faculty?!" he pointed at him.

Severus had never seen the almighty Dumbledore back down from anyone.

"Wait a minute. I'm sure it's just young love and misplaced affections-"

"Who is he?" Ollivander demanded.

"Well, you see-"

"Who. Is. He." He cut him off.

"Sirius Black." He said softly.

"Orion and Walburga's boy? Inbred bunch of purist, the lot of them. With second cousins for parents. That whole family tree is full of bad fruit with too many nuts." he ranted.
Severus snorted into her hair. Trying to hide his laughter in the serious conversation. He felt her fingers rub small circles on his back. He wanted to melt into her.

"Come now; I assure you we are handling this situation to the best of our ability," Dumbledore said with his hands up.

"Situation?! Sexual assault is more like it! I should have the boy tried before the Wizengamot and thrown into Azkaban!" he continued his rant and started pacing.

"Surely you wouldn't. The Wizengamot is for serious crimes. I am on the Wizengamot."

"Are you underplaying my granddaughter's attack?" he asked seriously.

"We will get this handled Garrick." He assured him.

"I pray that you will. I could have easily sent my granddaughter to Beauxbatons. Just like I could have easily given your spot on the Wizengamot to the Prewetts." He threatened.

Severus was utterly in awe of the things he was hearing. He never thought he would be a fly on the wall for any of this conversation.

"You have my word," Dumbledore said.

"And where is the boy now?"

"In the infirmary. Young Severus here hit the boy with a very powerful stunner." He explained.

Ollivanders gaze turned to Severus "You. You're the boy with the potions."

"Yes, sir. Severus Snape." He said firmly.

"Ah yes, I remember you 14 ¾ inches olive and hazel wood with dragon heartstring. Very springy. Your mother was a Prince. Very noble house from Rome, much like ours." He stated and strode closer to Severus and Juliet.

"Nice to meet you, sir. Given the circumstances." Severus said and held his hand out.

"Very good, indeed. I didn't get to thank you for your help with my granddaughter's accident under the watchful eye of Hogwarts." He said and shook his hand firmly. He shot a glare towards Dumbledore.

"You're welcome, sir. Thank you for the wand holster."

"I see you've been putting it to good use. I must thank you again for helping my granddaughter. You have not gone unnoticed." He said and smirked as his eyes shot from her in his arms to him.

Juliet removed herself from Severus and hugged her grandfather. He bent his head down and leaned his ear to her. She whispered to him for a good few minutes, and his eyes were set firmly on Severus.

He did his best not to gulp, move, or blink. Was he breathing?

When she finished, she moved back to Severus and stood beside him.

"Juliet tells me that young Black and his friends also attacked you?" he asked.

Dumbledore stood behind Ollivander and smacked his forehead with his own hands. This wasn't
going well for him.

"Yes, sir." He said.

"And you didn't report it?"

"I can hold my own, sir." He said.

Ollivander chuckled "Yes, I like this one. She also tells me that you are very talented in potions. Is that what you plan to do after school?"

"Yes, sir. I hope to achieve mastery." He said.

"Come see me at my shop sometime. I'll introduce you to Master Jiggers. He may take you on as an apprentice early." He said with a wink and shook his hand again.

Severus' eyes went wide, and his jaw dropped "Th-thank you, sir."

"Now, you keep taking good care of her. And you, owl me if anything else happens." He said to both of them.

"And you, better handle this before I do." He said and pointed to Dumbledore.

He didn't wait for a response from the other man, he walked back through the flames and disappeared.

"Well, that went smoothly," Dumbledore muttered before turning to them.

"Mr. Snape, twenty points to Slytherin for your heroics. Miss Ollivander, please do not hesitate to come to me for anything. Now, will you escort Miss Ollivander to the infirmary and get her a calming draught then straight to her dorm?" he said.

"Sir, isn't Black there?" he asked.

"No, he has been discharged and waiting for me in Professor McGonagall's office." He said and walked them to the door.

"Are you ok?" Severus asked after they left the infirmary.

'Yes, thank you for everything' she signed.

'You're welcome' he signed black and walked with her to Ravenclaw tower.

She stopped walking and looked up at him with a surprised face 'You can sign?'

'Yes. I learned when I was a small boy' he continued to sign with her.

She reached her hand up to his face and waited for permission.

"You don't have to ask for permission with me. I will never deny you." He said softly.

She pulled him in and kissed him softly. She grabbed his hand and brought it to her face. He stopped before he touched her.

"I will always ask for permission." He said seriously.
"I believe you two were told to get to your dorms." A voice said.

Severus looked up at the stern face of McGonagall. Still bitter about her Gryffindor pride and joy getting his ass handed to him.

"We were just saying goodbye." He said and quickly said goodbye to her and left for his common room.
Severus didn't get to speak to Juliet until class the following Monday. He did get to see her at meals, but it seemed like the teachers kept pulling her aside to talk to her about what happened. Then she got pulled into a meeting with the school board about what would happen to Black.

He got sentenced to two weeks out of school suspension, one month of detention and Hogsmead visits banned. His marauder friends threw a fit and tried to start a petition, but no one wanted to sign.

Orion and Walburga Black were utterly disappointed in their son for the wrong reasons. Not his barbaric actions towards this girl, but that he ruined his chances with possibly joining 'The Great House Ollivander' with House Black.

News of what happened got leaked by someone on the School Board to the Daily Prophet which got to the Ministry. House Black was getting heat from all sides and made large public donations to the school and Ollivander's wand shop. He denied their contribution and told them to buy their son some respect.

It was a verbal slap in the face, and they couldn't retaliate. The House of Black was getting shunned by the other sacred 28. Their sons were coming of age to marry, and none of them wanted their daughters associated with them.

The stress that Juliet was feeling her first month at Hogwarts dissipated the instant Black was removed from school. After the teachers caught the remaining Marauders glaring at her, they instantly cracked down on them. It didn't stop Severus from occasionally checking the map to be sure.

Their first class together after the situation didn't last long enough for either of them. During free moments Juliet would grab Severus' hand under the desk or brush her arm against his. After everything, they had been through she still blushed.

After class, they stood awkwardly outside in the hall waiting for the other to say something.

"Miss Ollivander! Wait a minute please!" a squeaky voice yelled from the end of the hall.

They turned to see Flitwick rush towards them.

"There you are. This note just came in from Headmaster Dumbledore. There has been a change in your schedule. I hope you find this one to your liking. Please send our regards to your grandfather." He said and handed her the small paper.

Her hand came to her lips to say thank you, and she bowed a little bit.

"I do believe you both have my class next now. Mr. Snape, would you be so kind as to escort Miss Ollivander to her new classes this week? The Headmaster you have the same schedule." He asked.

He nodded enthusiastically; he didn't trust his voice to say anything that wasn't embarrassing. His luck was changing for the better. His come up was finally here, the gods had gifted him this great treasure in the form of a small Ravenclaw.

Her grandfather must have made Dumbledore change her schedule to get her away from Black. And to keep her close to Severus, who had shown multiple times now that he could protect her.
Flitwick thanked them and moved along to his rounds through the hall before the bell rang. Severus looked down at her and reached for her hand. He stopped before he touched her and waited for her permission. She grabbed his hand and let him lead her to charms class.

He led her up the stairs on the right and all the way down to his seat by the front of the class. With the stacked seating layout in this class, he liked to sit in the front so we could see everyone.

He pulled out her chair for her before he took his seat. Usually, he would have his books out, quill in hand and preparing for the lesson of the day. He kept his focus on her, and it didn't bother him one bit.

Neither of them said anything to each other since she'd gone through the ordeal with Black. Before today he was in a panic of what to say. But now he realized that there wasn't a need to say anything at all. That old saying 'actions speak louder than words' never meant much to him until now.

Today's charms lesson was harder than anticipated for everyone in the class. They were learning how to disillusion themselves. One student turned themselves green by accident.

"Apsconditum! Miss Evans, pronunciation is key!" Flitwick said while moving around the room.

"No, no, no let's all do the wand work again! Ready. Twirl, flick and wrap!" Flitwick said like it was the most natural thing in the world.

"Yes, then do the hokey pokey and turn yourself around," Severus grumbled to himself sarcastically.

Juliet snorted and covered her hand over her mouth. Her shoulders shook up and down as she silently laughed. He sat up straighter and mentally patted himself on the back. He made her laugh.

He decided that was another goal. Keep her safe, make her smile.

After class was lunch, he tried to ask her to go with him to the lake, but it didn't come out right. He wanted to take her to where they first kissed. Then he would officially ask her to be his girlfriend. Girls liked that right? Sentimental romance?

"Go you want to lake with me?" he immediately regretted the words that came out of his mouth.

He groaned and ran a hand through his hair. Smooth.

She smiled and grabbed his hand and tugged him towards the stairs.

When they got outside, he led her to the same tree at the bottom of the hill.

They stood there looking out to the lake standing close together, almost touching.

"I wanted to ask you... I mean. You don't have to. I don't want you to feel obligated. No pressure." He was rambling.

She grabbed his green Slytherin tie and pulled him to her. Her lips met his, and her other hand went to his hair. When they pulled apart their cheeks were flushed with bright red.

"Will you be mine?" he asked. Instantly regretting the way it came out. Like a shitty Valentine card.

"I- I mean, my girlfriend. Will you be my girlfriend?" he corrected.

He couldn't think straight around her, and it was turning him into a blathering ass.
She smiled at him and crooked a finger at him to come closer. He leaned in ear first to listen.

"I'm yours, Severus." She whispered.

He couldn't stop the moan that escaped his throat. Or the shiver that went down his spine and made the hair on his neck stand. She had so much power over him with the tiniest whisper.

He reached both hands to her waiting for her approval, the nod. He gripped her waist and brought her flush to his chest, leaned his face down to hers.

"Mine." He whispered before touching his lips to hers.

They were inseparable in and out of classes. Everyone talked and stared but neither of them paid any attention. Even when Lily Evans spread the rumor that Severus was doing it to try and make her jealous.

When another Slytherin asked if it was true he responded with "Who?" and the entire Slytherin house roared with laughter.

The months turned cold and wet. Snow came in early November and classes still went on.

'Herbology in the winter….twice a week. Great idea!' she signed to him as they walked huddled together one day.

He chuckled and added another warming spell to her as they kicked up snow. "A trail or walkway would be a good idea. Instead of having us walk through 20 tons of white bullshit." He said.

She was as sarcastic and witty as he was. He couldn't remember when he ever laughed as much in his life.

"I will get you some pepper up potion when we get back to the castle." He said and held her tighter.

He took care of her; he made sure to order food for her in the great hall for breakfast, he picked her up from her dorm and walked with her everywhere. If she was cold, he gave her his cloak and held her. If she was tired, he let her sleep on his shoulder.

Severus was still the snarky, sarcastic, rude Slytherin that he always was. His temper still got the better of him at times when dealing with other people he thought were below his mental ability. His frustration and rage were always still there. And she was there to calm his inner beast.

If he were upset because of a potion or spell failing, she would lightly touch him; bringing him back down. There were times when the Marauders tried to shoot random spells at them in the hallway. Severus never let her get hit; he used his own body if he had to. She would cup his cheek and whisper his name. It kept his rage in check.

He wrote home to his mother about her. During the day when his father was at work, of course. Or else she would feel his wrath. He told her he had a girlfriend and about her, but not who it was. His mother left the wizarding world decades ago and probably didn't care.

She wrote back that she was surprised yet genuinely happy for him. She also sent him twenty Galleons and told him to buy her something special for Christmas. It shook Severus mentally. His mother never sent him money; not even when he begged for it when he was younger.

It worried him, where did she get the money and how much shit did his father give her for it?
Mr. Ollivander had invited Severus to join them at his home in Diagon Alley for the Holidays. He originally was going to say no, but the hope he saw on her face melted him. He didn't want to overstep any family tradition they had. Now he had to get him a gift as well.

He asked Juliet what her grandfather might like for Christmas. She told him he wants gifts of people's trade. Meaning, if you were good at transfiguration, transfigure something.

He knew the perfect thing for him that would also prove his potion making skills; The Drought of Peace. It's a complicated potion to make due to the extremely strict recipe.

Slughorn gave him authorization to use one of the spare labs to brew and the school's leftover ingredients that were about to expire. He was all set for what he needed.

She sat in the lab with him and watched him brew while she did her puzzles. Severus was good at drawing, but she was good at puzzles. They were her favorite. Unless she was stumped; then she got adorably frustrated, as Severus called it.

He was standing at the ingredient prep station grinding the Moonstone into a fine powder. He heard her whistle to get his attention. His whistle. She had a specific whistle for certain people and gave him his own. It was almost as effective on him as her whispering his name. It was three consecutive low whistles.

"What's wrong?" he asked and turned to give her his full attention. He had time to add this ingredient.

She was sitting on top of a worktop behind him, swinging her legs as she did her book of riddles. He had gotten it for her their last Hogsmeade visit.

'I'm stumped, and it's killing me.' She signed.

"Killing you?" he chuckled and moved closer to her.

"What gets wetter and wetter the more it dries?"

Severus thought for a moment then smiled at her "That one's easy."

She pretended to glare at him 'Don't tell me.'

"Taking a bath." He said and went back to his potion.

He stared at the back of his head for five minutes before he said anything.

"You're thinking too hard." He said without turning around.

When he finished another stage of the potion, he turned to her and saw her biting her lip and staring at the wall across the room.

He reached for her again and cleared his throat to get her attention. She nodded but wasn't paying
attention. He tucked her hair behind her ear and buried his face in her neck, taking in her sweet scent.

He leaned into her ear and said "A towel."

He felt her go stiff in his arms and he pulled back to look at her. Her face was blank, and her right eye was twitching. That was a new look.

He didn't anticipate her to conjure a pillow wandlessly and start beating him with it.

"What the- oof!" he yelled as she hit him upside the head.

'You weren't supposed to tell me!' she signed angrily.

"You weren't going to get it!" he yelled back in defense.

He threw his arms up when the pillow came back. He saw a smirk play on Juliet's lips, and he grabbed the pillow with his left hand when she was mid-swing. Thinking he had the upper hand, he didn't see it till it was too late. Her left side was wielding another weapon of fluff.

There were feathers everywhere, and his deep baritone laugh filled the room as she chased him with her pillows of doom. He finally caught her off guard and picked her up by her waist. She gasped and dropped the pillows.

He pinned her body to the wall with her legs around his waist, his hands under her thighs. They had never been that close to each other before. Their eyes locked and he didn't recognize the look in her eyes. He dropped her and apologized instantly.

"I'm sorry. I got caught up in the moment. I'm not like Black, I swear. It won't happen again."

He ran his hand through his hair and panicked about her leaving him now.

He felt her hand on his chin and her lips on his jawbone. He stood still, caught off guard by her actions.

"I liked it." She whispered.

He shivered and felt his knees go weak. Lust. The look on her face was lust. They had never gone past innocent hugs and kisses. His mind never went down that path with her. Now it was all he could think of any more.

The timer for the potion went off. Severus gave her a quick kiss and ran back to his table to finish the last crucial step.
The morning of winter break had Severus in a panic. He repacked his trunk three times and fidgeted with the sleeves of his shirt constantly. He'd already met her grandfather, it was being under his roof under Garrick's constant gaze that worried him.

Would he keep them apart? Would he be asked a million questions about his intentions with his granddaughter? Or would he make a complete ass of himself and be forbidden from her? And meeting with Master Jiggers? Is it hot in here?

Juliet had told him he was being nervous for nothing. Her grandfather was a reasonable but firm man. She was excited to show him her special place in Diagon Alley and show him the secret park. When he met her in the great hall for the train ride home for the Holidays, she was practically jumping with excitement.

'Then we can see all the Christmas lights on the main road and watch the parade from the roof!' she signed to him.

"I didn't know Diagon Alley had an annual Holiday Parade." He said.

'Yes! I can't wait to introduce you to Robbie!' Severus' eyebrows came together with a scowl. Jealousy hit hard "Robbie?"

'He's my best friend! I write home to him all the time and he's so happy to finally meet you.' She explained.

"You've never mentioned him before. How do you know him?" he asked trying not to sound possessive.

'We've been so caught up with studies and everything that happened with Black. He helps my Papa around the shop and house. He's the one who taught me how to whistle.' She said and smiled at him.

She wrapped her arms around his waist and buried her face in his neck. His arms came around her shoulders and he hummed in delight as he felt her lips on his neck right below his jawline. He never knew his pulse points below his jawline were so sensitive. It made him want to melt into her lips. Sending all blood flow south.

When she first kissed him there he moaned loudly and had to pull away from her immediately. He was lucky his robes hid his erection or it would be a very awkward moment for him in the library. At night, when he was alone in his bed, he thought about it constantly while taking care of that problem.

On the train Severus had managed to get them a compartment by themselves. Meaning, he scowled at some second years who took the hint and ran off. He sat sideways on the cushioned seat and let her sit between his legs with her back to him. One of his legs brought up and bent at the knee, the other hanging off the seat. They watched the snow pass by the window peacefully as the train moved on.

Halfway through the trip, Juliet was tracing the lines on his hands and comparing size with hers.

'Your hands are big.'
He chuckled and squeezed hers "Your hands are too small."

He moved her hair from her neck and kissed it. Her small sigh made his heart flutter. He was in deep. Completely infatuated and in love with her. She was the greatest thing in his pathetic life and he wasn't going to let her go. Would he tell her? Not any time soon, last girl he told that too ran into the arms of a Gryffindor.

He brought his arms around her tightly and pressed her against him tightly. "I wish I could crawl into you."

Did he just say that out loud? That's not creepy, good job.

'I know what you mean, sometimes I feel like I can't get close enough to you.'

He let out the breath he held in relief. "You make hell feel like home." He rumbled with his deep voice in her ear.

She shivered against him. He chuckled "You like that?"

She nodded and shivered again. 'I like your voice. The deep tone is calming.'

He smirked as he buried his face in her hair then leaned his lips close to her ear "You don't seem calm."

She arched back and pushed herself into him and took a sharp breath of air. It was enough to instantly get him hard. He wanted more but fought to restrain himself and held still. They weren't ready for that, and until she told him yes it wouldn't happen. He'd wait forever.

His eyes watched her hands stumble the words she was trying to sign to him. 'You- You did that on purpose.'

"Do you want me to stop?" he said again now kissing her neck. What was he saying? He just told himself it was too soon.

Before she could answer the door to their compartment slid open loudly. She jumped and gripped his forearms tightly. His wand was out and in his right hand instantly.

"Well look who it is- the Ravenclaw Retard and Snivellus," Potter said, twirling his wand back and forth.

Lupin and Pettigrew laughed loudly and followed him in. Well, at least his erection was gone now.

"What do you want Potter?" he spat and nudged her to sit up and let him move.

She stood with him and hid behind him, her hands gripping his shirt on his left arm. She peeked her head out enough to watch them but most of her face blocked by him.

"Aside from coming to see the freak show?" Pettigrew said and nodded to Juliet.

Severus growled and brought his wand up. She squeezed his left hand in warning to stop him. He took a deep breath and lowered it.

"Don't talk about her like that." He warned.

"Like what? Just statin' the facts. Any broad that chooses Snivellus over my best mate has to be mental." Potter said.
"Or blind!" Lupin laughed and nudged Potter on the shoulder.

They all laughed and pointed at her. She ducked her face fully behind Severus and gripped him tighter. She was afraid, he felt it. She didn't need to be, not with him around.

"Speaking of mental, how is your criminal friend? I heard Ollivander was pressing charges until he found out about him being a Black. Something about the pureblood incest causing retardation and opting for Saint Mungo's." Severus smirked back at him.

Potter growled and clenched his teeth. They stared at each other for a few moments before he said "You know, you're pretty good at potions. Hey Julie, you sure this creep didn't slip you a love potion?"

"Blink twice if you're being held against your will." Lupin joked and leaned to the right to see her.

She took a step back further behind Severus to hide again.

"Leave. Her. Alone." He warned them again through clenched teeth.

"She must pity him or something, no girl that hot with huge knockers goes out with a slimy git like him," Potter said and brought both hands up to cup imaginary breasts.

Severus heard her gasp and felt her bury her face in his back. He squeezed her hand.

"Must be luck," Pettigrew suggested.

"Luck? Not all the luck in the world could do that. Look at that beak of a nose and greasy hair, luck can't save him." Lupin spat.

Severus reached his left hand into his pocket to grab the Felix Felicis. He wanted to rub it in his face that he had luck in a bottle. Her small hand on his wrist and stopped him. He looked at her from over his shoulder. Her huge eyes filled with fear and shaking her head no.

"I reckon it's dark magic," Potter suggested.

Severus cut them off "Was there a reason you came here? Other than to waste the oxygen in our cabin."

"We want our map back," Potter said seriously.

Severus smirked at them and raised his eyebrow "I don't know what you're talking about."

"It's ours, we made it!" Pettigrew said childishly.

"You know what I'm talking about, don't play as dumb as you look. Sirius said he lost the map after you took her from him in the library." He accused.

"She isn't his. Never was and never will be." Severus almost yelled the words. His magic pulsing around him now.

"Well, women don't know what a real man is until they're shown otherwise. It took Lily awhile to come around. But once I showed her what's what..." Potter said and grabbed himself.

Juliet wrapper her arms around Severus' middle and brought her palms flat against his chest. Her hold on him was tight, she was scared and didn't want to be taken from him.
"She's mine," Severus said dangerously and let his uncontrolled magic spark freely.

"We'll see. Sirius comes back to school after the break. He sends his hugs and kisses, Julie." Potter said and made a kissy face to her.

"I said she's mine!" he yelled.

"Does her grandfather really want the great PUREBLOOD house Ollivander getting dirty with the likes of you?"

Before anyone could react a shrill voice came from behind Potter. "JAMES POTTER! I DIDN'T JUST HEAR THOSE WORDS COME FROM YOUR MOUTH!"

Potter jumped and spun around with wide eyes "No Lils. I swear that's not what I meant!"

"I heard everything! Don't talk to me ever again! I'll go find me a real man!" she screamed and rushed off with two other girls.

"Lils, come on!" he called after her and turned back to Severus who was smirking.

He wasn't ready for a physical attack. Potter's fist came up and aimed for his eye, Severus tried to black it from Juliet instead of himself. His fist collided with his eyebrow and Potter's House signet ring cut his eyebrow open.

His head shot to the right but he held his ground. Juliet gasped and whispered, "stop it." She tried to get in between them but Severus' arm held blocked her and kept her behind him.

Severus didn't react to the attack, he stood his ground with his wand in his hand. He would take any and all pain as long as their attention remained on him and they left her alone. With her arms still around him. He didn't want to chance her getting hurt.

"That's what I thought," Potter said.

He and his friends took off, probably to find his now ex-girlfriend.

Severus was still breathing heavily and his magic was causing static in the air. He felt Juliet slide herself around to his front and her hands come up to his face.

His eyes were still glued to where Potter and his friends stood. Until she pulled him to look down at her, his hair curtained around the frame of his face. She conjured a handkerchief and wiped the blood from his eyebrow and temple.

He searched her face for any injuries. "Are you ok?"

She nodded and kept cleaning his face. When she finished she used her wand to heal the cut on his eyebrow.

'I'm not too good at this, it will scar. I'm sorry.'

"It's fine, it doesn't hurt." He said and flicked his wand to the door and slid it shut. He warded it with a strong lock and silence charm. The blinds came down and blocked the windows.

'I was scared.' She signed and looked down at her feet, ashamed.

He reached for her and waited for her permission. She nodded and let him move her chin to bring her gaze to him.
"You never need to be scared when you're with me. I'll protect you from everything." He swore.

'Did you mean it? When you said I'm yours.' She asked.

His face turned into a scowl and he cursed at himself mentally. "Juliet, I'm sorry it came out that way. I don't want to make it sound like I own you."

She smiled at him and kissed him. That wasn't the response he was anticipating but he welcomed it.

"I'm not like Black, I swear. You don't belong to me. You're so much more than-"

'I'm yours.' She signed and put her hand on his heart.

He stammered "But- but- I'm not like him."

'I know. You've never hurt me. You've put yourself in harm's way time and time again for me. I trust you.'

"So…you don't mind if I- when I….talk like that?" he asked trying not to offend her.

"I like it." She whispered against his lips as she leaned in.

He pulled back slightly "I- I don't understand."

'I like it when you take control.' She blushed and wrung her hands nervously.

It was the sexiest thing she had told him so far. He could hear his heart pounding in his chest.

"Kiss me." He ordered her. He was testing the waters.

She smiled and stood on her toes and softly pressed her lips to his. Unlike past kisses, she held her lips to his for a few long moments before she pulled away. It left him breathless.

He wanted more. Needed more. He reached for her instinctively but stopped himself. She took a small step forward and put her cheek against his open palm.

He rubbed his thumb across her cheek slowly towards her lips. He traced the bow of her upper lip and down to her full bottom lip. Her tongue slowly came out and licked the pad of his thumb.

He hissed with a sharp inhale. "Do you like it when I tell you what to do?" their chests were pressed together, she could feel his chest move as he took heavy breaths.

"I love it" she whispered against his thumb.

He gave her a seductive smirk and moved his hand lower to her throat. He didn't know what had gotten into him, pure instinct had taken over.

He wrapped his long slim fingers around her throat and squeezed gently but firm. He didn't push back into her, just squeezed her wind pipe, careful not to hurt her.

He pulled her face to look up to him to where she was on her toes again. His eyes locked to hers and his lips so close they were almost touching. The slow exhale of breath she gave him excited him. If she had a voice, it would have been a moan. He just knew it.

"And when I tell you to do something you don't want to?" he said with a deep rumble.
"You wouldn't," she whispered back.

That was true, he knew it. He would never ask her to do something he knew was off limits. He would never force her into anything like Black tried to do.

He tightened his grip on her throat slightly and said: "Does this scare you?"

"No."

"How does it make you feel?" his eyes searched hers for any hint of a lie.

"Excited." She breathed against his lips.

The train suddenly slowed down and the force caused them both to stumble towards the window. He ended up pressed against her with the glass to her back. Both of his hands on either side of her head. His erection was pressed against her stomach. She felt it, he knew she did.

"This isn't over." He promised, his voice was rough, almost a growl.

They were constantly being interrupted today and he had blue balls from hell. It wasn't her fault, nothing she could do would make him angry with her. But her grandfather waiting for them at the end of the station made him stop.

She leaned up and kissed his pulse point below his jaw. He pulled back and stepped away, his chest heaving.

"Get your things, it's time to go." He said and grabbed their trunks from the top rack. He used the distraction to force his erection down.
August 1995 Spinners End

There were three bottles of whiskey. An empty one on the side table, an empty one on the floor between his feet and a half empty one in his left hand. His right hand was tangled in his hair trying to hold his head up. He was slumped forward with his elbows on his knees and his hair had fallen over his face.

That memory hurt more than the last ones. That was when she had given him control. When she practically told him she loved him. He was too blind to see it. Too stupid and naïve to see what was before him.

He wasted so much time being uncertain and cautious. If he had known…if he knew their time was limited. So many regrets, too much time wasted.

Time. His greatest fear. Not enough time with her. Too much time without her. Because without her… he couldn't function. How he made it this far in life, he honestly didn't know.

Seventeen years of silence, seventeen years of loneliness and pain. He had tortured himself at times. Others sometimes did it for him. Being a death eater had it's tolls.

He had cut himself. More than once. When the silence was too much and his head was too loud. His chest hollow and his body numb. He was ashamed of it. The scars on his wrists from when he was too weak.

Would she turn away from him if she knew? That he wasn't strong enough to go on without her. Would she turn away knowing of his selfishness and weakness. Of all the times he cut himself to end the silence.

There were times when death was so close he swore he saw her. Kneeling beside him, reaching for him. Always reaching. She was always just out of reach.

He never knew how he survived those times. He never remembered healing himself before he bled out. He wanted to think it was her saving him, just like she did all those years ago.

Could she save him now? Was he too far gone? He wasn't the boy she fell in love with. Far from it. Who was he?

_Death Eater. Murderer. Coward._

He had done everything for her. All the money he earned, every Knut went in his vault, stored away like a niffler getting ready for winter. All the potions he created and sold or published brought in large royalties that would make Lucius Malfoy blush.
When he was younger he couldn't afford to spoil her, give her the finer things she deserved. She never asked for anything, never held it against him, but he would be damned if he couldn't provide for her. She wouldn't need to work a day in her life.

If and when he was no longer among the living, she would get everything. It was all willed to her. His solicitor thought it strange to will his personal assets to a "missing person." But he drew the paperwork nevertheless.

He never spent the money he earned willingly. If he did he worked twice as hard to double what he spent. Robes, food, alcohol or drugs. In the time before he became a death eater he had hit rock bottom. Alcohol and drugs were his vice that slowly killed him while at the same time barely keeping him alive.

He had gotten addicted a year after she left. Euphoria Elixir. He brewed it by the dozens and consumed it just as fast. He had spent all that time looking for her love, he couldn't find it anywhere but looking at the bottom of the phial. It wasn't there.

That's when Regulus Black found him. High as a kite in Knockturn Alley halfway through a bottle of whiskey. His pitch about the new Dark Lord hooked him. He was offered money, power and anything he desired.

He needed all of those things at the time. Money for Juliet, then she wouldn't need anything but him. Power would keep her safe, and no one would dare challenge him again. No one would be able to take her from him again with the kind of power this Dark Lord was offering.

His desires? Her. Just her. The Dark Lord promised that he would help Severus get her back. That he would provide him with the tools and resources needed to find her.

He didn't deliver. After two years of "service" he was no closer to getting her back. That's when he realized his biggest mistake.

He chose the wrong side.

With him being a Death Eater, he never would be allowed back on Hogwarts property. That's where she would be when she returned. He was a fool for not realizing it sooner. He promised her that he would be there when she returned and he went and ruined it.

His only choice was to turn sides.

That's when he groveled before Dumbledore. Begged him to let him back into the castle. When she came. If she came.

Not knowing when she would return drove him insane. Dumbledore wouldn't give him any information. Why would he? He was a dirty Death Eater.

He begged for her, demanded her to be returned to him. Kicking and screaming didn't work. He went a different method. Trade. This was the time of war against dark and light. He met with Dumbledore on a cliff by the castle, this time with inside information about the Potters.

In return, he was given her return date and a deal. Knowing the date gave him a goal. It eased some of his madness and panic attacks. But it fueled his rage and hate for the old man.

Seventeen years.

Azkaban sentences weren't that long.
He honestly didn't give a damn what fate had in store for the Potters, he hadn't given them a second thought since school. He needed the intel to trade to Dumbledore to show his worth. That he was done with the Dark Lord and willing to change for her.

It came with even a higher price, become Dumbledore's man. His spy for the Order of the Phoenix. Give an unbreakable vow that he was at the mercy of his will. Do what was told, when told.

He made sure he wasn't trapped forever, of course. He was smarter than that. The vow would be released upon her return or the defeat of the Dark Lord. Whichever came last. Or if either of them died, of course.

The Dark Lord was defeated when he went against a baby. Now he just had to wait for her. Then he was free.

He was posted as the new potions master and teacher at the school. He hated children, but it put him where he needed to be for her. The memories in the school haunted him everyday. The tree they sat under, their spot in the library, the room of requirement.

*The room of requirement.*

His grip tightened on the bottle in his hand. He pulled at his hair in agitation. The room they confessed their love. The room where he first laid with her. The room where she left him. The room he visited once a year on the anniversary of her departure.

"ARGH!" he roared and jumped up.

He threw the bottle of whiskey into the fire and watched it crash and flare. He stood in the center of the room with his chest heaving and his muscles taught.

He looked down at himself. Be brought his hands up and looked at them. His dark mark stood out boldly on his pale skin. She wouldn't want something so evil touching her.

He didn't want to taint her purity with his filthy sins. He should leave. Never meet her when she returned. Don't go back. Let her move on with her life.

Move on?

No one else can have her.

He growled at the thought of another man touching her. His shirt felt tight, he couldn't breathe. Another man. No. He felt nauseous.

He rushed towards the bathroom upstairs. While clawing at his shirt as he went. He ripped the buttons off as he struggled with it. Tossing it somewhere behind him before he barely made it to the toilet.

He emptied all the whiskey from his stomach until he dry heaved. He slowly stood up and went to the sink to clean himself. When he looked up he saw his reflection staring back at him.

His eyes were bloodshot, his hair a greasy, tangled mess. He ran a hand through it and pushed it back. His eyes went to his neck.

A lipstick kiss on his pulse point.

The day she left him, she left that mark on his skin. His favorite lipstick of hers. He never liked the
color red again till then.

He saw the mark after she had been sent away. He was afraid to wash it off. To lose that piece of her. He found a spell similar to a permanent sticking charm. He altered it to that of a tattoo.

The reason he wore high collars. Not that he was ashamed of it, it was his. No one else's. And his business was none of theirs.

The tattoos didn't stop at the kiss or the Dark Mark. Above the cuts on his right wrist he had tattooed the dates.

*April 19th, 1978*

*August 19th, 1995*

When she left and when she would return. It kept him from cutting again.

He went to a muggle shop for this. As well as the one on his chest and left bicep.

*Son of the Morning*

Was tattooed across his chest in black lettering. It was the better nickname he had given himself. Half-Blood Prince was a childish thing he toyed with when he was younger.

Son of the Morning was fitting to him. In his darkest hours he read the bible. He held no faith but prayed to every deity that she would come back to him.

*Isaiah 14:12*

_How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! how art thou cut down to the ground, which didst weaken the nations!_

When she left he fell from grace. When he had her, he had the world. He was set to complete his apprenticeship early and become the world's youngest potions master. Which he did, but who shared his glory of accomplishment. The Dark Lord.

He had made the Slytherin quidditch team his final year in school. He had self confidence and the biggest chip on his shoulder with her at his side.

Then it was all ripped away from him. She was sent to his future. His mother died from a broken heart and his father drank himself to an early grave. He was alone.

He had taken the study of ancient runes during his time under the Dark Lord. Searching for a way to halt her travel through time and bring her back. All tests he had done ended in critical failure. It was too dangerous to attempt.

He found runes that made him stronger and faster in a duel. They enhanced his magical core and offered protection. His left bicep was covered in black ink from his shoulder down to his elbow. Solid black ink.

He had carved the runes into his flesh with a slicing charm and carefully executed incantations. His skin was raised from the scars but they were the most useful.

He could wandlessly project a shield with his left arm and still cast with his wand in his right hand. It also helped with potions. When he was experimenting or students blew up cauldrons. It saved his life more than enough times.
He was still thin but not scrawny like he was when she last saw him. He filled out and had muscle now. Every morning, hangover or not, he did a set of 100 sit ups and push ups.

His muscles were well defined and solid. Lifting cauldrons and taking all those damn stairs at the castle helped too.

Despite his self destructive behaviors he always made to better himself. The stronger he was for her the better. His mind was set that the stronger he was the more she would love him.

He had twisted her memory into some sort of monumental pedestal, a shrine he worshiped. The bigger, stronger, wealthier him would make her fall for him again. Make her see past his imperfections. His sins.

Would she be afraid of him when she found out everything he'd done while she was away? The killing, the drugs, the self harm. He never strayed from her. Never had eyes for another woman and never slept with anyone else. He couldn't. They would never hold a candle to her.

He gripped the edge of the sink as he remembered their first taste of each other. His shame. He almost turned away from her. He did turn away from her.

He hurt her.
April 1977

Easter holidays were upon them and they chose to stay at school instead of going to her grandfather's house. He had the best Christmas of his life with her. He had gotten her a silver necklace with a heart shaped locket. On the back he engraved his initials. Seeing it on her neck filled him with pride. It showed she was his and no one else's.

She had gotten him a pair of Dragon hide boots for his upcoming apprenticeship with Master Jiggers this summer. They were enchanted to adjust size with his growth. They would last him forever.

He met her 'best friend Robbie' who was actually their house elf. He helped raise her with Mr. Ollivander and was considered family.

Now it was spring break, they had time to spend alone again. It was Severus' favorite time, because he had her to himself.

They were lounging under their tree by the lake. He had transfigured his cloak into a thick blanket and laid it out for them to sit on. He was sitting with his back against the tree and her head in his lap. She was reading while he was sketching her.

He was trying to get the angle of her jaw right when her eyes peeked up over the edge of his journal. The playful hint in her eyes made his smile.

'Can I see?'

He flipped the journal for her to see. "It's not done."

'You're really good. Can I draw you now?' She smiled.

He handed over his pencil and asked: "You can draw?"

'Oh yes, I'm pretty good. Stay still.' She said and sat back by his feet.

She started by looking at him with squinted eyes and tilting her head back and forth. He raised his eyebrow at her. She stuck her thumb out and closed one eye, trying to measure something. Her cute tongue sticking out in concentration.

She started to sketch him and looked up at him every few moments. When she finished she smiled and gave him back the journal.

He took it and started laughing. It was a stick figure of him that was poorly drawn. But it made his day.

"Why do I have a triangle shaped head?" he laughed.

'It's abstract.'

"And why am I holding a balloon?"

'That's the extent of my skill. Stick figures and balloons. I signed it for you, so when I get famous it'll be worth more.' She signed.
He threw his head back let out a deep row of laughter. He set the book aside and said: "Come here."

She crawled towards him on her hands and knees and sat on her heels beside him.

"Kiss me."

She leaned in and gently laid her lips against his. When she pulled back she softly exhaled. He knew now from his time with her that was a moan.

"Sit on my lap." He was getting more possessive of her and every day pushed both of them a little further.

Expecting her to sit sideways, she pulled her skirt up a bit and swung her left leg over his lap. Straddling him and facing him with her hands on his chest. His heart rate increased, this was going great so far.

He leaned forward to kiss her but paused. "Let me taste you."

They never "made out" or "snogged" as the other students called it. He was dying to know what she tasted like. At night when he pleasured himself he could only dream about her taste. Mouth and otherwise.

She pressed her lips to his and parted them. She gently swiped her tongue across his bottom lip. He hummed in delight and met her tongue with his on her second swipe.

Sweetness. That was the only word he could give to describe her taste.

She started to move closer to him and her fidgeting nudged his erection. Instinct kicked in and he bucked up into her. She gasped against his lips. Another would be moan.

She bit his lip and tugged it. He gripped her hips and pressed her harder against him. His mind was moving so fast towards the gutter until he peeked his eyes open. He remembered where they were.

"If we don't stop I will have you right here for everyone to see." He warned her. His hand travelled up to her throat and squeezed gently. He loved having power over her.

She looked around and back at him 'There's no one around.'

He smirked "Do you really want our first time to be outside by the lake?"

'I want our first time to be in a special place, like where we first kissed and where I became yours.' She signed and waved her hand around to the area.

He was trying to slow things down but she was making it too hard. He thought about losing his virginity to her constantly. He knew he would be her first as well and he wanted to claim it.

"You would have your first time with me?" he asked softly. He gave her one last chance to back out.

She smiled at him and signed 'Severus, I want you to be my first, last and only.'

He felt himself twitch under her. She was feeding his inner beast with her words and actions. He would make her start, or else he would lose control.

He had wanted this moment for so long. He felt like he was so close to completion already if he didn't slow down. He was so pent up from their current activities.
"Let me touch you." He said as he hand hovered over her breast.

She pushed herself into his hand and kissed him again. Their tongues came together as he palmed her breasts through her shirt. They were softer than he imagined and could barely fit in his large hands.

She moved her hips against his erection and he almost lost it. He moved his kisses from her lips to her neck and she tangled her hands in his hair.

This was exactly where he wanted to be, surrounded by her. He slowly unbuttoned her shirt and moved his mouth lower along her collar bone and chest. Her breathing pattern picked up the lower his mouth went.

He quickly looked around to make sure they were alone on the grounds. He pulled his wand out briefly and set privacy wards and silencing charms. He continued to her breasts and looked at her face as he pushed her bra out of the way.

He bit his lip and groaned when he freed them. He watched her face as he palmed them and imprinted it into his memory.

"Touch me." He said.

Her hands slowly moved from his hair down to his shoulders and chest. She unbuttoned his shirt slowly and ran her hands over his skin. He felt self conscious.

"I know I'm not as muscular or big as Black. I'm scrawny." He spat.

She pulled back and frowned at him. 'You think that's true?'

He didn't answer her. She ran her hands over his chest and outlined his abs. "You have a runners build. You're strong and very powerful." She whispered into his ear.

He leaned into her and continued his exploration of her chest. She tugged on his ear lobe and made him groan. He wasn't going to last much longer. They hadn't even gotten past second base.

He buried his face between her breasts and licked her skin. This was heaven, it had to be. Greatest place to be in the world. He sucked on her nipples and watched her squirm. Oh no….

He slowed and took deep breaths to stop his impending orgasm. He bit the inside of his cheek and forced himself to calm down.

Her hands travelled down to his belt buckle. He had wanted this for so long and now….his eyes rolled to the back of his head when she grabbed him. NO.

Her hand was warm and soft against his flesh and it had been the first hand since his own.

She had barely touched him and he exploded all over her hand and his stomach. Shit. He ruined it. Ruined everything. Their first time was supposed to be special for both of them. And he prematurely ruined it.

Embarrassment was an understatement. She would laugh. Belittle him. He had to get away. He didn't dare open his eyes to see her disappointment. His mind was going a million different directions of an exit plan he didn't feel or see her want for him.

He picked her up by the waist and practically tossed her aside. He quickly stood and set his clothes straight as he rush back to the castle. He ignored her whistle calling after him. His face was red and
tears were threatening to fill his eyes.

He ruined everything. She wouldn't want to be with a man who couldn't last long enough. No, not a man. A boy. Idiot boy.

He ran back to his common room knowing she couldn't follow him there. He couldn't face her now, the whole castle would know by morning that he prematurely shot all over his girlfriend. Shit.

Not once did he think of how he left her. How he abandoned her beneath their tree after they shared those moments. He didn't think of the pain he caused her.

The next day was the start of classes again and he was dreading it. He couldn't not show up, that would make it worse. His embarrassment would have to be met head on like after his blow up with Lily. He dwelled on it the whole night, he didn't sleep. Couldn't sleep.

The next morning he didn't pick her up from her dorm. He went straight to the Great Hall. No one bothered to look at him. Perhaps she was waiting for today to tell the world he was a fool.

He could see her from his peripherals, she sat across from him. He refused to look up. His face felt hot. She whistled his name. He didn't answer.

He stood and left the hall quickly, he knew she couldn't keep up with him. She never could. He hid out in an empty classroom until it was time for transfiguration.

He would have to sit by her. Damn it all.

When class started she came in late. When she sat by him he refused to look at her. Her hands moved but he didn't see what they said. She tried to touch him and he shrugged her hand off of him. He heard her gasp.

"Don't touch me." He said in a low voice.

He looked up and saw the tears in her eyes. He did that. Those were because of him. He hurt her.

She pulled her hand back as if he burned her. She whispered "What did I do? Tell me what I did so I can fix it. Please. I'm sorry. Tell me and I'll never do it again."

"Leave me alone." He growled.

He didn't know why he pushed her away from him. His own embarrassment and self loathing? His disappointment in himself? Yes, all of it.

Class carried on and she kept her head down and her hands wringing in her lap. He ignored her and blocked her as best he could from his attentions. Class ended and he watched her pick up her bag and run out of the room.

"Juliet!" another girl from her house called out.

"Was she crying?" a different girl asked.

Be grabbed his things and went to his next class. She wasn't there. Or the rest of the classes for the day. He was worried. Curious and worried. He shouldn't be. She could run off to gossip with the rest of them.
The rest of the week was hell for him. He was lonely and he missed her. She had sat somewhere away from him in class and kept her head down. She didn't show up early for breakfast anymore.

He was free of her. Just like he wanted. Right?

Rumors flew around school that Severus broke up with her because she didn't put out. That he had hit her. That he dumped her as soon as he found out she cheated on him.

No. None of those were true. Why weren't they talking about how he couldn't please his girlfriend?

He watched her sit alone at meals. Or alone outside or in the library. She was always alone. She was always so sad.

It caught the attention of Black and the Marauders. She was single and available now. No longer protected by Severus. He didn't realize his mistake until it was too late.

Now she can go and be with Black, a real man. No. she never wanted him. She will now. He fought with himself constantly.

He watched her from behind a tree by the lake. It wasn't their tree. She was sitting on a boulder that was partially in the lake. She was using her wand to draw circles and patterns in the water. He could hear her sniffle from where he stood. She was crying.

What had he done? She didn't go running around telling people about what happened. She didn't tell anyone and didn't even hang out with anyone else. He fucked up.

He needed to talk to her. He needed to get her back. He fucked it all up. She would never want him back now. He walked away.

Another week passed and his chest felt hollow. He wasn't sleeping or eating. Black was cat calling her and stalking her again. He was smarter about it this time, he made sure no teachers were around. Severus' jealousy was worse than ever. But she wasn't his anymore.

It didn't stop him from staring at the map whenever they weren't in class. He watched her little dot travel through the castle. He wanted to go to her so bad. It was too late.

One day during their free period he glanced at the map from his schoolwork. He saw her little dot round a corner on the 7th floor and run right into Black's. Then he watched the two dots get really close together and vibrate.

Shit.

He stood up so fast, his chair fell over. Shushing surrounded him in the library. He watched her dot take off fast down the corridor and Black's follow. There was no one else on that whole floor. How was that possible?

Then he saw the other Marauder dots on the surrounding exits. They trapped her on purpose. He grabbed the map and took off running. He ignored the yells of people he pushed through.

He would kill Black if he laid a hand on her. He and those other bastards called Marauders.

He didn't hear any of his teachers yell at him about running in the castle. They followed. A student ignoring their calls with his wand drawn had to be bad business. He was so much faster than them.

He let his rage carry him all the way up the stairs and literally though Lupin. The young werewolf
didn't know what hit him as he fell with a broken nose.

Severus looked at the map and ran down two corridors. Her dot was trapped in a broom closet with Black and he would be damned if that filth touched her.

He heard her panicked whistle come from behind a door. Before he could reach it someone grabbed his shoulder.

"Where in the high heavens are you going?!” McGonagall yelled at him. She was huffing due to chasing him.

The whistle came again and some loud bangs. She looked up and took a few steps closer to the sound. The broom closet door and surrounding wall exploded. Black shot out of it and hit the wall across the hallway.

They rushed forward to the scene. Black had his pants halfway down his legs with an erection. Black looked up and saw his Transfiguration teacher, head of House, deputy headmistress standing above him.

Juliet stepped out from the closet with her hair messed up, her shirt torn and her lip split and bruises on her arms and chin. Tears streaked down her face and was breathing heavily. Her hands were held out towards Black in defensive posture.

She had wandlessly blasted him with a bombarda maxima. She wrapped her arms around herself and cried as she tried to move farther down the hall and away from Black.

McGonagall blew up. Other teachers arrived. Severus stood there dumbfounded. He couldn't wrap his head around the fact that Black actually tried to rape her. He was going to kill him.

Then he turned to look at her. She stared at him with that lost look and it broke his heart. He didn't say anything. He held his arms out to her and she ran to him.

He caught her and held her tightly. Her face was buried in his chest as she sobbed and gripped his robes tightly. He was never going to let her go again.
Chapter 11

April 1977

A full investigation had been made and Ollivander had literally stormed the castle hunting Black. Juliet had to undergo a sexual assault exam at Saint Mungo's. Ollivander had gotten his hands on Black and it wasn't pretty, he wandlessly held him against the wall, choking him and demanding answers.

Not even Dumbledore could pry him off the boy. Aurors were called and it took McGonagall to get him to let Black go. Talking him down from a murder and convincing him that Juliet needed her grandfather out of Azkaban. Ollivander filed maximum charges and pulled all the strings he had to lock Black away for good. Which would have happened if Black didn't claim he was under the imperious curse.

It turned out to be true. Unspeakables were called in and his story checked out. The curse was traced to his father, Orion Black. He wanted payback for the embarrassment on his house and his son. He believed that if his son sired a child with Juliet, bastard or not, then their houses would have no choice but to be joined.

He was sentenced to life in Azkaban for his crimes, but due to his poor health and old age, he died before he could be locked away. Sirius Black was allowed to come back to school since he was cleared of the charges. Ollivander warned the young Black that next time he would kill him.

An open threat in the middle of the ministry lobby made the public go insane. No one dared try to file charges against him. Aurors turned a blind eye.

Ollivander had his own questions for Severus. He didn't hold him accountable but he wanted answers. Severus couldn't lie. He told him everything. He told him about his awkward moment under the tree and how they had attempted to be intimate. He told him about how he pushed Juliet away because he was ashamed of his actions and he thought she would hate him.

Severus told him how it was his fault that she was hurt. That because of him, she was left unprotected and vulnerable. Ollivander took pity on him. He explained that Severus not being by her side every moment wasn't the cause of this. It would have happened eventually and they probably would have hurt him to get to her.

Severus cried that he should have taken the pain for her, if he was there then she could have had enough time to run. Ollivander understood what he was feeling, guilt and regret.

He told Severus that he needed to tell Juliet everything and that forgiveness was ultimately up to her. Not for the situation with Black, but him giving her the cold shoulder.

Ollivander had gotten Severus out of school during the investigation, claiming his granddaughter needed the support of her lover. He took him to Saint Mungo's with him.
When they got there and were led to her room she saw him and reached for him with both arms. She looked so broken and weak. He rushed to her and gathered her in his arms and pulled her to his chest.

"The injuries you see are all that occurred. She stopped her attacker before he could get all of her clothes off. She will be fine physically, but mentally she will need support from her family." The doctor said to Ollivander.

"I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry." She whispered as she clung to him, afraid he would push her away again.

"If your exam is complete, heal her. These cuts and bruises should have already been taken care of." Severus said protectively.

Ollivander raised his eyebrows at the doctor, waiting for the answer.

"Oh…of course of course. I'll send for the nurse immediately with the salves." He rushed out.

After she was healed, the doctor requested that she go home and get bed rest. Ollivander apparated them to his home, Juliet asked to go up to the attic to see the lights of the city.

Severus looked over to Ollivander and was given a small nod. They needed to talk. He grabbed her gently and carried her to the stairs to her special place.

The attic had shelves lined with books and puzzles she put together. There was no furniture, just a mountain of pillows she conjured. It was the first wandless spell she learned and went out of hand with the pillows. They were different shapes, colors, and sizes.

They were piled all by the large window that overlooked the city. At night she loved looking at the lights, during winter the snow and new years the fireworks.

He gently laid her down on the pillows by the window and sat across from her. Her big innocent eyes staring back at him.

How could he have ever imagined that she would have made fun of him? That she would have run around school spreading their business?

"We need to talk about what happened." He said and cleared his throat awkwardly.

'I'm sorry. Please please forgive me. I'll never do it again. Tell me what I did and I'll never do it again.' She signed. The tears were already falling as she begged for forgiveness.

"No, Juliet. You didn't do anything wrong. It's me who should be begging for your forgiveness." He said and grabbed her hands.

"You did everything right. Believe me, it was good. Too good. I felt that I ruined the moment we had. Our first time was supposed to be mutually beneficial for us and I ruined it. I….finished too early." He said. He felt his face burn bright red.

He forced himself to continue "I thought I let you down. And in my embarrassment, I thought you were going to tell everyone and I – I just fucked up. Please believe that I never meant to hurt you. I never wanted you to cry. I never wanted to push you away. I was embarrassed and ashamed and the worst thing that could happen to you almost did."

He couldn't read her face, her head was tilted slightly to the side and her eyes watched him.
"I don't deserve you. Nor your forgiveness but I –"

He didn't expect her to lung herself at him. Her arms flew around his neck and he fell back on the pillows as she tackled him. Her hair was smothering his face and her head was buried in his neck.

He couldn't breathe. He didn't care. Nothing could wipe the smile off his face. He loved her, and he was damn sure she loved him too.

"I promise I'll never hurt you again."

August 1995

Severus woke up in his bed, shirt missing and feeling like death. He did it to himself, he knew that much. The memories he relived last night always ended with his outcome. Every time he had a lonely night thinking of her. At least he didn't set anything on fire this time.

He rolled out of bed and kicked off his boots and stripped down to his boxers. He got to the floor and immediately got to his work out routine. 100 sit ups and 100 push ups. When he finished he went to the bathroom. At least he made it to the toilet this time, he thought as he looked at the puke-filled bowl. He waved his wand and cleaned the bathroom again.

He showered, changed and got ready for his day. It still being summer, he didn't have lesson plans or grading but the orders that Dumbledore gave him meant he had ground to cover.

Find out about the dementor hit on Potter. He didn't know what the old man expected him to find. It's not like the death eater's stood around a water cooler talking about their extracurricular activities. He checked his robes one last time before stepping out and apparating to the Ministry.

He was going to pay Lucius a visit at work. With the Dark Lord staying at the Malfoy Manor, he wouldn't be able to drop in for a chat unless he was called. He swiftly made his way to his office. The thing Severus was good at was not being seen or detected. Always in the background and shadows. He found it amusing that most times he was in plain sight.

"Severus, what brings you here?" Lucius said when he called for him to enter.

"Can't a friend stop by for old times sake?" he smirked as he closed the door.

Lucius stood and met him halfway with a handshake. "Of course, come in and have a seat. Would you like a drink?"

"Whiskey. How are things going?" he asked with a raised eyebrow as he sat across from his desk.

Both men took out their wands and set their own privacy wards. Lucius handed him his drink and sat down at his desk with a heavy sigh.

"If there were 48 hours in a day, I still wouldn't have enough time to get everything done." He said and rubbed his temples.

"Stressed?" Severus quirked an eyebrow.

"Understatement. Who knew having a slumber party with the dark lord would be like this?" he joked.

"Meaning?" Severus asked.
"He's such a prima donna. We all enjoy the finer things in life, Severus, but requesting a fruit platter with no citrus but only drinks orange juice when not drinking tea? Have an omelet with no cheese touching his eggs? That's a fucking omelet! The only meat he will eat is under rare bison killed the same day. Did you know I had to purchase a heard of fucking bison? I've had to buy five more house elves because the damn snake keeps eating them!" Lucius ranted.

Severus gave a deep chuckle and smirked: "Despite the circumstances, you have to admit it's funny."

"Yes, when the Dark Lord is dead and gone, we will all look back on these moments and laugh as we reminisce about the good old days." He said sarcastically.

Severus didn't have close friends or family, except Lucius. He was the closest person to him he actually liked talking to. He knew he truly cared for his family and was suckered into this Dark Lord bullshit when he was younger. Although it was his own father that did the selling to him.

They both had an understanding that in order to survive under the Dark Lord, they needed each other. Severus was his son's godfather and kept him in line at school. Lucius provided him with his intel and connections.

Severus never came out and said it, but it was an unspoken fact that Severus was playing both sides. Severus may have sworn himself as a spy to Dumbledore and a Death Eater to Voldemort, but his true allegiance was with Juliet. Whoever and however she got back to him and they made it out of both sides alive was all he cared about.

Lucius was in a similar situation. However, he could keep his family alive and together was his choice in the war. He too walked a fine line between the Dark and the Light.

"Anyway, can we please talk about something else?" he said and waved his hand.

"Who put the hit on Potter?" he asked bluntly.

"Who fucking didn't? Now the Dark Lord is back, everyone is trying to prove their worth. Damn one upper." He cursed.

"I meant the Dementors. I need a name."

"Surprisingly no one has owned up to it. It's not our side." He said and poured another drink.

Severus raised his eyebrows in surprise "You think it's someone here at the ministry?"

"That's my bet. Potter is a thorn in Fudge's side with his re-election." Lucius said.

Before he could reply there was a knock at the door. Severus sat straight and vanished his glass back to the shelf. Lucius did the same and they both nodded before removing the privacy charms.

"Come in!"

A short squat pink woman entered and closed the door behind herself "Lucius, I didn't know you had company! Professor Snape, good to finally meet you."

Severus rolled his eyes at Lucius before standing and greeting her "Madame." He didn't take her hand, which she frowned at.

She giggled, "It isn't Madame, it's Miss."

"Can I help you with something Dolores?" Lucius interrupted. Severus sat back down, he wasn't
leaving until he had answers.

"Yes, these files need to be pushed through before the first. Seeing as you're head of the school board, it shouldn't be a problem for you." She smiled.

"Yes, is that it?" he said with annoyance.

"Not at all, gave a good day. I'll see you later. Oh… and I'll be seeing you as well, Severus. As I will be the new Defense teacher this year." She smiled.

He kept his face calm and passive but the alarms were going off in his head. This was new information, how could he be blindsided by this? Wait, it didn't matter, Juliet would be here and he was going to quit. He calmed down mentally and smirked at her.

"Its Professor Snape and I doubt it. Have a good day Miss." He didn't get her name, he heard Lucius call her name but didn't care.

She gave a little gasp at his bluntness. "Please, call me Dolores. Maybe we could have dinner before the term, and we can go over curriculum, among other things." She said and tried to sound seductive.

"How does next Saturday sound?"

"No thank you. I have a prior engagement. Have a good day, Miss." He said and turned back to Lucius.

"Well then how about."

"Dolores, you may see yourself out." Lucius interrupted her, his face was red and his lips curling.

She picked her head up and left, closing the door loudly. Both their wards went up instantly. Lucius broke out into a deep laugh, slamming his fist down on the desk.

"I couldn't keep a straight face! I had to kick her out!" he laughed and wiped his eye.

"I'm glad you find my discomfort amusing. Were you going to give me a fucking heads up about her going to Hogwarts?" he asked.

"She's been trying to hook up with any and every man of high standing she can for a while now. Trying to pass as a pureblood herself. She's a Half-Blood with no name. Her father is a janitor here and she pretends like she doesn't know him. She's got her head so far up Fudge's arse she could tell you what he had for lunch." Lucius laughed.

"I'm a Half-Blood with no name." he countered.

"Don't sell yourself short. You've made a name for yourself, unlike most purebloods. You're well known and have as much push around town as I do. Honestly, we do need to watch out for that one. She's been poking around the inner circle. Her taking the Defense post at Hogwarts came through last night. I'm surprised your boss didn't tell you. He tried everything to stop it." He said.

"Is she a threat?"

"I think she's trying to get herself in. She's asking dangerous questions about the Dark Lord," he said and brought their glasses back and filled them.

"You mean get herself killed?" Severus shot back and took a sip.

"Didn't I tell you she's as sharp as a mountain troll? I'm sorry if it wasn't implied. Ignorant and foolish
or not, she's stirring up too much shit for me." Lucius complained.

"You don't think….she sent the dementors? You said she was a Fudge fanatic."

Lucius looked at him and blinked a few times. "Shit. Give me a day and I'll find out."

"Its always the ones you least expect," Severus said.

"Like I said, not enough time in a day. What's this prior engagement of yours? Have you finally taken my advice and gotten yourself back out there and found a woman?"

Severus pulled his pocket watch out and held it up. Lucius knew exactly what it meant.

"You know there's only one woman for me, Lucius."

"It's time? My word, it's been so long." He said in disbelief.

Few people knew about Juliet. When he was younger he tried to tell the world she wasn't missing. No one listened. Except for Lucius.

"Another reason for today's visit. I need out. I'm not dragging her through this life. I want a clean slate. I need passports, an unregistered portkey and death certificates made. Just in case," He said.

Lucius smiled at his longtime brother in arms "Whatever you need, I'll provide. You know the deal, once you're out."

"I will make an exit for you to follow. Draco first." Severus stood and shook his hand.

"I'll send you an owl tomorrow when I find out more information." He said.

"Be safe," Severus said and stood to leave.

"Likewise, old friend."

Severus went to Gringotts next. He decided to keep his money there for the time being until Juliet made a decision on where she wanted to go. But he needed to make a withdrawal large enough to sustain them for the time being. She would need clothes and personal items or anything else she asked for.

Anything.

She could ask for the moon and he would figure out a way to put her name on it. He didn't want her needing anything at all. In all honesty, he was afraid she would go somewhere else for her needs.

While at the bank he withdrew twenty thousand galleons. And half of that he exchanged for muggle money. Just in case they had to go into hiding. The rest stayed in the vault and he would have Lucius wire him the rest when needed. Their plan had been in place for a decade.

The old goblin that handled his affairs almost fell off his chair when Severus submitted the withdrawal slip. The money went into the Snape account, never out of it. He had to get verified twice to make sure it was him. He was annoyed but glad to find their security in place.

He was drawn further into Diagon Alley more than he wanted to go. Memories hit him again. He was a sucker for pain these last 48 hours.
He passed the pet store where her grandfather let her pick a pet before the start of their 7th year at Hogwarts. She chose a raven and named him Corvus, sticking to her Roman roots.

She loved that bird so much. When she left, he took care of him. He still had him, Corvus stayed with him at Hogwarts and during the summers he would fly off doing whatever it was he did. Typical ravens never lived for more than 15 years, but Corvus didn't seem to age one bit.

Juliet whistled back and forth with Corvus all the time, they seemed to understand each other perfectly. The bird was depressed and confused for weeks after she left.

He went down an alley where he saw a scorch mark he had made when dueling Black that same summer. Juliet had gotten cornered by the Marauders again, Severus had beaten them, four on one. They left them alone for good after that beating.

He passed by Slug and Jiggers, where he started his apprenticeship that same summer. Ollivander had let Severus stay with them that summer while he worked for Master Jiggers. Ollivander had also convinced the old potions master to pay Severus while he trained him.

Every morning he would go to the shop for training and work, Juliet did her own training and work at the wand shop. They would have lunch at her house with Robbie and get back to it. He would come back for dinner and they would spend their nights in each other's company before bed and repeat.

He saved all the money he earned that summer to buy Juliet a ring. When he asked Ollivander for his granddaughter's hand he almost shit himself. The old man had put him through hell with the questions and judgment before he broke a huge smile and said 'of course.'

After Juliet left, Severus threw himself into his apprenticeship. He was allowed to stay in a room above the shop. He hardly ate or slept and Master Jiggers knew.

He had told Severus he couldn't and wouldn't keep him as an apprentice anymore. No matter how much Severus begged. The old man told him that he needed to take care of himself and being here within walking distance from the wand shop wasn't helping.

Jiggers had sent him to Germany to finish his last year with a friend of his. He did it out of care for him. It took Severus years to understand that. He was forever grateful.

Severus would randomly stop in the wand shop over the last 17 years when he needed to go to their spot in the attic. Ollivander added Severus to the wards and he always came in the back door. Neither of them wanted to talk about her. It hurt too much when they did see each other it was a nod of acknowledgment.

Both of them made sure to leave her things and room exactly as she left it. Robbie helped put a forever stasis charm on the attic and her bedroom.

The attic also led to the roof. Another one of her favorite spots because the shop was connected to the owlery next door. Whenever the owner let them free for the night she liked to watch the birds take flight and circle above.

It was also where he proposed to her. He never stepped foot on the roof after she left. Because the only way he would come down is off that ledge.

Whenever he entered the attic he was hit with her smell. He spent the night in there occasionally a few times a year. He would take off his robes and shoes and fall asleep on the mound of pillows hugging one to death.
He would wake up with a quilt over him and a tray of food on the window ledge. Robbie had promised Juliet that he would take care of Severus and he kept that promise.

He couldn't bear to go into the wand shop today. He wasn't in the mood for any more self-torture today. He watched it for a few more minutes and turned to leave to the apparition point. He had more preparation to do.
August 1995

Lucius had given Severus the confirmation via unmarked owl. Umbridge had been the one that sent the dementors after Potter. She had slipped Fudge's forged signature on some documents and left a messy paper trail. Smart as a troll, as Lucius said. He also sent the unregistered portkey, passports and forged death certificates.

Severus sent an unmarked owl to McGonagall that he had the information Dumbledore needed. He didn't want to send his Patronus, he couldn't stand to look at it right now. He needed to be strong, he couldn't have another break down before she came. If she came.

He cursed at himself and went back to his preparations, he had more documents and gear to move at a moment's notice. He had potions to brew for their travel if either of them needed medical attention. He brewed a dozen vials of dittany just in case. Of course, it was all 'just in case she wants to leave.' But he wanted out. Out of this life, out of this prison of darkness. He would convince her to leave with him.

A week later his unmarked owl returned. He was being summoned go Hogwarts instead of headquarters. He had been avoiding going back early. He knew all he would do was pace the room of requirement impatiently and go insane.

He looked at the pocket watch.

2 days, 36 hours, 2160 minutes, 129600 seconds

The second hand was ticking like a heartbeat in his head. His stomach was turning with nervousness. He waited for so long and now it was time. Rejection time.

No. He doubted her before. She promised him that she would always love him. Always want him. But that was before he became….this.


He slammed his trunk shut and locked it. Shrinking it and tucking it away in his robes, he did a final walkthrough of the house. He hated all of it but it what could he do about it? He figured he might as well stay at the school until she arrived.

He only kept the house so he didn't have to pay out of pocket for a place during the summer. He didn't spend money, that was for Juliet. And he would have gone insane if he spent his whole life in that castle.

He set his wards and apparated away.

When he got to the school he made his way through the castle swiftly. Before he reached Dumbledore's office Minerva called out to him. He paused and let her catch up.

"Its good to see you, Severus. How was your summer?" She asked as she matched his pace.

"Same as every year, except this time I got to go to a reunion of sorts." He said sarcastically. The walls and eyes had ears so he didn't come right out and say he spent it with the Dark Lord and other Death Eaters.
"I hope you…." She trailed off awkwardly.


"I didn't mean it like that."

He didn't respond. When they reached the Gargoyle he let her enter first.

"Good to see both of you! How was your summer?" Albus said and looked at both of them.

She awkwardly fidgeted with her hands and pursed her lips. Severus scowled at her.

"Alright….on to business then?" Albus cleared his throat awkwardly. "What did you find out about the dementors?"

"None of the Death Eaters are responsible for it. Turns out it was Dolores Umbridge who forged the minister's signature on the Azkaban paperwork to send them." He explained.

"Oh, that horrible woman. I can't believe they are forcing us to let her teach here." Minerva said and shook her head.

His head snapped to her direction "You knew too? Why the hell am I always the last to know?"

"Socialize more, my dear. As a recluse, you miss out on things." She said.

"Oh yes, because it would be a good thing for the Dark Lord to see me gossiping with an order member over tea in Hogsmeade." He said sarcastically.

"Severus-" Albus started to explain.

He put his hand up and shook his head "It doesn't matter. I'm out of here in two days. I hope you've found a replacement Potions Master."

"My word! You're putting in your resignation?" She gasped.

"Albus knew this was coming. Maybe you need to socialize more." His eyebrow raised in her direction.

She huffed and looked away from him. He always loved it when he was able to win a verbal sparring match with her.

"We will talk about that when we all meet at headquarters. Have you any other information?" Albus said ominously.

Severus' face was set in a firm scowl. "Don't tell me you're going to convince me to stay? I'll tell you now, don't waste your breath."

"I said we will discuss that later. Do you have any news?"

He eyed the older man cautiously. His mind racing to everything he could possibly have over him to stay. He thought of nothing.

"No."

"Very well, I'm sure you've gathered that you are to stay at the castle until she gets here. Then we meet at headquarters, as previously discussed. I need you to help Minerva prepare for our new
Defense teacher. Make sure she will have limited access to the areas we don't want her snooping. Make absolutely certain the wards are in place and that she won't be able to alter them. If the ministry got a hold of the castle…" Albus ordered.

"Yes, yes. We would lose the war. Is that all?" he said sarcastically.

Minerva scowled at him and moved forward to start her part of the meeting. When he was dismissed he went straight to the room of requirement. He told himself to stay away until it was time but he was a sucker for pain evidently.

When he got to the 7th-floor corridor he was sucked back into the memories of her. He entered the room of requirement after giving it the information it needed.

It wasn't the same room set up as when she left, he couldn't see that room right now. It was set up for their first intimate time together. The first time they confessed their love for each other.

The room felt wrong without her. It didn't smell like her, there was no warmth no matter how high the fire in the grate burned.

June 1977

They had been together for eight months, officially for 6. Minus her time in the hospital and the time he pushed her away, but who was counting?

The Marauders gave them both a wide berth in the halls and avoided them completely. They were too busy working on making another map.

Severus held his head higher than he ever did before. He stopped putting his hair in his face, he stood taller and smiled more. Whenever they were together she pushed his hair back away from his face and told him he needed to stop hiding. So he started to wear his hair straight back and let it fall behind him.

He used the map he stole from Black to his advantage. He would sneak out of Slytherin dorm and make his way through the castle to her. She would sneak out of Ravenclaw tower and they would spend their nights kissing in the astronomy tower.

One night they both forgot that the actual astronomy class and teacher were scheduled to view a meteor shower. He pulled her into a doorway on the 7th floor to avoid getting caught.

He didn't know it was the same one that she had been stuck in with Black. He was caught up in the moment.

"Shit. I'm sorry. I didn't know this was it." He whispered and held her to him.

He felt a cool breeze hit him and he opened his eyes. The broom closet surrounding them was gone. An open room with tall windows and a burning fireplace surrounded them.

They looked at each other in surprise. He had only ever heard rumors about the room of requirement. He never thought it actually existed. It angered him to know that Black had only 'needed' a broom closet with her.

She stepped forward and pointed towards the fireplace. Instantly a mountain of pillows appeared by it on the floor and she smiled at him. Almost like the ones she had at home. She grabbed his hand and led him forward.
They spent an hour kissing and exploring with heavy petting before Severus moaned and blurted out that he loved her.

"Shit. I didn't mean- I meant it. But I didn't mean it now. Oh, fuck." He stammered his apology. He clenched his eyes shut, willing this awkward moment to go away.

"Severus?" She whispered.

He opened his eyes and looked down at her big silver ones. So innocent and curious.

"Did you mean it?"

His mind went into a panic, he saw the look in her eyes. If he said the wrong thing he would hurt her. He swore he would never hurt her.

"Yes." He said firmly. "I love you, Juliet." No going back now.

She gave him the biggest smile he had ever seen. She kissed him.

"I love you, Severus." She whispered.

He felt his heart beating at a rapid pace. "Again. Say it again."

"I love you, Severus."

He had never heard anyone say those precious words to him. Ever. Not his mother, nor father and especially not Lily.

He reached for her and pulled her down to lay on the pillows with him. He leaned over her and looked down at her. She was smiling and reaching for him.

"It's ok. I'm ready." She whispered.

He would be damned if this time was going to be a repeat of their first time by the tree. Since then he had researched anything and everything about sex the library and his dorm mate's magazines had to offer.

Now it was show time. He was hell-bent and determined to make this memorable for her. In a good way.

"Take off your shirt. Slowly." He ordered.

She pulled up her blouse slowly and over her breasts. She pulled it over her head and set it aside. She wasn't wearing a bra. He restrained himself from diving in his first.

He watched as the fire played its shadows across her skin. "You're perfect."

She blushed.

"Now your bottoms." He ordered her.

Slowly she wiggled her hips and took off her pajama pants and her panties came with them. Despite her shyness, she didn't cover herself.

He reached his hand to her and paused, waiting for her approval. She gave it to him and let out a shaky breath.
He explored her body by touch, taste, smell, sight, and sound. He touched her and watched her writhe beneath him. He listened to her gasps and her breathing pick up. He smelled her all around him, her scent covering him as he tasted her.

He made her angelic looking with just his touch. He watched her breath his name as she came in his hands again and again. Her back arching against him, trying to be closer.

After her third orgasm, she begged him for more. She begged for him. He slowly took off his own clothes and positioned himself between her legs. He watched her looking at him. Now he was the shy one.

He wanted to know, needed to know if he was bigger than Black. Now wasn't the time. He scolded himself for thinking of something that petty when a gorgeous naked girl was in front of him. She seemed to read his mind.

"It's so big!" she gasped.

He smirked as she fed his ego. He moved closer and rubbed against her thigh. He bit his lip. So soft.

"Will it hurt?" She whispered.

He put his arms on either side of her head and held himself above her.

"I will go slow. The first part won't be pleasant but I promise I will make it better." He said and kissed her.

"I trust you."

"Touch me." He said as he rubbed his tip against her. He wanted to get her mind off of being nervous.

Her hands came up and moved across his chest and abs. She caressed his face and neck.

He lined himself up to her and watched her face as he slowly pushed his way through. Her eyes went wide but her breathing was slow. A would be moan.

He never thought he would feel something this soft and warm in his life. He eased out a bit and quickly moved his hips forward. He was flush with her now, he felt the resistance of her and he pushed through.

Before she could react to the pain his right hand was already working her nub between them and his mouth on her breasts. Instinct took over for him and his hips moved on their own. He was close already.

He bit his cheek to remain in control. But she was so tight and warm and perfect.

Her hands were tangled in his hair and she was breathing his name over and over. He didn't think she could get any tighter, but she did. He read that this was when they orgasm. He heard the loud suction between them. He was going over the edge.

At the peak of her climax, he felt her milking him. Her lips on his pulse point. Damn near squeezing him to death. A perfect way to die, he thought as he came with her. He never had an orgasm of his own that intense.

He was hooked. Obsessed, addicted, consumed by her. Both of them out of breath and covered in
sweat. Gazing into each other's eyes, she smiled at him.

"I love you, Severus."

"I love you, Juliet."

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August 1995

He was sitting on the pillows they had been on many nights throughout their remaining time together. No matter how many damn pillows the room provided for him it was still lonely and cold. He stared in the fire and thought of what he would do to her when she returned. When he was younger he was so inexperienced and naïve. His movements were robotic and awkward.

He still hasn't been with anyone but her, but it didn't mean he didn't research more. The things he had seen at the revels taught him a lot as well. Things he imagined doing to her made him shiver.

Would she let him? He was a murdering death eater now. She wouldn't want him touching her. She would run away at the sight of his tainted flesh.

He rubbed his face with both hands and felt the stubble setting in. God, when was the last time he shaved?

He got up and put his cloak back on. He looked around one last time and returned to his chambers in the dungeons. He needed to prepare the last of his belongings.

He heard a squawk upon entering his living room.

"Hello Corvus, you're here early." He said to the raven at his home by the open window.

Corvus squawked again like it was upset.

"Ah, yes. You're here for her too. I guess you're right on time then. Enjoy your summer?" he asked as he took off his cloak and outer robes.

A quieter squawk came back.

"Yeah, I don't want to talk about it either."

Corvus had his own spot on the bookshelf by the window. He had made his own nest out of grass and sticks. Random shiny pebbles and stones on it as well. The window remained open all year round for him with a ward to block unwanted weather from coming in.

Severus noticed something shiny poking out of his nest that usually wasn't there. He walked towards the nest to inspect.

"What's this?" he picked up a golden ring with a large diamond in it.

Corvus remained silent.

He found a watch, a necklace and three more rings in the nest. "What the bloody hell is this? Don't tell me you found it. This is too much to 'find', Corvus."

He gave a sharp chirp at Severus.

"For Juliet? All of this?" he asked.
Corvus let out a series of clicks and chirps at Severus, ending with a whistle. It had taken Severus three years to finally understand the damn bird and he regretted it. He never shut up.

"How do I know she'll like it? I've waited just like you. But I can tell you that she won't like where you got it."

Corvus squawked angrily.

"I'm not going to snitch on you, but you have a damn paper clipping showing your crimes! What the hell Corvus?! Muggles? You terrorized muggles for their jewelry?" Severus held up a poorly cut muggle newspaper clipping.

It told of a large black raven terrorizing people in the Queens Square in Bristol. It even had a still picture of him swooping down on a poor woman who had a shiny hair clip.

Corvus snatched it back quickly with his beak and put it back in his nest.

"You're so full of yourself. I'm not going to say anything but when the Magical Animal Control shows up, I don't know you." He snorted.

Corvus squawked back at him again.

"What do you mean after all we've been through? No. I'm done arguing with a damn bird." He wasn't going to be baited further into an argument with him.

He sat down in his favorite chair by the fireplace and poured himself some tea the elves left out in stasis for him. His mind started to wander.

"Shit. Now I have to get her something." He muttered and scowled at Corvus from across the room.

Corvus chirped as if he was taunting him.

"No. I'm not getting her jewelry. But I'm buying her something legally." He said sarcastically.

Corvus whistled and held up the shiny ring.

"Fucking show off." He muttered into his teacup.

After an hour he decided on getting her favorite flower to present to her. He would make the trip down to Hogsmeade tomorrow after breakfast.

His stomach flipped. *Tomorrow*. She would be here tomorrow night. He couldn't shake the nerves he was feeling.

He glanced to his left and saw his other journal on the side table. He growled in frustration. How could he have forgotten about that one?

It was a plain black book that had its edges singed. There were a few drunken nights where he threw it in the flames. After a few moments of clarity, he saved it.

He wrote every sin he ever committed in this book. The lies, the murders, the stealing, the drugs, the drinking, the death eaters, the self-inflicted pain. All of it.

He thought of it after his second year without her. Whenever she returned he knew he had to tell her everything. He couldn't and wouldn't lie to her. He thought it would be easier to write them down instead of voicing them to her.
The pages were full of broken writing, spilled ink, tears, blood that was his and blood that wasn't. He didn't want her to know but she needed to. She needed to know who he was, what he became. The monster he created after she left.

He decided he wouldn't give it to her immediately. She would have enough to handle on her return. He would wait until she adjusted to life in the future.

He scoffed. Future. This wasn't the future, it was a prison sentence finally ending.

He knew he wasn't going to sleep tonight. He couldn't stop thinking about what she looked like the last time he saw her. His heart broke imagining her crying face and her hands reaching for him.

He was too sober for this.

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**April 1978**

Severus was king of the world in his mind. He had the perfect fiancé, an apprenticeship waiting for him, he made the Slytherin Quidditch team as a chaser.

For his birthday in January, Juliet had given him a silver pocket watch with a timer setting. She said all great potions masters had one. Then she had given him another gift in their special place on the 7th floor.

It was the first time either of them experienced oral. And it certainly wouldn't be the last he promised himself. He walked around with the biggest lopsided grin on his face for a week.

Her birthday came on February 10th and he had gotten her a flower with a small pendant to match the locket he got her for Christmas.

They had just finished their finals and were waiting for the school year to end. They had plans to stay with her grandfather at the wand shop until his apprenticeship was over. Then once he secured a job and moved them into their own flat, they would plan the wedding.

Until one day Dumbledore called upon her to his office. Severus didn't know why she was called or what was said in their meeting but when she returned she was sobbing.

He thought the worst. He thought her grandfather passed or that she was going to be expelled for something.

She told him that the headmaster was making her leave. Something about a special task she was to uphold for her family. She was sworn to secrecy on the details of it but she would be leaving in two days.

Severus panicked. He never imagined life without her for even a day. He tried to convince her to run away with him. But she turned down the offer. She said that they wouldn't let her leave.

He had gotten upset, blaming Dumbledore for ruining their lives, then even accused her of making up the story as a means to break up with him. He apologized immediately when the words left his mouth.

He asked multiple times how long her task would last and she couldn't answer him. She didn't know. He had gone straight to Dumbledore demanding information but was denied and sent away.

Then the day came.
He couldn't let her go. He followed her and Dumbledore on the map. Ollivander was with them, walking towards their spot on the 7th floor. He slipped in before the door closed and grabbed her.

"No!" he yelled and held her close.

Both men spun around and were surprised to see him.

"Severus, it's time. I'm sorry, you need to let her go." Dumbledore said.

She shook her head no and held on to Severus tightly. Ollivander put his hand on her shoulder and silently nodded his head.

She looked back at Severus and whispered: "I'm sorry." Tears spilled down her cheeks.

"No. I need you. Don't go. Where are you going?" he cried.

"She's going to the future," Ollivander said.

"Garrick!" Dumbledore warned.

"You keep too many damn secrets! He has a right to know!" he snapped.

Dumbledore held out a large time turner and a scroll to her "Miss Ollivander if you will?"

"Damn it, Albus! Let them say their goodbyes at least!" he yelled.

He stood down and both men moved farther away from them and gave them space.

Severus pulled her tighter and kissed her. "Is it true? The future?"

She nodded and put both of her hands on his face. "I'm scared."

That's when he realized that he needed to be strong for her. Kicking and screaming is not going to help her. He told her she never had to be scared when with him. He buried his rage for her.

"It's gonna be ok. I'm going to be right here when you get back." He promised.

"Really?"

He pushed her hair away from her face and ducked his head so their foreheads were touching.

"I promise. I'll be standing right here when you get back. Then we will get married and be together forever and always." He said.

He spoke gently to her, memorizing everything he could about her.

'You'll wait for me? What if I'm gone for years?' she signed.

"The next time you blink, your next breath, your next heartbeat, I'll be right here waiting for you. I promise."

She gave him a sad smile and let him pull her into a kiss. His arms crushing her to him and her hands tangled in his hair.

"It's time," Dumbledore said.

She pulled back and whispered, "Don't forget about me."
She hugged her grandfather one last time and kissed his cheek.

She stepped away from him and walked towards the center of the room where the old man waited for her.

He handed her a scroll and said "I need you to read this. Memorize it. Everything. Never repeat it to anyone but me. Let me know when you're done."

She took the scroll and wiped her tears. She read it for several minutes and handed it back. He wandlessly set it on fire. He discretely handed her something else and she put it in her robes.

He placed the short golden chain around her neck and leaned in close to her so he wouldn't be overheard. Severus tried to move closer, he heard nothing.

Dumbledore mumbled one last thing to her before activating the time turner and stepped away quickly.

Severus saw her eyes open wide and reach for him with her mouth forming the word 'NO'.

The room filled with a bright silver light and she flickered rapidly until she was gone. Severus rushed to the center of the room where she stood. He fell to his knees.

"I'll never forget you." He whispered through his tears.

"She's helping the greater good, Severus. Remember that." Dumbledore said and put his hand on his shoulder.

"Don't feed him that crap, Albus. He's young, not stupid. I won't stand here and let you fuck with his emotions too." Ollivander said angrily.

"How long?" Severus asked from his spot on the floor. His tears hitting the stone.

"I'm afraid I cannot tell you."

"Days? Weeks? Months? YEARS?! FUCKING TELL ME, YOU BASTARD!" he got louder and louder with each word. Severus stood up and clenched his fists at his side.

"It's confidential. But I will let you know when she does. It's time to go." Dumbledore said.

"Leave him alone. We're all grieving." Ollivander said and motioned for the other man to follow him.

They left Severus alone in the Room of Requirement. He broke down and cried for hours. He spent the night on the cold stone floor in the dark room. He tried to ask the room to bring her back but nothing happened.

His despair turned to rage and his magic became uncontrollable and burst from him. The flames scorched around him and left its mark in a large circle.

He was alone.
August 1995

It was raining. He was already in a shit mood. He hasn't gotten any sleep and he hasn't had a proper meal in...well, he couldn't remember. After his morning workout, he had showered at least three times and kept messing with his hair.

Was it too long? Should he cut it? How should he comb it? Stupid. Stupid. She wouldn't care.

Would she?

He growled at his reflection and started getting dressed. That was another whole internal war with himself. Too much black. Was it? Did it matter? He didn't own anything else. Stupid robes and stupid hair.

Should he buy a new set while he was in Hogsmeade? No. Money was for Juliet. If she wanted him to wear something different, then he would. No, he wouldn't. he was a grumpy old man set in his ways.

Old man.

What if he was a sick old pervert claiming an innocent young girl? He was no better than Black. God damn it. He spent the last seventeen years building their life together, he wasn't letting her go now.

He checked his watch a million times. He needed to kill time before he wore a hole in the rug by the fire.

*Kill time.*

He scoffed. If he could, he most definitely would. The sick sadistic fucker called time. Or Dumbledore. He could kill Dumbledore. He was in a shitty mood today.

Corvus was being an ass today as well. More so than usual, at least. He repetitively asked Severus if it was time yet. He threatened to stuff him and attach him to a hat for Longbottom's grandmother to wear.

Hogsmeade was in a bustle of people shopping for the new school year. He had forgotten all about it. His mood got worse. Parents were doing shopping for their children before the term and he absolutely hated crowds. And it was cloudy, it was going to rain today. That didn't help his shitty mood.

He traveled through the back alleys and side streets to get to the florist. He came once a year, on the anniversary of her departure. Every April he visited the Florist, picked one dahlia and went to the room of requirement. And every year the old florist never charged him.

The first time he came he got three of them, he missed the first two years due to being a death eater and unable to be at Hogwarts. It was the same routine, April 19th he would come to get his flower. Then go to the room of requirement, visit their tree, then go to her spot in the attic of the wand shop.

This was the first year he ever visited more than once. The old florist did a double take and gasped. She rushed to him and asked if she had died or returned.
He told her neither yet but he would inform her once he knew. He picked two flowers this time and left seventeen galleons on her counter despite her protest. One for each year he had come to the shop. He carefully put them in his inner robe pocket and went back to the castle. He went to their tree first.

He ran his hand over the knot in the tree that he carved their initials in. He remembered how she joked that he was so tall he wrote it too high for her to see. Each year he cut another line around their initials to mark another year gone. He pulled his wand out and cut the final mark to complete the circle.

Thunder boomed above him and it started to rain. Hard. He didn't know how much more of today he could take before he started to set things on fire. Intentionally or otherwise.

He pulled his hood up and went back to the castle. He dried himself off with his wand and cleaned the mud off his boots. He checked the watch again.

0 days, 3 hours, 192 minutes, 11520 seconds

The bells from the clock in the hall rang and signaled dinner time. He couldn't eat now, his nerves were all over the place.

He wanted to wait until it was closer to the time she got there before he drove himself mad. What if she was early? What if she came back and he wasn't there like he promised. He broke into a full sprint to the 7th floor. He was grateful the castle was empty or else he would have used his wand to clear the way and everyone would have thought he'd gone mad.

He burst into the room of requirement and looked around wildly. It was empty. He was grateful he didn't miss her but instantly depressed she wasn't there yet.

He took out both of the flowers from his inner robes and walked to the center of the room. The scorch marks on the stone he left 17 years ago were still there. Every flower he had gotten her was placed in a ring around where she left, on top of the burn marks.

He had built a shrine out of it. Holding her on this pedestal his whole life. Praying to her through this holy ground he worshiped.

He placed a forever stasis charm on it and set it down amongst the others, completing the circle of green dahlias. Stepping back and walking around it a few times. He held the other flower in his hands, twirling it and bringing it up to smell it occasionally. It smelled like her but it didn't do her justice.

0 days, 0 hours, 2 minutes, 124 seconds

He stood back by a pillar, hidden in the shadows. The rain had cleared and let in the moonlight. His heart was pounding in his chest. His palms were sweating and he felt nauseous.

His pocket watch timers had gone off and vibrated. He silenced them immediately and pocketed it.

She didn't show.

A million thoughts ran through his head as he plotted the many ways he would kill Albus Dumbledore.

A bright silver light started off small in the center of the circle, hovering four feet from the ground. He stood up straight, his mouth felt dry.
A loud humming noise came from the light and he swore he saw her outline. It got darker and darker by the second. She was flickering into existence in midair. As the light got brighter it hurt his eyes but refused to look away.

The light finally started to fade and she stayed hovering in the air for a few moments with her face to the ceiling and her arms limp at her side. She looked angelic and peaceful to him.

She slowly drifted to the floor and dropped to her knees. Her hands came out and braced herself on the ground in front of her. She lifted her head and looked around, tears covered her face. She started panicking, it was dark and she didn't see him.

"S-s-Severus?" She whispered to the room.

He heard her loud and clear. He stepped out from the shadows and cautiously stood across the room. He didn't know what to do. She sat up on her knees and reached a hand out to him. He slowly made his way closer to her.

Suddenly her face contorted in pain and both of her hands came up to her chest. Her hands clawed at her blouse and she writhed on the floor. She hissed in pain and grabbed the time turner from her neck and broke the chain off.

Severus snapped into action and dropped the flower he was holding. He rushed to her and skidded on his knees. Her hand was burning now and she couldn't let it go, it was melting itself into her skin. He grabbed her hand and pried it open with his own and using his wand. He magically lifted it off her hand and flung it to the ground behind him.

She lifted her free hand and touched the side of his face. He let her and kept his focus on healing her hand. He pulled dittany and salve from his robes and started to apply it to her hand.

He used his wand and a bandage shot out and wrapped itself around her hand. He put his wand away and looked down at her for the first time.

"You're alive." She whispered and threw her arms around his neck, burying her face in his neck.

He wrapped his arms around her tightly and pulled her into his lap. His face in her hair, taking in the scent he missed so much. He missed her touch, more than he ever knew. He couldn't remember the last time he had physical contact with anyone that wasn't her, a medic or someone torturing him.

He felt her go limp in his arms, she was so exhausted that she passed out. He looked down at her sleeping face and finally felt at peace. He stood up and picked her up with him. She was so light in his arms.

Despite everything he wanted right now, he had orders to take her to headquarters. She could rest there, meet with Dumbledore and then they would be free. The sooner he got her there, the sooner they could leave.

He picked up the forgotten flower, the overheating time turner and placed it in a conjured warded vial. Then he wrapped her in his cloak. He carried her out of the room, through the castle and out the doors. He didn't pay any attention to the rain hitting him, he tucked her into his chest with his cloak protecting her from the wind and rain. When he passed the gates and the wards he apparated to headquarters.

He quietly entered the front door and closed it behind them. She was snuggled against his chest. He felt the wards raise their silent alarm and cursed to himself. He forgot about the damn wards! He
heard movement in the kitchen and living room.

Shit mood today.

He was met at the end of the hallway by Arthur and Molly first. Their wands aimed at his chest. He turned to shield her away from them.

"What was the first year you taught one of my children and what was their name?" Arthur asked.


It was a good security question. Hardly anyone could keep up with their family tree.

"Severus. What's going on?" Molly said as she put her wand away.

Lupin and Tonks appeared next. He scowled at the crowd that was forming. He loathed crowds.

"Tell Albus I have arrived with the package."

He turned to the stairway and gripped her tighter.

Molly saw two small feet and a bandaged hand dangling from the cloaked bundle he was carrying. She gasped "Who is that? Do they need medical treatment?"

"I've got it handled, tell Albus I've arrived with the package. Now." He growled and turned to the stairs.

He took the stairs two and three at a time and rushed to his room. He sneered at Potter on his way up. Then he kicked the door open and slammed it shut with his heel. He laid her on the bed and pulled his wand out quickly to set his wards on the door and room.

Moving back to the bed, he removed her shoes and his cloak. He brought the blanket up to her chin and tucked her in. He forgot that his bed was only a full size and pushed into the corner of the room.

He had one of the larger rooms with its own bathroom, Dumbledore made sure of that so he could tend to his own wounds in private. They had taken the other full bed for one of the Weasley children. With him being such a paranoid spy he pushed his bed to the corner.

He always slept with his back against the wall, facing the door with his wand under his pillow. Now she was here, in his bed.

He used his wand to dry himself off and took up one of the armchairs by the fireplace. Luckily his room had it's own sitting area. He lit the fire and watched her from his seat.

She was here. He couldn't believe it. He finally had her. He was pissed that she had gotten hurt but she was alive nonetheless. Alive.

What did she mean when she said he was alive? Why wouldn't she think he was alive?

* Dumbledore

He closed his eyes and rested his hand on his chin that was leaning on the arm of his chair. He tried to calm his rage for the old man. She had gotten hurt because of this top-secret mission and he made her believe he was dead.

Before he knew it, he fell asleep.
Harry rushed back to the room where his friends were. He closed the door and waited until they were all huddled close. Ginny and Hermione sat on the bed by the window and Ron and the twins sat on the other.

"It was Professor Snape. He brought someone. He was carrying them." He whispered.

"Did you see who it was?" Ginny asked.

"No, he had them wrapped in his cloak. He was soaking wet. I think it was that girl I overheard Snape and Dumbledore talking about. I saw her hand was bandaged." He said excitedly.

"Do you think she was dead?" Ron asked.

"Professor Snape wouldn't bring a dead girl here, Ron," Hermione said.

"She wasn't awake, that's for sure. I heard Mrs. Weasley ask if she needed medical attention and Snape just said to tell Dumbledore he was here with the package." Harry explained.

"She's dead!" Ron said loudly.

"SHHHH!" they all whispered and hit him.

"What did you overhear from Dumbledore?" Fred asked.

"He ordered Snape to kidnap and kill a girl!" Ron said.

"Will you ever shut up?!!" Ginny hissed and threw a pillow.

"Why would he kill a girl?" George ask.

"He wouldn't. That's why we are trying to figure out why he brought her." Hermione explained.

"Why did he call her the package if she wasn't alive?" Harry asked.

"Don't you start too!" Ginny scolded.

"There's only one way to find out isn't there?" Harry said and walked towards his trunk to fish out his invisibility cloak.

"No. Don't even think about it Harry Potter. You'll get in serious trouble!" Hermione said and jumped up and pointed her finger at him.

He held his hands up and said "What if she's hurt? Well, she already is! What if he's gonna torture her for information? We're at war, Cedric was a casualty and I won't stand by and have any more on account of me."

"We'll help!" the twins said.

"But what if she's a Death Eater? Like a bad person? What if he's doing us all a favor?" Ron said.

"Why are you such a prat?!" Ginny yelled.

"One of us has to be thinking outside the box, Ginny! You heard Moody, we're at war and we have to be ten steps ahead of You-know-who!" Ron punched his fist in his other open hand.

"Sometimes we don't know if you're even thinking at all!" the twins laughed.
"No! Just let Dumbledore handle this! If this was something Harry needed to be a part of, then he would! At least wait until he gets here and let's see what happens!" Ginny said.

"Hey, what if his job is to torture her for information and then kill her? Until Dumbledore gets here." Rom suggested.

"You're not helping!" Hermione said.

"Let's ask Sirius. He'll know what to do." Harry said.
Chapter 14

Chapter Notes

To clear something up about Juliet being mute, she has an underdeveloped larynx. Her condition is not due to mental capacity or choice. The vocal chords do not vibrate to create the audible turbulence for speech. But enough air passes to allow her to whisper. The best way to describe this is not so much mute but more voicelessness. Although when writing, mute is the best term.

Are you guys ready for some verbal sparring between Severus and Sirius? How about Severus and Juliet fluff? who doesn't love fluff?

He didn't hear Juliet get up. She quietly made her way to him and stood before him. She watched him for a few moments before she reached out and touched his arm.

His eyes snapped open and his instincts kicked in. he grabbed her hand and his wand was on her instantly. Her big eyes looked at him without fear. He lowered his wand immediately and let her go.

Apparently she had found the bathroom and had showered and changed. He must have been tired to not hear any of it. She changed out of her old school robes and into her favorite sleep wear. Severus' old Slytherin quidditch jersey. He hadn't seen it since he gave it to her.

It was green with the silver stripes on the shoulders and his silver number '2' on it. The Slytherin crest on both shoulders and front left breast. On the back the silver lettering that spelled out his name 'SNAPE'. The jersey was meant to be worn over his quidditch protective gear so it was massive on her. They wore large hockey type jerseys before switching for robes a few years later.

The collar of the jersey slipped off one of her shoulders, its length went down to her mid-thigh and she wasn't wearing pajama bottoms. Now he remembered why he gave it to her. His mouth went dry.

He stood up and towered over her, he didn't remember her being this short. Before she left, she came up to the middle of his chest and now she barely reached it. He remembered that she was barely 5'2 despite her claiming 5'5. Compared to his fully grown height at 6'4 and added height with his boots, she was tiny.

There was so much he wanted to say, so much he needed to say. So much to confess and so much forgiveness to beg for. He didn't know where to start. Once she knew, she would leave.

He needed her though, he at least wanted to steal all the moments he could with her before he drove her away. The other half of him was greedy. He didn't want to tell her anything, keep her to himself locked away forever.

They silently stared at each other for what seemed like forever. He reached his right hand out to her face and waited for her approval. She smiled at him and put her hands up to his chest. His thumb
caressed her cheek, then moved to her chin. Her hands slid up the front of his robes, towards his face. They were exploring each other. Trying to learn everything all over again.

He slowly started to lean closer to her. Her arms circled his neck and pulled him into her.

"Juliet, my love." His voice was low and deep. "I've missed you."

She pulled him in to her and their lips met. Finally. After 17 years apart they had finally been reunited. It had been mere moment a for her, but for him, it was an eternity.

His left hand reached for her waist and pulled her flush to him. His tall height was making it difficult for them to keep their lips on each other and be close. Her back was arched and leaning backward.

Her tongue swiped at his bottom lip and he groaned. His tongue met hers and their kiss intensified. The first sense of pleasure he had felt for the first time since she left. She tugged on his bottom lip and his mind went to the gutter.

He pulled his lips away from her and tried to catch his breath. If they continued, he wouldn't be able to stop himself. She would be on that bed, naked and under him writhing in pleasure.

"I love you." She breathed.

He felt his heart flutter like when he was younger. He tried to slow his breathing but couldn't as her hands traveled to the top row of buttons on his robes. He let her continue, she would see his scars and marks soon enough.

When the buttons were undone and his robes open, her hands slid their way up his torso over his white buttoned shirt. She pushed the robes off his shoulders and they fell to a bundle by his feet. She started with the next set of buttons on his shirt, starting at the collar.

Her hands tugged at his shirt, pulling it from being tucked in his pants. His breath picked up as her hands touched this bare skin. Her fingers travelled to the red lips printed on his pulse point.

"Your last kiss. I had to keep it." He explained.

She smiled softly and stood on her toes and kissed the tattoo. He felt his knees go weak. He would give into anything she said right now. *Anything.*

Her hands went down to his pecks and pushed his shirt off his shoulders to meet his robes on the floor. Despite the fire, he felt his skin rise to the cold air. It was summer but the house was still drafty. Severus thought that the Black family built it like that to add to the creepy mansion feel.

Her hands traveled across his torso, finding his scars and tracing the tattoo across his collar bone. 'Son of the Morning'

"This is who I am now."

She didn't question it, didn't turn away from him, she accepted it. She accepted him. Her lips kissed each letter. He wished he had gotten more words on his skin. Then her lips travelled to every scar, from his eyebrow where Potter had punched him on the train, to the scar above his lip from where Black kicked him. Then down to his Adam's apple where a knife was once held against his throat by another Death Eater.

He tilted his head back and closed his eyes. When her lips met the scars covering his sternum he bit
his lip. She was making her way lower, light kisses across his abs.

She stood up straight again and started with his right shoulder, running her finger tips across his muscles. She turned his arm over and ran her fingers over the raised skin on his wrists.

"I'm sorry. I was weak. I'm so sorry." His eyes were on her as she inspected cut lines and the tattooed dates.

She brought his wrist up to her lips and kissed each line. Then moved to his other shoulder, tracing the black ink and runes carved in his skin.

He flexed his bicep and his shield came up, pushing her hand away from him. She gasped and breathed a 'wow.' He lowered his shield and let her continue.

He swallowed the lump in his throat as she got to his dark mark. Her fingers outlined it and her face was unreadable. She knew what it was before she left the skull and snake were all over the headlines.

"I was stupid. I thought it was the answer to my weakness." He couldn't break it down any better than that.

He panicked, this was when she saw the monster he was. "I'm sorry. The things I've done…I wasn't strong enough. My weakness ruined everything."

She dropped his hand and signed to him 'No, you are not weak. To be here, standing so tall after everything you've been through. You are so strong and I am so proud of you.'

He grabbed her and crushed her to him. Everything he needed to hear all these years. That he was good enough for her. All his doubt and self consciousness melted away and were filled with confidence and love. But what about the things she didn't know?

She reached for his face and leaned into her hand. He sighed and relaxed to her touch.

"Come to bed." She whispered.

He wanted to. So bad. He didn't trust himself sharing a bed with her. He didn't want her to regret it later when she found out all of his other sins. They had only touched the surface.

"Juliet… I don't think we should…" he started.

She pulled her hand back and took a step away from him. She looked at the ground between them and hung her head with her hands folded in front of her.

He felt guilty instantly, it was their 6th year all over again, he was pushing her away. He was supposed to be older and wiser now. The first words he said to her in 17 years and they were telling her no. Damn it.

"But if you want me to, I will."

Her head shot up and she smiled at him. She nodded enthusiastically, he looked down at the exposed part of her skin and saw a burn mark on her chest.

His hand came out and hovered over it. She gave him permission.

"I didn't know it burned you here as well." He said and traced his finger tips over the raised scar tissue.
She had tried to heal it on her own and failed. It left a raised scar in the shape of an hourglass with three rings around it. It was still somewhat pink.

"You should have woke me. I would have healed it." His disappointed tone made her blush and look away.

"Let me see your hand." He ordered her.

She had reapplied her bandages after her shower. She put her hand in his and let him unwrap it. He ran his fingers over the hourglass-shaped scar with rings. Just like the one on her chest.

"I have a salve to help with the scaring but not here. I'll get it as soon as I'm able. Go lay down, I'll be there in a bit." He promised as he rewrapped it.

He went to the bathroom and got ready for bed. He left his shirt off and put on his pajama pants. When he came out she was in bed with the covers pulled up. He saw her trunk at the end of the bed, she must have shrunk it and had it in her pocket for her travels.

He got in bed and took his usual spot closest to the wall. He put his wand under her pillow and with both arms he held her. Her face tucked into his chest and their legs tangled together. He had the best sleep of his life that night.

The next morning Harry found Sirius right before lunch. They spoke to each other in the old dining room that had his family tree on the wall.

"Do you know anything about the task that Headmaster Dumbledore has given Professor Snape?" Harry asked. He knew his Godfather couldn't tell him specifics but he thought it was worth a shot.

"Not particularly, just that he has to keep his ears open for information about those Dementors. Why?" He was tracing the lines of the family tree from the top down to his name.

Harry didn't want to get in trouble for eavesdropping and admit guilt. "The order..... do they, I mean- do we kidnap people?"

He turned around quickly "What? Where is this coming from? We have never kidnapped anyone Harry! We've detained, arrested and questioned but never kidnapped. A lot of us were Aurors, even when off the clock we followed protocol."

Harry looked out the window for a few moments in silence as he chose his next words carefully. "And those of you who weren't Aurors? Were they in charge of doing the dirty work? I know this is war, I get that. But --"

"Just say it Harry."

He sighed and rubbed his scar out of habit "Last night, when the wards went off.... I saw Snape come in. He was carrying someone. I couldn't see who. But they looked like they were hurt. He had them covered with his cloak."

He pursed his lips and brought his hand up to stroke his mustache in thought. "I haven't heard about anything that. Did he say anything?"

"When Mrs. Weasley asked if they needed medical attention he said he had it handled. Then he told her to contact Dumbledore. To tell him that he had the package. What package, Sirius?" Harry's voice was firm and his posture tense.
Black stayed leaning against the wall looking down at the floor before he answered. His mind running over the information he'd been given. Then he smirked.

"The dirty bugger." He murmured.

"What?"

"Harry, I think you've gotten worked up over nothing. Albus hasn't said anything about Snape delivering a package or a person. I believe the greasy git brought a woman here." He smirked.

Harry was shocked "You mean…" then a look of disgust came.

"Some women will do anything for the right amount of coin. Just let me handle it alright? I'll have a few words with him and get to the bottom of it." He said and slapped Harry on the back.

Severus and Juliet had slept the whole day. Both of them getting their first decent rest in a long time. When he finally woke up, it was just before dinner time. He woke to something tickling his nose, then the feeling of something warm pressed against him.

He looked down to see Juliet wrapped in around him. A small smile on her lips, her hair trying to smother him, with one arm tucked between them and the other on his chest. He smiled, it wasn't a dream after all. She was really here.

He gently detached himself from her, climbed out of bed and got to his workout routine. Just because she was here now didn't mean he could slack off. Now he would work harder.

He sat on the floor, tucked his feet under the bed and started with his sit-ups, his hands crossed behind his back and started counting.

After his 10th one, he saw a pair of silver eyes peeking over the edge of the bed by him. After a few more she got closer, he chuckled to himself. She reminded him of a playful kitten, waiting to pounce.

When he came up again her lips met his quickly. He didn't have time to react, his body went back down to the floor. He smirked and came up for another sit up, and another kiss. She met him each time with a quick kiss.

"I could get used to 100 kisses every morning." He said and kissed her the last time before pulling her off the bed into his lap.

He rolled them over and laid her flat on the rug. "But 200 kisses would be better." He started his push-ups and kissed her each time he came down.

Halfway through she wrapped her arms around his neck and parted her legs. She pulled him to her and they were flush against each other. Things started getting heated until her stomach interrupted them.

He let out a deep chuckle. "I'm sorry. I forgot that it's been some time since you've eaten. Let me get ready and I will get you food."

He got up, showered, changed and came back into the room.

"I didn't get a chance to explain before. This isn't my home. We are at headquarters for the order and we can't leave here until Albus arrives." He said and kissed her forehead.

"Meaning, we aren't the only ones in this house." he sighed and rubbed his chin in frustration. "This
is Sirius Black's home. I know. I know. I don't want to be here. I don't want you here. But I didn't have a choice, Albus said we aren't free to leave until he meets with you."

Her eyes got big and she started to panic. She buried her face in his chest and held on to him.

"You're going to be safe. I promise. He won't get you, he doesn't even know you're here. Remember what I said? You don't have to be scared with me. I'll protect you from everything. After Albus get here we will leave and never come back. I can take you to see your grandfather." He wrapped his arms around her.

'Papa? He's alive!' she smiled clapped her hands.

"Yes, and he misses you very much. Then we can go anywhere in the world you want. I have money. So much money I saved for you, for us. No one will ever bother us again." He promised.

'Then we can get married?' She held up the hand with his engagement ring on it.

"Yes. Anything. We'll get married and be together forever. But first, let me go get us something to eat." He gave her his first genuine smile in 17 years.

She kissed him, long and hard. Everything was coming together finally. The plans were set and their future awaited them.

"Go take a shower and change. I'll be back with food by the time you get out."

She started to walk towards the bathroom. He grabbed her arm and spun her around. "Do not, under any circumstances, leave this room. Unless I tell you it's safe, do no leave. Do you understand?" his voice was firm. His possessiveness of her was strong, he didn't want to share her with the rest of the world.

He couldn't bare to think what would happen if Black found out she was here. Or if Potter and the other Gryffindor miscreants started poking their nose in his business. She was his and he would be damned if any of them would bother her.

Her arms around his neck and her lips on his jawline was the confirmation he needed. He kissed her one last time and removed his wards. He quickly exited the room and reset the wards. He looked around the hallway and went downstairs.

Everyone was already seated at the table and dinner had just started. It got quiet the instant he opened the door to the kitchen. Everyone watched him as he silently made his way to the fridge. Molly got up and followed him.

"How is your companion? Are you sure they don't need medical attention?" She asked while wiping her hands on her apron.

"They are fine. We just need food. Have you heard from Albus? Did he say when he was coming?" he asked in a hushed voice?

Everyone was watching them. Not bothering to try and hide it. He scowled at them all and they snapped their heads down to their plates. Except for Black.

"Companion? Is that what they call them these days?" Black called out from his seat at the head of the table.
Severus clenched his fist and grit his teeth. How dare he speak of Juliet like that! He checked himself before he did something stupid. No one knew it was her upstairs and they wouldn't know.

"Sirius!" she scolded. "Albus hasn't responded. I'm sorry. I even reached out to Minnie. She said he hasn't gotten back to her either and that you are to stay here with your friend until he does."

Everyone was watching them now. It was getting on his nerves. Now they were stuck here for God knows how long in a Gryffindor infested house.

"So Snape, how much does your friend charge? Double for the greasiness and triple just to touch you?" Black said loudly.

Everyone at the table either laughed or hid it behind their napkin.

"Sirius! Not in front of the children!" she said and covered Arthur's ears on accident.

He removed her hands from his head "Wrong Weasley, dear."

She moved over a seat and put her hands over Ron's ears.

Severus ignored his statement and kept talking to Molly "Is there anything left I can take?"

"Of course! There plenty! Why don't you and your friend come and join us? We don't mind." She said and started making two plates for him.

"No thank you, Molly. We're fine eating upstairs."

"Ashamed of your lady friend, Snape? She's gotta be twice as ugly if she's shagging up with you." Black said, now leaning on the back two legs of his chair with his hands folded behind his head.

"Tell me Black, how long has it been for you? You basically traded one prison for another. You can't even leave your own home. Was it your old cell mate at Azkaban? Was it your cousin? The old Black family tradition?" Severus shot back with a smirk.

Blacks face turned red. Gasps and murmurs were heard around the table. Tonks' hair and cheeks turned pink, it was her family too. The incest in the Black family was no secret.

"Will both of you stop it? Sirius, stop talking like that in front of the children. Severus, stop letting him bait you. Now go feed your friend, let me know if you want seconds. There are plenty. Do you think she'll want dessert?" She gave him the tray of food and a pitcher of pumpkin juice.

He took it from her and bowed his head in thanks. "Yes, I think so."

"How do we know it's a woman? Might be another bloke and I know for a fact you only got one bed up there." Black laughed.

"Alright, Padfoot. That's enough." Lupin said and shook his head.

"And we all know you share a room with a Hippogriff. A male Hippogriff. Is that why you were limping last week?" Severus smirked.

The Weasley twins couldn't contain their laughter anymore. Their fists were slamming on the table and they were bowing to their potions professor. George threw a white napkin at Black, joking that he should surrender.

Even Arthur was biting his lip to keep from laughing. Molly smacked Severus on the arm and
shooed him out of the room.

"Well, the pie is in the oven, not quite done yet. Give it a bit alright? I'll send it up later." She said and added silverware to his tray.

"It's alright, thank you, Molly." He said and made his way out of the room.

When he passed Black he noticed his wand was out, ready with his notorious tripping jinx. He was still leaning on the back two legs of his chair. Severus wandlessly nudged his chair back and Black toppled backward.

"Too much to drink, Black?" he asked innocently as he pushed the kitchen door and left.

"I fucking hate that man," Black said under his breath.
Harry and his friends sat in their rooms once again to talk about what happened at dinner. This time the twins couldn't stop grinning.

"That was bloody brilliant of Snape. Did you see Sirius' face?" Fred laughed.

"I thought he was gonna blow his top!" George said.

"Will you two shut up!" Ginny said and hit their arms.

"Who do you think is in there? You think Sirius is right? You really think Snape brought a whores!" Ron tried to say but Hermione hit him on the back of the head.

"Language! And of course not! Besides, even if Professor Snape did do that he wouldn't bring them here for everyone to see!" Hermione said.

"I don't think it's a woman… like that. I think it has to do something with Dumbledore. That was the first time he's been out of the room. You heard him and Mrs. Weasley. He's waiting for Dumbledore but McGonagall said for him and his friend to wait here. That means they know about her. And Snape didn't seem too happy about staying." Harry said and rubbed the palm of his left hand with his right thumb. It was a nervous tick he had been getting.

"So you still think it's a hostage?" Ginny asked.

"It makes sense. I hate to say it but it does. If she's a friend like McGonagall's message said then why haven't we seen her? We all know Snape, he would never ever share a room with anyone let alone be in someone else's company for longer than required. Why don't they have their own room? Why don't they come down for meals?" Harry went on.

"You heard Sirius, there's only one bed in there," Fred said and pointed his thumb over his shoulder towards the door.

"And we all know Snape isn't the type to share a bloody newspaper. Let alone a bed." Ron said.

"So you think there's a girl who's injured, possibly dead, tied to a chair in his room and he's torturing her for information?" Hermione asked sarcastically.

"Yes." All the boys said in unison.

"Oh come on, guys! I'm with Hermione on this one. You're jumping to conclusions." Ginny said.

"KIDS! ONE OF YOU COME TAKE THIS TRAY UP TO PROFESSOR SNAPE!" They hear Molly call from one floor below.

They all looked at each other and all zoned in Ron.

"Bloody hell, I don't want to die!" he whined.

"You're the one who said there's a dead whore in his rooms being tortured. You're the one who's going." Ginny said as a matter of fact.

"Language!" Hermione hissed.
"Sorry."

"I have a plan. Ron go get the tray from your mum." Harry said and went to his trunk.

"Harry no..." Hermione groaned.

"Harry yes!" the twins said.

Severus and Juliet sat on the floor by the fire. They used the coffee table as a make shift dinner table and sat cross-legged on either side. They watched each other as they ate, just like when they were younger. He missed this.

She ate like she hadn't eaten in days. "This is really good food, who made it?"

"Mrs. Weasley, she is a very good cook. She also made a pie that's not done yet. Would you like me to get you some when it's ready?"

Her eyes got big and her head nodded up and down with a full mouth. 'I can't remember the last time I've had food this good. One could say it's been 17 years.' She smirked.

He chuckled "That's the joke you're going with?"

'Hey, I'm working with what I've got.'

When they finished he set his plate aside and stood up. He transfigured the arm chairs into one long couch and he sat down. "Come here."

She rushed over to him and let his hands lead her to his lap. She straddled him and instinctively tangled her hands in his hair.

"Kiss me."

Their tongues danced with each other, his hands cupped her ass and grinded her against him. Her hands worked their way down his buttons and his shirt came off. Her nails dug into his skin when his hips bucked into her. Then her hands travelled lower and started to unbuckle his belt. He remembered were they were.

His hands grabbed hers and stopped her. "I wanted our first time to be somewhere more romantic. Not in Black's house."

She pulled her hands away and signed 'Severus, I don't need anything fancy or big. I don't need a bed of rose petals or a romantic candlelit setting. I need you. Just you.'

"Are you sure? When we leave I can take you anywhere-"

'All I want is to be close to you because when I'm close to you, no one can see me.'

A growl escaped the back of his throat "Touch me."

Her lips were all over his neck, his hips rocking back at forth at a rhythm too slow for him. He was too impatient for the buttons on her blouse. He ripped it open and threw if somewhere behind her.

He started kissing her neck, down to her chest and he took off her bra. It was more like ripping it off. His hands palmed her breasts and he inhaled her scent. His eyes rolled to the back of his head. He wanted to be surrounded by her.
She reached back down to his belt, sliding her hands down through his happy trail and undid it. She started to slide it off when the someone knocked on the door.

She felt his rage build up and she tried to calm him. His chest was heaving like he was trying to catch his breath. His eyes shut closed and his face in a firm scowl. She cupped his face and kept "Shh" over and over to calm him.

The knock came again.

"FUCK!" he roared and lifted her off of him.

It could be Albus. It could be something else. But he didn't care, they were interrupting something he had craved for years. He plopped her on the couch next to him and she reached for him and shaking her head.

They knocked again.

His eye was twitching now. There was going to be hell to pay. He stood up and stormed towards the door. She tried to stop him. His belt was hanging loose, he grabbed it and wrapped it around his left fist. Someone was going to get it.

She tried to go after him but tripped on the clothes on the floor, she hit the coffee table. The hourglass-shaped wound on her chest reopened. She grabbed his shirt and threw it on to cover herself. She looked down and saw her blood staining his white shirt. It was all over her hands now and dripping on the floor.

He removed the wards from the door wandlessly and swung it open, almost taking it off it's hinges. She stood across the room behind him, she whistled for him. He ignored her. Or he didn't hear her. She bit her lip, she was so scared about Black being on the other side of that door.

Severus looked down and saw Harry, Ron, Hermione, and Ginny. Ron was holding a tray with two pieces of pie and two bowls of ice cream.

The tray was shaking and making a rattling noise.

"Uh….mum sent us….pie….cream….hot damn…" Ginny mumbled and she eyed her shirtless professor.

They looked with wide eyes and fear, he was breathing heavy, his muscles taught, a belt in one hand and his other in a tight fist. His tattoos openly showing and his dark mark stood out. His pants hung low on his hips.

"W-w-we c-c-an c-come back l-later. S-s-s-sorry sir." Hermione stuttered.

Harry looked past him to Juliet. They locked eyes and she started to panic, her jaw dropped and her eyes got big. She started to back away towards the bed. Severus told her that Black was here, not Potter as well.

"Who is that?" he asked openly. He stepped forward. There was a blood covered, half-naked, scared girl standing behind his Professor.

Severus looked over his shoulder to see her scared, bleeding and shaking. He snapped out of it and realized where he was. Potter looked just like his arrogant father. Shit. She was wearing his shirt and blood was seeping from her chest. He felt so guilty. He turned to her and threw his belt to the side. It hit the wall hard and loud.
"Get back. Go lay down. Do not move until I tell you." He told her and pointed to the couch.

"Do you need help? What did you do to her?!" Harry tried to talk to her over Severus' shoulder. Harry tried to push his way into the room.

She jumped and ran back to the couch out of their view.

Severus spun back around and threw up his left arm shield and Harry bounced off and fell backward into Ron and his tray of food.


"But-"

He slammed the door so hard the wall shook. He warded it and rushed back to her. She was hyperventilating.

"Shh, it's ok. It wasn't him. It was his son. Potter is dead." He said and pulled her into his arms.

He slowly peeled his bloody shirt off of her and summoned a washcloth and a bowl of water. He cleaned the blood off carefully from around her wound.

He summoned his case of potions and salves from the dresser. The wound closed better than before and he bandaged it the correct way, firmly wrapped it around her chest and cast a waterproof charm on it.

He pulled her to him and held her tightly while rubbing small circles on her back.

After a few minutes she called down 'It looked just like him.'

"He won't get you. I won't let any of them get you. You're mine." He said firmly.

"Am I dead? Oh God, I've died!" Ron cried as he looked at himself covered in sticky red stuff.

"Shut up you sissy! It's just pie!" Ginny threw a towel at him that was hanging on the back of the closet door.

"Did you see her? He's torturing her! We've got to help her!" Harry practically yelled.

The twins took off the invisibility cloak and appeared next to the fireplace.

"I don't think-" Hermione started to say.

"You saw her 'Mione! She was scared and hurt!" he cut her off.

"Did you see him?" Ginny added.

They all looked at her weird.

"She's right. Did you see his tattoos? And his Dark Mark?" Harry said.

"Did you see that belt?! I thought he was gonna knock my bloody head off!" Ron added.

"What kind of spell was that? Harry, you bounced right off of it!" Ginny said.
"I don't think it was a spell. He didn't use his wand. I think I saw something on the black part of his arm." Hermione said.

"You think it was a ward on the door frame itself?" Harry asked her.

"No, he reacted and blocked you."

"Did you guys get it done?" Harry turned to the twins.

"Yes!" they said.

"We couldn't fully get into the room but we were able to stick the extendable ear to the bottom of the side table by the couch." George said.

"He won't see it?" Harry asked.

"Nope! These are our new and improved wireless extendable ears!" Fred said.

"Thanks to our little Hermione here for the genius idea!" George added and they both put an arm around her.

"Well let's see it then." Ron said.

They all gathered around the twins who pulled out the other ear. They were like the muggle version of a walkie talkie only one way transmission.

"He won't get you. I won't let any of them get you. You're mine." Severus' voice came in loud and clear for them to hear. They all looked at each other.

"Well 'Mione? Still, think it's nothing?" Ron asked sarcastically.

"I just think it's not like it seems. Nothing is never like it seems! The last four years are proof of that!" she said.

"We need to help her. She's being tortured in there. Probably on Dumbledore's orders. I can't let that happen." Harry said and pointed up towards the general direction of Severus' room.

"You said that Snape sounded like he didn't want to do it. That someone else could have done it." Ginny said.

"And?"

"I don't know about you, but it looked like he was enjoying himself. A lot." She said, implying something.

"What you mean?" Ron asked.

"No one else noticed? Ok. Never mind." She said and cleared her throat awkwardly.

"What? Just say it!" Harry demanded.

"He had...you know...ahem." She said awkwardly and cleared her throat again. She pointed her finger towards her crotch and made a crude gesture.

"OH MY GOD." Hermione said and put her hands to cover her face.
"Ew! Why were you looking?!" The twins said.

"It was really hard not to! It was right there!" she defended.

"Enough, we have to save her. I'm gonna go in there." Harry said.

"Harry no...." Hermione moaned again.

Black had called Kreacher to his rooms to talk about his little plan.

"I want you to go in there, tell me who he's with. Do not let yourself be seen or heard." He instructed.

"Why? Kreacher doesn't listen to a blood traitor!"

He grit his teeth and took a deep breath. He tried a different approach.

"We need to know who's in there. What if it's not a pure blood? You think my mother would like that?"

Kreacher's lip curled "Filthy mudbloods! We can't have anymore in house Black!"

"That's right. But don't do anything. We need to be smart about it. Just pop in, hang out and try to get a name or something. Tell me what she looks like." He said.

"And then? What if it's a mudblood? Will you handle her properly?" Kreacher asked. His eagerness for violence was sickening.

"Oh yes, I'll handle her properly." He said and smirked.

He wanted a piece of whatever Severus was eating.
Chapter 16

Ginny and Hermione laid in their beds later that night after the pie incident. Neither of them able to sleep and neither of them speaking. Both of them playing the memory of what happened over and over. Until Hermione finally broke the silence.

"Did he really have a-"

"Yep." Ginny knew exactly what she was talking about.

"And was it-"

"Yep." Again, she knew exactly what she was asking. It had been on her mind constantly as well.

"Really? Like how big?" Hermione sat up and turned to her friend. She was sitting with her legs crossed and hugging her pillow.

"A bludger's bat, 'Mione. A freaking bludger's bat!" Ginny held her fist up for reference.

"Oh my…"

"I finally understand. All these years I finally get what my brothers were saying when growing up." Ginny muttered to herself.

"What did they say?"

"The term 'swinging at the knees.' Son of a bitch…” Ginny said.

Her friend didn't even bother scolding her for her language. She snorted and giggled into her pillow.

Severus held Juliet until she finally calmed down. He ran a bath for her to wash the blood he didn't get to off. After they had both cleaned up and got ready for bed he held her. Their light petting and kissed turned into something more. He would be damned if any more interruptions happened between them, he had the worst case of blue balls ever.

He took his wand out and cast an extra set of wards and silencing charms around the room. He put it on the bedside table and climbed on top of her. Her shirt came off and his lips found her breasts. Her hands tangled in his hair and she breathed his name. He followed an invisible trail down her stomach and in between her thighs.

He slowly pulled her panties down her legs and sat up to take in the sight of her. "You're so beautiful."

She blushed and reached for him. Their tongues met and his right hand travelled down between her thighs. He wanted their first time together now to make up for his inexperienced blunder from the past. He had only ever been with her, but his extensive research was going to help him.

He spent so many nights dreaming of what he would do to her when he had her again. Tonight was going to be about her, he swore to himself.

He started with light touches that made her gasp. He learned quickly the places that drove her crazy. Breathing in every would-be moan she gave him. They were his and to keep.
With his middle finger he slowly entered her, her eyes went wide and her mouth forming an O shape. Her hands tightened their grip on him. With his thumb he rubbed her magical little button in circles as he slowly curled his finger in her.

Her breath quickened and so did his hand. Soon she tightened around his finger and arched her hips up to him. The first of many for tonight. When she came down her high she laid kisses all over his face and lips, an homage to him.

He was nowhere near done with her. He moved down and started with kissing her hips, she squirmed at the tickling. He chuckled. His tongue replaced his thumb and she took a sharp inhale. His free hand slid up her stomach and lightly gripped her throat.

Her pulse was erratic against his palm and his other hand kept pace with it. She whispered his name over and over. His tongue replaced the digit that was in her. How he ever forgot the taste of her, he didn't know. Like a starving man, he devoured her. Both hands now firmly wrapped around her thighs and gripping her hips.

Her hips and back arching off the bed yet he held on. His nose and mouth buried between her legs, he never wanted to breath again if it meant he could stay there. Her hands clawed at the bed and pulled at the sheets. Then he felt the warmth gush into his mouth and down his chin.

He read about this in depth when he was younger. Lucius had bragged about it in regards to the many women he had been with. His friend never told him how sweet it was. He lapped every drop he could, greedily drinking it all.

She tried to catch her breath. He dipped his fingers in her juices and brought it up to her mouth. "Taste yourself."

He groaned as she sucked and licked his fingers clean. Her hand sliding up his arm and digging her nails into his bicep. His tongue replaced his fingers, her hands moved to the waistband of his pajamas and she slid her hand under it.

When she wrapped her hand around him he bucked involuntarily and moaned into her mouth. He let her slide them down and he kicked them off. He hovered over her and with one hand he grabbed himself and rubbed it on the smooth skin of her stomach and bit his lip.

She let out a small exhale, her moan. "You're so much bigger than before." She whispered and reached out to rub the tip of him.

He shuddered. Not this time, he wouldn't reach completion so fast this time. He was a master at legilmens and occluding. And that was just what he was going to do.

She placed both hands on either side of his face and nodded. She was ready for him. He placed himself at her entrance and watched her face change. The most beautiful sight to behold, her eyes partially closed and her lips parted. Her tongue came out and licked her lips.

Her arms wrapped around his back and tried to pull him in faster, he held his pace of slowly easing into her. He could hear her juices the deeper he went. Wet was the easiest world he could think of at the moment. But it was so much more. It was his safe haven, his sanctuary – his.

Home. This was home. He felt his head hit her cervix, he wasn't fully in her but didn't want to hurt her. He pulled out slowly and slid back in. He threw his head back and bit his lip. His pace was slow and she was writhing beneath him. Her hands gripping his shoulders tight, and her nails digging into his skin.
Her breathing picked up and she tightened around him, his name on her lips. She came for him, no one else, just him. He kissed her during her climax. He picked up his pace and used his right hand to rub her while he pumped away.

"I love you." She breathed.

"Say it again. Again and again. Don't stop." He ordered her.

She did. She repeated it over and over like a prayer. Then she started panting his name. She tightened her legs around him and dug her nails into his back.

"Harder. Mark me. My body is yours." He moaned into her neck.

He left his own marks on her, small red welts all over her neck and collarbone. Some on her breasts. What he felt was pride. No, it was honor. That something this pure was his and his alone. He felt her tighten around him again, her fluids spilled over him and he almost lost control.

Her face contorted and she let out a silent scream. He burned the image in his mind. He pushed deeper, her nails broke skin. He felt blood slide down his back. It only egged him further. He pulled away from her and attacked her with his mouth, he had to taste her again.

Her thighs squeezing his head so tight he had to pry them with his hands. She lost count of how many times she came. He didn't. He grabbed her waist and flipped her with him, he was on his back with her legs on either side of him. He guided himself in once more and showed her how to move.

When she twisted her hips it was his turn to moan her name. He threw his head back and dug his fingers into her hips. He felt her tongue on his Adams Apple, her nails on his chest. Occluding now gone out the window, he was lost to her. She bottomed out on him and grinded her hips back and forth.

He watched her use him to bring her self over the edge once more. Nothing sexier. He sat up and moved his mouth from one nipple and back to the other. She brought his face up by his chin and kissed him. He was close, she was already there.

He had lived this moment in his fantasies for years and didn't know what he wanted more. To fill her or cover her. She made the decision for him when her thighs clamped around his waist and her ankles locked behind his back. With each of his hands grabbing a handful of her ass he pounded upwards into her. She tightened around him and carved her nails into his shoulders.

When he came he crushed her chest to his and buried his face in her neck. Holding on for dear life as if she would vanish before his eyes again.

"You're mine." He said. It was his way of saying he loved her and she knew it.

"I'm yours." She breathed. Her way of saying she loved him too.

Covered in blood, sweat and love he pulled her to lay with him. Both of them trying to catch their breath. Once her breathing slowed she fell asleep in his arms. He quickly followed.

Neither Kreacher or Harry could actually get into the room. Severus had set his wards strong enough to keep the house elf out and Harry couldn't break them without raising alarms. His friends helped him look for another way. Except Hermione, she wanted nothing to do with it.

The bathroom that was connected to Severus' room was actually a jack and Jill bathroom, it
connected to the room next to him but he had that door permanently locked and heavily warded. They tried to get through there but nothing worked. Ron caught Kreacher in the closet of the same room and Harry kicked him out.

"Wait for a second, there's something here," Ginny said and crawled on her hands and knees to the back of the closet.

She came back out "There's a small panel door that's stuck. It isn't warded like the other two doors. I'm positive it leads into his closet." She got up and wiped her hands on her jeans.

"We heard Sirius and Dad talk about how old houses like these had some stuff like that for old house elves to get around. Before they restructured the wards for elves." The twins said.

"That's a great find, Ginny! Come on guys, let's figure out how to open it quietly." Harry said and went in.

"I really think that if you open it we should wait a little later when you know he's asleep. Then you can untie her and sneak her out." Ron said.

"That's a good idea, let's get it open first then set a better game plan for when we get her out."

And so they waited, until the early morning and Harry went in the room alone. Wearing his invisibility cloak and his wand at the ready. His friends silently waiting on the other side of the door with a medical kit they found in the basement. Hermione was with them now, she couldn't take the suspense anymore and she tried to talk them out of it again.

Harry cast a silencing charm on the closet door leading to Severus' room before opening it. Hermione told him that if it creaked it could give him away. He took her advice.

He opened it slowly and partially, he looked around from his point of view first to make sure his professor wasn't able to see him. He could only see the empty couch in front of the fireplace. He couldn't see the girl anywhere. He opened the door more and peeked his head out. He stepped out and walked around as quietly as he could.

Severus woke up feeling alone. He reached his arms out and felt nothing. His eyes snapped open and his instincts kicked, he grabbed his wand and sat up. He looked wildly around the room for her. The bathroom door opened and she stepped out and tilted her head in confusion. He relaxed and rubbed his neck. With his other hand he reached out for her to come to him. She walked across the room, passing the invisible Harry. He couldn't get her now that Severus was awake. So he watched and waited.

She took Severus' hand and stood between his parted legs hanging off the bed. She kissed his forehead. "Come to bed, love." He said and pulled her with him to the pillows.

Love?! Harry thought to himself. Nothing was making sense. Why wasn't she tied to the bed or chair with a gag in her mouth?! Maybe he was playing nice now that everyone had seen her. Why was she wearing an old quidditch jersey? Harry read the back of the jersey as she passed him. 'SNAPE' his head was spinning.

Was she his daughter? Same black hair, her age was about right. Why were they sharing a bed? He felt sick. He needed to get out. She couldn't be a paid woman, she was too young and he was at the understanding they were one night flings. That was stupid, Snape didn't have a daughter and she was much to pretty to be related to him.
Juliet let Severus pull her into the bed and tucked herself into his arms.

What was this girl doing?! Willingly getting into bed with him? What if he had her under the imperius curse? She had to be.

Severus pulled the blanket up to cover them, she wrapped her legs around him and kissed him. He held her tight and buried his face in her neck. His hands came down and cupped her ass, she arched into him. She tugged his bottom lip with her teeth. Severus moaned and smirked, he was more than ready for another round with her.

Harry backed out of the room trying to slide in to the closet as quickly and quietly as he could. He couldn't watch anymore. He was so disgusted that he felt sick. He accidentally knocked the dresser with his foot.

Severus pulled Juliet behind him instantly and got up. He wound out and his eyes alert. He wore nothing but his pajama bottoms. Harry quickly dropped down to the floor behind the armchair. A loud banging came from the hallway outside, someone was banging on the walls. Harry silently thanked the gods above for having quick-thinking friends.

Severus growled and turned to her "Stay. Do not leave this room. Do not leave that bed unless I tell you to."

He quickly reached for a long sleeve shirt and threw it on. He grabbed his wand and quickly went back to the bed. "This isn't over." He growled and kissed her hard.

The banging in the hallway continued and he threw the door open and slammed it shut behind him. Harry watched her for a few more moments, she was scared and biting her lip. The blanket pulled up to her chin. He couldn't let his window of opportunity pass, he whispered to her.

"Psst. Do you need help?" he said from across the room.

She jumped and looked around for the source. She looked to the door, hoping Severus would come back quickly.

"Come to the closet." He whispered.

She shook her head and crawled further onto the bed, tucking herself into a ball in the corner. She still couldn't see the source of the voice, she was scared. Her first thought was a ghost. An old house like this surely had it's fair share of old souls wandering around.

Harry saw the doorknob slowly turn, he was running out of time. Snape was coming back now! He rushed into the closet and left the door open so no one would see it's movement. He climbed back through the small opening and closed the little door panel. His friends quickly grabbed him and snuck out of the room down the stairs and to their own room.

Severus came back to the room holding a now destroyed Weasley contraption, a fanged Frisbee. He saw her cowering in the corner of the bed.

He rushed to her "What happened?"

'I heard a voice, it told me to go to the closet. I couldn't see anything. Was it a ghost?'

He rushed to the closet and threw the door open. He saw nothing but his robes hanging. He grabbed them and ripped them out of it and hangers flew everywhere.
He looked down and saw the little door panel. He felt his rage build up and he roared at the door. With his wand he locked and warded it heavily. If there was anyone in the room with them he blocked their only exit now.

He held his hand out for her to come to him. He moved them to the center of the room. "Close your eyes." He whispered to her.

When he knew they were closed he let his magic build up and surround them. He let it purge the room. Anything living in the room besides them would have been found and tossed like a rag doll and exposed. A spell he created when he was younger.

He looked around and found that they were alone. He knew it was Potter and his friends. The distraction and the invisible voice all pointed to him.

"I'm going to wrap my hands around that neck, then slowly cut..." He trailed off of all the things he was going to do to Harry and started towards the door out of the room.

She grabbed his hand and tugged 'Please don't leave again.'

He looked past her, his eyes caught on to something by the fire. He walked over to it and picked up the extendable ear.

"I'll fucking kill him." He swore as he threw it into the fire.

She wrapped her arms around him from behind "Please. Don't leave me again." She whispered.

He turned around to face her and kissed her forehead. "I'll stay. Let's get you back to bed."

'But what if they come back?"

"I will take care of it. I'll stay up, ok? You get to bed and I'll make sure they don't bother us anymore." He pulled her into bed with him.

He sat up against the headboard and had her tucked into his chest. She fell asleep almost instantly. Severus stayed up and plotted his revenge.

"Well? Where is she?!

Ron asked.

Harry looked like he was going to be sick. "She's sleeping with him. Oh God I think he imperio'd her!"

"What makes you say that?" Hermione asked.

"I told her I would help her if she came to the closet. He gave her orders and she complied. She never spoke. She just obeyed." Harry said and pinched the bridge of his nose. He tried to erase the images of his potions teacher being intimate with a young girl.

Fred pulled out the extendable ear for them to listen to.

"I'm going to wrap my hands around that neck, then slowly cut..."

"I'll fucking kill-"

"What happened?" Ron asked.
"Uh…. I'm pretty sure he found the ear." George said.

The ear they had shriveled up.

"Well, that makes more sense, doesn't it? She can't fight back, she doesn't speak, she doesn't run away." Fred said.

"But how do we release her now?" George asked.

They all looked at Hermione.

"Well, you would have to disarm him and finite Incantatem on her." She said.

"Do we really have to disarm him? Couldn't we just finite Incantatem?" Ginny asked.

"Yes. But if you think he'll let you get close enough to her to do that?" Hermione said.

"Let's face it, this is out of our league right now. I'm going to talk to Sirius in the morning. He'll tell the order and Dumbledore." Harry said.
Chapter 17

When Severus went downstairs to get them both breakfast he reassured her that she would be safe in the rooms. He triple checked everything and made sure. He dressed in his usual robes and prepared for vengeance. He was greeted in the hallway at the base of the stairs by Sirius.

"I need to have a word with you." He said.

"I have neither time nor patience for whatever insults you have for me this morning." Severus said and tried to brush past him.

Sirius grabbed his shoulder "I know you got a woman in there."

"Do not touch me." Severus growled and tore his shoulder from his grip.

"I just want a taste. Share the wealth." Black implied.

Severus face was in a firm scowl "I suggest you take a step back and rethink your next words very carefully."

"You know I can't leave and it's been years since I've been with a woman. I'll pay you. Make it worth your wild."

Severus' eye started twitching, he saw red. He grabbed Black by the shirt and slammed him into the wall. "You stay away from her."

"Just let me join the fun. You can watch-"

Severus didn't draw his wand, he slammed his fist into his face. More than once. Sirius' fist came flying towards his face and he dodged it easily. Severus threw him to the opposite wall, through the kitchen door. He didn't register the girls screaming as he followed and continued to lay his fists on him. He waited for this moment for 20 years.

"STOP IT! STOP IT! NOT IN FRONT OF THE CHILDREN!" Molly screamed.

Arthur grabbed Severus by the back of his robes and pulled him off. "Alright! Alright! That's enough, Severus!"

Sirius stood up and wiped his bloody lip "Dirty muggle fighting? Really, Snivellus?" Remus grabbed him and held him back.

"Draw your wand." He said through grit teeth.

"That's enough, you two need to settle down. The kids are here." Remus said.

"The kids have been sneaking into places they don't belong. Meddling with things they need to leave alone." Severus spat.

"What is he saying?" Molly asked with her hands on her hips, looking to the kids.

They all looked away and kept their heads down.

"Yes. Tell them Potter, how you snuck into my rooms and tried to steal from me." Severus ripped his robes out of Arthur's grip and slammed his hand on the table.
"You leave my godson alone!" Sirius yelled and moved in between them.

"Steal?! I was trying to save her! He's torturing her! Holding her against her will!" Harry yelled.

"Harry no…." Hermione groaned and put her face in her hands.

"What are you on about Harry?" Arthur asked.

"I heard everything! Dumbledore ordered him to kidnap her and she's in there torturing her for information! I saw you! You were taking advantage of her!" Harry pointed his finger at him from across the table.

Everyone looked at Severus with wide eyes. "Severus?" Molly asked.

"Tell them! Why was she covered in blood? Why was she scared when we took you the food? Why was she in bed with you? Why was she scared last night?" Harry practically yelled.

Severus smirked "You think you know everything don't you Potter? Did she look tortured to you? Or did she look like she was willingly participating? Did you learn anything while you were being a peeping Tom? Do you know the difference between ecstasy and pain?"

Molly gasped and covered her heart with her hand.

"Harry! You were watching them?!" Ron yelled and made a face.

Ginny let out a low whistle. Hermione elbowed her. Severus ignored them.

"Then why did you have cuts and scratches all over you? She was fighting back!" Harry shot back.

Severus let out a dark chuckle. Arthur's face went red and Remus smacked his forehead with the palm of his hand. Ginny started fanning herself. Tonks' eyes got wide and her mouth formed a small O.

"Oh I promise you, she wanted it." He said with a smooth voice.

The twins snickered.

"Then why was she bleeding?" Harry asked.

"Wounds obtained prior to her being in my care, not that it's any of your business." He shot back.

"How old is she?! Huh? She looked no older than us!" Harry yelled.

Everyone got quiet and looked at Severus.

"Oh, and you were accusing me!" Sirius said, referring to the incident in the hallway two weeks prior.

"She is of age."

"You have her under the imperious curse!" Harry accused.

"Harry no…." Hermione whispered and pulled his jacket sleeve. He pulled away.

"I assure you, she is in my company willingly. Especially after last night." Severus said smugly, a smirk on his face. He was enjoying this far too much.
"Harry that's enough." Remus said. He was ignored.

"Why was she scared then?" Harry asked again.

"Maybe due to someone she didn't know was trying to force their way through the door? Or did she looked scared that an invisible voice she didn't know was telling her to climb through a hole in the closet?" Severus said sarcastically.

"Harry!" Remus scolded.

The twins, Ron, Hermione, and Ginny all looked down at their plates with a guilty look. Harry's face dropped and he started stuttering.

"Do not assume you know everything. And don't assume you need to constantly save the day and be the hero. Stay out of my business, Potter. And stay out of my room. Go learn about the Hippogriffs and Nifflers elsewhere." Severus said.

Tonks and the twins snorted. Harry's face turned pink with embarrassment.

"So it's true, you do have a whore up there." Sirius chimed in smugly. One of his eyes was starting to swell shut and his right side of his jaw was purple.

"LANGUAGE!" Molly scolded and put her hands over Ginny's ears now.

"Way too late for that, Mum." She said and shrugged her off.

"I do not have a whore stashed away in my rooms. And to answer your previous question in the hallway, no you cannot buy her off of me." He spat.

Everyone gasped and looked back at Sirius. Arthur cleared his throat "I sense a lot a tension in the room right now."

Severus rolled his eyes. Tonks scoffed.

"You can say that again…" Ginny muttered.

"I think it would clear the air a bit and get things straight if your lady friend came down to meet everyone. Just to set the record straight. That all is well and there are no tortured whores- sorry dear- being locked away." Arthur suggested.

"I think that's a marvelous idea!" Sirius said. "Have her come on down and meet everyone!"

"I doubt she can walk..." Ginny mumbled. Hermione blushed and kicked her friend under the table.

"You keep your mangy nose to yourself." He said, not hearing Ginny.

"Come now, worried that she'll prefer the better company like Julie did?" Sirius teased.

Remus jumped in between both men and held his hands up. "Padfoot, don't."

"Who's Julie?" Tonks asked.

Remus shook his head. Not now. He mouthed.

"She did keep better company. She chose the bigger man." Severus implied with an arched brow and put his hand on his chest.
The twins snorted loudly and banged their fists on the table. Tonks blushed and Arthur cleared his throat awkwardly. Hermione covered her mouth in shock.

"I believe it." Ginny muttered under her breath.

"Ginny!" Hermione hissed, she seemed to be the only one who heard her.

"You son of a bitch! I'll show you big!" Black yelled and reached for his belt.

Remus grabbed him by the shoulders and dragged him out of the room towards the other door "No Padfoot. There are children present. Get yourself together man!"

"Everyone better damn well stay out of my business and leave us the hell alone. Now Molly, can I please get some breakfast?" Severus threatened.

Everyone got out of his way and let him pass towards the food. He felt everyone's eyes on him as he gathered two plates and walked out of the kitchen.

"Well…. Let's add that to the list of things I didn't need to know about Snape. Pass the jam, will you Harry?" Tonks said.

'You're hurt.' She signed to him and grabbed his hands.

His knuckles were bruised and one of them split. He had taken off his robes and they sat on the couch after finishing breakfast.

"I'm fine."

'What happened?' She asked and brought his knuckles to her lips.

"I gave Black what he deserved." He smirked.

She went to the dresser and got his medical kit.

'Did he hurt you?' She asked after she applied the dittany and bruising salve.

"No. He couldn't if he tried." He said. He stopped her from grabbing the bandages.

'Did you find out what happened last night?' she put the kit back when she was done. And she took her place on the couch next to him.

He cupped her chin and made her look up to him. "The people here think you need saving from me. Last night was their failed attempt to rescue the princess from the castle."

'That's not true at all!' she threw her arms around his middle.

"No matter what anyone may say about me, I will never hurt you. I will never lay a hand on you or an unwanted touch." He vowed.

'I know that. I trust you. I love you.'

"Yes, well they believe you need a knight in shining armor." He said sarcastically. He wrapped an arm around her.

She pulled back and signed 'I don't want a stupid man in shining armor. That implies the knight has
never seen a battle.'

"So am I your knight in damaged armor?" he chuckled.

'No. You are my dragon.'

He laughed at that, the hand motion and face she made the sign of Dragon was adorable.

"And what makes a dragon better than a knight?" he gently pushed her back to lay on the couch.

He crawled on top of her and ground his hips to hers.

'A dragon protects what is his. And keeps the princess safe.'

He kissed her. "This dragon swears to keep his princess safe."

'This princess swears to always take care of her dragon.' She wrapped her arms around his neck and pulled him into a passionate kiss.

"Hmmm…. The dragon wants to enter your castle." He smirked and tugged at her stockings.

She silently laughed and started to unbutton his shirt. Before they could continue a Patronus rose up from the floor next to the couch.

"Damn it!" he cursed and sat up.

"Severus, I'm sorry about this morning. It was a misunderstanding on Harry's part. The children are sorry for bothering you and your friend. Please come down and join us for dinner at 7. Your friend is more than welcome to come. I promise everyone will be on their best behavior. Let me know if you need anything." Molly's voice came from a bear patronus. It dissipated after a few more seconds.

'Who was that?'

"Mrs. Weasley." He said and tried to get back to the task at hand.

'What did she mean?' She asked.

He groaned into her neck "The people here think you are being held against your will. They think I'm torturing you and holding you captive."

She gasped and put her hands to her mouth 'Why would they think that?'

"They think the worst of me. I haven't given them reason not to over the years. My bad decisions from the past have left some red in my ledger." He said.

'Do you think we should go?' She asked.

"They don't need to know our business. To hell with all of them."

She nodded in understanding and pushed his hair away from his face. Another glowing orb came through the window this time it was a Phoenix.

"For fuck's sake!" he yelled at the light. He sat up once again.

"Severus, I'm glad to hear that you were able to get Miss Ollivander back to headquarters. Although I'm disappointed to hear you haven't been a very good chaperone. Nor a very good guest to our host.
I expect you to escort Miss Ollivander to dinner and be on your best behavior. I will be arriving by
morning." Albus' voice said. The Phoenix faded away just like the bear did.

"I can't catch a fucking break…." He muttered. He felt a migraine coming. He pinched the bridge of
his nose.

Juliet slid herself to the floor and placed herself between his legs, her chin resting on his knee. He
looked down at her.

"Well, it looks like we're going after all."

'I understand. What if-'

He grabbed her chin and made her look up to him "No. Nothing will happen to you. I promise you,
they will not hurt you. Just do as I say and stay with me."

She kissed his thumb that was against her lips. She trusted him. He knew she did.

"Do you understand?" he said with a firmer voice.

"Yes." She whispered against his thumb.

He traced the outline of her lips and watched her tongue come out. He slid the tip of his thumb in her
mouth slowly. Her tongue circled it and he sighed. His index and middle finger replaced his thumb
and went deeper.

When she sucked on them he bit his lip. Her silver eyes stayed focused on him.

"Undo my belt, take me out." He took his hand away.

Her hands complied, she worked slowly on his belt. Next the button of his slacks, then his zipper.
She carefully and gently pulled his pants down slightly, he lifted his hips to help.

He let go of a breath he didn't know he was holding when her hands wrapped around him. He
leaned back against the couch and watched her take over.

She pumped him a few times before her tongue circled the tip of him. The spot right under his head
was his favorite, she knew. He leaked, she licked it off. Then her tongue ran slowly from base to tip
and he threw his head back.

His hands were in fists at his side. Her lips circled him and he watched the first few inches of himself
disappear. Her head started to move up and down, taking in more of him each time. Occluding be
damned, he was too far gone.

His right hand grabbed a fistful of her hair and guided her to the pace and depth he wanted. Her eyes
never left his, even when he hit the back of her throat. She watched his face for all the things he
liked. When she applied suction and her tongue he cursed. He watched her cheeks expand to fit him.

"Oh fuck. Don’t stop." His grip on her hair tightened but she didn't show any signs of discomfort.

Her left hand went lower and massaged his balls. His eyes rolled back as did his head. He was nearly
there. Then her right hand started twisting as it pumped him at the same tempo as her mouth he
arched his hips.

"Swallow me." He grunted.
She kept her lips sealed around him and he felt her tongue coax him further. His seed hit the back of her throat and he felt his head throb. She didn't spill a drop. He felt her swallow him as he was still in her mouth.

He tried to catch his breath, he released his hold on her hair. She continued to lick him clean lazily. His eyes drooped, he was so relaxed finally. The lack of sleep from the last few days catching up to him finally.

He let her lead him to the bed and finished undressing him. She pushed him and went to clean herself up. She joined him and they slept until dinner time.

Harry and Sirius were in the library sitting across from each other, a chess set in between them.

"So…"

Sirius sighed and closed his eyes "Just say it."

"What the hell was that?"

"Which part? Me getting my face bashed in or the whore part?" Sirius asked sarcastically.

"All of it."

"It's a bloody long story, Harry. A long painful story." He sighed.

"Is it about the girl Julie you two keep arguing about?" Harry asked, no longer interested in chess.

Sirius nodded and put his thumbs and index fingers together, be rested them on his chin and lips.

"Who's Julie?"

"Her name was Juliet Ollivander. Snape stole her from me back in school." He gave him the short version. The version that didn't paint him as a criminal.

Harry did a double take "WHAT?"

Sirius didn't answer the question, he let his godson gather his thoughts first.

"First of all, Mr. Ollivander has a daughter?"

"Granddaughter. And he had a granddaughter."

"And Snape, greasy git of the dungeons, stole her from you?" Harry didn't believe it.

"Yes. You see Harry, in our 6th year she came as a transfer student. We fell in love immediately. All of a sudden Snape keeps showing up and ruining everything. There was an accident in potions one day. He tripped her, she was in a coma for a week. I helped save her. He took the credit. I think he slipped her a love potion. Because after that, she was all over him. Him, Harry." Sirius lied.

"Telling old glory days again, Padfoot?" Remus said from the doorway. Sirius didn't acknowledge him.

"You know that's not what happened. We were young and believed the world and everyone in it was ours for the taking." Remus said sadly.
"What she and I had was real, Moony. And that bastard stole her from me." He growled and got up. He stormed out of the room.

Remus sighed and watched his friend leave.

"What really happened, Professor?" Harry asked.

"You don't have to call me that. Moony or Remus is fine." He smiled.

Remus rubbed the back of his neck and took a deep breath. "Your godfather did love her, whether or not she loved him? I can't say. But there was a huge misunderstanding and then his father passed. Then she was with Severus up until she vanished."

"Vanished? Like she ran away?"

"No one knows what happened except Severus. Gone without a trace right before graduation. He told everyone she had travelled through the future. Some fake story. After we all left school he fell into the wrong crowd. No one ever found her or heard from her again. He was the last person she saw." Remus explained.

"What do you think happened, Moony?" Harry asked.

"I don't know, Harry. But I do know that Severus loved her and when she disappeared it destroyed him. It destroyed your godfather too." Remus said.

"I thought he loved my mum…"

"He did. He was obsessed with her too. Any girl that is marauders were with. He followed both of them around constantly." Sirius said from the doorway. He came back to put in his 2 cents. "I think he killed her. She didn't want him and he couldn't take no for an answer."

"Padfoot. Let's not talk about consent." Remus warned.

"What?" Harry asked.

Sirius shook his head, he didn't want his godson to know he almost went to prison for his father's actions. And he didn't want him to know that he was no better than his own accusations of Severus.
Chapter 18

Juliet stood in front of him and fidgeted. She wore a grey skirt, black stockings and a blue long sleeve blouse with black flats. Ravenclaw colors. You could see the top of her bandage. 'Is this ok to wear?'

"Why wouldn't it be? It's not a formal dinner."

'It's all I have. I didn't get to bring more than the clothes I've already worn and this.'

Severus scowled "Why didn't you tell me?"

She shrugged 'I didn't think it was important.'

He pulled her close to him "You come to me if you need anything. I don't care what it is, I don't care when. You tell me and I'll get it for you. Anything. No matter the cost, no matter the item." He would provide for her, damn it. His right hand caressed her cheek.

She nodded 'I will. I promise.'

His hand moved lower and traced his marks he left on her neck and collarbone. He loved seeing them on her, it marked her as his.

'Should I cover-"

He didn't let her finish the thought "No. Never hide my marks. I want the world to see who you belong to."

He grabbed her left hand and kissed her ring finger. 'I'll get you a new ring. Bigger. Better." He said.

She shook her head 'No! This one is perfect. You gave this to me and I'll keep it forever.'

He smiled and kissed her passionately, both hands cupping her cheeks. His rested his forehead on hers "Do not leave my side. Follow my orders. No one will hurt you."

"Yes, Severus." She whispered.

"Tomorrow we meet with Dumbledore and we can leave this wretched place. Just one more night, love." He promised.

'I'll wait as long as it takes, my Dragon.'

She finally got to see the outside of the room when they made their way downstairs. They could hear the loud talking, laughing and commotion coming from the kitchen. She felt nervous, she grabbed his hand and held on tightly.

When he opened the door he entered in first, he felt her press herself to his back and grip his robes. It got silent and they stared at him. Sirius sat at the far end of the table next to Arthur and Remus.

He gave Severus a smirk and leaned back on two legs of his chair, his hands came up behind his head and locked his fingers "Well, well…. Couldn't have your friend join us? I knew it, you were ashamed of her. Whores don't make good dinner guests I assume."
"Do not speak of her like that." Severus growled.

Juliet peeked her eyes out from behind Severus. Hiding the rest of her face and body. She looked around the room and when her eyes landed on Sirius and she ducked back behind him.

"Oh don't be shy, come on out dear." Molly said and stood up to greet her.

Severus looked over his shoulder, she looked to him for direction, he nodded. She fully stepped out and stood next to him, still holding onto his arm. She hid her face behind her long bangs as best she could.

Sirius cussed and fell backwards in his chair, hitting the ground hard. Remus yelled in shock and jumped out of his chair and stepped backwards to the where his friend fell.

They both looked like they saw a ghost. Juliet jumped and buried herself in Severus side, he brought his arm up around her and his robes covered most of her. Everyone looked from them to Remus and Sirius.

"Ju-Julie?" Sirius stammer as he got up from the floor.

"It can't be. She looks just like when she left. There's no way. Julie? Is that you?" Remus said, now taking a few steps forward.

"Her name is Juliet." Severus corrected.

Before either men could start with each other again, Molly walked over to them.

"It's a pleasure to meet you, dear." She held her hand out.

Juliet looked up to Severus for direction. He gave a small nod. She reached her hand out and shook it. Molly eyed the bandages and the hickeys on her neck but didn't say anything.

"This is Mrs. Weasley." He introduced.

"Please call me Molly."

"Molly, this is Juliet Ollivander."

"How nice to finally meet you. This is my family, down there is my husband Arthur, the twins- Fred and George, Ron and Ginny. Then we have Hermione and Harry. Over here is Tonks, and I guess you already know Remus and Sirius." They all sounded off a hello or a wave.

She bowed her head slightly in acknowledgement.

"Please sit! Don't be shy. There's plenty to go around." She said and went back to her seat next to Arthur.

"Move over, Mr. Weasley." Severus growled to Ron.

He slid down the bench, almost squishing his brother George. Severus sat down between him and Juliet, leaving her at the end of the table.

Severus scowled at everyone and they got back to their own dinners. Remus and Sirius kept staring at her. Hermione and Harry sat across from them.

Severus loaded her plate of food first then his own. Everyone watched them out of the corner of their
"So…the kids have something to say." Arthur said out loud.

"Sorry." They all said at once.

Juliet blushed and kept her head down as she ate.

"How the hell did you do it?" Sirius blurted out.

She didn't looks at him, she put her hand on Severus' thigh and squeezed. He ignored him as well.

"She hasn't aged a day. There's no way….unless….its polyjuice!" Sirius said.

"Padfoot, stop." Remus said and firmly set his hands on the table.

"Hello, I'm Hermione. Did you go to Hogwarts?" She asked.

Juliet looked to Severus and he shook his head for her not to answer her. He answered for her "Yes she did."

"So uh….What house were you in?" Ginny asked.

"Ravenclaw." Severus answered again.

"Why don't you let her speak for herself?" Harry asked hotly.

"She can't." Severus, Remus and Sirius answered at the same time.

"Harry, Juliet is mute." Remus explained.

A collective round of "oh." Went around the table.

"So you use sign language then?" Hermione asked.

"No, Miss Granger she uses Morse code." He said sarcastically.

"If you're really Juliet Ollivander, tell me something only she knows." Sirius said suddenly.

She looked at Severus and he nodded his head slightly. Her hands came up and she signed her response and then pointed to Remus.

"You tried to rape me. More than once. In the room of requirement. He was the lookout." Severus translated for the table.

The whole table gasped. They all looked at Sirius and Remus. His face went pale. "No. Nonono that never happened. He's lying, that's not what she said." He stammered.

"It wasn't like that." Remus said and threw his hands up.

Her hands went up again and continued.

"You told me 'It was a shame I didn't have a voice, because you wanted to hear me scream.'" Severus said angrily. He didn't know that before. She never told him that.

"I should have killed you when I had the chance." Severus said through grit teeth in a dangerously low voice
"It's you… precious. I didn't- My father- that wasn't me-" Sirius stammered.

Everyone's had dropped and stared at Sirius in disgust.

"Wasn't it? Oh, you didn't tell them that your life of crime started before your first stint in Azkaban? How you were suspended in our 6th year for sexual assault? Or how you had your first trial for attempted rape in the same year?" Severus said loudly.

"Sirius?" Harry asked from across the table.

"No. It wasn't like that. He's lying. He-" Sirius tried to save himself.

"Stop. Just stop. I can't do this anymore. I have stuck by your side through thick and thin. You're my best friend. My conscience and my heart cannot take it anymore. Juliet, I am sorry. For everything I have done and didn't do. I was stupid. There's no excuse for the things that I took a part of. I don't deserve forgiveness, but know that I regret everything." Remus said with a cracked voice, tears in his eyes.

It got eerily quiet and Remus pushed his chair out and exited the room. Tonks followed him closely.

Juliet wrapped her arms around Severus' waist and looked up at him with teary eyes. He nodded to her and nudged her to get up. He stood with her and turned back to the table.

"This was a wonderful dinner as always Molly, but we will be retiring for the night." He said and led her out of the kitchen back to their room.

Sirius was left to deal with the proverbial jury. He was sweating as all eyes were on him. "This is all a big misunderstanding."

Harry stood up and rushed out of the room, he couldn't even look at his godfather.

"Harry, wait!" Sirius called.

"Let him go, just let him go." Arthur said grimly.

"You stay away from my kids." Molly threatened.

"Molly, I'm not-"

"We may be in your house but those girls are in my care." she said and ushered the kids out of the kitchen.

Severus and Juliet didn't make it to the stairs before they heard their names being called from behind.

"Severus, Miss Ollivander, good evening."

"Albus, how kind of you to finally grace us with your presence." Severus said sarcastically. She gripped him harder.

"I came as quickly as I could. I believe we have much to discuss, please in the library if you will." Albus said and held the door open wider.

Severus heard her sniffle. "We will be in there momentarily. Let us get cleaned up from dinner."

"I'm afraid I'm in a hurry-"
"What's it feel like to wait? We will be there in ten minutes." Severus cut him off.

He didn't wait for a response, he pulled her upstairs to their room. He closed the door and warded it behind him and hugged her.

"You're alright, they won't get you. You did very well." He said and wiped her tears.

She nodded and gripped his robes.

"What you said down there….why didn't you tell me before?" his tone was distraught. She didn't trust him to protect her.

'Because you would have hurt him. And then you would have gone away too. And I just got you back.'

"Never keep anything from me again. Promise me." He grabbed her chin.

"I promise." She whispered.

"The dragon cannot protect you if he doesn't know what to protect you from." He whispered back, his forehead pressed to hers.

"And if …. If it puts my Dragon in danger? If I lose my Dragon?" She sniffled.

"The princess will never lose her Dragon. I am fire. I am death. I am the son of the morning." He claimed. He let his magic flow around them, a whirlwind of flames circling them.

"I love you, Dragon."

"I love you, Princess."

They shared a kiss, his flames disappeared. The room was undamaged.

"Grab your things, we leave once we've spoken to Albus. You won't ever have to see these people again." He said.

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When they entered the library he shut the doors behind them and set the privacy wards.

"I need to speak to her alone," Albus said from the center of the room.

She shook her head fiercely 'NO'

"I must insist-" Albus started.

She cut him off and drew a wand. It was bluish gray and long with several knots in it. It wasn't her wand. She aimed it at Albus. Severus stepped behind her and put on hand around her waist and grabbed her wand arm.

"What are you doing?" his said quietly.

"Yes, what are you doing Miss Ollivander?" Albus asked.

'Password.' She demanded.

"Now, I don't believe that's necess-"
'PASSWORD!' she had tears in her eyes and her wand hand was shaking.

Albus looked from her to Severus. He was more afraid of Severus than her, and she had the wand.

"Answer her."

Severus had his own wand in his hand. He held her with one arm for shielding to his chest, his wand arm readily pointed at the old man.

'PASSWORD!'

"He won't be alive when you return." Albus said grimly.

Severus felt the physical blow to the gut. It all made sense now, why she was surprised he was alive when she returned. The last words that Albus whispered to her before she left. Why she reached out to him.

She lowered the wand.

"You….you told her I was going to die?" he breathed in disbelief.

"I knew the path you were heading towards once she left. The path of destruction. I wanted to save her the pain of finding out later you died." He explained.

"You saved her the suspense then? Ruined the end of the book, so to speak?" he spat sarcastically.

"Severus-"

"No. Don't. I know where your faith lies. Finish with what you need from her so we can be free of you."

Albus looked at him sadly and said "Very well. May I?" he held his hand out to her.

She placed the wand and the still overheating time turner. He sat behind the writing desk. He opened it with his wand and pulled out a triangular black stone. The time turner self destructed and popped. Gears, metal and sand were all over the desk. He beckoned her to come to him.

"Tell me." He said.

She bent down close to his ear and repeated word for word with a whisper, the scroll she was ordered to memorize. Severus watched as she kept whispering in his ear. He wondered what she was telling him that was so damned important he had to post date it 17 years.

When she finished he pulled out two empty vials and handed the wand back to her. She pulled both memories, one of her reading the scroll and the other of her telling him it's contents.

When she gave him the wand back he held his hand out to her. She took it and he waved the wand over their hands. A blood red tether appeared on their joined hands and looked like it shattered. The pieces floated for a few brief moments before disappearing.

"The blood oath for House Ollivander has been fulfilled. You are free to leave." He said.

"Yes, pleasure doing business with you. Let's go, Juliet." Severus said sarcastically. She quickly made her way over to him.

"I said she is free to leave. Not you."
Severus checked his rage before asking "What do you mean, Albus?"

"Your vow to me has not been fulfilled. You are still in my services."

The other shoe dropped. "WHAT?!"

She wrapped her arms around him tightly, afraid of being separated from him.

"No. I did my time. I was your spy, your dirty man. I fulfilled my duty." He shook his head and held her.

"Do you remember the terms?"

"I would be in your service until she returned to me or the Dark Lord's defeat. Whichever came last." He repeated.

"And the Dark Lord is still very much alive. I still need my spy."

"No, he was defeated when Potter was a baby. She returned. Don't you try to catch me on a hidden clause of the deal." he said.

"He wasn't truly defeated. Merely bidding his time while he regrouped." Albus explained.

Before Severus could counter once again he waved his wand. A golden line circling Severus' hand and Albus' glowed brightly.

Severus roared in anger and his magic flowed around him and Juliet once more. Dumbledore used his wand to try to settle the flames. The special wand she brought him, the elder wand, couldn't even damper Severus' magic. His flames did nothing to her, not it's heat nor it's damage. The floor around them creaked and the rug underneath them caught fire.

"What is this? You brought me the wrong-"

"You think you were the only one that Garrick trained?" Severus smirked.

Albus' eyes got wide with realization. Severus had fully tapped into his core magic, a level of mastery that Garrick refused to teach Albus. This kind of magic is what was used to create the Elder Wand. Severus extinguished his magic and rage fueled fire, the burnt rug and floor that circled them the only evidence left behind.

"He…taught you…"

"He wanted to make sure his granddaughter's future husband was able to protect her. Should his own legacy come to an end before she came back." He said.

"You still cannot break the vow. You are still sworn to me. You will return to your post at Hogwarts after you have returned Miss Ollivander to her grandfather." Albus ordered.

She shook her head as tears slid down her cheeks, she gripped Severus' robes, refusing to let go.

"You may still have me tethered to you, old man. But you do not have the power over to keep us apart any more!" he yelled.

"You will remain at Hogwarts, she cannot stay with you. There is no place for her at the castle. What you do on your nights and weekends, aside from your duties to the school and myself, is entirely up to you." Albus said.
Before Severus could argue she stepped forward and signed 'Staff are allowed to have spouses and family living with them in the castle. You cannot keep us apart. You may have a vow over Severus' head but my will is my own. You cannot choose where I go. I choose. And I will always choose him.' Her face set in a firm scowl and her hands moved with vigor.

Severus was proud of her, his little Ravenclaw Princess had a temper. Albus nodded at her "You are not married. You really think that it would go unnoticed? That the Dark Lord wouldn't know you took a wife of a missing person? You would put her at risk?"

"You doubt my ability to protect what's mine?"

Juliet held her hands up to Severus for him to calm down. Albus was riling him up on purpose to get him off track and she knew it.

She turned back to Albus 'You know we can be married before term starts. With or without your blessing and there is nothing you can do about it.'

"I'm trying to save you, don't you see? This year the ministry is going to be inside of Hogwarts! When they find you-"

"If they find her." Severus interrupted.

"I promised your grandfather that no harm would come to you." He sighed.

"Good job so far, have you not seen the wounds she has from your little time contraption?" Severus scoffed.

'I will not be found. I will stay in his rooms. You kept us apart for over a decade, if you truly cared about us like you claimed then you wouldn't try to keep us apart.' She countered. She could throw the guilt right back in his face. Severus felt her love as she fought for her dragon.

Albus sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose. He didn't respond. He was thinking.

"If you allow this. Allow us to be together, I will swear myself to the order. Willingly." Severus added.

Albus' eyes got wide.

"You need me. You need my power and skill. Up until now I have only sworn myself to you."

"And you would come when called upon? Even when the other vow has been fulfilled?" the old man asked.

"As long as no harm comes to her, as long as you keep her out of this war. My services are yours. You allow us to be together forever, I will comply." Severus swore and held his hand out to Albus.

Albus looked at Severus hard. The man was willing to put himself under another vow for her. This little Ravenclaw meant so much to him. He firmly grasped his extended hand.

"I, Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore swear, no harm comes to Juliet Ollivander, and she stays in your care and out of the war, if you will swear yourself to the Order of the Phoenix." Albus said and drew his wand once more.

"I, Severus Tobias Snape, swear myself to the Order of the Phoenix, as long as no harm comes to Juliet Ollivander, and she stays in my care and out of the war." Severus said and drew his own
wand.

Their wands met on their joined hands and a bright gold strand came out of their wands and wrapped around their hands and arms. It faded away after a few moments, their vows set. He released his hand as Juliet ran to him and threw herself at him. He opened his arms in time to catch her, he tightly held her to his chest.

"I'm glad we could come to a suitable arrangement." Albus said.

"Without violence." Severus added.

"Its time for me to take my leave, you are more than welcome to stay here until term starts. Although I imagine you two are anxious to leave." Albus said.

"We will take our leave."

"Until the start of term then." He nodded his head and held the door open for them.

Severus kept his arm around her and led her out of the library and down the hallway to the front door. Everyone was watching them from the kitchen doorway or the stairway.

"Precious…” they heard Sirius call.

Severus sneered at him and tightened his grip around her. He led her out the front door and apparated them away to Spinner's End.
"Come on Harry, please talk to me. Let me explain." Sirius said through the bedroom door.

Harry cracked the door and peeked his eye through "You're just going to lie to me again."

"No Harry, I never lied. I just didn't want you to know about my horrible family. Please let me explain." He begged.

"Come on mate, he's your godfather. Hear him out. I'll go to the twin's room tonight." Ron said and put his hand on his shoulder.

Harry opened the door and let both of them pass. Ron took his exit and Sirius took a seat on the bed. Harry sat on Ron's bed across from him.

"Did you really try to rape her?" Harry started.

"Its not like-"

"Answer the question."

"Yes. But it was against my will. It's a very long fucked up story." Sirius said and rest his elbows on his knees as he sat forward.

"What do you mean?"

"Juliet and I were dating. Then one day in the hall Snape saw us together. He was jealous, he attacked me, did something to her and suddenly she didn't want anything to do with me. He convinced her to report assault on me. I told them she consented but they still suspended me." He said.

"What did he do to her?" Harry asked. He wasn't fully sold on this story.

"I don't know. But did you see them together? He's got her wrapped around his every word. He's so controlling with her, it scares me. He used her to try and rub it in your mother's face. Tried to get your mother jealous but she wanted nothing to do with him." Sirius said.

He had a point, it concerned Harry too. "She said there was a second time and Remus confirmed it."

"The Black family is known for being nothing but pureblood racists who marry and breed with each other. My family was pressuring me to marry her to join our houses. I wanted to. Merlin knows I love her. But I didn't want it to be on their terms. When everything hit the fan my father was livid that I ruined it. When I came back to school he had me under the imperious curse."

"You mean he made you do those things to her?" he asked.

"Yes. I was under the curse for most of the year when I came back. I wasn't sleeping, he had me stalking her and waiting for the right moment. I tried so hard to fight it. He had me lying to my friends. I lied to your father and Moony. I didn't have control of my own voice. He made me tell them that she wanted this, it was a game we were playing." Sirius had tears in his eyes.

"What did he make you do?"

"Snape broke up with her. He threw her aside like she was nothing when he realized his plan didn't
work with making your mom jealous. Broke her heart. I saw her. She was alone on the 7th floor. I had told Wormtail, Prongs and Moony that I needed to talk to her and to make sure we were left alone." Sirius started crying. He let his tears fall to the floor.

Harry's jaw dropped, he was stunned with what he was hearing. "My dad…helped you?"

"Yes. Because my father made me lie to him. Your father didn't know. It was all fucked up, Harry. I grabbed her and dragged her to the room of requirement. My father's voice in my head, forcing my hands. He wanted me to impregnate her. It would force our houses together, she would have to marry me. Look, I'm not gonna tell you what happened in that closet ok? I relive that nightmare every time I close my eyes."

"What did my dad do then?" Harry asked. He was hugging his legs.

"He took me in. After the trial, when they convicted my father, I wanted nothing to do with my family. His parents practically adopted me. I never returned here again until the rest of my family died and I escaped Azkaban." He said.

He saw the look of doubt on Harry's face. "Harry, look at me. Your father was a good man. He never ever knew what was really going on till it was too late. Same with Moony. Moony didn't talk to me for months until your father talked to him and explained that it wasn't my intention to ever do that."

"I'm sorry that happened to you. I didn't want to believe that you would ever do something like that." Harry said. He got up and hugged him.

"My whole life I've been blamed or framed for things that were not true. I hope that I would at least have you in my corner."

"I am. I believe you."

"Thank you, Harry. Thank you." He smiled.

"So what happened after that? With Snape and Juliet? How come she's with him now?"

"The whole incident with me pushed her back into his arms. He was at the right place at the right time. Your father and mother were already engaged then, when he realized he couldn't get Lily back he ran back to Juliet. He saw that I wanted her and he made sure to rub it in my face. I love her Harry. I always will. Now she's back and she's all over him again." Sirius said angrily.

"Where did she go? How is she so-"

"Young? Beautiful as the day she left? Fuck, if I know. Maybe Snape was telling the truth about her time travel. Whatever it is, it's got to do with Dumbledore. But he's locked up like Gringotts. It worries me, Harry. What if he's hurting her? That control he's got over her is scary." Sirius asked.

"You heard what Snape said-"

"And if you were right? That he's got her against her will? Love potion or some dark magic! I fucked up in the past, I know that. But she's back and what if this is my only chance to talk to her? Tell her I'm sorry for everything and that I love her." Sirius ranted.

Harry felt bad for his godfather. He wished he could help him someway but Snape already left with Juliet. Where would he take her? Hogwarts? She was Ollivander's granddaughter, maybe they could talk to him about it. There was no way he could trust Snape!
"We're going to Diagon Alley for supplies tomorrow. Maybe I can talk to Mr. Ollivander for you." He suggested.

"No! That man absolutely despises me! He forbid Juliet and I being together! You'll expose me from hiding and he'll know where to come. And it's not the ministry I'm afraid of…it's him." Sirius said suddenly scared.

"I won't. Why are you afraid of him? He's an old man." Harry’s brow furrowed.

"He nearly killed me after the incident. Never and I mean ever piss that man off. I'd rather boop Voldemort on the nose before I ever had to see that man again." He said bluntly.

Harry laughed but Sirius kept a straight face. Harry stopped laughing.

"What about Remus?" Harry asked.

"Remus feels guilty that I dragged him into everything. He's right, it was all my fault. I wasn't strong enough to fight off my father. But as usual, he'll come around. I've gotta give him time." Sirius said.

He stood up and cleared his throat "Well, it's been a good talk. Thanks for hearing me out, I'll get out of your hair. I've got a lot of things on my mind right now."

Later that night Harry told his friends everything that they talked about. It cleared any doubt and hate they had for Sirius.

"Aww…it's like a modern day Romeo and Juliet." Hermione swooned.

"That's her name, duh." Ron scoffed.

Hermione opened her mouth to explain but Ginny put her hand up to her. "Don't bother. He's not gonna get it."

"I just feel really bad that he lost her." Harry said.

"Well there's nothing we can do, Mate." The twins said.

"Maybe-" Harry was cut off by Hermione.

"NO! No! Leave well enough alone. We've done enough damage. It's out of our hands. No more meddling, we talked about this. We promised we would stop meddling." She stressed.

"I thought we all had our fingers crossed." George laughed.

"But 'Mione-"

"No Harry. There is nothing we can do short of kidnapping her and dragging her back here." She said.

"Alright, you're off the team." Fred joked.

"What? Team Felony?" She said sarcastically.

"You saw how Snape treated her. He's probably just going to lock her away in his dungeon and keep her as a sex slave!" Ron said.
"Lucky bitch..." Ginny mumbled and stared off into the fire.

"What?" Harry asked.

"Hmm? Nothing. Kidnap? I'm game." She snapped out of it.

"We're not kidnapping her! We don't even know where she is!" Hermione yelled.

"I just feel so bad for Sirius. He loves her and she loves him. When we're gone he's gonna be alone. If we could get them back together-" Harry said.

"She didn't look like she loved him, Mate. Granted, I'm not a professional on women-" Ron started.

Ginny and the twins snorted.

He scowled at them before he continued "**BUT** she looked like she wanted nothing to do with him. She looked scared of him. Who wouldn't be, with what he did to her."

"She was afraid of the Nargles, Ron." Ginny rolled her eyes. "Everything had her jumpy."

"You've got a point. Maybe." Hermione bit her lip in concentration.

"Yeah, Ron's no good with the ladies." The twins said at the same time.

"Aside from that." She waved her hand in dismissal.

"Oi!" Ron said and threw his hands up in disbelief.

"What are you thinking, 'Mione?" Ginny asked.

"What if he is giving her something? Like a drug or a potion?"

"Now we're talking! 'Mione is back on the team!" Fred said.

They all were listening in closely.

"She was overly complacent with him, she looked to him for every little decision." She was still mulling it over.

"So Imperious Curse." Harry suggested.

"No. She wouldn't need to ask him what to do, she would just do it. It was like she looked to him for direction and to see if she was making him happy. She wouldn't let go of him. Like she was afraid of losing him. I think it's a love potion." She said.

"Alright two things, I think you're right on one part. She wouldn't stop touching him. Who would ever want to touch him?" Harry said as he ticked off one finger.

Ginny licked her lips and raised an eyebrow like she was contemplating the thought.

"Second part, if it was a love potion why wasn't she all lovey dovey with him? Like the stuff they sell? Remember when Collin Creevey accidentally drank some and he fell in love with Trelawney? He was tripping over his own jaw." Harry said and ticked off another finger and pointed to the twins.

"He's a potions master, he wouldn't want her all mushy over him. He's not the type. He would know how to perfect it." Ron said.
"I can't believe I'm saying this, Ron's right. He would have altered it to make it better for him."
Hermione said.

"Oi!"

"So what's the plan? Kidnap her, give her the counter potion, bring her here to Sirius and convince her of the truth?" George asked.

"Can we not use kidnap? That word….just makes it seem so illegal…yeah how about rescue? Rescue is a good word." Ginny suggested.

"We can't force her to love Sirius, just like she shouldn't be forced to love Snape. We give her the counter potion and tell her everything. Then we let her make the decision." Harry said.

"What if the counter potion doesn't work?" Ron asked.

"Like….what? she really loves him?"

They all laughed.

The bedroom door opened. "Girls, time for bed. Come on." Molly said and.

She escorted them back to their shared room and stood at the foot of their beds. "In light of what happened earlier tonight, Arthur and I thought it was best to have the talk with you now."

Ginny's face turned red and she buried it in her hands "Mom no…"

"We have to talk about the Hippogriffs and Nifflers."

Severus apparaated them directly to the front door of Spinners End. He lifted the wards temporarily and let her enter first. When he locked up again he keyed the wards for her, letting her access freely.

"This is my childhood home. I kept it as something simple and free to stay in during the summers." He explained. He felt self conscious suddenly about the house. He should have taken her to an Inn or the castle.

She took a few steps into the living room and looked around. She immediately made her way to the bookshelves lining the walls and ran her fingers over the spines of the books.

"It's not much, I'm sorry. This is only temporary." He said from behind her.

'I love it here. Because you're here. I will live anywhere with you, under a bridge in London or out of a tent in the forest. I just want to be with you.' She walked back over to him and pushed his hair out of his face again.

"I'll buy you a castle. Your own kingdom to rule. Anything you want." He breathed. He watched her eyes dilate, those bright silver eyes.

'I only want you.'

He kissed her. Not as passionate as he had over the last two days, but softly as if she would break into a million pieces. Her hands running through his hair as she pushed it back from his face sent shivers down his spine.

"What you told Albus, that you choose me…." He trailed off, unable to finish the sentence.
'I meant it. I will always choose you, no one else. Because I love you. Only you. And I can't wait to be your wife and carry your name.'

He couldn't speak, his voice failed him. All he could do was nod and breathe. Keep breathing. He felt her hand on his jawline, soft and gentle.

"Take me to bed." She whispered.

He carefully picked her up bridal style and kept his eyes on hers. Then everything was a blur from there, he was on autopilot, making his way through the house, up the stairs and to his bedroom. Their clothes getting peeled off slowly, he laid her on the bed.

He was gentle, slow and thorough. Her hands running down his back as he kept the slow rhythm. No longer did he snap his hips like when he was younger and foolish. He rolled his hips and met her with every thrust.

He propped his elbows up on either side of her head and pressed his forehead to hers. Eyes locked and whispering their love to each other. Basked in each of her climaxes, every would-be moan, every loving touch she laid on him.

He begged for her. He begged for her love, her attention, never to leave him. Then he promised her the world. He promised to never hurt her, that nothing would ever happen to her, always love her and protect her. When her lips met his jawline he came, and she held him. Promising to never let him go.

That night he held her, back to front and buried his face in her hair. This was it, freedom. He may not have been free from the order or Albus but he was free from loneliness. This was the first night of many, he would never be alone again. The beginning of the rest of their lives.
Severus woke up to light kisses on his chest and abs, he moaned her name. He peeked his eyes open and saw her silver eyes staring up at him, a playful smile on her lips as her tongue flicked out at his skin. He smiled back and ran his hands through her hair, pushing it away from her face.

She slid the tented sheet off his body and continued her trail of licks downward. He let her take control, he was at her mercy. He didn't last long, he didn't care. Just the sight of her lips wrapped around him was enough. Then she drank him, oh he could die right then.

He watched her crawl back up as he tried to catch his breath. He kissed her, tasted himself on her lips. He rolled her over and pinned her down, it was his turn.

He had her on the bed, in the shower and again on the bed before he finally felt content. He cursed at himself for barely realizing there was no food in the house.

"Would you like to have breakfast in Diagon Alley and see Garrick?" he asked.

Her eyes lit up and she nodded her head up and down excitedly. 'Can we see him first? I don't think I would be able to eat unless I saw Papa.'

"Of course, anything you want. Maybe he will join us." He loved seeing her face light up the room. It was what he lived for, keep her safe make her smile.

'I can't wait.' She was perky and excited. Rushing to get her shoes on. He found the salve for her burns and applied it. It left a faded imprint of the time turner that she wore. But the bandages were no longer needed at least.

"Then we will see about getting you a new wardrobe." He said and held his hand out for her to take.

'I don't need new clothes, I just need to get more from my house.' She signed and took his hand.

He didn't like that, her house. It implied a place without him. Her place was at the castle, here, anywhere with him. He snapped and gripped her throat, making her look at him. "That's not your house anymore. Your place is with me."

He didn't expect her to smile.

'A house is just a building, a structure to lay your head beneath at night. You are home. Wherever I am with you is home.'

He kissed her, suddenly and fiercely. Damning himself for his insecurities. Her words were beautiful. He knew exactly what she meant, he felt at home whenever he touched her, tasted her, was inside of her.

'Home is where the heart is, and my heart is with you.' She kissed the tip of his nose.

"Home…" he placed her hand in his.

"Home." She whispered and put their hands over his heart.

He nodded in understanding, he finally got it. They didn't need a big fancy mansion like Lucius had. They only needed each other. He smiled and led her out the house to Diagon Alley.
They apparated to one of the darker alleys of Knockturn. There was less traffic and only two blocks away from the wand shop.

"Stay close." He said and led her towards the main road.

She held his left hand in her right and her other hand resting on his forearm. His long legs were too fast for her so he slowed his pace. Neither of them saw the six Gryffindors shadowing them.

Severus did something he hadn't done in over two decades, he walked through the front door of the wand shop. The bell above rang, announcing their entrance. It was empty.

"Severus…is the back door locked? Humph. Wouldn't have mattered, you're added to the wards. I know why you're here for me. I have nothing more to teach you. No more stories to tell." Garrick said sadly from behind the counter. He turned his back and started walking towards the back.

Juliet stepped out from behind Severus and whistled for her grandfather. He stopped in his tracks and slowly turned around.

She smiled.

"My little girl!" he rushed around the counter and she met him in the middle of the shop.

She threw her arms around his neck and he picked her up and spun her around.

"Oh my sweet little girl, I've missed you so much!" he cried.

She kissed his cheek and let him go. 'I missed you too Papa.'

He turned to Severus and held his hand out "Thank you, for bringing her back."

Severus shook his hand but didn't expect to be brought in for a hug by the smaller man. He saw Juliet look up to him in admiration. Garrick eyed the red marks on her neck and raised an eyebrow to Severus.

"I see you wasted no time getting reacquainted."

She blushed and Severus smirked "Would you have expected otherwise?"

"I know someone else who will be excited to see you." Garrick turned to her.

She whistled for Robbie and the house elf popped in immediately. She didn't think his big eyes could get any bigger than they were.

His high pitched squeal hurt Severus' ears, he blinked and they were toppled on the floor hugging each other. Garrick laughed as he watched them use sign language with each other.

Severus cleared his throat "We were hoping you would join us for breakfast."

"Of course! Come downstairs, we'll eat here. Robbie, would you please get started on breakfast while I close the shop?" Garrick said.

Robbie squealed again, Juliet said she wanted to help and popped out with Juliet. Severus followed Garrick down the steps to the main house.

They both sat at the dining room table both on each end of the table. They could hear Juliet whistling and Robbie giggling with the clamor of pots and pans.
"How was she? Tell me everything." Garrick said as he poured them both tea.

"She was injured, the time turner burned her chest and hand. I tended to those."

Garrick broke his teacup. "And what did Albus do?" he wandlessly fixed it and poured another round.

"Do? Albus wasn't there. I was the one who got her." Severus sneered.

The teacup shattered again. "He wasn't there." It wasn't a question.

"She came on the 19th. I had my orders to take her to headquarters and wait for him. He didn't arrive till late last night." Severus explained.

Garrick placed the teacup far away from himself before he broke it a third time. He wasn't thirsty anymore. "And the oath?"

"Settled. Your blood oath is no more. House Ollivander is free of House Dumbledore." Severus said proudly.

He gave a big sigh of relief. They heard a crash and Robbie giggling. Both men looked at each other and decided not to bother. Shortly after they came into the room with the food.

"Smells wonderful, thank you both." Garrick said.

They placed the food down in the table and took their seats. Though Robbie was a house elf, he was family and was part of every family function. They sat across from each other in between Severus and Garrick.

"Do I want to know why you have flour on your face and hair?" Severus said in an amused tone.

Robbie and Juliet pointed at each other for the blame and everyone laughed. Despite their physical differences, they were best friends, siblings. Garrick had raised Robbie when his mother passed giving birth to him and taught him everything. Then Robbie helped raise Juliet.

As they ate they made small talk until Garrick asked "What are your plans now, Juliet? Will you be coming back home?"

Before she could answer, Severus cut in "She's staying with me."

Before things escalated she grabbed her grandfather's hand to get his attention.

'I will be living with Severus at the castle.'

"The castle?! You said it was settled." He pointed at Severus accusingly.

"I said House Ollivander. As usual, Albus twisted his words. I am bound until the Dark Lord is defeated." Severus explained.

"That son of a-"

Juliet whistled angrily, if one could imagine an angry whistle. 'No cussing at the table!'

Garrick took in a deep breath and smiled lovingly at her "You're right, I'm sorry."

'Severus vowed himself to the Order. So I can stay in the castle with him.' She explained.
Robbie just kept looking back and forth to everyone like an intense tennis match as he gnawed on a piece of ham.

"You- you – Of all the things- those self righteous - high and mighty – above the law bast-" Garrick ranted and stuttered.

She whistled another warning about his language.

"Why? Why the hel- heck did you do that?!" he caught his cursing this time.

"I did it for her. As long as no harm comes to Juliet, she stays out of the war, and remains at my side then I am part of the order." Severus said and reached for her hand.

'You didn't do it for me, you did it for us. Papa, Dumbledore was trying to keep us apart. I wouldn't have been able to ever be with Severus.'

Garrick's heart ached, he couldn't believe everything this man had done over the years for his granddaughter. This topped it all, he made the ultimate sacrifice to make sure she was taken care of and out of the war.

"I'm proud of you, son." He said and nodded to him. "Will I ever get to see you?" he asked sadly.

'I want to finish my training for my mastery. Please?' She asked.

"You would have to be here every day. Not just the summers." he said.

Severus saw the look of sadness in her eyes. He promised her that he would give her anything she wanted, he would provide.

"I can make it happen. I will have the floo activated in our rooms, she can come every morning and return every evening. During the week I will be teaching, I don't want her alone all day. I'll send her after breakfast and you can send her before dinner." Severus promised.

She smiled and squeezed his hand. Robbie squealed again and clapped his hands. Garrick smiled warmly at Severus. The plan was set, their lives would have a sense of normalcy and structure. Though she had the ability to whisper, it wasn't enough to activate the floo. One of them would have to speak for her.

After breakfast Juliet travelled through the house seeing all the changes that were made, there were very few. When she got to her room she got on the bed and started jumping up and down. Robbie followed with his high pitched giggles. Both men stood by the doorway.

'The bounce charm is still on it!' she clumsily signed as she went up and down as if on a trampoline.

"We made sure to keep everything exactly as it was." Garrick said. He turned to Severus as her and Robbie played. "You take good care of my little girl."

"Always." Severus watched her, he was never going to let anything happen to her.

"When will you two be married?"

"We haven't talked about it. I assume once things have settled down. Big things are happening at the school. The ministry has appointed an official, Umbridge. They cannot know Juliet is there. She will be safe in my rooms or here. I'll get the floo unregistered of course." Severus said in a low voice.
"Umbridge? Gah!" he made a face. "Ignorant, Fudge loving swine...." his rant went into a grumble Severus couldn't hear but the point was made.

"I'll keep her safe, you will see her often and once the war is over I'll be free." Severus said.

"I know. I need to have a few words with Albus though. The oath doesn't protect him anymore." He spat.

Severus had the issues with Black on his mind but was unable to freely discuss it with Juliet in earshot. "I need to speak with you, privately."

They left Juliet and Robbie to discuss in Garrick's study.

"What's wrong?"

"Something else happened at headquarters. Our old problem was there." Severus sneered.

He knew exactly who he was referring to. "He let that rapist stay under the same roof as my little girl?!"

"I wouldn't say, let him stay." Severus led on. He was sworn to secrecy on the location of the headquarters. He wasn't able to outright say they were at Black's house.

Garrick shook his head in disbelief, he knew. The Windows in the room cracked under the immense pressure of Garrick's magic. Livid was the best word to describe his current state, but it didn't do it justice.

"I kept her from him. I may have let slip to the other members of his shady past." Severus smirked.

"I should have killed him. Fucking Albus is just recruiting anyone now a days isn't he? He got Mundungus Fletcher. Circe help him, the poor bastard. The only thing he hasn't double crossed are his fucking shoelaces!"

Severus chuckled.

"Anything else happen?"

"Small issue with Potter and his friends scaring her and accusing me of holding her against her will. I dealt with it." He said and brushed it off.

"You holding her against her will? Preposterous!"

"They assume the worst of me because of my past. It doesn't matter what they think of me. It's over and she won't ever have to see them again." Severus said.

Juliet knocked on the door and poked her head in. She waited for their ok to enter then walked to Severus and wrapped her arms around him.

"Are you ready to go shopping?" Severus asked. He never imagined those words to come out of his mouth. They sounded so domestic to him, something he thought he could never experience.

She nodded her head and adjusted a messenger bag on her shoulder full of things she wanted to take.

"Come back and visit any time. The wards will allow you to enter. I love you." Garrick said and he his arms out to hug her.
'I love you, Papa.'

Severus used the floo in their living room to take her to Hogsmead where there was little to no crowd. He watched her try on different sets of robes and clothing and told the shop owner to ring it all up. Then he watched her touch every book she could in the next store. Her eyes lit up at all the new books on advanced charms and transfiguration. Once again he told the shop owner to ring them up.

He had sent an unmarked owl to Lucius asking him to meet for dinner at the three broomsticks in at a private table in a back room. He warded it immediately and shook his friend's hand.

"Severus. Good to see you, my friend. And you must be Miss Ollivander. Such a pleasure to finally meet you." Lucius said and bowed his head. He dared not reach for her hand to kiss while Severus was standing there. He knew his friend and you did not touch what was his.

She signed hello and took the seat Severus placed for her next to his. He rested his arm around the back of her chair.

"Glad you could see me on short notice. I need a favor." Severus said and dropped a heavy sack of galleons on the table.

"I'm always here to help, what do you need?" Lucius said and grabbed it.

"Unregistered floo activated in my rooms at the school."

"That's all? I thought you were giving me a challenge. Keep your money, buy this pretty lady something nice." He laughed and slid the money back.

"I need a marriage license to go through unnoticed by the ministry and our associates." Severus said quietly.

Lucius grabbed the bag of money back "That's what I thought. You know this is going to take awhile. I can't give you a timeframe."

"Just get started on it and keep me posted. I need something else." Severus dropped an even bigger bag of coins.

Lucius grabbed it and raised a brow.

"If anything happens to me. I want you to take her into hiding. Immediately." Severus continued.

Juliet gasped and shook her head and put her hands on his chest. He gave her a stern look to not argue with him.

His friend looked at him with a shocked look. "Severus… I thought you were out…” he looked at both of them and said "You have my word. I will do my best. I will send you details of what I can have lined up for extraction."

Severus pulled her close.

"Princess, if anything happens you are to seek him out immediately. Do you understand? And he will protect you until I arrive or take you to Garrick." He explained.

She nodded sadly. "I will find you when I can, but you are to wait for me where ever he takes you."
Before she could respond with something other than yes he cupped her face and made her look at him "Do you understand?"

"Yes, Dragon." She whispered. He kissed her forehead and turned back to Lucius with a nod.

They shook on it and Severus nodded at him "We must get to the castle before the Ministry official sees her." He stood up and she followed his lead.

"Wait, I need you to write the password for your floo." He summoned a piece of parchment and self-inking quill.

Severus quickly wrote down a word and slid it back. "Thank you, for everything."

"Remember your half of the deal." He was referring to Draco.

"Damn. Where do you think they went?" Hermione said.

They lost them after they went into the wand shops back rooms. Watching through the front window they saw her hug Ollivander and a house elf. Then they saw Ollivander hug Snape. They couldn't believe their eyes. They waited for hours before Ollivander opened the shop back up but returned alone.

"My guess is she's gonna be at Hogwarts with him. You saw how close he kept her." Ron said.

"I left the map at headquarters. We'll check it when I get back." Harry said.

"Did you see how Ollivander hugged Snape? Maybe this isn't-" Ginny said.

"He's fooling Ollivander just like he fooled everyone else about Siri- I mean Padfoot. We have to do this." Harry cut her off.

"Dumbledore trusts him." Hermione said.

"How reliable has he been lately?" Harry said sarcastically.

When they arrived in Severus' chambers at Hogwarts they heard a loud squawk and saw a flurry of black feathers everywhere. Corvus threw himself at Juliet from across the room. Severus groaned, he forgot about the damn bird.

She caught him and hugged him to her chest like a baby. She whistled and clicked at him lovingly. Corvus looked at Severus over her shoulder and squawked angrily.

"Don't give me that shit, I had my orders to take her to headquarters." Severus snapped back.

He squawked again.

"I didn't forget about you. I was not trying to keep her to myself!" Severus snapped back.

She nuzzled her cheek against his beak and stroked his feathers. Severus rolled his eyes and went to the hallway. "I'll let you two get reacquainted while I put our things away. Don't leave this room."

When he came back she was sitting on the leather couch sideways and Corvus perched on the back of it, they kept whistling.
When she saw Severus she smiled 'His talons have gotten so long!'

"Oh you mean his 'couch fucker-uppers'?" he growled as the talons scraped his leather couch.

'I'll trim them.'

He scoffed. "Good luck, I've tried. He won't let you."

She picked him up and flipped him over where his feet were straight up. She took out her wand and clipped them one by one. He stayed calm and still.

"Fucker." Severus grumbled.

She put him back in his nest and walked over to Severus. "Let me give you the tour then."

He showed her the entire layout of his chambers and which rooms she wasn't allowed in due to his potions projects. He showed her which bookshelves she wasn't allowed to touch because they contained dark magic. He showed her his office that she was only allowed in if he was there and the door to the classroom was locked.

Then he showed her their bedroom, where there was a king sized four post wooden bed with white sheets and dark green duvet. Many nights he dreamt of having her sleeping next to him on it, writhing under his touch, tied to it. He pushed that thought down. Thoughts like that went into his journal.

The journal where he sketched her throughout the years. Slowly the drawings turned darker and darker as his obsession for her grew. The journal he had yet to show her. He drew her tied up in different ways and being held down or suspended. He could never get her eyes right, he want to see exactly how they would look up at him if he just…. No. He didn't want to scare her or push her away with his sick thoughts.

He showed her where he put her clothes next to his in the dresser and wardrobe. Then showed her the secret compartment that she was to stay away from. It held his death eater robes and mask. He never hid things from her, he was open about what was in the places she was forbidden. She understood that they were restricted for her protection.

'Is there a kitchen?' She asked.

"No. I either take my meals in the great hall or have the house elves deliver meals here." He said.

He saw her face drop. No. No. No.

"Do you want a kitchen? I can have Albus add one down here. I'll get you a kitchen." He said suddenly.

'No. I don't need a kitchen, anything the house elves make is fine. Will you be able to have meals down here with me?'

He saw the hope in her eyes. Fuck it all he was doing a shit job of providing. "I have to take my meals in the great hall during the week. But weekends I'm yours."

Her face dropped again but she nodded in understanding.

"I'll get you a kitchen. I'll talk to Albus about having breakfast and dinner in here with you." He promised.
'I don't need a kitchen. I just liked cooking for you this morning and thought maybe I could try to make you some food and stuff sometimes. I can just have my meals at Papa's house. It's ok.' She blushed.

*Adorable.*

He was getting her a fucking kitchen. And he was going to eat her. Her food. Eat her food.
Chapter 21

When the school year started they had their routine down and set. He had Albus add a kitchen to their housing and he was able to get breakfast and dinner off from the Great Hall. He woke up with Juliet in his arms and went to bed with her in his arms. How he lived without her for 17 years, he didn't know.

They made breakfast together every day after his morning work out and she had dinner ready by the time he "came home" every evening. For dessert, he had her. After breakfast he would kiss her like it was the last time he would see her again. The he would activate the floo for her and send her off to Garrick.

She had lunch with Garrick and Robbie during the day and help around the shop as she did before. Garrick continued her mastery in wand making and started teaching her how to harness her core magic, just like he taught Severus. Although he took his time with her, and he was more patient and gentle with her than he was with Severus. He estimated that she would be done within two years, where it only took Severus one.

He would never admit he extended the training as long as possible to keep seeing her every day. She knew but didn't mind. She was the glue that held them all together.

Severus went about his usual teaching but he had less migraines that he did in the past years. He knew he could attribute that to his improved eating habits, sleep schedule, sexual activity and overall quality of life. He never wanted to leave her in the mornings and he couldn't wait to come home to her every day.

Weekends were the best. He stayed up all night with her in bed, or on the couch, the dinner table, against the wall in the shower, his office desk or his favorite on the rug by the fire. Then they would sleep all day and lounge about. Sometimes he took her out to dinner in London, or for a discrete stroll around the lake to their tree.

She picked up doing her puzzles again, Severus loved watching her mind work and her get adorably frustrated. She asked him to give her riddles all the time and he loved teasing her with hints.

The floo password was a riddle he made her figure out before he gave her the answer.

"You are safer here than anywhere else." His hint.

She bit her lip and her eyes darted back and forth, searching for the answer. She crawled across the couch closer to him. She pointed to him.

"No one will ever find you here." He continued. The hints got closer and closer to the answer until he would finally give it to her. She kept slow crawling to him.

"Protection that is given by a safe place." He kept his eyes on her.

She stayed on her knees and pointed to him. He tilted his head in confusion.

'You.'

"No. That's not the word." He chuckled. "It starts with an S."
She put her finger to his chest. "Severus."

"Sanctuary."

'You.' She pointed again.

He pulled her into his lap "I am your sanctuary."

She brought a jigsaw puzzle from the wand shop. She was two months into the puzzle and getting to the finish line on it. She worked on it while eating breakfast, after dinner and on weekends.

Severus sat in the armchair by the fire one night and watched her as she got down to the last pieces of it. He saw the fire in her eyes as her hands worked quickly. No sound in the room other than the fire crackling and her little pieces going click into place.

Then silence.

"What. The. Fuck." He heard her whisper.

"What's wrong?" he sat up straight.

'The last piece. It's not here.' She threw her hands up in anger.

Severus spotted the missing piece stuck to her arm and chuckled. He watched her crawl under the coffee table, look under the couch and flip cushions.

'I waited 17 years to make this puzzle! Two months to get this far- for what?!' she signed angrily and tore the living room apart.

He heard her huffing curses under her breath.

"Fucking bullshit puzzle"

"5000 piece puzzle? More like 4999 pieces of lies!"

"Shit – fuck – goddamn."

Severus was laughing now, his head thrown back and his deep baritone voice filling the room. There was the famed Ollivander temper. She glared at him and started patting him down.

'Where is it? Are you hiding it from me?!!'

"I don't have it." He chuckled.

She pulled out her wand and tried to accio the missing piece. Nothing happened. She sat back on the couch by the incomplete puzzle with her head in her hands.

Severus moved and sat on the floor across from her on the other side of the coffee table. She tried to accio is again.

"You cannot accio what you already have." He said.

She narrowed her eyes at him 'A riddle?'

"No. The literal definition of the spell." A small smile playing on his lips. He was having too much fun.
'That doesn't make any sense!'

He reached over and took the missing puzzle piece that was stuck to her arm and placed it in its spot on the puzzle. He looked back at her and saw her blank face, right eye twitch. He'd seen that face before. It was too late.

His head shot to the right as her conjured pillow hit him with a left hook. He tried to throw his hands up but she dove across the coffee table and tackled him. She straddled him and hit him with a pillow in each hand. His laughter echoing in the living room as feathers rained upon him.

'I'm framing it over the fireplace.' She signed with determination.

He couldn't believe what he what she signed "WHAT?!"

She pulled her wand out and cast the spell for the image on the puzzle to come to life. Another wave of her wand and it was framed and above the mantle.

"I don't think pygmy puff paradise fits the current décor of the living room..." he said awkwardly as he watched the purple and pink balls of fluff dance on the hill tops.

She gave him a sharp look that he was about to get another pillow to the dome if he finished the sentence.

"But it's very Fein Shui and brings out the color of the rug." He added cautiously.

'I'm glad you agree.' She signed and gave him another firm look.

Umbridge started cracking down on all the teachers and working her way up the chain of command with the ministry behind her. If Severus heard her ditzy little giggle one more time he was going to poison her tea. It would be the last time he would hear that annoying little tinkling of her spoon.

He avoided her as much as he could, she was constantly flirting with him. Bluntly. In public. The students had a field day when he told her he would rather jump off the astronomy tower than ever take her up on her offers. It only made her press her advances harder. The woman just didn't get the hint.

She would wander into his class at odd times and try to push her way through his office to his personal chambers. She used her ministry authority to search his office but she couldn't get past the wards he set on his personal chambers. If she had, he would have killed her.

The staff meetings the woman had set for every little new rule she brought on were the bane of his existence. He, Minerva, Flitwick and Pomona had a bet going on who would be the first to make the toad woman break. So far Flitwick was in the lead, he charmed the stairways to constantly lead the woman in the wrong direction. But Minerva had the Weasley twins on her side and Severus laughed for the first time in front of students when he saw they snuck an explosive box of ink into her office. When he saw the woman come out of the office covered in black ink and her hair everywhere he lost it.

"I've been keeping tabs on Snape." Harry said as he sat down in the corner of the common room with his friends.

"Blimey, I forgot about that. We've been so busy with Umbridge and her stupid detention." Ron said.
"So he hasn't been to breakfast or dinner since the beginning of the year." Ginny said.

He pulled out the map and showed them the area that he assumed were Severus' rooms. "He keeps her here in the dungeons. Everyday at the same time he walks with her here, then she disappears."

"It must be the floo." Hermione said.

"Right, then at the same time everyday she returns. Once or twice he's disappeared with her. And once I saw them walking around the lake really late at night." Harry said.

"The lake? What for?" Ron asked.

"Don't know. I guess even prisoners get outside time." Harry assumed.

"Oh come on, that's not right." Hermione said.

"Sometimes I see her dot move really fast around the rooms and his chase after her. Then they come together really close. I think she's trying to escape." He said.

"We don't know do we? I mean we can't see in there." Ron said.

Everyone looked at each other. "How do we get in?"

"He's on the north side of the castle, by the cliffs. What if he's got windows I can get into with my broom?" Harry asked.

"What would you do once you got in? Just a recon mission?" George asked.

"I'll grab her and run if I have the chance." Harry said.

"Ugh that still sounds so wrong." Ginny said.

"What about that potion you were talking about 'Mione?" Harry asked.

"I can get some ready by this weekend." She said.

"What do I do with it?"

"Give it to her and wait for it to kick in." She said simply.

"Easy enough. How do I know it's worked though?" he asked.

"Ask her if she is being held against her will? If she still loves him? I don't know, think of something." She shrugged.

"But I don't speak sign language."

"Either stick to yes or no questions then, Mate. Or grab a quill and parchment." Fred said.

"Right. Let's get to work."

The plan was set. Saturday came and Harry soared around the castle wearing his cloak. He went to each window on the north side until he found Corvus' open one. He watched for an hour before he finally deemed the coast to be clear and climbed in. What the hell was over the mantle? Snape must really be a sick bastard.

Lucky for him Severus and Juliet were still in bed that morning. He wandered around silently and
went from room to room of the chambers. He found their bedroom and watched them. He assumed they were both naked under the covers, neither wearing shirts. He saw Juliet's breasts and felt his face get hot. He shouldn't be here, he thought.

But he needed to save her from this monster. Sirius would be proud of him. He was going to save her and they would be together and Harry would have the family he always wanted. He was about to pull his wand out and try to levitate her from the bed.

Severus stirred and wrapped his arms around her tighter. He nuzzled his face in her neck and she gave a sleepy smile. Shit. There wouldn't be a way to grab her now. He might as well try to find other stuff while he was there.

He slowly backed out of the room. He went to Severus' personal office and went through his potions and desk looking for proof. Then he came across the journal with the sketches.

She was tied to the bed by rope, blindfolded, gagged and all sorts of positions. The drawings got darker and worse as he turned each page. The poor girl! She was being held as sex slave down here! He had to save her.

He heard movement outside the office. He ran as quietly as he could out of the office and rushed back to the window. He saw Juliet walk out of the bedroom in the old Slytherin quidditch jersey and a shirtless Severus behind her. He couldn't get to the window without them hearing them. He watched Severus sit on the couch and order her on her knees in front of him. Oh no…

When she pulled down Severus' pajamas and Harry saw what his potions master was packing he freaked out. What. The. Hell. How did he not hurt that poor girl with that beast?! She had to be out of her mind if she was with that monstrosity. Love potion, had to be. Holy hell.

He watched Severus order her to lick and suck him. Harry couldn't look away. As much as he hated it, it was too arousing. After a few minutes Severus moved them to the rug and removed her jersey. His hands were all over her. Harry saw her in all her glory and felt his cheeks get red. He saw Severus reach one of his hands down between her legs and her face changed. He couldn't look away, he shouldn't be here but he couldn't move. He watched her writhe in ecstasy under his potions masters fingers.

Then Severus flipped her and brought her up on her hands and knees, he entered her from behind. His movements weren't slow or gentle, he pounded into her hard. Harry saw her gripping the rug to hold on for dear life, and Severus' fingers digging into her skin. He pulled her hair hard and put his teeth on her shoulder. She breathed his name in ecstasy.

To Severus, it was a job well done. To Harry it was a cry for mercy. He needed to save her from this horrible man! When they finished they laid on the rug by the fire, Severus held her tightly and she had her eyes closed.

"I can't wait to make you my wife." Severus said lovingly.

Oh fuck. Harry was running out of time. He had to save her before they got married. The sick bastard was going to trap her with him! Harry quietly moved to the window and climbed up. He kept his eyes on Severus for any indication of being known. He grabbed his broom from the outside ledge and jumped.

Later that day Severus found his journal, he didn't remember putting it there. He had been so busy with Juliet and work that he forgot all about it. He had every intention of showing it to her and telling
her all of the things he had done while she was gone. The other journal was still in its place in the
desk. Damn it.

Things had been going so well that he pushed this to the farthest reaches of his mind. What if she left
him? Couldn’t and wouldn’t be able to be married to the monster he truly was. Was it selfish of him
to never tell her? Was it wrong to lie?

And after the war? If she found out from another source the true him he had been hiding from her? It
would hurt her more than her knowing now. Could he live without her? Not a second time. He
locked himself away in the office the whole day, drinking and contemplating. Until he finally made
the decision to just show her.

He found her on the couch reading a book. She put it down when he sat next to her and looked at
him nervously.

"We need to talk."

'Did I do something wrong?' she signed. She bit her lip.

"No of course not." He said and pulled out the first journal. He signed and continued "When you
were gone I kept journals. Logs of everything I did during my time alone. My sins, if you will. I
knew that when the time came and you returned I wouldn't be able to say them out loud. So I wrote
them in here." He pulled the first one out and held it out to her.

She grabbed it but he didn't let it go.

"I want you to know before you decide to marry me. The man I truly am. The beast I became when
you left. The words in this book will make you hate me." He said sadly.

'I could never hate you.'

"You would fear me. That's enough for me to hate myself." He said.

'Then I don't want to read it. I don't need to know how you struggled because of me. I just need you.'
She pushed the book back.

"You would find out either from the people outside these walls or this book." He pushed the book to
her. "Please. Read it. For me."

She nodded and grabbed the book. She kissed him and opened it. He moved and sat across from her
as she turned page by page. He watched her face, waiting for the inevitable moment when she would
turn from him.

It was early morning when she finally finished. She set the book down in her lap and looked at him
with tears rolling down her cheeks.

'Did you enjoy any of the things in this book?'

"No. None of it." He said truthfully.

'Did you do any of it willingly?'

He could see her shivering. From what, he did not know.

"Just the drugs and the cutting." He said and hung his head.
She whistled for his attention. He looked up as her.

'Do you regret the things in this book?'

"Yes."

'All of them?'

"Yes."

'Then that's all I need.' She stood and threw the book into the fire. He watched the last 17 years of his sins burn. She turned to him and signed 'I love you and I want you. I don't think you're a bad man.'

"You would still have me? When people will call me death eater?" he asked.

'Yes.'

"When they call me a murderer?" he asked.

'Yes.'

"Knowing the words they speak are true?" he hung on her answer.

'They aren't true. You didn't do those things. Dumbledore made you. The Dark Lord made you. I saw nothing in that book that indicated you chose the people to kill or torture. I only saw the man I loved being forced to do bad things or else he would take their place. And many times you did anyway.' That's why she was crying. Not because she was scared of him. Because she was scared for him.

"You will still have me?"

'Yes. Because I love who you were, who you are, and who you will become. I don't want to live through life without you. And I know you don't want that either.' She stood by the fire and held her arms out to him. Always reaching for him. He got up and stood before her.

"I'm still in the war. I'm still a spy. The things I've done are not over. I will still have to do them." He said and put his hands on her waist.

'That's not what scares me. You going out that door and never coming back home to me. That's my biggest fear, losing my dragon. I know the things you have done and will have to do. That's what makes you so brave and strong. I know you do these things for me, for us. I could never leave you knowing that everything you've been through has been for me.' She was crying.

"And I will continued to do this for you. To protect you, keep you out of the war. When this is over, we will go far away from here. Just you and me." He promised.

Corvus squawked angrily.

"And the bird." He added sarcastically.

She kissed him, long and gentle. Then she kissed his jawline. Whenever she kissed him there it was always a tranquil thing for him. All his stress and anger melted away.

"I have another book. These are the sketches I drew of you. I.... Drew them to keep my sanity. They are not good. I just. Just. Look at them." He couldn't explain.
Showing her the things he had done to other people was one thing. Showing her what he wanted to do to her was another. She took the book and with one hand pushed the hair away from his face. Reassuring him it was going to be alright.

'I'm going to take my time with this one. I always loved your drawings. For now, take me to bed. I want to be curled up next to my dragon.' She smiled lovingly at him.
"You saw what?" Hermione asked in disbelief.

"Things…dirty things…" Harry said as if he was traumatized.

"Tell me everything," Ginny said and moved to sit beside him. She was hanging on his every word.

"He…he…made her do stuff with her mouth." He stuttered.

"A blow job?" Hermione asked.

They all stopped to look at her. "What? I read."

"Then he… you know…" he said awkwardly and wrung his hands.

"Tell me." Ginny stressed and grabbed his shirt. She needed to know.

"Ok! He touched her down there and put fingers in her thing. Then he put his thing in her thing from behind. But he had her on her knees. And he was hurting her. Then when he finished he told her he couldn't wait to make her his wife." He blurted out.

"His thing in her thing…damn you would know how to ruin it." Ginny mumbled and let him go and walked away.

"He's gonna marry her? Why?" Ron asked.

"I'm guessing to trap her. So she can't leave." Harry said.

"Still seems pointless. Why buy the cow if you can get the milk for free." Ron said.

Hermione punched him in the arm hard. "Remember what we said about you not being good with the ladies?"

The twins laughed and snorted.

"He's hurting her. I saw….his….I saw…" Harry couldn't say it.

Ginny rushed back "Say it."

"His dick. I saw his dick! It was massive! How that girl can walk, is a fucking miracle! When he was pounding into her she was trying to get away." He finally said it.

"Uh…. Harry…." Fred said.

"What?" he turned around quickly.

"We need to have a talk. Hippogriffs and Nargles." George said and led him out the door.

"Why didn't I go? Damn." Ginny cursed and started to walk away.

"Where at you going?!" Ron called out.

"To find Dean Thomas!" She yelled back.
"For What?!" he yelled.

"I gotta see a man about a horse!"

Juliet had Severus' sketchbook for a month before she said anything to him about it. It had him on edge. She finally knocked on the door to his office and came in. He put down his quill and grading papers and looked at her.

The put the book down in front of him, opened to a particular favorite of his. She was tied to the bed with her mouth gagged. On the side he sketched a whip and clamps. He looked up to her and waited for her to call him a monster.

'This one.'

"This one What?" he tilted his head. Why did he draw this one? Why did he gag her in it?

'I want to do this one.' She signed and tapped her finger on the page.

His eyes got wide, he didn't expect that. She actually wanted to do this with him?

"You… *want* me to tie you up?" he asked and leaned forward.

She shook her head with the same excitement he saw when she finished her last puzzle.

"You *want* me to use these on you?" his eyes glittered and he leaned forward even more.

"Yes." She whispered and leaned forward to him.

"If I scare you?"

'You won.'

"If I hurt you?"

'You won.'

He was breathing heavy. He loved this woman. There could never be anyone else in the world but her.

"If you want me to stop?"

'I won't.'

"But you *will* tell me." He needed to know she was going to accept this. Accept him.

"Yes." She breathed.

He stood up and walked around the desk. Like a predator stalking its prey. He grabbed her chin and forced her to look up at him.

"Once you open this door… there is no going back. I will not be able to stop myself. From this or anything else in that book." He traced her lips with his thumb.

"I want you." She whispered.

He snapped and it was a blur from there. He vaguely remembered carrying her over his shoulder the
bedroom, ripping her clothes off and using his wand to tie her to the bed.

He gagged her. She couldn't speak either way but it wasn't for that, he wanted to take away her ability to beg. She didn't fight, she didn't struggle or cry. He was so proud of her, his little Ravenclaw princess. He took off his robes and shirt, leaving on his pants and boots.

He conjured a leather whip, he circled her, watching her. He started slow and gentle, rubbing its leather tassels along her stomach as his hands wandered between her legs. He wanted to make her feel calm before he brought the storm. He was the storm.

She came twice under his hands and during her second climax he brought the whip down on her thigh. A test. She passed. She arched into it the next time he brought it down. He waved his wand and she levitated off the bed, still tied. He ran his tongue from back to front of her and watched her squirmed. He incorporated the clamps and paid close attention to her breathing.

He was surprised to hear it was calm and she once again tried to reach for him. He buried his face between her legs but this time his tongue went lower. He tested her acceptance of him in her smaller entrance. She nodded her head for him to continue.

Using her own juices he lubed his middle finger and slowly pushed in. His other hand kept attention on her nub. It didn't take long for her to unravel before him. He was in heaven. Never letting go of this precious gift the gods had given him.

He got to his knees and slowly undid his belt. She watched with hooded eyes. He wrapped it around his fist and brought it down on her waist. The loud slap echoed in the room. The red marks forming on her body were his masterpieces.

He unbuttoned his pants and took himself out, he only slid them down past his waist and smacked his head against her clit. He entered her a few times, covering himself in her juices before he placed his head at her other entrance. He pushed his head in slightly, letting her get adjusted to him.

He reached up and removed the gag. "More" she whispered. His belt came down on her arms, waist, thighs and legs. He went deeper and growled her name. His free hand entering her quickly and his thumb rubbing her.

When she came again this time he picked up his pace, her tightness bringing him over the edge. He pulled out and covered her stomach and chest with his seed. He caught his breath and wandlessly released her binds. He brought her to his chest, not caring that his mess was getting all over himself.

"I love you. Oh princess, you made me so proud." He said and pet her hair.

"That was awesome." She breathed, trying to catch her own breath.

He gave a deep chuckle and carried her to the bathtub.

The holidays came and Juliet had asked Severus if they could get a Christmas tree. He was never the one for holiday cheer but couldn't stop the warm feeling in his chest when he saw her eyes light up. He had the elves steal one from the Great Hall. They put it in the corner by the fireplace and she decorated it with Slytherin colors for him.

He finally admitted to himself that it looked good and not as festive and down your throat like Albus usually did every year. He took off early from classes on Friday and went to Hogsmead to buy her a gift. Lucius met him there at the Hogshead in the backroom.
"What do you have?" Severus asked after the wards went into place.

"I have the paperwork. This is the start of Fudge's re-election campaign. During the shit storm I will file you married and log it under the old batches. If it does come up we make it look like you've been married for 17 years." He explained and handed him the paperwork and golden quill.

"Thank you. For everything." Severus shook his hand.

"As soon as you both sign, you will be married. The paperwork will file itself under my care and the quill will vanish. Congratulations." Lucius shook his hand.

"A wedding present, I have information. Christmas Eve. He's planning a revel that night at my home. Be prepared." He warned.

Severus scowled and nodded. They parted ways and he went back to the castle with his gifts. He had to figure out how he was going to handle leaving her on Christmas Eve.

Juliet was excited for their first Christmas together in so long. She had wrapped the gifts she got him in blue and silver and placed them under the tree. Severus got caught snooping around them and got scolded at.

She cooked all sorts of cookies, pies and pastries for him. Mrs. Weasley was a damn good cook who made her food with love. But Juliet made her food with love for him. And he never tasted food so good.

The turkey she made for Christmas Eve dinner was amazing and he would have eaten more if he wasn't so nervous about the revel that night. She was nervous too but she tried to make him as comfortable as possible. She brought him his favorite whiskey and grabbed one of the presents from under the tree. She wore a simple green dress with thin straps that ended at her knees. For Christmas, she told him.

She stood in front of him holding it out for him. He took it and pulled her into his lap. He opened it and pulled out a wand. He looked at her with a questioning look.

'I made it for you. It took me all month to get it right. It's the first wand I made, I made it for you.' She looked up at him with big eyes.

He felt warmth travel from the wand to his hand and up his arm. It spread to his chest and settled in the center. He felt calm and his magic reacting towards the warmth, wrapping around it.

'It's 16 inches, ash tree, Dragon heartstring, and some other stuff….' She trailed off.

He looked at her with a stern face "What other stuff?"

'Blood of the wand maker.' She looked down at her hands in her lap.

"Why would you do that? Didn't Garrick tell you no?" he scolded her.

'He doesn't know… I wanted you to have part of me at all times. I tapped into my core magic and made you something that will keep you safe.' She said.

He cast his patrons, expecting the familiar raven. A large dragon appeared and flew around the room and circled them. She smiled and watched it soar. He felt this wand accept him as its new owner.

Neither realized that she created another wand that rivaled the Elder Wand. The second in existence.
He kissed her, holding her close to him.

"Thank you. I love it." He summoned one of the presents he got for her. "I think it's only fair that you get to open one."

The wrapping paper flew everywhere and he laughed as she stuck the bow to the top of her head. She opened the box and pulled out the paperwork.

It was a marriage certificate with their names on it. All it needed was their signatures. She pulled out the quill.

"We can be married whenever you want. All we need to do is sign. I have everything lined up at the ministry. You will stay safe." He said and pressed his lips to her temple.

'Now. I want to marry you now.' She held the quill for him to sign first.

"You don't want to wait for a proper wedding? What about Garrick?" he asked.

'I've waited long enough to be your wife. I don't need anything other than you.'

"What about rings?"

She jumped up and scrambled to the tree again and got a smaller box and brought it back to him. He opened it and pulled a silver ring with engraving on the inside.

'The Princess always swears to always take care of her Dragon.'

"When did you get this? How?" he asked.

'Papa took me last week. I worked extra hard and I saved up for it since I started back at the shop. Do you like it?' her eyes were so big and bright.

"Of course I do. I love it." He said.

He pulled his own box out of his robes and held his hand out for her to get back into his lap. He held the box as she lifted the lid. Her hands went to cover her mouth in shock.

He chuckled "Is that a bad sign?"

She pulled it out and held it up. Silver band with a large green stone in the center with two slightly smaller clear stones on both sides. His Slytherin colors. Engraved on the inside.

'The Dragon swears to always keep his Princess safe.'

She threw her arms around his neck and squeezed hard. It took the breath out of his lungs.

'I love it! I want this now! I can't wait anymore Severus. Please? Please can we get married now?'

"If that is what the Princess wants. We better do this properly. Stand up." He said.

She jumped up and pivoted from foot to foot anxiously. He stood next to her in front of the fire and grabbed her hands. She still had the bow on top of her head but he said nothing.

"I don't really know how these things work. I do know that I'm supposed to put this on you." He chuckled.
He put his ring on her finger next to the one he gave her 17 years ago. He tapped his new wand to it and they merged together.

"Juliet Ollivander, will you be my wife? I promise to always protect and love you, as your Dragon." He said.

"Yes!" She whispered and threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. She put the other ring on his finger.

She pulled him down to her lips "Severus Snape, will you be my husband? I promise to always care and love you, as your Princess."

"Yes." He said.

They kissed. He held her tightly, not wanting to let her go. He summoned the quill and contract. It hovered between them, she grabbed the quill from him and signed it underneath her name. It was written in gold and one of its tethers wrapped around her ring hand. He signed next and watched the other gold tether wrap around his ring hand.

Their hands met and the gold tether glowed and warmth spread. It faded into their skin and the contract rolled up and disappeared with a pop. The quill threw itself into the fire.

"I now pronounce you, Juliet Snape." He said.

She jumped up at threw herself at him. He caught her as she wrapped her legs around him. Their tongues meeting as if for the first time. He pulled back to catch his breath and rested his forehead to hers.

"Garrick is going to kill me." He laughed.

His mark burned, he almost dropped her. She knew what it was. She climbed off of him and gripped his robes.

"Come back home to me." She whispered.

"I promise."

He kissed her one last time and stepped into the floo. He saw her sad face one last time before he spun away in the flames.

He didn't even know why he was called, the meeting had nothing to do with him. It was all plotting with the ministry take over. He sat there with his arms crossed and his head down. Until he was called upon by the Dark Lord. His occlumency walls firmly in place, he looked up.

"Severus, what of the ministry official at the school?" his hissed voice asked.

"Horrible woman who doesn't know her place amongst those of higher stature. She plays the pureblood card with no actual heritage to back it." He said.

"Are you not a half-blood yourself, Snape?" Bella called.

"I don't go around pretending to be something I'm not. Like a pureblood, or an inbred." He spat.

The men around the table laughed. "Enough!" the Dark Lord yelled.
"Can she be of use to us?"

"No. She's a Fudge Supporter and holds no special power, magical or otherwise." He said.

"Very well, McNair I want you to get rid of her. The rest of you, leave us."

Severus stood to leave but heard his name being called. He turned and bowed his waist to his approaching Lord. "My Lord."

"Why Severus, you never told me you were married."

His ring. Fuck.

"It just happened. Tonight actually. I didn't want to bother you with insignificant nonsense." He said.

"Who is She?"


"Juliet Ollivander." He couldn't lie, they would look for his records. No matter how good Lucius was, they would find it.

"The wandmaker's granddaughter?"

"Yes, my Lord."

"Good. Marrying into such an esteemed family of the sacred 28 will be good for you. You have my blessing. I do hope your future children will serve amongst my ranks." He held his hand out for Severus to kiss.

He bowed and pressed his lips to his cold skin. "Thank you, My Lord. With honor."

"Dismissed."

He left the mansion in a hurry. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. He used a floo from Diagon Alley so he couldn't be traced. He stepped out of his fireplace and found her on the couch curled up under a blanket. She waited for him.

He carefully picked her up and took her to bed.
Chapter 23

Married life was blissful so far. He didn't think that he could love her any more than he already did. He didn't think they could be even closer. She would wake him up with her bright eyes and a smile every morning. When he was stressed, she would help him grade papers with his all too familiar harsh grading. Then they would cuddle by the fire as he drank his whisky and played with her hair.

He took her out to dinner once a week, no longer needing to hide her from the world. They just couldn't know she was at Hogwarts. He didn't want anyone knowing where she was for her protection. The Dark Lord knew she was his and despite the circumstances, it was better for her protection.

The first meeting when his fellow Death Eaters found out about his marriage, they thought they could get away with speaking of Juliet negatively. They thought wrong.

"I heard she's retarded. Old man Ollivander had to keep her in hiding for most her life because he was ashamed of her."

"So she ain't got a voice? Means she can't say no, eh?"

"I seen you two down in Knockturn. Pretty little swot. You should bring her in, let us have a taste."

Severus snapped, his magic was uncontrollable as he killed two of them with fire from his new wand Juliet made him. The other he strangled wandlessly and held him in the air. The Dark Lord came up beside him and ordered him to stop.

"You've made your point."

He released him and let him fall into a heap on the floor. He turned back to the rest of the followers. "Does anyone else have a comment on what is mine?!" He roared. Dark Lord be damned, he protected what was his.

He heard the Dark laughter behind him. "My my my…. Such a temper. For a little Ravenclaw?"

"She is mine. I have never asked you for anything my Lord. Never. This is the only thing that is mine alone and I want to keep it that way." Severus said and kept his head held high.

He circled Severus and eyes searching for a sign of weakness. Severus fed him memories of their time together. His hand around her neck, her tied to the bed, his marks on her skin.

"Very well. You have been loyal, you have been merciless. She is under my protection. Let it be known, Juliet Snape, nee Ollivander is off limits! She is to be protected and treated as one of our own! She holds the same rank as Severus in my inner circle. Any opposed?" Voldemort turned to his followers.

"You're gonna let that bitch-"

"AVADA KADAVRA!" Voldemort yelled.

"Anyone else?"

Silence.

"Thank you, my Lord. I am eternally grateful." Severus bowed and kissed the hem of his robes.
Albus gave him the task of teaching the brat Potter Occlumency. Why him? Teach him yourself, you lazy bastard. So of course, he had to comply. Then the little shit got into his memories. He saw his intimate moments with Juliet from when they were in school. The times when he watched Black corner Juliet and attack her.

"Did you enjoy that? Seeing your precious godfather and father take advantage of an innocent girl?" he grabbed Harry by the shirt.

"It wasn't like that! You were just using her! You still are!"

Oh that did it. Severus snapped and threw a fist. He had to give it to the kid, he did have seeker reflexes. He barely moved out the way in time for his fist hit the stone behind him and cracked it. His magic was fully behind the punch. Potter rushed out of the room, running off to Albus most likely. Needless to say the lessons stopped.

The rest of the year passed smoothly, even for him. He had to attend the revels and raids. He told Juliet not to read the newspapers, he didn't want her seeing any of it. When they hit Diagon Alley he made sure that the wand shop was left alone. His and Juliet's protection Extended to her only family.

The ministry infiltration was set for May. Severus was not a part of it. It wasn't his specialty, he was the potions master, the assassin, the strategist. Lucius on the other hand, wasn't so lucky. Severus tipped off the order and kept to himself. His job was done.

Then Umbridge brought her stupid little inquisitor squad. He told his godson to stay out of that crowd but he didn't listen. Minerva got attacked, Albus and Hagrid gone. Then Potter and his stupid not so secret club in the room of requirement. Subtlety was obviously not his strong suit. Let them all get expelled! Less stress off his plate.

Until Umbridge found their little club and had the gall to ask for more veritaserum. The little wretch already cleared him out months ago. Did he have more? Of course. Would he hand it over? Hell no.

And not so subtle Potter went and broke into her office trying to use the floo and got caught. Once again he ran his mouth. "They have padfoot where it's hidden." What the fuck did that mean? Good. Let that bastard get what was coming to him. But no, he had to alert the order. He went in search for Flitwick to get the message out.

Harry and Hermione led Umbridge to the forest and let the centaurs take her. Then they rallied the troops to head to the Ministry.

"How the hell are we going to get there? Umbridge locked her floo!" Ron yelled as they ran.

"Snape! He's got a floo in his rooms." Harry yelled and led them to the dungeons.

"How the bloody hell are we gonna get in?" Neville asked.

"Same way Umbridge got into the room of requirement." Harry said.

When they broke into his office they stood in front of the door leading to his personal rooms. Harry pulled out the map.

"Snape is clear on the other side of the castle. Juliet is in there. Oh my god! Her last name is Snape now! That bastard forced her to marry him!"
"Who?" Neville and Luna said.

"We'll explain the whole story later, but Snape has her under a love potions and keeps her locked away in there." Ginny said.

"This is our chance! We're gonna take her with us and save Sirius!" Harry said and pulled his wand out.

"Are you sure about this?" Hermione asked.

Too late.

"Bombarda Maxima!" the door blew off the hinges and into the room. It hit the wall across from it.

Juliet was sitting on the couch doing another puzzle Severus had gotten her for her birthday. She was waiting for Severus to come home so they could start dinner together. Corvus was perched on her shoulder watching her. When the door busted open she jumped up and moved to the far side of the room.

The dust settled and a herd of Gryffindors rushed in. Corvus launcher himself at Ron to defend his owner.

"Petrificus Totalus!" Hermione yelled.

Corvus fell to the floor. Juliet let out a muted scream for her beloved pet. They turned to her. She put her hands up and tried to move closer to the corner.

"Grab her!" Harry yelled.

Ron rushed forward and wrapped his large hands around her arm and dragged her from the wall. She tried to pull away. Her wand lay on the coffee table, she couldn't reach. She tried to hit Ron but he blocked them.

"'Mione, where is the potion?" Ron asked as he blocked more of her slaps.

She pulled it out and gave it to Harry. "This is for your own good. We'll save you and take you to Sirius." He said and had Ron hold both her arms.

She shook her head violently and mouthed "No. Please. No." She whistled loudly for Severus.

"Hold her head." He said and Ginny moved forward. She plugged her nose and made sure she kept her mouth open. He poured it in and she gagged, spilling some down her front.

Her white shirt now see through and her bra clearly visible. She wore a pair of small shorts that were her pajamas. Luckily she wasn’t wearing his jersey tonight or she wouldn’t have bottoms. She was barefoot and getting her feet cut on the broken stone and glass from when they blew into the room.

She swallowed enough of the potion that Hermione said it should work. "Do you still love Snape?" Harry asked point blank.

She nodded her head and felt sick. She started to pale and lose her balance.

"What happens if it doesn't work? Like if she's not on a love potion?" Ginny asked.

"She'll get sick." She said.
"She looks like she's going to vomit." Neville said.

'Don't take me to Black! Please leave me alone! Let me go!' Juliet signed and kept whistling for help.

"Shush!" Ron told her.

"Did you just tell a mute girl to shut up?" Hermione scolded.

"Harry, Snape's coming back!" Ginny yelled as she watched his dot go down the stairs.

"Let's go! Ministry of Magic!" He yelled and jumped in the flames.

His friends followed and Ron dragging a frightened Juliet. She stumbled and cut her hand and knee on the broken floo vase that fell on the floor. Ron picked her up by her arm and dragged her into the floo with him.

She was dizzy. She saw green and felt like it too. They came out to the other side and she was thrown into the black tiled floor. Her arms and legs bruised now.

"Careful with her!" Hermione yelled.

"She's Ok! I just lost my grip." Ron said and picked her up.

She tried to hit him off of her again and run to the floo. She whistled loudly for help. Harry rushed forward and grabbed her by the middle. "No! We're going to save Sirius and then you'll be safe from Snape!"

'No! Anywhere but with him!'

He dragged her along with them through the Ministry. Looking for the door in his visions. She limped to try and keep up with his fast pace. She was sobbing, begging with her hands and whispers to take her back to Severus.

Severus did his job, he alerted the order and he was done for the night. He was looking forward to going home, having a stiff whiskey and holding his wife. When he reached his classroom he knew something was wrong. He didn't leave the door open.

He rushed through his office and saw the blown door. His wards were down. He searched for her everywhere, hoping she was hiding somewhere in the chambers.

"PRINCESS?! JULIET?!" He went from room to room.

He found Corvus frozen on the floor. He revived him. The crazy squawking told him she had been taken. He saw the evidence by the fireplace. The shattered vase, the furniture in disarray. Her blood on the floor.

*Her blood.*

His magic flared out, the fire within him burned around him destroying things or sending them everywhere. He roared in rage and the room shook under the pressure of his magic. He ran through the floo after his wife.

He was going to kill someone tonight.
"Harry, this one has your name on it."

When Harry grabbed the prophecy he heard the all too familiar chuckled of Lucius Malfoy.

"Give me the prophecy and you can leave here unharmed."

"Where's my godfather?!" Harry screamed. Still holding Juliet's upper arm roughly.

"The Dark Lord fooled you, don't you see?" he laughed.

Juliet recognized him when he removed his mask. She reached out to him and whistled. She tried to pull away from Harry.

Lucius' eyes went wide "JULIET?"

The other Death Eaters gasped and murmured.

"What have you done, stupid boy?!" He spat.

"I'll destroy the prophecy." Harry threatened.

"Damn the prophecy! Do you know what you've done?! He will kill us all!" Lucius said with a frightened voice.

"Voldemort?" the death eaters hissed at the name.

"The Son of the Morning!" one of the death eaters yelled in fear.

"Oh no….it's not the Dark Lord you should be afraid of. Give me the girl. Give me the girl and we might live through the night." He held his hand out for her.

"No! I saved her from Snape! He had her under a love potion! She belongs with Sirius!" Harry yelled.

"Harry, she's not under the potion. She's sick. She hasn't changed her mind." Hermione said softly.

"Love potion? You foolish boy! Give her to me! Before he finds her gone!" He yelled.

"We have our orders! The prophecy!" Bella yelled.

He backhanded her hard "He will kill us all if we don't bring her back!"

The other Death Eaters agreed. They all demanded Juliet. Then the room shook. Everyone got silent. A distant boom and the room shook again.

"He's here." Lucius said in a frightening tone.

"What do we do?" Dolohov asked. He got choked out last time and he didn't want to see what would happen this time.

"Get the girl. Forget the prophecy. Protect her at all costs."

She tried to pull away again from Potter. "What are you doing?! They're death eaters! We're trying to save you from them!"

'They never hurt me like you!' her words weren't understood.
"She's a bloody death eater lover!" Ron yelled.

"No she's not! On my signal." Harry said over his shoulder to his friends.

He sent a spell to the shelf next to them and sent it toppling over. The loud crashing and wild spells all over the place scared her. Harry had a firm hold on her arm and dragged her with him. Broken glass and flying debris hit her. She was sobbing now. Her loud whistles of panic alerted Severus to her direction.

Severus blew through door after door with his wild core magic. He didn't draw his wand once. He blasted down walls and wards as he searched for her. He heard her whistle in the distance and set his rampage towards her.

Juliet landed hard on the ground after a blast hit close to her and Harry. They fell down a long shaft and she landed on some sort of hard rock. She spit blood which led to her vomiting on the ground. She slowly got to her feet and tried to limp away. They were at another standoff. Harry grabbed her and held her and the prophecy. Her eyes barely open now. She was weak and sick from the potion.

The Death Eaters flew down and landed at the other end of the chamber, wands drawn and masks up. "Hand her over and you are free to go." The only thing between them was a floating veil with a stone archway.

The wall behind Lucius blew apart. The Death Eaters parted and bowed. Severus walked through the wreckage, his eyes fixed on her.

"Severus…. They… we…." Lucius stammered.

Fire surrounded him as he walked into the room, his magic pushing the death eaters farther away. Every step he took, the hard stone under his boots cracked and sunk. Harry and his friends huddled closer together.

Juliet whistled and reached for him with her free arm. He saw her, bleeding, half naked, scared, sick and hurt. He lost it.

"WHAT DID YOU DO TO HER?" He roared.

"I saved her! You-" Harry said.

"GIVE ME BACK MY WIFE." He demanded.

"No! She doesn't belong to you! She belongs with Sirius!"

"Harry… let her go, Mate. He's gonna kill us." Ron said.

Severus pulled out his wand and flicked it and a long strand of fire came out like a whip. He cracked it on the ground and it shattered the floor and left a trail of fire.

"DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM?" Severus slowly moved closer, his fire and magic pulsing harder.

"I don't care who you are, I'm the boy who lived." Harry said with a cocky attitude.

"Don't taunt him Harry…he's gonna kill us." Neville whispered. "Give her back. Please just give her back."
"THEY CALL ME THE SON OF THE MORNING." Severus roared and cracked his whip at them, it hit Ron, wrapped around his leg and pulled then he fell.

Ron screamed in pain as Hermione put the fire out as quickly as she could. "Shit! He's gone mental! Give her up!" Ron cried.

His whip came around again, this time it went for Hermione. Ginny pulled her out of the way. Spirals of light came flying down to the chamber. The order arrived.

It was Severus against the Order. The Death Eaters held their ground behind him. The people he spied for. The people he vowed to. But now? He looked down at his arm, the golden vow he made with Albus broke. He didn't hold up his part of deal. She was hurt, taken from him and now in the war.

"Precious? Harry, what are you doing?" Sirius said and stepped next to him.

"I saved her. We gave her the anti love potion. We can be a family now." Harry said and pushed her into Sirius' arms.

"Precious…I've waited so long."

She slapped him. Her hands kept coming up and hitting him, kicking to get away from him.

"GIVE ME BACK MY PRINCESS." Severus roared.

"She's mine now. I've waited so long for her after you stole her from me." Sirius held her close to him and aimed his wand at Severus.

"Padfoot! Let her go! We don't kidnap!" Remus yelled.

Severus saw her reaching for him, always reaching. He saw Sirius' hand creep to her waist. It was pure rage from there on.

"When I get her, and I will, I will kill you all." He said in a sick twisted deep voice.

The order stood their ground next to Harry, wands drawn and ready for the fight. Remus looked at his best friend with worry.

"Don't worry precious, I've got you." Sirius murmured in her ear. She fought him.

"Sirius! Let her go!" Kingsley yelled from his left.

"No! She's mine!" He yelled and gave her a sick smile.

"You're so fucking obsessed with her! It's over! Let her go!" Remus yelled and tried to pull her away from him.

"No!" He argued.

Severus brought his whip of fire up again and sent it to Sirius. Everyone scattered, the firefight started. The order and death eaters collided in the air. Sirius held her close and dodged Severus' trails of fire.

"GIVE ME BACK WHAT'S MINE!"

"No, we've got the upper hand. We got her and the prophecy. The way I see it, we won." Harry
said, he stood next to Sirius.

"If you could see like me, you'd see that you haven't won anything. If you could see like me, you'd see that it's by my grace you're breathing." He said. His whip of fire came up again and this time he went for Harry.

Harry dove out of the way but the whip got Sirius on his shoulder. He let go of Juliet and fell to his knees. She took off running to Severus who rushed to her. They met in the center of the chamber, now battlefield. She ducked and dodged stray spells and threw herself at him.

He caught her and held her close to his chest. She wrapped her arms around his neck and cried. "I got you, princess. I'm here."

Harry and the order opened fired on Severus and nothing hit. His magic barrier blocking everything. When she was finally in his arms he felt relief, yet his rage now to the point of calamity as his fire swirled around them.

Sirius rushed forward and threw spell after spell "You son of a bitch! You stole her from me for the last time! I give the word and you and your friends are fucking done!"

"Your whisper may sway the weak, but when I speak it roars the sea. Burn it all." Severus was laughing now, a sick deep rumble filled the room as he toyed with Sirius and ordered the death eaters to attack.

"I'll rip you apart!" Sirius started sending unforgiveables.

Severus continued to laugh as they deflected off his shield of raw magic "You think you can challenge me? Because with a breath I could snap your neck." His eyes were blacker than ever, the fire around him and Juliet melting the stone.

Severus brought up his right hand and wandlessly grabbed Sirius by the throat. He hung in the air, clawing at invisible hands that inhibited his breathing.

"Let him go!" Harry charged at Severus but hit his shield and bounced off. Remus now came to help.

"Severus, don't do this. It wasn't his fault! He's sick in the head! His father and Azkaban messed him up!" Remus yelled.

"How does it feel? To be held against your will? To be screaming and no one hear you? To be taken advantage of? Your lies and actions have led you to this point. Your life is in her hands." Severus spat. He looked down at Juliet and silently asked for permission to kill him.

"Take me home." She whispered through her tears.

He dropped Sirius hard, then picked her up and turned and started walking away and stopped as he passed Lucius "Kill them all." He ordered. Lucius bowed his head.

"Come back here, you coward!" Harry yelled. Severus spun around.

"I'm no coward! I am fire! I am death! I am the Son of the Morning!" Severus yelled.

He cast a wandless fiend fyre. A dragon of flames appeared and rushed towards the order. They all scattered to avoid it.
"We needed that prophecy, Snape!" Bella screamed.

"Sounds like you failed your mission then doesn't it?" He spat. He continued out the Ministry, holding her close to him. Ignoring the sounds of Battle behind him.

He walked through the floo back to their rooms at the castle. He sat with her on the couch, her back to his front. She was hyperventilating, a panic attack. Her hands clawing at his pants.

"Breathe for me. Breathe. I'm here. I've got you." He repeated as he held her tightly against him.

"Voices. The voices." She gasped.

"Shh…. Let my voice be the only one you hear. Hear my voice, Princess. Your Dragon is here. Listen to my voice." He wanted to take it all away. The pain, fear and hate that she felt right now.

After about twenty minutes she finally calmed down but Severus could hear her sniffling. He pressed his lips to her temple. "Tell me what they did to you."

He watched her hands move to tell the story of how the door busted open, how Corvus tried to save her, how the red headed boy (Ron) grabbed her roughly and threw her around. Then it continued with red headed girl (Ginny) forcing her mouth open and Potter forcing the potion down her throat.

His hands formed fists, his muscles flex but he kept his magic in check. She continued with her being dragged through the Ministry and Potter telling her that she belonged to Sirius. They were going to be a family, he told her. That he saved her from Severus and she could finally be with Sirius.

She told him about seeing Lucius and he did try to save her but Potter dragged her away again. She told him how she hurt her arms, legs, feet and her face when she fell.

He looked at all the marks on her body, the bruises from where they had their hands on her. The cuts on her skin, her beautiful soft skin.

"Why didn't you let me kill him?"

'Because I need you here, not in Azkaban. He doesn't deserve to die by your hand."

He held her tightly before getting up and picking her up bridal style. "I need to get you to Saint Mungo's. They will be able to heal you better than I can. And we will file charges on all of those wretched Gryffindors."

'I want to stay here with you.'

"I need to notify Garrick. It will be ok. The potion they gave you need to get out of your system." He said and stepped towards the floo.

'Never leave me'

"I will never leave you."
Severus admitted Juliet to Saint Mungo's and she was immediately taken in by two friendly but pushy elderly nurses. Severus hot on their heels as they wheeled her bed down different hallways. They took blood samples for the investigation then treated her for poisoning first then took pictures of her injuries and healed them.

They stripped Juliet down to her underwear and brought out a camera. They had her hold her arms out or turn in various positions. They focused on the handprint shaped bruises the most. Once they were done the older woman healed all of the cuts and bruises on her skin. The darker ones lightened up but couldn't disappear completely.

They let her back into the bed before asking anymore questions. "I do have to ask, were you sexually assaulted or raped?"

Severus held his breath. She shook her head no. He breathed a sigh of relief. He would have gone back and killed them all with his bare hands.

There was a knock on the door, a short skinny man with messy blonde hair came in. "Mr. Snape, I'm Auror Clayton Knight. I understand we have a situation involving your wife. I need to get a statement from her and pull her memories, if she agrees of course." He shook Severus' hand and took out a quick notes quill.

"Auror Knight, thank you for assisting us. She is prepared to give her full statement." He turned to her and nodded.

Auror Knight gave her a small wave and sat on a stool next to the bed. This case was his specialty, he knew not to make sudden movements or noises or try to touch someone who had been through what she had.

"Hello Mrs. Snape, I'm Auror Knight. Are you alright with telling me what happened from the beginning?" he asked softly.

She looked to Severus. He gave a small nod behind his back. She nodded at the Auror.

"And are you alright with sharing your memories of the incident with me?" he asked and took out a small case of empty vials and a small pensive.

She looked to Severus again. He signed to her 'Leave out anything that links me to the Dark Lord.' Knight never saw.

"Alright, it's my understanding that you are unable to speak. We can do this a few ways. You can write everything down or I can get someone in here who knows sign language." He said softly.

"I will be able to translate for you." Severus offered.

"I appreciate that, sir. Although with special cases like this we need an unbiased third party." He said.

She opted for the interpreter and they waited a few moments while he grabbed another woman from outside the room. She was medium build with brown curly hair and big glasses. Her smile made
Juliet feel better. When they finished with her statement and questions he escorted the woman out and thanked her for her time.

"We can start with the memories now?" he asked.

She pointed to her temple and the empty vials. He nodded and grabbed one and pulled out his wand. Her hand reached for Severus. He held it.

"Alright, I'm going to ask you detailed questions about places, names and times and I want you to bring it forward alright? Tap your finger when you're ready and I'll grab the memory. Close your eyes if you have to." He instruction and was surprisingly patient with her.

One by one and question by question they went. And she squeezed his hand each time as the memory was pulled. When they finished he thanked them for their time, he would review the memories and information that he gathered and pick up the suspects mentioned in her story.

The two nurses returned and checked her vitals once more, they gave her a calming draught and another potion for dehydration. They asked that she stay overnight and happily set up a thick cushioned chair for Severus by her bed.

As soon as she finished the calming draught her eyes dropped and she was out. Severus stayed up holding her hand and forming a game plan in his head.

The next morning Severus was startled by the door being slammed open, he jumped up and pulled out his wand. Garrick stormed in and rushed to her.

"Fucking hell! Don't do that!" He said and put a hand to his heart. It was too much excitement for the last 24 hours.

"What happened? Is she going to be ok? Who did It?"

"I'll tell you everything, please calm down before you wake her." He said and summoned another chair.

Both men talked with on either side of her bed. Severus told him everything that happened including the parts where he destroyed probably millions of galleons worth of ministry property.

"And she already filed the charges?" Garrick asked.

"Last night after they took her blood, pictures and memories." He said.

"Good. I'll see to it those sick bastards never see the light of day again. I'll pull my seat on the wizengamot. I'll have all sacred 28 behind me. They won't get a fucking trial." Garrick swore.

"I need a favor. Last night solidified my position with the Dark Lord but it also broke my vow to the Order the second she got hurt. As I've told you before she is protected by the Dark Lord. I need you to dismiss their charges if any. They did try to save her from Potter. Her memories reflect that as well. It will help me gain his trust, the closer I get to him the safer we are and the sooner I can help end this war." Severus said.

Garrick looked at him, a firm scowl set in place. "The men I despise are the men that tried to save my granddaughter. This is a fucked up war isn't it?" he scoffed. "You saved her. As you have promised since you were a boy that you would protect her."
"I failed last night. I know that." Severus cut him off.

"No. You cannot stop the universe from happening, Severus. But you can beat it into submission. The only way you can ever fail your wife is if you give up. You get knocked down? Get up." He said and then paused for a few moments while contemplating.

"I will see their charges dropped, they have left my wand shop alone. Tell your Dark Lord it has not gone unnoticed or appreciated but House Ollivander remains neutral after I help clear his men." Garrick said and rubbed his chin.

"Thank you."

"I will be going down to the ministry now. I'll get on their asses to get shit done. I smell Albus all over this already. Take care of her and send a patronus if you need anything. I'll send Robbie over to Spinners End later with food." Garrick said and shook his hand.

Severus was able to take Juliet home later that day with the Auror's card and a promise that they will be in touch. He transfigured one of the armchairs into a chaise lounge chair and set her down surrounded by pillows and blankets. He made sure she had everything she needed and wanted. When he wasn't tending to her he was taking floo calls with Garrick and the Auror for the charges filed.

He didn't return to school, he took what was called "family medical leave of absence" for his wife. Albus tried to talk to him but he blocked him left and right from his floo and his home with wards. He knew the old man would try to use his vow over his head to get what he wanted. He couldn't do that if he couldn't talk to him, could he?

The kids and Sirius were taken in by Aurors. They were picked up immediately at the ministry after Voldemort was seen fighting with Dumbledore.

"It wasn't us! You saw him! It was Voldemort! He's back!" Harry yelled as he was magically cuffed and his wand taken.

"You-know-who wasn't the one who kidnapped a woman was he? Harry Potter, you are under arrest for the kidnapping, poisoning and attacking of Juliet Snape. Anything you say can and will be used against you." Auror Knight said.

"What?! No! I was saving her!" He yelled and tried to pull away.

"Save it. You're gonna have a long time to think about what you did in Azkaban."

Harry watched his friends get cuffed and their wands taken. Molly was screaming for her children. Kingsley trying to talk to Auror Knight who was in charge. He was threatened with suspension without pay if he kept interfering. Sirius was taken in by a whole team of Aurors and given a special collar around his neck. They were "anonymously tipped" that he was an unregistered animagus.

Hermione cried and hung her head as she was taken away. Ron tried to fight. Ginny screamed that she knew her rights and then something about pleading the fifth and the Auror holding her reminded her this wasn't America. Neville was confused about the whole situation and Luna went with smiles.

They were all placed in a large holding cell together. Sirius was immediately taken to Azkaban with two Auror guards on standby. One by one each of them were brought in for questioning.
Albus came in to speak to them collectively.

"Do you realize what you've done?!!" Albus stressed.

"I'm sorry we destroyed the prophecy-" Harry said.

"This isn't about the prophecy! You kidnapped his wife! Do you know how much damage you have done?!!" Albus yelled. None of them have ever seen their headmaster angry.

"If we apologize for the misunderstanding I'm sure-"

"This isn't about a misunderstanding! It's about Severus! Because of your actions the order lost him!"

"What?!" Harry said and stood up.

"He vowed to the Order as long as she stayed out of the war, she stayed at his side and no harm came to her. You broke that vow. And he will never trust us again. Because of your actions the order lost its spy!" Albus scolded.

"Oh shit." Ron said and buried his face in his hands.

"He was never on our side."

"Don't. Harry, just don't." Hermione said.

"The order needed him. With his power and resources we have lost our edge on the war!" Albus said.

The silence he was answered with let him know he got his point across. He left the room.

Harry defended his point to the end that he was saving her. Hermione folded and admitted everything. Ron told them that if they were going to lock him away, make sure it was somewhere his mother couldn't get him. Ginny went down swinging till the end, telling the Aurors that she wasn't a snitch and eventually they gave up and sent her back to her cell.

Neville and Luna were released but given a firm warning. Their charges were dropped and they were given community service to restore the department of mysteries. Neville's grandmother dragged him out of the ministry by his ear. Luna's father picked her up, saying the wackspurts were affecting her decisions. They kindly asked him to get the hell out.

Albus tried to use his wizengamot seat and order of Merlin to sway the court system. Garrick blocked him on all sides and pulled his seat on the wizengamot and the sacred 28. He was going to be on the Jury. He denied all of Albus' attempts to delay the hearing and free them. The look on his face made it all worth it to Garrick.

Garrick made sure the reporters left Severus and Juliet alone and focused on Potter and his friends instead. The papers had their faces plastered all over the place.

"POTTER GRANGER WEASLEY CHARGED WITH KIDNAPPING"

"NOTORIOUS SIRIUS BLACK FOUND AT MINISTRY BREAK IN"

"IS DUMBLEDOR TEACHING CRIME AT HOGWARTS?"
"DUMBLEDORE'S ARMY = CRIME SYNDICATE"

Hermione's parents came in and tried to post bail for her but the ministry advised them magical law was completely different from muggle law. Mr. Weasley was able to get Ginny out based on her age and following "The wrong crowd." It didn't work for Ron, but Garrick allowed her passing. She was sentenced to community service with Neville and Luna as well as a firm warning.

The day came when Juliet had to appear in court for the trial, Severus kept her close and his arm tightly around her. Albus confronted Severus before they entered the chamber.

"I need you to drop the charges. For the good of-" Albus was cut off.

"For the good of what? Your precious Gryffindors?" Severus spat.

"You are still vowed to me, I order you to drop the charges." Albus demanded.


He made sure his own named stayed out of everything. He knew Albus would pull his rank on him and manipulate everything he could. Garrick made sure that Severus was protected from everything.

"If you-" Albus was cut off again. The bell rang for the start of the hearing. Severus turned his back and walked away with her.

When they entered the chamber she gripped Severus' arm when she looked up and saw all of the faces looking down on her. Severus walked her to the chair in the center and told her to be brave and that he would be less than ten feet away.

She spotted her grandfather in the seats above and he gave her a small nod that it would be alright. They brought in Harry, Hermione, Ron and Sirius to be sat on the side in the bottom row on her left. Their cuffs chained to the bar in front of them. All of them still wearing their dirty and torn clothing from the fight in the department of mysteries.

Juliet started to have a panic attack when she saw them. Severus jumped the railing and rushed to her. After he calmed her down, he kissed her forehead and promised her it would be over soon.

Hermione and Ron looked at Harry with doubt. Everything he told them that he saw about mistreatment of Juliet was now being questioned in their minds.

They brought in the interpreter and started the questioning.

"Juliet Snape nee Ollivander, do you swear that everything you say is the truth and can be used for and against you in the wizengamot?" Albus said from his seat.

Garrick stood and interrupted "I motion with the council that our Chief Warlock be replaced for this hearing."

The crowd murmured and Albus was blindsided.

"The council hears your request, state your reasoning." Fudge said.

"He already holds a biased opinion towards the children as their headmaster and he was at the scene of the crime." He said.

"All in favor of removing Albus Dumbledore from Chief Warlock?" Everyone looked to Garrick.
who raised his hands. They followed his lead.

"The motion approved, please escort him out of the chamber." Fudge slammed his gavel down.

"I motion for the council that I represent the defendants and replace their wizengamot appointed lawyer." Albus said and stood up.

"Those opposed?"

Everyone looked to Garrick. He shook his head and the motion passed. Albus was going right where he wanted him. He stepped down and took his seat next to Harry.

"Now, our next in line for Chief Warlock….is Garrick Ollivander. Please take the seat." Fudge announced.

Garrick moved to the head seat and sat down, he wandlessly summoned the Chief Warlock hat from Dumbledore's head and put it on.

Albus stood "I motion for Chief Warlock Ollivander to stand down based on biased terms he is related to the plaintiff."

"Those in favor?"

Everyone looked at Garrick. He shook his head no. He had the whole council in the palm of his hand. Sirius leaned forward and hit his head on the railing. "We're fucked." He mumbled.

"Motion denied."

The pissing match between both men had people on edge.

"Now where were we? Oh yes…. Juliet Snape nee Ollivander, do you swear that everything you say is the truth and can be used for and against you in the wizengamot?" he smiled down at her.

She nodded and signed yes. The interpreter was her voice.

"Can you tell us what happened from the beginning?" he asked.

Her questioning lasted two hours, he asked all the right questions and everything pointed to the four people in chains on her left.

"Can you tell us who kidnapped you?"

She pointed.

"Can you tell us who poisoned you?"

She pointed.

"Can you tell us who hurt you?"

She pointed.

"Did they say why they did it?"

'They said "it was for my own good" and that I "belonged to Sirius Black."' She signed. The interpreter repeated.
The wizengamot spoke in hushed tones. Sirius kept banging his head on the railing "We're fucked. Completely fucked."

"We were saving her!" Harry yelled and stood up, his chains pulled him back to sitting.

"Mr. Potter, you speak out again and you will be silenced by force." Garrick threatened.


"Thank you, Mrs. Snape. You may stand down and return to your husband." He said.

She jumped up and rushed to Severus who held his arms out to her. "You did good, I'm proud of you." He said quietly and pushed her hair from her face.

Hermione was next and she cried and begged for forgiveness. Then they asked her the sensitive questions about Sirius.

"Has this man ever approached you in a sexual manner?"

"I don't-"

"It's a yes or no question."

"Yes."

"Has this man ever touched you inappropriately?"

"Yes, but-"

"See? This man has a history of approaching young underage girls! He didn't learn his lesson the last time he was caught with his pants down." Garrick accused.

"What did you do to Hermione?!" Ron yelled and reached for Sirius. Her parent stood up from the back and yelled for justice.

"Keep it down, Mr. Weasley. We will get to him. Now, Miss Granger, did you make the potion that was given to Mrs. Snape?"

"Yes but it was to save her!" Hermione blurted out quickly before she was cut off again.

"Are you aware the side effects of an Anti Love Potion when given to someone who does not suffer from the effects of a Love Potion?" he asked with a raised brow.

"Yes." She clenched her eyes shut.

"Motion to bring forth evidence against Miss Granger."

"Motion approved."

"This is a sample of her blood that was taken the night of the incident. Test results show the only thing that was in her system was your potion." He said and held up the sample and sent out the copies of the results to the everyone.

Hermione gasped and looked at Harry with teary eyes. He hung his head.

"So Miss Granger, this potion became a poison. Did it not?"
"Objection! Miss Granger may have brewed the potion but she did not administer it." Albus cut in.

"Miss Granger, who forced the potion on Mrs. Snape?"

"Forced? No it wasn't like that!" She cried.

"You're telling me that she willing took the poison?"

"Objection misleading, the Chief Warlock is twisting words. Item in question is a potion not a poison. He is using these terms to confuse the jury." Albus cut in again.

"Sustained, Chief Warlock use proper terms." Fudge said.

"Very well, are you telling us Mrs. Snape willing took the potion?"

"No."

"Who forced the potion on Mrs. Snape?"

She bit her lip and hung her head "Harry Potter."

The jury went crazy, calling out for Harry to be locked away.

"What did he say was the reason?"

"That Professor Snape had her under a love potion and keeping her locked in the dungeons and hurting her."

"Obviously that was not true. When he administered the potion and asked her if she still loved her husband, she said yes. Why did you take her from the safety of her home?"

Hermione couldn't answer, she started sobbing.

"The jury has heard enough from Miss Granger, please take your seat. The wizengamot calls Ronald Weasley." Garrick said.

Ron took his seat in the center and looked around the room with wide eyes. His mother crying in the back.

"Mr. Weasley, why did you hold down Mrs. Snape?"

"So…. Harry could give her the potion." Ron said sheepishly.

"And when the potion became a poison-"

"Objection!" Albus yelled.

"Overruled, proper verbiage used at time in question." Fudge said.

"When the potion became a poison, why did you not let her go?"

"Well… Harry said that she belonged with Sirius. That we were saving her. That Sirius was her true love." Ron explained.

"Even though she willingly married her husband. And told you that despite the potion, she still loved her husband, you still kidnapped her?"
"Its not-"

"Answer the question, Mr. Weasley."

"Yes."

Mrs. Weasley could be heard in the back seats sobbing.

"Because Harry Potter told you to?"

"Yes."

"Do you often let Mr. Potter decide your actions and tell you what to do?"

"Objection-

"Mr. Weasley, did you intentionally hurt Mrs. Snape to get back at your teacher?" Garrick asked, using another route.

"Hurt her? I didn't hurt her!" He claimed.

"Motion to bring forth evidence against Mr. Weasley." Garrick said over him.

"Motion approved." Fudge said.

The ceiling shimmered and the photos appeared of her injuries. The bruises and cuts on her arms and legs. Then it focused on her hand shaped bruises on her arms.

"I'm sorry. I didn't know I was…. I was… hurting her. I never meant to-"

"We've heard enough from Mr. Weasley. The Wizengamot calls Harry Potter." Garrick cut him off. His point was made.

Harry was brought forward to the center and he looked around boldly.

"Mr. Potter….. this isn't the first time you've sat there. You were here last August for misuse of magic in front of a muggle."

"Objection, irrelevant!" Albus called.

"Sustained, get to the point, Chief Warlock."

"Mr. Potter has a history of disregarding not only the rules at Hogwarts but the law itself."

"Is that a question for the defendant?" Fudge asked.

"No, merely an observation." Garrick said innocently.

"Why aren't you more focused on the fact that Voldemort was here?! He's back! And what about the Death Eaters in the Ministry? Lucius Malfoy was there! Or Snape abusing Juliet!" Harry yelled.

"The ministry and it's Aurors are working very hard on to get to the bottom it. Lucius Malfoy was given an order of Merlin for his efforts in protecting the department of mysteries and trying to rescue Mrs. Snape from her assailants." Garrick said and the Jury applauded.

"What? That's not what happened!"
"I understand you have a very bad habit of speaking out of turn. If the Jury agrees, I would like to cut to the chase and play the memories."

"Those in favor?"

They looked to Garrick who raised his hand. They followed.

"Motion approved, bring the memories."

The ceiling shimmered and it began the playback. It started with her and Severus in the living room, he was saying goodbye.

"I'll be home late, Princess. When I come back we can start dinner together." He said and kissed her.

'I love you, Dragon.' She signed and walked him out.

Fast forward her sitting at the coffee table putting the puzzle together. The door blasted open. Hermione immobilized Corvus, Harry yelled to grab her. Ron dragged her across the room. Ginny plugging her nose, Harry drowning her with the potion. Asking if she loved Severus.

Real time Juliet buried her head in Severus' robes and he tightened his hold on her. Ron joined Sirius in hitting his head on the railing, Hermione cried. The crowd gasped.

The next memory showed her falling out of the floo and trying to run, Harry tackled her and dragged her around the Ministry saying she belonged to Sirius and they would all be a family. Then it forwarded to them running into Lucius Malfoy, who told them to hand over the prophecy and they would be free to go.

When Lucius recognized Juliet he demanded her release. It showed Harry refusing. Then Harry destroying all of the shelves and crashing all the prophecies. Dragging her along and throwing her around. Juliet falling and vomiting. Lucius trying to get her away from them.

It showed when Severus showed up and demanded they release his wife, Harry refusing again. The order arriving and Sirius taking her from Harry. Her fighting him off and then him and Severus dueling. Sirius using her as a shield when fighting.

Then it showed Sirius claiming Juliet as his and he was never going to let her go. Remus, Neville, Ron and Kingsley telling him and Harry to let her go. Sirius and Harry still refusing. Juliet escaping and running to Severus. Sirius threatening Severus that he would kill them all.

It showed him and Harry attacking Severus and Juliet. Severus protecting her and letting Sirius live. Then Severus taking her to Saint Mungo's. The memories ended.

"Well, it seems pretty clear from there doesn't it?" Garrick said and the Jury agreed.

"I was saving her from him! He was hurting her! She is Sirius' true love." Harry yelled.

"Despite the evidence and the facts on the table that is still your reason? Would the defense like to plead insanity?" Garrick scoffed. The jury laughed.

"Mr. Potter, though you may claim you were "saving her" and you had your concerns about her well being with her husband, why did you not report anything?"

"Well… I… I…" Harry stuttered.

"Do you believe yourself above the law, Mr. Potter?"
"No… I just wanted to help." Harry said.

"Help who? Yourself?"

"Objection!"

"Overruled, legitimate question. Answer, Mr. Potter." Fudge said.

"I wanted to help Sirius get her back." He said.

"You cannot give what isn't yours and you cannot force against free will." Garrick said.

"Objection-" Albus called.

"I have no further comments or questions for Mr. Potter. The Wizengamot calls Sirius Black."

Harry was led to his seat and Sirius was brought forward.

"Sirius Black, we've seen you here before for the same charges." Garrick spat.

"Objection! Those charges were dismissed!" Albus yelled.

"BUT NOT FORGOTTEN!" Garrick yelled back.

"Order! Objection sustained, stick to the current charges, Chief Warlock." Fudge ordered.

"The Wizengamot motions for veritaserum to be used." Garrick said. The crowd murmured and gasped.

"On what grounds?" Albus demanded.

"Repeat offender. Third time Mrs. Snape has filed charges on him. He escaped Azkaban. Take your pick." Garrick threw in his face.

"I have here, orders from a hearing earlier today! That shows Sirius Black was proven innocent in the murders of James and Lily Potter, Peter Pettigrew and twelve muggles on October 31st, 1981." Albus said and held up a stack of papers with a ministry seal.

"Oh thank god." Sirius said.

"Doesn't change the fact that this is his third offence towards Mrs. Snape." Garrick said.


"Those in favor?" Fudge asked.

Everyone raised their hands.

"Motion approved. Bring forward the veritaserum." Fudge ordered and slammed his gavel.

After they gave him the maximum legal dosage they waited five minutes for it to kick in.

"Did you hold Juliet Snape nee Ollivander against her will at the department of mysteries?"

"Yes."

"Did she make it clear to you that she did not want to be with you."
"Yes."

"Why did you do it?"

"She belongs to me."

A rumble went through the crowd.

"Why do you believe that?"

"I don't believe it, I know it. I staked my claim on her the moment I saw her. She didn't learn the first time. The second time my father's failure and the third I had to show her."

The crowd went crazy, the Jury roared in outrage.

"What do you mean have to show her?"

"I have Harry Potter under the imperious curse. I ordered him to stalk her, convince those around him that Snape was abusing her then kidnap her and bring her to me."

The whole courtroom went into a frenzy. Severus was pissed, he wanted Black dead and gone. Garrick gave him a knowing look to just be patient. Juliet refused to look up from Severus' chest.

"When did you cast the imperious curse on Harry Potter?"

"In my home on August 20th, 1995 when I knew Juliet came back."

"I motion for the curse to be removed from Harry Potter immediately and he take the stand again." Albus said.

"Those in favor of removing the curse?"

Hands went up.

"Motion approved, please proceed." Fudge said.

An Auror stepped forward and tracked the spell origination. It led to Sirius Black. Then he released the spell from Harry and he looked around the room with clear eyes.

"You… you… I trusted you." Harry sobbed as he looked at his godfather. "I thought you loved me."

"I do love you, but I love her more." Sirius said, still under the effects of the potion.

"Those in favor of Mr. Potter to retake the stand?" Fudge asked.

"We have heard enough, I motion for the Wizengamot to move forward with verdict." Garrick said.

No hands raised.

"Motion denied." Fudge said.

The crowd disagreed.

"Very well, in the charges filed against Sirius Black, those in favor of guilty?" Fudge asked.

Every hand went up.
"How does the Wizengamot propose sentencing?" he asked.

"Death by Dementor kiss." Garrick said.

Sirius screamed and fought the chains that held him.

"Those in favor?"

Every hand went up again.

"Motion approved. Sirius Black, you are found guilty in the highest degree of plotting, kidnapping and casting an unforgiveable on a minor. You are hereby sentenced to death by Dementor. A separated hearing will be made for the exact time and date. Take him away." Fudge said.

Sirius fought as they carried him away. He looked to Juliet "I will have you, in this life or the next!"

Severus wrapped both arms around her and spoke softly in her ear. "You're safe now, he can't get you. I'm here."

"Charges filed against Hermione Granger, those in favor of guilty?"

"Motion for final statement on her behalf." Albus said.

"Very well. Motion approved."

"Miss Granger may have brewed the potion but she did not administer it. You saw the memories, not once did she lay a hand on Mrs. Snape. Did she make poor judgement of her friends intentions? Yes. But Sirius Black admitted he forced Mr. Potter to convince his friends to help him. Was she just another pawn in his ultimate end goal?" Albus said as he walked around the room in a circle.

"Thank you, those in favor?" Fudge continues.

Garrick looked to Severus for any indication of moving towards guilty. Severus shook his head slightly, telling him no. He knew Hermione had a bright future ahead of her, she was his best student.

Garrick shook his head no and the Jury followed his lead.

"Motion approved. Hermione Granger, you are hereby found innocent to the poisoning and kidnapping of Juliet Snape nee Ollivander. She is to be released immediately." Fudge said and slammed his gavel.

"Before you take your leave of freedom, Miss. Granger. I want you to take a good long look at the company you keep. I hear that you are the brightest witch of your age. I hope you prove them right." Garrick said.

She nodded her head and lifted her hands for the Auror to release her. She ran to her parents in the crowd.

"Charges filed for Ronald Weasley, those in favor of guilty?" Fudge asked.

"Motion for final statement on his behalf." Albus said again.

"Motion approved." Fudge said.

"Mr. Weasley did in fact hold Mrs. Snape. He did so on the orders of his best friend of 5 long years."
A friend who had always been there for him. Was he misled? Yes. By a friend who was not of his right mind. Haven't we all been young and naïve at one point?” Albus said as he walked around again.

Garrick looked to Severus. He wanted Weasley to pay for manhandling his wife. He did it all based on a fucked up hunch his friend told him? No. He needed to learn that shooting from the hip would only end badly. Severus nodded and gave Garrick the sign.

"Those in favor of guilty?"

Garrick raised his hand, only the sacred 28 followed his lead. 28 out of 50 was still majority vote.

"How does the Wizengamot propose sentencing?" Fudge asked.

Garrick looked to Severus again. He shook his head, another signal.

"Four months house arrest, summer classes on assault and consent and community service helping restore the department of mysteries.” Garrick said.

"Those in favor?"

All hands raised.

"Motion approved, Ronald Weasley you are hereby found guilty in the assault and kidnapping of Juliet Snape nee Ollivander. You are hereby sentenced to four months house arrest, assault and consent classes and community service restoring the department of mysteries. He is to be released into his parents immediately." Fudge slammed his gavel.

"Do not see this sentencing as an easy ride, Mr. Weasley. Your record has been updated with your poor decisions and poor choice of friends. I do hope they don't affect your future endeavors." Garrick warned.

"Ronald Weasley, come here this instant!” Molly screamed.

"Are you sure I can't go to Azkaban?” he cried.

The Aurors led him to his parents.

"Charges filed for Harry Potter, those in favor of guilty. Unless Albus would like to make a final statement again?" Fudge asked.

"No, defense rests." Albus said.

Severus was shocked, the old man left the boy who lived out to the wolves. Severus was still pissed about everything Potter did to him over the last year. Was it his fault? Yes. Even though Black made him do it all? Also, yes. He put his faith into a known criminal despite all the warning signs given. Severus shook his head.

"Those in favor of guilty?” Fudge asked.

Garrick raised his hand and the sacred 28 followed his lead once again. Majority vote won.

"He was framed!” someone from the back yelled.

"How does the Wizengamot propose sentencing?"
Severus shook his head firmly.

"One year probation, permanent mark on his record. Community service to restore the department of mysteries." Garrick said.

'Those in favor?"

28 hands raised.

"Motion approved. Harry Potter, you are hereby found guilty in the poisoning, assault and kidnapping of Juliet Snape nee Ollivander. You are hereby sentenced to one year probation, permanent mark on your record and community service to restore the department mysteries. He is to be escorted by Auror to his home and placed with a tracer." Fudge slammed his gavel once more.

"Mr. Potter, I hope that you stop searching for family in the wrong places. If you opened your eyes, you would have seen that it was right in front of you the whole time. Now, your actions have dragged both you and them down. I hope you have learned to keep your nose clean and out of other people's business. I can tell you that if you were to attempt to break into my home with intent to hurt my kin, you would have found the green end of a wand." Garrick said seriously.

Fudge slammed his gavel "That ends the hearing for today on Juliet Snape nee Ollivander vs Harry Potter, Hermione Granger, Ronald Weasley and Sirius Black."

The crowd went crazy with chatter and reporters crowded the exits waiting for statements and details.

Severus stood with Juliet and softly said "Let's go home."

Albus tried to stop Severus but was stopped by Garrick. He handed Albus a scroll.

"What's this?"

"I'm sure you know how to read, Albus. This is a temporary restraining order, you are not allowed to contact Juliet Snape or her family, which includes Severus and myself. Or come within 100 ft. of her persons. Shall I get the tape measure?" Garrick smirked.

Severus had never seen Albus Dumbledore lose anything. He wished he had a camera.
Chapter 25

"Severusssss."

God damn, that lisp bothered Severus to no end.

"Yes, my Lord?" Severus bowed.

"My faithful… most loyal….. My favorite follower." He went on dramatically.

Bella cried "No!"

"SILENCE!" He yelled and cast the cruciatus.

She writhed on the floor in pain. He stopped and she stayed down weeping.

"You've done well, where others have failed. Your connections in the Ministry are impressive. Getting Potter traced and Lucius an order of Merlin. With our soldiers in place at the ministry, we have Potter right where we want him. You also broke the Orders faith in their savior. Victory will soon be ours." Voldemort said.

"I live to serve, my lord." Severus bowed again.

"The wandmaker under your thumb is a valuable asset. He will remain under my protection. For someone who claims neutral he does seem to sway to your wishes does he not?" he asked.

"Give me time, my Lord. He will fully back your cause soon. His recent actions prove my influence over him. I beg you, let me prove it." Severus promised.

"You have proven yourself greatly. But I see an area of opportunity. Albus Dumbledore lost his prodigy. The public is looking to him for retribution for your wife. Use this. Have him eating out of the palm of your hand. Make him beg for your loyalty, though it belongs to me." Voldemort said and put his hand on Severus' shoulder.

"I know what to do, I won't let you down." He said.

"I know you won't. Unlike the rest of these pathetic fools! Lucius! Don't let that order of Merlin get to your head! You were in charge of getting the prophecy and you failed!" He pointed his wand and cast cruciatus.

Lucius dropped to the floor like a sack of bricks. He screamed in pain and clawed at the floor.

"I'm sorry! I failed you!"

He released the curse. "And for the last time. Severus tells me you are useful. Thank your commander, he saved your life."

Lucius scrambled up and bowed to Severus "Thank you, commander. Your mercy is appreciated."

"Your efforts to save my wife have been rewarded. Your next failure I will not save you." Severus said with a knowing look.

"To make sure that you do not fail me again, I seek collateral." Voldemort said.
Both Severus and Lucius' head shot up. They looked at each other with worry.

"M-my Lord?" Lucius stuttered.

"Your son. Draco, step forward."

Shit. Shit. Shit.

Severus was given permission by the Dark Lord to take his wife on vacation for the summer. He had proven himself and was being rewarded for it. A vacation package on the company dime, so to speak.

Juliet was excited for their trip. He let her pick where they would spend their vacation and she chose Rome. She wanted to see the art and monuments while getting in touch with her Roman heritage. She pulled all the books about Rome and had a stack of travel pamphlets surrounding her on the floor in the living room. Severus chuckled and planned for their port keys and rented a large mansion on the beachfront in a small town outside the city. Why not? The Dark Lord was paying for it.

The home he rented was bigger than the pamphlet described. Private pool, Jacuzzi, chefs kitchen and private beach. When they walked through the door she took off running around the house. They spent their first night in town at a restaurant she picked. Her first taste of wine was a memory to keep forever.

Her small hands cradling the large wine glass and taking the smallest sip that wouldn't even count as a taste. She made the cutest face he had ever seen at its bitterness. After she managed through her first glass she was hiccupping and couldn't properly use sign language. It was time to leave.

Severus almost had to carry her back to their rented home. Until she got what she called "the best idea ever", and took off towards the beach. Severus was fast, but a drunk Juliet was faster.

She dove in. He called for her and she didn't answer. He panicked and jumped in after her. It was well after dark and he couldn't see anything in the water. Waves came and hit his chest as he searched for her. He didn't see her sneak up on him.

She jumped on his back from behind and sent him under. He stood up and spun around, his hair was plastered to his face and she thought it was the funniest thing ever. He grabbed her and dunked her back. Their water wrestling ended with them on the beach naked and covered in sand.

This was the best vacation Severus had ever been on. Actually, it was the only one he had ever been on. He was happy he got to experience it with her. He took her out into town to see the sights she wanted and got her a big hat that she had been eyeing. A sun hat, she called it. He teased her and told her she wouldn't be able to fit through the doorway with it.

But damn did she look beautiful. Big white hat, giant blue sunglasses, plain white flip flops and a thin yellow dress that went to her knees. The cherry on top for him was when he bought her an ice cream cone. Her tongue going in and out and around. He dragged her back to the house.

The hot tub was his favorite, it had built in seats to help with certain intimate positions. Although it didn't take his attention away from other places in the house like the counter, shower, couch, against the wall in the hallway. He kept her naked when at the house. Not that she minded, no tan lines was her reasoning. And the tan she had now was breathtaking.

Severus bought her a wizarding camera and followed her around the city for a day, letting her wander around. Her face shoved in the camera and she wasn't paying attention to her surroundings.
He saved her twice from getting hit by a moped and once from walking off a bridge. He wanted to scold her but her big eyes peeking out at him from under that giant hat stopped him.

They bought Robbie a small statue of the Colosseum. And she took a bunch of pictures for Garrick of their family history throughout the city. The famed olive tree where Merlin showed their ancestors how to create wands. She would get those developed and framed for him. And Severus cut a small branch off of it discretely when no one was looking.

Despite Severus' grumbling she took a lot of pictures of him. She caught his smile once. When he kissed her in front of a giant fountain and she told him she loved him. She finally figured out the timer on the camera.

Severus bought her a bunch of cookbooks she was eyeing at a local shop up the road from the house. And he found her a small puzzle box with gears and cranks that he thought she would enjoy. When he bought it the store owner let him put something inside before he set the puzzle, like a prize. Severus wrote a small note and put a necklace he bought her inside.

It was the best three months of his life with her so far. He planned to make this an annual thing every summer if he could. Maybe next year they could go to somewhere tropical. This definitely made up for their lack of honeymoon when they got married.

While they were gone Garrick was having his own summer fun. Filled with revenge. Albus petitioned for Harry and Ron's sentence to be reduced if not completely dropped. He stopped the paperwork from ever being filed.

Then the Weasley twins opened their shop in Diagon Alley at the start of summer. Opening day? Oh no, that wasn't going to happen. Ollivander was the oldest name in Diagon Alley, the wand shop was the first on the block and the monument of the historical wizarding neighborhood. What Garrick said goes when it came to the community itself. Shop owners gathered on a monthly basis to conduct deals, trades and bring forth concerns.

The twins has purchased their property before the crimes committed against Juliet and Garrick had no quarrel with them. Then their siblings hurt his granddaughter. In social etiquette when one person wronged a wizarding house the whole house was dragged into it. Especially when you fucked with his granddaughter.

He may have let the young girl off easy, but their brother who physically laid hands on Juliet? He got the public slap on the wrist of the law. Garrick was above the law and below it. One would say that Garrick was the law.

Garrick had planned from the beginning to give the kids a sentence that would make the public shame them and see him as merciful. Could they have gone to Azkaban? Yes. But why allow them to see the rest of their days rotting in a cell knowing what their future would look like? When Garrick could very easily give them a false sense of security like Juliet had. He could blindside them at any time their whole lives.

Mr. Weasley was the sole breadwinner of their family. He could rip that away at any given moment and he would never work in the wizarding world again. But Garrick wasn't cruel. He actually liked Arthur Weasley, he was a funny character. His drop out, prankster, party loving sons? Not so much.

They had banners and flyers posted all over the place on the streets promoting their opening day. Such a shame that they didn't get community permits for advertising elsewhere other than their own storefront. They were slapped with fines from every store owner on the block. A 10 galleon fine per
shop owner and there were 30, not including single stall vendors. But he was merciful after all.

The eyesore on top of their shop was another fine. It's giant mechanical redhead was another permit not properly filed. 100 galleon fine. Garrick never once stepped foot out of his shop to get his revenge. Owls, floo and Robbie were all he needed.

The day of the grand opening Aurors came to shut it all down. That's what happens when you have unpaid fines and no permits for an event. After all, the flyers did say "**Biggest Event in Diagon Alley.**"

Ronald Weasley was still on Garrick's shit list. He was allowed to leave his home for his community service only. Meaning he could not leave the front door for a game of quidditch in the yard, get his school supplies from Diagon Alley, visit his brother's new shop or get a breath of fresh air. He was bound to floo too and from the ministry only.

The first time he walked out his front door holding his broom, several Aurors stormed the property like a muggle SWAT team. He was given another strike on his record and an additional week added to the sentence. Molly was screaming the Aurors who busted through her garden and threatening to call their mothers. Grown men retreated.

The other son Percy was his name? Number one Fudge Supporter and his personal secretary. Percy loved his job, he hoped to hold a spot on the Wizengamot one day. Such a shame his talents and skills were needed elsewhere. He was transferred to the Department of Misused Muggle Artefacts with his father. Arthur was ecstatic that he got to work closely with his son who was so distant over the last few years. Percy believed it was career suicide.

Garrick wasn't done with the Weasley family. Not at all, but he was a very patient man. Hermione came on his radar when her owl results came in. He was extremely impressed with her scores. He also saw all of the colleges she sent them to for early acceptance and her petition to take accelerated classes to graduate early. All he did was have copies of the front pages from the hearing sent too their Headmasters. She was denied by all of them.

And Harry Potter wanted to be an Auror like his father before him? Such a shame he was dropped from Advanced potions and charms for low owl scores. Two credits required to be admitted into Auror training. His probation meant he was unable to leave his home without a Ministry official. Which meant he couldn't go to the Weasley home for the summer. Probation also meant no post, he couldn't owl his friends the whole summer. He motioned with the school board to suspended him from quidditch as well.

Albus was permanently removed as Chief Warlock and Garrick filled the spot. He had eyes and ears everywhere. Albus tried to continue using Grimmauld place as Head Quarters for the order. Under Black's arrest all of his assets were frozen and seized. It was scheduled that at the time of his death they would liquidated and awarded to Juliet for the crimes committed. The will he wrote leaving everything to Harry Potter was null and void.

Albus tried to reopen the case and plead insanity for Sirius. On the grounds of 12 years of wrongful imprisonment and exposure to Dementors. Garrick turned the case away immediately and Albus went to the Daily Prophet with it.

"**MINISTRY DENIES RETRIAL FOR WRONGFULLY IMPRISONED MAN**"

It sent the public into an uproar. Albus was a man of the people, he always knew how to work a
crowd. He knew they didn't read anything. People look at headlines, not articles and Albus used it to his advantage. Garrick knew if Black for a retrial and new sentencing then Potter and Weasley would as well. Yet if he didn't grant it the people could vote petition him off the Wizengamot.

He had to think of a plan, and fast.
Harry wasn't able to leave the house just like Ron. He wasn't under house arrest but he wasn't able to leave the property without Aurors crashing in and accusing him of being a runner. The first time he tried to walk to the park he was stunned and tackled by three of them. His uncle loved that because he was able to restrict him and his cousin terrorized him to no end. He was picked up every day at the same time by an Auror and taken to the Ministry.

His community service started immediately. He was made to help clean up and restore the department that "he destroyed." He was the only one, he told them.

"Yes, your friends helped too." The pushy unspeakable said.

"For an 'unspeakable' you sure do complain a lot." Harry snapped.

"You would too if someone destroyed your department and almost put you out of a job."

He wasn't allowed to use magic, Garrick made sure of that. He wanted it long and drawn out. He was given poor quality brooms, buckets, mops and trash bags. He had to rebuild all of the shelves by hand with a stripped screwdriver. Garrick was a monster.

That wasn't what bothered him though. He got away from the Dursley's and that was fine with him. What bothered him is he was separated from his friends who also had the same duty. He was scheduled at different times or on other floors. He never once saw them and he only had Dudley to talk to or the not so chatty unspeakable who watched him.

No friends, no family, no post and no quidditch, Harry was on edge. Harry had family for what? 2 years? It seemed to be a record with him. His parents dying when he was a baby was tough. There was no bond he remembered, nothing but pictures and stories people shared.

Sirius using him? This man swore to his parents that he would be his family in the event of their death. He used him for a woman that didn't love him. He still heard the echo of the whispers in his head from Sirius. It was stronger than the Dark Lord's call.

Harry had fought the imperious curse before, but this time he wasn't prepared. This time he was lured in and fed lies. Pulled in by a false sense of security and told everything he wanted to hear. He was played. Like Wormtail played his parents. He trusted Sirius, and he used it against him to get what he wanted.

How could he have been so weak and blind? The worst part of all was he lost all of his friends. He didn't talk to them since they were in holding and the last thing they told him was "how could you?", "we trusted you."

He was alone.

Harry didn't expect to be picked up from the Dursley's by Albus of all people. He didn't know why he was able to leave when he was told he couldn't step foot outside the property line without the Auror.

"Sir, not that I don't appreciate it, but how am I able to leave the house? Were my charges dropped?"

Harry asked as he tried to keep pace with the tall wizard.
"You're to be escorted by a Ministry official at all times Harry. You aren't put under house arrest like Mr. Weasley. Last time I checked, I'm a Ministry official." Albus said.

"What happened to your hand?" Harry asked as he jogged along.

"Not here, too many eyes and ears." Albus grabbed his shirt and apparated.

He took them to Slughorn's place. Harry had to give him the puppy dog eyes and mention his parents and Albus got what he wanted. Harry was tired of being used but he felt that with everything that happened being his fault, he owed it to the Order. Things were bigger than him, he wasn't going to be able to defeat the Dark Lord without them.

Then Albus dropped him off at the Burrow. He said that with Arthur being another ministry official he would be fine. But he couldn't be there whenever Arthur wasn't. Meaning he had to go to work with him. He was very nervous when he arrived, he didn't know how he would be greeted.

As far he knew, he was placed there because it was good for the Order, they didn't have to like him. Oh no, he was the Professor Snape of the order. Strictly business and not part of the "crowd." Until he entered the front door behind Albus and was smothered by Molly.

"Oh my dear! Come here! We wanted to see you so bad but the ministry and their nonsense! Have you eaten?" she asked.

"Harry!" the small group of redheads yelled from the table. It was Arthur, Ron and Ginny.

"Sit! Sit! Plenty to go around, Albus are you staying?" she asked.

"No, I have other matters to attend to. Arthur, do you mind walking me out?"

The chatter started again around the table. "Where have you been? I haven't seen you at the ministry. All of us got stuck on the 7th floor. We're fixing all the tiles and walls Snape broke." Ron said.

"It's crazy! The unspeakables whisper all the time about it. Got these fancy special wands with a split end on them. Waving around getting readings or something. I overheard one of them say his power levels were off the charts. Over 9000! I don't know what normal is though… can you believe he did all that damage without a wand?!" Ginny rambled.

"It sucks that we can't use magic though. We'd have been done ages ago. Instead we gotta pick up the muggle way." Ron said.

"But that's not the worse part. Did you hear about the twins?" Ginny asked.

Harry shook his head no.

"Yeah, Ollivander is a sick bast-"

"RONALD!" Molly yelled.

"I mean he's everywhere Harry! Everywhere but no one's seen him since that court hearing. We can't turn around without getting hit with something that doesn't have his name all over it!" Ron said.

"What do you mean?"

"I'm on house arrest, I didn't think it was literal. I can't peek my toe out the door without a strike team coming for me." Ron said.
"I had the same thing happen to me. What happened to twins?" Harry asked.

"They are almost bankrupt. The shop might close down." Ginny said.

"What? They just opened!" Harry said. He just gave them a shit load of money too.

"It's Ollivander, Harry. He hit them with a bunch of fines and fees they weren't able to cover. Then opening day he sent Aurors to shut them down. Something about not having proper permits and they didn't make a sale at all!" Ron complained.

"They still haven't made a sale. They had to close the shop for remodeling. Ollivander hit them with a fine for the sign out front. If they don't change it or pay the permit they have to shut down. Dad's been helping them when he can." Ginny added.

"That's not the worst part, we're both suspended from quidditch!" Ron cried.

"Me too. And I got dropped from Advanced potions and charms for low owl scores. Normally anyone would be able to make it up with extra credits but the school board denied me." Harry said.

"It's Ollivander, Harry. He's gotten all of us!" Ron agreed.

"And poor Hermione. She got 10 owls! 10! It's a record! She sent applications to colleges and universities and a request to the school board for early graduation. The bloody git sent the news clippings of our trial and they denied her. Said they wanted applicants with higher standards and better life choices." Ginny said.

"And her mum and dad won't let her see us anymore. Said that we're bad influence on her. Apparently she never told them all the over stuff that's happened over the years. And when they found out about our arrest everything else came up." Ron said sadly.

"I wish I could talk to her parents…" Molly said and kept moving around the kitchen.

"It's my fault. Everything. I uh. Just want to say….I'm sorry. For everything." Harry said with his head down.

"Oh dear, it wasn't your fault. We know you were cursed. It was an unfortunate situation that couldn't have been avoided." Molly said and hugged him.

"But I shouldn't have trusted him-"

"Harry, we all trusted him. We all lived under his house at one point and were blind to what his intentions are. It's not your fault." Molly said.

Arthur returned and took his seat at the head of the table and sighed "We have a new court hearing on Thursday."

Garrick met with Severus when he returned from their vacation. He got the proper paperwork and signatures in order. When he told Severus of his intentions, Severus let out a deep roar of laughter. Garrick had a plan.

He sent an owl to Albus' solicitor asking Albus to meet with their solicitor for a meeting. Albus agreed and scheduled for their solicitor to meet at his office. He didn't expect Garrick to walk through his floo.

"Garrick, I thought your solicitor was coming." Albus said and greeted him.
"Hello Albus. Not my solicitor, Severus and Juliet's. That's me." Garrick smirked and wandlessly cleaned the soot off his robes. "Merlin's beard, what happened to your hand?"

"It's nothing, why are you here? I thought the restraining order was still in place." Albus said sarcastically.

"To extend an olive branch. Before the hearing." He said and stepped further into the office with a smirk.

"Afraid you'll lose?" Albus said with a raised brow.

Garrick laughed and threw his head back. "I'm giving you a chance to save yourself from complete humiliation."

Albus thought he was being cocky. Playing the high card to try and scare him. "Cut to the point."

"Drop the hearing, let Black, Potter and Weasley get what they deserve." Garrick said.

"And you are offering…?"

"To leave you alone." Garrick said simply.

"Oh, is that All?" Albus said sarcastically.

"It's not actually, now that you mention it. This is a plea bargain on your behalf. All you have to do is sign." Garrick pulled out a scroll with a ministry seal.

Albus took it and read it quickly, his face turned red. "You want me to release Severus from his vow?! On top of letting Sirius die, Harry and Ron keeping the same sentence and a formal apology? For what? Peace? What angle are you playing?!

"You." He said and shrugged his shoulders.

"You want the world with nothing to offer in return? No. I will not sign. You can take your olive branch and stick it up-"

"Do not take me lightly, Albus. We will come at you with the full extent of the law." Garrick warned.

"You have nothing!"

"I HAVE EVERYTHING!" Garrick yelled. "I let you off easy the first time, you fool! I can tear down your pretty little pyramid of power in less than 24 hours!"

"My answer is still no." Albus said.

"Very well, the hearing is Thursday. I wish you luck." Garrick said and walked back through the floo to his shop.

Garrick sent his patronus with instructions "Begin." Was all he said and it shot off through the wall.

All he had to do now was wait.

"DUMBLEDORE ORDERED SNAPE HIT"
"DUMBLEDORE - MASTERMIND OR MASTER CRIMINAL?"

"ORDER OF PHOENIX = DUMBLEDORE'S MAFIA"

The headlines should have been the first warning. Kingsley was picked up first at the ministry. He was at his desk filing paperwork when he was taken into custody. Under the charges of attacking Severus Snape and trying to prevent the rescue of Juliet Snape. Tonks and Arthur were picked up on their way out the door. Same charges.

Remus was next, they also denied his pending marriage license with Tonks. Magical creatures are unable to marry witches, they told him. One by one all of the order were picked up. Molly went down swinging, it took five Aurors and two unspeakables to take her down. She let them, she told them.

Albus looked up from the center chair of the courtroom his hands chained together on his lap. His order members sitting on his left in chains. How did this happen? He looked up to see a smirking Garrick. Oh that's right. This wasn't the retrial for Sirius, these were new charges. Garrick rounded them all up before the trial on Thursday and it was only Tuesday. In less than 24 hours after their meeting in his office they were all rounded up.

They got every single one of the order members including those who weren't involved in the incident with Juliet. Minders, Flitwick, Pomona, EVERYONE. Moody surprisingly went quietly, he didn't think he would be in holding long. Hagrid was sniffling and every single Weasley was looking around in confusion. They managed to round up Charlie all the way in Romania within 24 hours! Hermione, Harry and Ron sat in the front next to Sirius who was awkwardly quiet.

Sirius had his eyes on Juliet from across the room the whole time, making her fidget and hide behind Severus.

"Order! Now begins the hearing of Severus Snape vs. Albus Dumbledore and the group known as the Order of the Phoenix." Scrimgeour slammed the gavel.

He replaced Fudge recently and played by Garrick's rules. He was one of the Dark Lord's inside men. When Severus told the Dark Lord Garrick's plan, he laughed and clapped his hands. A first that anyone had ever seen the Dark Lord do. He agreed and offered every asset he had to get the job done.

"Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore you are brought forth today on the charges of plotting and organized crime against Severus and Juliet Snape. How do you plead?" Garrick said.

"Not guilty."

"Very well, let's begin. Mr. Dumbledore as a leader of a school, and under your watch, Severus Snape's personal chambers were broken into and his wife kidnapped. By people who are members of your group. Not only that, the people sitting here today were present at the scene of the crime and attacked Mr. Snape when he tried to save his wife. These people, are members of the Order of the Phoenix. An organization that you are the proud leader of. These members claimed to be working under your name, and your cause," Garrick said.

Albus looked over to his Order, the people who looked up to him for all the answers. He had none. No plan b, no back up. Garrick had him.

"Bring forth the evidence!" Scrimgeour called out.
The ceiling shimmered and played Juliet's memories from before.

"Exhibit A. Remus Lupin, Kingsley Shacklebolt and Nymphadora Tonks are seen telling Sirius Black to release Juliet Snape. Yet….once she is back with her husband they attacked. Now why is that?" Garrick asked.

No one said anything.

Check. Mate.

Albus was fucked.

Harry stood up suddenly "Snape was hurting her!"

Every order member groaned and rolled their eyes or hung their head.

Garrick looked to Severus for the signal. Severus nodded his head firmly.

"And your proof Mr. Potter?" Garrick asked.

"I saw him! He made her give him a blow job!" Harry yelled again.

The women gasped and the men chuckled in the crowd. Juliet blushed brightly and buried her face in his shoulder. Severus scowled and stood up suddenly.

"If I may, I can assure you everything between my wife and myself is purely consensual. Everyone can see that I treat my wife with the utmost respect." Severus said.

"But not behind closed doors! I saw you force her! I saw your sick little book full of drawings with her tied up!" Harry yelled from across the room.

"And how would you know what goes on behind closed doors?" Severus spat, he was pissed. The little shit went through his things and saw his wife naked.

"When I snuck into your window! It was in your desk. And I watched you order her to suck you off then you were rough with her on the rug!" Harry yelled back.

Severus felt Juliet pull on his hand to bring him down from blowing up "I want to add breaking and entering as well as vandalism, theft and voyeurism to the charges filed."

"Granted." Scrimgeour said and slammed the gavel.

"Tell me, Potter, did you see me grab her and drag her to her knees? Or did I verbally tell her? Did she say no?" Severus asked angrily.

"She can't say no. You're holding her-"

"We've already proven she is not on a love potion or imperious curse. I know you find it impossible to comprehend, but my wife is with me willingly. It may seem disgusting to you, but she loves me. Not him, not you, me. All we want is to be left alone. So now I will tell you one more time, fuck off." Severus said surprisingly calm as he pointed to Black and him.

Harry's face turned bright red and he sat down quickly. He still had his hatred towards Juliet, she made his godfather do those things. Sirius wouldn't have gone to the extent of kidnapping if it weren't for her.
Garrick scowled at Harry and snapped the quill in his hand.

"We're done for." Kingsley groaned and leaned back into the pew and looked up.

"You think they'll let us share a cell?" Tonks groaned and rubbed her eyes with the palms of her hands, having to lean down due to the cuffs.

"Join the order he says, greater good he says..." Moody grumbled.

Severus sat down and nodded at Garrick to continue.

"Mr. Dumbledore, a plea bargain was offered to you before the trial was set and you denied it. Final offer, do you wish to settle this outside of court?" Garrick said.

"YES!" The order members from their seats yelled at Albus.

Albus looked at the members of his order sending death glares to him. "I would like to settle outside of court."

"Granted. Charges will remain pending and suspects will remain in custody until both parties have settled. That ends the hearing today on Severus Snape vs Albus Dumbledore and the members of the Order of the Phoenix." Scrimgeour slammed his gavel.

The order members stood and filed out in lines towards their holding cells. All of them sending daggers to Albus. Severus stood with Juliet and smirked victoriously at Albus before leading her out the main doors to the comfort of their home.

No one noticed Sirius whispering to Harry on the way out.

Severus had just walked Narcissa and Bella out of his house and sat down in his favorite armchair. He sat forward in his seat and buried his face in his hands. He should have been celebrating their victory from that mornings court hearing. How the fuck did he get dragged into another vow? He could have said no. He could have slammed the door. But he made a pact with Lucius.

Lucius tried to save Juliet, and it was only right he tried to save Draco. Shit. He had to save his godson. There was no way around the vow without outing himself to Bella. Last thing he needed was the Dark Lord catching wind that he was trying to exit stage left from Europe.

Juliet poked her head into the study and saw his head bent in his hands. He told her to hide in the bedroom with the door locked until Bella left. He was grateful that he talked the Dark Lord out of having Wormtail stay with him for the summer. He would have killed him the second he started drooling over Juliet.

She knelt before him and kissed his forehead. She pushed his hair away from his face and gave him a small smile.

"I fucked up."

He told her everything that happened and expected her to blame him for ruining their plan to leave. But she gave him a reassuring kiss, swiping her tongue on his bottom lip then tugging it with her teeth.

"I'm with you, no matter what." She whispered against his lips.
"I'll make it up to you." He promised.

Albus sat in a small room waiting for Garrick. Cursing the man and his victory. Garrick made him wait till the next morning, to see him. The sick bastard made him spend the night in jail. When Garrick finally strolled in he laid the scroll on the table and a quill next to it. Albus wanted to smack that smirk off his face.

Albus pushed the scroll back and said "I want to offer a new deal."

"You are not in a position to negotiate. We still have your people in custody." Garrick scoffed.

"I will release Severus from his vow. I ask for one more year of service." Albus said. Potter and Weasley were off the table then.

Garrick laughed "You're a funny man, Albus. No deal."

"Listen to me Garrick, man to man." Albus held his crippled hand up. "I am dying. The vow will be released immediately upon my last breath. I have one year. Just one. I ask that Severus give me one more year of service, so I can get my affairs in order."

Garrick looked at him with a firm scowl. "Affairs in order? You're 114 years old, you should have had your affairs in order two decades ago."

"The war still rages. I will not. My people need me. They need my guid-"

"I'm sure they are well aware where your guidance has led them." Garrick said and pointed to Albus' cuffs.

"Let me talk to Severus."

"No, you will use your vow to tighten the leash you have on him. I will bring your offer forward to him and give you an answer by noon." Garrick said and snatched the scroll back off the table.

He met Severus in a private office meant for client counselling one floor up. Severus wanted Juliet to stay home but before he could tell her, she had asked if they could go do dinner with Garrick in Diagon Alley. She sat next to him and traced her fingers up and down his thigh under the table. He loved how physically attached she was to him, especially in public.

"He didn't sign."

Severus slammed his fist on the table suddenly and Juliet jumped. "Sorry." He mumbled to her and wrapped his arm around her.

"He has a counteroffer. I told him no, but he was adamant that you hear it. He agrees to release the vow, but he asks for one more year of service. He says he's dying and he needs one more year to get his affairs in order." Garrick said and sat across the table from them.

Severus thought long and hard about what Albus offered. He vowed to protect Draco and complete his task if he was unable. He wouldn't be able to do that if he didn't have access to the castle. One more year….Then he would be free of both vows. The Dark mark wasn't an issue to Severus, he figured out how to separate the bond between him and the Dark Lord before his return. Albus made him keep it, so he could keep his spy.

"I will agree to his terms, if he makes me the DADA teacher, and I get new chambers. I also want no
night or weekend rounds and no Hogsmead chaperone trips. Black still dies." Severus said.

"We have him where we want him and you want to honor his dying wish?" Garrick asked, he was suspicious of what Severus was saying.

"Other things have come up and I need to stay at the castle. I cannot say any more than that." Severus said.

Garrick looked between him and his granddaughter and sighed. He drew up the paperwork and quill. Severus signed and Garrick rolled it up. He went back to the holding cell.

Albus scowled as he read the new scroll. "I will agree. But I want the sentences of Potter and Weasley taken down to a warning. I need them, for the war and the greater good. I'm running out of time. I'll agree to everything if you give up those two. Let Black keep his sentence. I'll drop the retrial."

Garrick thought long and hard, those two little shots would start school anyway. He still had the ability to hit them where it hurt even without the ministry. He redrafted the contract and added his signature as Severus' power of attorney. Albus signed. The scroll rolled up on itself and popped away.

The cuffs were instantly released from Albus and Garrick stood up. "It was a pleasure doing business with you, Albus."

Sirius managed to stick close to Harry when they were filing the order out of the room. The large amount of people they had in custody was more than enough distraction for the guards. He was placed in holding with all of them and they ignored him for the most part.

"Harry, I'm sorry. All those years in Azkaban and the veritaserum... it got to me. But I have a clear mind and I know what's important, you. I do love you! As my own son! Your father was my best friend and I swore to him and your mother that I would always look after you as my own." Sirius whispered to Harry in the corner.

"Well you did a pretty good job so far. You used me! I trusted you. You said we were going to be a family and you wouldn't let me go back to the Dursley's."

"We still can! When we get out of here I promise, it's gonna be you and me. The best duo anyone's ever seen. We'll be new age Marauders. No one will see us coming!" Sirius promised.

"All right! You're all free to go! Come on!" one Auror yelled and the doors opened.

Sirius jumped up and put his hands on Harry's shoulders "See? We're free. It's a chance to make things right. Be the family we were always supposed to be. We'll go home, that's right, home. You will live with me and never have to go back to those horrible muggles again."

Harry couldn't keep the smile off his face. Dumbledore got them all off including Sirius. Maybe he could forgive him over time. Teach Sirius how the world worked outside of Azkaban.

They were all filed down the hallways as a group. Sirius made sure to stick to the middle of them all. None of them thought anything of it. Assuming Albus did get Sirius off as well since it was no secret he demanded a retrial.

"Harry, I want you to meet me in the lobby by the floo, alright? I've got to go get my wand back from the other Auror." Sirius said.
"Yeah, of course." He said and followed the other Order members.

Sirius blended in with the crowds and made his way to where he saw Severus by the elevators. He pickpocketed a passing woman who had her wand sticking out of the side of her purse. He followed them closely and made sure he wasn't noticed.

"Severus! I need to speak with you." Remus called out from the other side of the elevators.

He turned and scowled "And I have nothing to say to you."

"Please, just let me apologize."

Severus turned to Juliet "Stay here, I'll only be a few moments."

He met Remus in the center of the crowded elevator lobby and crossed his arms.

"I'm sorry for everything. It wasn't right. I have no excuse for my actions but I know they are wrong. I'm not just talking about what happened last week. I'm talking about all of it. In school I made fun of you-"

"I know what you did." Severus cut him off. He didn't want to go down memory lane.

"I should have stood up for myself and for you. And now I get it. To know what it's like to be kept away from someone you love." Remus looked over to where Tonks was waiting for him. "I'm sorry for doing that to you. I hope you can one day forgive me."

Severus looked down at Remus' extended hand and looked back at him. Could he forgive decades of torment and ridicule? All he had known in his school days was his laughing face and taunting words. He looked over to Juliet.

She was gone.
Chapter 27

Juliet was watching Severus and Remus from where left her by the elevator. She saw Severus cross his arms and scowl at him. She wondered what he wanted. The elevator door opened behind her and she turned to see who was exiting, so she could move out of the way. It was empty, but before she turned back around she felt arms around her and pushing her in.

"Hello Precious, I missed you," Sirius said and wrapped an arm around her from behind and put his hand over her mouth so she couldn't whistle.

She felt the wand on her lower back and her eyes went wide. She gripped the arm around her trying to pry it off. The door closed behind them and he hit a lever she couldn't see. All she saw was the flat panel of the wall in front of her, felt his breath on her neck and the lurch of the elevator moving.

"We're going to have a nice, long reunion. I've waited so long for you." He said against her neck. Then she felt his lips and tongue on her skin.

She squirmed trying to get away from him. She reached for her wand, it was gone. The doors finally opened to the elevator behind them. He jerked her around and led her forward out of the elevator. He still held her from behind.

It was the 7th floor where Severus had destroyed. There were barriers and tape that said no entrance due to construction. He cut the tape with a flick of his wand and pushed her forward again.

"This will do just fine, don't you think? Romantic and lovely, just like you." He said and moved them into the chamber where he and Severus dueled.

She shook her head no as tears spilled down her face onto his hands. He warded the door and silenced the room.

"We're going to do this right this time. I'm going to take my time with you, I'm going to show you a real man." He said and spun her around to face him. She whistled loudly for help but he laughed.

He gripped her chin rough, his thumbnail pressing hard into her cheek. "So I hear you like it rough. Being told what to do. I can give you that. You will obey me, my little… precious…. Submissive….princess." with each word he kissed her. Then he sunk his teeth into her neck hard, he drew blood.

Severus looked around the elevators wildly, calling out her name. Remus helped him along with Tonks. Two nearby Aurors rushed over to investigate.

"Sir, are you sure she didn't go home?"

"No! I told her to wait there, she wouldn't have left!" Severus snapped.

"You don't think…. Sirius…." Remus said with wide eyes.

"He's still in custody. He wasn't released." Severus said assuredly.

"He walked out with us," Tonks said.

"WHAT??"
"No, ma'am. He wasn't part of your people who got released, he was taken into holding for his sentence." One of the Aurors said.

"No. He wasn't. He literally walked out of the cell with us. We thought his charges were dropped too. He went home with Harry." Tonks said.

Severus cursed then took off to the floo lobby with them following behind him. He called out to her and the Aurors set the alarms. All the floo exits shut down and a team of Aurors was sent to search the rest of the floor. Another two started looking into the floo logs and questioning witnesses.

He couldn't lose her again, not to him. He promised her that he would never let anything happen to her and now she's in danger again. What if he never found her again? He'd find her. He would tear the ministry apart looking for her.

Garrick met them in the lobby when he heard the alarms. "Where is she?!

"Black was released with the other prisoners. He took her." Severus explained.

Garrick's face said it all, he turned to the head Auror in charge and picked him up wandlessly by the throat. "You! How did he escape?!

"He was part of the Order group. The paperwork said all members of the order to be released." He struggled to say.

"And it also said 'Except Sirius Black'!" Garrick said and dropped him.

"Find him. If anything happens to my granddaughter, you will never see tomorrow." He threatened. All the Aurors scrambled away.

"Sir, Sirius didn't come this way." Harry rushed over to Severus.

"Not now, Potter. You've helped enough." Severus growled and started towards the apparation point. "Where would he go Lupin?"

"I don't think he'd be stupid enough to go back home. I think the shrieking shack." He said as they ran.

"NO! I'm telling you, he didn't leave! I was waiting for him and he never showed! He's still here!" Harry yelled as he blocked their path.

"Like I would ever take your word! You're just helping him! Get out of the way, Potter. Or I will move you." Severus said.

"Harry, when's the last time you saw him?" Remus asked.

"He said he and to go back for his wand. He went towards the elevators. I'm not trying to help him! I swear! I know what he is now. Just trust me!" Harry begged.

Harry took off running towards the elevators. Severus looked back at the apparation point. "I'll go to the Shack. Follow the boy. Send a Patronus," Garrick said and popped away.

He grit his teeth and took off after him. Remus, Tonks and the two Aurors followed.

"I think I know where he went!" Harry called over his shoulder. The crowd was blocking the elevators and Harry ran to the stairs.
When they reached the hallway where the barriers and tape were, they saw the cut tape and Juliet's snapped wand. Severus panicked and ran as fast as he could down the hall. He busted through every door along the right side hallway as Remus took the other side. He sent a Patronus to Garrick telling him they were on the trail.

Sirius shoved his tongue down her throat, moaning all the things he was going to do to her as he pulled at her robes and dress. His open-mouthed kisses traveled down her neck and chest. She slapped him hard and tried to run.

He grabbed her hard by the hair and pulled her back. He backhanded her face and split her lip. Her cheek swollen and red. She brought her hands up trying to wandlessly defend herself. He flicked his wand and tied her hands behind her back.

"You like being tied up don't you?" he smirked. His hands cupped her breasts and ripped the top part of her dress. "So soft and smooth. I can't wait to fill you up. Then you're mine. You will carry my child, then everyone will know who you really belong to."

She started to hyperventilate, she couldn't breathe. His hands lifted her dress and tugged at her panties. She tried to close her legs and kick him away.

"JULIET!" Severus yelled from the doorway.

Sirius stood up straight and pulled her in front of him. Using her as a shield, he held the stolen wand to her throat. "Stay back! I'll fucking kill her!"

The Aurors sent a Patronus alerting their team for back up.

Severus stood with his wand in his hand, Juliet silently screaming his name, begging for help. He felt helpless, attack Black and he would kill her. Or lose her and Black lives. There had to be another way.

"Padfoot, let her go. You don't want to do this. This isn't you." Remus said and stepped closer.

"I said stay the fuck back!"

"We've been friends forever, it's time to walk away. You don't want to go to Azkaban again." He said.

"I'm not going back there, I'd rather die. Tell the Aurors to get back!" Sirius said and pulled her closer to the veil behind them.

"Princess, I'm here. You're going to be alright." Severus said to her.

"No! She's going to be better than alright." Sirius taunted.

"You can't have her." Severus snarled.

The stone archway and dark veil were only two steps behind them. "If we can't be together in life, we'll be together in death," Sirius said and raked his teeth across her neck.

She squirmed, trying to get away again.

"Sirius, let's go home. You said you loved me. We can be a team." Harry said and stepped forward. Sirius pointed his wand at him.
"Potter!" Severus yelled. The little shit was against him.

"I said get back!"

He ignored him "Just you, me and Juliet. We can be a family. You said we can be a family. Let me help you. I'm on your side. My dad would want me to." Harry said and pulled out his wand. Harry turned his back to Sirius and faced Severus, Remus, Tonks and the Aurors.

"Harry!" Remus and Tonks yelled.

"You said it, the new Marauders! It's just you and me against the world." Harry said and stepped closer.

"That's it, I knew you were perfect. Just like your father." Sirius said and pointed the wand back to Juliet's throat.

Harry winked at them so Sirius couldn't see. "What's the plan, Sirius? Do we kill them?" Harry asked as he slowly stepped back towards him.

"That's a great idea, Harry. Use her to get out of here then kill them all!" Sirius let out a deranged laugh.

Harry stepped right in front of Sirius, his back to his and Juliet's front. He looked over his shoulder at her then glanced at the floor quickly. He didn't know if she got the signal or not but he had to try.

"You're stronger than me, let me take her. You know I can hold her. You take care of Snape." Harry said and held his hand out.

"Oh no, she stays with me," Sirius said and ran his tongue along her neck as he stared at Severus.

"Let. Her. Go." Severus said through grit teeth and flicked his wand. The fire whip came out again like before.

Sirius pointed his wand at Severus, over Harry's shoulder.

"Sirius, you know I love you right? No matter what happens, I love you." Harry said.

Before Sirius could respond, Harry hit the wand out of his hand then spun around and grabbed Juliet by the upper arm. He brought his left leg up and kicked Sirius hard in the chest. He threw her behind him and she stumbled to the floor. Severus rushed forward to her.

Sirius was shocked at the sudden betrayal, his eyes were wide as he lost balance and fell backward into the veil. He reached for Juliet but she was out of reach. The look of surprise stuck on his face as his body went limp and he floated away into the abyss.

Harry watched his godfather die before his eyes. He sank to the floor. Remus and Tonks ran to him. Holding him tightly and checking him for injuries. He sobbed into Remus' shoulder and held onto him.

Severus cut the binding on her hands and picked her up. He pushed her hair aside and checked her injuries. Her cheek was swollen and red, small scrapes on her arms and legs from the fall, lips chapped and cut, scratch marks on her chest. Her swollen face upset him, but the bleeding bite mark on her neck made him feel something else.

He wasn't entirely sure if it was rage or pain. Possibly a mixture of both. The rage that Black's mark
was on her and pain that the mark wasn't his.

"I've got you, he's gone for good." Severus said kiss her forehead.

Her panic attack continued as she wheezed for air. She brought her hands to her ears and covered them, bringing her arms up to surround her face. It was the voices again.

"Listen to my voice, let it be the only one you hear. Your Dragon is here. My princess is safe." He repeated into her ear after he lowered one of her hands covering it.

"JULIET! My little girl!" Garrick yelled and ran towards them.

"I've got her. We need to get her to Saint Mungo's." Severus said.

"Where is-"

"Potter saved her. He pushed Black into the veil."

He spun around and watched as Harry was being led away by Aurors. Harry looked over at them with his hands cuffed behind him "I'm sorry, for everything. I had to do the right thing."

Garrick nodded at Harry. Severus held her close as the medics surrounded her. Aurors came next trying to get statements, Garrick handled them. Severus held her hand as the medics carried her on a stretcher to the Floo. She was in for another night at the hospital.

Severus moved them to the Castle after she was released from Saint Mungo's. He didn't want to make her go through anything else that would make her uncomfortable. Like moving multiple times during her recovery. Garrick and Robbie helped Severus move all of their belongings from the dungeons to their new living quarters on the 4th floor. And they helped ward all the windows and entrances for them to ensure nothing happens again.

"I want Robbie to stay here until she's better. I know you will take care of her. But I think more familiar faces will help her recover." Garrick said.

Juliet was diagnosed with PTSD, she had panic attacks frequently now due to the trauma she suffered. Loud noises and unfamiliar people scared her. They prescribed her with potions to help calm her as well as breathing treatments twice a week at Saint Mungo's. Whenever Severus left the room she had a panic attack.

"That's fine, he can stay with her while I finish preparing for classes. She will get better, Garrick." Severus said.

"I hope so. She's been through so much. I just want her to be happy."

"What's going on at the ministry?" Severus asked.

Garrick sighed "I've re-staffed almost the whole Auror department. Those idiots don't belong protecting anyone. I've placed your master's people in the department. What do you want to do with Potter?"

Severus looked at Juliet who was taking a nap on the bed. Her physical wounds were healed and he thanked Merlin the bite mark didn't scar her skin. Because of Potter, he got his wife back. Because of Potter, Black was dead.

"Let him go and drop the charges. Let them all go." Severus said. He would never be able to thank
him, but he could at least give him freedom and his friends.

Garrick didn't question it, he nodded his head and moved towards the floo. He looked back at Juliet once more and went home.

Severus laid down next to her on the bed then pushed her hair away from her face and kissed her forehead. Her eyes fluttered opened and she smiled.

"Robbie is going to stay with us for awhile, alright?" he said.

She smiled and nodded. He traced his thumb across her lips and rested his forehead against hers and sighed.

"What's wrong?" she whispered.

"I can't stand that you were taken from me again."

'It's my fault-'

He grabbed her hands and stopped her. "No, it's not your fault. I should have kept you with me, or left you at home where it's safe."

'You're my home.'

"The smell of him on your neck, the taste of him on your lips…” he closed his eyes and scowled.

She kissed his nose, he opened his eyes. 'Do you want me to leave?'

"No. Never leave me. Please don't leave me." He said suddenly. He sat up on his elbow where he was hovering over her

He kissed her softly and she deepened the kiss. Her fingers starting to unbutton his shirt. He pulled back.

"You're still healing." He said.

'I need you.'

He was gentle and slow. Placing kisses all over her, moving flush against her skin. Her fingers buried in his hair, massaging his scalp. The other hand caressing his back. When she came, her breath on his neck and her tightness around him made him follow. They stayed connected as they fell asleep under the covers.

 Juliet made great progress with her recovery. They started small with introducing her to new people. Severus invited Flitwick over to have tea with her. She was nervous at first but opened up quickly. Flitwick came over twice a week for tea time with Juliet.

Severus started his new Defense classes and bluntly ignored Potter and his friends. He could tell the boy wanted to talk about what happened but he didn't. He didn't want to talk about feelings or discuss his dropped charges. If he was looking for a thank you, it would be a cold day in hell.

He had regular meetings with Albus now they dropped the restraining order. He scolded the old man for cursing himself with that ring. He advised him of his godson's mission. The vow he took to save him. He had to complete it for Draco.
"Did you miss the part where I said he had to kill you?" Severus asked sarcastically.

"You must do it for him. Let him complete the first task, but you must finish it. Save the boys soul." Albus said.

"Oh, and fuck me right? To hell with my soul." Severus spat.

"We both know there are marks on your soul that can never be removed:"

"Oh what's one more right?"

"And we both know it would bring you no greater joy than to kill me yourself. It would solidify your rank with Tom. Then your vow to me would be fulfilled." Albus explained.

"I've already solidified myself and if you think I plan to stay here and fight the good fight…. Well, you'd be mistaken." Severus scoffed.

"You will not stay in the war?"

"No. I've made plans. They've been set since before she arrived and you were the one who delayed them." Severus said.

"I had hoped you would stay." Albus said sadly.

"Why? To complete your mission? That I would remain a faithful servant after all of the shit you put me through?"

"For the greater good. To make the world a better place for your wife and future children." Albus countered.

Severus let out a genuine laugh "Me, have children?" he laughed again. "Lost your faith in the boy already? Our 16-year-old savior isn't enough?"

"When your vow is complete, you plan to run back to your old master?" Albus said angrily.

Severus shook his head. "I will have no master. You know this mark can be removed, I've found a way."

Albus sighed and ran his hands through his long beard, "I can tell there's no use arguing. You've made up your mind, and I've made up mine. You will kill me before the end of the term at the right moment."

"Very well."
Chapter 28

Helping Draco with his task was a lot harder than expected. The boy wanted nothing to do with him. Claiming that he was trying to steal the glory. What glory came from murdering an old man? He wouldn't accept the salve he made for him, to help dull the ache of his new dark mark.

He trailed him as best he could, using the old map he took off of black almost 20 years ago. Potter had the marauder map 2nd edition. He watched his dot wander the 7th floor constantly, then disappear. He knew where he went but what he was doing, he didn't know.

Slughorn was another thorn in his side this year. Wanting to constantly reminisce over his old school days, he relived that nightmare for 17 years, he didn't want to chat about it. Then Slughorn found out he married "his school sweetheart" Juliet Ollivander. She lived in the castle? Oh god, the man wouldn't take no for an answer when he invited Severus to bring his wife to his little party. It was the holiday party apparently and the man reminded him about it every time he saw him.

He told Juliet about the invite banking on her to decline and he could go back and say he tried. But oh no, she wanted to see the old man and mingle. Severus didn't mingle. Juliet wanted to wear the new lingerie under the cocktail dress she got in Rome then go to their old intimate spot in the room of requirement. Well, he could mingle for a little bit.

She looked good enough to eat when she stepped into the living room. She wouldn't let him see what lingerie she was putting on but the dress was amazing. Tight, short and black strapless. The high heels she wore made her legs look…. He let out a low whistle. So did Corvus. Severus scowled at the bird.

She wore her hair back tonight, with a simple braid and her long bangs framing her face. Her hair was getting long, almost past her mid back. He couldn't keep his hands off of her.

"You're the most beautiful thing I've seen in my whole life." He said and twirled her around for him to see.

'You are very handsome.' She signed and ran her hands up the row of buttons on his front.

He wore his usual black of course, but his robes were a finer material and cut. They were tighter to his frame, less of a billow when he walked. They ended right below his knees, his black slacks pressed and cleaned perfectly by Robbie. His black Dragonhide boots shined as well as his pocket watch, whose chain was attached to his front pocket.

"Let's stay home….we can have a party here." He suggested and softly kissed her neck.

'Dragon… I promise I'll let you take this off of me if we go say hi at least.'

He grabbed her hand and quickly led her out to the party. Just say hi, then he was going to throw her over his shoulder, carry her to the room of requirement and have his way with her. When they got there he was grateful they missed dinner, last thing he wanted was to sit at a round table next to people he hated.

Slughorn spotted them as soon as they entered, his loud drunken voice boomed over the idle chatter. "Little Miss Juliet Ollivander!"

She gave him a small smile and tucked herself closer to Severus. Everyone turned to look at who he was talking to. This was the first time she had been out and around the castle. The first time they had
seen her in person rather than in the papers.

Slughorn saddled over to greet them. He was a lot larger than she remembered. He took her hand and placed a big loud kiss on the back of it. His giant mustache tickling her skin. She gave a small bow and signed 'Hello.'

"My dear, you look exactly as you did the last day I saw You! You have to tell me your secrets!" He joked.

She blushed and smiled.

"Well Horus, we can't stay long. We have other plans. We stopped to say hello, now we will take our leave." Severus cut in.

"Nonsense! You just got here! Come, come. Miss Ollivander, I have someone you must meet!"

"It's Snape, Mrs. Snape now." Severus scowled.

"Apologies! There he is- William! Come here!" He called out and steered her away from him.

Severus followed and made sure to keep her at his side the whole night, he saw the way the male population was drooling over her. Both adult and student males alike. He could swear a few women were eying her as well. He felt smug knowing they wanted what he had. Even more so knowing they couldn't have it.

It was always the same, they would have a good look at her, then see him scowling at them then avoid looking back. She was right, this was fun. He made sure to taste or smell any drink for her before he let her have it. There were too many young adolescents and a history of spiked drinks for his liking.

She had a few glasses of champagne and a few Hors d'oeuvres as they passed. She kept her arm wrapped around Severus' and traced little circles on his palm whenever hers drifted to his. He kept his eyes out for possible threats but whenever he looked down at her, her eyes lit up.

"Would you like to dance, Mrs. Snape?" he rumbled softly in her ear.

She nodded and took his waiting hand, letting him lead her to the small dance area. He brought her flush to his chest and led her into a slow rhythm.

"It's so weird seeing Snape have a good time, ya know?" Harry said while leaning over to Hermione.

"He deserves it. They've been through so much. Big part of it because of us." She said and bit her lip. "We should apologize."

"You gone mad? I'm not bothering him. I've "done enough", Mione." Harry's head snapped to look at her.

"Well I think a formal apology is necessary. I'm not going to do it for you, Harry." She huffed.

"I'm not asking you to. Write a letter or send a gift basket! Don't- Hermione!" Harry hissed as he tried to stop her from going.

Juliet's lips formed into a smile. Just for him, Severus thought. That lipstick was going to be rubbed off by the end of the night. He was struggling to keep his hands to himself. His arm would occasionally wrap around her and fingers caress the skin of her exposed back.
"Mrs. Snape? I'm sorry to bother you…. I just wanted to say I'm sorry. For everything. And I'll never bother you again." Hermione said as she came up to them.

Severus tightened his grip on his wife "You're bothering us now."

Surprisingly, Juliet smiled and bowed her head. She signed 'Thank you.'

Hermione signed back 'You're welcome.'

Juliet smiled again.

"I've been learning." Hermione smiled.

"Miss Granger, do not take your dropped charges as a sign of friendship. She may have accepted your apology but I certainly have not. Neither has her grandfather." Severus sneered.

She jumped and turned about face and rushed off. Juliet put her hand to his chest and rubbed it softly to calm him. Her sign that it was time to go. He grumbled "finally" and led them to the door.

Filch busted through the door with Draco in tow. "Found this one lurking about outside!"

Fuck's sake...

"I was party crashing, alright!"

"Oh it's alright, we have room for one more! Draco, how is your father? I heard he was awarded an order of Merlin recently." Slughorn said with a hiccup. He was obviously drunk.

"No. He was breaking the rules and I am his Head of House. I shall assign fitting punishment." Severus said. He moved forward and grabbed him away from Filch.

"Now, Severus-" Slughorn stuttered.

"Thank you for inviting us, it's time we take our leave. Come." Severus said and pushed Draco towards the door. Juliet have a small smile and bow to him and took Severus' waiting arm.

Harry watched from the corner of the room and discretely put his invisibility cloak on and followed them before the door closed.

"Do you want to draw attention to yourself? Let the whole bloody castle know?" Severus scolded him through grit teeth.

He had Draco cornered against a window without touching him. Juliet shivered at his side. He looked down at her and saw her skin raised and her arm wrapped around herself. He took his cloak off and wrapped it around her and rubbed her shoulders.

"I wasn't planning on it! It won't happen again!" Draco yelled back.

"Keep your voice down." He hushed.

"Don't tell me what to do. I don't need your help. The task me mine- me! I'm going to bring glory to my house, not you." Draco whispered angrily.

"I don't want the fucking glory. Just let me help you. They already suspect-"
They heard a noise, Severus tucked her into his chest and threw up his shield. His wand at the ready. Draco drew his wand as well and looked the other direction.

Harry held his breath and ducked his head slightly, away from Severus' wand. A distant laugh and an opening door could be heard down the hall. They lowered their wands.

"I saved your father's life and I'm trying to save yours. You're my godson. There's nothing more I want then for you to succeed." Severus said calmly. He knew the weight of the world was on Draco's shoulders. He had that same weight he carried most of his life.

"I need to do this on my own… he will kill me." Draco said sadly.

"What do you think will happen to me? I made a vow to your mother than I wouldn't let anything happen to you. Not only that, we get one shot at this. Just one. If you fail you think he won't kill me too?" Severus reasoned.

Juliet gripped the front of his robes with one hand and the other to his cheek. She shook her head and looked up at him sadly. He put his hand over hers and softly shushed her.

"I…. I won't let any of you down." Draco swore and turned away before they could see the tears in his eyes. He rushed off down the corridor.

Severus sighed heavily and leaned down to kiss her. "I believe you promised me a real party." He said roughly.

Harry slowly backed away and took off when he rounded the corner. He'd seen enough, he knew Draco was up to something. This just confirmed it, but it meant Snape was in on it too.

Severus did exactly what he said he would, he picked her up and threw her over his shoulder. He knew the path to the room of requirement would be clear, as he practically ran to it. When he slammed the door shut behind them he tossed her on the mountain of pillows. She bounced and let out a long breath that would have been a giggle.

He smirked down at her as he quickly shrugged his robes off and threw them somewhere behind him. She reached for him and he crawled on the pillows towards her. His face was predator like, his hair covering his face and his eyes shining through.

His hands started on her thighs as he lifted one up to his shoulders. They slid down her leg with his lips following. Her heels came off he pressed his thumbs in the arches of her feet. He leaned over her and let her hands push his hair back.

His lips started on hers and trailed down to her collarbone. His open mouth kisses and wet licks caused her skin to rise. He sucked on the soft skin at the hollow of her neck. Pulling back he looked down at his mark on her skin.

A feral growl came from the deep part of his throat. "Mine."

She grinded her core against the hardness of his tented trousers. Not enough, never enough. He quickly shrugged off his robes and loosened his collar. Her hands reached for his belt.

"No." He pulled back slightly away from her hands. "Put your hands above your head, together."

She put her palms flat to each other and lifted her arms over her head. She watched him with hooded eyes as he unbuttoned his shirt and slid his arms out from it slowly. His pale skin and taught muscles
flexing as he threw it aside. His hands slid up her sides and cupped her breasts.

He quickly grabbed the fabric with both hands at the top of the dress and ripped it apart. Down the middle the fabric tore apart and it was pushed to her sides. Her gasp and wide eyes of shock made him smirk.

"You said I could take it off of you. You didn't say how." He rumbled. "Slytherin colors? For Me?"

She nodded and bit her lips as she squirmed under his gaze. Green lace barely covered her chest and core between her legs. Her legs were parted on either side of him and his hands were sliding up her thighs.

She lifted her hips and grinded herself to him. He inhaled sharply and grit his teeth. He reached down and slowly undid his belt, sliding it off slowly. Her tongue came out and traced her upper lip, her eyes following the belt.

"Is this what you want?" he folded the belt in half and wrapped the slack around his fist.

"Yes" she breathed.

The smooth part of the belt slid across her, leaving a trail of raised skin. She arched further into it's caress. His free hand rubbed her sex through her panties.

She was close, he pulled back. She begged silently. He has her writhing before him, trying to make friction between them. He kept his ground, knelt between her parted thighs.

"Turn over, bare yourself for me." He ordered and threw one of her legs over to help her flip. "On your hands and knees."

He could smell her, he didn't need to see the glistening moisture to know she was more than ready for him. He hiked her panties high and tucked the fabric between her pale cheeks. With a wave of his hand, her hair was free. His left hand trailed her soft skin from the nape of her neck down to her spine.

He grunted as she grinded backwards into his tented pants. His right hand brought the belt down on her ass. Those flawless cheeks were going to have his mark all over them. Her little gasps and arched back made his next round harder. After five lashes he would rub his hands softly across her skin, wishing he could see her face.

He chuckled, remembering where he was. He closed his eyes briefly and opened them to see a large mirror in front of her. He leaned forward and grabbed her hair firmly, "Look at how beautiful you are for me."

He grinded himself into her when he watched her lick her lips. "Take his off, play with them." He ordered as he cupped her breast.

She leaned back, kneeling straight up. Her back flush to his chest and complied. He stroked the hair away from her face "I want to watch her touch herself. Make yourself cum. Show me."

Her right hand slid down her stomach and disappeared into the front of her panties. Her ass pushing against him, his teeth on her throat. She fell apart in seconds.

"Good girl. Are you ready for me?" he rumbled in her ear.

She nodded and rotated her hips against him again.
"Show me."

She pulled her hands from herself and brought it up over her shoulder. He grabbed her wrist and took her fingers into his mouth. He exhaled loudly and moaned. He released her hand and reached around to grip her throat, his teeth on her shoulder, leaving an imperfect circle.

Her hands came back behind her, reaching for his hips, her nails digging in. He pushed her forward on her hands again, she watched in the mirror as he pulled himself out, leaving his pants on. He smacked his cock on her skin a few times and pulled her panties to the side. He ran his tip up and down a few times, making her squirm.

When he entered her, he watched her face in the reflection. Her mouth opened in a small 'oh' and her breath hitched. He let the belt slip from his hand and land next to them, both hands on her hips. The two dimples on her lower back were the perfect size for his thumbs. Meant for him.

His hips moved slow at first, her hands clawed at the pillows under her. Her hips came back against him hard. He picked up his pace and her eyes closed and she bit her lip. He wanted to make her feel him, know who she belonged to.

He vanished the remaining of his clothes, feeling her skin against him fully, his sack smacking her with each thrust. Her ass slamming against his pelvis, loudly smacking to their quick rhythm. He felt her tighten, she was close and he knew it.

He stopped and leaned forward, biting her shoulder blade, sucking the skin, leaving his mark. She twisted her hips for friction. "Make yourself cum. Use me. Fuck me. Show me."

She pushed back against him, she grabbed his hand and shoved it between her legs. Using his fingers on her nub. He grabbed her hair with his free hand and pulled, her back arcing to the force.

"That's it. Do it. Now." He growled.

Her mouth opened and she held her breath, she clenched around him tight and he felt her gush over him. He didn't let her recover, he gripped her hips and started to plow into her.

She watched his muscles tighten as he got close, his teeth clenched tight and his eyes shining through his hair. She picked up their pace, she started rocking back I to him, meeting him with each thrust.

His eyes rolled back and he let go of her hips. Arching his spine and letting her take control, he threw his head back. His jaw went slack and she watched his breath pick up. She tilted her hips back at a higher angle and he hit deeper.

He hissed and gripped her hips again. She tightened around him once more and he followed with his orgasm. He stayed deep and held her firmly against himself. She twisted her hips. He gasped and flinched at the sensitivity.

He pulled out slowly and fell next to her on the pillows. His body was limp and he was breathing heavy. "That was the hardest I've ever cum."

'The hip thing?' she signed and curled into his chest.

"The hip thing." He confirmed.

'So, it was a good thing?"

"Yes! Oh god…. If you'd done that 17 years ago… you would have been the end of me. I would
Severus used all of his free time with Juliet, either in their bed, on their balcony looking at the stars or doing puzzles. His birthday just passed and her training with Garrick was complete. She was an official master wandmaker. Now she spent all of her time in his rooms, occasionally visiting her grandfather and helping at the shop.

He got her a book of Japanese number puzzles called Sudoku. He found it in his travels when training to be a potion master. Throughout the years when she was gone he got her puzzles. One by one he would give them to her as she finished them. She went quill crazy with them as soon as she figured out the numbers.

He came home one day after his classes and found the living room covered in the papers. They were stuck to the walls, on almost every surface and around her.

She didn't hear him come in. "Having fun, Princess?"

She jumped and turned to see him, she gave him a huge smile. "I think…. Perhaps…. Hear me out…. You might have a problem." He said carefully with each large step he took to avoid crumbling her hard work.

She blushed and waved her new wand, all the papers gathered before her on the coffee table. Garrick made her a new wand with the olive tree branch she brought him from Rome.

'I'm sorry, I like it. It's all I have to do right now.'

She was bored, that's what she was telling him. He couldn't have that. If she was bored, she would be unhappy. If she was unhappy, she would look for happiness elsewhere. If she found it, she would leave.


'I don't need anything, Dragon. I just need you.' She smiled at him lovingly.

"What do you want? Name it, it's yours." He blurted out.

Shit. He was turning into his old self conscious self, a blathering ass, just like when he was younger.

'I just want you.' She stood up from her spot in the floor by the coffee table.

He scowled and clenched and unclenched his fists again. "Are you… happy?" he asked, his voice uncertain.

She walked over to him 'Of course, I'm happy.' She stood on her toes and kissed him.

"But you are bored." He stated.

She pulled his hands from behind his back and kissed his palms. She didn't have to answer, he knew.

"What can I do?" he asked and cupped her cheeks.

'Nothing. I just don't have anything to do while you're gone. My mastery is done and I don't need to go to the wand shop in the offseason. I have a lot of free time.'
"Then I will take you shopping. I'll get you all the puzzles and books." He started to pull her to the floo.

'I don't need things. I just want to do something productive and meaningful.'

He looked down at her. Productive? How the hell could he give her productivity? Like helping orphans and saving kittens?

She saw his confusion 'I want to create something. Something new and unique.' The bright hope in her eyes stunned him. What did she mean?

"How about music? You could learn the piano." He suggested.

Her shoulders dropped slightly. Be obviously didn't get the hint. He barely caught her disappointment. Fuck.

'I could try.' She signed in agreement.

Now she was just going along with what he was saying. That wasn't going to make her happy.

"What do you want to create?" he asked.

Her eyes lit up again. Good.

'Something one of a kind! And special. That's made from part of me and part of-'

"Spells. You can create spells. Filius can help you with them when he comes for tea. I'll get you the books you need. I'll tell him right away." He said suddenly and turned towards the door. "I'll be back in time for dinner."

She sighed sadly and lowered her head. "and part of you." She whispered to the door he walked out. He didn't get it.
Her meetings with Filius were three times a week, they enjoyed tea and went over spell theory. Severus had Albus add another room to their chambers for her to practice. Despite him not understanding her original need, she was enjoying her new project. She knew Severus created spells when he was younger as well as potions.

The spells he made were intended for "self defense", so he said. It helped him protect her. She wanted to create something that would help him as well. She knew Severus suffered from random bouts of muscle spasms from his years as a death eater. Some nights when he came home from revels she would practically bathe him in dittany and rub his sore muscles.

She could try to create a spell that would heal him. Something instant, no three day recovery for him. She was determined to make it work.

They used lab rats for their test subjects. It broke her heart hearing them scream in pain as they were tortured but they made great ground work. After a few weeks she was able to heal them with her new incantation but scarring was inevitable. Filius said she succeeded but it wasn't good enough for her. She carried on.

She finally got to test it first hand on Severus with his approval. One late night he stumbled through the floo and collapsed to the floor. The Dark Lord punished him for Draco's lack of progress with his task.

Her hands quickly opened his shirt and she pressed her palms flat to his chest and closed her eyes. Her magic seeped into his skin, warmth spread over him and his torn flesh wove shut. Scars took their place but the pain left immediately. His muscles relaxed and he was able to stand immediately after. He picked her up and twirled her around in her victory.

On one of her trips to the wand shop, she went to the book store to find the required books she would need for her research. She wanted to heal all of Severus, not just the wounds. She finally figured out that one spell couldn't do both heal and remove scars, it would require Two separate complex spells.

While she was there she looked for books on pregnancy, childcare and magical children. She wanted to know anything and everything possible about starting a family with Severus. He was adamant that she be added to the Gringotts account, anything she needed he would play for easily. He refused to let her use any of her own money to pay for things. So she gave her Snape name at the counter and the purchases were made.

Her window shopping led her to the various baby shops for clothing, furniture and toys. She could picture the future nursery and a dark haired baby in their arms. The flutters in her belly made her ecstatic to talk to him about it.

She didn't know how to broach the subject of children with him. She didn't want to chance upsetting him and didn't know if he wanted them to begin with. They never talked about it. Ever.

Perhaps she could leave one of the baby books out. No, he wouldn't appreciate anything indirect. She could ask not to take her monthly potion. Or maybe make a gift out of it. How does one do that? A card?
Happy Holidays, I want your baby.

She scrunched her face at the idea and scratched it off her list. Yes, her actual list. She was a Ravenclaw after all. Maybe that list could wait for later. On to the next list.

Pros and cons of starting a family.

Pros, part of Severus would always be with her. The gift of a child, men wanted their legacy to continue. Bring them closer together. Babies are adorable. Create the greatest gift for Severus. That one was underlined. Her grandfather would have a great great grandbaby to spoil and love. Robbie would scream in joy.

Cons, war. Side note, Severus would keep us safe. She drew a heart next to that one. Medical. Would their future children have her medical issues? Would her babies be voiceless and live through the hell she did?

Garrick told her the troubles of raising a mute baby, not knowing when they were sick or crying. That's why Robbie was so attached to her. He was the alarm that she needed something. Immune deficiency to the common sore throat and flu. But Severus would be able to brew the baby the proper potions to help. She just knew it.

It was decided, she was going to have his baby. She felt a warmth spread through her. She felt like this once before, the first time she kissed Severus. She just needed to tell him now.

She started to "nest" as the book called it. She took up knitting and crochet as well and learning new recipes. Their chambers were "homier" than ever, with pictures of them and souvenirs from their times out. She knit some small scarves and hat's in Slytherin green and Ravenclaw blue. She hoped Severus got the hint to start the subject.

"Filius and Robbie would really like those." He said.

They were child sized and he completely overlooked her signs. She sighed and put them away in the corner to be forgotten.

Then she made cookies in the shape of small children. Frosted with chocolate chips for eyes.

"I thought gingerbread men were seasonal pastries only. Hmm. I like it." He said and bit a head off and went back to his newspaper.

She wanted to hit him with a pillow. But she swallowed her frustration and went to bed early that night instead.

He liked that she was making this their home. That she was settling in vs having scarce items and living out of a suitcase that he feared before they were reunited. Her making their house a home helped with his high stress levels. Pressure from the Dark Lord and Albus was closing in on him. He didn't need stress from her being unhappy added on top. Because he would drop everything else for her.

There was a vase of flowers given to her by Severus throughout the years in every room, put on forever stasis. She made wreaths with some of them for the holidays and hung it on their door. Every time Severus came home from work there was something new in their chambers.

Except that damn pygmy puff paradise puzzle over the mantle.
Her notes and books were scattered over the coffee table and surround areas on the floor constantly. She picked it up and sorted it when she was finished but always got carried away. Severus got her a desk of her own but she never used it. She was more comfortable by the fire.

She had been more attentive lately, he loved it. Then he would make a small comment and he would watch her shoulder slump. He didn't know what he said to upset her but she didn't mention it again.

"Do you want to go out for dinner?" he asked one night when he came home.

'No thank you. Can we stay home tonight?'

"Is something wrong?" he asked. She always wanted to go out for dinner.

She bit her lip and shook her head no. He didn't believe her. He cupped her cheek and made her look up at him.

"Tell me."

'It's nothing. Can you read to me tonight?' she asked.

"Princess…. If there's anything you need…"

She didn't need anything. She wanted his baby. She shook her head no again. He let it go for now. She had been distant lately, staring off into nothing at times and fidgeting with her hands. He thought it had to do with her birthday. He would let it go for now and spend the evening in. He would take her out this weekend instead.

She was sitting in his lap after dinner, bridal style and her head on his shoulder. Her right hand traced invisible lines on his neck, her left hand caressing her stomach. She was zoning out again, he knew it. He put the book down and looked down at her.

"Tell me." He said.

She bit her lip, blushed and looked away.

"Are you unhappy?" he asked. Hoping it wasn't the reason for her distance the last few weeks.

'No.'

"Are you sick?"

'No, I feel fine.' She shook her head.

"Do you need something?" he asked. He told her she only had to ask.

She paused before answering no.

"Do you want something?" he asked and pulled her chin to look at him. He knew she would look away.

She bit her lip again and gave him the saddest eyes he had ever seen.

"You want something for your birthday this year?" he asked.

She slowly nodded and wrung her hands awkwardly.
"Tell me what you want. I told you to tell me if there was anything. I'll get it for you. No matter what it is, no matter the cost." He said firmly. His mind raced at to what she wanted. A new puzzle? Another vacation? A cat?

'I…' she paused.

"Anything." He said again.

'I want to have your baby.' She signed and looked up at him. Big silver eyes begging.

His face went blank. His hand dropped from her face. A baby? Why? Wasn't what he provided enough to keep her content? Wasn't their home already full? Both of them, Corvus, Robbie just left before Christmas. He could get her a house elf, but a baby?

"No." He shook his head and spoke firmly.

She nodded her head sadly in acceptance. Her eyes watering and she looked down to her hands in her lap. He couldn't stand to see her like this. His chest felt heavy, his mind was full of doubt. She wasn't happy with him. He picked her up off his lap and set her on the couch. He stood up and felt the room spin.

He wasn't enough. She wanted more. She didn't want him. She didn't love him anymore. She wanted to take her attention away from him. He moved to stand in front of the fire. He needed to get away from her.

"Why?"

'Never mind. I don't want a baby. I don't- ' she quickly signed.

He cut her off. "Am I not enough?"

'No! I mean, yes you are! But that's not what I meant. Please don't be mad. Don't hate me.' She begged.

"Do I not provide enough for you? Is isn't it enough? Am I not enough?" Severus asked angrily.

'I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I won't ask for anything ever again.' She cried. She got up and went to him, reaching for him.

He held his hand up for her to stop. She did. "Just leave…"

Me alone

He couldn't finish the sentence. The words died as he tried to voice them. Last time he told her to leave him alone he nearly lost her. He needed to think. He couldn't breathe in here, not with her wanting something he couldn't give. He grabbed a handful of floo powder and left. He didn't remember what destination he said, he just had to escape.

Juliet sobbed as she watched him disappear through the green flames. She reached for him but he told her to leave. She walked to their bedroom and pulled out her cloak and scarf. She grabbed her purse and paused and she saw the picture on the coffee table by the fireplace.

It was the one of him smiling in Rome. The picture replayed over and over.

'I love you.' She mouthed.
He smiled and kissed her softly.

She decided to take that one. She put it in her purse and slung it over her shoulder and looked around once more. He wanted her to leave, and so she would do what he wanted.

She never should have asked for his baby. She should have known he wouldn't like that. She took off her wedding ring and set it in place of the picture. If it was what he wanted, she would give it to him.

She couldn't leave by floo. So she sadly walked through the castle and out the front doors. She kept quietly to herself and dried her eyes on her sleeves. When she passed the gate and the wards she apparated to Diagon Alley. She was going back to the wand shop.
Severus stepped out of the floo at Malfoy Manor. He needed to talk to Lucius about his problem. Was it a problem? Of course it was a fucking problem. He completely forgot that the Dark Lord was now living with Lucius. Until he entered the dining hall he was directed to by a house elf.

"Severusssss what brings you?" the Dark Lord asked from his seat at the head of the table. Lucius sat at his side, Narcissa on her husband's left. Across from him sat Avery, Nott, McNair and Yaxley.

Shit.

"I came to speak to Lucius, My Lord. About a personal issue that is of little importance to you." he said as he bowed.

"Now Severusssss, I do care about my followers. Come join us, let's see what we can help you with. Leave us, Narcissa." He waved a pale hand at her.

Yes, you care enough to send me home to my wife crippled and broken.

She excused herself and quickly stood and exited the hall. Severus took the signal to take her place. Her plate and cup vanished by elves and replaced with his own.

"Drink, relax, have ssssome wine. We were meeting about their progressss in the ministry." He said and waved his hand.

"I'm going to need something stronger than wine." Severus mumbled. A bottle of it appeared before him as the elves in the kitchen heard his order.

"Ha! Woman problems, eh Snape?" Yaxley laughed.

Severus scowled at him but didn't deny it. He poured himself a large fire whiskey and downed it immediately.

"Take that as a yes. What can I help you with Severus?" Lucius asked as he refilled his friends drink.

"Women. She- I mean. I- I- what do I do?" he stammered and put his face in his hands.

The Dark Lord laughed. More like choked on air. But it was his attempt at a laugh. "You have problemssss with that tiny thing? You were right, little importance."

The rest of the men laughed.

"Put her in her place. You tell her "Woman, listen to me. I'm the man of the house and what I say goes." That'll solve whatever shit she's squawking about." Yaxley said. His thin lips and yellow teeth bared a vicious smirk.

"His broad can't talk. 'Magine she's more like this." Avery threw his hands up and shook them back and forth quickly in front of his face.

Their deep laughter echoed in the dinner hall. Severus grit his teeth and sneered at him. No one talked about her like that but the presence of the dark Lord kept him at bay.

"Yes, Yaxley. Because that worked out so well for you when you told your wife that." Lucius scoffed and rolled his eyes.
"I'm king of my castle! What I say goes!" He slammed his fist on the table. The sleeve of his tailored robes dipping into the gravy on his plate.

"More like king of the couch. You took up my guest room for a week before she took you back." Lucius said and pointed his finger at him. He smirked and flicked his hair over his shoulder.

Severus sneered and the men laughed again. Yaxley's face turned red with embarrassment. The Dark Lord hit the table with his fist as he choked with laughter again.

When they calmed down they all looked to Severus expectantly once more. "She wants a baby."

"That's it? Shit. What's the problem?" Avery asked.

"What isn't the problem?! A fucking baby!" Severus nearly shot out of his chair.

"Little bastards aren't that bad. Carry on your legacy." Nott said and shrugged his shoulders and leaned back in his chair, crossing his arms.

"No. I deal with your little bastards all day. Trust me. Your "legacies" are pains in the ass." Severus said and pointed his finger to him and Lucius.

"I can see why you wouldn't want one. The bitch gets fat after kids. Tits get huge for awhile, there's a plus. But if you knock her up then you're fucking stuck with her for at least 18 years. Got out of my first marriage with that crazy bitch easy. No kids and I paid her off." Avery said.

"Oh I remember that. The one that Lovegood married after you two split." Lucius said.

"Yep. My mother made that match when we were in school. She was sexy as hell, but she kept going on about nifflers being sensitive to muggle tellyfore towers. I can't remember the name of it. But the bitch was crazy." Avery said and put his hands up.

"She'd be stuck with me?" Severus asked more to himself than anyone else. He stared down at his empty glass. "She would be stuck with me. Yes. Then she can't leave." He murmured to himself.

"Trust Snape to twist it around." McNair said and shoved forkful of chicken in his mouth.

"You seen his wife? Pretty little thing. How he snagged her- I'll never know. But if she wants a baby-" Yaxley let out a low whistle. "I'll give her fucking twins. I'd turn that bedroom into a baby making factory."

The men laughed. Severus slammed his fist on the table "That's still my wife."

It sickened Severus, hearing the man talk about his wife like that. The thought of another man's seed in his princess' womb, let alone touching her at all! His possessiveness kicked in hard. If anyone was going to fill her womb with a baby. It was going to be him.

"I believe he came here for my guidance. Severus, what exactly happened?" Lucius asked.

"She's been acting weird. I asked her if there was something she wanted and she said a baby. I freaked out. Why? A baby? I'll get her a fucking cat or a house elf. But a baby? Am I not enough? Why does she need to take her attention away from me?" he explained.

He ran a hand through his hair in distress. He never imagined confessing his feelings to any of the people in this room. Let alone the Dark Lord! Now he knew his weakness. Juliet.
"Jealous of a baby? Fuck's sake, Snape." McNair scoffed and threw his napkin on the table.

The Dark Lord looked on with amusement on his face. His chin in the palm of his hand and his arm propped up on the arm of his chair. "And she sssssssuddenly brought this on?" he mused.

"Yes! No talk of children before this at all! Suddenly she wants a baby." Severus said and talked with his hands enthusiastically.

"Are you sure she issssssn't pregnant already?" he asked and raised his hairless brow.

"Positive." He said and slashed his hand through the air to dismiss the idea. She wasn't. Was she? Oh god…

"Positive she isn't pregnant, or her test was positive?" McNair asked.

"She can't be…. I gave her the potion every month. I watched her take it. Every. Single. Month." He said and pointed his finger to the table with each word. He was more convincing himself than the others.

"So out of the blue she said "Lets have a baby"?" Lucius asked sarcastically and rolled his eyes dramatically.

"Yes."

"No she didn't." Lucius chuckled.

Severus scowled at him and snapped sarcastically "I'm sorry. Were you there?"

The blonde man sighed and took a sip of his wine. "She's been dropping hints and trying to tell you for a long time now."

"What? She told you?" he looked at him suspiciously.

"Trust me. I've been married for a loooooong time. Think. Think of how she's been acting lately. First clue. When a woman wants something they spoil you. Tend to your every need. She wants a baby, has she been the one to initiate intimacy lately?" Lucius asked as he ticked off his fingers.

"She has been more attentive to me lately…." Severus admitted. But he still wasn't seeing the point.

Lucius sighed and shook his head "Oh how naïve you are. If you don't make her happy, then you aren't happy. This is the way of the universe. You know the old saying? Happy wife, happy life? Completely true. You know how many plays I've been to in the last 2 months? Five. I fucking hate plays." He sighed and rolled his eyes.

"True. My wife likes blowing all my hard earned money on jewelry and the cloaks. But I come home to a calm house and none of my shit on fire." Avery said.

The rest of the men agreed.

"Buuut…. It makes my wife happy and she doesn't run off." Lucius finished and shrugged his shoulders.

"Run off? You mean… she would… leave….me…" Severus said softly in disbelief.

"If you aren't going to give her what she needs then she will look elsewhere for it." Avery explained.
No. No no no no. She couldn't leave. She couldn't have another man's baby. He wouldn't let her.

"Why does she need a baby? Can't I get her a cat or something?" he moaned and ran his hand through his hair.

"It'sss a womansss internal instinct. Severussss, you are the lasssst of the Prince line. You can't have it die out with you. The new world is coming and your bloodline will continue." The Dark Lord said and narrowed his eyes at him.

Well that was a direct order if he ever heard one. He can't believe the Dark Lord took his wife's side on this. What is the world coming to?

"Men may be the stronger ssssex. But a woman…. Hasssss the power to create life. And thisssss woman of yourssss wants to grant you that power." The Dark Lord said. Nagini took the opportunity to come up from under the table and slither her head onto his lap. He stroked her head lovingly and looked back at Severus with his red firm eyes. "And you will take that power."

"But my Lord….. I… I can't." Severus strained.

"Can't get it up?" Yaxley laughed.

"Did you tell her you would think about it?" Nott asked.

Severus downed another large glass of fire whiskey and set it down hard on the table instead of the coaster.

"That's mahogany." Lucius hissed as the mistreatment of his dining room table.

"I told her no." He replied.

The men winced and shook their heads. "Never tell a woman no. Unless it's to 'Does this make me look fat.'" McNair said.

"Then what? She just said Ok and went on her merry way? What did she say?" Lucius asked. He was getting frustrated. It was like pulling teeth with Severus.

"She said she was sorry, she wouldn't ask again and then she started crying."

"And then you said…. " Lucius waved his hand for him to keep going.

"Nothing. I came here."

All of them groaned, including the Dark Lord and shook their heads.

"Well… the guest room is open now that Yaxley went home." Lucius said and downed the rest of his wine. He considered his friend a lost cause at this point.

"You don't want to lose half your shit? Better give her a baby. I can't believe you hate children that much." Avery said and poured himself more wine.

"No you fool. I can't bear to share her. With someone else, let alone a child. I spent years wanting only her. Hoping she wanted only me. I don't want her attention shared with anyone!" he growled.

"You said she would neglect you? You couldn't be more wrong. When a woman becomes pregnant she needs you more than ever. She needs your support and attention." Lucius said and Nott
nodded in agreement.

"She needs me…” Severus whispered to himself.

"When my wife got pregnant with Theo, she got sick and tired immediately. I had to take a month off of work in the beginning. Then she couldn't bend over or use her magic the farther along she got. She was laid up in bed for the last month." Nott explained.

"And pregnant sex is better than angry sex." Yaxley said.

"Yes!" McNair agreed.

"She's gonna want to be all over you constantly. I had to come home for lunch a few times when Cissy was pregnant with Draco." Lucius chuckled.

Severus' mind was racing. Maybe it wouldn't be that bad.

"Now…. Did she say she wants A baby? Or did she say she wants YOUR baby?" Lucius asked and leaned forward with his elbows on the table.

Severus' head shot up to look at his friend. Oh no. And he told her no. She never wanted anything before now. She never asked for anything. Not one thing. And the first time she asked for something he told her no. What has he done? His jaw dropped and he called like a fish out of water. He couldn't voice the answer.

Juliet had come to him multiple times a day and practically jumped him. He would be in his office grading papers and she would walk in naked and sit on his lap. Or she would drop in on him between his classes and get on her knees for him while he warded the door. Yet she always wanted him to reach completion while be was deep in her. That didn't mean anything. Did it? That's why…. His eyes got wide as he stared off at the empty space before him.

She was doing anything she could for a baby. Would she do that with another man? Oh fuck. It hit him in the gut like a bad hex. No. She was his, she wouldn't go and have another man's baby.

He stood up suddenly and his chair fell over backwards. "Oh fuck. Oh fuck. Oh fuck."

He quickly ran around the table and out of the room, he didn't even wait to address the Dark Lord or wait for his dismissal. He rushed to the floo in the main foyer to go home. He had a wife to knock up!
Chapter 31

He was surrounded by green flames. His heart was in his throat, his chest was tight and his mouth was dry. He hoped she would forgive him for his neglect and anger. Yet why should she? He promised that he would never hurt her again and we fucked up. He would make it right, let her have all of the babies she wanted. As long as they were his.

"Princess, I'm sorry." He said immediately as he exited the fireplace. He flicked his hand at his shoulder and wandlessly cleared the ash and soot from himself.

He expect her to still be there in the couch, right where he left her. The room was empty. His voice carried, he knew that much. Maybe she was ignoring him? Probably in bed crying under the covers.

"Princess?" he cautiously approached the closed bedroom door.

He rested his forehead on the wooden frame and took a few deep breaths before putting his calloused hand to the cool knob. Don't let your anger get the best of you again. Prat.

He slowly turned the knob and peeked his head in. "I'm sorry I…." his words trailed off.

The bedroom was empty. He quickly made his way to the bathroom. Empty.

His heart started beating faster. He had the same feeling as last time she was kidnapped. He rushed out of the room to their front door and checked if the wards had been. Tripped. No. No one has been here but them. Everything else was in place. The furniture wasn't destroyed, no one kidnapped her.

His mind raced to what his friends told him. Friends? She would leave if she didn't get what she wanted. Oh fuck. He felt nauseous. The weight in the pit of his stomach grew heavier. He quickly put his hand out to the wall beside him and caught himself from hitting the floor.

No. She's safe. She's here. Probably in their library, he rushed down the hall. Empty.

"No… no. No. No." He said to himself as he checked the bay window in their library. He started to panic.

She had piled it with pillows and blankets. It was her favorite reading spot by the window that overlooked the shore of the lake. A perfect view of their tree.

"Princess?!" He called out and rushed from room to room.

Empty. Empty. Empty. Where the hell was she? Kitchen. Yes, she liked to play the radio while cooking. Maybe she was making more gingerbread men.

"Juliet?! Princess?!" He called out as he ran around their chambers.

"Corvus?! Where the bloody hell is that chicken?" he growled.

He went through every room, every closet, every nook and cranny she could possibly fit in. When he got to the closet in their room he stared at the empty hanger in shock. Her cloak was gone. Shiiiiiiit. Shit. Shit. He spun around instantly, looking for her purse she normally hung on the edge of the vanity mirror.

Gone.
He went back to the living room, he was going to check the last floo calls and trips made today. Then he saw it. Shining at him like a beacon in the mist.


He dropped to his knees as he rushed forward. He clawed at it, snatching it as quickly as he could. As if it would disappear on him as well. He brought it to his face. He opened his long thin fingers, the ring rested in his hand.

He knew. He knew she wasn't kidnapped. She wasn't taken against her will. She wasn't forced to leave.

"Why? Why? I can do better. Let me do better." He cried to the ring. As if it was the cause of his pain. The source of his troubles. The reason his wife was gone.

Tears stung his eyes and burned his skin as they raced down his cheeks. His throat was so tight and restricted he couldn't swallow. It felt like minutes before the ball that formed in the back of his throat allowed him to breathe.


Why? You know why. All she wanted was to give him a child. She never asked for anything. Ever. And he denied her. He told her that he would give her anything her heart desired. All she had to do was ask.

Aside from her rejecting him, his biggest fear was her going somewhere else for her needs. All she ever wanted from him was his child and he said no. Because he was a fucking idiot. A greedy, selfish, hot headed idiot.

He curled himself into a ball and held the ring to his heart. His grip so tight on it, it pierced his skin. Blood seeped from his tightly clenched fist. Oozing from the tight gaps between his fingers. He sobbed. Like the first time he lost her to that damn time turner. He curled himself into the fetal position and held onto that ring with his life.

For 17 years he held her on the highest pedestal he built for her. His heart beating solely for her. Loving only her. Wanting her to only love him. The thought of him having to share her love. Her casting her gaze away from him. Oh god. Now he didn't have her at all. This was much worse than having to share her. She asked him for one thing. One. Fucking. Thing. He said no, and she took off on him. She was going to find another man willing and able to give her the baby she wanted. Start a family with someone else.

Family.

God damn it. She wasn't choosing someone else. She didn't get tired of him or want something new. She wanted to build a future with him. She had tried to tell him but he was too blind to see. 'Create something one of a kind and special. Made from part of me' is this what she meant? Lucius said she was trying to tell him long before this whole shit storm happened. When? If that was true he fucked up long before this happened.

He sat up and wiped his nose with the back of his sleeve. He sniffled and looked around the room. Her yarn and knitting things were in a cubby hole next to Corvus'. He stood up and grabbed the things she made. The tiny sweater and hat she made, they weren't for Robbie or Filius. And he told
her- oh no. She was trying to tell him. She tried to give him signs. But this? Common mistake! Anyone could and would have thought she was making it for her best friend. He folded the tiny green sweater and tucked it into his pocket.

Did she leave any other hints? Her desk. Her journals were piled on it with her research scrolls. Bingo. He scrambled up and towards the desk as quick as he could. "Ow. Fuck." He cursed as he hit his knee on the sharp coffee table corner. He nearly fell but proceeded to limp quickly to the desk across the room.

He grabbed the first journal and flipped through it quickly. His blood covering everything he touched, neither caring nor noticing. Skimming each page as he looked for answers to all the never ending questions in his head. He shuffled to move around the desk. His boot kicked the small bin over and scraps of parchment tumbled out.

He picked them up and searched through them too. He opened the first crumpled piece. Her drawing. God he was a fucking fool. She had drawn a picture of them. A stick figure of him in green, herself in blue and smaller one in pink. The small pink one was holding a balloon.

She curled up by the fire with him and showed him. "Why does Robbie get a balloon but I don't?" he had said. Then she stopped smiling and went to bed. It wasn't Robbie it was a child. She was trying to tell him- for the record, her penmanship was immaculate but her artwork was shit. He folded up the drawing and tucked it into his breast pocket. He caught sight of her daily journal on the window ledge next to the chaise lounge. Her quill was stuck in it like a bookmark. He opened it to her last entry.

"Maybe he does know what I'm trying to say. Maybe he's indirectly telling me no as I'm indirectly asking? Sometimes I wish I was brave like a Gryffindor, or a strong Slytherin like him, instead of a Ravenclaw who constantly over thinks herself into a panic attack. I swear I'm going to chew a hole through my lip if I keep up this habit.'

He groaned and flipped backwards through the pages until he landed on her 'Pros and Cons list.' He banged his head on the window ledge as he read her list. He had to be the stupidest man in existence. It was dated three fucking months ago.

"Create the greatest gift for Severus'" 'Cons- the war. (But Severus would keep us safe.)'

She drew a heart next to his name.

"I. Do. Not. Deserve. This. Woman." He said with each bang of his head on the ledge. It left a large red mark on his forehead but he paid it no mind. He set the book down and stood up. He knew where she went. There was only one place for her to go. The wand shop. He needed to apologize. He needed to get her back. Bring her home. He had two vows he made when they were younger. Make her smile, keep her safe. And right now he was 0-2.

He grabbed a handful of floo powder and tossed it in. Naming his destination, he stepped in. What he didn't expect was to be thrown right back out onto his ass. Garrick blocked him. OH FUCK.

He jumped up and started pacing in front of the fire. Not bothering to clear the ash and soot from himself. He needed to think. He needed to get the chaos in his mind in order before he went to her. She left him because he told her no. Right after he literally told her that he would give her anything she wanted. No matter what it was or the cost, and he said no. That's why she was upset. That's why she was crying. That's why she left.
Then why did she try to apologize? Why? If she was mad at him for telling her no then why bother apologizing? Think. Think. Was she mad he didn't accept her apology? He replayed what happened in his head over and over for what seemed like hours. Pacing back and forth into the early morning light.

"She reached for me….Then I told her to stop, and I wanted her to leave me alone. Leave me…. But I left. **Fuck! Fuck!** I told her to leave! No! I didn't mean- **ARRGHI!**" It clicked in his head.

She didn't leave because she was upset with him. She left because **he told her to.** What has he done? He pushed her away. He sent her off. He ran one hand through his now greasy, sweaty hair and the other bloody hand rubbed his face roughly, spreading blood everywhere.

"You fucking no good, dirty, stupid son of a bitch!" He cursed at himself. He kicked the coffee table, it spun twice in the air while flying over the couch. Whatever knickknacks and books were on it went in three different directions.

He promised to never hurt her again. Not after the one time, he told her to leave him alone, and she took him back then. He broke his promises. All of them. Why should she take him back now? He had to try. Explain himself and his insecurities, despite hating talking about emotions and things.

He needed to bring her home, where she belonged. Then he would give her a baby. All of the babies she wanted. They would start their own clan of Snape's to rival the Weasley's if she wanted. Avery said that if they had a kid she would be stuck with him for 18 years. Yes. Then she couldn't leave again. And when the 18 years was up, he would get her pregnant again. Then repeat, over and over and over again. It was the perfect plan, make sure she couldn't and wouldn't ever leave him again!

He ran to the door at a straight shot, furniture be damned. Jumping over the couch, forgetting the coffee table he kicked was laying on its side behind it. He hit his shin and stumbled. "Fucking hell! I'll burn you when I get back!" He screamed at the offending table over his shoulder.

He slammed the door behind him and took off running at fill sprint through the castle. A few students were already making their way down for the early breakfast. They jumped, screamed and stared in horror as their Defense teacher ran through the school covered in blood with his robes billowing behind him.

"He's murdered someone!"

"Bloody hell!"

"Look out!"

He threw the giant doors open and jumped clean over the front steps. His boots echoing loudly in the courtyard, his breath seen trailing behind him with the cold wind at his face. He slid in the snow twice before he made it to the front gate and apparated to Diagon Alley.
Chapter 32

Early morning shoppers eyed him cautiously but didn't say anything. He ran quickly through the streets of Knockturn Alley towards Diagon. His mental mantra 'Say you're sorry, take her home.' And that was just what he was going to do. He skidded on the slick puddles of the cobblestones as he turned the sharp corner into the back way of the shop. Once he regained proper footing, he took off down the narrow alley. Jumping over trash bins and knocking over empty stacks of boxes in the way, kicking up snow behind him as he ran.

Once he reached the back door of the wand shop he climbed the steps three at a time, it two long strides and he gripped the handle. It didn't budge, turn, rattle or move. It was earlier than the shop opened, had too be just Garrick locking up for safety.

The handle got warm. Very warm. Burning. "Ahh!" He yelled in pain. He let go and started fanning his burning hand. Are you a wizard or not? He rolled his eyes and quickly pulled out his wand. The wards were keyed to him, with a simple-

BANG

He saw the door, he blinked, he saw the sky and his head hurt really bad. It was like a flash bang went off. But it burned everywhere, and he was thrown off the top step down to the hard cobblestone alley. "Oof!" was the only sound he made. A minute later a few painful groans.

So Garrick had taken him off the wards. Great. He lost his wife and now the only thing that stood in his way was the most dangerous man be knew. Fucking great. On the bright side he wasn't dead yet. Either Garrick wanted him to suffer first, then he kill him, or he wanted him to come groveling through the front door. Then kill him. Joy.

He got up with difficulty and rubbed where his head hit the hard stone. He climbed the steps again and held his hand to the window to shield the glare, trying to peek in. He was zapped so hard he hit his elbow on the brick wall next to the door frame when he pulled back. "Fuck!" He cursed and didn't know whether to rub his elbow or still stinging hand.

He turned to go down the steps, another bang from behind him and he was thrown once again down the steps. He caught himself with his hands but his right knee hit hard. "God damm It, Garrick!" He got up and limped down the alley a lot slower than he had come through.

He paid no attention to the stares or murmurs about him. Nor the fact he looked a mess. Hair sticking up in all directions, blood smeared everywhere and covered in mud and trash. How the mighty have fallen. He finally came up too the front of the wand shop.

A big red 'CLOSED' sign hung in front of his face in the door window. He knocked on the frame of the door loudly and waited. No response. He knocked again and was shocked more violently that the back door. His teeth snapped shut on his tongue and he felt his bones vibrate under his skin. He should run while he still could, but the idiot in him thought he had a fighting chance.

With a quick tempus charm, he cursed. It was 7am and the shop didn't open till 9. He had to wait out in the cold, wet February winter wonderland of Diagon Alley. He didn't bring his sweater, scarf or gloves she knitted him. He could really use one of her amazing hot chocolates about now too. She would crush up some peppermint and piece of dark chocolate for him and mix it in his cup.

Now look at you, cold, alone, pathetic and talking to yourself.
He wrapped his arms and robes around himself tightly, knowing he could easily cast a warming charm. If Garrick wanted to see him suffer, then he would suffer. Merlin knew he deserved it. He stood outside for 2 hours mentally preparing himself for the hell he was about to go through. A quick tempus again showed 9 am came and went.

"Garrick!" He yelled and banged his fist on the door again, ignoring the pain of electricity destroying the nerves in his hand and arm. Another sign appeared on the door beneath the closed one. 'NEW HOLIDAY HOURS- OPEN ON WEEKENDS ONLY' It was Tuesday.

"Oh come on!" He banged his fist against the door, now kicking it with his foot. "I'll stand out here the whole week until you let me in, Garrick!"

Apparently Garrick either didn't give a damn or he was calling his bluff. Severus stood outside until the sunset. An older woman walked by and tossed a few knuts at his feet. After that he managed to use his wand to clean himself up so he didn't look like a beggar. It just got colder further into the night, he couldn't feel his face or his hands. Then it started to snow. A few more hours and he was losing faith. Garrick didn't need to open his doors up ever again, he could and would keep her away from him if he so chose.

"Think, you fool!" He grumbled.

He could try the roof, but if the wards shot his ass of the top step he could only imagine the long fall from up there. He could also imagine Garrick sitting by the fire with a cup of her hot chocolate and smirking at the hell he was putting him through.

"Fucking no such luck there…. Luck. Luck!" He quickly patted himself down for the vial he always kept on him.

The Felix Felicis she had given him in their sixth year. He held onto it for dire emergencies. He didn't use it when he was near death or the Dark Lord's wrath. But this….. this was a dire emergency! He flicked the topper off and it landed on the cobblestones by his feet with a thud and rolled away. He brought it to his lips and threw his head back, two gulps and it was gone. He wandlessly vanished it and wiped his mouth with the back of his sleeve.

"Kick in already…. Show me the way. Give me a sign." He said out loud to the magical forces that be.

The wind picked up and some littering were kicked up and a paper hit his face. He pulled it off of himself and looked at it.

'House Elves for Sale or Rent'

His eyes got wide and he cursed himself again for not thinking of it sooner. "Robbie! Robbie I need you!" He yelled at the door.

'Pop'

"Oh thank Circe, Robbie! Robbie. I need your help, I have to see her. Take me to Juliet."

Robbie stepped back and shook his head. His giant ears flopping back and forth. Fucking Garrick.

"He won't let you will he? I understand. Can you tell her I'm here? That.. that- that I'm sorry and I love her. And that I want a baby too. I want her. And a- a a family." He stumbled his words.

Robbie tilted his head but didn't respond. Severus saw his ear twitch towards the door, he was being
called.

"Wait! Wait- wait wait. Just give her this! I need a quill… damn it!” He patted himself down for one. Once he found one he took out her drawing and quickly wrote on it and folded it again. Then he pulled out the small green sweater she mad and gave them both to Robbie.

"Please, Robbie. Take care of her for me. I never wanted to hurt her. Just please give this to her." Robbie blinked at his twice before he popped away. He hoped the little elf followed through for him, because it was cold and lonely out on the stoop of the wand shop.

He waited for the potion to bring him another miracle or sign. If it weren't for the stupid wards and the stupid Garrick for ignoring him. He needed to get his attention but short of setting himself on fire, which would only please the older man, he had nothing.

The wards! Garrick made the wards and they were like an alarm system. Every time they were tripped they would flicker his magic core. He just needed to keep tripping them to annoy the fuck out of Garrick. Annoying people was his specialty!

"This is going to hurt." He said through grit teeth.

He took a few paces backwards into the middle of the alley and drew his wand. He cast a series of Bombarda Maxima's quickly and rushed towards the door with all his might. Despite the door looking flimsy and thin it defiantly was not. It didn't budge and he was pretty sure he knocked his shoulder out of its socket.

Yet he didn't give up, he kept punching and kicking the door until the small shocks turned into burning fire. He wasn't cold anymore. He could feel Garrick's rage through the intensity of the wards.

"JUST. HEAR. ME. OUT." He screamed through the pain.

The wards flared, a literal wall of fire erupted in front of the door and shot him backwards across the street into a snow bank. He slowly got up and limped back towards the door. Something caught his eye down the street. The giant mechanical Weasley head. They were still open.

"Merlin bless those deviant geniuses!" He praised and ran, more like limped, as fast as he could towards their shop.

The little bell above the door announced his arrival and the one behind the counter turned and smiled. As soon as he saw who it was his face went pale. "S- s- s – Snape!" Fred yelped. The other popped up from behind a display to his left suddenly with wide eyes and a open mouth. "What can we do you for, professor?"

Severus smirked and said "I want those fanged Frisbees."

They both looked at each other in disbelief and gulped "Uh… sure. They're 6 galleons each, how many would you like?"

He gave them a wicked grin that made them take a step back. "All of them."

"A-all of them? Sure that's-"

"I don't care how much they cost or how many you have, I want them all." He growled and took out his Gringotts seal.
Fred hit his brother on the shoulder with one hand and pointed to the back room with the other. He thought of all those galleons they were about to make in one single purchase. This was going to make up for all the fines they had to pay last year! "Go! Go!"

George took off like a bat out of hell to the back room, he reappeared a few minutes later levitating three crates in front of him. "Here you go, 'Fessor. Eight hundred fanged Frisbees. Open them up, wave your wand like this, and watch them go."

"That'll be-"

"Charge my account for five thousand galleons even and never speak of this to anyone." He said sternly.

"YES SIR!"

He levitated the crates out of the store and quickly made his way back down Diagon Alley. He set them down in a row across from the wand shop and flicked the lid off each of them. With quick wand movements he launched them in rapid succession at the front of the store. They burst into flames upon impact and extinguished themselves when they hit the snow below.

"I can do this all night Garrick! Can You?" he yelled at the shop.

Amazing that the Aurors haven't arrived, he mused as he continued to bring fanged Frisbee hell upon the wards. He would alter his pattern every few minutes. He'd send threw in rapid succession, then wait ten minutes and send a dozen. Whenever he thought the old man would think he'd given up, fall into a sense of peace of mind and close his eyes for sleep. Then his Armageddon of Weasley Wizard Wheezes would rain hell upon his front door.

It was 4 in the morning when the front door was finally thrown open by magic. No one stood in the doorway. Severus took his chances and rushed through it.
Chapter 33

The door slammed shut behind him and the lights in the shop came on. Garrick stood by the shop counter, in front of the small waist high swinging door leading to the back.

"Where-" Severus' words cut off.

"Do. Not. Speak. You have no right to ask any questions or make any demands. You will stand there and listen. You will speak only when told to do so." Garrick said with a eerily calm, deep voice.

Severus had only heard him use that tone once, and it was directed at Black when he pinned him by the throat. Severus gulped and nodded quickly. It wasn't a question. But a yes response was a better than no response.

"You have no right coming back here. No right to treat her like she's a toy. Using her until she breaks and throwing her out."

"Wait- that's not what happened. Let me explain-" Severus tried to say. His hands were up, palms facing Garrick.

"You forget who taught you the fine arts of Occlumency and Legilimency? You may be skilled, but I'm the Master, boy. I saw EVERYTHING!" His last word was roared at Severus. Like a mighty beast protecting its territory.

Shit.

"I saw you whisper false promises and lies! I watched you lead her into a false sense of security and love!" Spit was flying from his mouth now. His right hand pointing the finger of blame right at Severus.

"I love her! I swear! Give me an unbreakable vow, I'll prove it right now!" he held his right arm out towards him.

"All she ever wanted, all she ever needed was you. It may have been over a decade to you, but for her it was merely a few years. Her dedication to you was infallible and unwavering! Yet as soon as she wants to start a family with you, you send her away!" Garrick started pacing back and forth in front of the counter now. He wasn't wearing his usual grey and blue robes that made him intimidating. He didn't need to, he was scary enough right now.

"I fucked up. I panicked. I thought she was tired of me." Severus said quickly.

"Did I say speak?" Garrick sneered.

Severus felt the chill of fear shoot down his spine. His face was glistening with sweat. His heart pounding in his chest and his mouth was so dry he couldn't swallow. His hands were clammy and the hairs on the back of his neck were standing straight up. He was going to die tonight.

"Tell me. Because I honestly want to know what goes on in that tiny Death Eater brain of yours, why does she mean so little to you? You dedicated your life to her and the second she wants to have a baby you run!" Garrick spat. His hands were moving swiftly through the air as he ranted. Electricity crackled the atmosphere around him.
"Because I'm fucked up, alright?! I'm a fucking idiot! I thought that her wanting a baby meant that she wanted something new, something else to love. I thought she was tired of me, done with me. Now I- I- I" Severus stumbled over his words. He took a few deep breaths and slowed down. "I spent seventeen years with her as my only focus in life. And not even two years later I'm not enough for her."

Garrick stood there silently listening with a firm scowl set on his face. He looked nothing of the frail old sweet shopkeeper, he looked like judgement day itself.

"You're right, you're an idiot. She didn't want a baby. She wanted YOUR baby. She spent months planning, window shopping, writing down baby names – for what? Some selfish little prick who couldn't handle the jealousy? Jealous of your own fucking child! Sometimes I think it's you who was robbed of their maturity years."

Severus ran a shaky hand through his hair "I know. I'm sorry. Please, just let me see her. Let me tell her-"

"She will not hear any more venom from your lips. You've caused enough damage."

Severus felt his knees go weak and the knot in his throat hit the pit of his stomach. His eyes stung with unshed tears "I'm sorry. Please. Please just let me see her. I'll make it up. Anything you want. Anything she needs. I'll turn my back on it all for her."

Garrick waved his hand at the wall next to them, a large mirror appeared and shimmered. "See what your selfishness has caused."

It played like a pensive, it showed Juliet coming into the shop and collapsing on the floor where he currently stood. Her crying face pierced his heart deeply. Her mouth forming the words 'I'm sorry.' Over and over again. It shimmered again and showed her in her room, curled up on her bed hugging herself and crying. Robbie sitting next to her and petting her hair.

Different memories played, all of her crying. Robbie trying to feed her but her rejecting it. Her holding the picture of them from Rome and sobbing. She sat in the bathroom on the floor, knees to her chest and rocking back and forth. Robbie trying to console her but failing miserably.

Severus felt the tears burn his cheeks, their saltiness on the edge of his mouth. "I can do better. Let me fix this. I need to see her."

Garrick gave him an evil smile "Go. If you can make it, you can see her." He stepped out of the way. Clearing the path to the stairs that would lead to her. The small door opened.

Severus wiped his face on the back of his sleeve and took a deep breath. He knew this was it. He squared his shoulders and kept his pace firm, eyes set on Garrick. Preparing for the chaos he had laid out for him.

He made it three steps before his feet came out from under him and the room shifted. The floor beneath him warped and bent, staring right at Garrick's feet and creating a cliff like setting. The shops front door now below him and he was sliding towards it fast!

His left sleeve got caught on a nail sticking up from the floorboard. It cut his arm but was the only thing keeping him from crashing into the front window and door. His feet kicked to try and alleviate some of the weight on the nail. He felt blood drip down his arm.

"Did you think it would be that simple? That I could let you come right back in after you broke her heart? Oh no! I want you to suffer. I want you to feel what she's feeling. You don't deserve
YOU ARE NOTHING!" Garrick yelled down to him.

Severus' arm was on fire from supporting his weight. He wasn't giving up. He would fight to the death for her! Swinging his right leg up as high as he could, he reached for his foot. He always kept a knife in his boot for a last line of defense.

He gripped it tightly and pulled it from its sheath. He swung as hard as he could and brought it down on the wooden floor, now wall. He freed his sleeve from the nail and put his weight on the knife, alleviating the pain in his left arm. If he could just make it to the shelves on his right then he could climb up from there.

Garrick saw his eyes shift towards the shelves and waved his hand towards the shelves. They sunk back into themselves, making another slick wall. He could only use the knife he had, because he knew if he drew his wand, Garrick would lay into him even worse.

He lifted himself up a bit more and set his boots flat on the surface. He pulled the knife out quickly and launched himself up with his feet. He managed to clear another foot and a half, lucky he was tall with long arms. He continued this process as best he could. He was sweating, he almost lost his grip a few times but didn't give up.

"You are nothing. I gave you everything I had! All of the knowledge and skills I could. I let you into my family and this is how you repay me?! By breaking my granddaughters heart?!" He yelled down to him.

"I'll prove myself! I will be the best. I will give her everything." Severus yelled back.

Garrick growled in anger and waved his hand towards him, the floor, now wall started to shake. He heard water and lots of it. He looked down and there was a huge wave of water below him. Garrick turned the bottom into a small sea.

Fuck. Garrick only used elemental magic when he was pissed.

"She is all I have! The last of my line! I will not have you or anyone else take her from me again! Albus already took my son from me! No more! Never again!" Garrick roared.

The sea started to stir violently, the waves crashing against the floor and walls beneath him. Soon they started hitting him head on. He lost his footing and almost fell. He was soaked now and his robes were weighing him down, his teeth were chattering now. He shrugged off his robes, one sleeve at a time and let it fall into the waves. His upward climb continued.

"I know Albus did horrible things, but I'm not him!" He yelled back. He was nearly to the top now.

Garrick waved his hand and dark clouds formed above. Severus felt the thunder in his chest before he heard it. Oh fuck. He picked up his pace.

"She was your other half! You were supposed to build together- learn together! She was your wife!" he waved his hand and lightning struck at Severus.

He managed to swing to the side quickly. It scorched the wood where he was seconds before. "Was?!" He yelled back.

Severus managed to get one hand on the ledge near Garrick. He bent down and grabbed him by the front of his shirt and brought his face close to his.

"You were married for one year. One. You failed to produce an heir. Marriage contracts for the
sacred 28 are held to the highest standards.” He said with a deadly voice.

Severus’ eyes widened "No! Don't. Please! Garrick don't take her away from me!” He begged with everything he had.

"As head of House Ollivander I will annul your marriage.” Garrick's voice rang loud in his ears.

Time stopped for Severus. The raging sea below and storm above couldn't be heard above the words echoing in his head. She was being ripped away from him. He couldn't breath. He felt his heart stop beating. He sobbed and gripped Garrick's arm tightly.

"No! I love her. I need her. Please Garrick. Don't take her away from me. I can't live without her." He pleaded.

"She will no longer be your wife. I will find a respectable, dependable suitor for her to marry and continue on the Ollivander bloodline. You are forbidden from ever coming here again. You will not see her, you will not speak to her.” He said sternly.

Another suitor. No. No one else can have her! Another man touching her, holding her, kissing her- he panicked.

"NO!” Severus roared back.

"I will kill you if I see you again.” He said in a dangerously low tone.

He pushed Severus off the edge and down towards the violent waters below him. His back slapped the water hard and he sank. The last thing he saw was Garrick standing above him with a firm sneer. The shop door opened and all the water flooded out. He was thrown out the door and across the street into a snow bank. He laid there wet and beaten, uncaring to the freezing temperatures.

He let out a large sob and put his hands to his head, fingers tangled in his hair as he gripped it tightly. He was alone again. No goodbye. No way to tell her he loved her. He could see her clearly every time he closed his eyes.

Her bright eyes, her smile, her lips whispering his name. He felt a swell of warmth in his chest thinking of her telling him she loved him. Pulling out his wand he pointed it at the wand shop and casted his patronus for the last time.
He didn't know how long he laid there in the snow broken and cold. He felt numb and it had nothing to do with the snow or cold winds hitting him. It was over, everything he worked for was gone. It was worse than when she left the first time because there was 'What if she came back' or 'When she comes back.'

What now? There was nothing worth living for now, no end goal. He would do what was right and give her more than enough money from his vault to make sure she was taken care of. It was the only thing he could give her now. She could have it all.

He slowly got up, not bothering to brush off the ice and snow from his clothes. He needed to get out of Diagon Alley, before he walked back into the wand shop and let Garrick off him now. He stumbled through the backstreets towards Knockturn. He couldn't see or think straight, but instead of going to the apparition point he went to the bar he used to frequent when he was young and stupid.

So history repeats itself once more. He took up space on the stool in the corner of the bar, slammed a fist full of galleons on the bar top and pointed to the bottle of fire whiskey on the shelf behind the barkeep. He set it down in front of him with a glass and walked away.

He must have looked like he needed it. His hair was is no and greasy, his robes were somewhere at the bottom of the ocean in the wand shop, covered in dry blood and cuts. He couldn't give two fuck's about himself right now.

Severus poured himself a hefty glass and downed it, repeating it once more before starting to sip his next drink. Fire whiskey had always been his drink of choice. But now, after Juliet, it tasted like shit. She noticed that he would toss his drink when the ice would melt and water it down before he could finish it. She bought him whiskey stones and kept them in the cooler on permanent freezing charm she created. But his drink- oh she perfected it! He never thought whiskey could be better than it came. She put the whiskey in a shaker with a stick of cinnamon, then drained it into his glass over the freezing stones. Perfect and smooth.

Just like her.

His eyes stung again and the hollow void in his chest physically hurt him. He bent his head, hand tangled in his hair, hunched over his drink. Did Robbie give her the note? Did she get the patronus? Did it matter? He wanted to hold on tightly to the sliver of hope, the chance that she would come back home.

He finished another glass and took his time pouring another. He reached into his pocket and pulled out her wedding ring. 'The Dragon swears to always keep his Princess safe.' Fucking good job he did there. He twirled the ring between two fingers.

She once said that home is where the heart is, and her heart was with him. But was it? At the end of this shit filled day she wasn't. He fucked up and got too comfortable. Thinking happily ever after happened when she returned from the past. How fucking wrong he was. It took work, a hell of a lot more work than he anticipated to make a marriage work.

Another whiskey went down the hatch. He had foolishly asked the barkeep for cinnamon sticks.

"What kind of bar do you think I own, son?" the old man grunted at him before walking away. No special Juliet made fire whiskey almost made him sob.
Growing up he never had a good example to follow, he figured if he never laid hands on her and gave her everything she needed then… then what? What else was there? The next step? A family. Her next step was forward and he had stubbornly planted his feet like a child.

While she was gone all those years, he had a goal. A time frame and a strict lifestyle. Then she returned and he was thrown off course because he doesn't understand how domestic life was supposed to work. He never planned for the 'now what.' His plan was to have her return, marry her and spend their days full of blissful happily ever after.

The second bottle of whiskey was dropped off in front of him. He scowled at the offending bottle like it was at fault for his troubles. He wished he had a cigarette. He kicked those to the curb as soon as he changed sides with Albus. Now he didn't know who or what part of anything he belonged to. If he stayed with the order he could fight to end the war, but if he remained with the dark Lord then he could protect her.

Garrick was protecting her now. She didn't need him anymore. Behind the scenes or otherwise. Her new suitor would take care of her. The twisting knife in his heart sunk deeper. Would she be with another man? Marry someone else and start a family? The tightness returned to the back of his throat, not allowing him to swallow the whiskey in his mouth as quickly as he would have liked. His eyes watered.

He never stopped to think of her pregnant. When she brought the subject up his first thought was him being pushed aside for smaller, needier version of him. Images of her with a round bump for a stomach flashed in his mind. Her hands caressing it lovingly, letting his hands feel the small kicks of his child. Part of him in her, with her – Oh how foolish he had been.

The Dark Lord was fucking right. He quickly finished the second bottle of fire whiskey and signaled for a third and a pack of cigarettes. He wandlessly lit it and took a deep drag. It burned his lungs and throat but he welcomed it.

The day carried on like this. Chain smoking and finishing bottle after bottle. He hadn't slept in two days. He closed his eyes and took a deep drag remembering waking up to her warmth. His face buried in her hair and his arms tightly around her. He tried to remember the smell of her, the curve of her neck where he could make her shiver with his voice. But all he could smell was tobacco and the piss hole bar.

Now his bed was cold and lonely. She wouldn't be waiting for him at home with dinner and kisses. Home. Pointless. It was an empty pit that meant nothing now. He envied Arthur Weasley now, the man didn't have two galleons to rub together but he was set for life. A warm home, loving wife and a heard of children that looked up to him. He wanted that.

Now you do. He scoffed to himself. It took him losing the only thing in life that mattered to see clearly. If he had handled it better, if only. He was an idiot. His friends knew the path to a happy marriage better than he did and they were fucking death eaters! He wondered how they managed wayward wives and murderous in law relatives.

That's it! They gave him guidance once before on how wrong he was, he could ask them how to fix this. He would go back to Malfoy Manor and they could all start planning on how to get his wife back!

After this bottle….

How he apparated to the manor without splinching himself was a miracle. He leaned on the gate
heavily before catching his balance to walk up the path to the front door humming to himself and mumbling under his breath. Another obstacle he wasn't able to manage easily. He climbed the steps slowly and with great effort not to fall down them. There were only three steps but his vision was doubled at this point.

Before he could knock both large doors opened by two small house elves. They bowed to him before seeing his state of dishevel. He eyed them and without a second thought he made his way to the ballroom where he heard voices. He opened the giant door and stood in the doorway looking around with bloodshot eyes.

The ballroom of people in dress robes closest to him quieted down and stared at him.

"'oo the fuck 're you?" He asked the crowd.

He didn't get the memo that Lucius was hosting a Ministry ball for the Dark Lord to gain favor towards their cause. Or he was too drunk remembering someone telling him. He stepped further into the room looking for his friends.

The chatter picked up again, some people eyed him cautiously or looked down on him. "Are you lost?" one man asked sarcastically.

"Lookin' for mah friends." Severus slurred and started to spin a bit.

"Your friends?" one woman sneered.

"Lucius!" He started to call out.

The blonde man turned around to the sound of his voice from across the room and almost dropped his glass of champagne. Oh what the hell was he doing here? And drunk at that! He caught Avery's eye and nodded towards Severus. The brown haired man mouthed 'fuck' before turning back to him. He shrugged his shoulders and gave him a look of 'what do you want me to do?'

Yaxley appeared at Lucius' elbow and hissed "Get him out of here!

Lucius quickly walked over to Severus "Severus, what are you doing here?! The Dark Lord will kill you!" He whispered trying to steer him towards the door.

"Blame it all on my roots...I showed up in boots and ruined your black tie affair. The last one to knooooow, the last one to shooooow. I was the last one you thought you'd see there" Severus started to sing. Badly.

Nott and McNair showed up at their side to trying and covertly keep him quiet and out of their party. If the Dark Lord got wind of this they'd all be dead by the end of the night.

Another ministry man looked down at Severus "You're friends with Lord Malfoy?" The people nearby laughed at them. Murmurs went around about Lucius being associated with the drunken idiot of the party.

Before he did answer Severus jumped in and sang "'Caaause I've got friends in loooow places. Where the whiskey drowns and the beer chases my bluuues awaaay. And I'll be okay. I'm not big on social graces. Think I'll slip on down to the ooooh- asis! Oh, I've got friends in loooow places!" His deep voice carrying loudly and voice cracking on the higher notes. His accent was completely wrong for the song.

Avery silenced him with his wand as he came upon them. "Get him the fuck out of here!" He huffed.
The two large build men grabbed him by the biceps and practically dragged him out of the ballroom. His feet dragging and boots screeching on the freshly polished floors.

Lucius, Avery and Yaxley laughed it off awkwardly to the crowd of people, trying to cover up what just happened as they followed shortly behind them. They carried him to the study and tossed him on the couch. Avery removed the silencing charm.

"What the fuck are you thinking?!" Lucius rounded on him.

Severus tried to stand up but Nott pushed him back down. "I need yer help. Help me get mmm… my wife bach- bah… back." His eyes were barely open and his speech was terrible. They groaned and cursed.

"We don't have time for this!" Yaxley scolded.

"Lets just leave him here till it's over." McNair suggested.

Lucius pinched the bridge of his nose and sighed "He's still our brother, we can't leave him when he needs us."

"I'm not saying abandon him completely. Just for now." Yaxley whined. "We have to get back. If we don't make this work and get the ministry support then we're all going to end our night looking like him."

Avery sat down on the coffee table across from Severus "Alright, so she left you? Come on Snape, what's wrong?"

"She wuz gone. I fuckin' told her to leave. Why? What did do that fo'?" He slurred and waved his hands dramatically.

Yaxley huffed "See, lost cause! Let's go!"

They ignored him and turned back to Severus.

"So you go get her and apologize. Take jewelry or something. Whatever the fuck she wants." Avery said.

"She wants a baby, he better show up with his dick out." McNair laughed.

"Garr*hiccup* won't let meh sheeee her. He's gone an- an- nully our marriage. He said, tha' no heir in a year." Severus sobbed.

"Oh shit. We lost the wandmaker. He won't comply if we don't do something." Yaxley cursed.

Lucius scowled at him "Will you stop? He's our brother in arms."

"And in death if we don't think about our other priorities!" Yaxley snapped. Lucius started to pace.

"Alright, we can't do anything right here and now. If we tell the Dark Lord we lost favor of the wandmaker tonight with drunkie here we're all fucked." Nott said and ran a hand through his long black hair. His grey eyes searching the room for an answer.

McNair pulled a cigarette out and lit it. "Here's what we do. Dark Lord can know he's here. We shove him cock first into a brothel and pick him up tomorrow morning. That'll stop this sack of shit from crying for a while."
"I don't wan' no one but her. I need *hiccup* I need her. I want her hot chocolate." He sobbed into a throw pillow he was hugging.

"Oh god he's fucking pathetic. I like your plan, let's go." Yaxley snapped his fingers for them to get going.

"It's gonna be alright, mate. Women get mad and drag us through hell before they take us back. My old lady went to her mother's for a week because I forgot our anniversary." Avery said trying to console his friend.

Lucius had been strangely quiet this whole time until he finally stopped pacing by the fire. "We take him to the castle. With more whiskey. Let him drink himself stupid until he passes out."

"Shouldn't take much…" Nott muttered.

"Then we get him tomorrow. I've got a bottle of old Ogden's Finest that will knock out a mountain troll. That will keep him down at least until some time afternoon. We buy time and we get him out of here." Lucius added.

"We just shove him through the floo or what?" Avery asked and pointed his thumb at the fire.

"No other choice, we can't leave and we can't be seen tossing over the school fence." McNair said.

"Snape tossin' sounds like an amazing sport to play." Nott smiled evil.

"Alright just do it! We're running out of time!" Yaxley complained.

Avery and McNair grabbed Severus by the arms and slung each over their shoulders. "Lets go Snape, time to go home."

"But- you guys 're mah friends right?" He was dead weight on their shoulders.

"The best of friends." Avery agreed to shut him up.

"Lifelong!" McNair said.

Severus started to sing again as they threw the floo powder in the fire. Lucius tucked the bottle of Ogden's Finest under his arm and called our his destination.

Nott ran up quickly and shoved him hard into the fire. Severus went flying through and hit his head and elbow hard on the bricks as he disappeared. The men scowled at him and McNair hit him in the arm.

"Couldn't help m'self!" He chuckled.

He landed on his head in his living room. He groaned in pain and rolled over. He slowly got to a sitting position and pulled the bottle of Ogden's closer to himself. With his back against the couch and his knees up and elbows resting on them, he looked around.

This wasn't home. It was an empty shell of what it once was. It was cold and dark, a prison he didn't want to be in anymore. Pictures of her on the walls and shelves looked down on him like a jury of doom. He buried his face in his folded arms and cried.

"I'm sorry. Princess, come home…."
He opened the bottle and drank straight from it. Ignoring the knocking coming from his front door. He knew it wasn't her, she wouldn't have to knock. Whoever it was could fuck off.

Albus entered and stepped over all of the mess scattered across the room. "Where have you been?" He asked with a serious tone.

He kept chugging the bottle and held up his right hand and gave him the bird. Albus raised his eyebrow and folded his arms, standing over him.

"Really? Where is Mrs. Snape?"

That triggered him. He jumped up "MISS OLLIVANDER is no longer here." He seethed and turned his back on him.

"Oh… I'm sorry to hear-"

"Don't. Just fuckin' shut up." He said and walked out onto his balcony.

"We need you to return to your duties. I've been covering your classes the last two days." Albus said and stood in the doorway leading to the balcony. He stood in alert as soon as he saw what Severus was doing. "What are you doing?!!"

Severus has unzipped his fly and started pissing over the edge of the balcony. With one hand he flipped Albus off again. "Whut you think I'm doin'?"

Albus growled and looked over the edge, hoping students weren't out. "Those are Pomona's prized winter tulips!"

Severus snorted "Now they're golden!"

He finished, put himself away and put the bottle to his lips again.

"You will report to your post tomorrow morning." Albus was speaking firmly.

Severus laughed and threw his head back "What, you gon' fire me? Pfft!" He walked past Albus and stood by the couch.

Albus scowled "You have a vow to uphold, we made a deal. You will remember your place." He spun around and stormed out of the doors slamming it behind him.

Severus looked down and saw her favorite blanket. Apparently it was a "couch blanket" which was nothing like a "bed blanket" or a "reading blanket" or a "picnic blanket". It was the softest one out of the dozens of blankets that were around their home. He grabbed it and held it to his face. He took a deep in half of her lingering scent and closed his eyes.

He took a step back and hit the wall behind him. He leaned against it and slid to the floor, burying his face in its delicious scent of her. He fell asleep breathing in her memory.
Chapter 35

Juliet fell into a horrible depression. She wasn't eating or drinking anything. She barely slept and didn't want to talk to anyone. She ignored Garrick and Robbie, choosing to stay in her room by herself instead. She cried herself into a panic attack three times so Garrick had to give her a breathing treatment. She didn't need those since she was an infant. It was basically a more complex bubble head charm for medical purposes.

She refused to part with the picture of them in Rome. It was the only thing she paid any attention to. She kept hoping and praying that Severus would come for her. Accept her apology and scoop her up in his strong arms and hold her right. She missed his touch when he cupped her cheek and caressed her neck. How his eyes lost all anger and rage when he looked at her. His voice soothed her to sleep or made her shiver with need.

She missed how he would always be the last to fall asleep. Making sure she was comfortable and safe then rub circles on her back or run his fingers through her hair until she fell asleep. How he would kiss her like it was the first time and pull her closer to him when they were near each other. He smelled like musk and sage when she snuggled close to him. She loved when he smiled, because he only smiled for her, or when he would moan her name when she kissed his jawline.

Maybe he just needed to cool down and get some space away from her. Or he hated her. She started crying again. Holding one of her millions of pillows to her chest and started rocking back and forth. He told her to leave, he had only done that once before when they first started dating and said it was all a mistake. What about this time? This time he was more than upset. He said she asked for too much and questioned if he was enough for her.

She appreciated everything about him! He couldn't be so further from the truth. Maybe she didn't say it enough. She appreciated the dedication he had for her for 17 years. The preparations he made for them to live happy lives once she returned. How he was quick to handle every curveball thrown their way.

She told him once that all she wanted was to be close to him, because when she was, no one could see her. She was safe with him. Sure, trouble seemed to follow her where ever she went but he always saved her. Now she would have to learn how to take care of herself and stop being afraid of conflict. Learn how to defend herself, maybe Papa could teach her like he taught Severus.

Maybe Severus was throwing out all of her things, or setting it on fire. Fire was his typical go to. Maybe she could write him a letter, explaining that she did love him and want only him. That wanting to start a family was foolish of her, that she was perfectly happy with the family she had. Maybe Robbie could deliver it for her! She rushed to her desk and started drafting the letters.

My Dragon,

I miss you. I'm sorry for not telling you or showing you how much I appreciate everything you do for me. If children are not something you want then that's fine with me. I should have taken into consideration your views on the ones you see everyday at work. Or that our home is perfect the way it is. I love you more than anything else in the world! No one and nothing can ever make that change. You are everything to me and I hope I still mean something to you.

Hopefully still yours,

Princess
No. Nicknames aren't good right now. Were they? She wrote several rough drafts before she finally liked her final edited letter. She whistled for Robbie and waited. She whistled again. Maybe he was busy. She got up from her desk and went searching for him or Corvus. She found Papa in the living room staring at the fire with a cup of tea in his hand.

'Have you seen Robbie?'

He shook his head "Not lately. It's very late, he might be asleep. Did you need something?"

It was dark outside but she didn't link that to time itself. She was in a slump of depression. 'I need him to deliver this letter to Severus. I think he already blocked Corvus from the wards.'

Garrick looked agitated. His eye kept twitching and he looked wound up, ready to snap. "It's late. Why don't you give it to me, I'll make sure it gets to him and you go take a nice long bath and get to bed." He held his hand out for the letter.

Little did she know, Severus was outside trying to get past the wards and speaking to Robbie.

'But I want it to go to him now.' She said, still holding it tightly.

"You know I'm an early riser, so is Robbie. I'll make sure he takes it first thing. You need to relax and get some rest." He offered.

She sadly looked at him and signed 'Did he stop by at all?'

"I'm sorry, little one, he didn't."

She nodded, wiped her tears and handed over her precious letter. She hugged him, thanked him for everything he's done for her and went back to her room. She cried herself to sleep, exhausted emotionally and physically.

Robbie returned ten minutes later at the call of Garrick.

"Don't let her know he's here."

Robbie was a loyal member of the Great House Ollivander. He was a good elf, a brother, son and a best friend. He did many things for the family without hesitation. But keeping two people he loved dearly apart because Garrick was mad, didn't sit well with him. He never hurt himself. Garrick made sure to never raise him like that. But it didn't stop him from nervously biting his fingernails and wringing his hands.

Severus asked him to give the things to Juliet. Juliet had a letter for Severus. Juliet had been crying for Severus. Garrick wanted them to stay away from each other. What was Robbie supposed to do?

The wards rippled and the house shook, it scared Robbie. He popped into Juliet's room to make sure she was safe. She was fast asleep and hugging the picture she brought. He wanted to leave the note and sweater that Severus gave him on the bed next to her but Garrick said not to let her know he was here.

But why? People fight all the time. Even when they love each other. Garrick was the one who taught him that. Forgiveness was a very important virtue to have and Ollivander's were a proud level headed house of virtue. Did Garrick lie?
She slept all through the next day. When she finally woke up it she was surrounded by warmth and magic. She knew that was Severus' magic. Was it all a bad dream? She opened her eyes and saw the shimmering of his Dragon patronus curled protectively around her. She sat up and put her hand to its head to caress it.

It opened its eyes, lifted it's head and nuzzled her before fading away slowly. How long was it here for? Was Severus waiting for her outside of her room? She jumped up and rushed out to find him. Garrick was by the fire again. Alone.

"Good morning little one, I sent Robbie with your letter but he said he wouldn't take it. I'm sorry."

Maybe the patronus was his final goodbye. She ran out of the room crying. She rushed up the stairs to hide in the attic. Passing the main floor she paused on the stairs, seeing something that caught her eye. There were puddles of water seeping around the counter. She stepped off the landing and walked towards the counter where the open door was. Garrick never left the door open and Robbie would have cleaned up any spills.

The main floor was soaking wet and there were puddles of water here and there. In the middle of the floor there was something small and black. She bent down and picked it up, it was stuck on the nail. She unfolded it and gasped. It was a sleeve to a robe. A black robe. She looked around the room and saw a larger black pile of cloth by the door. After rushing over to it and picked it up, she dried it with her wand and held it up.

It was Severus' robe! He was here! She hugged it tightly and buried her face in it. If he was here then why…. She clenched her fists and scowled, her eyes shot towards the stairs that led to where her grandfather was.

_He lied too her._

Her feet led her down the stairs, towards the high back chair he was sitting in. Her magic pulsing around her causing the air to get heavy. He held her hand out towards the chair and it spun around to face her with him in it. He gave a startled yelp as his hot tea spilled on his lap.

He looked up at her, her eyes burning with rage, he flinched. 'You said Severus never came.' She signed angrily.

"Well he didn't-"

'Then what is this?! Why are his robes wet and thrown on the floor?! What did you do to him?!' She held his robes up as proof.

Robbie stood in the doorway of the hall nervously biting his fingernails. His big blue eyes watering, he knew he should have told her!

"He doesn't deserve you!" He yelled.

'You lied to me!' It wasn't a question.

"His foolish, hot headedness has gone too far this time! You will not see him!" Garrick yelled back as he stood up to her.

'You have no right- you can't tell me what to do!'

His eyes widened in shock, she never fought with him about anything. "Juliet-"
'Answer the question! What did you do to him?' her tears were dry now. Her hands were shaking as she signed to him. She was pissed.

"I locked him out of the wards." It was the only explanation she would get out of him.

Robbie broke, he ran into the room crying and holding the note and sweater to Juliet. He sobbed into her skirt begged for forgiveness. He told her how Severus showed up a few hours after she got here and stayed outside in the cold. How Severus yelled and banged against the door, and how the wards fought against him. Then he told her of Severus begging Robbie to take him to her but Garrick made Robbie lie and keep Severus out. He balled like a baby on the floor by her feet.

She opened the note, it was the picture she drew of him her and a baby. She crumpled it up in sadness when he didn't get her hint. He wrote in the blank space above it that would have been the sky of her picture.

'I would be honored to start a family with my Princess. Please come home. I'm sorry. – Your Dragon'

He wanted her! She was still his princess and he wanted a baby! He wanted her to come home. She saw blood on the corners of the papers, he was hurt.

She pulled Robbie up and hugged him tightly. He told her how Garrick threw Severus around the room in the shop and how Severus tried to climb for her and Garrick kicked him out. She put Robbie down and cornered Garrick.

'You hurt him!'

"He hurt you! What was I supposed to do? Let him walk back here like nothing happened? Wanting a family with someone you're married to shouldn't be something to apologize for. He doesn't deserve you and he doesn't deserve to be part of this family." Garrick slammed the proverbial gavel down.

'There's a difference between protecting me and controlling me! This isn't your call to make.' She stood her ground and straightened her back.

"Like hell it isn't! Your marriage will be annulled come tomorrow morning and we will find you a wizard worthy of House Ollivander. A wizard who can give you an heir to raise and carry on my legacy!" He yelled back.

SLAP

Her hand came across his face hard and fast. He didn't see it coming. His sweet, innocent little girl would never tire in anger or defied him. Her magic was behind the slap and left a small burning red handprint on his cheek and part of his jaw.

Her hand stung really bad but she didn't let it show 'You have no right! If your legacy is that important to you, then you get started on it! I don't want to be a part of this family if you're in it!'

"No… Little one-" he panicked and tried to apologize.

'No! You leave me alone!' She signed and ran to her room. She quickly gathered all of her things and with a wave of her wand they flew into a spare trunk she had in the closet. She shrunk it, put it in her purse and returned to the living room, ignoring Garrick.

"Juliet, I'm sorry. Please don't leave. Yes only going to hurt you again."
She turned to Robbie and asked him to activate the floo for her. Robbie started to cry, he begged for her forgiveness and to please not keep him out of her life as well.

'I'm not an Ollivander anymore Robbie. I'm a Snape. And Snape's don't lie to people they care about.' She signed.

He begged her to let him come with her, he didn't want to be an Ollivander either. Not if Garrick was going to use him like he did.

'Do you want to be a Snape too?'

He cried yes over and over until she grabbed his hand and walked to the floo. Without saying goodbye she threw the powder in and let Robbie call the destination of their home.

Garrick watched his only family walk out of his life.

They stepped through the floo and she told Robbie to go wait outside. She looked around and saw the living room wrecked. There was broken glass, the coffee table was missing and blood everywhere. She cautiously stepped over the mess and followed the bloody trail.

He was sitting on the floor leaned against the wall with her couch blanket in his lap. There was a large puddle of blood next to him and a bloody piece of glass in his hand. He had cut his left wrist. His skin was the palest she had ever seen and his eyes were half open.

She gasped and her hands covered her mouth. The tears were instant. He reacted to the noise. His head tilted back against the wall to look up at her. His eyes were glossed over and the corner of his mouth lifted in a small smile.

"You usually appear a lot sooner when I cut this deep." He said. His voice was rough and his throat was sore from the two day drinking binge and chain smoking.

He thought he was hallucinating again. When he was younger and cut himself he would see her reaching for him. His eyes couldn't focus, but he wanted to see her so bad, even if it was a hallucination.

She rushed to kneel beside him and took the piece of glass from his hand. She pressed her hands to his open cut, his skin was so cold. She closed her eyes and used her recently created spell. His skin healed itself but he was still weak from blood loss.

"You came back." He said softly and closed his eyes again.

She tried to move him, he didn't wake up. She whistled for Robbie to help her. He needed his emergency potion. Kit from the lab. Robbie popped in and out quickly grabbing things she needed. Severus' pulse was still slow and she panicked.

Her other spell was still in the trial stages but she had to try. She poured all her love for him into the spell, he felt her warmth travel through his body, to the very core of his magic. She checked his pulse again and it was stronger now, his color slowly returning.

His eyes opened. "Princess?" He choked out.

"Dragon." She whispered.

She leaned in closer to him, she paused before her lips met his, asking for permission. His favorite
memory of her was the first time she kissed him under their tree. Just like this.

He nodded slightly and closed his eyes as her lips touched his. His chapped lips welcomed her soft wet ones gratefully. He opened his eyes when she pulled back.

"I'm sorry, I never meant to hurt you. I'll do anything, just please… don't leave again."

She kissed him again and signed 'I promise on one condition.'

"Anything." He said instantly.

'NEVER DO ANYTHING THAT STUPID AGAIN!'

She pounced on him and started to hit him. He welcomed every punch and wrapped his arms tightly around her. He really didn't deserve this woman.
Chapter 36

Juliet didn't let Severus go back to work until the following week. She kept a close eye on him and didn't let him near anything made of glass or knives because it made her nervous. He mistakenly pointed out he didn't need a sharp object to do it again and she nearly took his wand from him. She made him promise that he would never hurt himself again. Her tears were more than enough for him to agree wholeheartedly. His conscience was heavy with guilt and he was ashamed of himself. He swore he wouldn't go down that road again when he got the dates tattooed on the old scars. It didn't stop her from cutting up his food for him and practically feeding him. He loved the attention.

She didn't want to go out to dinner or leave the castle anymore, it made him worry. Did she not want to be seen with him now knowing he made a fool of himself in Diagon? She told him she just didn't want to leave their home so soon after being gone for so long. It was only two days but it was eternity for them. She did however, like sitting outside on the balcony with him watching the snow fall.

He pulled her closed on the cushioned stone bench with a strong warming charm. He wrapped her in one of his thick sweaters and shared a "balcony blanket", which was different than all the other hundreds of blankets in the house, and tucked her head under his chin. His arms tightly around her shoulders and her arms around his waist. They shared a cup of her special hot chocolate that had crushed peppermint and pieces of dark chocolate in it. She added marshmallows this time and made her swear to secrecy after he confessed that he liked the pink marshmallows best.

She made all sorts of food for him. He was in heaven and in a food coma. When he tried to eat food while she was gone it tasted like ash in his mouth. It wasn't the same, no food will ever be the same as the food she made with love for him. There were desserts of all types coming out of that oven and he was there ready with an open mouth. One night she made roasted Cornish hens with veggies, his new favorite. She sat on his lap at the dinner table and fed it to him, he was salivating for two reasons.

They still hasn't discussed the elephant in the room, children. She seemed to drop the issue entirely but he knew it was bothering her. The didn't know how to approach the subject. Since she had returned they hadn't been intimate, it bothered him more than he believed it should have. It wasn't that he wasn't getting any, it was that she would clench up whenever things got remotely close to intimacy. He didn't want her to be afraid of him or be uncomfortable at all. But discussing anything about sex or children was like walking on eggshells.

When it came time for her to take her monthly contraceptive potion he didn't give it to her. He thought that was clear enough of a sign that he on board the baby express. Yet she didn't bring it up. She had thought he forgot and didn't want to chance him blowing up about children again. Square one all over again.

Having children didn't bother him any more, he just wanted to make her happy. He was ecstatic that she was back, it meant he could hold her, love her and never let go. He had an idea that would make it all clear for both of them. He started brewing in his lab.

April came and the snow melted but the cold winds grew stronger and the rain came. He went back to teaching and Juliet went back to her spell creating. Albus was hounding him about his task and the lack of response from Draco was concerning. Though they had turned their back Garrick, it didn't mean he stopped making Severus' life hell. He was blocking all Death Eater activity and infiltration in the ministry. The Dark Lord was pissed. Severus was never called during the week and this time
he was called well before nightfall, meaning he was going to miss dinner with Juliet and Robbie.

He stood by the fireplace before leaving, she fastened his death eater robe and pulled him down for a deep kiss. "I love you" she whispered against his lips and sent him through the floo.

The hall he stepped into was unusually empty, normally this was where they held there gatherings since it was the largest room without furniture. He heard the call of his name from the hall and followed.

"Nott." He greeted.

"Snape. You're looking better than when I last saw you." Nott tilted his head for him to follow.

"Of course, last time you saw me you drop kicked me into a fire." He growled

He chuckled lightly "How's the wife?"

His Death Eater mask reflected in the moonlight, it's sunken cheeks and nearly non existent mouth asking Severus a mundane question. The mask that had been the last thing many muggles had seen before their lives were terminated. A mask that had been so covered in blood it was unrecognizable who was under It, asking if his wife was doing well.

Were the man and the mask two people? Like Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde fighting for dominance? The mask for Severus was a persona he had to wear, a character to step into. Was it really? His quick to rise anger and short fuse temper had always been who he was. The same dark thoughts travelled through his mind when thinking of certain people he would like to hurt. Though none were directed specifically at muggles. It was general hate for all populations really, unless it was Juliet.

"She's where she belongs." He said curtly.

Nott stopped suddenly and turned towards him with square shoulder. For a second Severus thought he was going to punch him. Instead, Nott reached his hand out to grip his shoulder "I'm really glad to hear it. We may be some twisted fucks and you may be an asshole, but you're our asshole and we do care about you. We've all known each other since we were kids, became brothers together…" he looked down at his covered dark mark. "we've survived together this long. I wouldn't want to be brothers with any other asshole." He said and tilted his head. His expression hard to read under his mask.

Severus tilted his own head "I'm not entirely sure if that is a compliment or an insult."

Nott barked out a laugh suddenly that made Severus flinch. "Me either, Snape."

He turned and opened the door to the study and let Severus enter first. The Dark Lord stood at the head of a large desk in the center of the room. Malfoy Sr., Yaxley, McNair and Avery stood around the desk without masks or robes.

"My Lord." Both men entering greeted and bowed.

He looked at them and waved them over without proper greeting "Remove your masks and robes. We have work to do."

He shoved both in his pocket and took his place at the table next to Nott and Avery. There was a large map laying out on its flat surface with a large X written over one of the houses. On the margins of the map were the target name, picture and details of the home, schedule and routines.
"Rufus Scrimgeour was playing by our rules, under the guise of Ollivander. Now, the wand maker no longer falls in line. Your brothers tell me you lost your wife, and in the process the wand maker." The Dark Lord said and made a fist around one of the whiskey glasses on the desk.

"My Lord, there was…. A misunderstanding with my wife and I. But she has returned to where she belongs. Ollivander tried to annul our marriage under one of the sacred 28 marriage contract laws, she disowned him and this is his retaliation." He explained cautiously. Just because the Dark Lord allowed in informal setting did not mean he could address him as such.

"Humph. The wandmaker will pay, for his insolence to go against me and his wrongdoing to you and yours. We need Scrimgeour under our thumb and placed as the new minister. You will go with your brothers and take care of it. Make sure he's under Yaxley's control. He will be the easiest to access him at all times." He explained. He didn't reach for his wand, which surprised the hell out of Severus. Normally he would be curled up on the floor in his own filth for breathing wrong.

They planned well into the night and would start their stakeout on Friday night. He needed to warn Garrick about the Dark Lord planning a retaliation. Even though they were on the ones Juliet would never forgive him if anything happened to him.

Juliet made sure to prepare for Severus' mission on Friday night. He would miss dinner yet again and he knew it bothered her. The gift he brewed for her was ready and wrapped in his pocket but he didn't want to give it to her before he left. It would make too many questions push them further apart. He would give it to her when he returned. She packed him lunch and dinner to go and kept it in a warming charm safely in his satchel.

"I won't be gone that long. You didn't have to." He said awkwardly. He didn't want to let her down but be didn't want to be coddled in front of his fellow death eaters. He would never hear the end of it if and when they found out he was packed a lunch.

'You get grumpy when you're hungry. Here take your mittens and scarf, it's still cold outside.' She handed him his knitted gifts.

"Can we not call them mittens....." He grumbled.

'Fine. Here are your gloves. I put a thermos of hot chocolate and a thermos of coffee- oh and one of some chicken noodle soup. I labeled them.' She smiled lovingly at him.

He pulled her closed and kissed her forehead "I'll only be gone for a few hours, Princess."

'Just in case. And there's some of those mini apple pie cookies you like.' She kissed him.

"Apple pies you say..." he smiled.

He kissed her back and sighed as she swiped her tongue across his lips. She tasted like vanilla and honey, she was the one who deepened the kiss. Her teeth caught his bottom lip and tugged on it, he felt himself harden and instinctively pushed himself against her.

"The princess is playing with fire." His voice husky with desire. She shivered.

"The Dragon likes it." She whispered and slid her hand over his straining bulge. His breath hitched and he trusted against her hand.

Now?! She wants to finally do this now? I'm going to be late. He cursed mentally.
Her lips kissed their way to his jawline, her tongue outlining the lipstick tattoo from their past. He gulped loudly, he could be late. Then her teeth scraped the same patch of inked skin, he growled and lifted her off the ground. He backed her up onto the sofa table and spread her legs around him.

His mark burned his skin, it's sting went from his elbow to his shoulder. That was a warning. He hissed and flinched in pain, closing his eyes tightly and gritting his teeth. Her hands cupped his face and her thumbs rubbed gently circles on his cheeks.

"Go, I'll be here waiting." She whispered.

He kissed her like it was the last time. Hands buried in her hair, stroking his tongue with hers, sucking away some breath from her lungs. He pulled back and saw her swollen lips and flushed face.

"When I come home I will have you." He promised.

He detached himself from her and adjusted himself to ease the strain in his pants. With one last look at his beautiful wife he stepped into the floo and went to work for the Dark Lord.

She had been right, it was cold as fuck outside. Their breath seen trailing behind them. The men had met at their rally mark in a nearby forest. They had to hike through thick wet brush to their vantage point due to apparation wards around the property. No one was prepared for it except Severus, thanks to Juliet of course.

"This is bullshit. I just bought these robes!" Malfoy said as he looked down at the mud and snow on himself.

"This is a covert mission. You really think high tailored robes were the best choice?" Severus sneered as he hiked past him wearing the dark green scarf and gloves Juliet made him. He silently thanked her for making him bring them, she enchanted them with her new everlasting warming spell.

"You stick out like a Hufflepuff in a Knockturn brothel. Everyone is wearing black but you." McNair scoffed as he fought to free his cloak from a bush he was stuck in.

"Unlike you mongrels, I like to add color to my wardrobe." He said haughtily in his dirty green and grey robes.

"Little bit of camouflage never hurt. You look like a Slytherin totem pole." Yaxley snorted.

Severus snorted and quickly turned it into a the clearing of his throat when Malfoy glared at him. "You're one to talk, Snape. You're wearing a purse."

Avery started laughing so hard he had to lean against a tree to support himself. His scratchy voice rich with genuine laughter "It looks pretty on you."

"It's a satchel. It's got supplies I might need." He snapped and slid the strap so the bag was behind him.

"Excuse me, Mr. Satchel. What could you possibly need to bring on a simple covert mission?" Lucius said.

Severus didn't look at him, he kept his eyes ahead on the ground in front of him as they moved. "Well?" Nott asked.

Severus mumbled something under his breath. They all looked at each other then ganged up on him.
"What was that? I didn't catch that, mate." Avery asked and cupped his large hand to his ear.

"My wife packed me food." He said quickly and started walking faster.

Yaxley's deep voice was heard first from behind him. "Ha! She- you- I can't believe- a fucking lunch!" He started wheezing with laughter, his smokers cough interrupting it.

"That is so….. " Malfoy strained as he tried not to laugh. "Adorable."

"Piss off." Severus sneered and flipped them off.

"Did she lay your clothes out for you to wear too?" McNair laughed and tugged on his green scarf as he passed Severus. He swatted him away.

"So when's your curfew?" Avery said sarcastically.

"You are all just jealous that my wife takes care of me. Do your wives even know how to cook?" He growled and clutched the strap of his bag tightly.

"Alright, enough. We're coming up on the property line. Snape, disabled the wards. Rest of you, spread out on the perimeter. Malfoy….just keep looking pretty." Yaxley ordered and moved to the west of the property.

They made it to their next checkpoint and set up their base camp in a clearing close to the house. Avery and Malfoy set up privacy wards and the rest kept watch. They were under two large trees and surrounded by thick brush but it didn't keep the cold or the rain out from their hideout. Yaxley was rubbing his hands together and blowing hot air through them to keep warm, Malfoy casting warming charm after warming charm while pacing back and forth and Avery was shivering while sitting on a large rock. The other two sat huddled close together for warmth on a fallen tree, hoods pulled up over their heads.

"Are you two cuddling?" Severus asked from his warm cozy spot near the trunk of the tree. He had his warmth enchanted scarf snugly around his neck, pulled up to his ears and his same enchanted gloves, also known as mittens, on his hands.

"Bugger off." McNair said through chattering teeth.

"Looks like you two already are." He smirked and took a sip of his nice warm hot chocolate. Steam coming from his small thermos cup and caressing his face. He silently thanked her for not putting the pink marshmallows in it.

"Why isn't the fucker home already? Yaxley, you said he's home at this time every day." Malfoy complained.

Yaxley pulled his hands away from his face, his nose had turned red in the cold "He usually is. Every weekday he's home by 9."

They all snapped their attention to him "Friday is the start of the weekend. Where does be go on the weekend?" Avery asked.

Yaxley paled at the words. "Oh shit."

Nott picked up a pine cone and threw it at the back of his head. It got stuck in his long dirty blond hair and he struggled to get it out. "He usually goes to see this woman. Sometimes she comes here alone and sometimes he brings her."
"What does she look like?" Severus asked.

"Never seen her. She usually wears a cloak. I think it's a whore." He threw the pine cone back at Nott and missed.

So they waited for another two hours in the cold and wet. Scrimgeour had to come home at some point. The men were complaining about being hungry and missing dinner. Then they heard Severus opening his packed meal. Like hungry hyenas they licked their lips and watched.

"Oi, is that steak?" Avery asked as he smelled the air.

"If you must know, it's prime rib." Severus said and shoved a piece covered in mashed potatoes and gravy in his mouth. Juliet had cut it into small cubes for him and put it into a container with small dividers. Steamed potatoes, carrots, zucchini and broccoli took the other little square. She packed him a whole loaf of homemade bread cut into thick slices, half meant for his main meal and the other to dip into his chicken noodle soup. Merlin, he loved this woman.

"It's impolite not to share." Malfoy said expecting him to open his satchel of goodies for them.

Severus snorted and shoved another fork full in his mouth. He didn't need to justify that with a response. They all watched him hungrily and he shoved the steaming food into his mouth.

"We can kill him…" Nott muttered to McNair.

He agreed "Eat him too."

"I can hear you." Severus hissed and put his now empty tin away.

"We're brothers, Snape. You could have at least offered." Yaxley said.

"Fuck off, you called me a lost cause back at the party." He said and took another sip of his steaming cocoa.

"What was that song he was singing? Friends in lows places?" Avery teased. Severus' cheeks flushed red and he pulled his scarf up.

When he finally had enough of their whining and gave them some of his mini apple pie cookies. "Just fuck off already." He grumbled as he handed them off.

They ate them like starving animals, moaning and licking their fingers as they ate them.

"Hmmmm oh my…. She made this?" Malfoy asked as he ate it without his pureblood proper etiquette, crumbs on his chin and robes.

"Is it a pie or a cookie?" Yaxley asked.

"Both. It's a pokie, or a coopie." Avery said trying to suggest a new name for them.

Severus rolled his eyes and ate his second one. "Yes. She makes everything from scratch."

"No wonder you don't want to let that little witch go. Lock her away in your dungeons- hah or your kitchen!" Yaxley said.

"Better than a house elf…" Nott trailed off as he stared at it before taking another bite.

McNair had been oddly quiet as he ate his, staring off lost in thought. Nott nudged him to thank
Severus and compliment his wife's cooking.

"Good shit. Only had one witches cooking that was just as good. Molly Weasley." He said and stared off in the distance again, blue eyes hazing over as he recalled the painful memories.

Silence. Just the wind and the rain filled the void that hung in the air. No one breathed.

"What the fu…” Severus whispered to himself.

Yaxley seemed to snap out of it first "Wait, wait, wait. Hold to floo. You had Molly Weasley's cooking."

They all stared at him for the answer. "Yeah."

Then they all started to uproar on how and why that happened. A death eater eating the food of a known order member and muggle loving blood traitor.

"You ate Arthur Weasley's lunch from the break room. Had to be it." Avery said in disbelief.

"You better start talking now." Severus threatened.

"What? We used to date back in the day, right after graduation. She was a Prewitt then. Her and Weasley were on the outs and we met in a coffee shop in Godric's Hollow. She would bring me lunch and treats to the office at the ministry." He said and looked away sadly.

They all stared at him like he'd grown two heads and told them he was into muggle soap operas. Malfoy tilted his head and said "You're joking. You were a death eater at that time. She was pregnant with the firstborn."

McNair shook his head "I hadn't been initiated till a few months after she left me. She didn't get pregnant till after she got back with Weasley. Turns out she used me to make him jealous."

Severus choked on his cocoa "She used you?" Learn something new everyday, he mused. He just couldn't see it. Sweet old Molly Weasley nee Prewitt once upon a time led on Walden McNair. No…. Grumpy, old, tattooed, sour faced, killer of kittens and all things fluffy Walden McNair. Severus wasn't in the same social circle as him in school, he was a few years older than him, but he knew he wasn't anything like the gentle and loving of all things muggle Arthur Weasley.

"I was convenient, I worked in the department next to his. I was in Magical Animal Control at the time. I didn't see it then, she would show up with her basket of deliciousness and hang all over me. Then one day she started walking those tasty packages to the Misuse of Muggle Artifacts office instead. Didn't say a word to me, just waved goodbye in passing." He said sadly.

Severus scowled and looked out towards the house they were scouting. Molly was the push that sent McNair into the arms of the Dark Lord. McNair loved her, he could see it. She had him wrapped up in her and he would have turned to the side of the order if she asked him to. The only reason he knew is because the same thing happened to him. He wondered how many of his brothers and sisters fell down the Dark path because of a lost love. Too many.

Avery had told him before that he was married to Pandora Lovegood, that Quibbler trash writer's wife. That was right out of school and before he had taken his mark as well. He said she was crazy, beautiful but crazy. Severus hardly remembered her though, perhaps having his family annul their marriage was something he didn't want. He knew his family wanted him to trade up for someone of higher standing with the Dark Lord. Pushed down the same path as he and McNair?
"Holy shit…" Nott cursed under his breath and scooted down the log farther away from him.

"Oi, what about you Snape? Get your little witch pregnant yet?" Avery asked suddenly, trying to change the topic.

He glared back and his lip turned up in disgust "That's none of your business.

"Come on, Snape. Your juicy life details are so much better than my old boring ones." McNair said.

"I bet after all this time he finally said yes to a baby and he can't knock her up!" Yaxley barked with laughter.

"I can and I will!" He nearly shouted, rising to the bait.

"Well if you can't, I'll gladly lend my services." Yaxley wiggled his eyebrows and winked at him.

Severus stood instantly and pulled out his wand. Avery and Malfoy jumped up and held him back. "Alright, touchy subject. Yaxley, shut up." Malfoy said.

Severus pulled out the wrapped gift and looked at it intensely "We haven't started trying. We never talked about it. So I brewed her a fertility potion, I'm going to give it to her when I get home."

Malfoy made a soft cooing noise. "Aww."

The glare that Severus sent him shut him up immediately. Yaxley signaled that there was movement ahead and they all quieted and got into position. Scrimgeour was walking down the hill with a short squat of a woman on his arm, loudly flirting with each other.

"Is that…" McNair trailed off.

"Umbridge." Lucius whispered in disbelief.

Severus threw up a bit in his mouth and put his hand to cover it. Avery leaned over and pat him on the back lightly. "I'm going to be sick."

"What now?" Lucius asked Yaxley.

"Same plan, stun her and obviate her afterwards. Maybe we could imperio her as well." He answered and looked around for a volunteer. No one answered. "Don't make me draw quills." He threatened.

Their plan had gone without a hitch and Severus apparated outside of Hogsmead then floo'd home. Juliet had stayed up the whole night, well into the early morning when he returned. She jumped up from her spot on the chaise lounge by the window, blanket forgotten and dropped to the floor and ran to him.

He dropped his satchel by his feet and caught her when she jumped towards him. Her legs and arms holding him in a death grip he welcomed in return. He buried his cold nose into the curve of her neck and breathed her in. She grabbed him by his cheeks and pushed him away slightly, giving him a look over for injuries.

"I'm not hurt. I'm safe." He assured her.

She let out a sigh of relief and pressed her lips against his face, kissing him with their warmth all over. Maybe he should go on missions more often, he smirked. He set her down and kissed her
"I have something for you." He said and reached into his inner robes.

He swore her eyes started to sparkle with excitement when he told her. He held the small wrapped box out to her and let her lift the lid. She looked from the small phial to him and raised her eyebrows in question.

'My monthly potion?' She signed sadly.

He shook his head "No. Your new monthly potion. It's a fertility potion." He expected her to smile or hug him, not lower her gaze and remove her hands. "Is this not what you wanted?"

'No. I want to share a life with you happily. I don't want to force you into something you don't want-' He pulled her flush to him and tilted her head up to his "I do want this. It took me a long hard time to realize that. Please don't toss your dream aside because I was an ass."

'Are you-' he grabbed her hands and stopped her.

"Positive."

She pulled her hands out if his and pushed the gift back to him. He panicked, she didn't want to carry his child anymore. He fucked up bad.

'I want your baby. I don't want any outside push or assistance. I want our baby to come from just us. I want it made from love.' She smiled at him.

So he didn't fuck up? He was so confused. "You don't want the potion?"

She shook her head no. 'No. I want to have a baby with just me and you. If it happens, it happens. If it doesn't, then I won't be disappointed or love you any less."

He nodded slowly in understanding "So… how…. I mean…. Now what?" He ran a hand through his hair awkwardly.

She gave him a brilliant smile and signed 'We start trying.'

He blushed and cleared his throat "You mean…"

She grabbed him by the front of his robes and dragged him to their bedroom and slammed the door behind them. He was going to have a long weekend full of hard work.
Chapter 37

The door slammed shut behind them and he felt his palms start to sweat and the tightness form at the back of his throat. He hasn't been under this much pressure to perform since their first time together sexually. What was he supposed to do now? Were the mechanics the same? What position were they supposed to be in to conceive a child? What if that bastard Yaxley was right? What if he couldn't get her pregnant?

She sensed his hesitation to touch her, she reached for him from the bed and led him to lay beside her. He searched her eyes for the answer to all his questions. She kissed him and swallowed his fears.

"Please make love to me." She whispered against his lips.

He could most definitely do that! Their breathing picked up its pace as they kissed and his hands moved to remove their clothing. She pushed him flat on his back and moved down to un buckle him, his nerves returned and he clenched his eyes shut. He wasn't hard and he was positive she would take it as an insult.

Instead she still pulled his flaccid cock out and looked up at him "Do you want me to take over?" She whispered. He nodded immediately and laid flat on the bed, he didn't trust his voice.

Her tongue started off in small slow licks around his head and her right hand cupped his sack. He twitched under her touch and slung his arm over his eyes. His cheeks were flushed red with embarrassment, until she took all of his flaccid glory into her mouth and sucked.

"Oh fuck." He moaned and gripped the comforter under him.

She set the rhythm of sucking him and flicking her tongue across the soft spot underneath the tip of his head. Her head bobbed to a steady beat as she rolled his sack with her other hand. He was getting hard and fast, all the wariness and concerns quickly out of his mind as he peeked out from his arm and looked at her mouth full of him.

She stopped and sat up, he looked at her immediately for the cause of her stopping. She pointed to the head of the bed where she wanted him to move. He crawled backwards slowly and waited for her to prop the pillows she wanted behind him. She pushed his shoulders back and he sat up against the headboard with his legs out in front of him. While he was completely naked he watched her stand at the foot of the bed and remove her clothes slowly. He gripped his semi hardness and stroked it as he watched her strip for him.

He was glad she wasn't shy about being naked around him, he loved to seen her body. The tan she got from last summer was long gone but it was the perfect pale glow to him. She waved her wand and the floor length mirror moved from near the closet to the foot of the bed. He looked at himself in the mirror then to her. He didn't want to watch himself, they'd be here all night.

His raised brow made her giggle and she climbed onto the bed in front of it and slowly crawled towards him on all fours. He could clearly see her hot pink core and little puckered entrance in the reflection. His mouth formed a silent 'oh' then his jaw dropped wider when she took him in to his base and moved her tongue and throat on him.

She let him grow in her mouth and didn't pull back or gag. She reached her left hand down between her thighs and spread herself open for him to see in the mirror. His sharp inhale and quick thrust in
her mouth was the signal she needed to show that she was doing everything right.

He watched her fingers circle and flick the little nub between her folds. Was it hard? Was she wet? He could smell her but it had been so long he couldn't think of what she tasted like. The fingers of his right hand entangled themselves in her hair and gripped it tightly. He picked up her pace and made her go deeper.

Her middle and index finger entered herself slowly and he heard her juices flowing around her fingers. He watched as she fingered herself with his cock in her mouth. He was more than ready for her now but she didn't stop. He didn't mind.

Her pace picked up on him and herself. He watched her squirm as she brought herself closer to the edge. Her juices leaking and sliding down her hand and thigh. Oh how he wanted to lick it all clean! She pulled him out of her mouth with a loud 'pop' and started tonguing his sack. He moved his hand from her head to his shaft and started to pump himself.

Her fingers slipped out of herself and went further back to her smaller hole. He quickened the pace of his hand and licked his lips. Her tongue went further down and licked his perineum, a first for both of them but he loved it. His head fell back against the headboard and he moaned her name. His free hand grabbed his sack and tugged on it for tension. He was close.

Her tongue traced the entrance of his rear entrance and he bucked his hips up off the bed. He couldn't think or do anything but keep his pace.

"I'm close. I'm close." He kept repeating as a warning to her. If she didn't stop this climax would go to waste. He took his hand off himself and bit his cheek to stop his orgasm.

Her hand replaced where his has left. Continuing on the fast strokes but twisting her wrist at the end.

"But- but- oh fuck." He tried to say.

He was right on the brink of shooting all over his stomach and her hand when she stopped. She pulled completely away from him and he wasn't able to reach completion. A dangerous game she started with him. To take him so close to the edge and not let him fall into blissful ecstasy. Especially since it had been almost 2 months since they had been intimate.

His eyes shot open and he sat up straight. The intense look he gave her would have sent anyone else running. But not her, no. She smiled coyly and licked her lips. He growled and grabbed her by her neck. He pulled her up to his face and kissed her roughly. Her hands bracing themselves on his chest.

With his hands on her hips he flipped her facing away from him. Both legs on either side of him, facing the mirror. He grabbed himself and lined his now purple head with her wet folds. She sunk down on him to his base and sighed loudly, a would have been moan. He placed his thumbs in his favorite two dimples on her lower back and brought her up and down on him.

He watched the mirror over her shoulder and saw her pinch one nipple and the other playing with herself. He had an idea and smiled wickedly at her reflection. He summoned his wand and wordlessly made it vibrate. He reached his hand around and replaced her fingers with it.

She tilted her hips towards him and threw her head back. He could feel the wand vibrating all of her muscles around him and he moaned too. She was right about to explode around him when he turned up the spell's intensity. Her hair fell on his face and he inhaled her sweet scent of the soft wavy locks. She started to impale herself harder on him. He felt her get so tight he had a fleeting thought of losing
circulation. He watched her in the mirror, her eyes clutched tight, swollen lips parted as if they were screaming. There it is, she gushed around him yet he kept going. The sounds her juices made could be heard over the sound of her bottom slamming his pelvis.

She grabbed his wand from him and moved the vibrating piece of wood lower. The tip of it now against his scrotum and his muscles tightened as he apexed. With his eyes rolling to the back of his head, his grip in her waist bruising her and her bottoming out and grinding on him he roared. Something intangible and fierce was yelled into the room that echoed off the walls of their bedroom.

She collapsed next to him on the bed, releasing his wand and slipping him out of her. Her breathing was erratic and she was sweating just as much as he was. He grabbed his wand, cleaned it and themselves with a quick wave and tucked it under his pillow as usual. He grabbed her and pulled her back to his chest and buried his face in her hair.

His arms slid around her middle and his hands lay flat on her abdomen. "I love you." He kissed her bare shoulder. Her hands lay above his and she snuggled closer to him.

"So… does this mean… you're pregnant now?" He asked awkwardly.

She snorted loudly and covered her mouth with one hand in embarrassment. She rolled over to face him and kissed him gently. "That's not how it works. It may not happen the first time. So we just have to keep trying. It's way too soon to tell.'

His cheeks turned a tint of pink, hopefully she couldn't see it in the dark of the room. "So… we wait?" How long? How would they know? He knew how to avoid having children not actually making them. He was as lost as a Malfoy in a second hand store.

'We keep doing this.' She pointed to both of them and smiled. 'Then we test in a few weeks.' She started to run her fingers through his hair to push it back from his face. His thoughts were a million miles away and she knew it.

Something finally clicked in his head and he gave her a knowing smirk "I can do that. I think to be absolutely sure we should get right back to it."

She gave him a confused look, her eyebrows raised and her head tilted. He rolled over on top of her and slid himself into her again. Her mouth formed an 'oh' and she wrapped her arms and legs around him.

Severus' view on children made a complete 180. Well… maybe not completely, but it sure was fun making them. She was more attentive to him and open go his advances unlike the first weeks they were reunited where they were awkward around each other. Robbie was usually hiding in his room or going to make friends down in the kitchens with the other house elves. He accidentally walked in on them once and that was more than enough for his poor innocent eyes.

It had been two months since they started "trying" and Severus told her he wanted to be absolutely positively certain he got her pregnant. At least that had been his excuse when he found every and any surface and room of their home. Although there was a first and last time for kitchen love making because they ended up having a flour throwing fight.

It was June now, the weather warmer yet the wind still unforgiving. He had been called by the Dark Lord almost nightly, demanding news of Draco's progress. Apparently, "Go ask him yourself." was NOT the right answer and he was tortured to the point of blackout.

Juliet silently screamed when she saw his limp body fly out of the floor in their living room. She had
healed him and held his head to her chest and rocked back and forth as she cried. When he finally
did wake up he pulled her to him and promised everything would be alright.

He cornered Draco again after hours near the astronomy tower. "You need to get your shit together,
Draco. He's grown impatient and will only get worse the more you dawdle."

"I don't  dawdle." Draco snapped at him and stomped his foot like a child.

"Do you know what's at risk? Do you? I've been tortured more times than I can count because of
your never-ending failure."

"I didn't ask."

Severus grabbed him by his school tie "Neither did I! And neither did your parents."

Draco smacked his hands away and stepped back. "Don't tell me what I already know. I'm not going
to fail anyone. Just give me another week. Tell him." his voice failed him. His eyes were bloodshot
and his nose was red. "Tell him by the end of next week. It will be ready."

Severus scowled at him and searched his face for any hint of deceit. "What will be ready?"

Draco shook his head quickly and stormed out the door, jumping down the steps two and three at a
time. Severus sighed heavily and pinched the bridge of his nose.

"Stress can often force an unwilling hand." A voice said from a dark alcove.

Severus spun and pulled his wand "You should know better than to sneak up on a spy,  Albus."

He didn't respond but he walked out of the shadows and stepped into the moonlight. "I'm glad to see
that young Mr. Malfoy is still set to finish his task."

"Glad that a minor is being forced to kill you. You're sick." Severus crossed his arms.

"Willingness makes all the difference. You see Severus, all of our choices in life – whether good or
bad, all come down to the intent. Dark or light." Albus said and lifted his blackened hand and
examined it.

He scowled and grit his teeth "And the task you set for me? In which area does that fall under?"

"Well that entirely depends on you." He said with a twinkle of his eye.

"Oh great, not only am I Uncategorized I'm to label myself as well? Must I do everything, Albus?"
He said sarcastically and watched Albus pace back and forth casually.

He was wearing his deep blue robes with bright yellow stars. At least he wasn't wearing the
matching pointy hat. He reminded Severus of the muggle cartoon concept of a wizard.

"No, I think intent lies within. For example, when I helped Gervaise Ollivander with a blood oath." Albus said too calmly.

Severus' eyes narrowed "No more games Albus."

"Did I intend to help his family finally have a female heir? Yes. Did I intend to bring a curse on his
bloodline that kills males? No." Albus looked disappointed for a fraction if a second then shrugged
his shoulders as if it was of no concern.
Bloodline cursed? But they were trying to have a child. His mind was racing and his head felt hot. He was sweating and trying to find the words. "Explain." Was all he could say.

"Gervaise wanted a baby girl in his family. He was tired of their bloodline being limited to only one sole Ollivander male. Each year the odds of their line got thinner and thinner of carrying on. Garrick didn't have his son until his late 60s. So his father Gervaise, came to me for help. He believed that helping me defeat Grindlewald put me in his debt. Yet there was no hand shake, no contract – verbal or written. So I told him I would help him. In return for a blood oath." His voice carried on and the more it did, the sicker Severus felt.

"What have you done?" Severus' voice was barely a whisper. Albus heard.

"You see it all comes down to intent, doesn't it?"

"**Albus**" he warned.

"Blood magic…. Illegal? Yes. Why? Intent. I intended to help a dear friend, grant him his greatest wish of a female Ollivander. I don't care what Garrick said – *I did not intend for his son to die.*" Albus said and turned to Severus suddenly with his good finger pointed at him.

The final bell tolled. The ball dropped. A cold chill shot down his spine. "You… cursed the bloodline. But how-"

"How did I do it? Blood magic requires a sacrifice. Gervaise offered himself for the deed but he was too weak at the time. Garrick wanted nothing to do with it, leaving his son and unknowing participant." Albus explained nonchalantly.

"Unknowing or unwilling?" He growled.

Albus smirked "Same difference."

Severus' fists clenched at his side as he thought of her parents no on ever spoke of "So it required two people for the blood ritual then? You robbed her of her mother as well?"

"I admit, I was… overzealous with the ritual-"

"**OVERZEALOUS?!**"

"I wanted to be absolutely certain that a female would be born. Unfortunately it took Garrus as the sacrifice and every male born after Juliet." Albus said and shook his head.

"Her mother-"

"Her mother was pregnant with a boy. I didn't know. That she was pregnant or that it would take every male from then forward." He said with fake guilt in his voice.

"My wife- she- we-" his swallowed the hardness at the back of his throat. "You tell me this now?! When we are trying for child?!"

Albus shrugged "I didn't know."

Severus pulled his wand "Reverse it. Remove the bloodline curse. Or I will foil all your silly little plans and kill you here and now." His voice wasn't raised this time. It was no threat it was a promise.

"I can't. Blood magic is irreversible. Because it all comes down to intent. I intended to help Gervaise
by any means necessary. But I did not intend for it to go that far."

"You tell me this now? Why? What schemes do you have up your sleeve now?" He didn't lower his wand.

"I felt that I should tell you because Garrick didn't. Oh yes, Garrick knows everything but judging by your reaction he didn't tell you." Albus said and looked out of the window to the grounds. "This has been a very nice chat but I think it's well past my bedtime. Goodnight Severus."

Severus stood on the astronomy tower by himself until the sun rose. Millions of thoughts ran through his head about Juliet and their future children. If they had son both her and the child would die. If it was a girl both shall live. He may not know much about having children but he did know you couldn't just pick and choose the baby's gender. Did she know? She couldn't! Otherwise she wouldn't jump in head first into this…. This….. family.

He knew damn certain all attempts for a child would cease immediately and he would give her a potion to avoid conception. What if she was pregnant now? Then he would give her another potion to terminate it. He couldn't chance it being a boy and losing her. She will never forgive you. She will understand. He would make her understand.

He returned home and found her already in bed with her arms wrapped protectively around her stomach. He couldn't do this to her. He couldn't take it all back after he told her they were in this together. He needed to end the blood curse and he needed it done now. He would find a way.

The next morning she got sick. She jumped out of bed and rushed to their bathroom. She didn't have time to close the door behind her and he heard her stomach contents hit the bowl. He jumped up and raced to her. He pulled her hair back from her face and rubbed her back.

"Robbie! Robbie- grab my medical kit! Shh, it's alright." He yelled and soothed her.

She shook her head and tilted her head towards him and smiled. How could she be smiling at a time like this?

'I think I'm pregnant.' She smiled even brighter then suddenly her eyes got wide. She ducked her head back into the bowl and continued to vomit.

"Oh fuck." He couldn't say anything else other than 'Oh fuck.' Over and over again.

Robbie rushed in and pushed him out of the way. He helped her clean herself up and snapped his fingers in front of Severus' face. He shook his head to clear his mind.

"What? Oh! Yes- Medic? A medic!" Severus jumped up and started throwing clothes on haphazardly. He was running around the room trying to gather things. Completely forgetting about his wand under his pillow.

"St. Mungo's….yes. They have the best doctors they can deliver a baby safely." He muttered as he scrambled.

Juliet laughed silently from the doorway of the bathroom. She patted Robbie on the head and told him he could leave. She whistled loudly for Severus. He stopped in his tracks and looked at her with a dumbfounded face.

'Love, I'm not having a baby right now. I don't even know if I am pregnant. But it's time that I took a test. I can't do the spell on myself, Robbie doesn't use a wand, and you are in no condition to even do
magic right now.' She signed at him and smiled brightly at him.

"I can- yes. How the hell can you be calm at a time like this?" he asked in disbelief.

She shrugged her shoulders 'I've wanted this for a long time and I guess I've just been preparing for it mentally.'

She walked up to him and put kissed him on the tip of his nose, she smelled like mint. 'Besides, one of us has to keep their heads about themselves. Your robes are inside out.'

Once he was dressed and gathered his wits again he met her in the living room. "So what now?" he asked.

'Need to see a medi-witch and get tested. Do you know of one? Or maybe St. Mungo's?'

He thought about it for a few moments "No. Not St. Mungo's….. Garrick has his filthy little hands in everything still. If he catches wind you're pregnant…. I just don't want anything to go wrong. Poppy is down in the hospital wing, I'll go ask her. Stay here." He leaned down and kissed her. She sucked his lower lip into her mouth gently and tugged.

He smiled at her, kissed her forehead and left to get poppy. On his way to the hospital wing he had a panic attack, what if she died? What if it was a boy? What then? How does he tell her? He needed time!

"Severus, it's been a long time since you came to my part of the castle." She smiled warmly at him.

"Poppy." He greeted.

She got up from her place behind her desk "What can I help you with?"

He looked around nervously to make sure they were alone "Ahem. I uh… my wife. She needs…. You."

Poppy's smile started slow then grew bigger than her ever seen before "My word! Already! I lost the bet. Let's go then!"

He looked at her dumbfounded "What…"

"The staff had a bet on when you would knock your wife up. Don't look surprised, we're teachers. We have nothing better to do." She grabbed her medical bag and started packing miscellaneous items.

He scowled and crossed his arms waiting for her to follow him. He decided not to respond with the colorful words that were in his head. He still needed the witch. He remained quiet the whole trip back to his quarters. When they returned Juliet was on the couch with Robbie trying to force her to eat something.

"Hello, Mrs. Snape! My…. I haven't seen you in years! And you look so…. Young still." Poppy said as she looked her over.

Juliet smiled and shook her hand 'Thank you for coming.'

Poppy looked to Severus for help. "She said thank you. Apologies, I forget that there is a communication carrier sometimes. What do we need to do Poppy?"
"Alright dear, just lay flat on the couch please. There you go. Lift your shirt, show me your tummy. Good. Breathe. This won't hurt a bit." She said and waited for her to comply.

Severus stood back behind Poppy, watching quietly and holding his breath. Juliet was biting her lip and Robbie was eating toast on the armchair next to her. Severus scowled at him, how could he be eating at a time like this? Was he the only one panicking?

She waved her wand, murmured the spell and two lines crossed above Juliet's stomach twirling around. He could hear his heart beating in his ears, his mouth was dry and he couldn't feel his fingers due to clenching his fist so tight.

The lines spun faster and faster until they blurred together and finally blended together and made a circle and changed color above her skin. Green. What did that mean?

"Congratulations! You're pregnant!"

That was the last thing Severus heard before he saw blackness. For the record, Severus has passed out drunk before. He's even passed out due to large amounts of pain via cruciatus, and he's even blacked out due to blood loss. But never ever has he fainted. Until now.
Chapter 38

SLAP

"What the bloody-" he threw his hands up to block the attacker from hitting him again.

"I've always wanted to do that. Come on- wake up, Daddy!" Poppy laughed.

_Daddy_? Oh fuck. His eyes went wide and he looked over to Juliet who was smiling shyly at him. He almost passed out again.

"Oh no you don't. Up you get." Poppy saw him sway a bit.

He slowly rose and scowled at her. "Why the hell did you hit me? You could have just used _rennervate_!"

She smirked at him "Where's the fun in that? Sit down before you faint again."

He sat on the couch next to Juliet and she immediately slid to his side and checked his head for any wounds. "I'm alright." He said quietly to her. It didn't stop her from softly caressing his red cheek or kissing it better.

"And I didn't faint." He added and scowled at Poppy.

She quirked her brow and gave him a knowing look but didn't comment further on it. "So let's get down to business. While you were… taking a nap, we finished the other tests I needed. The fetus us 11 weeks and 3 days old putting the date of conception April 5th."

"You mean…." His eyes opened wide and his jaw dropped. His head snapped to look at Juliet. 'First times the charm.' She blushed at him.

He did it. He actually fucking did something right for once. And on the first try! _Suck it, Yaxley!_

"Who?" Poppy asked.

Shit, did he say that out loud? He shook his head and waved for her to continue.

"Now, do you know what date that puts the baby's birth at?"

"Don't make me do math, Poppy. I'm in no right mind." He said and pinched the bridge of his nose. There was so much information coming at him so fast.

"January 9th!" She smiled at him and winked at Juliet.

"Why are you- oh mother of Merlin that's my birthday. Right? Is that my birthday?" he looked back and forth to both women.

'I think you hit him too hard.' Juliet signed to Poppy and somehow she understood.

Severus started to hyperventilate, he bent over and put his head between his legs while Juliet rubbed his back.

Poppy laughed and clapped her hands together "I know this is such an exciting moment for you
both. I've written a list of potions she needs to take, diet changes and appointment dates with me. She will need to give birth at St. Mungo's, but I will be sure to be fully prepared here just in case. Remember what I told you, take it easy. Don't over exhaust yourself or your magic. Even though you're early on, that little one is sucking everything it can out of you."

Juliet smiled and nodded to everything the mediwitch was saying. Robbie took the diet list and ran to the kitchen to make changes.

"That's what she has to do. But what about me? What do I do?" he asked in a panicked voice. He desperately needed guidance.

"Keep her safe."

He wrapped his arm protectively around Juliet and tucked her into his side "I can do that." Could he?

"If you want to know the gender of the baby we will have to perform a test next week. Friday morning. You will have to come to the hospital wing for that, my dear. Congratulations once more, I need to go pay Filius 20 galleons." She said and helped her self out of their rooms.

Juliet looked over to Severus nervously and started wring her hands. He knew she was having doubts about his commitment. He didn't give her much faith either. He pulled her into his lap making her straddle him.

"I'm here. I'm with you and I'm not going anywhere." He said while cupping her cheeks.

'You still want this?' she asked and bit her lip. If silver eyes looked up at him expectantly.

"Of course I do. It just got so real all of a sudden. But we wanted this- I wanted this." He reassured her.

She smiled and kissed him. This wasn't their usual kiss that lead to heavy petting, nor was it in want. It was need, she needed him now more than ever and her sweetest lips showed him that.

"I know you didn't get much sleep. Come, let's get you back in bed for a nap then Robbie will fix you something appropriate." He helped her stand up carefully. He was treating her like she was made of the finest glass now.

She nodded and went into the bedroom to get back into her favorite Slytherin jersey. When he went to check on her she was already in bed fast asleep, hugging his pillow. Instead of crawling into the warm loving bed with his wife he turned around and softly closed the door. He needed to see a man about removing the blood curse. The only man he knew could do it. He was going to the Dark Lord.

"Sssseseverus what brings you here? More woman troubles, perhaps?" pale thin lips curled back into a sick smile.

Severus cautiously looked around the room before speaking, his friends were there again. All planning the ministry take over most likely. All of them in their daily ministry work robes.

"My Lord, I bring news from the young Malfoy." He said with his head still bowed.

Malfoy Sr. Stood straighter and fear set in his eyes as he waited for news of his son.

"What news do you bring me? For your sake I hope it's worth my time."

"He claims that his task will be ready by the end of next week. He gave no specifics and refused to
let me assist him." He said and dared to shoot a glance at Malfoy Sr.

The Dark Lord turned to McNair and beckoned him forward "This is good news, ready your brothers. Prepare them for their task." And he dismissed him.

From his position on bent knees before him Severus spoke "My Lord, I am but a humble servant asking for your help."

He waved his hand for Severus to rise. "Ssspeak."

Severus was grateful for the mask hiding his facial expressions, every time he heard that damn lisp his eye twitched. It was one of his biggest pet peeves and just his luck, his master had the worst lips in the universe.

"I succeeded in bearing my wife with child. My heir, as you instructed." Severus said proudly.

The Dark Lord smiled again, this time it seemed genuine. "Ah there is some good news for today! Unlike the rest of you." He looked around to those standing at his side. He waved for Severus to remove his mask and stand.

"Atta boy, Snape! It took you long enough!" Yaxley couldn't help himself.

"Actually, she's almost 3 months pregnant. First times the charm. So fuck off, Yaxley!" Severus growled and flipped him off.

"SILENCE! I will not have my inner circle bicker like school children!" the room got quiet once more.

They both mumbled an apology and bowed their heads to him. "My Lord, I just recently discovered that there is a blood curse on House Ollivander. Set in place by the blood traitor Albus Dumbledore." He spat.

Murmurs and whispers filled the room. The Dark Lord's eyes narrowed and his hand came to stroke Nagini's head. He contemplated for a few moments before speaking again. "Blood curse…. So the self righteous old bastard dabbles in blood magic."

"Yes, My Lord. He told me just last night at the news of my child. Gervaise Ollivander made a deal with the old man to give his House a female heir. Now the blood curse runs through the Great House of Ollivander, all males shall die before birth." Severus was nearly in tears before his Dark master.

There was no Death Eater persona to play today. He knew what he had to do. No more was there dark vs light in his heart, only Juliet and their child. If he thought for a second that the Order would win the war and help him save Juliet then he would have never come here. Much like Lucius, he walked a very thin line for his family. Whoever would come out on top, as they say.

"I fear….. I fear my wife and child may die in the next fortnight. I beg you, my Lord. Help my family….. Help me remove the blood curse." Severus sank to his knees once again, his head bowed in completely submission.

A few moments later he saw pale feet standing before him. He didn't dare raise his gaze until told to. "She is with a male heir?"

"We…. Don't know yet. The mediwitch told us we must wait until next week. I cannot take the chance of waiting to find out, My Lord."
"Show me." He hissed at Severus and grabbed a fist full of hair to make him lock eyes with his red ones.

He had nothing to hide for once, aside from Albus talking about his task. He showed him memories of him taking Juliet, hating himself for letting the Dark Lord see his wife in their private moments. Luckily he did not dwell long on those. The Dark Lord forcefully seized the memories of Dumbledore on the night of the Astronomy tower. Severus felt like his head was going to split in two.

When he was finally released Severus looked down to the freshly waxed floors and saw blood. He quickly pulled out his handkerchief and wiped the blood flowing from his nose. The giant snake flicked it's tongue in his direction and coiled as if she would strike.

"I see the old man for what he truly is. I know of the blood magic he used." He said and stepped back from Severus, letting him stand again.

"You can help me, My Lord?" Severus asked with hope.

"Tell me Severus, what are you willing to give in return?" His voice was too calm.

He didn't hesitate and he didn't even need to think about it. "Anything. Everything. Name your price. I'll do anything for my wife and child."

He smiled showing all of his pointed yellow teeth "Very well. I will cure your wife and her blood curse. House Snape and House Ollivander will long have many male heirs from here to come. They will join me in the new world order!"

The men in the hall took their queue to cheer and raise their wands to him. Severus' fears now dealt with, "What will you take from me? What shall I do to honor your greatness?"

"For now, your word. When I call on you for your debt you will answer. It may be an object, it may be a task, either way you are now in debt to Lord Voldemort!" He commanded and raised his fists triumphantly in the air above him.

"Yes my Lord, you are most gracious. Anything you desire." He knelt before him and kissed the hem of his robes.

"In two nights you will bring your wife here to me. One hour before midnight. She shall eat only fruits harvested within the same day. I will do the rest." He explained and queued Severus that he was dismissed.

"Thank you, My Lord. I will do so Immediately." He said and quickly left to see his wife again.

Severus didn't want to worry Juliet or stress her out with her new condition but he needed to prepare her for everything that was about to happen. She cried herself into a panic attack as he told her what Albus said. She held onto him tightly as he told her that Garrick knew and told them nothing. He nearly cried with her when he told her the reason her parents died and she might meet the same fate as her mother and her brother who never lived.

'I don't want our baby to die, Severus. What if it's a baby boy? Please don't let him die.' Her hands were frantic and all over the place but he understood her.

"Shh. I got you, love. I won't let anything happen to you or the baby. I got help. The Dark Lord knows how to remove the blood curse and he is going to help us." He held her tightly to his chest
and rocked her back and forth.

She sniffled and looked up at him 'Really? He can help us?'

He was shocked at her words. She wasn't arguing with him on seeking out favors from Lord Voldemort. She wasn't fighting with him to find another way, he was so proud of his little Ravenclaw princess. He knew she hated Voldemort, for every time he pulled him away from her and sent him back crippled and broken.

"Yes. He said he will make sure that we have all the little Snape's we want. I just need you to eat these fruits I bring you every day. Can you do that for me? For us?" he kissed her forehead, her cheeks and finally her lips.

She nodded her head quickly and let him dry her eyes. "Anything." She whispered.

"Good girl. Let's get you a bath and get to bed, I'll read your favorite tonight." He said and carried her to their bathroom.

'Baudelaire? Can you read Blake too?' she asked and wrapped her arms around his neck.

He hummed in approval "Anything you want princess."

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The night came when he had to bring her in front of the Dark Lord and he was pacing back and forth in front of the fire waiting for Juliet. She got tired quickly and often, her stomach barely starting to show the life it carried. Yet she glowed like he had never seen before. Her skin and her smile, her all over aura was glowing like a beacon of light in the dark. When he looked at her, even when she wasn't looking, he felt pride watching her stroke her belly lovingly. How could he have been such a fool Before?

When she finally came out of their bedroom in her dark grey dress he turned to her. He had told her to dress formal and keep her wand hidden. He held his hand out to her and brought her forward for a kiss.

"Remember what I told you. Stay at my side at all times. Do not let go of me unless I tell you. Do not make eye contact with him or anyone else unless I tell you. Do not speak unless directly spoken to by me or him. Understood?" he so badly wanted to run his fingers in her perfectly twisted hair.

"Yes, Dragon." She whispered against his jawline and kissed her inked lipstick.

He shivered involuntarily and closed his eyes. "After tonight, we will almost be free. I swear it. Just one more week and we can leave this place and these people. All of it. We can go anywhere you want and take our son with us."

"Son?" she breathed and pulled back. A coy smile on her lips 'Are that certain it's a boy already?'

"I was talking about Robbie but-" he chuckled as she cut him off with an intense kiss.

'I love you, Severus.'

'I love you, Juliet.'

He pulled his mask down on his face and pulled her with him to the floo and they exited at Malfoy Manor. The hall was decorated in red and black curtains and furniture. Severus held onto her hand that was firmly tucked into his arm and took her forward to the Dark Lord's throne.
"My Lord." He greeted and bent to his knees, pulling Juliet with him.

She dropped to the floor with him and kept her eyes downcast as he told her earlier.

"Rise."

Juliet shivered at the sound of his cold voice. There was no reverb to it, nothing she normally picked up on when listening to someone speak. She's never forgot a voice and she recognized them to the person every time. This was another she wouldn't ever forget.

Severus helped her get up, she was slower than usual due to her stomach firming up with child. Once standing at his side again, he introduced her. "My wife, Juliet Snape nee Ollivander is most honored to meet you finally." She bowed in curtsy and kept her head down.

"You may look upon your Lord." He ordered them.

Severus squeezed her hand as signal. She lifted her head and kept her shock hidden. Good girl, Severus was proud. She bowed slightly again and signed 'Thank you.'

"Ah yes, he told me you were voiceless. I hear you are with child, how…. Exciting." He said and smiled wickedly.

She smiled and nodded. The Death Eaters surrounding them gasped. No one smiled at the Dark Lord. Did they?

"This is all for this little girl? How path-" Bella's words were cut off by a Cruciatus.

"You speak out of line, Bella. You will do well to remember your place. Severus ranks higher than you now due to your failure at the ministry. Or shall I remind you once more?" he seethed as his wand didn't let up the red glow that held her to the floor.

"I'm sorry, my Lord. Please forgive me!" She begged.

"The girl's rank and protection fall under Severus' and you will all remember that from here on out!" He yelled.

"Yes, My Lord." Was heard in unison by everyone in the hall.

"Madame, I hope you will ignore Bella. I assure you, not all of us are as impolite." He nodded to her.

Juliet smiled and bowed her head slightly, accepting his apology.

Surprisingly, the Dark Lord returned her smile and beckoned them forward. Severus led her to the Dark Lord's side and kept himself in between them, Lucius to her right.

"Bring out the wand maker!" He ordered and the doors at the end of the Hall opened.

Juliet gasped quietly and Severus stood straight, his eyes under his mask nearly bulging in surprise. He gripped her hand tighter and tugged her a bit closer to remind her of her place.

Fenrir and Scabior walked in escorting Garrick. He was in perfect health aside from the magical chains around his wrists. The other two looked worse for wear.

"Good of you to join us, Wand Maker." He said too happily.

"The name is Garrick Ollivander." He said proudly.
"Yes…. I heard you put up quite the fight when Fenrir here went to retrieve you." He said in a bored tone.

Garrick smirked and looked him square in the eye "Well, you have someone kick down your wards and your door in the middle of the night. If they would have asked I would have came. Back in my day, manners went a long way."

Fenrir growled at him and showed his yellow fanged teeth. Scabior's face turned red and he lifted his hand to hit him.

"No. Leave him." He ordered.

"I lost two of my pack mates to this runt." Fenrir grunted.

"Well not my fault they got bested by an old man now is it?" Garrick said sarcastically.

Severus prayed silently that Garrick would just shut the hell up before he dug himself a deeper hole. Juliet fought back the fearful tears as she watched her grandfather get threatened.

Voldemort cackled with laughter and so did the rest of his followers. "And you half breeds wonder why you have no place in my inner circle. Leave wolf, and take your bitch with you." He pointed to Scabior. The Death Eaters laughed again.

"My Lord, if I may?" Severus asked bravely.

"Yes, I'm sure you're both wondering why he is here. You see, to remove a bloodline curse, we need some from the bloodline. I cannot use hers." He explained.

"You mean to kill him?" he asked suddenly.

His sick laugh rang through the hall again. "Of course not, Severus. It's amusing how your misconceptions of blood magic go to the extreme first. I only need some of his blood, willingly given."

Severus and Juliet let go of a breath they didn't know they were holding. "What makes you think I would give it willingly?" Garrick said.

Why can't he just shut up? Severus asked himself. His mental mantra was 'Shut up Garrick.' Over and over again.

"Don't you want to save your precious little granddaughter?" he smirked.

"Save her?" Garrick asked with a raised brow.

"You didn't tell him the news? May I?" he asked gleefully and looked expectantly at the couple.

Severus tilted his masked head for him to continue.

"The Snape's are expecting child! A male child. I'm sure you remember the blood curse that blood traitor put on Noble House Ollivander?"

"A male, My Lord?" Severus breathed. He was ecstatic that he was going to have a son but panicked that his wife and unborn child might die.

"Oh yes, I tested her the moment you arrived." He said casually.
Garrick's eyes lit up in happiness at first, then sadness when he knew what was coming. Juliet broke rank from Severus and stepped forward. He tried to pull her back but the Dark Lord's hand stopped him.

"Tut tut. Let this play out." He commanded quietly.

'You knew! You knew about the curse and you knew we wanted children!' She signed to him angrily with tears in her eyes.

Yaxley leaned over to Lucius quietly "Can we get some subtitles on this broad?" Nott heard and snickered.

"Little one, I was going to fix it. It didn't think either of you would have children so I thought I had time." He tried to explain.

"Time?! You had seventeen years to use to fix this!" Severus stepped forward and yelled. He ripped off his mask, he couldn't help himself, he was seething with anger. Juliet sobbed and turned to tuck herself into Severus' chest, he held her close.

Garrick didn't bother explaining himself any further, he hung his head in shame. "Wand Maker, will you willingly give your blood to end the curse that poisons your House?" Voldemort stepped forward and pointed at Garrick. Severus pulled Juliet back to their spot by the throne.

"Yes."

He turned quickly to Severus and Juliet and pointed his finger to them "Severus, your debt has come due. If you accept this gift from me to save your wife and child the wandmaker is mine forever."

Shit. Garrick? Out of everything in the world he wanted the old man? Was it because Garrick made him a fool with his ministry planning? Was it to hold over their heads for the rest of their lives? He looked to Garrick then down to Juliet. His wife. His perfect princess and son to be. Was one life worth two he held most dear? Garrick nodded to Severus, he was ready.

"Yes. We humbly accept your offer. The wandmaker is yours." He couldn't believe the words came out of his mouth so easily.

A twisted smile sealed their fate. "Let's begin."

Later that night, or early the next morning, Severus carried a sleeping Juliet through the floo. She was exhausted from the emotional stress and attention she had to give the whole night. He was so proud of her, he wanted to marry her all over again. The process was a hell of a lot simpler than he thought. A little blood, add some fire, sing a chant, wave a wand and it was over. Juliet glowed all over briefly, a pulsing red light surrounded her and faded away. Severus was focused on her but saw Garrick glowing out of the corner of his eye.

True to his word, the Dark Lord saved his wife and child, and Garrick was hauled into the dungeons. Why the Dark Lord wanted him? He didn't know, but he did allow Juliet to say goodbye for the last time. Now he just needed to get through the next week, kill Albus and run away with Juliet. Easy enough. Considered what they had just been through.
He spent every meal, break, all the moments he could steal with her. He kept her so close to him at all times that she was with him while he taught. She sat at his desk during his lectures and did her spell research. During Defense practice he kept her behind him in his strongest shield. The students stared at her, wondering why she was in their class suddenly after all this time. Severus put an end to that immediately. A few seventh year Ravenclaw boys tried to talk to her one day before class.

The poor boys got caught up trying to flirt, asking if they could take her to Hogsmead or take her to dinner. Severus had gone to his office for a few moments before class to get one of her daily potions. He watched them from the top of the stairs above the desk where she sat. He watched their sly smirks, wandering eyes and flirty words directed at his wife. She shook her head no and tried to sign to them to get back to their seats. They didn't understand her.

"Listen sweetie, I don't know what you're saying but-"

Severus was on them in a heartbeat. "She said she's not interested." His voice came from behind them as he loomed over them.

"Prof- f- f"

"Fifty points each from Ravenclaw. For disrupting my class. Another hundred points for bothering my wife." His magic was causing the air around them to crack with electricity. The objects on his desk started to vibrate and float in the air.

Juliet reached up and grabbed the fragile things like the inkwells and the picture of them by their tree. She set them down and smiled brightly at him from behind their backs. Her way of telling him that she was safe.

"Detention for two weeks with filch. Starting tonight. Return to your desks." He barked at them and they jumped into action.

She got up and grabbed his hand, gently rubbing small circles with her thumb until he calmed down. The whole class kept their heads down and eyes to themselves. News of his wrath spread across the school, that Juliet was completely off limits or else. Flitwick had tried to talk to Severus about the two hundred and fifty point loss his house had taken, but it was like talking to a wall.

The final week came and it was down to the wire. He was having problems sleeping and he stayed up all hours of the night constantly thinking of every possible scenario that could go wrong. He held her tightly and stroked her stomach, nothing could happen to them. He planned that if he got caught and sent to Azkaban or worse, that Lucius would take them all into hiding and care for them as his own family.

One day during lunch in their rooms, he was thoroughly enjoying the shepherds pie she made from scratch when his wrist and arm started to burn. Pushing up his sleeve he saw the gold chain from the vow burning his skin. Draco. He jumped up and ordered her to stay put while he ran out of the room. He heard screaming from down one of the corridors and ran towards it. He walked into a flooded bathroom and saw his godson bleeding on the floor with Potter standing over him.

With a wave of his wand, Potter shot back into a wall and was being magically held to it. He knelt by Draco and started to heal him. He carried him off to the hospital wing after screaming at Potter. The little shit used his spell. After he lied to his face about not having his book! Roonil Wazlib, his
ass! The burning vow on his skin was becoming unbearable, if Draco died so would he. His quarters were a hell of a lot closer than the hospital wing.

He burst through the front door and Juliet jumped up in surprise, she rushed to him and tried to check him over. "I'm fine. Heal him. Now!" He ordered her as he waved his wand at the kitchen table and cleared it. All of their food and dishes flew towards the far wall and shattered. He laid Draco down and tore open his robes and shirt.

She started to panic, she never healed anyone but Severus before and keyed all her spells to him. He grabbed her chin and forced her to look at him "Heal him. If he dies then I die. The vow will kill me if you don't."

She nodded quickly and pushed her sleeves to her elbows. She closed her eyes and felt her magic pulse through to Draco. Severus watched as his remaining wounds closed and the blood seeped back in. He held his hand out for his blood replenishing vial that he called to him wandlessly. He had Juliet tilt the boy's head back as he poured it down his throat.

"Wh- what the fuck happened?" Draco snapped his eyes open after being revived by Juliet.

"Potter cornered you in the toilets. Used a nasty spell, come I'll take you to the hospital wing." Severus said and pulled him up by his arm.

Juliet tried to wipe the remaining blood off of his face and chest but Severus stopped her. "Stop touching him." He growled, his jealousy still wicked even if it was his godson. She nodded and pulled her hands away from Draco and placed them on Severus instead.

"I'm alright. I'll be back, stay here." He ordered and helped Draco out the door.

After everything was said and done he was back to square one. Potter got off the hook yet again and Draco refused any help from him. Today was the day and the boy would succeed or fail at killing Albus. Either way Severus and Juliet would be long gone. They spent their last weekend curled up in bed with each other, writhing under the sheets and telling each other how my they loved one another.

He planned everything as best he could and went over it constantly whenever he had the chance. Their exit plan was set, the money and resources he went to Lucius for were their only way out of this. Their death certificates, new names and money were ready to go and on his persons in a hidden pocket at all times.

He had chosen Spain as their exit destination. Well Juliet had picked it, she pointed her little finger at a map and he watched those silver eyes begging 'Please say yes.' And he did. The home was bought, secured with fidelius charm that only he was the secret keeper. A large cottage on an even larger plot of land surrounded by forest and fields of green. Robbie was in charge of moving all of their personal belongings while he and Juliet stayed on the move for two weeks before eventually meeting at their new home.

"Do you understand what you need to do?" he asked her as he waited for the signal to go complete his final mission. She was sitting on his lap with her face buried in his neck. She kissed his neck in agreement.

He moaned and tilted his head for her to continue her trail of kisses. "Mmm….you are to meet me at the front doors in the….the…..yessssss." he hissed the last word as she kissed his favorite spot on his jawline and tangled her fingers in his hair.
Since she'd become pregnant she had been even more intimate with him, wanting to be touching him at all times and he couldn't get enough of it. He'd wake up with her lips around him and her name on his, or her feel her arms around him as she slipped into the shower with him.

He lifted her up and twisted her to face him, with her legs straddling him. He claimed her mouth and lifted her dress up to access her. He groaned when he found she wore nothing underneath. "You will be the death of me, witch."

She smiled at him as she unbuttoned his shirt. He caught her hands and pulled away from her. "You are to meet me in front of the doors in the entrance hall. Take only your bag, Robbie and Corvus are going to meet us there. Do not stop, do not go anywhere else." He said sternly, trying to regain focus.

She nodded and pulled her hands away to sign 'Yes, Dragon. And if anyone tries to stop me, hex-shield then run.'

He tucked her hair away from her face "Correct. Always shield. I don't want anything to happen to you or our son." His hands traveled down to her small bump and caressed it softly. No one knew she was pregnant except them, the Dark Lord and his friends. He made sure to obliviate Poppy as soon as he could. He couldn't risk Albus or the order trying to use it against him, not this time.

'I want to go with you-'

"No. I can't have you or the baby anywhere near me until I'm done. It's too dangerous." He said firmly.

She pouted 'I don't want you to get hurt.'

"I know. This is the last thing I have to do then I'm free- we're free."

'But what do you have-'

"No. I cannot tell you. I will not have you worry or try and stop or follow me. You will do as I say. Understood?" he said in his silky voice.

She didn't respond quick enough for him.

"Understood?" he said in a deeper voice he usually used when he was upset.

She nodded quickly as a tear escaped down her cheek. He swept it away with his thumb. "None of that. I want to have you as many times as I can before the time comes." He ordered her with his eyes. She complied and started unbuckling him.

His lips captured hers again as he lowered her onto him. He sighed as she gasped and tilted her head back. Taking the opportunity of her exposed neck, he marked her multiple times. That night he was rough, teasingly slow yet rough but careful. He made sure her belly was safe at all times and started having her on top of him instead of him pounding down into her. He lowered the front of her dress to expose her chest. His hands cupping her breasts as he buried his face between. Avery was right when he said that pregnant women's breasts get bigger. Severus thought they were huge to begin with, this was definitely a pleasant surprise.

He loved sitting back on the couch or against the headboard while she took charge in pleasing him. Then she did that special move with her hips that twisted and took him deeper and his eyes rolled to the back of his head. He wasn't as vocal as he was now until she started incorporating her hip thing. "Yessssss…. Oh fuck." Was his usual verbiage because he couldn't think straight for anything else.
She learned that he came undone when she would reach back and cup his sack and tug. She also learned that doing this while riding him made him lose control and she loved it. His head was thrown back over the couch and his mouth was slack wide open with his eyes closed tight. His arms spread over the back of the couch and his hands gripping it tightly, otherwise he was afraid he would hurt her.

He stopped thrusting up into her, letting her control everything from their rhythm to their intensity. Her lips and tongue sucked gently on his throat and near his Adams apple. Her teeth nipping lightly on his favorite inked spot on his jawline and he started breathing harder, trying to catch his breath. She tightened around him as she came apart and he felt her clench tighter.

He snapped. His hands and his mouth came down on her hard. His pace and grip was merciless, his teeth and lips marking her pulse point. The twist of her hips and he followed her into oblivion. He held her to him tightly as his seed shot into her with four large pumps. She shook around him, holding his head to her chest tightly.

He kissed her deeply as if it was the last time he would get the chance to. He left her breathless and gasping. "No matter what happens…. I'll come for you. You will be taken care of."

'Don't leave me.'

Knocking came from their front door, Flitwick's voice could be heard calling him. Severus kissed her roughly and buried his fist in her hair. "Promise me you will do as I say."

She nodded quickly.

"Promise me you won't wait for me if I don't make it."

She gasped. He never told her that part. She shook her head no.

"Princess, do as I say and keep safe."

"Yes." She whispered through her tears.

She kissed him softly this time, as sweet as their first kiss under the tree. "I love you."

He stood up and set her down then summoned her cloak, bag and his scarf. He dressed her quickly and put his scarf snugly around her. He double checked that he had the potion on him, the one that would remove the dark mark from his skin. "The Dragon swears to always keep his princess safe."

He said with a final kiss and left her by the fireplace and swung his door shut behind him.

"Death Eaters in the castle!" The little man yelled.

He stunned him, left him in the hallway outside his classroom. Hermione and Luna showed up and he ordered them to take him to the hospital wing. They told him death eaters had come in from the room of requirement and were headed to the astronomy tower. He took off immediately, death eater face and persona firmly set in his mind. His robes billowed behind him and the students who were running away from the chaos parted for him immediately. He took the steps two at a time and held his wand firmly in his hand, ready to strike down anyone and anything in his way. He prayed that Juliet made it out of their rooms without problems.

He kept to the shadows once he got closer, letting staff and students pass him while his years of being a spy helped him enter the tower. He found Potter at the bottom and flicked his wand, he shot back to the wall and was frozen in place. He silenced him quickly and scowled at him. There would be no childish meddling tonight if he could help it! He listened to the voices coming from the top of
the stairs.

"Do it! Now boy!" Bella hissed.

"He ain't got the balls!" Greyback huffed.

Severus climbed the stairs with his head held high, it was now or never. The only thing in his way from freedom was the old man standing before him. Weak, pale and pathetic before him. Almost twenty tears he spent under this wretched man. How long he waited for this day. He spent many dark nights dreaming of bringing an end to Albus too many fucking names Dumbledore! But not like this- oh no. He wanted to choke the last breath out of the bastard that ruined his life.

"Severus."

His eye twitched, he hated the way the old man said his name. As if they were close, mentor to student yet he was no more than a master to a slave. Severus held his wand steady and aimed it right at Albus' chest.

"Please."

Please what? Kill you? Save You? End your misery? No. This was for him, all the years of being used and neglected came to this moment of clarity. Severus smirked at him and tilted his head goodbye. Albus' eyes widened in fear, this was no mercy killing.

"Avada Kedavra."
Chapter 40

Juliet waited until she counted to 100 just like he told her. She wrapped her cloak around her middle tightly and told Robbie to go as soon as he finished packing. She quietly slid out the front door with her wand in hand. Looking both ways down the corridor, she took off quickly to the stairs. Her heart was racing and she tried really hard not to trip and fall and she climbed down.

The screams from the students and the crashing from the fighting scared her. She saw Ron and Ginny at the base of the stairs and locked eyes with them. Ginny hit him on the shoulder and pointed for him to stop her but before they could react she sent a heavy stunner at them and they went down. She immediately threw up a shield and looked around making sure the coast was clear. She ran past them and headed to the main doors in the entrance hall.

She pushed the large doors open with difficulty and shut them behind her. Then she heard the screams in the courtyard. She looked up and saw a flash of green and a dark figure fall from the tower. Everyone rushed towards the landing point and she stayed exactly where she was supposed to. She could see the lifeless form of Albus Dumbledore from where she stood on the top step.

Severus shivered when he saw the light leave Albus' eyes. The flicker of emptiness in those dull eyes that could no longer twinkle. Albus was right, it all came down to intent. He didn't split his soul nor did he feel any regret or grief. The darkness within him flourished and embraced the deed that he'd just done. He didn't shiver from the cold, it was from the power and the corruption that he was no longer a slave to. Freedom. He felt both of the vows on his flesh break and release their hold on him. Two down, one to go. The Dark Mark.

"Well, well. It seems you had it in you after all, Snape." Bella teased.

He spin around and the look he gave her made her flinch. "It's time to go. Now." He ordered and pushed Draco to the stairs.

He led them out of the tower. Down the stairs and through the school. He was practically running to Juliet. He didn't give a damn if his fellow death eaters didn't make it out with him, he had his own agenda. Not once did he sheath his wand. He knocked students and staff back with a quick flick.

He threw the front doors open and grabbed Juliet as soon as he saw her. He pulled her to him tightly and inhaled the scent of her hair. It helped ground him back to the task at hand. Spells were being thrown carelessly around them by the Death Eaters and he snapped at Greyback to cut it out. If his shield hadn't been in place, Juliet would have been hit. He pulled her towards the front gates by her arm.

"Keep up. Let's go." He growled at her.

His pace was too fast for her and she stumbled a few times. He kept his wand out and had to let her go to use his shield. They were near Hagrid's hut when Harry came up behind them.

"Come back you coward!"

Severus spun around and aimed his wand at him. "DON'T CALL ME A COWARD!"

Harry shot spell after spell at him and he blocked them all.

"Sectum-"
Severus cut him off and shot him back five feet into the grass. He charged at him and towered over him, his rage getting the best of him. Juliet whistled for him as she stood next to Draco. Hagrid's hut was set on fire and it brought light to the fields surrounding them.

"Your father was a coward! I am not!" Severus screamed as he shot hex after hex at the boy.

Draco grabbed Juliet's hand and pulled her towards the edge of the wards. "We have to go now!"

She pulled away from him and shook her head no. She wasn't going to leave him no matter what. She turned and whistled for him again. Bright lights of white came from the clouds above, circling them before touching down around them. One of the lights collided with Juliet.

The order was here. Severus backed away from Harry and threw his shields up as they fired down on him. Juliet's panicked whistle rang across the field and it stopped him in his tracks. He looked up and saw her with Moody's arm around her, his fist full of her hair. She winced in pain and tried to break away from him. Her big silver eyes begging him to save her.

"NO!" He roared at the one eyed man.

The rest of the order stood at Moody's side or behind him. They helped Harry up and pushed him behind them as well. "He killed Dumbledore! I saw him murder him!" Harry screamed. Angry tears flowed down his face and his wand hand held back by Lupin.

"Well, well I told you he was never Albus' man. Some spots never change do they?" Moody snarled in Juliet's face.

"Give me my wife." Severus spat and aimed his wand at Moody.

"Surrender! And I'll see that she isn't charged for being an accomplice!" Moody threatened.

"You're surrounded, Severus. Let's do this quietly. We don't want any trouble." Kingsley said.

"You're outnumbered, son." Arthur said.

"I'LL FACE YOU ONE ON ONE THOUSAND!" His wand cracked with the whip of fire he used in the ministry. His magic burning the grass in a large circle around him.

"Get him!" Moody barked.

"No- give him a ch-" Tonks tried to say.

"He made his choice! Give up or fight! And I've been dying to get my hands on this one. Albus can't save you this time." Moody licked his thin dry lips.

She looked at Severus and shook her head no. Her hands pointing towards the forest for him to go and run. 'GO! Please- go' she mouthed.

He shook his head at her. Not without you, he thought. She put one of her hands to her belly and mouthed to him 'GO. Find us.' Everything clicked for him. What she was trying to say.

"Or he could run. Like the coward he is. Only a coward would kill an old man. The man who saved you from the Dementors lips and gave you a home! And only a coward would leave their wife to save themselves." Moody cackled with glee. He wanted Severus to fight.

Severus ran over all the options, the order wouldn't hurt her. Black and Albus were dead, the rest of them were by the book. McGonagall was leading the order by way of hierarchy now, and she was
firmly against torture and violence unless forced. The Dark Lord would have the ministry in a matter of days and he could get her if they took her in by the books. If they held her in headquarters then Molly would be her charge and she would be fed and taken care of. She would either be taken to the burrow or Grimmauld place. And with the ministry take over the fidelius charm lifted. But their child? What would they do?

Moody's wand went from her neck to her stomach and he smirked. That magical eye couldn't possibly see his son! Severus stepped back and lowered his wand. If he surrendered and he waited for the Dark Lord to take over and free him then she would be tagged and the order would keep her anyway. She was still early enough in the pregnancy for them to slip her a potion and get rid of his "Dark Spawn". He couldn't let them. He had a better chance and resources with him out of Azkaban. The ministry take over was happening soon but with Moody behind the trigger, he could be kissed by a Dementor by first light.

"Do not hurt her! Lupin, take care of my wife. You owe me that much." Severus said and scowled at the werewolf.

"Severus, think about this. We can work this out. Let's just talk this over." Lupin said and stepped forward with his hands and wand pointed up.

Severus looked at her one last time and took another step back. He felt himself cross the wards of the school. "The Dragon will come for you." He said to her and left in a crack of thunder. He felt his heart shatter into a million pieces when he saw her hands reaching for him right before he disapparated.

He fell to his knees on the gravel in front of Malfoy Manor and vomited everything he had until he started dry heaving. He sobbed and rocked himself back and forth on his knees. He felt hands on his shoulders and arms as he was lifted to his feet.

"Shite, he's a wreck. Nott, let's get 'im in before the boss shows up, yeh?" McNair grunted and led him inside.

"Come on, Snape. We'll get her back. She's gonna come home, we'll help." Nott reassured him.

They dragged him through the back of the house and up the back stairway. Narcissa called a team of house elves to help get him ready to see the Dark Lord. After they threw him on the bed in one of the bedrooms she sat next to him briefly.

"Thank you, for bringing my son back home to me." She leaned forward and kissed his forehead, then left the men's and the elves to do their work.

Malfoy Sr, Yaxley and Avery rushed in when they heard he arrived. "Well?" Avery asked.

Severus sobbed and dug his palms into his eyes, his elbows shot out at an awkward angle and hit an elf in the head.

"He lost his wife during the escape." Nott said.

"She's dead?" Yaxley asked in disbelief.

"Naw. The order got her. Captured her as ransom for 'im to surrender. He left her." McNair slurred.

"Have you been drinking?" Malfoy asked.
"Yeh. We all should be. It's a stressful fucking situation!" He said in self defense.

"It's one thing to be drunk but to act like it and ….. smell like it when we go downstairs is another thing. Get him a shot of whiskey, a pepper up potion and something in his stomach. Quickly. He's waiting for us." Malfoy ordered and left while slamming the door.

The rest of the men looked at each other and got to work. When they finally got Severus is halfway decent condition they walked him downstairs to meet the Dark Lord.

"I heard you were….. successful." The hissing was really bothering Severus this time.

"Yes, my Lord." He said and leaned to the left a bit. He was wobbling and unsteady. Avery nudged his straight again.

"Were there any complications?" he asked with narrowed eyes.

"With your task? No. But my wife-" Severus choked back a sob. His eyes were bloodshot and he was pale and sweating. "The order captured my wife."

Whispers filled the room and the Dark Lord spun around to silence them. He paced back and forth quietly twice before speaking. "You didn't stay to fight for her?"

"My orders were to come back to you, my Lord. Not die in battle or get captured." He said immediately. He knew how to play the game.

"Shame… I just spared her life. Don't worry, they will pay for their treachery. The ministry will be mine within a fortnight. In the meantime… for your success I am pleased. And you shall be rewarded!" He signaled towards the back.

Five naked women came forward and knelt before Severus. He didn't even bat an eye at them. "I don't want them."

Gasps and murmurs filled the hall again. "You deny a gift from me?" Voldemort stepped forward and pointed his wand at Severus' heart.

"Give them to the others. I have no desire or need to be filled. I just want my wife." He said and stood his ground.

"Kill the ungrateful half blood!" Bella hissed.

"I take my vows seriously. Just as I would never turn on my vows to you, my Lord. I would not turn on my vows to my wife. My word is my law and my vows are sacred. I have never been weak to turn on you, and I am not weak to turn on my wife." Severus explained.

Sick laughter filled the air "Yes, it is true. How can I trust your faithfulness to me, if you would so easily turn on your wife. Apologies, Severus. I do not wish to tempt you away from your wife. But….. what if I commanded it? Who would you turn on? Your Lord Voldemort….. or your wife?"

"I would do as you commanded, my Lord. But I would take no pleasure from it." He said immediately, hoping he wouldn't have to.

"I ain't married, my Lord." Scabior smirked and grabbed himself as he drooled over the women.

Yaxley groaned and leaned over to Nott "He's making us look bad." The rest of the married men nodded in agreement. All of them but Severus had participated in the revels of raping and orgies
throughout the years and many of them were and are still married at those times.

"The rest of you…” he rounded on the married men.

"My Lord, if I may. I've had a very long night and would like nothing more but to keep serving you. I beg you, let me help with the ministry plans. I've proven that I can break in by force. The sooner we take the ministry, the sooner I get my wife." Severus begged.

"Very well. You two, see to it that he's provided for and well rested. I want my commander in top shape come tomorrow." He pointed at Yaxley and Avery this time.

They each grabbed a shoulder and led him out of the Hall towards his rooms. "I almost shit myself. Next time you want to throw us under the knight bus, you fucking warn us!" Avery scolded.
Juliet was blindfolded and gagged as soon as Severus left. Her hands were tied behind her back and she was worried they would hit her stomach, intentionally or not. So she walked hunched over, trying to tuck herself inward. She could hear people arguing and sounds of shuffling as she was pulled back into Moody.

"What's the bloody point of gagging a mute girl?" Tonks asked.

"She may be mute but she might have to mouth some spells. Can never be too careful-" Moody said as he limped a few steps up the hill to give her Juliet's purse to hold.

"I know- I know. Constant vigilance!" She rolled her eyes.

"Let me take her, Moody. You need both hands free with your staff." Lupin said and stepped closer.


As soon as she felt her feet leave the ground and the wind hit her face she practically threw herself into Moody. She was afraid of heights and blindfolded. Her stomach churned and she felt dizzy suddenly, she was going to puke. They landed shortly after takeoff but she fell to her knees on the hard wooden floor. She started to vomit but was restricted with her gag. She was choking for air.

"What's her pro'lem?" Tonks asked.

Lupin rushed forward and removed the gag. Her stomach emptied on the floor, bile continued to come up as she curled into herself. "Uck!" was heard around the room. He started to rub her back and pull her hair out of the way. McGonagall waved her wand at the mess.

"Stop helping Her! She's a fucking death eater!" Moody growled and pointed his wand at her.

Lupin shook his head no and lifted the sleeves of her robes, showing them there was no mark on her skin. "She's clean."

"She's still married to one, so she's as good as one."

The people around the room agreed and looked to Minerva for a decision.

"Tell us where he went!" Moody yelled and stepped forward, his fake leg pounding on the floor loudly.

She tried to move her hands but couldn't. She shook her head no and mouthed 'I don't know.' They looked around at each other. "Free her hands." He said and nodded to Remus.

Once her hands were free she rubbed her sore wrists and signed 'I don't know.'

"Anyone get that?" Arthur asked and looked around.

Hermione stepped forward and said "I think she said it doesn't matter."

Juliet shook her head no immediately and put her hands up to defend herself from whatever hex may be directed at her while blindfolded. McGonagall held her hand up to him to stand down. "Miss Granger, get her a quill and some parchment from the desk."
Hermione rushed to Dumbledore's desk and grabbed them and gave them to Juliet. She took it immediately and went down on all fours to the floor to write. With difficulty and writing while blindfolded she took longer than Moody wanted, he tapped his staff impatiently. She held up the parchment and Kingsley snatched it before Moody.

"She doesn't know." He said and looked back to McGonagall.

"She's lying! Let me question her- I'll get her to talk." He growled and shoved his wand under her chin.

She gasped and tilted her head back away from his wand. Praying that he kept the wand to her face instead of her unborn child. She tried to fight the build up of tears in her eyes and her lower lip quivered, Moody chuckled.

"No! We do not torture!" Molly said and pushed his wand arm away from Juliet. She moved to stand between them and put her hands on her hips. Lupin took the chance to pass her a cup of water and a handkerchief.

"She's got the answers, Molly. Give me a few hours roughing her up and she'll find her voice."

"No, Alastor. We do not torture…. Or kidnap." McGonagall said and pursed her lips while scowling at him over her glasses. He grumbled under his breath and stepped back to his previous place.

"So is this kidnap? She was fleeing after all." Kingsley asked and pointed to Juliet.

"Everyone was fleeing. It's utter chaos down there right now." Hermione said.

"But she was fleeing with him!" Ron snapped and crossed his arms. "She's just as guilty. She stunned Ginny and I on the stairs and took off." He jutted his chin in her direction.

'You turned your wand on me!' Juliet signed.

"She said you started it." Hermione said.

"Why I otta-"

"Enough! Can't we give her veritaserum?" Arthur asked.

"The potions only forces the drinker to speak the truth. Not write or sign the truth." Hermione explained.

"Worth a shot. Just call Snape to give us some- oh that's right. Damn." Tonks suggested. Forgetting Severus was now a traitor. Remus pinched the bridge of his nose at her suggestion and Kingsley groaned.

"I am going to ask you a series of questions, you will answer them. Or you will be process through the ministry as an accomplice and sent to Azkaban." McGonagall said as she towered over her.

Juliet knew the only way to get out of this alive and out of the wrath of Moody was to go along with her. She knew Severus wouldn't want her to fight against them, but she honestly knew nothing. Severus refused to tell her about any of his spy work or death eater dealings. They would either be live her or not and what they would do to her scared the crap out of her. Being around Dementors while pregnant could hurt the baby.

"Remove her blindfold." McGonagall ordered and Remus lifted it off of her gently.
She blinked a few times at the bright lighting of the room and looked around. There were some new faces, and some she had seen before. Mostly the school staff and the Weasley family she met at Black's house. She flinched and turned away from Moody, who still had his wand pointed at her.

She nodded and took the extended quill and parchment that was shoved into her hands again. "Get her off the floor, come. Let's sit you down." Molly said and shot a look at Moody in passing as she helped her up.

"Yes, let's all sit and have tea while we're at it." He snapped sarcastically.

"Wonderful idea, be a dear and get some." Molly huffed.

Kingsley conjured a plain wooden table and chair to sit her in the middle of the room. No one was going to let her sit and Albus' desk. She sat down cautiously and looked up at her old Transfiguration teacher with fear.

"Did you know about any plans to kill Albus Dumbledore?"

She quickly wrote 'no.' McGonagall looked around the room sternly to maintain silence.

"I was there. I saw you two talking to Malfoy about his plans the night of Slughorn's party. You knew." Harry accused. Everyone turned to her expectantly.

She started to write as fast as she could, almost spilling the ink bottle. 'Draco was given a task. Severus was trying to get him to open up and help him. Keep him from doing whatever it was. I was never told what it was.'

"She's lying! I've been watching Malfoy go in and out of the room of requirement all year. That night you and Snape went in there too!"

She blushed a bright red and bit her lip. 'We went to fool around in there. We used to go there when we were in school and wanted to go for old times sake.'

Kingsley read the parchment out loud and awkwardly cleared his throat a few times as he read it. He quickly put it back down. "Why were you running if you didn't know anything? You stunned those two and ran out of the castle to wait for him."

'Because he told me to. He said that tonight would be the last time we would be trapped here. That we would be free to leave the war.'

"Why does he want to leave the war? Doesn't he want to serve his master?" Moody asked sarcastically.

'He wanted to leave when I returned. But Albus wouldn't let him. He was still under the vow.'

Kingsley read then looked down at her.

"So he killed him and now he's free."

"Where did he go?" McGonagall asked.

'I don't know.'

"What do we do with her now? We can charge her for attacking Ron and Ginny, but I don't know if accomplice will stick." Kingsley said.

"Oh it'll stick. I'll make damn sure of that." Moody rubbed his stubbled chin in deep thought.
"If we take her in he will attempt a break out, the ministry isn't safe right now." Arthur said shaking his head.

"That's what we're planning on. If and when he shows up to break her out then we have him."

Tonks said.

Juliet shook her head no, tears running down her cheeks and her hand furiously writing on the paper. 'Please- don't take me to Azkaban. I can't go. Will hurt-' she wouldn't finish writing, she broke down crying and put her head in her hands.

"You're in no position to ask for anything. The Aurors are here and they need our statements. Remus, see that Filius has recovered in the hospital wing. Kingsley, take her in." McGonagall said and vanished the table Juliet was using.

Juliet stood up quickly and backed away towards one of the bookshelves. Kingsley, Tonks and Moody pointed their wands at her. Her hands came up to her stomach to cover it, leaving the rest of herself vulnerable. Molly gasped and pushed them out of the way and rushed towards her.

"You are with child?" she asked and pulled the cloak free to see her swollen tummy.

Juliet nodded yes and let the cloak fall to the floor. Everyone gasped at the sight of her slightly protruding belly. "She's lying!" Moody growled.

Molly waved her wand at Juliet and they all watched the glowing, swirling lights confirming her pregnancy. "Oh you poor thing! We can't have her in Azkaban. The Dementors will surely kill the baby."

"If it's Snape's kid- good riddance." Harry mumbled.

"Harry!" Ginny scolded.

"How do we even know it's Snape's kid?" Kingsley asked around.

Juliet stood up straight, walked up to him, looked up to him defiantly and slapped him so hard his small blue hat fell off and he stumbled into Arthur. His face now sporting a small swollen handprint. Tonks laughed loudly.

"This is good news. This means he will come for her and it doesn't matter where we have her." Arthur said.

"We need to focus on the war, not Severus. I'm just as outraged as you all are, but we need to keep our minds straight. She will not go to Azkaban." McGonagall said but was cut off by the angry cries from the others.

"She helped him!" Harry yelled.

"She's still married to a death eater!" Tonks yelled.

"Where will she go, Minerva?" Arthur asked.

Remus stepped forward and put his hand on Juliet's shoulder "I will take her in. I will be responsible for her."

"You can't take responsibility for yourself! What happens when the full moon comes?" Tonks spat, with a jealous tone.
"Now isn't the time, Dora." He said firmly.

"No- this the perfect time. You can take her in "given the circumstances” but we can't be together because of it. I'm fed up with your shit Remus." She said with tears in her eyes.

Molly pushed Remus toward Tonks and gave him a knowing look "She will stay with us. None of you have children and she needs special care. I will be responsible for her and you will not lay a spell on her head, Alastor! If you want to be productive- go to the ministry and update the Fidelius Charm so Severus can't find her. Minnie, will you be out secret keeper?"

"Of course. You take her home, Arthur and I will stay here to sort this out. Alastor go to Grimmauld place and secure it, Remus and Nymphadora will go and search Severus' rooms, Kingsley, to the ministry and see what you can find out, Arthur and I will be there as soon as we're done here." McGonagall ordered.

"What about us, professor?" Harry asked.

"You will stay here with me, I will see you to your home later after the Aurors have taken all of your statements." She said and pointed at him to not give her push back.

"I'll send word to the twins to keep an eye out in Diagon." Kingsley said and left through the floo.

Molly held her hand out to Moody expectantly "Her wand." His magical eye swiveled from her to the hand and he finally gave up and handed it over. "Come, let's get you some food and rest." She said and guided Juliet to the floo.

Moody looked down at Juliet with both eyes and said "When he comes for you, and he will, I will kill him. Be prepared to raise that little bastard by yourself."
Chapter 42

It was raining and the humidity was so high it made steamy fog cover the city. Everyone passed down the streets quickly ignoring the alley that he was standing in. It was dark and the fog covered his position, his cloak protected him from the rain, his boots covered in mud but kept him dry. Every once and awhile you could spot a flash of light from a flame and a red glow from the cherry on his cigarette.

He was waiting for his target to come out of the Ministry, he had been trailing him for three days. The warden of Azkaban was a tough man to find, but not impossible for him. That's why Severus was chosen for this specific task. His master specifically said "I can't trust anyone else not to fuck up." Well, it was summed up. Whoever controlled the warden controlled Azkaban and whoever controlled Azkaban controlled the Dementors.

The warden never went home and was never alone. He was usually tailed by two guards at all times. It was a tough task but at least he didn't have Umbridge as a target like McNair did. Poor bastard drew the short wand on that one. This target lived and breathed work and had no immediate family that he could use as leverage. His best chance was to knock out his two companions and the warden at one go. Dueling three to one didn't bother him so much, the marauders gave him more than enough practice back in school. It was handling them without raising alarm, he was still a wanted man after all.

He watched the tall thin man in black and red robes exit the private doors of the ministry with his two shorter stockier guards. They were walking towards his hiding spot just as planned, they were going to pass right by him and then he would draw them in. He waited like a hungry predator waiting to strike.

As soon as they got close enough he flicked his cigarette and it landed in a puddle, snubbing the glow it made. He flicked his wand towards them and stepped back into a dark doorway. The spell he sent mimicked a message patronus without the light. He sent the sound of a woman and child crying for help and waiting for the bait to be taken.

"Did you hear that?" one said to the others.

He flicked his wand again at them and once at a trash can to make the sound of struggle.

"It's coming from down there!" The warden said and they all took out their wands and followed him down the alley.

As soon as they were past him, he silenced the entrance and his boots. Then he stalked behind them slowly waiting for them to get deeper into the alley. He sent two strong stunners, bound the two in ropes before they hit the ground. The warden turned at the sound of them falling but Severus already had an imperio sent as soon as he locked eyes.

The imperious curse was easy enough to get someone to act on your will, but if you wanted control from a distance you needed to locked eyes and imprint yourself. The warden twitched a bit trying to fight it, but Severus was too well trained in the unforgiveables. He lowered his wand and stood at attention in front of Severus.

He broke into his mind violently, searching for any and all information about Juliet. There wasn't any. Nothing on any of the order members either. A dead end.
"When I leave, I want you to revive these two then dismiss them and return to Azkaban. You are to
prepare for the release of the Dementors and Death Eaters that are still imprisoned." Severus ordered.

The warden bowed his head and waited for Severus to leave. He cancelled his silencing spells and
disapparated from the alley and returned to Malfoy Manor. He quickly threw on his mask and robes
then walked with purpose through the gate then the front door. He waited to be called into the now
dubbed "throne room" to deliver the news of his success.

"He's ready for you." Narcissa said while opening the door for him.

As he passed she put a hand on his arm. "Be careful. He's in a temper about your wandmaker." She
said softly. He gave her a small nod and proceeded in.

He knelt at the bottom of the steps and kept his head down. "My Lord, I have completed the task you
have given me. The warden of Azkaban is now under our control."

"The first good news of the day. I knew you would serve me well. Rise."

Severus looked around the room and saw a few floating bodies of recent killings. Blood traitors held
in display like sick hunting trophies, one of which being the Muggle Studies teacher he worked with.

"I see you recognize your old co-worker… She served her purpose." He said too softly for his
liking.

"The minds of our youth will be better off, my Lord." He said and bowed his head in honor.

"The wand maker…. Is harder to break than I thought. Why does he fight me, Severus?" he asked.
He was almost pouting.

Severus tilted his head in confusion. "What is it you seek, My Lord? I didn't know you required
anything of him."

Red lifeless eyes stared at him, searching for a hint of deceit in him. "He had information I need yet
he refuses to give it to me. Perhaps, you will get him to answer them."

"Give me time with him. I will get the information you seek." He promised.

"Very well, take rest and whatever you need. I will call upon you soon."

Severus used his free time planning the ministry attack with his fellow death eaters. When he wasn't,
he was walking through the forest on the Malfoy land. He found an empty field with large
overhanging trees to cover the light and rain. He sat there on his cloak and meditated. Thoughts of
Juliet and his child always running through his mind, driving him to tears at times. She wasn't in
Azkaban, he found that out today when he infiltrated the warden's mind.

He broke down and sobbed into his open palms, unsure if they were tears of joy that she wasn't in
the hell called Azkaban, or tears of sorrow that he was no where close to getting her back. The order
was locked up tighter than Gringotts. Once he was kicked out be lost all privileges, obviously, but he
didn't anticipate them being so well organized to slip him time after time.

Moody was paranoid as always and he fell off the face of the earth. Severus was smarter than that,
Moody was hunting him not the other way around. Kingsley was a high up Auror but he stayed
internal behind a team of solid allies. Severus lost Tonks five times in a crowd within a week and
chalked it up to a loss. The metamorphmagus had him beat there but her werewolf lover was another
story. During the trial last year Lupin had tried to acquire a marriage license that was turned down. But his information was still on file. Malfyoy was able to get it for him but the address listed was empty. He assigned Greyback to hunt the whelp down for him and was still waiting for an update.

He needed to think! Clear his mind of the empty void in his chest. Where would she be? He stood outside of Grimmauld for nearly two days straight and saw no one. They have changed secret keeper obviously and he was locked out. He kept a man on the stakeout at all times watching. They reported Moody going in and out once, yet they didn't attack or capture him out of fear of the famed Auror. Severus gave them something to fear when he tortured them for their cowardice.

Severus closed his eyes and sat on the grass with his legs crossed. He slowed his breathing down and focused his thoughts. He did this process for hours at a time, his goal was to find his inner animagus. Any resource, tool or skill that he could use as leverage in this war to get his wife back he would put himself through hell to succeed. If Sirius fucking Black could do it in his fifth year then Severus could do it in his thirties.

He thought back to the last full conversation he had with Albus. Magic comes down to intent. He needed to release his inner beast, because keeping it caged for so long didn't do any good. He focused on his core magic, just like Garrick taught him all those years ago. He discovered that fire was his element. Burning rage of inferno filled his inner core begging to be released. Perhaps his animagus was a Phoenix? He snorted at the irony. He sat for three more hours before calling it quits for the day. He was close, he knew it. He needed to get the status reports from the men be sent out on scout missions.

"Snape." Dolohov greeted when he entered the dungeons.

"What do you have?" he asked and looked down at the crumpled pile of bleeding wizard in the cell.

"Sturgis Podmore." He said and sucked his teeth.

"I wanted-" Severus started to get angry.

"You wanted Order members. I bring you order member." His Russian accent was thicker than Karkoroff's had been but his English was better.

"One that we didn't already have." He sneered.

"Hold him ransom for your wife. They think he's dead." He suggested.

Sturgis moaned in pain and rolled over "No. Kill. Me."

"Shut up." Both men said to him.

Severus scowled at Dolohov "They won't trade her for a no name order member. He was hardly ever at meetings. He was a fucking nobody." His voice starting to rise with his temper. Since he lost Juliet he had little to no self control.

"I don't care what you do with him, but I gave you what you asked for." The Russian didn't give Severus a chance to say no again. He walked back towards the stairs leading out of the dungeons. The sound of the large iron door slamming echoing off the walls.

The Order wouldn't do a straight up trade for the man even in his broken condition they would want more. He paced back and forth in front of the cell ignoring the man's cries for mercy and Death. Those bleeding heart Gryffindors would be forced to take action on a suffering order member. Guilt ridden Gryffindors were the best ones and he had to show them he wasn't fucking around when it
came to things that belonged to him.

The older veterans of the order would understand casualties of war but the younger inexperienced ones did not. They would fight, dividing into what they thought was right. He would break them from each other and strike when they were most vulnerable. They didn't need all of Sturgis Podmore. He spun around on his heel and gave a wicked toothy grin to the broken man.

"I need a hand."

Severus was wiping his hands on a towel he had the elves bring him. They set up a cleaning basin of water, soaps and towels by the wall. He had them bring him a bottle of fire whiskey, cold stones, cinnamon sticks and a shaker. He made his own drink just like Juliet had done for him, it wasn't the same. It never was. His robes were long ago sleeves were rolled up to his elbows and he had a thick black brewing apron on. Blood was covering him from shoulder to fingers and neck up.

He slowly separated the wand hand of Sturgis using nothing but a blade and saw. He tied him down on the large wooden table with leather straps and buckles. He gave him nothing for the pain but he did stop the bleeding of major arteries and gave him blood replenish potions when he finished. Sturgis screamed until his throat went raw and Severus told him to beg the Order to step down not him. That this was the Order's doing for stealing from him.

He sipped his whiskey then lit a cigarette, he let the smoke slowly escape his mouth as he inhaled it through his nostrils. It helped cover the smell of blood and the waste Sturgis couldn't hold. He circled the table and grabbed the chunk of flesh he worked so hard for these past few hours and wrapped it in butcher's paper. He set it in in a small wooden box and grabbed an empty vial and his wand. A pensive was set up next to the box and he pulled the memory of him torturing Sturgis and set it in. After twenty minutes of editing and sealing, he put the memory in the vial and set that in the box as well.

He called one of the lower ranking Death Eaters he was commander of and had him take Sturgis back to his cell and clean the mess. He grabbed the box and tucked it under one arm while he walked up the stairs drinking his whiskey and smoking his cigarette. He needed an owl.

The Burrow was a full house earlier in the year than usual due to the death of Albus. Molly had set Juliet up in Perry's old room with special wards that let her know the second she left it. Despite Alastor's complaints, she didn't lock Juliet up constantly in the attic. A pregnant woman needed access to the toilet and fridge at all possible times. There were heavy wards on all doors, windows and floo against Juliet from leaving. They got the idea from Garrick when he had the ministry tag Ron last summer.

Molly was on Juliet like a hawk, not so much as her guard but her rock during the pregnancy. Juliet was nauseous and couldn't keep anything down the first two weeks she was there. She stayed in her room and cried constantly. She sat by the window looking out to the fields and tree line. Her belly was getting bigger at a faster rate than she anticipated. It felt like little swirls here dancing in her stomach and she wished Severus was there to experience it with her.

They had gone through their old quarters at Hogwarts and found it all empty. Robbie had cleaned it out and left when he was told. They searched her and the purse she was carrying, finding clothes for both her and Severus.

"Odd 'innit?" Ron asked Hermione and Ginny as he held one of the pictures that was in Juliet's purse.
"What?" Hermione asked.

"That someone so evil and dark can have a family. Ya know? Wife and kid." He passed the picture to Ginny.

She watched the photo of a shirtless Severus chase Juliet on the beach. When he caught her, he picked her up and spun her around while kissing her. "Yeah, it's always the hot ones that wind up crazy." She sighed. Neither heard her.

Molly had given her all the potions she needed for nutrition and they had Poppy floo in once a week. She informed them that Juliet's mental health was causing stress on the baby. Her blood pressure was severely low no matter what potions she was give as supplement. They were currently having an Order meeting in the kitchen of the Burrow.

"She needs her husband. Magical people who carry magical children need their significant other for support." Poppy said.

"She's got support. Molly helps her." Kingsley countered.

"If they shared a magical core, yes. But that isn't the case. Didn't you ever wonder why Severus' magic never hurt her? Both share the elemental core of fire. That's why she wasn't harmed by his outburst in the ministry." Lupin explained.

"Exactly. Two people who shared a core are very special and rely on each other's magic reserve when going through stress or physical duress. Married couples of the same core rely heavily on each other more so. But when they are expecting child?" Poppy gave them all a stern look.

"That's why Frank and Alice Longbottom went down together. They depleted each other's magical core. I remember theirs was earth." Molly said and wiped the corner of her eye with her apron.

"She needs her husband or she will lose the baby." Poppy said and hit her fist in her other hand with each word.

Arthur narrowed his eyes as he looked out the kitchen window, he spotted something in the distance. He rose to his feet as soon as he realized it was a post owl. Kingsley met him by the window and sent a series of protection charms on the owl before it his the edge of the wards, making sure it had no tracers or traps.

The owl ignored his outstretched arm as it came through the window. He threw the box on the kitchen table, screeched at them all and took off quickly through the window. Ron waved his hands to shoo the bird away from his face as it passed too close for comfort. He, Hermione and Ginny had been inducted into the order at the start of summer.

"Ruddy bird almost took my face off!" He yelled.

"Should we open it?" Tonks asked as she poked it with her wand.

"Everyone move back. Whoever sent it put it in a lead box and I can't see through." Moody warned and stood up to her closer. The Aurors stepped forward and the rest stepped back.

The only noise that could be heard was the boiling water on the stove and the ticking clock from the living room. Everyone held their breath as the lid opened. Moody flinched for a second then levitated a heavy wrapped item and set it on the table. He waved his wand and it unwrapped itself. It was a human hand that was severed two inches below wrist.
"Sturgis Podmore." Moody said.

"Positive?" Arthur asked.

"That's his ring."

Tonks waved her wand at the box again and levitated a small vial with a silvery liquid in it. "It's a memory. Anyone got a pensive?"

She opened it before anyone could reply and the screaming of Sturgis Podmore filled the air. Hermione and Ginny covered their ears and Ron almost fell from his chair. Tonks nearly dropped it.

"HELP ME!"

The sound of sawing could be heard and Molly covered her mouth with her hands.

"JUST GIVE HIM WHAT HE WANTS! AAAAAHHHH!" The man was sobbing now.

Tonks' hand now shaking as she held it over the table in front of her.

"He said- he said- AHH! If you give her back he'll let me go. Please just let me go. He will leave the war. Just give her back. He's willing to trade and leave Europe. P-Please I-I have a f-f-family."

Severus' voice could be heard his tone was low and threatening "Each day you keep my wife from me, you will get a piece of him. You have his wand hand. You decide his fate."

The vial closed itself and the room got quiet again. The hand twitched and everyone jumped back.

"What the bloody hell was that?!" Bill yelled as he pulled Fleur closer.

Hermione stepped closer and waved her wand at it. "He's got it under a strong stasis charm. One used for dissecting potion ingredients."

"Why would the sick bastard do that?" George asked.

"He said we choose his fate. If we got Sturgis back then he has a chance to save his hand. Without his wand hand he might become a squib. Very few wizards are able to perform magic with their other hand." She explained and sat back down.

"We can't give her up now." Kingsley started to say.

"He has one of ours. We can't just let him kill Sturgis. What if it were you?" McGonagall asked. Her lips tightly pursed and she looked him up and down.

"Casualty of war. We all knew it when we signed up for the Order." Moody said and shrugged his shoulders nonchalantly.

"He said he's willing to leave Europe and stay out of the war." Molly said.

"He is one of Voldemort's highest commanding officers and his strongest soldier by far. You remember the battle at the ministry, he overpowered all of us. Imagine him backed by even more death eaters but this time we have his pregnant wife." Remus added.

They argued until the Sun started to rise and they all started to leave. There was no resolution by the end of the night and they were now choosing sides for a vote. McGonagall told them to sleep on it.
and they would discuss it in the morning. Severus' plan was working. In the meantime, they needed to focus on getting Harry moved before the Death Eaters got to him on his birthday. They started to plan everything out as Hermione wrote it all down in regards to times and teams.

No one noticed the dark figure standing at the edge of the wards in a cloak covering his face. He took a deep drag from his cigarette as he stared at an empty field. He knew the Burrow was somewhere in front of him but they had a new secret keeper. He stayed for an hour before flicking his cigarette and disapparating away.

"Find me Mundungus Fletcher." Severus barked at Rabastan Lestrange in passing when he entered the manor.

He passed through the manor to exit the back gardens. He walked with purpose to his spot in the woods. He didn't bother taking his cloak off as he sat in his usual spot. The moon was out, not yet full. He smirked knowing that Lupin was without his potion now that he was gone. A worried thought of Juliet in danger nagged in the back of his mind.

He closed his eyes and cleared his mind. Using years of Occluding to help him focus on his animagus. He chose select memories to help lure the animal in him out. The first time he saw Juliet. She was a small shy thing, having eyes for only him. Their first kiss, after he had been knocked down and kicked by the marauders.

He felt the center of his chest get hot. He thought of the first time he caught Black putting his hands on her in the hallway. All the times he couldn't protect her, save her from everything that tried to keep them apart. The burning got more intense but he kept his meditation going. He welcomed the pain it was bringing.

The first time they laid together as one, she breathed his name as she fell apart around him. That's when he truly claimed her as his. The first, last and only was what she told him that night. His to keep forever and always.

He could feel his chest moving on its own, nothing to do with his breathing or heartbeat. He remembered the first time he saw her when she got back. His name on her lips again, her love never faltering for him. She accepted him for everything he was, all the scars and sins he acquired during their time apart.

He was so afraid that she would have the darkness within him like Lily had. That she would run away from him like Lily did, if not faster. Instead she kissed them, all the scars from his head to his toes and all the tattoos of his crimes. He shuddered at that thought. Not because of her lips on his skin, that something- someone so pure could love his darkness, love him so unconditionally.

That's the thought that got his body to finally start shifting. The one thing keeping him back these last few weeks was the thought of her rejection when she saw his beast. Her words playing in his head over and over again.

"I love my Dragon."

When his body finally stopped moving he released a large exhale from his nostrils, he heard the heavy breath echo off the trees. He slowly opened his eyes and saw the world from a different perspective. He was a lot taller than he was a few seconds ago. He looked down at himself and felt his lips pull back to show his teeth. He was smiling.
"I have a name you know. Wand Maker seems so impersonal." Garrick said through grit teeth. If he was in pain, he dare not let these bastards see it.

"Crucio!"

His body shook but he didn't scream, he would never give them the satisfaction. Tremors of pain stemmed from his spine to all of his nerve endings. He coughed a bit and it turned into a raspy laugh "Haven't we been friends long enough?"

Rowle sighed heavily and pinched the bridge of his nose in frustration. "Oh my god…." He cursed under his breath. If he didn't get the information out of the old man then it would be his turn on the rack next.

"You can call me Garrick." He barked with laughter.

The iron door to the dungeons slammed in the distance. It's loud echo reaching even the furthest depths of the torture chambers. Rowle panicked, if the dark Lord was coming now and he didn't make any progress, he was done for.

"Quickly, wandmaker. Tell me what you know about the elder wand. If you don't, he will kill you." He hissed quietly.

Garrick smirked and gave a low whistle "No. He will kill you. He will just find someone else to torture me."

"Rowle." Severus greeted from the doorway. The flicker of light from the lot torch by the door casting soft shadows on his face.

"Snape." He lowered his wand and stepped back. "You're here to relieve me?" he said and swallowed hard.

"Yes but you are to stay. The Dark Lord will be here shortly." He stepped into the room and pulled out a cigarette, lighting it with one hand wandlessly as he leaned against the table across from Garrick.

"Wand Maker…. I see you are settling in nicely." Voldemort said as he entered the chamber.

"I have a name you know."

"Oh, Merlin…." Rowle murmured and closed his eyes tightly.

"Tell me about the Elder Wand." He demanded.

"Never heard of her-" he was cut off by a Cruciatuts.

Severus took a long drag from his cigarette and exhaled through his nose. He scratched idly at the small stubble he was starting to sport, trying to remember the last time he shaved let alone was. "Garrick." He warned.

"Why the fuck are you still here?" Garrick asked. Severus knew his meaning, why was he still a death eater. Why was he still in Europe.
"Yes, tell him, Severus. About his dear little granddaughter." He laughed.  

His head snapped to Severus and his face in a firm scowl. "What happened to her?" he demanded.  

"I killed Dumbledore." He let that one sink in first.  

He'd never seen Garrick smile so brightly in his whole life. "Shame I couldn't have done it myself. Did he beg?"

"Yes."

"Of course he did. I bet he tried to bargain too." Garrick snorted.  

"That's when he fell from the top of the Astronomy tower. And in my haste of fleeing the Order kidnapped Juliet." Severus ended up crushing his new cigarette before lighting it. He threw it aside as soon as he saw what he'd done.  

"They- You- you were supposed to protect her! I gave my life for hers and this is how you repay me?! I was right the first time! You never deserved her!" Garrick roared and pulled against his chains.  

"It's your fault as much as it is mine! If you had locked the Order away instead of toyed with them like an immature child then we wouldn't be here would we?" Severus countered. Both men were standing toe to toe now.  

Voldemort put a hand on both their shoulders and leaned into them, making a small huddle "We still have a chance to save her. Bring the ruin down on the Order and their precious Potter."

They both looked at the pale face that was too close for comfort. Neither of them cared about Potter, but neither could or would say it out loud.  

Garrick looked to Severus for the truth. "Garrick, I've been looking for her for three weeks now. They've hidden here where I can't find her. She's not in Azkaban. I fear for the baby- my son."  

"What do I need to do?"

"Tell us what you know of the Elder Wand. Why was Juliet sent forward in time?" Severus asked.  

Garrick licked his dry lips and sighed. He looked down to his feet and thought long and hard about it.  

"How about a deal, wand maker? Give me the tools I need to kill the boy and I will see your granddaughter and her child back to safety." Voldemort whispered in his ear.  

The hair on the back of his neck stood up straight and it sent a shiver down his spine. Fucking Albus ruining his life even after death. Garrick slowly nodded and held his breath before speaking. "You save my granddaughter and I will give you what you need to kill Potter."

"I'm glad we reached an understanding."

Severus was furious. The great Albus meddling Dumbledore sent his wife forward in time with a fucking wand. A stupid children's story magic stick was his secret weapon. He could have sent Hagrid of all people! As he stormed through the manor, windows and fragile objects shattered. Hanging artwork and frames flew off the walls around him and crashed into each other.
Yaxley and Nott were standing at the end of one hallway speaking quietly when they heard Severus. He rounded the corner towards them and they jumped into action and ran the other way.

"Go! Go!" Nott whispered frantically as they tripped over each other to get out of the way.

He threw the doors open to the garden and he set fire to the rose bushes at the entrance of the maze. Malfoy looked down at his prized rose garden on fire from the third floor of his study.

"Nooo! Stop!" He yelled and pounded his fists against the glass.

He was trying to enjoy his morning paper with tea when he saw flames out the corner of his eye through the window. He turned to exit his study and run down to meet Severus, instead he heard a terrified squeal from the other side of his desk. He leaned over and saw Nagini wrapped around a poor house elf who had brought his tea.

"No! Put her down!" He yelled at the snake and pointed his rolled up newspaper at her.

He grabbed the poor house elf by the ears and started pulling. Nagini hissed at him and tightened her grip. He swung the newspaper at the tip of her nose. "Drop it! Drop it!" He scolded her as if she were a misbehaving puppy.

Nagini uncurled herself from the small elf and backed away into a corner. "I can't enjoy my bloody paper for one second?! My house elves are being eaten and my house is on fire! You have goats! I bought you goats!" He yelled at Nagini and pointed to the door of his study.

She looked to the floor then the door and slithered away. He huffed angrily when she looked back one last time at the elf. "I said no!"

It took two dozen death eaters and four house elves to put the fire out in the Malfoy gardens. Severus had taken off to the woods again and hadn't been seen for several hours. When he finally calmed down he walked up on Malfoy, McNair and Avery standing in the burnt ruin.

"It won five years in a row…. We were on the cover of 'Gnome and Garden'…." Lucius sniffled.

"Sorry." He mumbled as he looked out to the now black and smoking grounds.

Lucius couldn't say anything, he just whimpered and tried to hold back his tears. Avery patted him on the back "Come on buddy, you always said you wanted to redo it. Start fresh with a new maze. I know a guy in the magical grounds department. You remember the big nice one from the triwizard tournament?"

Lucius nodded and gave a small high pitched "Uh huh."

"He designed that one. Don't you want a fancy one with devil's snare?" Avery asked, trying to console his friend.

"And peacocks?" he asked softly.

"Oh yes, all the peacocks. Right Snape?" McNair looked over to him behind Malfoy's back and scowled while nodded his head.

"Uh yes. I'll uh- ahem. I'll get you more peacocks. I know a guy who deals with rare fowl. Would you like some superb lyrebirds as well? I hear they have the fanciest feathers." Severus said awkwardly.
"I like fancy feathers…" Malfoy sniffled.

"Right then…. I'll get on that." He said and walked away quickly.

"Snape! Quick- we got Fletcher in Knockturn. Greyback's got him held up in Borgin and Burkes." Yaxley called from the back door of the Mansion.

Severus' chest tightened with excitement, he was going to rip all of those precious Order secrets from his simple little mind. "Good work. I'm on my way, have Rowle and Nott meet me there."

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"Tonight is important. I want you all to remember-"

"CONSTANT VIGILANCE!" The order sounded off with big smiles.

He scowled at them "This is serious!"

"Alright everyone knows their teams?" Polyjuiced Hermione called out.

"Yep, remember – if we are confronted make sure to give way for Harry and Hagrid to escape." Remus said the he turned to Tonks. "I didn't want you to come. There's still time-"

"Shush. I'm pregnant not disabled, give me my broom." She smiled.

Kingsley leaned over to Arthur and quietly said: "So that's why she's been such a bit-"

"Oi! Wotcher Kings- I heard that." She yelled.

Both men jumped and started busying themselves. Helping one of the Harry's get ready.

"Alrigh' Harry. You're wit me." Hagrid said and jumped on his bike.

No one noticed a twitchy, nervous looking Fletcher in the corner. He was pale and sweaty, certain that someone would find out that he betrayed them.

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Severus stood on top of a muggle building waiting for the Order to take flight. The incoming storm clouds covered list of the city, despite it being the middle of summer there was a cold front that came through. He wondered if Fletcher ran and squealed, thus changing the plans set for tonight. He contemplated putting him under the imperio but the man who pissed himself had given him little to worry about at the time.

Juliet was at the Burrow, at least she wasn't in Black's house. He found small comfort knowing that Molly had taken charge of his wife, the protective mother hen wouldn't let anything happen to his baby. He needed this to work, Juliet needed this to work. He couldn't sleep, eat or think the last week. If he wasn't planning or working for the Dark Lord, he was working out or training with his animagus.

He nearly killed Fletcher when he found out what Poppy had said about the baby. Juliet was suffering without him and it was all their fault. They knew, they fucking knew yet they agreed to keep her despite the baby's health. He gave Greyback the order to bite Fletcher, giving the Order another werewolf problem to deal with. Dolohov called him ruthless, the Carrow's called him a genius and Bella still called him a traitor.

"You've done well." The Dark Lord said from his side.
"Thank you, My Lord." He said automatically, he hadn't really heard what he said.

"I want to share something with you, come."

Severus grabbed his broom but the pale man's hand on his wrist stopped him. "You won't need that."

They spent twenty minutes discussing the new spell he taught Severus, teaching him his secret to flight without assistance. Severus was very impressed with what he learned and couldn't wait to use it.

"The ministry will be ours soon. I want you to return to Hogwarts."

"But-"

"As headmaster." He smirked.

"I'm…. Honored, My Lord. But that was to be your duty." Severus nearly stuttered.

"It was, and could be if I wanted. But there are bigger things I need to handle first. You are my right hand, my most trusted. I need you to help mold the young minds of my future followers." He explained and reached his long cold fingers to Severus' face.

His fingers caressed his cheek and made him shiver from the lack of emotion that was in the motion. "Of course I will. Your graciousness knows no bounds."

"We've got incoming!" Lestrange yelled from his position on the neighboring building. Severus couldn't tell which brother it was but he quickly rushed back to his spot.

"Lucius- your wand." The Dark Lord ordered.

The flight was astounding, he had complete control over his speed and direction. He led the pack of fellow Death Eaters towards the low flying unsuspecting Order. Moody. He saw the ex-Auror flying his altered broom with one of the disguised Potters.

"Dementors!"

He let out a deep bark of laughter at that, poor idiots were casting their Patronus at him and he flew right through it. He heard a woman scream, Tonks most likely he smirked. He sent a sectumsempra at Moody but one of the Potters got in the way, he heard the scream and saw the trail of blood flying behind him. Just a worthless casualty in the spoils of war.

He dove quick and slammed into Moody with everything he had. The old veteran may have been a champion on two feet, well, one and a stump on an even playing field. But in the air, Severus was the better man. He grabbed the unsuspecting man by the leather cloak and ripped him off his broom.

"Moody!" Kingsley yelled.

Moody spun himself around to see Severus as they fought in the air. Severus knocked that magical eye off his head first when he hit him with a right hook but left his block down on his own left. Moody clawed at his face and hit him hard with his staff in the gut.

"Is that all you got, Snape?! I know your wife hits harder than that!" He laughed.

Severus screamed in his face "GIVE HER BACK!" He hit him over and over in his misshapen nose.
"Never! You're going to Azkaban just like Black! You're no better than him-"

"I'm nothing like him!" Severus grabbed him and flew higher. Flashes of lightning lighting up the sky and the crazed look on both men's faces. Order members, Potter doppelgangers and Death Eaters circled them in a fierce battle.

"You're both pigheaded, self centered bigots who are obsessed with the same girl! And what do you have to show for it? Nothing!" Moody yelled over the sounds of thunder. His fists colliding with Severus' face.

"I have everything-"

"You are nothing!" Moody said and wrapped his fists in Severus cloak and dragged them down.

"I AM HATRED, DARKNESS AND DESPAIR! I AM THE SON OF THE MORNING!"
Severus roared in his face and slipped his wand out of his sleeve.

"You're just a pathetic Death Eater!"

"SECTUMSEMPRA!" The red jagged light blinded Severus temporarily.

"No!" He heard people scream.

Moody's face went slack as his head was detached from his thick neck. Severus grabbed his head by his hair and let his body fall to the water below. He flew around with it, parading it in front of his brothers before he threw it at one of the Potters riding a thestral.

He watched the Dark Lord catch spells with Potter and the sky lit up like the new year celebration in Hogsmead. Something happened, the sky exploded and the Dark Lord screamed in pain. Hagrid and the real Potter got away on that ridiculous motorbike. His mark burned on his arm, the retreat was ordered. He did his job, he killed the bastard Moody and sent a very important message to the Order.

"George has been hit!"

"Bring him in the house! Ginny- the medical kit!" Molly screamed and rushed to her son.

It was chaos as the Order arrived one by one. Juliet stayed out of the way, unable to stay in her room because she hoped to hear news of Severus. She sat on the stairs, hidden from most of them and unnoticed by the others. She rubbed her belly and rocked back and forth as she listened to them bicker.

"Are you the real Harry? Oh, thank Merlin!"

"Did you see Tonks?"

"She just came down with Ron- said they had to take the long way around."

"Mione here yet?"

"I'm here Ron!"

Ron ran to her and caught her in mid-air. He hugged her tightly and stroked her hair. "Are you hurt?"

"No, it's not my blood. Sn-Snape." she stuttered and shivered in fear.
Juliet perked her head up and leaned forward to listen. Her round belly getting in the way of her leaning as far as she would have liked

"That sick fuck killed Moody!" Harry yelled. Remus grabbed his shoulder and spun him around to hug him.

"I know." Hermione sniffled. "He- he threw Moody's h-head at me."

Fred rushed in with Arthur looking for his twin. "Bill sent a patronus. They're alright but they had to stop and hide. He will be here in another hour." Arthur said.

"It was Snape. He did that to George, it was his spell. I know it." Harry said angrily.

"There's something you need to see," Kingsley said as he came in from the kitchen. He handed a note to Remus as Tonks and Arthur looked over his shoulder.

"Where did you get this?" Remus asked.

"He threw Moody at us, we couldn't retrieve his body. So…” Kingsley trailed off.

"I thought it best to bring him. What was I supposed to do? Toss him back?" Hermione said with teary eyes.

"It was shoved in his mouth," Kingsley said grimly.

"What's it say, dear?" Molly asked.

"Don't send an angel to face the devil. You will bow at my feet or I'll rip out your knees and make you face all the carnage you crave. Return my wife or I'll bring death from above. Every nest has a snake. It's signed the Son of the Morning." Arthur said.

The room got quiet and everyone looked at each other. Juliet couldn't help the smile that was tugging at her lips. He was coming for her and it would be soon. She prayed constantly that he was safe and that he was taking care of himself. She knew his destructive habits kicked in when they were apart and it worried her.

"What do we do then? You heard him, he's coming." Tonks asked.

"We prepare," Remus said.

"He's killed Albus, Sturgis and now Moody. He's shown that nothing will stop him from getting her." Arthur said.

"And he said he would leave the war at once," Kingsley added.

"But he killed Dumbledore!" Harry said in disbelief.

"We have to pick our battles. We're supposed to focus on killing Voldemort and figuring out how to stop him. Snape is making sure that doesn't happen." Hermione said.

"We don't negotiate with terrorists!" Remus snapped.

They argued back and forth until McGonagall arrived for the debriefing. Juliet snuck back upstairs and locked her door. She went to bed hugging her pillow tightly, dreaming of Severus.
"Charlie! You made it!" Molly screamed from the kitchen and rushed to the living room.

"Hey Mum!" The long haired ginger said.

"Charlie!" Ginny yelled from the top step and jumped down.

Juliet was in the kitchen helping Molly make breakfast. She's was cooking the bacon and potatoes O'Brien while the red headed clan that held her hostage greeted their missing son. Bill and his wife to be Fleur would be showing up soon to start their wedding preparations. She listened to their banter of how he was doing and tuned out after she realized they were going to give any info about Severus.

"Well the Dragons are doing just fine without me. At least long enough for me to see my big brother get married!" He said loudly over their greetings. He spotted Juliet by herself in the kitchen and brought their loud conversation into the room with him.

He continued to speak loudly about all of the great things he had done and was working on. He kept looking to Juliet out of the corner of his eye to see if she was paying attention.

Juliet took the bacon out of the pan and put it on the serving tray and let Ginny take over the potatoes. She placed it on the table between Charlie and Harry.

"Thank you." Harry said stiffly. He was still giving her the cold shoulder despite everyone trying to explain that Severus' actions were not her fault.

"Hello, Love. I'm Charlie, who are you?" he said and winked.

Juliet rolled her eyes and turned back to the stove. To help butter the toast. Charlie ignored Harry's signal and stood up to follow her.

"So you from around here?" he joked badly.

She scowled at him and shook her head no.

"So what's your name, Love? You go to school with the Twins? You graduated right?" he laughed at his own jokes and slicked his long hair back.

"That's Juliet. She's mute, she can only use sign language." Remus said from the back door. He opened the half door and let Tonks step in first

"Oh really?" he gave her a playful smile and grabbed her hand. He bent and kissed it. "Pleasure to meet you."

She snatched her hand away and signed 'Leave me alone.'

"That's Snape's wife." Tonks said with a huge grin.

Charlie's face went pale and his smile dropped "Wh-how?"

"Snape's pregnant wife." Ginny said and everyone laughed when he jumped back from her like she was Snape himself.

Juliet turned to look him head on, he looked down and saw the swell of her belly and his eyes got
"How- how- how-" he stuttered.

"Well, when a Hippogriff loves a Nargle very much-" the twins said.

The table erupted in laughter and even Juliet couldn't help but smile. Harry on the other hand kept scowling at her "Yes, Snape's murder baby. Didn't they tell you? He killed Dumbledore, Podmore and Moody? I wouldn't be surprised if he murdered his own-"

Ginny jumped across the table and started wailing into Harry with her fists over and over again. "DO. YOU. EVER. SHUT. THE. HELL. UP." She yelled with each hit.

Ron and George grabbed Ginny by the arms and pulled her back. "Ginevra!" Arthur yelled and stood up.

"Do you ever think about anyone but yourself, Potter?! Everyone hurts, ok?! She's knocked up and her husband is on the most wanted poster you keep hung up on the bedroom door! You know how that makes her feel?! That she's gotta walk past it all day and listen to your dumb loud mouth talk shite about him constantly!" She blew up and lunged at Harry again. Both Ron and George holding onto her tightly.

Harry didn't say anything, he stayed on the floor with a bloody lip and scowled at his feet. Hermione was next to him in a second with a wet kitchen rag and an ice pack. He shrugged her off.

"All I do is think about all of you." Harry said grimly. "About how I'm putting you all in danger just being associated with you. You have all lost so much because of me. But lately, we've just been losing the people we care about because of her." He looked up at Juliet and pointed his finger.

Juliet threw a piece of toast she was buttering at Harry and hit him in the shoulder. Her hands came up angrily and signed 'Haven't you pieced together that whenever you kidnap me, bad things happen? You're all a hell of a lot dumber than my papa said you were!' then her hands came up to rest on her hips in a Molly type stance.

"What did she say?" Fred leaned over to ask Tonks. She shrugged and bit into the piece of bacon.

"She said you are all idiots because you haven't figured out that bad things only happen when you kidnap her." Fleur said from the living room floo. Her French accent was still thick as before when they last saw her 2 years ago.

"You can understand her?" Ron asked in disbelief.

"Yes. My grandmother was deaf in her old age." She said.

"You can understand her?" Ginny asked Ron. She never liked Fleur and part of it was her overly used fancy accent, in her opinion.

"Still doesn't explain Snape killing Dumbledore though. We left her alone. He killed him anyway." Harry spat.

Remus helped Harry off the floor and said "That's enough. We've already talked about this, Harry. Ginny is right, she's been through a lot too. And right now it's time to come together as family and friends. We're celebrating a wedding, we all mourn in our own ways and some of us need this."

Harry didn't say anything else but he shot another look at Juliet and stormed out the back door. Hermione called after him and looked back to the rest of them. "Let him go, dear. He needs time to cool down. Let's eat." Molly said.
Juliet had already taken off when they were focused on Harry's tantrum. She didn't want to be in the
kitchen when they would just stare at her. Or be in there while they retold the tale for the hundredth
time of her villainous husband. She sat at the writing desk by the window and sighed. She picked up
one of the baby books that Molly let her borrow.

Severus was running on cigarettes, whiskey and sheer willpower alone. He didn't remember when he
last slept, but Yaxley and Narcissa cornered him and made him sit down and have a sandwich and
some coffee that morning. He told them he wasn't hungry yet he ate all the sandwiches as he
chugged the coffee nearly from the pot. Then he was off again to make sure his troops were ready
for the raid on the ministry.

He made sure his group and Lucius' were the ones raiding the department of registration. He would
get his hands on those wards on the Burrow and break them himself! Then his group, along with his
friends, the Carrow's and Bella's groups would all meet at the Burrow for a full on attack on the
Order and get his wife.

"We leave at Dawn. Nott and Yaxley got word from their people on the inside, the wards will be
down and the Aurors will be indisposed in Azkaban looking into a potential breach." Malfoy said in
their meeting.

"Thanks to Snape's hold on the Warden." Alecto smirked and nudged his shoulder.

"When we get to the Order I want them captured and held. Do not destroy that home until I get my
wife. I don't care if you torture them, I want them alive until I get my wife." Severus ordered and
pounded his fists on the table.

"If we find her." Greyback snorted under his breath.

Severus flicked his wand at the large beast of a man across the table and his fire whip wrapped
around his throat. He pulled on it tightly and Greyback was pulled forward onto the table toward
Severus.

"You are paid to follow orders only. Like the good little fucking mutt you are." Severus threatened.

Greyback choked out a yes response and Severus let him go. "ANYONE ELSE?!" Severus
screamed at the top of his lungs. His eyes were bloodshot and his hair was long and lanky. He
looked like walking death, everyone stayed out of his way and didn't make eye contact.

After the meeting Avery stayed to speak to him along with the rest of their tight knit group. "Snape,
we need to talk."

Severus looked up at him through the curtain of his hair. "You have news of my wife?"

"No. We're worried about you. You've gone off the rails and…" Avery started.

"Oh hell, Snape. We fucking care. What's your old lady gon' say when she sees you? That sweet
little lady has been worried about you just as much as you've been worried about her." McNair
scolded and pulled the bottle of whiskey away from Severus.

"Let me worry about that." He snapped and reached for the bottle.

"No. No. No. You know we're right. She's a good woman. Look, I'd give anything to have a woman
like that. I envy you, Snape. I do. She's gon' need you to be strong-" McNair argued and held the
bottle out of reach.
"You calling me weak?" Severus gripped his wand.

"I'm callin' you stupid. Pull yourself together. You're miserable, I get it. You haven't given up on her but you sure hav' given up on yourself." He threw the bottle of whiskey across the room.

"Will you stop fucking up my house?!" Malfoy yelled and pointed his finger at him. "I don't go to your home and toss shit around!"

They ignored him.

"For fuck's sake, if she's got the patience and sheer fucking will to deal with your bullshit every day, then she's too fucking good for you. And a woman like that, I don't wanna piss off. What are we 'sposed to tell her when you die from dehydration and a heart attack? She's gonna have my head!" Yaxley ranted at him and pulled one of his own smokes out and took a drag.

He crossed his arms and didn't say anything. They were right and he knew it. Last time they reunited she found him on the floor half dead by his own hands. She knocked him upside the head a few times for that one. Now she was pregnant and Merlin only knew what her temper was like now. She'd beat the crap out of him and he would happily take it all.

"Severus…." Malfoy said softly and put his hand on his shoulder. "Go have a long shower, I'll have the elves bring you food and drink. Get a few hours in before we leave. You need your strength. For her and your son."

He grunted something under his breath and slouched off towards his bedroom. When he left everyone breathed a sigh of relief.

"Maybe a decent meal and more than an hour of sleep will take the edge off him." Nott said.

"Merlin, for our sakes I fucking hope so. I'm running out of things for him to destroy. Until the wand maker makes me a new wand, all I've got are my family and this house." Malfoy said.

"Snake been eatin' the elves still?" McNair asked.

"I'm down to two and I had to assign two recruits to watch them!"

"Oi, I got you. I'm still in charge of the magical animal control. When we go on the raid I'll just slip in your name for the elf reassignment." McNair said.

The Burrow was a giant mess of red, at least that's what Juliet thought. No wonder Severus hated the color. She didn't bother helping with anything downstairs so she remained in her room. They didn't approve of her marriage so why should she approve of theirs? As time passed she found herself restless and tired all the time. She hardly got out of bed and when she did, she struggled up and down the stairs. She ran out of breath and felt weak constantly. Poppy came and told her no matter what she did, it wouldn't get better until she lost the baby or Severus was with her.

Her reflection of herself in the mirror was a stranger. Her eyes had dark circles under them, her skin was pale and waxy. Her hair that used to be full and wavy was dull and thin, just like she felt. Poppy told her she was severely underweight yet Juliet couldn't eat anything more than a few bites of food a day. Nothing held her interest and nothing cheered her up.

Molly said she wasn't allowed outside but she could watch the wedding from the kitchen. Juliet ignored her and went back to her room. She looked out onto the fields and the tree line as she normally did. She daydreamed about Severus storming the misshapen house to save her while
crushing all the puny Order members under his boots. The sun was setting and the music had started to play outside under the giant lit up tent. Juliet scoffed, a banquet for traitors.

The ministry went down quicker than expected. Severus was proud of his troops and his comrades. Dolohov had proven himself with the inside work he had done. Not bad for a wanted man. Severus' record was instantly cleared, his warrants gone and his title restored. The Order was now on the top wanted list and the wards to the Burrow were torn in half.

"Follow my lead. Surround and capture. Do not destroy that home until I say so." He ordered and stepped outside the ministry.

He couldn't disapparate all of his troops and friends at once so they opted to fly. Severus took off using the spell the Dark Lord taught him and his brothers followed. The Order would die tonight.

They were ten minutes away from the Burrow when Severus transformed into his animagus. Everyone screamed and a few nearly fell off their brooms. His large wingspan made them part further to accommodate his airspace. He knew the Burrow was surrounded by fields of crops and were begging to be caught on fire, he was willing to oblige.

"Mother of Hufflepuff- is that?" Avery yelled.

"Severus?!" Malfoy screamed over the noise of confusion.

The large black Dragon swung his head around and showed it's sharp white teeth. The blond man screamed in terror until the Dragon winked at him with his shiny red eyes. He was huge, pure black scales with bright white spikes on his tail and crown. He blinked his dual eyelids at McNair in recognition as he got closer.

"You son of a bitch! Warn a fucker next time!" McNair said and threw one of the golden chalices he stole from the ministry at his head.

Severus let out a large roar that was assumed to be laughter. He dove down and gained speed as they neared the wooden shack of a home. The brooms his brothers rode were nowhere near as fast as him.

The Weasley and their friends were dancing and singing loudly to the band that was playing. It was a god awful amount of red and a few flecks of brown here and there. A large white ball of light came through the ceiling of the tent and stopped the party immediately.

A lynx that belonged to Kingsley formed "The ministry has fallen. He is coming. Run."

Everyone started screaming and disapparating immediately. Those who were Order or close family stayed and got together to form a plan. Charlie did a double take past Ron's head when he looked to the Horizon of the setting sun.

"That looks like a dragon." He said too calmly.

Ron turned quickly and snapped into action "Fucking go!" He pushed his shocked brother towards the house as fast as he could.

"I think that's a Dragon. But it can't be. There are no sanctuaries out here." Charlie still staying to himself.

Severus roared as he closed in on the scattering people. Many took off into the tall fields of crops, he
breathed a giant wall of fire that took to the dry fields to trap them inside. His bothers landing inside of it and beginning the raid.

"It can't be. That's a Horntail. No- A Hebridean Black! The MacFusty clan must have lost one!" Charlie yelled as he tried to get a better look.

Ron and Lupin grabbed Charlie and pulled him behind a turned wooden table that was on the side of the shed. "Get your ass down now!" Remus scolded.

"You think it's a Dragon? Is that what it takes to qualify at your job?" Ron said sarcastically as he ducked when a purple curse flew over his head. He and Lupin would peek up and throw a hex or curse in return fire.

"You got Charlie?!" one of the twins shouted from their cover.

"Yeah- he's good!" Ron yelled back.

"I've never seen that breed before! Look how it moves! He's got the speed of the Horntail but the ability and control of the Hebridean. The range of fire on that thing must be over fifty feet! That's a-a record!" Charlie said as he watched Severus circle above the property.

"Did he say fifty?" Lupin peeked over to Ron across from Charlie. He nodded and they both picked up the table by a leg and scooted back closer to the garage and away from the dragon.

"If it looks like a duck, quacks like a duck, and walks like a duck- it's a bloody duck! So if it flies like a dragon, breathes fire like a Dragon-" Ron punched his brother in the arm with each point made.

"What I want to know if how they tamed a fucking Horntail! No one's been able to do that! The best we've gotten is moving one from one enclosure to another!" Charlie said.

"As fascinating as that sounds, son, how do we kill it?" Arthur yelled from his cover by the cellar doors.

"I don't what the hell it is! Like the Hebridean Black, his tail has an arrow shaped spike on the end, but like a Horntail he's got ones almost as long going up his tail. The two long horns on his dome are Horntail but he's thin like the Hebridean. His snout is long like the Hebridean. He's got four legs and feet unlike the bipedal Horntail." Charlie listed off in admiration.

"How do you know it's a he?" Ginny yelled from behind the stone garden wall with Hermione and Molly.

"Look at the size of his co-"

"Charlie!" Molly yelled.

"I'm thinking! His thick scales cover his underside like the Horntail and his eyes were the same vertical slit pupils. Instead of the normal golden Horntail color or the purple color found in the Hebridean, his eyes are red. So my guess is he's some hybrid." He said and craned his neck to see him better.

"Stop being a nerd and tell us how to kill it!" Hermione yelled. Everyone paused and looked at her with hard eyes.

"Oh that's rich coming from you!" Ron said sarcastically.
"We've been over this- yes it is a Dragon. The question was how to kill it." Tonks said from the kitchen window. She was with Harry in the best covered spot.

"We can't. The best bet is to lure it away with some food." He said.

"Human sacrifices coming up!" The twins yelled and ducked out from their cover across the yard.

"NO!" Everyone yelled.

Bella and Dolohov hexed them immediately and sent them crashing into the buffet table with food flying everywhere. They ran to gather them as soon as they landed. Severus dove down and tucked his wings in for speed, no one had time to react to him as he plucked Charlie up and pulled up last second. Lupin and Ron dove out of the way in time before their cover was smashed to pieces. Malfoy and Rowle subdued them next and held them at wand point next to the other two hostages.

"I got me a werewolf!" Bella said in a sing song voice and pulled his hair roughly.

Tonks called her something but no one could hear her from where she was.

Charlie screamed and tried to send spell after spell at Severus' thick hide. He landed in front of his friends and transformed back to his normal self with his fist tightly around Charlie's throat. His wand pointed at his heart.

"SNAPE!" Charlie yelled in surprise.

"Mr. Weasley, astute as always." Severus sneered.

"Let's talk about this, Severus." Arthur said and stood up.

"Arthur get down!" Tonks called out.

"Yes…let's…talk." Severus spat and tightened his grip on Charlie's neck. He started to turn red from lack of air.

"You took my wife, my child, everything I have and expect me to let it all go?" Severus voice was deep and loud, it sent shivers down their backs.

The smoke was thick and black, it covered most of what anyone could see within a few yards. Juliet watched with a huge smile from the window of her room. She banged on the glass but Severus couldn't hear her or see her.

"Just take it easy and we'll work this out." Arthur said and held his hand up and stepped closer.

"On your knees." Severus ordered. No one moved to comply.

Charlie gasped for air but didn't bow. "Let me go."

Severus smirked "Alright." and looked Arthur in the eye as he let go of the boys throat and brought his hand down to his knees. "Didn't I tell you that you would bow at my feet or I would rip out your knees?"

"No!"

He transformed just his hand into his Dragon form and ripped his kneecaps open. Blood sprayed all over the grass and dirt as he fell to the ground. They could see the white of bone through the torn flesh.
Arthur dropped to his knees and begged for his son's life.

"You want your freedom? Walk. Go on. Run back to daddy." He said as he towered over him. His brothers laughed and called out "Blood traitors."

Charlie tried to crawl away from Severus as he cried out in pain. "Argh!"

"Charlie! Charlie get up! Come on son, get up!" Arthur cried.

"Don't forget about your other three sons." Avery called out.

Molly cried from her spot behind the kitchen door where the rest of the order held her back.

"I've offered trade. Life for a life." He clicked his tongue a few times and kicked Charlie in the ribs. "Tsk. Tsk. You've denied my offer. Was it too low? Four for the price of one now?" Severus chuckled and kicked him again as his brothers punched and kicked their captives.

"Please… not my son." Arthur cried.

"YOU DARE ASK ME FOR MERCY?! I begged for my wife. I offered trade and what did I get? NOTHING!" Severus yelled as he paced back and forth next to Charlie.

"Severus…"

"NO! Don't you Severus me! I want you to feel like I feel! Beg like I begged!" He ranted.

"You can have her, just take her. She's inside. Please, my son." He cried and reached out to Charlie who was still sobbing and trying to crawl.

"Father to father. Husband to husband. Man to man. What would you do for your son? Hmm?" Severus pointed at Charlie with his wand and held him under the cruciatus.

Charlie screamed and twitched under the red light as blood dripped out of the corner of his mouth. He had bitten his own tongue.

"Anything! I'll do anything!"

"Would you kill? Hmm? Would you? Kill like I killed?" Severus asked with a crazed look in his eyes.

"Wh-what?"

"Bring the boy." Severus said and Dolohov shoved Ron forward.

He fell to his knees next to Charlie and grabbed his hand.

"Pick one." Severus ordered.

"I- can't. You can't make me." Arthur said and shook his head no.

Molly's cries could be heard from inside the house.

"Pick one or I will."

Arthur looked at his sons and shook his head. Charlie squeezed Ron's hand tight and looked at Arthur. "Do it dad. Ron's gotta help Harry, I've had a good run."
"No…no. No." He cried.

Ron shook his head at his brother "No. You don't get to play the hero. You're always saving me. No. Pick me."

Severus rolled his eyes and kicked Ron down to all fours like Charlie. He held his wand over the two red headed sons and looked to Arthur.

"Well, I'll just get rid of the dead weight then." He smirked. Instead of casting the killing curse he brought his boot down on the back of Charlie's head. Crushing it into the ground with a sick crunch. He brought his boot down again and again until Charlie stopped twitching.

"Such a shame, closed casket funerals are always the saddest." Dolohov said in a mock voice as he grabbed Ron again.

Everyone screamed and yelled as they mourned for the second born Weasley. Ron punched Dolohov with a firm right hook to the temple and sent him staggering. Dolohov sent the cruciatus quickly and knocked Ron off his feet.

He saw Potter look back towards the inside of the house. She was in there. She had to be. He shot off in his black streak of smoke high into the air and crashed through one of the windows on the third floor.

He called out to her "Juliet!" He tore through each room and broke down the doors with his boot or his magic. He trashed through each closet and pantry on every floor.

He heard her whistle and ran up two more flights of stairs. Harry and Tonks rushed up the stairs after him. He shot a large ball of fire down the spiral stairs and they started shooting water out of their wands. Molly and Hermione started to help, the mother cried for her children and her home.

"PRINCESS, WHERE ARE YOU?"

Smoke filled the house and everyone started coughing and screaming for help downstairs.

Her whistle came through a door that was warded heavily, he should have known. His magic blew everything around him outward and away in rage. He ripped the door from its hinges and saw her by the window holding one hand to her stomach and the other reaching for him.

His feet led him to her, he was in awe of how her stomach had grown while apart from him. Then he focused on her, the tired look on her face, the weakness he saw. They stood toe to toe, her belly nearly pushing against his waist.

He slowly reached his hand out to cup her face, he paused like he did when they were younger. She nodded and leaned her hand into him. He held another out to her belly and she nodded again. He held a small breath at how firm it was, he wasn't expecting that. She placed her hand over his and leaned into him.

Her knees were weak and she swayed towards his magic that was pulsing around them. He caught her and held her tightly, he felt her magic calling out to his. Their son reaching out through the force of it all, it called to him.

"Take it. All of it. Take what you need from me and give me everything you have." He said and kissed her.

He inhaled her breath and gave her his power. Her hands slid up his chest and wrapped around his
neck, fingers pulling his hair to bring him closer. She pulled away and looked at him with tired eyes.

"Take me home." She whispered. Her eyes closed and her head tipped back. He held her up, knowing she had either fallen asleep or passed out after weeks of neglect.

He picked her up bridal style and shot out of the window in his Dragon form. Holding her carefully and tightly in both his large clawed feet to his chest. He circled the tall house once then sent a large ball of fire into the center, wood and glass exploded everywhere. Those who sought refuge in it evacuated immediately. The force of wind from his wings fueled the fire and it spread quickly.

That was his signal to his brothers. He took off across the fields and went to Malfoy Manor where he had the medics waiting for them. This was the perfect time to leave, start their lives over somewhere new without the Dark Lord or the Order. But there was no way she could make that trip in her condition. She was four months pregnant and nearly neglected to death, there was no way they could leave without her suffering.
Chapter 45

By the time he landed in front of the Manor his legs were shaking. The amount of magic she drew from him had taken him off guard. She hadn't woken up the whole trip and she was unresponsive. He rushed in and screamed for the medics. They took him into one of the rooms they set aside just for her, per his demand. He laid her on the hospital bed in the center of the room and tried to step back.

"No! Stay!" one of the healers yelled at him.

He froze and didn't know what to do with himself.

"You need to stay in contact with her. She's drawing the magic she needs from you. Do not break contact." Another said as he poured a potion down her throat.

Severus held her hand with both if his and rubbed his thumbs back and forth. "Is she going to make it?"

"Close call but she should. It's the baby I'm worried about."

The first healer came around to Severus and pulled at his cloak. "You know what, just get in bed with her. Take this off and your robes. Hold her close."

He did as he was told and awkwardly took them off while trying to keep contact with her. He kicked off his bloody boots and pulled the covers over them.

"She's in a coma of sorts. Her body had pulled her into a deep sleep to recover from what she lost. She will drain you, soon you'll be just like her." The tall one said.

Severus had started to feel tired and worn out by the time they arrived and now it felt like all of the past two months was catching up to him.

"Don't fight it. We will be on standby. Get comfortable. We're going to move you to your rooms." The short one said.

Severus didn't hear anything past "Don't fight it." His eyes dropped and he felt his body give up. He remembered holding her tightly to his chest and breathing in the scent he missed so much.

When they levitated them and off the bed to be transported to his rooms his grip tightened on her even in his comatose state. They were placed in his large four poster bed surrounded by pillows and large blankets. Monitoring charms were placed on both of them and the nutritional potions kept on their bedside to be administered hourly until stable.

The Death Eaters that were left at the Burrow to finish the job ended in failure. The Dark Lord punished them for not only failing to bring the order down but failing to bring him Potter. They were tortured to the brink of death and denied proper healing and medical attention.

After Severus left the Burrow with Juliet, Molly Weasley had gone mad with grief. She blew up and ran at Bella, Dolohov, Malfoy and Rowle head on. Not expecting her to tackle Rowle like a muggle linebacker. Their hostages broke free and returned fire immediately.

Much like his mother, Ron used his weight and stocky build to his advantage. He wrestled Dolohov
to the ground and pummeled him with his large fists. Fleur, Tonks and Hermione charmed the kitchen utensils to attack the masked men. Avery went down when a violent cheese grater attacked his face. Yaxley got knocked out by a rolling pin to the back of the head.

Hermione got the idea from a muggle kids movie she saw when she was younger. The twins lit off all sorts of Weasley traps and toys at the Death Eaters who had to retreat. Malfoys cloak caught on fire and he was lucky Nott was nearby to put him out. When Hermione and Harry finally got reunited with Ron she apparated them out of there as soon as she was able to. The Golden Trio escaped once again.

Bella tried to put the blame everyone but herself and ended up getting punished physically by the Dark Lord. He laid hands on her for a good hour before letting her husband drag her out of his sight.

Arthur couldn't be consoled with what happened to Charlie. He sat in the dirt holding his now disfigured dead son letting the chaos carry on around him. He was covered in blood and sobbing while rocking back and forth, muttering about his baby boy.

Remus had three of his fingers blown off in the battle. He was just relieved his wife and child were safe. Kingsley and McGonagall shower up to help with relocating the now homeless family. They prayed that their precious chosen one would put an end to the war once and for all. And that Severus would hold up to his word that he would leave Europe now that he had his wife.

"He looks so peaceful when he's finally sleeping…. And not setting things on fire." Yaxley said from the foot of their bed.

"In a vicious puppy kind of way." Avery said sarcastically.

"How long are they going to be out of it, doc?" Nott asked the medic by the bed.

"It's up to them to wake up now."

"I get why she's passed out. It's been a week though, doc. What's his deal? All that boozin' and shit finally catch up to him?" McNair asked as he picked up one of the potions to look at.

The tall medic snatched it out of his hands and scowled "It certainly didn't help. But they share the same magical core. When she became pregnant, her body depended on his magic. She went so long without it she almost lost the baby."

"But it's fine right?" Malfoy asked.

"Baby Snape will pull through." He smiled.

"Same core as in…?" Avery asked.

"His core magic is fire-"

"Obviously." Malfoy snorted.

"Hers is as well. They are also married by the pureblood vow standards and conceived a child. They've- how do you call it? Gone all the way, their magic feeds off each other. When she conceived his magic began building large reserves to help her." The medic said as he changed the sheets. He stopped and looked at all of them who clearly weren't getting it.

He sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose. "The Weasley bunch for example. Their core magic is
air, thus giving them children with a keen knack for quidditch."

"Wait, what about that little piss ant that worked for Fudge?" Yaxley asked.

The medic smirked and raised his brow "Who said that was Arthur's kid."

Everyone got silent and their mouths dropped. They looked at each other and back to the medic.

"Molly Weasley wanted a baby girl so bad she couldn't wait for a sixth born daughter. The Weasley blood only produces a girl every sixth child, not seventh. Molly Weasley has a dark little secret." The medic said gleefully.

They all leaned forward expectantly, "Who?" they whispered.

"Edgar Bones." He said in a know it all voice, the man obviously loved gossip.

Malfoy gasped and put his hand to his mouth quickly. He uncovered it and asked "How do you know?"

"I was in medi-witch training at the time. They staffed me in the maternity ward for six months. She came in by herself and asked to do a gender reveal. Needless to say she very upset about having another boy. She went on and on about Edgar being a redhead and not afflicted by a blood curse like Arthur and he lied about their chances with some made up fertility potion that guaranteed a girl."

"Does he know? Arthur, does he?" McNair asked quietly.

"Nope." The medic said and popped the 'P' loudly.

Their eyes got wide and they were silent for a few moments before Nott opened his mouth. "So… Snape…..when they became separated…” Nott said as he held his two hands apart in example after pointing to the couple on the bed.

"His reserves kept building, with nowhere to go but out." He explained.

"So now they're together..... Is he going to…." Yaxley tried to say.

"Calm down?" the medic asked.

"Stop being a dick." Yaxley blurted out.

"No. His temper was always there, you know that." The medic laughed. Severus taught him when he first started teaching, being only a few years younger than him. "His magic has a place to go now, that isn't destructive. Gotta admit though, he's a right bastard without her. When she's around he's… tolerable."

"But he's our bastard." McNair sighed.

"Wait so because she's drawing his magic it knocked him out? Then why isn't she awake?" Rowle asked from the doorway.

"She will when she's ready. Can't give a time frame, but they are stable now. They no longer need the healing potions. Just the nutritional ones." The medic said and packed his back to leave.

McNair smirked and said "You try shaking him awake?"

"Really?" the tall wizard scoffed and ignored him.
The men waited for the medic to leave until they spoke again.

"I dare you to tickle his nose." McNair said and nudged Malfoy.

"No! He's healing!" He hissed back.

"Schnoz like that I'm surprised he doesn't snore." Yaxley laughed.

"I want to poke him with a stick or something." Avery said and pulled his wand out. He tapped the bottom of Severus' foot with it and everyone jumped back.

"Hah! He ain't gon' wake up." McNair laughed and nudged Avery with his elbow.

"Merlin, he even scowls in his sleep…” Malfoy said and tilted his head.

"Feel sorry for his kid. Poor bastard's gonna be short like his mum with a big ass nose like his dad." Yaxley said as he held his hand up to waist height.

"The ugliest kneazle!" Rowle barked with laughter, referring to a children's story similar to the ugly duckling.

"Tiny thing isn't she? Can't be but five foot nothin'. Surprised Snape hasn't snapped the broad in half." Nott clicked his tongue, smirked and made crude pelvic thrusts.

"Meaning?" Malfoy asked with a raised brow. He twirled his cane and rubbing his fingers on the handle of his new wand.

"He breaks everything he comes in contact with. Except her. Remember in school, Rowle?" Nott asked.

"Yeah, they were glued at the hip and he was jealous then too." The large Blond man said.

"Jealous? Pfft! Territorial more like it." Yaxley scoffed and blew raspberries with his tongue. "Bet I could try to touch her and he'd wake up and stab me."

They all looked at each other then back at Severus, then to Yaxley.

"Fifty galleons if you do it." Rowle bet and reached into his robes

"I'm not gonna take that chance!"

"Don't be a Hufflepuff- do it." Rowle teased and held the coins out.

"You do it!" Yaxley said.

"I'll do it for a hundred galleons," McNair said.

"But you have to touch her skin. Not through the covers." Malfoy said.

"Yeah, skin only." Nott agreed.

"You're all perverts. She's sleeping!" Yaxley said. They all looked at him with a knowing look. Him of all people calling them perverts.

The other men pulled the coins out of their pockets and gave it to McNair who stepped around the bed to Juliet's side. He put his finger to his lips and reached his hand out slowly to Juliet's shoulder.
Rowle suddenly shouted and scared McNair. "RAH!"

He jumped and pulled back instantly. They laughed and pointed at him. "Come on, do it already."

He reached turned back around to the sleeping couple and was met with a firm pillow to the face. Juliet had woken up and immediately swung her pillow at him. McNair flew back onto his ass as he yelped in surprise.

She was breathing heavily and looking around with wide eyes, she was panicking. Severus shot up next to her and pulled her to his chest. She looked up at him and her eyes dilated, he saw himself in their reflection. Time stopped for a split second before she threw her arms and weight at him and tackled him back onto the bed. He buried his face in her neck and growled softly, almost a purr.

"HA! Did you see how far he fucking flew?! Wham! She laid his ass out!" Nott clapped his hands and cheered.

Severus tucked her into his chest again and looked around the room "The hell were you doing to my wife?" he said angrily.

They all pointed to each other and started blaming and yelling at each other.

"Get out." He said firmly and they quickly backed out of the room.

Juliet whispered in his ear "You came for me."

His eyes fluttered closed and he shivered slightly at the feel of her breath on his ear. He wanted to take her then and now. "How are you feeling?" he said softly as the other men bickered.

The medic rushed back in and waved his wand, his helper right behind him. Juliet was unable to answer.

"Mr. Fisher." Severus greeted calmly.

"Sir. The warning bells went off. How are you feeling, Mrs. Snape?" he asked and checked her vitals.

'I feel sore, and hungry.' She signed.

Fisher moved around the bed and reached for her wrist and arm. "That's expected, you were in bad condition when you came in."

"My baby?"

"He is strong, like his father. He was in better condition than you! He is doing very well." Fisher waved his wand and their son's heartbeat filled the room.

She put her hands to her mouth to hold back a sob, she was so relieved. Severus wrapped his arm around her and kissed her forehead. The empty void in his chest filling with happiness and something warm.

"I recommend that you take a long hot bath. Sir, I assume you have the proper oils and salts. Then eat something from the list of foods provided. I'm leaving instructions on some stretches and massages that you should do throughout your pregnancy. If you need me, send an elf." Fisher said and shook Severus' hand.

Severus looked back down at her and wiped the tears at the corners of her eyes. "I'm sorry. I'm so
sorry I didn't stay for you.” He put his forehead to hers and rubbed the tip of his nose to hers.

She shook her head and grabbed him by the ears roughly. His eyes went wide, he thought she was going to headbutt him. "Stop that." She whispered angrily.

She let him go and signed 'It was out of our control. I know Albus made you do it. He put us in this situation and he knew what it would do to us.'

He kissed her roughly and buried his fingers in her hair. When he pulled back for air he said "I love you. I don't deserve you, witch."

She smiled brightly at him and leaned in for another kiss that left him breathless. Her hands were pulling at his shirt, he pulled his lips from hers. "He said that you need -"

"Shh!" She hushed. 'I need you.'

He leaned against the headboard and let her take his shirt off. Hers followed and she sat up to straddle him. His hands guided her legs around him. He was unsure what was allowed to happen given her condition.

"He didn't say we could…” he mumbled a half assed rejection. His body was already reacting to hers, she knew. Her bottom rubbing against his tented crotch.

Her teeth tugged at his bottom lip hard and he groaned. When she let go his lip snapped back with a small pop. She whispered "He didn't say we couldn't."

A growl came from deep in the back of his throat. His hands that he had been clenched tightly at his side now cupping her breasts that were pressed against his chest. They were heavier than before, starting to fill of the milk that would feed their son. He didn't know why or how that was attractive to him, but didn't care after a few seconds of mulling it over.

He lifted his hips to help her slide his pants down. Luckily his belt had been removed by the medic. Her skirt was ripped off of her as well as the small cloth hiding the last bit of her from him.

He refused to remove his lips and tongue from hers, he went far too long without her bittersweet taste. He couldn't slow down and do romantic right now if he tried. Especially when her hands wrapped around him and pumped three times.

She guided him in her slowly and sighed against his mouth, he was close already. Normally he would force himself to occlude or bite his cheek to bring himself back down to earth. Not this time, she was tight around his cock and wet enough to probably be heard from down the hall.

When he started to thrust upward into her he felt her tighten. Her whispers against his lips, begging for oblivion and he was the one to give it to her. Her hips tilted and he quickened his pace, her nails dug into his shoulder. He hissed and felt the warmth of her spill onto him, covering his thighs and the bed. But it wasn't the feel of her tight around him, it was his name on her lips that sent him over the edge and filling her with his essence.

They were both trying to catch their breath, chests heaving and sweat on their brows. He kissed her tenderly and wrapped his arms around her middle, her firm rounded stomach against his flat one. "I've missed you. Gods I've needed you….” He told her.

'I've missed you too.'

He rubbed his hand across the top of her belly, "I'll never leave you again. Either of you."
"Promise?" she whispered.

"I promise. You're never leaving my side for longer than a few hours. You will be in my bed every night from here to eternity." He said.

Her light kisses on his lips meant he was forgiven, she accepted him once again.

"Come, into the bath with you." He pulled the covers off of them, stood up and carried her to their bathroom.

'Will you get in with me?'

"I planned on it."

After their long bath with more heavy groping he made sure to dry her off properly and had the elves bring a feast of food for them. She had poked him hard in his now showing ribs and too thin waist while he was dressing. He couldn't look her in the eye as she assessed his malnourished body.

'You haven't been eating properly.' It wasn't a question, it was an accusation.

He shook his head and stared into the fire. He was waiting for her temper to apex. He could still see her signing angrily out of the corner of his eye.

'You haven't had much but whiskey and cigarettes again.'

He nodded.

Her small fists came up and hit him repeatedly on the chest. It was the shame that hurt, not her hands. Yet he felt her love and tried to hide the smirk forming at the edge of his mouth. She loved him. He always knew that, but it was times like these that made him really feel it. She wasn't upset that he failed her as a provider or protector, she was pissed that he didn't provide or protect himself while she was gone.

She finally ran through her fit if anger and pulled her hands away, he never wanted someone to keep beating up on him unless it was her. 'You can't live like that! Look at how much weight you've lost! You could have gotten sick or hurt! Why didn't the elves feed you?'

He pulled her to his lap as he sat at the table of food set by the elves. He knew she wouldn't stop fussing unless she fed him herself. "You know I have no control when you're gone. My mind is never right without you. The thoughts and anger cloud my judgement."

'But that won't happen again.' She scowled at him as she sat sideways on his lap.

"No it won't." He agreed and nodded.

'Because we will never be apart again.' She pushed his hair back away from his face with her nails scratching his scalp lightly.

"Never again." He confirmed and leaned into her touch.

She smiled at him, he was forgiven. She pulled the plate of steak and veggies closer and started to feed him like she used to. The food was nothing compared to what she made for him everyday, but he didn't mind so much.
Severus didn't want to leave his pregnant wife alone in his rooms but he had to report to the Dark Lord. He explained to her why they were there and not in their new home and she didn't care one bit. As long as she was with him, she said they could live in a box on Knockturn.

The fact that he was allowed a week to heal, let alone do nothing but practically sleep was a surprise. He dressed himself in his normal black robes and boots, he stood taller than before and he felt healthier. He didn't have to wear his mask anymore, thankfully. The Dark Lord got tired of telling them to take it off.

"My Lord." He greeted and knelt down.

"Rise. Severus, I'm pleased to see you up and healed. Have your brothers of failure filled you in on the news?" his eyes flashed red and his hands curled into fists.

"No my Lord, as soon as I woke I came to you." He said honestly.

"They failed to kill the order and bring me the boy. They were overpowered by a housewife and her kitchen."

Severus tilted his head to the side "I don't understand. I left them in control of everything. Must I babysit them constantly?"

"It seems so. But you, my Son if the Morning. My best of this group of nothing…. You have shown me so much power and victory!" He praised him.

Severus smirked and bowed his head in recognition. His friends scowled at him from the side of the room. "In your honor, my Lord. How shall I serve you now?"

"These worthless bodies are going to find potter and destroy the order…. Or they won't come back at all!" He screamed at them. They shuffled out of the room quickly. When he turned back to Severus he almost flinched, the veins in his pale skin and bald head were pulsing. "But you, have work to do. Return to the school after going to the ministry, they have the paperwork ready to assume your post."

Severus bowed his head "And am I correct in assuming the curriculum you want taught at the school is ready for me?"

"The Carrow's will be joining you, they are to assume the open posts you have. Go and prepare. Tell your wife I said hello." He said nonchalantly.

He bowed, turned and left to get back to Juliet as soon as possible. He didn't want her in this house of darkness any longer than necessary. He heard male voices from down the hall to their room, he ran.

"So do you make the pie, then cut them out as cookies?"

"Or make mini pies?"

"Can I pass the recipe on to my wife?"

He walked in on his friends standing around his wife by their sitting area. He scowled and felt the jealousy rise at the sight of her smiling at them.

"Why are you bothering my wife?" he said from the doorway, both large doors open.
"Snape! Can't even say hello to us?" Nott asked pretending to be hurt.

"We're just saying hello, and getting formally introduced." Yaxley smirked.

Severus walked straight to her and pulled her close to him "She's still recovering and should be resting." Her hands slid up his chest and she played with the bare skin above his collar.

"We wasn't botherin' her none much. Just getting to know her…. And those pie cookies." McNair let his old Cockney accent slip out. It very rarely did except when he was distracted by something.

Juliet smiled and signed 'I will make a batch and send them to each of you.'

Severus sputtered in surprise "The hell you will! They made fun of me because you packed my dinner!"

They shook their heads in denial and made her laugh. 'Now they know better. Tell them.' She nudged him.

He growled jealously "She said stop being arseholes and she'll make you each a batch."

After they all praised her and tried to kiss her hand Severus had suffered long enough. "We're leaving. Now."

She said goodbye to each of them and followed Severus to the Floo. Now with the Ministry taken over, they were given unlimited access.

Severus heard Malfoy call over his shoulder "Name your son after me!" And Severus responded with a middle finger as he stepped into the green flames with his wife firmly at his side.

They settled into their new quarters in the Headmasters suite after making a quick stop at the ministry. Albus' old office and chambers that were attached by a hidden bookshelf seemed too stuffy for Juliet. Severus gave her a wicked smile and had the elves pack everything that belonged to Albus and throw it in the Room of Requirement to be forgotten forever. The hanging painting of the recently deceased headmaster didn't think that was funny at all, but his protests were all shut down by a well aimed silencing charm and was flipped to face the wall.

They talked at great length about taking the opportunity to leave once again but surprisingly, she was the one that didn't want to go.

'I don't want to constantly be looking over my shoulder. He's taken Britain, how long before he takes all of Europe?' she was sitting cross legged on their bed as he paced back and forth at the foot of it.

"I'm afraid you're going to get hurt or worse if we stay." He said and glanced at her belly.

'You're in good standing with him now. We both know I can't travel like this. What if we get separated-' He cut her off angrily, turning around to gently, yet firmly cup her face "**No one will ever take you from me again!**"

She pushed him back and signed 'I know. But if something happens… and I have to see a medic. They would know where we were the second I entered the hospital.'

"No.. No. I have a plan." He said in denial.
'And we have a son to think about. We are safe in the castle. You are master of the wards. The Dark Lord isn't even concerned with the school right now. He's focused on recruitment and the Potter boy.' Her hands reached for him and he let her pull him on the bed with her.

He closed his eyes and leaned into her touch, her fingers massaging his head, sliding through his hair. After a few minutes of internally arguing with himself he spoke softly "You're right. I'm just so done with this life. I want to be free. I want to wake up whenever I damn well please and spend my time with you and our son."

She whispered quietly "Maybe more than one son?"

His eyes shot open and he sat up, he looked from her to her belly and opened and closed his mouth. She laughed at him and shook her head 'There's only one in here, I meant future babies."

He sighed in relief and nodded. He laid back down and watched her face. She was biting her lip again and not meeting his eyes.

"You're doing that thing."

'What thing?' She mouthed.

"The thing you do when something's on your mind. Tell me. You promised not to keep things from me."

She looked down at him and signed 'What happened to my Papa?'

He sat up and scooted to sit next to her "Garrick made a deal with the Dark Lord. Information on why you were sent in time and something about the elder wand. In return, the Dark Lord promised to help save you."

She immediately raised her hands for a follow up question but he stopped her.

"He is safe, he has agreed to play quidditch, so to speak, and fall in line. He realized that the only way out of this, to keep you safe, was to join in. No, he doesn't have the mark…. But he is currently assigned as Minister Of Magic and doing the Dark Lord's bidding and promoting pureblood propaganda as he's told. He did it for you, Princess. We both did." He lifted his arm and let her crawl into his lap and hide in the sanctuary he provided.

'I don't want to leave him. He messed up, but that's what family does. He made up for that and sacrificed himself for us. Please, don't let anything happen to him."

He kissed her forehead and inhaled the scent of her hair, the strawberry scent that hooked him when they were younger. "You know I can't promise that. Garrick is his own man and he's powerful on his own. But….. I promise we won't leave without him." He rolled his eyes at the last part knowing she couldn't see him.

She kissed the bottom of his chin and tucked her head in his neck. He stayed with her until she fell asleep, laid her down over the covers and opened the windows to let in the cool breeze. Then he crept into his new office. He had to go and get Robbie and their things from their supposed to be new home in Spain. When he returned she was still fast asleep on their bed with her hands firmly wrapped around her middle.
School started and the new laws were in place against muggleborns. Half bloods were being questioned and everyone kept their head down. Potter was MIA as well as his friends, the Order had taken to the underground and had kept quiet. Quiet was good according to Severus, he didn't have to deal with anything than telling people what to do and taking orders which were far and few in between. Juliet was right, this was exactly where they needed to be. In the thick of it all but off the radar.

The only troubles he had were the little Dumbledore's Army brats running around destroying things and trying to kill him. Ginny Weasley had a personal vendetta against him for killing her brother Charlie and her attempts were humorous at best. He didn't make it this far in life to be taken out by a sixteen year old girl with a grudge. He was a spy and a death eater, it would take a hell of a lot more than trying to crush him with a suit of armor, a stray spell and poisoning his tea. Severus sat in the great hall for breakfast only, his meals were taken in his rooms with Juliet. He only drank his morning coffee or tea with the school for appearances.

Ginny had attempted to poison his morning cup of tea one day and was yet again unsuccessful. Severus was a potions master, he could smell her poorly brewed concoction the second the pot hit the table. He had to give her credit for having the balls to do it. He looked her square in the eyes as he poured himself a large cup, poured his milk and sugar and stirred then downed it all like a shot of his favorite whiskey. Her mouth hung open in shock that he not only knew but lived. Severus smirked at her and stood up slowly and walked calmly out of the front doors. McGonagall, Poppy and Slughorn rushing to the suffering students. Severus switched the pots via house elf and his silent control of the magic in the hall. Being headmaster had its perks. Now he knew why Albus was so damn perky all the time, it was fun. Ginny's face made it all worth it, not that poisoning Gryffindors wasn't fun in itself.

Severus didn't dare tell Juliet what happened, he didn't need her worrying about anything else but herself and their boy. He spent all of his time with her, vowing to never miss another moment like when they were apart. His friends had been right all along, pregnant women were something else entirely. He watched her belly swell larger each day and that vibrant glow he'd only heard tales about. Now that she was eight months pregnant her mood swings were to be feared.

Severus didn't know there was a wrong way to read a newspaper but she let him know about it. When he commented about how funny she looked trying to roll out of bed one morning, he got hit with an invisible slap from across the room. His head shot to the right and he fell out of bed. He went to his meeting with the Dark Lord that day with a black eye. She refused to heal it and all his attempts to cover it were unsuccessful. His friends laughed at him until he held their boxes of pastries hostage.

Another time he let slip that her waddle was cute as she passed by him to go to the loo. He was backed into a corner and poked hard in the ribs by her bony little fingers as she berated him about carrying the pumpkin sized child of his 24/7. He finally escaped her wrath when he apologized and offered to go and get her strawberry flavored gelato and buttered popcorn flavored jelly beans that she constantly craved but not after a well aimed hit upside the back of his head.

He felt their son kick him hard one morning in bed. Her stomach pressed to his in their tight embrace,
it woke him.

"Hmm?" he hummed, barely awake.

She didn't stir. He felt it again, he peeked an eye open and she was still fast asleep. He smiled and kissed her forehead. Her eyes barely opened and she gave him a questioning look. He put his hand over her belly and felt it stronger this time.

"Is that our boy?"

She gave him a sleep smile and nodded. He was so entranced by it he scooted further down the bed so his face was eye level with her middle. He watched her skin stretch and move outward like it was trying to burst. He kissed the skin softly and laid his head against her. With his ear pressed against her belly he could hear sounds of waves on a beach and something deeper.

Her fingers brushed through her his hair as he listened and felt their son kick around. "Our boy is strong. Does it hurt?"

'Sometimes he pushes on my bladder or ribs really hard and that hurts. But not right now.'

He scowled and kissed her belly once more before scooting back up to kiss her lips. "We really need to call him something other than 'Our Boy.'" He smiled.

She nodded and rolled over to her night stand. She grabbed a notebook and a quill and turned back around to him. He sat up against the headboard and let her lean against him. He wrapped his arms around her and rubbed her belly.

'Men in my family have names that start with G.' She signed.

'Papa wanted us to name it after –'

"No. Absolutely not. We are not naming our boy after him. The world has one too many Garrick's in it already." He ranted. He was putting his foot down firmly on that name and stomping it into a deep hole.

'I agree. But he was saying Garrus. After my father.' She looked at him sideways.

'And how does that make you feel?' he asked and pressed his lips to her shoulder again.

'Nothing. Not in a good way- or a bad way. I guess. I never knew my father. He may have been a great man, but it doesn't call out to me.' She said honestly and shrugged her shoulders.

He silently thanked Merlin for her turn down in that name. He looked over her shoulder at the top of her list and frowned "Severus? You want to make him a junior?"

She turned around and scowled at him 'What's wrong with that? I love your name!'

"That's right, it's mine. Not his." He said stubbornly.

She rolled her eyes and waited for him to continue his unstoppable rant.

"Naming a boy after someone is great, good for them. But you have to name the child after someone
worth noting. Not a no name half blood death eater who's alright at potions." He was scowling at the ceiling.

'You're amazing at potions and blood status doesn't matter-

"It does now. Dark Lord- remember?" he said sarcastically.

'Everyone knows your name! You've had such great accomplishments! You're published!

"They know my name because I killed Albus Dumbledore." He groaned and pinched the bridge of his nose.

"Did the world a favor more like it…" she breathed and turned back to her list.

He knew she was upset but he couldn't do it. He kissed her pulse point right below her ear his voice .

"The name is mine. I cannot share it with our son. Because when I hear it from your lips I know it was meant for me alone. Call me greedy, but I can't hear my name whispered from those lips without wanting you. When you say my name like that it's because I have you writhing under me. I cant share that."

She sighed softly and leaned into his kisses, a would be moan. She nodded and wiggled her bottom against his groin. He smirked at his small victory. He cleared his throat "What else is on your list?"

'Well the Prince side of your family sticks to male names that start with an S and both of our lines are Roman.' She bit her lip and tilted her head sideways while looking at her notebook.

"Spurius? That doesn't even sound Roman at all." He scoffed as he read over her shoulder. "Poor little bastard is already getting my last name and nose, don't give the other children more of a reason to pick on him."

'He was the hero of Rome! And don't call him that!" She hit his chest again.

"The literal translation is 'son without a father.' And don't even think about Septimus. I refuse to be one of those men who name their son something so old and dusty. Those names are meant for old families with old views on the world." He said and grabbed her quill and cross off the next two names on her list.

'What do you mean old views? Ollivander's are an old family!' She rolled her eyes at him.

He ran a frustrated hand through his hair and groaned "I don't want our son to have such a unique name that stands out publicly. If by any chance we do have to go into hiding, the muggle world is the only place we would be able to go. I don't know about you, but I'm the only Severus I know. I'd have to change my name, you have a common enough name and it would be easier for our son to have a name that's….." He couldn't explain it any better than what he was doing.

'You want a magic neutral name for our son.' She signed and gave him a small smile.

"Yes! Exactly! If you're keen on a Roman name just name the boy Roman." He suggested jokingly. He got hit again upside the head this time. "Alright, alright. We've both got Roman roots but raised here, what's wrong with a solid English name?"

'Well Lucius did say-

"We're not naming our boy after that pompous jackass!"
She narrowed her eyes at him and he flinched. She flipped the page of her notebook and began to write more names. After a few moments she held it up for him to read.

"Still keen on the S names I see..." He sighed. Her crackle of uncontrolled magic gave him a warning. "Okay. Okay."

"That one. Strong name, he will be a leader not a follower and I can't think of anyone I know personally with that name." He said and pointed to them on the page.

'Well, we need a middle name.'

"Do we? Is it really necessary? I hate mine, don't even. He will not have anything to do with my Father's name. It's bad enough he will be a Snape and not a Prince." He said bitterly. He took her notebook and put it on his night stand then leaned into kiss her and bring her closer.

'But-'

"Shh… we'll sort that all out later." He said softly and nudged her cheek softly with his nose.

His friends had also been right about another thing, she was all over him when he was home. He had to sneak out of bed at times or she wouldn't let him leave. She was insatiable and he loved it, but gods was he tired. She woke him up at all hours of the night and early morning. He was certain he had permanent marks on his back and shoulders from her nails. He told her if they kept this up they'd have Irish twins.

Christmas came and Severus was starting to panic, the medic named Fisher came every few days now to check on Juliet. He told them that the size of their son was a hell of a lot larger than most babies and to expect an early birth. Where did all the time go?! He started to crash course read all the books they had on magical births and started to worry when he read the part of them about what could go wrong.

She was tired all the time but couldn't sleep due to being uncomfortable. When she did manage to finally get some sleep it was in the oddest positions when he found her. He learned from the first time to leave a sleeping pregnant woman lie. He was noticing a trend of him getting magically slapped by an invisible hand. He was on eggshells in his own home.

For Christmas Severus took her on a massive shopping spree for their sons new nursery. He was taking his friends advice and letting her get anything and everything she wanted for their first born. They warned him not to fight with her on the colors or theme, if she wanted Hufflepuff yellow with Gryffindor lion wallpaper then just let her have it. Lucky for him she went with his Slytherin house colors and very little blue.

She kept the wood dark colors with trims of dark green and light grey. Instead of snakes she had little black ravens on the charmed mobile that Corvus liked to perch himself on. Robbie had been so excited to help her decorate he took up knitting with Juliet and soon their winter born son would have more than enough scarves and beanies to last him until he started school. Severus was up to his ears in baby gear that he had no idea how to work or use. What the hell was a bulb syringe and where the hell did it go?

Severus shoved his headmaster duties on the Carrow's and honestly didn't care what happened outside his office as long as the castle wasn't on fire. He used all the oils and lotions on her to ease her discomfort. He rubbed her aching back and feet as often as he could and ran her a cold bath
when she asked. He couldn't understand the cold bath part, especially since it was the middle of winter but she had proven to be her own little ball of heat. He never thought it possible for someone to sweat while standing on a balcony in their pajamas when it was snowing.

"Close the bloody windows, woman!" he yelled from under his mountain of blankets on the bed.

'I'm hot!' she signed as she fanned herself by the open window.

"Use a cooling charm like a normal person!" he snapped.

'They don't work!' snow was starting to pile up by her feet on the floor.

"Do you want to live alone? Because you're trying to freeze me out of our home!" his teeth were chattering now.

'Use a warming charm like a normal person.' She countered sarcastically.

"Juliet, I can't find my bollocks! They've frozen and fallen off me!" He yelled.

She rolled her eyes then closed the window and slid back into bed with him. He pulled her close and realized just how warm she was. His personal little heater, he called her. She was burning up due to the baby's magical fluctuating, the medic told them this but it didn't stop Severus from worrying.

Severus was in his personal lab brewing more potions for her when he heard a crash come from outside his door. He heard her whistle for him, Corvus squawk loudly and Robbie squealing. He burned his hand on the open flame he was trying to turn down and cursed loudly. He tripped over his stool as he tried to rush to the door, hitting his knee against the sharp wooden edge of his table.

He cursed loudly and limped out of his lab "Princess?!"

Her whistle came from the living room and another crash. He rushed in and saw her holding herself unsteadily against the back of the couch. She had knocked over the sofa table and the pictures and Knick knacks that were on top of it. She was holding her belly with her free hand and cringing in pain.

"What's wrong? Is it the baby?" he asked as he put his arms around her and helped hold her up.

She nodded and breathed in a sharp gasp as another wave of pain hit her. The floor beneath her was wet, as were her robes and stockings. Severus felt his heart in his throat, he wasn't ready! What the hell did he do now?

Robbie popped away and came back with Fisher who was holding his medical kit and the arm of his young helper. "Quickly- lay her down!" He snapped into action.

"Where?" Severus asked dumbly.

"Move man!" He yelled and pushed Severus out of the way.

Fisher and the smaller medic named Rodgers led Juliet to their bedroom. Robbie cleared away all of the blankets and sheets and helped pile all the pillows behind her. Severus was stuck in the doorway, what was he supposed to do? He was just going to get in the way and ruin everything. He watched them rush around his wife and prepping their tools and devices.

"Dilation?" Fisher asked.
"5 centimeters," Rodgers answered automatically.

"Ooohhh this boy is ready. Snape! How could you let this go on without calling me?!" Fisher scolded.

Severus opened his mouth a few times but nothing came out. Juliet's face twisted in pain as she silently screamed in agony. Whatever Fisher was yelling at him he couldn't hear it, he was scared.

Fisher ordered Robbie to go grab Severus because he was in shock. When his little hand dragged Severus to her bedside he started to sweat. He wanted to take away all of her pain and suffering but he couldn't do anything.

"Robbie- slap him!"

The little elf jumped up on the side table he was standing next to and reeled back his small hand and brought it around on Severus' cheek. He stumbled back two feet and put his hand to his burning cheek. "What the hell?!"

"Get your head in the game- support your fucking wife!" Fisher yelled as he cast another monitoring charm on the baby and Juliet.

Severus grabbed the cold wet towel from Robbie and pat down her forehead and wiped the sweat from her neck. She was doing some rhythmic breathing exercise that Rodgers was coaching her through. She reached for Severus' hand and he made the worst mistake of his life.

He crumbled to the ground on his knee next to her as she crushed the bones in his hand. "Ahh!"

"Don't be a bitch, deal with it. Honey, I'm going to need you to push now." Fisher instructed from between her legs.

Juliet's grip buckled down on his hand that was now turning purple and blue. Her magic was causing the bed to shake and the windows to rattle.

"That's it! I can see the head! Oh it's a whole lotta hair on his head!" Fisher yelled in support.

Rodgers kept breathing with her "In and out, don't forget to breathe, love. That's it. Breathe through your nose and out of your mouth."

Juliet's eyes were focused on Severus', and he couldn't look away. Big silver eyes were panicking with fear, begging him to make things right. A huge wave of pain hit her and her eyes clenched shut, he felt the bones in his hand snap.

"That's it love, give him hell! He did this to you!" Rodgers said and wiped her brow and rubbed her shoulder.

"What?! She was the one who wanted a baby!" Severus yelled.

"Ooo. Wrong answer boyo." Rodgers said in his thick Irish accent.

Juliet scowled at him and he felt her magic pulsing through her hand and shocking him. "Ahh! I'm sorry. I'm sorry."

"That's it, love. Tear him apart!"

"Not helping!" Severus said through grit teeth. His free hand now covered hers, trying to pry it off of his poor broken hand.
"She needs to focus on something other than the pain and it's best that it's yours." He explained.

After what seemed like hours he heard Fisher call out "The head it free! Oh look at 'im! One big push and the shoulders are free!"

Juliet started to cry. She looked up to Severus and mouthed "Why?"

Severus was confused. Why what? Why did they decide to have a baby? Why was he in the room? Rodgers seemed to sense her meaning "Don't worry about that love, some babes don't cry right away. You just push now."

Severus' head snapped to Fisher. He couldn't see anything over the sheet that was put up across her thighs but he could see the medic. Fisher looked up to him and met his eye, he nodded knowingly and then to Juliet.

"Princess, you can do this. You're strong and stubborn, you're an Ollivander. It's in your blood. Give us a big push, our boy wants to see you." He encouraged and felt her hand tighten around his and her body tensed. He felt his arm start to bend in a direction it wasn't meant to go.

**SNAP**

"We're good! He's out! I got him! Rodgers, down here!" Fisher called out for help.

Juliet collapsed back against the bed and released his poor hand and arm. Both broken and a different color than they were supposed to be. He didn't care, his free hand pushed her bangs away from her face and he kissed she's forehead. "I'm so proud of you. You can rest now."

"Come cut the cord, daddy."

Severus walked to the foot of the bed and saw the bloody mess all over the place. Was that much blood supposed to come out of a human? He felt light headed. Robbie took his wand hand and helped guide him though the cord as be cast the severing charm.

"Congratulations, it's a BIG healthy baby boy. 22.3 inches 9lbs 3oz with a whole mess of hair." Fisher said and stood up with a small naked baby.

"Look at the nads on that laddy!" Rodgers laughed and pointed to the baby's crotch.

Severus smirked proudly.

He stepped to the side of the bed to show them their son. A not so tiny pink thing was curled up in his arms with a mess of black hair sticking in all directions.

He handed the boy to Juliet who's arms reached out impatiently. Severus saw the tears leak out of her eyes he leaned in and looked over her shoulder at their son. His eyes were shut tight and his mouth just slightly pursed. Nose that was a bit too large for his face and sporting the tiniest little scowl Severus had ever seen. Yep. That was his son.

"For the birth certificate- what's his name?" Rodgers asked holding a clipboard.

"Samuel. Samuel Shepard Snape."
'My baby? Why isn't he crying? Is he like me?' her tired hands were moving so fast as she held the baby with her arms.

"Doc?" Severus asked and stood up straight. "Why isn't he crying?"

"Not all babies cry when they're born."

Juliet placed the softest of kisses on his forehead and couldn't stop staring at their boy. Severus felt complete. He thought he had it all before, but this- this was exactly what he needed in his life.

"Is he…. Mute?" he asked softly.

Fisher pursed his lips and scowled at the floor "We won't know until he cries. Typically with conditions like hers it's hereditary, but since hers seems to be the cause and effect of a blood oath- honestly? I don't know."

Severus saw her bottom lip quiver. No. No. He sat on the edge of the bed and wrapped his good arm around her, forgetting about his broken hand and arm.

"He needs to eat, he needs skin on skin contact." Rodgers said and put a pillow under her arm to support her.

Juliet nodded and moved to lower her gown in the front. Severus cleared his throat loudly "If you don't mind."

Both men raised their brow at him "I was elbow deep in your wife. Mug off." Juliet patted him on the thigh, telling him it was alright.

He watched the small mouth open expectantly as if he could hear what was going on, he began to suckle quickly and wrap his tiny hand around the front of her gown. Severus chuckled "He's got a tight hold on you."

Fisher and Rodgers finished cleaning and healing Juliet while keeping close watch on their son who had yet to cry. They finally got around to heal Severus' arm as Juliet and the baby took a much needed nap. Juliet woke up suddenly hours later when the baby started to move around in her arms.

Everyone paused and looked down at the baby expectantly, waiting for him to make a noise. His small face scrunched up, turning pink then red. Severus was at her side in a second, sitting next to her with his left leg hanging off.

Samuel's little mouth opened and he sucked in a large breath of air. Everyone leaned forward expectantly, waiting to see if the little one would be voiceless like his mother. No noise came out. Juliet started to cry.

"RAHHHHH!" Suddenly erupted from the small boys mouth. He filled his lungs again and continued to scream. It filled the room and Severus let go of a breath he didn't know he was holding. He reminded him of a small animal trying to make his first roar.

Juliet smiled through her tears and hugged Samuel closer. She kissed his face all over and looked up at Severus with a huge smile.
"Amazing. Now how do you make him stop?" he asked and winced as their son screamed louder.

SLAP

The invisible hand hit him again and he nearly fell from the bed. She scowled at him as she started to feed their son again.

Fisher laughed "Man, you don't know when to shut up, do ya?"

The medics left after another assessment of both mother and child and specific instructions for Severus. Their lack of faith made them also leave the instructions to Robbie who nodded happily and took off to make dinner. Juliet had Severus sit close to her as she passed Samuel over to him.

He hesitated and stiffly accepted the small wrapped grunting baby. He knew Samuel had a name but he couldn't stop calling him grunt in his head. He awkwardly held him in his arms, trying his hardest to not only break him but not make him scream. He knew how to handle older kids but babies? Hell no.

'You're doing fine. Hold his head. Good.' She instructed as she watched him.

He sat there staring down at the little grunt they created. He couldn't believe it, he actually made this. He helped create something so…. Squishy and adorable. He was never a man to love children. He found most of them repulsive but his child, he was actually proud.

Samuel stirred a bit and blinked for the first time. He opened them slightly and looked up and Severus with tired eyes. Silver. The Ollivander eyes passed on once again. Severus was hooked so to speak. They were just as shiny as Juliet's and he could tell from here on out that telling this child no was going to be a struggle.

"He has your eyes." He said softly.

'Maybe. Their eyes tend to change over time. He looks just like you.'

"Poor thing." He smirked. He brushed the hair down on his small head carefully but it refused to go down. It stuck out in all directions as if it were statically charged.

After a few more minutes of Samuel staring at him he passed him back to Juliet. Severus spent the rest of the month with his family helping Juliet every way he could.

Sleep? What was sleep? Severus didn't think something this tiny needed to eat as much as it did. Oh was he wrong. Juliet was an amazing mother who never once complained or slacked on anything. She could wake up at 2 in the morning on no sleep with a huge smile on her face. Severus was surviving on caffeine and biscuits.

Robbie was a godsend who helped whenever he could help. Some nights he took the baby for them to let them get some much needed sleep. Corvus whistled and clicked for Samuel as he danced in front of him. Samuel never showed emotions other than when he was hungry. Otherwise all he did was watch his surroundings.

Juliet said Samuel was just like his father. Always watching his surroundings quietly and getting grumpy when he was hungry. Other babies cooed or at least babbled. Not Samuel, he grunted. He cried when he was hungry and grunted at things. Severus was happy his son was practical. Why cry when there was no need to?
Samuel was born on January 3rd, so Severus didn't have to share his birthday after all. He returned to work and his weekly meetings with the Dark Lord at the manor. His friends congratulated him with a cigar and bottle of whiskey. The Dark Lord gifted him with a large sum of money and the family home of the recently deceased Selwyn's.

Surprisingly his fellow staff had come together and gave them a gift basket of wine and cheese. A peace offering from the order, he suspected. The birth of their son was announced on the front page of the prophet the day after his birth.

There was news of Potter being spotted randomly throughout the country and people were being kidnapped constantly. Severus kept his head down and his mouth shut. His friends on the other hand were realizing the error in their ways.

"I'm just saying this pureblood thing isn't all it's cracked up to be. You know as well as I that most of us were pressured into this thing by our parents." Nott said softly to their table.

They had met at the bar in Knockturn in a private room with private service. Lucius had paid the owner handsomely for the discretion.

"In too deep now, ain't we?" McNair said sarcastically and took a drag from his cigarette.

"Some of us had to fight our way in. Prove ourselves with blood, sweat and tears to make it in. Not all of us can throw our family name around and get what we want." Severus said. His voice was deep and his tone dark. His upper lip curled in disgust.

"Shove off, Snape. We know you were playing both sides. Only way you kept your arse out of Azkaban. Hey- don't blame you, mate. I'd have done the same." Yaxley called him out.

"Well, I'm not joining the bloody Order. I'd rather become a muggle than associate myself with that joke of a group." Lucius said and flipped his hair over his shoulder.

"Hell no. I'm saying we work together from the inside. Let them sacrifice themselves all Willy nilly." Nott said.

"Willy Nilly? What are you, 12?" Rowle said and sneered at him.

"Wh-what do we have to do?" Draco asked from beside his father. He had been distant and quiet since the night of Albus' death.

"Figure a way to snuff the bastard. Help the Potter brat." Avery said.

They all groaned and took a large sup of their drinks. "Might as well cut my arm off and become a squib." McNair huffed and threw his cigarette in the ashtray on the table.

"That boy couldn't find his own pecker let alone a way to bring down the most powerful wizard since Grindlewald." Yaxley laughed.

"Your lack of faith."

"Lack of faith isn't what this is, Avery. It's a known fucking fact. He will die like the rest of them. Our best chance is to do this from the inside. This cannot leave this room. We must take an oath if we have to. And no one is to bring anyone in on this that isn't present. Especially the Lestranges. They cannot be trusted with this, especially Bella." Severus ordered.
Everyone nodded immediately and held their wand hands out to take the oath. Severus left the meeting feeling the weight of the world on his shoulders. He needed to talk to the old man and Garrick again. He cursed his shitty luck. Just when he thought he was out, they pulled him back in again. This time he did it for his son. To make the world a peaceful place. A safe place where he didn't have to worry about his blood status or last name. He had work to do.

"If I remove this silencing charm you are to tell me everything I need to know about defeating the Dark Lord. Or so help me I will take turpentine to your paint and no one will know your story." He threatened the painting of Albus.

The old man scowled and nodded curtly. Severus waved his wand and took a step back. "I'm waiting."

"Harry needs to kill him." He said quickly.

"Shit out of luck there. Next suggestion." He shot down.

"He's dead?" Albus asked immediately. He was scared, Severus had never seen that before.

"Hell if I know. He's been missing since the summer. If he was smart, which we know he isn't, he would have gotten the fuck out of Europe." Severus scoffed.

"No. No. No. He needs to be the one to kill the Dark Lord. For he has a power which the Dark Lord-"

"Save the riddles, old man. Tell me everything you know." He growled.

Samuel started crying, he could be heard through the hidden bookcase to their rooms. Severus looked towards it, hesitating if he needed to go help Juliet. The crying stopped and silence resumed.

"Congratulations are in order." Albus said with a twinkle in his eyes.

"Yes, no thanks to you and your Blood curse. He's healthy and safe. Why does Potter need to do it? Can't I kill him with a poison?" Severus asked, changing the topic back to what mattered. It did no good getting angry again about the past, he had work to do.

He listened to Albus explain the history of the Dark Lord. His shitty childhood and upbringing in the orphanage, his thirst for power and greatness, Slughorn giving up information on the Horcrux process. Then the bombshell of Potter being an accidental Horcrux. All the little puzzle pieces clicked together, Albus had placed the chess pieces exactly where they needed to be.

"Was I your knight in this proverbial chess game?" Severus sneered. His arms were crossed and his nose turned slightly up in disgust.

"You were the queen. A knight has a set path, had to follow the rules or it couldn't play. The queen can any direction she wanted, whether it went the way I needed to was based on the queen and no one else. Your role in this was always bigger than you think." Albus said hotly.

"Did you anticipate me falling off your path?" he asked.

"Fall off? You jumped off. And no, I didn't anticipate it. You were supposed to use the grief of losing Juliet to fight against the Dark Lord. You were supposed to be so grateful when she returned that you continued to do as told without question."
Severus slammed his fist against the frame of his portrait "Speak no more riddles."

Albus squared his shoulders and look down his two dimensional nose at Severus "I sent her away to get you to fall in line."

Severus was physically shaken. He took a step back and reached out to the desk to catch himself. He stared at Albus is disbelief.

"I could have chosen anyone. Anyone! I could have sent Argus to the future! I saw the hold she had on your twisted little heart and I saw your potential. The Marauders played their role so well. They pushed her into your arms just like I planted in their minds, I gave her the schedule to match yours. The only thing I needed to do after that was create conflict. Turn you into the hero. The day she tripped in the lab– that was me. I made you the hero, and she needed saving.” Albus spoke loudly, telling him everything he never wanted to hear.

Severus flashed all the memories of his school days with Juliet, everything made sense. How they ended up together was too perfect. He wouldn't put it passed the old man to do the same to Lily and James.

Albus continued "Then you broke up with her, again I had to make you the hero. Who do you think planted the idea for Orion Black to imperio his son? You think I didn't know a cursed wizard was in my school, under my wards? You know how the wards work. Don't you, headmaster?"

Severus snapped out of his shock and yelled "ARGH!" He gripped the edge of his large desk and lifted it with all his might. It flipped across the room, down the steps and sent everything on and in it flying.

"I chose little miss Ollivander to put you in place. I knew the grief of losing her would send you to Tom. I needed a man on the inside. I knew withholding the date of her return would drive you insane. You struck the deal." Albus pointed to Severus as he spoke.

"Could you have brought her back sooner?" Severus asked, his chest heaving up and down and his hair covering his face.

"I could have brought her back at any time."

Severus' magic flared out around him and everything in the surrounding five feet started to burn. Windows shattered and the shelves rattled.

"Tom didn't know about the weapons I had, but I couldn't take the chance. I needed the prophecy child to be born and come to the age to play his role. The elder wand, is real and it's how I defeated Gellert. The resurrection stone is real, it haunted me for decades and nearly drove me mad. I had to make it disappear so I could back the madness off. I tried to bring my sister back, it did nothing more than bring sorrow." Albus shook his head sadly.

"You used me. I suffered because of you. I nearly killed myself time and time again because of you.” Severus eyes were bloodshot. His face streaked with tears of anger.

"Who do you think saved you? Healed you before you could take your own life? I left you with imprints of her on the forefront of your mind each time, knowing it would drive you to get up and get it done." Albus said.

Several paintings surrounding them gasped and whispered amongst each other. Severus was lost for words. His whole life…. He was always meant to suffer. Because it was the plan. For the greater good. "I hate you."
"I know."

Albus took up the whole night explaining to Severus exactly what needed to be done and when. What and where each and every Horcrux was and how to help Potter get into the desired position. That night Severus couldn't sleep, he held his wife and son close that night and thought of all the ways he could possibly in Albus Dumbledore all over again.

Severus told Juliet everything, how Albus ruined their lives and kept them apart. Then when he explained Potters role and what he had to do to end the Dark Lord she cried. She was afraid that he would be caught and taken from her or killed.

'Sammy needs you. I need you.' She pulled at the front of his robes.

"I know. But we also need to make this world better for him. For our future children to come. We didn't leave when we had the chance and now we're caught in the shit. If I don't do something about it…" His voice trailed off. He cupped her face and pushed her hair back with one hand. "I don't want to live in a world without you again. I can't. I won't survive that again. If the Dark Lord ever found reason to punish me, it would be through you."

Her bottom lip quivered and she bit it tightly. 'And if you fail and he kills you?'

"You will be far away from here. Lucius gave me the port key this morning. If anything happens to me, this will take you straight to our home in Spain. You are to take Sammy and Robbie and say 'The princess loves her Dragon.' You can whisper it. Then Garrick and I will meet you there." Be explained and put the packaged port key into her hand.

'If you don't show?'

"I will come for you. I promise." He pressed his lips to her forehead and rubbed his hands up and down her back.

She buried her face in the front of her robes and sobbed, his nose was buried in her hair. "I'm doing this for you and Grunt."

She snorted at his nickname for their son. As if on queue Samuel let out a loud fart that sounded extremely wet. Juliet smiled at Severus and leaned up to kiss his jaw.

"Does he have to grunt when he does it?"
"They brought who?" Lucius asked one of the men who entered his study.

"Potter. They claim they brought him and his friends. He doesn't look like him, his face is all messed up." He said and pointed towards the drawing room.

His eyes went wide and he cursed under his breath. That wasn't part of the plan! He looked around the room for some sort of plan. "Who else knows?"

"Bella."

"Keep them there. Do not call the Dark Lord until we confirm it's the boy. We don't want to waste his time. I need to make a call." He ordered and turned to his floo.

He called Severus immediately, hoping he would have a plan in place for this. "Lucius, what's wrong?"

"The boy is here, with his two side kicks. What do I do?"

He could hear Severus growl in frustration "Who else knows?"

"Bella is with them. Says the boys face is messed up."

"Have Draco attempt to identify the boy. Make him lie. Give me time to send someone. Do not let her call the Dark Lord." He ordered and closed the floo.

He scrambled off his knees before the fire and rushed put of his study. When he found his son he relayed the plan. "We need time, son. Just give us time."

"Well? Is it Potter or not?" Bella asked Draco for the third time. She was growing impatient.

"No….his face is all wrong. I've never seen those two either. It can't be." He said and shook his head.

Lucius was sweating, he was fidgeting with his wand. He prayed that he didn't have to expose himself as a traitor. He cursed at Severus' delay with whoever he was sending for help.

"It's the mudblood. I know her smell from the ministry." Greyback said and sniffed her hair loudly.

"And this is her on the poster!" Scabior said and held up her wanted posted next to her face.

"Fuck." Lucius cursed under his breath and pushed his hands through his hair. They were not making this easy at all.

"WHERE DID YOU GET THAT?" Bella screamed at Greyback.

It went downhill from there. She locked the two males in the cellar and snatched the girl by her hair in a catfight fashion. Draco was standing beside him and his wife. They looked to him for a signal to stop it. He shrugged his shoulders and mouthed "I got nothing."

They cringed as Bella tortured the poor girl. Her screams echoing off the walls and piercing their ears. Draco gripped his wand and stepped forward. Lucius grabbed his shoulder and shook his head no. "Not yet. She's still alive. It's all we can do."
It went on for what seemed like forever until they heard shouting, crashing and what sounded like bombs going off. Bella tried to summon the Dark Lord, but a misplaced spell had sorted that out. Lucius looked up and saw the big green eyes of his old house elf before he popped out with the prisoners of Malfoy Manor.

"Oh, that ass!" Lucius cursed Severus for sending his old Hogwarts.

"Excuse me?" Lucius said in disbelief.

"You heard me." Severus rolled his eyes and sighed.

"I could have sworn you said, promote Percy Weasley to my personal Secretary." He said.

"I did. Meanwhile Avery and McNair go and get his father. This will draw the order out, the Dark Lord said he was to handle them personally. With his focus on them, it allows the golden trio to enter Gringotts." Severus explained for the third time.

"That's when I'll make sure the goblins let them in," Yaxley said.

"I hope you know what you're doing," Lucius whined and winced at the thought of dealing with Percy on a daily basis.

"It won't be for too long, I've got everything else in order for his arrival," Garrick said from his spot in the corner of the room.

"Merlin save us all," Lucius grumbled and finished his drink in three large gulps.

"We wouldn't be in this situation if you wouldn't have let your crazy was sister in law torture the girl!" Avery snapped.

"What was I supposed to do? Give away my true loyalties? And you! Sending my old Elf!"

"Stun her, kill her, modify her memory. The bitch is insane and will only get in our way." McNair said as he ticked off his fingers.

"There's nothing we can do about it now. We can only make sure we don't fuck up from here on out." Severus said, stopping all arguing with his fist slamming on the table.

"It would make things a hell of a lot easier if we were all in this together. Instead of arguing over every petty thing you can think of." Garrick said vehemently. He stood up from his seat and sent his chair flying backward. "Stop complaining and do your part."

"Fine. But once this is over I'm firing the little shit."

Avery and McNair partnered up with Garrick to find what they needed to help Severus, who was indirectly helping Potter. The chain of command for their project "take down the Dark Lord" was blurry. Rowle tried to come up with a name for their group but his suggestions were shot down. "Sons of the Dragon" was the best he came up with. Since Severus was also known as Son of the Morning and he was also a Dragon. Nott told him it would do nothing but bring unwanted attention to them.

It was originally Avery's idea to meet and rally the troops, but everyone pushed Severus to take lead. Not only because he was the Dark Lord's right-hand man, but because they knew he was the
"I don't know why he can't just turn into a Dragon and fry the fucker up," McNair complained as they walked through the large crowded city.

"Somethin' about him just coming back again and again. We're almost there." Avery replied and pointed to a large building with tall windows.

"The wand maker said he would be on the 5th floor. Hopefully, he will come willingly." McNair crossed his fingers.

"Here's the plan, we bribe, barter then threaten. Theeeeeeen if that doesn't work we just kidnap the fucker with an imperio." Avery said and smoothed out his robes. McNair nodded and followed his lead into the Finnish Ministry.

Edgar Bones had left Britain shortly after his affair with Molly Weasley, taking up the family career of international liaison for the Ministry of Magic. He was stationed in Finland and in charge of the international trade. He left his problems behind the second he rolled out of the bed with Molly Weasley. It was a mutual affair for both of them. She needed a daughter and he needed to relieve stress. HIS career had always been first and he would not and could not slow down to date anyone or settle down for a family. It took care of that, pass on his genes without the hassle or responsibilities of a family holding him back. He never thought to "catch up" with Molly or look into his possible child, he made damn sure to cut all ties both physically and emotionally. Until two Death Eaters walked into his office that day.

The prophet ran a rushed issue the following morning, calling for a missing persons report. Edgar Bones had returned to Britain in search for his long lost child. McNair thought it was poetic justice for Molly Weasley breaking his heart all this a years ago. If only he could see her face when all her dirty little laundry aired. Perfect house wife, Molly Weasley was about to get a harsh kick in the ass from karma.

'EDGAR BONES SEARCHES FOR MISSING CHILD'
'KIDNAPPED AT CONCEPTION- EDGAR BONES TELLS ALL'
'MOLLY WEASLEY LOVE AFFAIR OF 1975'
'WANTED: MISSING CHILD BORN AUGUST/SEPTEMBER 1976 OF MOLLY WEASLEY'
'WALDEN MCNAIR CLAIMS TO BE ANOTHER VICTIM OF MOLLY WEASLEY'S CHARM'
'MCNAIR SEARCHING FOR LOST CHILD- BORN NOVEMBER OF 1971'
'WANTED: MISSING CHILD CONCEIVED VALENTINE'S DAY OF 1971 OF MOLLY WEASLEY'
'MOLLY WEASLEY LOVE AFFAIR OF 1969-1971'
'HOW MANY CHILDREN HAS MOLLY WEASLEY STOLEN?'

Severus winced at the headlines as he read them. He put Garrick in charge of that part and he should
have known the old man wouldn't hold anything back. He was firing back for them kidnapping Juliet. Maybe they should have planned this better. Too late now, he heard Ginny Weasley scream from the Gryffindor table. McGonagall stood and rushed to console her precious little lion. Severus sighed and finished his tea quickly so he wouldn't have to hear her anymore.

"It's lies. They're just trying to flush us out." Remus said from his seat at the head of the table.

"It ain't gonna work- anyone smart enough will know it's a load of horse shite!" Bill said and slammed his fist on the table.

"Yeh, we're Weasleys through and through!" The twins yelled.

Arthur was eerily quiet and had his hands folded in front of him, covering his mouth, with his elbows on the table. He was looking directly at Molly who was at the stove cooking dinner. She was fidgeting and avoiding eye contact. No one had been able to get a hold of Percy.

"Mum, tell them it ain't true! We'll get the Quibbler to post your interview." Bill suggested.

Molly didn't respond, she just kept stirring pots and dicing vegetables. Everyone looked at her expectantly but when she didn't respond they looked at each other awkwardly.

"Mum? It ain't true right? Tell us it ain't true." George said loudly.

She continued to ignore them. She busied herself with cooking.

"She can't," Arthur said softly.

It got quiet immediately and jaws dropped. Tonks and Remus looked at each other awkwardly and back around the room.

"I always said I was never connected to Percy like I was with the rest of you. But your mother told me I was talking nonsense. Then when we had Ronald and he wasn't a girl….I knew. But I loved him as my own. I tried with Percy, I truly did. And when you picked his middle name… Ignatius. I should have known then. That's Edgars middle name." Arthur said surprisingly calm. He even made himself a cup of tea as he talked.

Molly broke down and started crying into her apron. No one moved. No one said anything. No one moved to console the crying woman or question what happened.

"The Weasley curse is a girl every sixth child. Not seven. I knew this, everyone in my bloodline knew this. I told you before we got married." Arthur continued.

Bill cut the silence and blurted "Am I a McNair? We were planning on a boy. Because of the curse- I was gonna name him Charlie."

Arthur didn't look at him but answered "You are my son. I had them test for it at the hospital when you were born. Because I knew your mother was using Walden to make me jealous. When we got together, you were conceived and we were married shortly after. The time frame in which Walden was still hanging around always worried me. But no, he's not your father. I am." He finished his cup of tea and set it down quietly.

"So we're gonna have a boy," Bill said and smiled.

"No Bill, her veela blood will always supersede that. The curse won't override it." Tonks said and
put her hand on his arm.

"So we'll never have a boy?" he asked sadly.

"You don't know that. I'm just saying, don't get one or the other stuck in your head alright? Keep an open mind. A healthy baby is a top priority." She said.

Molly's sobbing quieted a bit and she sniffled "I just wanted a girl! He promised me a girl! He said his potion would make sure I had a girl and that she would be just like me!"

"So Percy… Is our half-brother?" Fred asked.

"He's your brother. No matter what. No matter the father, he is your brother. Don't you think otherwise? And I will always be he his father. It may not be in blood but I raised him as my own." Arthur said firmly and stood up. He stared down at the table for a few moments and nodded as if confirming his own words. He slowly left the room and walked out the front door.

Molly called his name but he didn't turn around. She ran out of the room and up the stairs. The slamming door of their bedroom could be heard.

"What the fuck…." Kingsley whispered to Remus with wide eyes.

Remus shrugged his shoulders and mouthed "I don't know."

"One of your arseholes go and find Arthur! He's prolly gone to the ministry!" Tonks whispered angrily as she passed. She went around to hug bill and the twins.

The Weasley family had been through so much in such a short amount of time. From all of them almost being imprisoned, Ron getting put on surveillance, the twins almost losing their shop, their home being destroyed, Charlie getting murdered by Snape, Molly having an affair. Tonks thought her family had problems!

"Well…. We all know I can't cook without burning something down. So how 'bout I go undercover and bring us some take away?" Tonks said awkwardly and looked around with expectant eyes.

The public was in chaos, everyone was talking about the Molly Weasley scandal. Percy hadn't shown up for work the last few days and that was just fine with Lucius. Edgar Bones had been offered a large sum of money and a high up position on the Wizengamot. All he had to do was claim a son who was already grown and say he didn't know about him. According to Avery, the kid was just like him, career-oriented and a stickler for the rules. Perhaps it's a Bones trait that's passed down. Kid got lucky, could have been poor with only the skill of flying.

Percy was having an identity crisis with a side of panic attack. He was holed up in an empty office at the ministry. When the paper released that Edgar Bones was looking for a missing love baby with his mother born on- oh fuck it was him. He never felt like he belonged in this family and now he knew why. He was never part of the family, he was some sick dirty secret his mother kept shoved in a dark corner.

He had his doubts, his immediate denial, and insecurities. Then reality set in, he'd grown up hearing his father go on and on about how the family curse was a girl every sixth child until Ron was born. Then it was, maybe it was the seventh. He'd felt the distance from his father. The cold shoulder and the awkward hugs whenever they were close.

At least he was still a pureblood, he thought sarcastically. Maybe he could change his last name to
Bones and have more pull around the office with brighter futures and opportunities. He wiped his nose on the back of his sleeve and laughed out loud. It was all so clear now, he was nothing like a Weasley. They were all so emotional and all family together to the end. But he was always focused on himself. What was going to take care of Percy? What did he need to do to pave his future? His family was just going to hold him back, he didn't want to settle in a low department and live his days pay date to pay date like his father. Well he wasn't his father any more was he? Who was Percy Weasley/Bones?

Arthur walked through the front doors of the Ministry and strolled purposefully to the elevators. When he got off on the eighth floor he let a woman exit off before him. Held the door for another wizard and entered the Wizengamot corporate offices department. He walked down the halls until he found the office of Edgar Ignatius Bones and knocked twice.

"Enter!"

He opened the door and stepped in, closing it behind him softly. Edgar was sitting at his desk with a stack of papers in front of him and his quill paused mid-sentence. Arthur walked over to the desk and reeled back quickly and slammed his fist into Edgar's nose. The other man flew back and out of his chair, blood pouring out of his now broken nose. He yelped in pain and put his hands up to his nose.

"You leave my son alone," He said firmly as he pointed a finger at the man on the ground "You may be his father but you aren't his Daddy. You were gone the second you were spent. I already lost one son to a crazy fucking Dragon, I will not lose another."

Edgar wiped some blood on the back of his robes and started to get up slowly "I never wanted the little bastard, believe me. But when the Dark Lord comes knocking with an offer you can't refuse…"

The door opened behind Arthur and he spun around. McNair, Rowle and Greyback were standing there with their wands ready. Edgar started to chuckle "It was a trap, you fool."

Arthur reached for his wand. "Wouldn't do that if I were you," Greyback warned.

"You're going to have to kill me." He replied and aimed it at the large man.

The fight amongst the five men carried into the hall when Arthur sent a large explosion to the wall next to the door. Edgar joined the fight against Arthur, who was holding his own. Kingsley and Remus finally found Arthur and joined the fight. Kingsley now exposed as a traitor and Remus being on the most wanted list had Aurors and more death eaters called to aid.

"Dad!"

Arthur turned at the sound of his son calling his name. Percy rushed forward through the gathering crowd and ran to Arthur. They met in the middle of the makeshift battleground and embraced, both sobbing gross apologies to each other.

A huge gust of Magical wind came through and caused all duels to cease. The Dark Lord stepped into the lobby and everyone parted the way for him and the order retreated further into the ministry. Malfoy, Nott and Yaxley nodded at the others to let the order pass and buy as much time as possible. If they kept the Dark Lord and the Aurors busy while Potter and his friends "broke" into the ministry.

They had paid off, threatened and tortured goblins into letting the children into the vault. And all they needed now was time to let them do it. They all knew the Dark Lord gave a Horcrux to Bella and
they knew she kept everything in her vault. Having no home of her own because Lestrange hall was destroyed during the first war after they had been captured. They lived at Malfoy Manor, much to Lucius' displeasure.

The Death Eaters sent poorly aimed spells at the retreating order members. They couldn't be seen directly helping them or else they'd all be done for. The alarm for Gringotts went off but no-one paid any attention to it.

Severus' Dark Mark burned, he was being summoned to help. He kissed Juliet, his sons head and left through the floo. When he met his friends and Dark Lord in the ministry he was ordered to capture the Order. With the chase being through narrow halls he blamed his poorly aimed spells at that. Arthur sent a quick Bombarda at Severus who had to take the hit or else it would look like he let them escape.

After the order escaped through the Auror department floo Severus was picked up by his friends. They found him under the rubble of a fallen wall. "You alright, Snape?"

"Fucker broke my collar bone." He said through grit teeth.

They stood him up and helped dust him off. "Let's report in and get you to the medic," Avery said and pointed towards the lobby.
Juliet was far beyond pissed when Severus returned home injured and not completely healed. She scolded him for a good twenty minutes before she healed him 'The proper way.' He sat on the couch shirtless with his pants and boots still on as instructed. Staring at a spot on the floor with his head hung, he knew better than to interrupt her.

"You're not even watching my hands move!" She signed angrily.

"Yes I am! I swear!" his head shot up.

"Then what did I say?" she put her hands on her hips angrily.

"That if I come home in pieces again you're going to kick my ass, then Fisher's ass, then the Dark Lord's ass." He said.

'Fucking right I will.' She nodded raised a brow to him, daring him to challenge her. Ollivander temper be damned, sometimes her temper was worse than his and she cussed like a chaser.

"Yes dear." He mumbled and sat forward so she could heal him.

His collarbone was bruised and the skin around it was yellow, green and dark blue in the center. His bone was still at an angle compared to the other side. She stood between his legs and placed her hands softly on his bruised skin. She closed her eyes and mouthed the enchantment to heal him.

The bone snapped in place and he grunted in pain. She kissed the spot she had just healed and soothed his pain away. He tilted his head back and leaned back against the couch, bringing her with him. They hadn't been intimate as often as they used to with Samuel needing constant attention. Severus knew that Robbie was babysitting for the time being and he was going to use this time wisely.

He pulled her into his lap and had her legs straddle him. His lips trailed across her neck, he smirked when she sighed and leaned into him. He was off the hook! Her hands tangled in his hair as she guided his head where she wanted him to go. He pulled back slightly and slid her shirt up and off of her.

When his lips caught one of her peaks she arched into him. He felt the warm wetness hit his tongue. Since she gave birth to their son he had been enraptured by her lactating breasts. That was a lie, he was always enraptured by them. It's taste was divine; though not as much as the taste between her legs.

Since Medic Fisher had given the all clear for them to be intimate again Severus was ready to start on baby number 2. Juliet not so much. She wanted to give Samuel one on one time and attention before bringing another sibling into the picture. Severus didn't care either way, he just wanted her.

Her nails in his shoulder caused him to hiss in pleasure. He ripped her skirt and panties off of her as she unbuckle his belt. He slid his pants far enough down to let her hands in and release him. "That's it. Climb on top. Ride me."

He groaned loudly when she slid him inside of her slowly. His eyes closed as they rolled back in his head. The anatomy of a woman amazed him, something that gave birth to a baby with a huge head, snapped right back into place and snugly fit around him.
His hands gripped her hips and guided her pace, her hands gripped his shoulders tightly for support. Neither of them were going to last long, he knew it. Her hand slid between them and she rubbed herself. "Yessss." He hissed and captured her lips.

Her teeth tugged on his bottom lip, his reaction being his hand slapping her rear. The loud smack made her hitch her breath. She smiled against his lips and whispered his name.

"Come with me. That's it, love." He ordered her.

Her legs squeezed around him and he felt the warm tide of her release pool around him and in his lap. "Shit!" He cursed and slammed into her as he came. During his climax he gripped her throat tightly, using it as an anchor to her. When he caught himself from his fall, he released his grip and cupped her chin. He pulled her face to his, their haggard breaths heard between intense kisses. She slowly climbed off of him and got to her feet. She crooked her finger for him to follow her into the shower and he jumped up quickly.

He never thought he would have to compete with a baby for his wife's attention. It was getting ridiculous. Samuel knew when Severus was near Juliet and cried for her attention. At first it wasn't noticeable but the way his son looked at him was too much like him.

One day he was standing behind Juliet on the balcony, his arms wrapped around her and his chin resting on the top of her head. He heard a weird grunt at first then the cry. Juliet went inside to pick him up and when his little face peeked over her shoulder at Severus, he saw the little brow raise at him. He did a double take as the little fist took a fist full of her robe and look at him like he was short. He let it go the first time.

At night whenever he got close to Juliet to cuddle with her, the little grunt of disapproval came out of the darkness. Juliet went to pick him up and placed him in the bed between them. Severus saw his little face look up at him, raise a brow then turn to his mother. The little Bugger shunned him!

Juliet told Severus he was imagining things, until she was holding him and Severus came up to hug her. Samuel stuck his arm out and pushed his little fist against Severus' chest and grunted loud. Severus paused and watched the little scowl and his binky quicken it's up and down pace as if challenging him.

"The little bast-"

Juliet whistled angrily to interrupt him. She pulled his little arm down and moved closer to Severus. Samuel grunted louder and angrier this time and his hair raised up suddenly. Severus thought he looked like a angrily dark little cockatiel.

"See? He hates me close to you! I have to compete with everyone for your love and attention!"

Severus pouted.

'He doesn't hate you. Here take him.' She signed with one hand as she held him out to Severus with the other.

Both Snape's scowled at each other for a few moments before Severus took the little boy. He held his up to his eye level and continued the staring contest. "I should have known you'd end up having my attitude."

Juliet suddenly ripped Samuel away, causing Severus to yell "Hey!" but was cut short when a stream of water hit him in the face. He shook his head and wiped his face with his hand, he opened his eyes and scowled at her.
She was holding Samuels hand and shaking her head no firmly. She set him in his bassinet by the couch and turned to Severus and touched his hair and robes.

'He set you on fire! His hand came out and he touched your hair! Then it started to smoke and it caught your robe! I'm sorry!' She waved her wand and cleaned the mess that was made.

Severus' head snapped to the baby "Really Grunt? Normally children wait until their first year for that!"

Juliet helped him out of his damaged robe and shirt. Angry grunting could be heard but she ignored it for the time being. Severus looked over her shoulder at his little Grunt and smirked, wrapping his arms around her and pulling her close. "Thank you. I don't know what I'd do without you." He kissed her temple.

Samuel's little first came up and shook at Severus. Juliet looked back at him. She scoffed and pushed Severus away 'Stop trying to make him jealous, he's a baby!' She picked up Samuel and went into his nursery. The little scowl and tuft of black hair staring Severus down as they walked.

"Little brat is just like me." He said quietly to himself. He didn't know if he was upset or proud.

Summer was coming and it started to get wet. Samuel and Severus went back and forth for Juliet's attention constantly but fell into a cozy little schedule. Garrick stopped by on Juliet's invitation to see his great grandchild for the first time. He brought a ridiculous amount of gifts for the boy that Severus couldn't believe it all shrunk into one pocket.

One of those gifts was a swing, fully stocked with music lights and toys. Garrick said the muggles did something right with their toys because he swore it worked on Madam Malkin's granddaughter, who was at her shop three times a week. He altered the power to it like the Madam said to and put Samuel in it. Big silver eyes went wide at the lights and sounds. When the swing started to move he let out a huge grunt and smiled up at Garrick.

Juliet was there in a heartbeat with the camera. How she moved so fast, he never knew. Little Grunt did look kind of cute when he wasn't scowling all the time, he guessed.

"Merlin, Severus! He's the splitting image of you!" Garrick said.

"Sorry to disappoint." His arms came up and crossed his chest with his nose in the air.

"Except those Ollivander eyes. Oh, he's going to be a lady killer! Just like-"

Severus snorted and rolled his eyes "Please. Ladykiller? We all know how my school years went."

"I was going to say me..." Garrick laughed.

Juliet snorted and tried to hide her laughter behind her hands. Her cheeks tinted in pink and her eyes lit with brightness Severus loved seeing. He smirked at her and lifted his brow, it only made her laugh harder.

Garrick turned his attention to Severus, "Let's hope he doesn't have your temper too."

His brows raised with his hands, "My temper?" his finger pointed to a still laughing Juliet, "She snapped my arm in half when he was born!"

Her hands came up in front of her fast 'Have you seen his head?! He gets that from you! I was in
Severus almost snorted at that comment but didn't want to see a first hand example of her temper. 

'He set you on fire! What do you think of that? Who else do you know spontaneously combusts? Tell me, who else starts fires when they get grumpy?' she struggled briefly with the longer words, which only made Severus laugh harder, then put her hands on her hips.

"He set you on fire? Maybe he gets his temper and dislike of you from me."

"Thanks for stopping by, please don't bother again. It wasn't nice seeing you."

Juliet knew that she needed to spend more time with Severus, she could sense his discomfort with having to keep his distance from her and Samuel. She asked Garrick if Samuel and Robbie could spend the weekend with him at his home so they could have time to themselves. He was more than thrilled and Robbie immediately started packing the baby's things. She told Garrick that whatever bad blood between them happened was gone, she missed him too much and knew that he was afraid of losing her. As long as he promised to never get in between her and Severus again, he was welcomed into their family.

Severus made damn sure to use all the time they had together wisely. He put the Carrow's in charge of the school with specific instructions that he was to be left the hell alone for the entire weekend. They doubted his threats, thinking that his temper and violence were only a danger when he was on the rocks with his wife. Then they busted into his office while he was at his desk with Juliet spread before him.

She was laying on his desk with her legs wrapped around his head, her hands tangled in his hair. Being rudely interrupted while he dined in his favorite place was a very dangerous thing to do. His tongue was dancing across her in all the right places as she writhed across his desk. He sat leaning forward in his chair, his robes and shirt discarded to the floor with her clothes.

The door banged open and they came in with loud voices. "Snape! We got word from Hogs-"

Severus' wand was in his hand within a second as he stood up quickly, his breathing was labored, chest rising up and down quickly. Severus flicked his wand with such speed it caught both twins off guard. Invisible robes tightened around their necks and cut off their air. Their hands grasped at invisible ties to try and free themselves. Juliet tried to get up but his left hand shot out to her neck and he gripped it firmly. He kept his eyes on the two who dared interrupt them.

Severus growled angrily, his fist tightened around Juliet's neck slightly. He didn't want to ruin their time together, and holding onto her was the only thing keeping him from blowing the castle up. She saw the look in his eyes and his muscles tense, nearly shaking. Her hands touched his, slowly and softly caressing his skin as they went up his arm. Her legs wrapped around his waist and pulled his groin flush to her and wiggled her hips.

He was about to flick his wand again and end their lives quickly, but Juliet's fingertips trailed down chest, to his waist and stroked him through his pants. He shuddered. With his magic at the brink of chaos and his blood rushing away from one head to the other it made him highly sensitive. Her touch fogged his violent mind and the twins turned red and purple as they choked.

His eyes flashed to hers instantly, his breath hitched and the hairs on the back of her neck stood up.
He was a ticking time bomb of testosterone filled rage and she was the only thing keeping him from killing someone. He pulled his hips back slightly and thrust against her, his tented pants restricting their contact.

He released his hold on them and they fell to the floor hard. His eyes staring her down as she unbuckled his pants, he flicked his wand at the twins again and they screamed and convulsed across the floor. The best of both worlds, torturing two worthless pricks while fucking his wife. Her hands slowly pulled him out and he hissed with pleasure. She started with long slow strokes and arched herself towards him.

She lined him up to her, pushing his tip to her core and but her lip. His eyes flashed, his hips pushed forward slowly and he felt his stomach tighten. His magic flexed as well, increasing the curse on the two suffering. They screamed and begged to be released but neither of them paid any attention.

"Touch yourself." He breathed.

Her right hand cupped her breast and tugged on the nipple. The other hand parted her folds further apart and rubbed circles on her clit. He picked up his pace, moving his hand from her neck to grip her hip. Her legs tightened around him and she tilted her hips.

He grunted something under his breath and tilted his head back. "Just like that." He picked up his pace and got rougher, slamming into her and making the desk shake and loudly scrape the floor. He leaned over her, placing his free hand next to her head to brace himself. Her arms wrapped around him and brought him down to her.

Their lips met loudly, licking and sucking out of desperation and need. He grunted loudly as her nails dug into his shoulders. He missed this, alone with her and owning her complete affections.

"Fuck me." She whispered in his ear and sent him into a frenzy. His skin slapping hers got louder as did the screams of the tortured. His left hand snuck in between them and he rubbed her clit just like she needed.

As he continued to get closer to completion and Juliet came twice, the cruciatus be held the Carrow's under intensified. When he finally did meet his release deep in his wife did he release them. He let Juliet tuck him back into his pants and zip him up. He helped her off the desk after kissing her passionately.

"Go get the bath started, I'll be there." He ordered her and watched the sway of her hips as she walked out naked. She looked at him over her shoulder and licked her lips. He smirked and raised his brow in response.

Still shirtless, he rounded the desk and moved towards the Carrow's who were still on the floor moaning in pain. "I told you I didn't want to be bothered."

They slowly got to their knees in pain "S-sorry, commander. But-"

He flicked his wand at Alecto and he screamed in pain. His sister yelled over the noise of her brother suffering "They think Potter was spotted in Hogsmead, they think he's coming to the castle."

"They think?! You charged in here, ruining my privacy instead of handling this yourselves. Let me guess, you were about to send word to the Dark Lord." He sneered.

"Only after speaking to you, Commander." She said and kept her head down to the floor.

"So without any hard evidence other than some idiot getting jumpy on patrol, you decided to come
and bother me. How either of you made it to the inner circle…” he growled angrily.

"But if it is Potter-"

Severus stopped the curse on her brother and turned to her "And did you secure the castle? Check the wards? Lock the doors and windows? Secure the hidden passages?"

He towered over both of them and stared them down as they fumbled their words for an answer. "Silence." He ordered.

He paced back and forth in front of them, not caring that he was still half naked from the waist up. His boots hitting the floor with a heavy thud each step. His mind racing to possibilities and plans he had in place if this were the real deal. He picked up an ink pot that was on his desk and threw it hard against the door they came in from.

"Get out of my sight, you know what you have to do. And unless you have solid undeniable proof the boy is here- LEAVE ME THE FUCK ALONE!" He roared at them with spit flying everywhere.

They scrambled to their feet and hurried out as quickly as they could, spreading the spilled ink everywhere on their way out. The door slammed shut behind them and locked itself.

"And don’t even think about bothering the Dark Lord unless you have the boy in front of you!" He yelled after them.

Severus gripped his hair with both hands and cursed "FUCK!"

The boy was here, without a doubt, he just needed to give himself time by stalling them. He needed enough time to get Juliet and Samuel out of the country. He was so sure he had more time before Potter came and fucked them all. He needed to get moving now, or his family might not make it out in time. He knew of plans to lock the country down as soon as Potter was out of the Dark Lord’s way and the Pure Blood movement was finalized.

He looked towards the door to their chambers and thought of his wife. She was happily in the bathtub soaking wet, covered in bubbles and waiting for him. Perhaps he had just a little bit more time…. 
Chapter 50

He tried to remain calm and catch his breath before he knew he would have to send her away from him. Before he entered their rooms he sent his patronus to Garrick, informing him to prepare for evacuation and gather their things. He needed this time to prepare Juliet and say his goodbyes. She knew something was wrong the moment he came back to her, yet she didn't ask about it. She knew he needed her to bring him back down.

She washed him in the bath, taking her time with his hair and massaging his scalp and muscles. He relaxed in her hands and watched her tend to him. His eyes looking her over from top to bottom, taking in all of her features and trying to remember all of her. He didn't know how long they would be apart or if he would come out of this alive.

He made love to her gently in the bath and finished it in the bedroom. He kept her fulfilled to the best of his abilities. Giving her everything she needed of him until they would meet again. He begged her to touch him, place her hands all over him as he reached his own climax. Then he rolled over and pulled her to him tightly.

"I love you, Juliet." He said into her hair.

She pulled back and signed 'Will you tell me what's wrong now?'

"It's time to leave now, Potter is coming and he's bringing the war straight to the castle." He said.

She gasped 'How long do we have?'

He tucked her hair behind her shoulder "I don't know, could be minutes or hours. We have to get up now."

His voice was too calm, too void of emotion for her to believe that was the only thing happening. She sat up and looked down at him 'We need to get Samuel!'

He grabbed her hands and leaned up to kiss her "Shh. I've already informed Garrick, Robbie came to get our things while we were in the bath. They're waiting for us."

She nodded and began to get ready with him. She got dressed quickly and made sure that all of the pictures she took of them over the years were packed away in her bag. She knew Robbie took the important things but needed to make sure herself.

He grabbed their cloaks, wrapped her up tightly and held her close to him. "I love you. I always have."

She pulled back and looked him in the eye "You're not coming." She whispered.

"I will meet you there. You're going to Garrick's, then Robbie will take you out of the county like we planned. I'll meet you at the new house," He explained and wrapped his arms around her tighter.

She struggled against him like he anticipated and sobbed into his chest. "No." She kept whispering.

"Listen to me. You need to be strong for Samuel. I will find you again." He said and rubbed her back with his hands.

'Why can't you come? This was the plan the whole time! What changed?!' she signed as he wiped
her tears away.

He kissed her forehead softly and put his hand on her cheek. "I need to help them, I need to finish the war. End it all now, once and for all. You know those assholes can't do anything right without me."

She laughed softly and kissed him. "Please don't go." Whispered against his lips.

He seriously contemplated leaving with her. Run away from it all, he knew how to get rid of the mark and he knew his friends would help keep the Dark Lord off his trail. Could he live in constant fear? Knowing his family could be found and hurt because he betrayed the wrong side. He didn't think he could live his life like the late Moody? No.

"Princess, I want to…. So bad. You know I want nothing more than to live with you and our little family. Popping out a kid once a year, making an army of demon spawn- Garrick's words, not mine- but think about it. The Dark Lord controls England, how long before all of Europe? How far would we have to go? I can help end the war and we could be free forever. Right here, right now." He explained and pushed her hair back away from her face.

He heard someone banging on the door to his office. It's loud metal echo making its way into their chambers. The Carrow's were back this time he knew that Potter was in the castle. She tightened her grip on him.

"Shh love, it will be alright. Get to the floo, I'm sending you to Garrick." He said and pushed her to the fireplace.

She dug her heels in and gripped his robes with both fists. Her head shaking back and forth, saying no with tears flowing down her face. It broke his heart but he had to do this. He needed to keep his family safe.

"Look at me. I love you, I always have. I was so stubborn and stupid when I was younger. I loved you the moment you sat across from me when you got here. I loved you so much when you had your accident that I barely left your side. I didn't even know you- but I knew I loved you." He confessed.

The pounding got louder, they started yelling his name but he refused to let her go yet. "Then you came to me, my little Ravenclaw found me alone under a tree. You kissed me. I was hooked- addicted to you in every way possible. I knew you had to be mine because I was yours, completely yours for all eternity."

She kissed him, still gripping his robes as tight as she could, refusing to let him go. "Don't leave me." She whispered.

"If I could go back- oh if only. I would have taken you and ran far away from this place. I shouldn't have let you go, Albus be damned- I should have been a better man for you. This," he waved one of his hands around them in reference to the situation, "is me making things right. And I will make things right, I promise. You need to go to Samuel- he needs you. I need you to go to Samuel. I promise You- I swear I will come back to you."

She finally nodded and kissed him long and deep, finally letting his robes go and tangling them in his hair. Both breathing heavily through their noses.

'You better come back to us. Come back to me. Come home.' She signed and it made him chuckle.

"I promise." He said and wiped her tears away again.
'You come back or I swear on all things holy, I will fuck your world up.' She signed angrily.

"Yes ma'am." He said and walked her backwards to the fireplace. Making sure to keep her hands and lips on him for as long as possible. He reached behind her and grabbed a handful of floo powder.

"Everything defaults to your name, the money is yours- there's another account I started in Samuels name and Garrick has the information. All the property is yours, Robbie has your new names and passports if things don't go the way we need them." He said quickly and threw the floo powder into the fire.

He cupped both her cheeks and made her look at him "Tell our son that his father loves him, that I may be a bastard but I always tried to do right by you."

The sounds of someone attempting to break in came from his office.

"This Dragon swears to always keep his princess safe." He said softly with his forehead pressed to hers.

"The princess swears to always take care of her Dragon." She whispered back.

"I love you. More than life itself- I love you." He said quickly. Time was up

"I love you." She mouthed and reached for him.

Her hands couldn't reach him, he had pushed her into the green flames. He hated it, the last thing he always saw was her reaching for him. He nearly said fuck it all and followed her through, but he was a man. A man who followed through with everything. He willingly swore himself to the Dark Lord at the lowest point in his life and he would be damned if he took the cowardly way out. What example would that set for his son?

He wiped his face on the back of his sleeves, wiping the tears away he didn't know he shed. He straightened his robes and spine and walked out of their home into his office. He took a second to occlude and hide his emotions before nearly swinging the door off its hinges.

"WHAT."

"Potter is headed to the castle, Dumbledore at the bar let him through. He's probably already here." Alecto said quickly.

Severus sneered at him for cutting him off, it was one of his pet peeves. "Gather the students in the great hall. Have the heads of house clear the dorms and the rest of the staff patrol the halls. Get the bloody baron to check the secret passages. I will alert the Dark Lord."

"Yes Commander." They said and left immediately.

He slammed his doors once more and circled his office. He needed to stall time before he called the Dark Lord, give Potter all the extra time he needs to prepare himself for his final confrontation with the Dark Lord. He heard the familiar little chuckle behind him and he spun around.

"You've done well, Severus. I knew you would do the right thing." Albus' memory said from its frame.

"You mean I fell in line." He snapped and turned his back again, "I have no time to deal with your immature games, old man."
"I think you need-" the painting started.

"I think you need to shut the hell up! Unless any of you can tell me where Potter is?" he said and looked around the room of paintings along his walls.

"He's in the room of requirement, I've distracted the Carrow's away from there for the time being." One of the paintings said.

"Good, keep me posted. Do any of you know why he's here?"

"He's here for the last Horcrux. He cannot go against Tom until he destroys them all!" Albus said over the noise of all the chatter.

"The last- so he's gotten the snake? I hadn't heard news of that." Severus asked, turning his attention back to him.

"Well…. No. technically this is the third to last counting himself." Albus said.

Severus groaned in frustration, "Can't the boy do anything on his own? I laid out everything- of all the fucking…"

"Well what is it?" one of the paintings asked, "Maybe we can find it."

"Ravenclaw's diadem."

"You have got to be shitting me. He's looking for something that has been lost for centuries. We're fucking doomed." Severus cursed and kicked his desk.

He paced back and forth for several minutes, cursing under his breath and talking to himself. He finally made a game plan and cursed again. "I have to surrender the school. It gives him enough time to figure his shit out and the Order enough time to prepare for war. Then I can freely speak to the others…"

"I believe I know just the Deputy Headmistress to help with that. Oh and Severus? She's got a mean stunner and she's a hell of a lot faster than she looks." Albus said and stepped out of his frame.

He paced at the head of the room by where the teachers normally sat. All the children lined into the room and stood before him like a bunch of sheep. He kept his wand in hand and his eyes focused on Minerva, she was doing the same and it was only a matter of time before the clock struck for them to duel.

"If any of you have any information on the whereabouts of Harry Potter, come forth and be rewarded. Should I find that you are aiding in the hiding of him, shall be punished by me." He said to the students who finally all gathered into the hall. He paced back and forth, searching the crowd but always keeping an eye on Minerva. "No one?" he taunted.

Like a moth to a flame the boy stepped out just like he knew he would. He didn’t have time to register whatever nonsense came out of the boy’s mouth, he saw Minerva make her move. With his shield arm he deflected, returned fire with weak stunners and left the Carrow’s to defend themselves. He pretended to get beaten and backed to a corner then once he saw the twins were down he shot off through the stained glass window above the teachers table.

He heard the sounds of people cheering once he had broken through the glass. Foolish people, if they only knew the real him... although the old Gryffindor did in fact have a mean stunner. He
rubbed his shoulder at the thought. He needed to get to the Dark Lord and report in, take his punishment then meet with his friends about the game plan. I just hoped his wife and child were safe, no matter what happened to him.

His arm burned suddenly, he pressed his wand to his mark and let the pull take him to his master. He landed gracefully on his feet and stood at attention while he waited to be addressed. The Dark Lord and his inner circle were standing on a cliff overlooking Hogwarts. They were all knelt in a semicircle surrounding them. He was a Commander now, he didn't kneel like those below him. He cleared his mind and occluded his emotions to be buried deep down within him as he had done for years, but this time he was scared.

He was an experienced spy with years of knowledge that no one could ever dream of knowing. He was a vicious assassin for both side, whether Dumbledore ever admitted it or not. This was the first time he was actually scared. Not for his well being; but for his wife and child's future. Their freedom in this new world to come. He wasn't so naïve to think that the defeat of Lord Voldemort wouldn't change the world, both magical and muggle. Progress was inevitable and the magical world was due for it for a long time coming.

"Severus. Report." The Dark Lord was in no mood for elongated, enthusiastic wordplay it seemed.

"Potter is in the castle, when we found him the staff and students turned. We were outnumbered, the Carrow’s were captured by McGonagall." He explained as he looked into the red eyes that searched through his memories.

"Yes, I see. Fortunate that you are far more experienced in a duel than your fellow Death Eaters." He said as he circled him. He was testing him.

"I ordered them-"

"I saw. They were unfortunate to walk in on you and your wife." He chuckled darkly.

Severus curled his lip in disgust and scowled "I punished them accordingly did I not?" He had shown the Dark Lord that memory in case they somehow came back and opened their mouths. He also needed to show that he was still the dangerous man the he recruited all those years ago. If he thought that Severus had gone soft now that he was a family man then he would be demoted and shunned like Lucius had been. The higher up the ladder he was to the Dark Lord was the safest for him.

"Oh yes you did, I rather enjoyed the whole memory. I trust that Mrs. Snape managed to make it out?" he asked and searched his mind again.

"Yes, My Lord. I sent her and our son through the floo to her grandfather." he said and played the memory of them saying goodbye. He had taken the memory apart and pieced together another that showed no information of their plans.

"Good. The future will need their strong bloodline. Prepare the troops, send McNair to me." He ordered and turned from him to look out to the fields.

Severus bowed and made his way over to the rest of his brothers. "McNair, you're up. The rest of you- follow me."

He led them further into the forest until they reached a small clearing and had them huddle closer together. "Lestrange- take your brother and head to Azkaban. Get the Dementors under control and here. Quickly." He ordered. They nodded and left with two small pops. He turned to Bella and said
"It's best if you stay by the Dark Lord, he needs one of us with him."

That was the first time he ever saw Bella give him a genuine smile, and it crept him the fuck out. Crazy bitch, he thought. He waited for her to get far enough away before casting his muffling charms so their conversation wouldn't be overheard. McNair arrived as soon as Bella left, "He's having me go and round up the giants and werewolves."

"Stall for as long as you can, blame it on their lack of brains—it won't be hard." Severus said and crossed his arms.

"Is everyone else ready?" Yaxley asked and pulled a cigarette out. He held one out to Severus who took a second to look at it before taking one. Juliet didn't like him smoking but given their current situation he was sure she wouldn't mind.

"We've cut a deal with the Aurors, tipped them off of locations of troops and supporters. They're raiding as we speak—our numbers will be a hell of a lot smaller than expected." Lucius said.

"God…. I've never wanted to lose a fight." Avery groaned and rubbed the back of his neck.

"Remember what we talked about, the Aurors are willing to give pardon if we don't kill. So simple defense and stunner spells, try to miss but don't make it so obvious. We can't be found as traitors either or we're dead. Got it?" Yaxley said.

"You all know where your posts are. Get to it." Severus said and cancelled the charms he set around them. He watched them all pop out except for Lucius.

"Did you…" Lucius asked quietly.

"They are safe. I sent them away. Thank you, brother." Severus said and held his hand out to shake. He gripped his hand tightly and looked worried "And Draco…"

Severus sighed and said "I didn't see him when I left, but I ordered the house elves to escort him to the secret passage on the north side. If he got out, that's where he will be."

"If?!" He hissed angrily and gripped Severus' hand harder.

"Lucius, he is your son but he is his own man. You can't make him do anything he doesn't want to anymore. This," he pressed his index finger to Lucius' covered mark, "was the last time he was told what to do. He became a man that day and now whichever side he chooses is how he lives his life."

Lucius let his hand go and nodded slightly, "I may not like it but you're right. Don't make the same mistake I did. Let your son be his own person, because one day you're looking at a younger version of you and you can't stand it."

Severus looked at the defeated man, who was sporting a five o'clock shadow, red brimmed eyes and pale skin. He knew that he hadn't slept or ate regularly since the Dark Lord came back and took over his home and family. "You did good, don't sell yourself short. Draco knows you've always been there and will always be there. I remember when he first came to the school, he was so proud to be a Slytherin like his father. He couldn't wait till the morning to send you an owl of his sorting. He came to my office and asked if I would send the letter to you that he wrote hastily during dinner."

Lucius smiled at the memory "I remember, I wrote him back about his poor handwriting and that I was proud of him."
Their marks burned at the same time, both grimaced and looked at each other knowingly. "I told Draco where to go for evacuation. He knows there's a way out." Severus said and apparated to his master again.

Severus was tired, he had basically done laps around the courtyard ducking and dodging spells. He never advanced his position, instead he moved him and his troops cautiously back. No one seemed the wiser that he was wasting time. He cursed Potter's name the whole night, wondering what the hell was taking the boy so long. Then he met Ron Weasley on the battlefield.

The boy was a mix of the worst traits from both his parents. Hot headed and clumsy. He was all over the place with his wand work and spells. He was like a brick standing in the middle of the courtyard, feet planted and shoulders square. It was a shame Severus never got to teach them how to duel the proper way, damn Lockhart to hell.

"I'll kill you!" the young man yelled.

"Go home, boy." Severus replied and blocked another of his weak curses.

"You killed my brother!"

"You kidnapped by wife-twice!"

"AVADA KEDAVRA!" Ron screamed at the top of his lungs.

The bright green light came at Severus quickly and he blocked it like every other curse. The little shit was serious about killing him. He sent the boy's curse at him. He purposefully aimed it at the pillar next to him. A chunk of stone exploded by Ron and he ducked back, finally moving his feet. From his point of view Severus sent a killing curse right back at him. His eyes got wide and Severus could see the sweat on his forehead.

"Run." Severus warned one last time.

Ron flinched at the familiar deep, cold voice that he heard in the classroom all those years. He stepped back slowly five paces before turning and taking off inside the castle. Severus felt the hairs on the back of his neck prickle and the sound of clicking behind him. He spun around and brought up his arm shield as a giant spider struck at him.

Giant pinchers came a lot closer to his face that he would have liked, they snapped viciously at his shield and forced him to take several steps back. A well placed sectumsempra down its middle took care of it quickly after that. He lost a lot of men to the sudden attack of spiders from behind, no wonder Ron ran off, he saw them before Severus did.

"Severus!" Lucius called from across the courtyard. His wand was out and sending disarming spells to a group of students that was blocking him from running to him. He needed help from the crowd that was cornering him, it was putting him in a position of truly fight or surrender.

Severus apparated next to Lucius and flicked his wand in a whip like manner, a large string of fire came out and slashing into the stone between them and the students. As he thought, they all scattered and retreated.

"The Dark Lord sent me to get you." He said.

Severus was about to apparate but Lucius grabbed his arm. "Leave. Go to your wife and child."
Severus put his hand over his "I need to finish this."

Lucius' eyes burned and he swallowed the ball that formed at the back of his throat "Severus….
He… he's going to kill you. I beg you brother, leave. Go to your family. Live your life. While you
still have one."

"What life would my family have in a world full of this? I do this for my family and yours."

"My Lord." He greeted as he walked into the main room of the shrieking shack.

The pale master looked tired, as if he needed to sit down and take a breather from a long walk uphill.
His precious pet floating beside him in a shimmering clear orb. She was coiled tightly, eyes focused
on him as he walked past her.

"Severus..."

He could hear and feel his heartbeat, the rhythmic thump beating away in his ears. His face felt hot
and his palms were sweaty. His robes suddenly seemed too tight and he couldn't breath. He vaguely
heard the words being spoken to him but he understood it all. He was going to be killed for a fucking
fairy tale wand as a "just to make sure."

"Bastard."

Voldemort's eyes widened at the shock of his most loyal follower talking back. Severus didn't give
him the chance to speak. "You bastard. I gave everything to you. EVERYTHING! Every order,
every command you gave me and I did it without hesitation. The lives I've taken, the people I've hurt
it was all for you! And after all the years of devout service, my life is being forfeit on a
technicality?!"

"Everything you've asked for I've given. You wanted the power and money, I gave it. You wanted
the girl, I allowed it. You wanted to save her and your son, I saved them. You ungrateful-" his voice
boomed in the room and the wooden walls surrounding them began to shake. Severus stepped
forward and his sudden display of dominance stopped the Dark Lord's words.

Their magic was building up and filling the room with the rage that both men were notorious for.
The shack made an eerie creaking and moaning noise from the stress against its walls. Both men
stood with their wands drawn and their chosen duel stances. Severus hands started to glow, a fire lit
and quickly started to grow around himself. There was no way he was going to die today. He had his
mind set on Juliet. His wife, his love, his soul mate.

"You are just like me, coming from nothing and clawing your way to the top. I saw myself in you.
The power, the fire that burned so bright inside you, it was begging to be free! You wanted power
and money, something you never had." Voldemort said as he pushed his magic towards Severus. He
was testing his power. Severus' magic flared out against his and he chuckled.

"Your name, fitting isn't it? Son of the Morning. God's favorite cast out of heaven and here you are."
His bare feet moved silently as he circled the outer part of the room.

Before Severus could respond he deflected the green killing curse with his own. Their wands locked
as twin beams reacted violently with each other. Voldemort bared his yellow teeth in anger, he'd only
ever encountered this with Potter. Little did either men know, the two most power wands in the
world were clashing together. The elder wand and the one Juliet made Severus their first Christmas
together.
He heard Juliet's whispers in the back of his mind. 'Come home.' Over and over again. His fire burned brighter, hotter than ever and was quickly catching on surrounding furniture and the drapes. He could do this, he could destroy this puny false god and go home to his family.

Severus roared at the Dark Lord as he pushed his magic harder on him. He watched his power push hard against the other man's and see him take a step back. He was going to kill the Dark Lord- he could finish this once and for all!

Voldemort twitched his free hand slightly. Severus threw his arm shield up to prepare for the wandless spell being cast, but it never came. Then he saw it out of the corner of his eye. The fucking snake. He wasn't fast enough to move his shield or break the spell.

He felt the sharp pain for a few brief seconds then numbness. His arms and body seized up if they shut down. The weight of the serpent sent him crashing against the wall closest to him. He watched the fanged mouth rear back twice more and strike with speed and force he couldn't block.

He fought to breath. He could hear himself gurgling and wheezing for air as well as his heartbeat increase dramatically. He felt the warmth of his blood covering his clothes and soaking through to his skin. He could see his legs spread apart before them but he couldn't feel them. His wand lay loosely in his hand that was in his lap, he watched his index finger twitch. He didn't know if it was himself doing it or a reflex from the poison that was coursing through his veins.

Two pale feet came into his line of sight, "You will always be my favorite. My Morningstar."

He watched the feet walk away and the long scaled body of Nagini follow. His eyes were fixed on his wedding ring. His life replayed in his mind from start to finish. His childhood seemed to fast forward so fast until he reached the age of 15. His whole life stopped when he laid eyes on Juliet for the first time. From there his subconscious only played the memories with her.

A small wooden door from the floor popped up slowly and three Gryffindors stepped out cautiously. They watched their old professor struggle for air and covered in blood.

"Bloody git deserves what he got. I thought he had you-know-who for a second though." Ron said.

Hermione hit him with her elbow and hissed "shut up."

Severus looked up at Harry and whispered "Take them."

The small vial collected his tears and Harry held onto it tightly. Severus' hand shot out around it and he gasped "Juliet."

Harry nodded quickly "I'll give them to her. I promise."

"is there nothing we can do?" Hermione asked in a panicked voice as they began to leave.

"Come on, best to leave him alone now. It's what he always wanted anyway." Ron said.

He heard their voices trail off the farther away they got. He continued to fast forward through his memories of his love.

'I love you, Severus.' The first time she told him she loved him.

'You are not weak. To be standing here, standing so tall after everything you've been through. You are so strong and I am so proud of you.' Her words to him when she returned from the past.
'I need you, just you.' What she said when he promised her a better life.

'The princess swears to always take care of her Dragon.'

Flashes of memories played and they were all of her looking at him with those big silver eyes full of love, her arms reaching for him. He shivered as his body temperature started to drop. Suddenly flashes of Garrick in a specific memory played over and over again. Garrick's words echoing in his head constantly.

They were in the hospital with Juliet after she had been taken the first time. Severus blamed himself for Juliet getting hurt.

"I failed last night. I know that."

"No. You cannot stop the universe from happening, Severus. But you can beat it into submission. The only way you can ever fail your wife is if you give up. You get knocked down? Get up."

Those words flashed in his mind with the memory.

Get up

GET UP

GET UP

Fin.
Chapter 51

Chapter Notes

EPILOGUE
There was a light brown brick house with two-tone red tiles on the roof. It was in the countryside of
Besalu, Spain on its own little hill surrounded by green fields and a forest. The front door was large with a fresh coat of maroon paint, its shutters freshly painted as well. Plants hung from little hooks on the roof molding and some sat on window sills. Smoke was coming out of its chimney and the sound of a loud whistle could be heard coming from inside. It was closely followed by the sound of stomping feet, moving furniture and slamming doors.

Juliet was in the kitchen cooking breakfast. She was older now, closer to the age she should have been when she returned from her time travel. Her hair was shorter, now to her shoulders and layered. She picked up the frying pan and separated the eggs she was cooking onto five plates that already had bacon, hash browns, and toast on them. She waved her wand and sent the plates floating to the kitchen table where two hungry mouths sat eagerly waiting for their food.

Two boys close in age sat at the table, they were 7 and 8 years old. Both had medium length black hair that almost covered their eyes and ears, they looked identical to their father except for their silver eyes. Those came from their mother. The younger of the two started eating his bacon.

A sharp whistle came from behind the counter, 'Oliver Lucius Snape! You know we don't eat until everyone is at the table. Put it back.' Juliet scolded and put her hands on her hips. He dropped the bacon immediately and sat up straight.

The fireplace in the living room activated and turned the room green briefly before the sounds of coughing started. Garrick stepped into the kitchen after he vanished the soot from his robes.

"Hi, Papa!" Oliver greeted.

"Good morning, Papa," Samuel said.

Garrick walked to Juliet and kissed her on the forehead before taking a seat at the head of the table and tucking the napkin into his collar. "I'm just in time aren't I?"

Oliver laughed and Samuel smirked at their grandfather being silly. Juliet brought two coffee mugs and poured coffee into both. She gave one to Garrick and started to prepare the other. 'How was your meeting, papa?' she asked as she stirred her cup.

"Boring as ever! I don't know why the Minister of Magic was required to attend a "Ghost's right to file taxes and claim self-employed" meeting. Seriously." He rolled his eyes and took a long sip of his coffee. "Where's Robbie?" he asked and looked around.

"He was out in the garden earlier," Samuel said.

"Papa, can you tell me something about the war?" Oliver asked suddenly.

Garrick smiled and set his cup down "What would you like to know?"

"Did Voldemort have to do blood magic to save me too?" he asked bluntly and blinked his big silver eyes at his grandfather.

Garrick cringed slightly and looked over at Juliet who raised her brow for him to try and explain that one.

"Well… no. Voldemort didn't know your mother was pregnant. In fact, no one did, not until we all came here." He said and handed Oliver a piece of bacon in hopes to silence his awkward questioning.

"What do you mean no one knew? Dad knew right? That's why he stayed behind."
Juliet sat down in her seat and ruffled his hair before answering 'He stayed behind for all of us, our family and millions of other families. He was very brave. We didn't know that I was pregnant with you, it was too soon to know at the time.'

"Was that a stampede or the children? I thought the lab downstairs was going to collapse on me." a deep voice said from the entry to the kitchen.

'Both.' Juliet signed and stood to greet him with a kiss and the cup of coffee she prepared for him.

"Why the hell are you in my chair?" Severus asked Garrick as he walked in.

Garrick looked over his shoulder at Severus and shrugged while drinking his coffee. Severus looked down at him when he reached the table, "Why the hell are you eating my food? Move."

Garrick rolled his eyes and moved to the next chair. Severus sat down and looked at Samuel, "Go get Robbie so we can start breakfast. Oliver, go feed Corvus."

"Yes, sir." They said in unison and scraped their chairs back loudly and running off to do as told. Juliet got up and made another plate of food for Robbie and summoned an extra chair.

Severus cringed at the noise and scowled. "It seems that my silencing charms on the bottoms of the chairs have worn off again."

Juliet smiled brightly at him and started to make her own cup of coffee.

"No, they hold alright. I just remove them whenever you're gone." Garrick said and smirked into his cup.

Severus turned to the older man and scowled "Why the hell are you here? Don't you have a government to ruin?"

Juliet whistled a warning and signed, 'Be nice.'

Garrick barked out a deep laugh "You know, people would pay to have breakfast with me. But I cleared my schedule to come and visit my family."

"You're ditching out on the Vampire housing meeting aren't you?" Severus smirked.

"Can you blame me? They want to live in the city, Severus. In apartments above Diagon Alley!"

"I thought you were pro magical creatures and all that." He waved his hand casually.

"Have you seen the designs? They want skylights and tall windows. They're vampires, Severus. What do you think is going to happen when the sun rises? I don't care that they're in Diagon, I just think that we can find better housing. The old catacombs underneath are perfect but then I get slammed for wanting to hide them in a corner." He ranted.

'Maybe you need to have a better way of saying it?' Juliet suggested.

"Yeah I have a team working on it already, I just couldn't get away from the damn activists," Garrick said and poured another cup of coffee.

"You know, after the war, they said you can step down. Retire already before they find your dusty old body stuck in an elevator." Severus said as the boys and Robbie joined the table.

"They begged me to stay!" Garrick argued and stabbed his eggs with his fork.
The boys giggled when their father leaned over and whispered: "They begged him to stay away."

Severus lay in bed with his wife curled up against him, her leg draped over him and her fingertips tracing patterns on his bare chest. He hummed in approval and said, "Have you thought of names for this one?"

Juliet moved her hand to her stomach and rubbed it gently. Then she signed 'I wanted to name him after Robbie.'

Severus lifted his head and looked at her with a quirked brow "We don't know if it's a boy yet."

She rolled her eyes, 'The child is yours, it's a boy. It's in your genetic makeup- boys with black hair, distinguished noses, and big ass heads.'

Severus snorted at her hands making the movements for a giant head "Distinguished isn't the word I would use for this nose."

She laughed at him. Severus rolled over to face her "I like that name, and I think Robbie is going to shit a kitten when he finds out. You better tell Garrick this doesn't mean the next one is going to be named after him."

She smiled and kissed him. Her hand reached for him and traced the scars on his neck softly, causing him to shiver. 'Do they hurt?'

He shook his head no, "No, they are sensitive though. You did a wonderful job of saving me, Princess."

Juliet's face dropped and a sad look in her eyes. 'Promise me you won't ever do something like that again.'

"Like what?" he asked and pushed the hair away from her face.

'Leave me, go off and be a hero, show up in the middle of the living room dead-'

He sat up and rolled on top of her, bracing himself with his arms at her sides. He parted her legs and nestled himself between them and sighed softly. Her breath hitched when she felt him press against her. "That was 8 years ago. We've been over this, I didn't leave-"

'If we're being literal, you sent me away.'

"But that wasn't leaving you. I wasn't divorcing you- ok I got the point." He said and stopped arguing when she gave him an angry look. "I wasn't trying to be a hero, I was trying to keep my family safe. And I wasn't dead… I was close to it though, I'll give you that one."

'Promise me.' She signed and cupped his cheeks.

"We do this once a week, Princess." He reached a hand up and cupped her chin.

'And I will keep asking for my promise because I love you and I never want to go through that again. The princess swears to always take care of her Dragon.'

"And the Dragon swears to always take care of his Princess." He said and leaned down to kiss her.

She deepened the kiss and tugged on his bottom lip. He growled and bucked his hips into her, "The Dragon wants to enter your castle."
She breathed a giggle and wrapped her arms around him "I love you, Severus." She whispered.

"I love you, Juliet."

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