

Severus and Delilah

by rosewood

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Thank Merlin for the idiocy of Ministry bureaucracy, Severus Snape mused.

Granted, he was absolved of the most heinous charges by the Wizengamot, and for that he was grateful. Nonetheless, he was still considered a former Death Eater, and as such was required to wear a tracking device so that the Department of Magical Law Enforcement could follow his movements. It was a good thing for him that the obviously underpaid, overworked lackey in the Ministry's Charms office only put forth a minimal amount of effort creating the device. It was a very good thing, indeed.

Severus stared at the small gold pendant in his hand that was to be kept on his person at all times. As it was, the tracking device was charmed so that it needed to remain in his presence. Should he be separated from the pendant, the Auror Department would be notified. Logically, the intent seemed straightforward enough. Unfortunately, the Ministry forgot it was dealing with one of the wizarding world's most consummate Slytherins.

He conjured a slender black ribbon, slipped the pendant onto it, looked in the mirror and began to plait it into a small section of hair behind his ear. After the plait was secured, he snipped it close to his scalp, placed it carefully upon the surface of his bathroom sink and admired his handiwork. If the essence of human hair was good enough to be the catalyst for Polyjuice Potion, it was certainly good enough to emulate the requirements of personal proximity as necessitated by the tracking device. *Circe's tits, this was much too easy.*

He carried the plait of hair nestled around the pendant to his bedroom and attached it to the collar of his feline familiar.

"Miss Delilah, I trust you'll take good care this lock of hair while I'm gone," he murmured while stroking her sleek midnight coat. "Minerva has promised to look in on you every day."

Severus changed into a pair of tight black leather pants, a light-weight silver lame collared dress shirt, and donned his sunglasses. After all, Carnival came only once a year and he was ready to samba his ass off.

He activated the Portkey Kingsley was kind enough to surreptitiously sneak to him and winked at Delilah.

"Rio de Janeiro, here I come!"

□

A/N: Many thanks to *blue artemis* for taking the time to beta this little number. Also, a warm thanks to *Isalie* who was gracious to draw this wonderful bit of art for this story. :)

Prompt provided by *beawasley2*: Pick a favorite Death Eater, reformed, and forced to wear a tracking device (i.e.: the ankle ones used by the courts in the US). Does he really comply?