

If Kittens Won't Do It, Try The Snake

by beaweasley2

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Only Chapter

Chapter 1 of 1

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A hug and big thank you to Southern_Witch_69 for cleaning up all my mistakes and errors. She really deserves all the coke and chocolate I can send her. You are worth your weight in Godiva, doll!

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All morning Hubert cried. When he wasn't crying because he was wet, he was crying because he was hungry. Or, because he missed tugging on Hermione's half-kneazle, Nikki's ears and tail. Severus had promised Hermione that he wouldn't use magic in front of her grandparents, but little Hubert just wouldn't be pacified.

By noon, Severus' potion was in a critical stage, not that it mattered, but the fumes weren't good for the baby. But running upstairs each time Hubert's cries became wails was beginning to grate on his nerves.

Mrs. Abernathy was a wealth of parental advice, except she was with Hermione, shopping. And Mr. Abernathy only made little Hubert cry – louder. It wasn't his fault, Hubert didn't like baby-talk. Mr. Abernathy seemed to lose his vocabulary, and most of his intelligence, the moment he looked into the bassinette. Severus was tired of running upstairs to coddle his son, since Mr. Abernathy had a problem with allowing Nikki, anywhere near the baby. Something about smothering, as if the cat would. Nikki would never do that – the cat was great with the boy.

Finally, next ingredient went in, and he set his potion to simmer, then ran back upstairs. After a few minutes of retelling the story of the Beattle and the Bird one more time, Hubert settled down. Severus ran back down to his lab just in time to add the next ingredient. He was stirring when Hubert started crying again. *Blast damn it!* He ran upstairs, quieted Hubert again by reciting one of the children's poems Hermione read to him frequently, and ran back down stairs. He had just enough time to add the valerian root when Hubert started crying again. Severus patiently, while grinding his teeth, made the required seventeen slow stirs, then ran back up to pacify his son. He made it back to his lab just in time to add the salamander tails. A few minutes later, Hubert was crying again. Checking that the potion could sit for a few minutes, he ran back upstairs and calmed Hubert down by reciting the same poem as before.

"Your son sure likes the sound of your voice," Mr. Abernathy stated.

"Indeed," Severus stated smoothly, refraining from adding, 'and doesn't like your cooing and babbling at him very much.' He set Hubert back down and returned to his lab barely in time to save the potion from ruin.

There were nine more such times Severus had to run upstairs to pacify Hubert before his potion was complete. He contemplated finishing the one on stasis and disregarded the notion. He'd started cleaning up just as Hubert started to wail again.

Severus finally gave in. He just simply couldn't leave little Hubert with granddad any longer. He entered the kitchen only to find that Granddad Abernathy was wiggling a stuffed kitten over the crib. Severus wanted to laugh, but refrained. "That's the kne—cat's toy," he said softly from the doorway.

Mr. Abernathy looked at the stuffed kitten, his brows furrowed in confusion. "But Hermione cleaned it just this morning," he said, standing up, placing his hand on the curve of his waist as he stretched.

Severus so wanted to give the man a Pain Potion, but he'd flat out refused, opting for his Ibuprofen instead. "She does every morning. Her cat keeps putting its toy in the bassinet with Hubert. It's where the cat sleeps when Hubert is in the crib. If you want to amuse the boy, use the snake."

"The snake?" Mr. Abernathy asked, picking up a lime green and yellow stuffed toy snake. "This old mangled thing?"

"Yes, that old thing," Severus said, taking the snake and handing it to Hubert. The little tyke reached for the snake and instantly tried to put the tail in his mouth.

"Little Hugo likes snakes! I'll be darned," Mr. Abernathy exclaimed.

"Amazing, I know," Severus said, tugging on his left sleeve.

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Hermione returned home, exhausted after shopping with her grandmother. For a seventy-five year-old woman, she was quite spry.

"Hermione, shhh," Mrs. Abernathy whispered as she led the way into the sitting room. "I think the guys are done in."

Hermione dropped the bags, smiling at her granddad stretched out on the chaise, and Severus and Hugo on the sofa. "Let's go into the kitchen, shall we?" she suggested at a whisper. Her grandma walked quietly by as Hermione stood, watching Severus holding their son. "I love you," she said to her husband as she followed Mrs. Abernathy to the kitchen to make tea.



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Authors Notes:

To dispel any name confusion, the little tyke is Hubert Severus Snape, who Hermione sometimes calls Hugo as a nickname. Ironically, Severus never calls him Hugo.

The prompts used were:

14. I would like to see a wizard trying to accomplish something *difficult* the mundane way. No wands, magic or elves allowed! Severus vs. a tree trunk for example.

55. It begins with kittens. It ends with snakes. (There's an obvious SS/HG reference in there, but it really can be anything! As long as there are kittens. And snakes. I'd like for the kittens not to be fed to the snakes.)