

Kittens!

by Pennfana

Romilda Vane finds herself in an unusual situation. (The warning is for an act which is referred to, not actually depicted.)

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: The characters and setting belong to JKR and a number of other people. The plot is all my fault, though; I sincerely doubt that JKR intended anything like *this!*

Romilda Vane-Creevey stared at the older woman in stunned disbelief. "This can't be possible!"

"I assure you, it is," said Octavia Murdoch, the healer in charge of Romilda's case. "You and your husband are both animagi, are you not? And unless I am mistaken, you both take the form of domesticated cats."

"Well, yes," Romilda sighed. "Dennis was complaining that our, erm, intimate life was getting to be a bit boring and suggested that we try something new."

"Hmph," said Madam Murdoch. "There's nothing for it, Mrs. Vane-Creevey. Even if abortion was widely accepted in the wizarding world, pregnancies like yours are notoriously dangerous and difficult to terminate. You'll just have to go through with it."

"But I'm pregnant with KITTENS!" Romilda groaned.

"Your situation is hardly unique," said the unsympathetic healer. "How do you suppose kneazles came into existence?"

"But...*KITTENS!*"

"Look on the bright side, Mrs. Vane-Creevey," said Healer Murdoch cheerfully. "Feline pregnancies only last roughly 66 days. Your offspring will be uncommonly bright, even for kneazles. And because kittens age so much faster than human children do, you'll be able to wean them within seven weeks or you'll need hardly any maternity leave at all. All things considered, you could have been far worse off; after all, you and your husband could have been elephants. Their pregnancies last about twenty-two months."

"Imagine that," said Romilda, feeling a little weak. If Dennis ever had any bright ideas for spicing up their sex life again, she'd exile him from the bedroom for a month!

She was having kittens. Were her parents ever going to be shocked when they found out that their new grandchildren would prefer catnip and clockwork mice over rattles and teething rings!

Author's Notes: I have no idea where this came from, and I apologize most sincerely for it. :)

Octavia Murdoch is a supporting character from a Lockhart-centric fic I've been working on for years; it may or may not ever see the light of day. I couldn't resist the chance to use her in a fic I *knew* I'd be posting.

Incidentally, this piece has the distinction of being the first fic for which I've ever had to post a warning.