

# Trews Blues

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Wherein we learn the basis for Snape's preference for buttoning up.

## aka Wee Willie Wounded

*Chapter 1 of 1*

Wherein we learn the basis for Snape's preference for buttoning up.

"What is it, Severus? Do they not fit?"

"Don't come in!"

"I won't if you tell me what's wrong and why you screamed like that."

He had been trying on the new trews she'd bought him at the Muggle shoppe down the lane. He was outgrowing his short pants and Tobias had told her their son should wear trousers now he was eight. She had made his clothes until now, but Tobias had insisted he needed what he termed "proper" clothes. Frankly, Eileen did not see much difference in the Muggle clothes and the ones she sewed, other than hers were better constructed. Still, she had not argued, but taken in her son's waist and inseam measurements to the Muggle women behind the counter of the store, and they had promptly given her a choice of tan, brown, and black corduroys. She'd bought one black and one brown and given them to Severus to try on. She waited now, wondering what could be wrong.

There was only silence through the bedroom door, followed by a faint whimper, and Eileen rolled her eyes and opened the door.

"Mum!" Severus shrieked, turning his back to her and then whimpering slightly, hands covering his crotch.

"What's wrong, dear?"

He whimpered again.

"Severus?"

"I... it bit my knob," he finally whispered, trembling.

Eileen frowned. She didn't know what he was referring to, although she now knew that something was wrong with his bits.

"Turn around, son, let me have a look."

"No, Mum!"

"Oh, stop being foolish," she muttered, turning him herself with a firm hand and looking him in the eye as she added, "I've diapered your bottom and powdered your willie since you were born. What do you think you have that I haven't seen?"

He whimpered again, a tear sliding down his normally stoic face, and she relented.

"Son, it's all right. I'm your mum and it's all right if I look."

He winced and then reluctantly dropped his hands from their protective position.

Eileen assessed the situation. Small, but vicious, metal gathers that apparently held the flies closed had bitten into the skin atop her son's penis. Idiotic Muggle inventions!

"Great heavens." She patted his blushing face. "Don't move or try to do anything, Severus. I'll be right back and fix that."

She came back with her wand. "All right, now we know what this means?"

He nodded. "We don't tell Da."

"Right." She glared at the hurtful Muggle device and magicked it away. Severus gasped as the sharp metal slipped out of his delicate skin, and then whimpered again.

He grew very red-faced as his mum gently took his sore and bleeding willie in her hand, and then touched her wand to it, saying something in a singsong voice that he couldn't quite make out. Soon the pain stopped, and when she gently whisked the blood away with a gentle finger, only a slightly tender spot remained. She let him go and smiled at him, patting his face again. He tried to smile back at her, but felt ashamed.

"It's all right, son. I'll fix these infernal things, and we'll have no more of that."

She made him step out of his new trousers and walked away with them. He sniffed and put his comfortable old short pants back on.

The next day, his new trousers were folded neatly atop his dresser, and he was a bit nervous about having to wear them. However, when he shook them out to slip them on, he noticed the flies now had proper buttons instead of that vicious metal sliding thing. He smiled and made a decision.

From now on, he would only have buttons on his clothes.