

# Fruit Loops

*by michmak*

Innocent fruit loops are drowned as Snape attempts to teach his son to...well, read it and find out.

## Fruit Loops

*Chapter 1 of 1*

Innocent fruit loops are drowned as Snape attempts to teach his son to...well, read it and find out.

Disclaimer: not mine, and after you read this you'll understand why.

A/N: I apologize in advance for this bit of fluff. Hopefully, you all will see the intended humor and forgive me for any OoC silliness involved. This story has not been betaed.

-----  
Hermione Granger Snape was at her wits end. She was a smart witch, smarter than most, but even she had to admit she couldn't solve this problem on her own. She needed Severus. She didn't expect that he would agree to help her right away he never did. He would sulk and growl, try to come up with a myriad excuses as to why she was more suited to this job than he was, but she would win in the end. She had one irrefutable fact that he could not talk away: she didn't have a penis.

And neither would he any longer, if he refused to help. She was getting desperate.

-----  
"I don't see why I have to do this, Hermione," Severus growled, the lines around his face made even deeper by the ferocious scowl currently gracing it. "This is a woman's job!"

"You would think that, after several years of marriage to me, you would realize that claiming something is a 'women's job' is a sure-fire way to get my hackles up!" Hermione retorted. "I thought I'd already explained the concept of women's liberation several times, Severus. Don't you ever listen to me?"

"What, in the name of the gods, does women's lib have anything to do with potty training a child?"

Hermione frowned at him. "Not just a child, Severus your child. Your son, to be more precise. Your son, who very conveniently for you, was born with all the proper working equipment. If he had been born without, he would have been your daughter and this conversation would be pointless. Now, are you going to help me or not?"

Snape looked at her, sulkily. "Do I have a choice?"

She grinned, "I knew you'd see things my way. Augustus Snape, come here please!"

A little boy, roughly the age of three or so, came running out of his bedroom. His curly black hair was in disarray and his clothes were covered in cat fur. Crookshanks followed at a leisurely pace behind him. "Yesh, Mama?"

"Do you know how we were talking today about the big potty?" Hermione asked him gently, trying not to laugh as the little face before her screwed up in distaste. He

looked so much like a miniature version of his father when he scowled at her it really was adorable.

"I don' like it," he muttered, "it'sh big and shcary. I'sh afraided to fall in. I don' wanna be flushed away!"

"But you have to start using it, sweetheart. You're a big boy now, too big for diapers anymore. And it's not scary at all. Especially if you can pee while standing up. I know I tried explaining that to you earlier today and it didn't work out too well, but daddy said he'd show you."

Snape snorted at this and Augustus turned to look at his father, his surprise showing on his face.

'Daddy goesh potty?"

Hermione stifled a giggle, "Everyone goes potty, Augustus. It's part of human nature. And if you listen to daddy and do exactly what he tells you to do, you'll be able to tell Uncle Harry what a big boy you are when he visits tomorrow."

Augustus contemplated this seriously, before walking over to his father and taking his hand. "I'sh ready."

Growling, Snape stood up, sending a ferocious glare at Hermione as Augustus tried to drag him towards the bathroom. "You're really going to make me do this?"

"Absolutely," Hermione replied. "Don't forget the fruit loops."

Snape reached out his hand and took the small plastic bowl of the sugary muggle cereal his wife insisted on feeding their child. "What do I do with these again?"

"Throw a handful in the toilet bowl, and tell Augustus to try to sink them," Hermione smiled. "Maybe if he thinks it's a game, he'll be more willing to try."

"Right," Snape replied, his expression shifting to one of resigned suffering. "Don't listen at the door, woman!"

"Of course, Severus. I wouldn't dream of it!"

- - - - -

Hermione gingerly pressed her ear against the door of the bathroom, muttering a soft 'amplifius' under her breath. If Severus caught her, he would be furious.

"Now, Augustus," she heard her husband start, "I am going to throw these fruit loops in the toilet bowl, and you are going to try to sink them when you urinate."

She imagined the little boy's blank gaze at his father, and snickered when she heard Snape mumble, "er...when you pee. You got that?"

"Yesh, Daddy," the little boy responded eagerly.

"Okay, so here we go then." Long silence. "Uhm...son....try to sink them."

"I don' unnershtand what you mean, daddy. How can I shink them?"

Severus grunted. Hermione tried not to laugh out loud.

"Well, you see, you have to take your penis in hand and aim and...squirt. Got it?"

"Nope."

"You know, when you pee, you aim it at the cereal. If you hit the fruit loops, you'll sink them. It's a uhm it's a game!"

Snape was starting to sound a little desperate.

"I schtill don' get it, daddy. Can you show me?"

"You want me to show you?" Severus managed to stutter. "Well, uhm I don't know."

"You mean you don't know how to go potty either? Are you shcared of falling in too?"

"No. I mean, uh...son...I do know how to go to the bathroom, but I think I'd feel a little uncomfortable showing you how to do it."

"Why?"

"Well, because...it's not something men like to discuss."

"But I'm not a man. I'm a little boy."

"Yes, you are," Snape replied. Hermione could almost picture him thunking his head against the wall against that logic. "Okay, then. Give me a minute."

"Wow, daddy. That'sh a lotta buttonsh. Why don't you have a zipper on your pantsh like me?"

"I detest zippers," Severus muttered back.

"And where'sh your underwear?"

"I detest underwear even more!" Snape replied. "Now, quit asking questions and pay attention."

"Okay daddy," Augustus said agreeably. "Sink the pink one first!"

Hermione felt like she was going to chew her lip off in her attempt not to laugh out loud like a hyena. She could hear her husband empty his bladder in fits and spurts, and Augustus' excited squealing "Yay, Daddy! You sunk two that time!" from behind the door.

Finally, after a few minutes of silence, she heard her husband ask, "There. Now, do you think you can do it?"

"Shure I can," Augustus agreed excitedly. "It looksh like fun!"

"Good. Let me throw a few more fruit loops in there and, ready? Go!"

A few seconds of tense silence, and then she heard her husband mutter in shock, "No, Augustus, no**USE YOUR OWN!**"

Hermione lost it. Gasping in mirth, she staggered from the doorway and barely made it to the sofa before her legs gave out underneath her.

Her laughter only increased when Severus and Augustus emerged from the bathroom a few minutes later. The little boy looked decidedly proud of himself, and Severus looked like he wanted to kill her.

"Mommy, mommy, guessh what? I did it! AND I used my own penish! Daddy sunk more than me though. I think that'sh becaushe hish is bigger than mine and he hash beshter aim!"

"That's wonderful, sweetheart, I'm so proud of you!" Hermione managed to gasp out. "Now, if you can remember to keep peeing in the toilet we can get rid of your diapers soon. You've already got the pooping down pat, so you're almost there!"

"Yay for me!" Augustus clapped, "Can I go and play with Crookshanksh now?"

"Absolutely," Hermione agreed, "just stay where I can hear you."

"Okay, mummy," the little boy hollered as he ran from the room. "Thanksh, daddy!" he called over his shoulder.

Snape groaned and sunk into his arm chair, glaring at Hermione. "I thought you said you wouldn't listen in."

Hermione snickered, "And you believed me? Really, Severus...."

"That is not an experience I wish to repeat ever again in my life," he shuddered. "Why you made me do that..."

"And how was I supposed to demonstrate, then?" she replied archly. "I thought you liked the fact that I didn't have male genitalia. Maybe I was wrong."

Her husband glowered at her, "Irritating chit. Why did I marry you again?"

"Because you love my keen intellect," Hermione responded, as she slid to her feet and glided over to her husband, dropping into his lap and wrapping her arms around his neck, "and because I'm beautiful, and because you love the things I can do with my tongue."

"Ah... right." Underneath her firm weight, she could feel his body relaxing. His arms came up to pull her tighter against him. "I do love that tongue of yours," he purred, "among other things. And I am quite glad you lack the aforementioned male genitalia. That could be quite inconvenient."

"Oh, very," Hermione agreed breathlessly, as his mouth dropped to her neck and nipped her just above her collarbone. "Thank you for doing that for me, Severus. You know how much Augustus wants to be just like you."

"Heaven forbid," Snape responded, shuddering dramatically. "But the next baby better be a girl. I refuse to show any more of our children how to sink fruit loops."

The End

-----

A/N: okay, totally OoC and completely fluffy to boot. But I needed to write something that would make me laugh, and this did the trick. For anyone wondering, this fictionalized version of events actually has happened, but instead of Snape it was my husband trying to sink fruit loops with our son. He still hasn't forgiven me for listening in at the bathroom door.