

Feather Duster

by peppermint

Slave for a week challenge

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Chapter 1 of 1

Slave for a week challenge

I don't own it. If I did, I'd be on vacation in the Caribbean, not here at my desk.

"Severus?"

"Yes, Hermione?"

"Is there a reason Remus is wearing an abbreviated French maid costume and brandishing a pink feather duster in my study?"

"He owes me."

"And you can't settle the debt with, say, Galleons?"

"He said he'd be a slave for a week."

Exasperated, Hermione leaned over Severus' desk. "And just what were you wagering on, husband mine?"

"Come now, you don't expect me to reveal the terms of a gentleman's agreement, do you? And who said I'd wagered on anything?"

"Oh, so Remus just came to you and begged to be your slave for a week?"

"I suggest you go and ask him why he's here. His moral compass is even more crooked than mine; he might be persuaded to reveal something."

She sighed and went into her study.

"Remus, what in Merlin's name compelled you to do this?"

He looked up from where he was on his knees dusting under the settee.

"I will just say that it involves Quidditch, my son, and foolishness."

Hermione sank into the settee, giggling madly.

"Was the costume your idea or his?"

"He thought it would probably amuse you, since you have to deal with me this week."

"I thought you were supposed to be his slave for a week."

"No, Mistress Hermione, I'm yours."

The change in his tone of voice told her that there was more going on here than a foolish Quidditch wager.

"Mine, are you? And what does your wife think about that?" she demanded, taking his chin in her hand and forcing him to look at her.

"That it's about time, Mistress. There's a letter from her on the table."

Hermione glanced over to the side table.

"Very well, pet. You'd better go put your robes back on for dinner, but leave the costume underneath."

Over the course of the week, Hermione found that Remus made a very satisfactory slave. The noises he made when she employed the pink feather duster were delicious, and her study was cleaner than it had been in years.

His week was up on Saturday.

"Tell Tonks that I've considered what she's laid out in her letter and I approve," Hermione said, kissing him on the cheek. "Give her the costume and send her over to Severus' study in the morning."

Remus smiled. "Yes, Mistress."

"After all, equality is important in a marriage. Everyone should have the same... opportunities."