

The Birds and the Bees

by Lorraine Bluestar

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: All characters and concepts of Harry Potter's universe belong to J.K. Rowling; I just borrowed them for a little while.

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The pale sunlight of the sunset entered through the window announcing the end of another day, an exhausting day. Severus Snape was looking through it, trying to forget where he was and trying to hide his need to leave as soon as possible. He was plotting the escape when someone tugged at his robes, and he looked to see a pair of big, brown eyes looking at him pleadingly. Severus suppressed a smile, something he had learnt to do when he'd decided to take a chance on a new life, and that was reserved only for two persons. There was no way he was going to let the rest of the people in the room see him smiling. He bent down and picked up the small girl waiting with her outstretched arms. She urged him to take her near the bed, which had caused his annoyance, but was unable to deny her what she was asking for. Both joined a grinning Hermione, who was obviously having a great time and utterly ignoring the discomfort of her husband.

"He's gorgeous, Luna. And he looks just like you."

Luna was still in bed holding a little blond baby in her arms. She looked tired, but Hermione had never seen her so happy. "Yes, he does, and I have to say that I was afraid that he would inherit his father's red hair because I read in a very respectable magazine that red-haired men tend to have fits of temper, to be rash, and to be quite resentful."

"Hey, that's not true. I was never like that." Luna looked at him quizzically, and Ron knew he'd better close his mouth before provoking his wife to continue numbering his faults. "Anyway, he's the first one in the new generation of Weasleys that has no red hair, but he does have the Weasley freckles." He looked at his little son fondly, kissing an exhausted Luna on the forehead.

"What will you call him, Luna?"

"His name is Clancy Roan. I like both names, and I think they suit him perfectly. Besides, Roan reminds me of my Ronald."

"They are beautiful names, Luna."

Severus suppressed a snort when he heard the names; the boy was a Weasley without doubt. Hermione glared at him in a way that could only mean 'behave' before turning again to ask Luna if she could hold the baby. Severus couldn't take any more of it. They had been there a long time while waiting for the younger Weasley to wake up because Hermione wanted to see him and wanted Shannon to meet the little one. He had more important things to do than putting on a 'nice' face to the Weasleys, and

In his arms Shannon looked at the baby curiously. Hermione and Severus' daughter was four years old, and fortunately for her, she had inherited her father's straight hair and her mother's nose, and the brilliant mind of both. But she was also stubborn like her mother and sneaky like her father even at such a young age. Looking at the little baby, Shannon, like a little copy of her mother, started biting her lower lip in concentration, which presaged a long conversation with her parents trying to answer one of her multiple questions.

"Hermione, Severus, I haven't seen you in a long time. There's no way you can go now. Why don't we leave Luna and Ron to take care of the baby while we go downstairs to have a cup of tea? Besides, Shannon hasn't played with the kids; they will be delighted to see their cousin again."

They spent a couple of hours chatting with Molly and Fleur before they Flooed home. The Snape family had acquired a house in a wizarding zone in Yorkshire before Shannon was born. Both parents thought it was better to raise her in a house of their own and not in the quarters Severus had in Hogwarts and where they had lived since their marriage. As expected, Minerva McGonagall was designated Headmistress of Hogwarts one year after Dumbledore's death when the school opened again. She invited Severus to join the staff again once his allegiances were cleared publicly, offering him the Defence Against the Dark Arts post. After the death of Voldemort, the post was no longer cursed, so he could accept it without worrying. Hermione had decided to make a career as a Healer, and she worked in St. Mungo's doing research on new cures for several maladies.

There it was: the question Hermione was expecting, but she wasn't exactly expecting THAT question. How do you explain that to a four-year-old girl? Well, she knew what her parents did to explain to her, but she wanted to be sure that it was the best option for Shannon. And she wanted to talk about it with Severus since they had agreed to talk about everything regarding their daughter's education. In fact it was more about Severus accepting her idea about how to raise the girl. Anyway, her daughter was waiting for an answer....

"I know we can't, but we must discuss how much and what we're going to tell her. We must agree in what we're going to say so we don't confuse her if she asks later. So, what do you think we should tell her?"

The mental image of Luna Weasley with seeds and other things in her mouth was enough to made Severus wince and answer hastily. "No, no. Eating and the mouth have nothing to do with it. Don't even think about it."

"What?"

"How is everything going? Has your dad answered your questions, darling?"

"I'll tell you all about it, but first you'll eat your breakfast."

"Well?"

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"Well?"

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