

Chastity - It Isn't Just For Humans

by Bardsdaughter

Sometimes curbing the beast requires something positively medieval.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: *This is my contribution to the "Chastity Belt" Challenge at LJ's GrangerSnape 100.*

What the...

Hermione scooped up the whirlwind as it spun by for the second time. Flipping the poor creature onto its back, she examined the black strips of leather bisecting his middle, surrounding his legs and covering his... And was that a lock?

"A chastity belt?" She fingered the gold closure near the center of Crookshanks' belly. Who in their right mind put a chastity belt on a—"Severus!"

The stoic wizard sauntered into the living room from his library, his face the perfect blank expression expected from a master Occlumens. "Yes, dearest?"

She hoisted the ginger half-kneazle to the level of her husband's dark eyes. "Care to explain this?"

One leanly muscled shoulder lifted then fell. "It is called a chastity belt, my dear. One uses it to—"

"I am well aware of what it is and how it is used." She plopped the poor ginger being on the sofa, crossed her arms and skewered the Potions master with a glare the rivaled his own. "However, what I am not sure of is why it is on my familiar."

One dark, perfectly arch eyebrow lifted. "Were you not the one to inform me of that beast's," he pointed his finger at the pouting cat on the middle-most cushion, "interest in Sheba?"

So that was it. Hermione rolled her eyes. Crookshanks had taken an unwelcome interest in Severus' sleek black Bombay molly. And the master wasn't happy about it. "I did, but—"

Severus eased closer, his steps as cautious as the glimmer in his obsidian eyes. "And did we not agree that now wasn't the time to indulge our familiars' natural desire to procreate?"

"We did," Hermione huffed. Leave it to her husband to defend a simple answer ad nauseum. "But why Crooks? Why not harness Sheba with your medieval torture device?"

It was Severus' turn to look for patience somewhere among the minute cracks in the dungeon's ceiling. "This from the witch who is constantly reminding me of the equality

of the sexes."

There it was. Match point. With no argument to offer, Hermione diplomatically tweaked the subject. "But how did you make it so tiny?"

His arms slithered around her, his hands resting on either side of her swelling abdomen. "If you are impressed with that bit of magic, wait until you see the charms I've placed on our daughter's nappies.