

"I... I have a memory to offer as well, if you would like," Snape said, more hesitant than Harry had heard him before. Harry wiped his face, nodding eagerly. He would take every scrap of memories he could get — he knew it would be a good one. Snape wasn't in the mood to show him how awful James Potter could be, not right now. Not today.

Sirius reclaimed his memory, and Harry tried to steady his breathing while Snape gathered his own, setting it in the swirling liquid. "It isn't very long, but... she would want you to see it."

Harry braced himself, and dove in.

They were sat outside a cafe. Muggle, by the looks of it; a little run-down, the paint peeling on the sign. It was a gloriously sunny day, and there was Severus Snape, dressed all in black with his sleeves buttoned to his wrists.

And sat opposite him was a heavily pregnant Lily Evans.

Harry goggled at her; his mother, in her maternity sundress, sandal-clad feet propped up on Snape's denim-clad leg. "I hate this, Sev," she groaned loudly. "Be bloody grateful you can't get pregnant."

"Believe me, I am, frequently," Snape assured dryly. "You haven't long to go, Lily. Three weeks, now?"

"Two and a half," Lily replied. "Not that I'm counting every day or anything. And that's assuming the little bugger comes out on time; if he's anything like his father, he'll be a week late just to make a point."

Snape's face darkened ever so briefly at the mention of James Potter, but it was gone when Lily looked up again. "But that's the thing, Severus — in three weeks, it won't just be this awful huge belly and swollen feet and leg cramps and the constant need to piss, and all the rest of it. It'll be an actual baby! A baby that me and James are responsible for!"

"I'm sure you'd prefer not to hear my thoughts on Potter's parenting ability," Snape drawled. "But you've nothing to worry about, Lily. You'll be a wonderful mother."

The smile Lily gave him was blindingly bright. "I hope so. I just... I don't know what to do! Tunie's no help — she just told me that giving birth is the most painful and terrifying thing in the world, and I'll never feel the same down there again."

Snape looked a little green at the idea. "Considering the picture you showed me of that small whale she birthed, I'm not surprised."

Lily laughed, even as she glared at him. "Sev! That's mean. He's my nephew, and he's wonderful. Even if he is half Vernon's."

"It's the half that's Tunie's I'm more worried about," Snape grouched, eyes flashing. Lily laughed harder.