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.

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

that day he had already seen the whole Weasley family parading in the room, which covered his quota of social meetings with them.

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.

Molly Weasley had been busy down stairs attending her other grandchildren and sons, but she came back to remind Luna that little Clancy needed to eat, or he'd start crying soon. Severus was thankful for that because it meant that they could go and leave the young mother to attend her baby. He had a new book at home waiting for him that had what he needed to finish his latest research. The couple started saying their goodbyes, but Molly wouldn't let them go that easily.

"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."

"That would be lovely, Molly." Hermione accompanied her words with a squeeze on Severus' hand to prevent him from making a face or an annoyed remark. Apart from Hermione's parents, the Weasleys were the closest she had to a family, so there was no way she'd deny Molly an afternoon of chatting and the chance to spoil Shannon, who was like a granddaughter for her.

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.

Shannon was exhausted, so Hermione took her straight to her room to bathe her and prepare her to sleep while Severus retired to his study. The little girl had been oddly quiet since they'd arrived home, and Hermione knew it could only mean that her daughter had something in her head, and it had to be something important because she hadn't started popping question after question and was instead analysing.

"Do you want me to read you a story before you sleep, hun?"

"No, Mum, not tonight."

"Alright then, sleep now. Tomorrow we'll go to your grandparents' house."

"Mum, I was thinking. You told me Auntie Luna's baby was in her belly all this time and that now he had come out. But how did he get there?"

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 will tell you all about it, but tomorrow. Now sleep."

"But, Mum..."

"Shannon, we'll talk about it tomorrow, and that's it. You're sleepy now, and you need to have some rest."

"Mum...

"Goodnight, Shannon."

"Goodnight, Mum."

Severus was in his study doing some annotations about his book when Hermione joined him. She sat on the arm of his armchair and kissed her unresponsive and concentrating husband.

"What's wrong?"

"Nothing, my love. I am just wondering why you did not want to spend even more time with the Weasleys. You know I have nothing to do here."

"Oh, darling. We hadn't visited them in a long time, so it was natural that Molly wanted to catch up and spend time with Shannon. Besides, it was a special occasion. Luna and Ron have become parents, and you know how much they struggled for it."

"Still, you knew I had things to do, but decided to stay."

"I'm sorry. I should have been more thoughtful about your discomfort, but I was having a great time, and it was so hard to refuse Molly's invitation. How can I ever repay you for this?"

This time she had all his attention; that offer wasn't one to reject, and Hermione knew it very well.

"Well, I can think about a couple of things you can do to pay me back when we retire for the night." Severus moved in his chair to pull her on his lap and started kissing her neck in the way that she found so irresistible. The kisses on her neck made Hermione whimper with pleasure and desire, but the thought of the delectable activities her husband must have in mind made her remember what had brought her there.

"Severus, we must discuss something."

"I am sure it can wait until tomorrow." His hand was sneaking under the hem of her skirt, looking to make her focus on the issue at hand.

"I would prefer us to discuss it now so we can be prepared tomorrow. Severus...ahhh... our daughter has asked her first question about sex."

That certainly stopped his ministrations under Hermione's skirt. "She... what?"

"Shannon asked me where babies come from and how the baby got inside Luna's belly."

"I see. Well, I guess we have to explain it to her. We cannot lie to her."

"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?"

"I have no previous experience in talking about sex with a child, but I think that a good start could be the same technique your parents used to introduce you to the concept of sex and reproduction."

"Well, my mom told me an African tale about a colony of birds that were able to lay their eggs after a meal of honeybees. That was how she explained to me that the participation of two individuals was necessary to produce a baby, and then she explained that it happened the same with people, that a woman needed a man to put the baby in her womb. I wondered if she had to eat the baby or what, but with time I understood what she meant."

"Birds and bees? Hermione, that is ridiculous, and it is plainly obvious why you were so confused about it."

"Well, it worked fine with me, and I don't see you complaining about my attitude towards sex because as you can testify, we have a very satisfactory sex life. Therefore, what is obvious is that I'm not confused or traumatised."

"Hermione. I think we have a daughter smart enough to understand about sex without ridiculous analogies. I think we should tell her things as they are."

Hermione jumped from the chair when she heard his idea about telling their daughter about sex just as it works. That was what was ridiculous. "Are you insane? We're talking about a four-year-old girl here, and she's just not ready to understand about how sex works. That happens years from here."

"Do you think I'm that thick? Of course she's too young to know about sex, but she can perfectly understand the biological principles of reproduction."

"Severus, analogies like the birds and the bees exist for a reason. They exist so that way children can better understand things that they are not ready to understand otherwise."

"Really? Do you want to see your daughter as confused as you were in your childhood? Oh, and I am so sure you researched about it in a book. I think it would have been better to hear it from your parents than reading about it in a book."

He had a point there because she did research it and had ended up even more confused when she found an anatomy book that explained everything about intercourse and fecundation, accompanied of course by very detailed drawings of every body part involved. But she wasn't going to give him the satisfaction of being right about it, not this time.

"Fine, if you think it's better to tell her everything about sex, then you will explain it to her. She'll ask again tomorrow and she's all yours."

"I will do it, and you will see it is far easier than you think."

"We'll see, Severus. We'll see." With that she left his study, any promise of a pleasurable night forgotten after their discussion. Who would have thought that a talk about sex with her husband would result in a night lacking of it?

The next morning, both parents were in the kitchen ignoring each other when the small girl appeared. She looked still sleepy, her braids half undone and still yawning. She went to her father to kiss him and tell him good morning and then ran to her mother, raising her arms for her to pick her up.

"Good morning, Mum."

"Good morning, hun. Did you sleep well?"

"I did, Mum. I had a pretty dream with a unicorn. But you have to answer my question today; you said you would. Tell me about it now, pretty please?"

Hermione smirked and walked to the table where Severus was reading the Daily Prophet. "Shannon, your daddy will tell you all about babies and where they come from."

Severus turned to face both women, one smirking evilly and obviously expecting him to fail and the other curious and eager to know. He sighed and stood to take the small girl from her mother's arms and carry her to the living room. The kitchen was not a proper place to discuss an important issue. They sat on the couch, and Severus wondered how to start answering his daughter's questions.

"Shannon, your mother told me you have a question."

"Yes, Daddy. I was thinking yesterday that once Mum told me Auntie Luna's baby was in her belly and that now he had come out. But I don't understand how he got there. Will you tell me, Daddy?"

"Well, I will tell you all you need to know. It starts when a man and a woman... Well, they really like each other, and... well... they, they decide to marry." Yeah, marriage was fine; he wanted his daughter to have principles and to respect marriage from the beginning. "When they are married, they can decide to form a family, to have a baby. There is a way in which this man and this woman will have their baby."

"Is this man and this woman Auntie Luna and Uncle Ron?"

Severus grimaced when the names of the couple were involved in a talk about sex, but answered his daughter calmly. "This works with every couple, not just with them. Anyway, when this woman and this man decide to have a baby, they..." Great, now he had the mental image of Weasley and his wife illustrating the process for her daughter, and that was certainly something he didn't want to know.

"What do they do, Daddy?"

"The man has a... Hmmm, he has a..." He couldn't say the word penis in front of her daughter. She would ask where it was and why she didn't have one... probably even ask to see his penis. No, he had to avoid that. "Well, the man has... seeds, inside his body, and when the man and the woman want a baby, he places them inside the woman's body." That was much better.

"Seeds? What kind of seeds? Like the ones we used at Granny's house when we planted the roses?"

"No, they are a different kind of seeds."

"Why they are different?"

"Because they come from the body of the man. Anyway, the man has to put those seeds in the woman's body."

"Where will he put the seeds, Daddy? In her belly?"

"Well, in some way, and he has to... he uses the..." He couldn't mention the vagina because she would probably ask about it and ask him if he had one or to see what he had there if he didn't have one. No, vagina was not safe. "Yes, he puts the seeds in her belly."

"How does he do that? Things get into the belly if you eat them. Does the woman have to eat the seeds?"

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."

"Oh. But, Daddy, seeds only become flowers if you water them. Do the babies have to be watered, too?"

"What?"

Hermione chose that precise moment to enter the room. The conversation was certainly amusing her, but she finally pitied her husband. He should have learnt his lesson by now.

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

"I don't understand him, Mum. He has been talking about a man and a woman doing something, but I don't know what. Can you tell me about it, Mum?"

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

The girl jumped from the couch and rushed into the kitchen leaving both parents alone.

"Well?"

"Don't even mention it, Hermione. You can do things your way now, just like you always want."

"Oh, Severus. I didn't want this; I just thought my idea was better. Remember, it worked fine with me, and I think we both are quite thankful of how well it worked, right?" She sat on his lap and kissed him thoroughly, caressing his chest with one hand and the back of his head with the other. She broke the kiss to let him know how good he was with sexual education and how he could educate her later. After all, she had to do some extra credits to make up for the 'class' they'd missed last night.

Later that day, Hermione took Shannon to her room and talked to her about the tale of the birds and the bees. The little girl looked at her attentively, hearing every word her mother said. Severus stood in the doorframe, listening to his wife explaining her daughter about sex using an allegory. When she finished her explanation, Shannon was looking at her mother in utter amazement, or it was what both parents thought...

"Birds and bees? Mum, that is so silly and even worst than the story Uncle Ron told me about the babies coming from a patch of cabbages."

Hermione was aghast, and Severus was trying hard not to laugh at his daughter's remark. He was right after all. His little girl was a handful and far more clever than they'd thought. He entered the room, and both parents told her that babies simply came from the couple's love for each other and that she needed to wait a little before understanding how it happened. Shannon was a little grumpy and reluctant, but finally accepted her parents' answer and left the subject alone for a while.

Later that evening, Hermione returned her room after tucking their daughter in bed and reading her a story. Severus looked at her, lifting his eyes from the book he had been reading. She certainly looked annoyed, but for him that made her look even more delectable.

"Well?"

"Don't even mention it, Severus. You were right and I wasn't."

"Actually, my love, I was thinking that neither of us was really prepared to answer her questions, and we must get used to it."

Hermione climbed into the bed and snuggled into his welcoming embrace. "You're probably right. But this was unbelievable, the way neither of us could naturally answer her?"

"Well, I am starting to think that perhaps what we need is more practice in the subject."

With that statement he started kissing her and sliding his hand under her nightgown, caressing her thighs. She moaned into his mouth when his hand came closer to her sex, and with a smirk she uttered a spell to extinguish most of the candles of their bedroom and proceeded to start the practice and the much needed extra credit on the subject.

Lorraine's Notes: This fic was originally wrote for LJ's HGSS exchange.

Regarding the children's names, Shannon means little wise one, and ironically for Luna and Ron's child (the only Weasley that doesn't have red hair in generations), I chose two names that mean red (Clancy = red, Roan = little red one).

The reference Hermione makes about the birds and the bees origins can be found here: http://encyclopedia.thefreedictionary.com/birds+and+bees.

Many thanks for Southern Witch 69, my dearest beta reader; she's always the best one. Also thanks to my great friend Maddy Riddle who gave me a couple of ideas that made this fic better.