

"I swear to Christ, Sev — stop making me laugh, I'll wet myself!" she scolded, and that made Snape laugh, a slightly rusty sound, like he wasn't used to making it. Then Lily's eyes softened. "I know— I know I've complained about being pregnant the whole time, and I still haven't done the birth part and it *might* be the worst thing in the world. But... you know I'm still happy to carry for you and Remus, right? If you want that. You just have to ask."

The humour died from Snape's face, along with the little colour to his skin. "Don't be ridiculous, Lily," he snapped. "Remus and I can't even keep ourselves together, let alone a child." His lips pursed as Lily opened her mouth to respond. "Don't. It's... just don't. Not today."

Two sets of green eyes watched the man scratch at his left forearm, beneath his shirt sleeve.

"Just focus on the one you're carrying," Snape added, sadness forced from his tone. "You know damn well Potter will want a second, as well."

"He'd wait if I asked him to," Lily said easily. "We've got to figure out the first one. James is still struggling with the whole nappy-changing thing, and I can't make heads nor tails of half the stuff in that book of child-rearing charms Molly Weasley recommended me." Suddenly, her eyes were welling with tears. "I wish Mum was here. She'd sort me out."

"She would," Snape agreed, reaching over to place a pale hand over Lily's on the table. "But you'll manage on your own. You and *Potter*."

Lily sighed, turning her fingers over under Snape's to hold his hand. "When I'm not the size of a whale, I swear, I'm gonna sit the pair of you down and force you to hash it all out until you can at the very least be civil to each other. Remus'll help me."

"That's not necessary, Lily—"

"Yes it is," she insisted. "James called dibs on Sirius as the godfather for this one, but I've got you down for the next, so you'll have to be able to stand being in the same room as James by then. Y'know. Baby steps." Her smile was fond, her hand squeezing his. "You have to teach all my kids how to be good at Potions. And how to lie, when they need to — me and Jim can't lie for shit. And you can put the fear of God into the little blighters when they aren't listening to their mum and dad."

"I... I'll try, Lily," he promised. "But you know it's more complicated than that. The war—"

"Fuck the war," Lily said firmly. "I know, it's the worst time to have a kid, and anything could happen. I *know* we're on different sides of this bloody thing," she added with a sharp gaze. "But I also know that you, Severus Snape, are a good man, and you're gonna bloody love my kid. I know I'm gonna love my kid." She looked down at her bump, stroking it gently with her free hand. "I already love him so much, Sev, and he's not even born yet," she whispered. "But it's terrifying, knowing what's coming. And I need to know my best friend is at least going to *try* to get along with my family, when things are better."

"Remus is your best friend," Snape tried half-heartedly, only to be fixed with a glare.