

Those kids!

by septentrion

Albus shows himself to be a real Slytherin--though a very clumsy one. Set in the Dad's Prosthesis's universe, and written for grangersnape100.

One-shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: no profit is made with this story.

Many thanks to my wondrous beta, Dacian Goddess.

"Harry Potter has the pleasure of inviting you to the yearly Valentine Masquerade of the Order of the Phoenix. This year's theme will be: Jane Austen's times."

"Dad, Dad, can we go?" Albus asked excitedly.

"Please, Dad," Aurelius begged.

"No," Severus answered firmly. "You are to go to your grandparents'."

"Please," his sons moaned in unison.

"No! And that is final. Grandma Granger already promised to cook crepes for you."

"Severus!" Hermione called from the next room. "Are the children ready?"

"They will be, very soon," he answered. He glared at the boys, silently daring them to contradict his statement.

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Hermione came into the room. She was holding two Venetian masks she had bought during their honeymoon in *La Serenissima* years ago. Albus and Aurelius looked longingly at the masks, but instead of whining again, Albus said, "If you don't let us come at the ball, we'll tell everyone Dad spans Mum!"

First gobsmacked, Severus and Hermione soon pulled themselves together.

"What?" Severus bellowed, whereas his wife was still staring at their sons as if she had never seen them.

Albus knew at once it was not the thing to say and stammered, "I... I mean... I'm sorry..."

Too late.

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"I'm very disappointed in you," Hermione said calmly. "To use our privacy to blackmail your parents for something as trivial as a masked ball that your father and I would have missed to take care of you had you been ill is indeed very disappointing."

Ashamed, Albus had started to cry. "I'm sorry, Mum. I... promise I'll behave."

"Oh, you will be sorry," Severus said, a light growl of rage tainting his voice. "Your mother and I were planning to take you with us next year, but I think your attending the Valentine ball will wait for another two years."

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The ball was ending, and Hermione and Severus were ready to go back home. They hadn't enjoyed themselves that much, Severus because it was his *modus operandi* and Hermione because she'd spent her time thinking of her eldest son.

"You know," she said, "I'm sure Albus has learnt his lesson."

"He better have. He will be on probation for the next few months," Severus muttered.

"He's still so young—"

Severus interrupted her. "I was ten when I thought of using such an argument to gain something from my parents. Albus is only eight."

"Oh," was all Hermione could say.

Reread by Dacian Goddess.

Gnomical Ornaments

"What is this?" Severus bellowed at the sight of the golden gnomes decorating the lounge.

"Oh, that?" Hermione answered. "The boys brought them back from the Burrow. George and Ron had them bewitched in memory of Fred and offered them to our sons."

Severus scowled. "They are hideous. I thought *our* sons would have more taste than that."

"And you're famous for being the reference in decorating, aren't you?"

"Perhaps." And Severus waved his wand.

"What's that?" Albus and Aurelius exclaimed as they came into the lounge later that day and stared with bulging eyes at the now black gnomes.