

Nappy Change

by GeminiScorp

Babysitting his son holds a few surprises for Severus.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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This was written for Sunny33, who asked for Severus doing chores the Muggle way while Hermione is at work. Since Voxangelus thought she was in labor, my mind went immediately to babies.

The characters are not mine. Thank you, JKR, for letting me play.

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Philip's cries woke him from an uneasy sleep. Hermione had left him in charge of their newborn today while she went to work, and he had fallen asleep in his chair as his son napped. She had wanted to ask Minerva to babysit, but he'd insisted he was perfectly capable of watching their son himself. Even so, she had left him a foot-long parchment with specific instructions on the proper care of Philip. *As if he didn't know how to take care of an infant! What did she take him for—some Dunderhead.*

The crying became more insistent, and he ran to the nursery, almost killing himself when he tripped over some inane baby item on his way. Stepping into the room, he crinkled his nose in disgust; it was obvious as to why the child was crying. A nappy change was definitely in order. It was at times like this that he wished Hermione wasn't against keeping a house-elf on staff.

He lifted Philip out of the crib, keeping him at arms' distance, and placed him on the changing table. Taking out his wand, he flicked it at his son's bottom. Scowling, he flicked again, making the wand movement larger. Still nothing happened. Philip had stopped crying and was looking at him, a miniature scowl on his face. Picking up the boy, he walked carefully to the parlor. He snatched up the parchment that he had pointedly ignored and scanned her tiny scrawl. At the bottom, her writing became larger.

***Severus, don't forget. No magic! All the books say we must not interfere with his magical signature this early. I'm sorry, but I've placed wards throughout the house, you'll have to do things the Muggle way. Love you!***

He grimaced; changing diapers by hand was not his idea of fun. Perhaps he could wait until she arrived home. No, if their son had a rash, Hermione's hexes were sure to last much longer than any nasty diaper changing would. No doubt they would be much more uncomfortable too.

Steeling himself for the chore in front of him, he slowly walked back to the nursery and placed his son on the table. After retrieving a fresh nappy and the Muggle wipes his wife insisted on, he turned his attention to Philip. The boy was making cooing noises and smiling up at him, and it was a smile—this adorable expression was not caused by gas! He couldn't help but grin. This amazing creature was his son.

There was no longer a smell coming from the boy, but perhaps he had just become accustomed to it. Opening his son's diaper, it was clear that while there had definitely been a reason to change him before, there no longer was. He placed an uncharacteristic kiss on his son's forehead and laughed when he realized that he had just witnessed Philip's first act of magic! It seemed his brilliant son was a self-cleaning baby! His mother would be so happy.

But not quite as happy as his father was right now.

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