

Bird, Bees and Polyjuice. Oh, my!

by Marti

Follow-up to 'Polyjuice Fun' and 'Polyjuice Repercussions.' Little Adam has some questions for his father

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: Sorry, I'm still not Ms. Rowling.

"You ask."

"No, you ask, you's older."

"But, you're a girl and daddy won't mind when you ask."

"Is there a reason why my children are sitting here in the corner with their heads bent in conspiracy?" Severus entered the play area with his youngest son cradled against his chest and looked over at his oldest two children. Brianna, auburn haired with cinnamon eyes, looked up at her father and grinned. Adam glared up at him: his mirror image in all things. He thanked the gods that the newest baby in his arms looked more like Hermione rather than himself.

"Adam has a question to ask you, Daddy." Brianna smiled at her father. Both of them were six now. Adam's birthday was in June, while Brianna had hers six months later on Christmas. Severus winced, remembering Adam's birth, particularly the extended labor he'd been forced to endure.

"What is it, son?"

"It's nothin', Daddy. We were just looking at our baby albums," Adam mumbled, dropping his head to look at the floor. Brianna waved her album at her father, grinning with her gap-toothed grin.

"It must be something if you're sitting here pouting about it. Come sit with me while I rock your brother. Mummy's sleeping right now, and I thank you two for being so quiet for her." Severus motioned towards the rocking chair near the fireplace, the same rocking chair in which he'd rocked Adam and Brianna at the same age. Hell, he still rocked them in the middle of the night now if one woke from a nightmare.

Adam sighed and followed his father, his sister tagging along right behind. The two of them climbed up on the loveseat and sat together waiting for their father to settle their new little brother in his arms. Little Bastian was only a couple of weeks old, but their mum and the baby had had problems, and this was his first night home from the hospital. Severus cocked his head to one side, rocking automatically, looking at his two oldest, so close in size that they'd been confused for twins before. 'Thank Merlin, that hadn't happened!' He thought with a shudder. 'For either Hermione or myself.'

"So, what was going on when I came in just now?"

"Just looking at our albums, Daddy," Brianna said sweetly.

"Nothing," Adam said almost at the same time.

"You should just ask, Adam."

"No, you should, you saw it first."

"But, it was your baby book."

"Enough! Adam, obviously you are concerned about something in your album. Please continue." Severus rubbed his hand down Bastian's back, the baby not even close to being sleepy, but moving his legs and turning his head against his father's chest, one way then the other. "I hope, Bastian, this indicates you will sleep well at night, since you refuse to nap during the day," his father said to him dryly.

"Daddy, where did I come from?"

Hermione, having woken up to the chatter of her little ones, stood in the bedroom door way and listened to her oldest child's question. She snorted with laughter at her husband's flummoxed expression.

"Um, Adam, I believe we read that book while your mummy had Bastian in her tummy, remember? Hermione, you should be resting." Severus espied her from the corner of his eye.

"I'm not tired, love." She entered the living room and bent to kiss Severus and Bastian, then turned to sit gingerly between her two oldest children. They cuddled next to her.

"Hmm."

"But, Daddy, how comes there's pictures of Mummy with a big tummy cause I'm in her, but there ain't none of her with Adam?" Brianna couldn't hold back the question anymore. The girl was just like her mother.

He'd stood before the Dark Lord himself and took his Dark Mark, survived numerous Cruciatus Curses, and had endured Remus Lupin as his attendant at his wedding. None of those had terrified him as much as this question. He frowned at his children while Hermione held back her laughter. She hugged each child to her side, but Adam pulled away.

"I'm 'dopted like Mickey Averill at school, right?" The oldest of their brood sulked at his mum and dad. Hermione gaped for a moment, then laughed so hard she had to clutch her stomach.

"Be careful, wife! Adam Severus Snape, why would you think that? You are the image of me at your age, but for those prissy curls." Severus smirked, knowing *that* would annoy his wife.

"They're not prissy, Severus. They're endearing." Hermione snorted and hugged her son close. She sighed, figuring it was time to tell the children about the birds and the bees. 'And Polyjuice Potion mishaps,' she snickered to herself. "Adam, love, I'm your mummy, and Daddy is indeed your daddy. Mummy and Daddy should probably tell the two of you how this happened, how the two of you are so close together in age. Okay, one time, Daddy made a potion that turned him into Mummy and me into him... Well, instead of Mummy having Adam in her tummy, Daddy ended up with you in his. It was a magical accident that doesn't normally happen. Daddy was quite embarrassed, so I only have one picture of Daddy with Adam in his tummy."

"You what?" Severus seethed, hissing the question at his wife. He had been perfectly willing to let her explain the situation to the children. He'd never quite gotten over the whole 'male pregnancy' thing. At least Potter had stopped laughing in his presence after the first three years. Weasley was still banned from his home, especially after that half-assed breastfeeding remark.

He still owed Weasley a hex if he remembered correctly.

"One day while Daddy was resting in his classroom, Mummy took a picture of him. I had to be Slytherin sneaky to do it." She bent down and rubbed her nose against her eldest son's. Adam sighed and gave his mummy a hug.

"Can I see it? You're not fibbing us are you?" The boy was so suspicious, just like his father.

"No, Adam, as much as I wished you had been born a bit more... conservatively, I did in fact carry you inside of me like Mummy carried Bastian." Severus sighed. "I suppose if your mother has a picture, she would do well to get it out."

Hermione conjured her diary, the one book in the Snape home that he would never crack open, not even for a peak. She opened it to the beginning and pulled out a photograph. It was a little worn, as if she'd taken it out repeatedly and looked at it. "See, Adam, Brianna. There's Daddy sitting there at his desk."

"Bloody woman. I can't believe you snuck that picture," he growled at his wife, his eyes closed to slits. Hermione stuck her tongue out at him, without the two children seeing her. They were gazing at the picture in her hand. Severus had been leaning back in his chair, his robes open and his hands rubbing his stomach as Adam had kicked him. None of the students had known of their teacher's 'delicate condition,' and after most classes, he'd take a chance and loosen his clothes. Hermione had taken to visiting him during long breaks between classes so she could cuddle with him.

Severus watched his oldest closely. 'Adopted! Not bloody likely with him looking like me at that age.' He snorted and rubbed Bastian's back when he whimpered and kicked one leg against his father's chest. "Shh, little one."

"Oh, look, Adam, Daddy's tummy's big! Told you you wasn't 'dopted!" Brianna smirked at her brother, who made to swipe at her, but Hermione stopped him instantly.

"But why'd Daddy have me inside instead of you, Mummy?"

"Hmm... That's a question that I think we'll answer in a few years when you two are older. Are you happy to know that you're not adopted, Adam?" Hermione asked just as Bastian let out a wail that caused his father to wince. "He's hungry, huh?"

"I was hoping to let you sleep awhile, but yes, your son is ravenous again, Madam Snape." Severus passed the baby over and watched as Hermione discreetly opened her blouse and let the newborn latch on instantly. Brianna brushed her little brother's hair as she watched him nurse while Adam scowled again. He really did look like a miniature version of his father, especially at times like this.

"Can I ask 'nother question?"

"You're full of them like your Mummy, aren't you? Yes, Adam, you may." Severus opened his arms to the boy, and Adam scooted off the couch and onto his father's lap.

"I didn't have to eat like that from you, did I?" he whispered in his father's ear. At least, he whispered loud enough for his mother and sister to hear. Hermione burst into laughter, snorting and dropping her head back against the couch. Brianna laughed along with her mother, not quite sure what was funny.

"I'm going to kill Weasley." Severus glared as his son started laughing too.

The End

A/N-- Adam was named for the doctor in 'Polyjuice Repercussions.' Thanks for reading, and remember to leave a review. I love hearing from everyone!