

Dad's Prosthesis

by septentrion

Hermione and Severus's sons find THAT box in their parents' bedroom. Light BDSM and hints of fetishism. This was written for grangersnape100.

One-shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: I only own the naughtiness, and the boys.

Thanks to Dacian Goddess for rereading this fic and making it palatable.

The sentence: "Has Mum been naughty?" is a contribution by duniazade.

"Where are the children?" Severus asked suddenly.

Hermione looked up from her book. The quiet was indeed unusual, so unusual that she and Severus set off to search the house. Whispers guided them to the master bedroom.

"I told you not to touch it." Aurelius was chiding his older brother.

Severus and Hermione pushed the door open. The boys started and tried to hide a cardboard box behind them... THAT box!

Albus endeavoured to appeal to his mother's benevolence.

"I swear, Mum, I didn't want to break Dad's prosthesis."

In his hands lay the two halves of a broken dildo.

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Hermione and Severus were speechless but for a second. Hermione exploded.

"What were you doing in here? How many times have we told you our bedroom wasn't a playground?"

Severus put his best scowl on his face, and the boys started to fidget with anxiety. Their mother's better nature had obviously fled heavens knew where, and their father was going to kill them. They cast fearful eyes at their parents.

"Go to your room," Severus growled. "We'll call you to tell you what your punishment is."

The boys did as ordered.

"I think we..." Hermione started, but stopped abruptly.

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Severus was lifting a racy black corset from the heap of sex toys and sexy undergarments their sons had thrown on the floor.

"I had nearly forgotten about this," he mused.

Hermione's breath caught. She remembered herself and her husband wearing matching corsets and making love on the windowsill.

"I think Aurelius and Albus will be mortified enough, and won't try to get out of their room for at least an hour."

Severus's words were turning Hermione's internal heating on.

"An hour?" she croaked.

"It should be enough time for us to reminisce, don't you think?"

Yes, it should be.

*

They divested themselves of their robes quickly. Knowing that their sons might disobey and leave their bedroom before the expected hour was adding fuel to their fire. When they were naked, Severus was already erect, and Hermione very wet.

"Help me put it on," he asked his wife.

She took the black corset he was handing her and proceeded to lace it up around his torso.

"Ouch!" he grunted. "A whalebone is sticking into my ribs."

"Sorry. I don't have the hang of it anymore."

"You're killing the mood."

In spite of his words, his erection didn't subside one bit.

*

"There. It's fixed. My turn, now."

Severus fixed the other corset around Hermione efficiently. He obviously still had the hang of it. Then they stepped away from each other, and each eyed the other with interest. Severus idly stroked himself, while Hermione walked backwards, a tantalising expression of lust on her face. When she reached the wall, she flattened herself against it and started to caress one breast with one hand and her clitoris with her other hand. Severus strode to her.

"You make me feel like a satyr, nymph," he murmured in her ear, making her moan very loudly.

*

"What was that?" Aurelius asked. He'd recognised his mum's voice and was afraid that something dreadful was happening to her. Albus was worried too, but was better at hiding it.

"We can't leave our bedroom until Dad calls us."

"But," Aurelius insisted, "what if someone is harming Mum?"

Albus sighed. "All right. Follow me, and make absolutely no noise."

As stealthily as possible, the boys snuck into the corridor and followed the moaning trail to their parents' bedroom. Their mother's cries had ceased by the time they arrived at the door. They opened it a crack and peered around it.

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They were offered a splendid view of their father's white buttocks contrasting with the black corset he was now unlacing. They beat a hasty retreat to their bedroom before they were spotted by one of the adults.

"Do you think Dad is beating Mum?" Aurelius asked anxiously.

Being older and a bit more... educated, Albus had an inkling that his father had rather done the contrary. "Of course not," he answered with conviction.

Aurelius smiled, relieved. "Anyway, I was right about that black thing. I told you it was for men."

"What was for men?" Severus asked from the doorway.

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This is bad, the two boys thought simultaneously. They blushed deeply and averted their eyes.

"I asked you a question. Answer, now!"

"What have they done now?" Hermione, who had just arrived at her husband's side, asked.

"Answer your mother." Severus's tone didn't bode well at all.

"I... er... we... that black... thing..." Aurelius stuttered. Severus raised an eyebrow. "I told Albus it was for men," the child finished in one breath.

His mother was seized with a fit of coughing so strong that she had to go out into the corridor.

"Is Mum all right?" Albus inquired with concern.

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Severus glanced sideways at his wife's retreating back, suspicion etched on his face.

"I'm sure she is fine. Don't try to distract me from the matter at hand," he snapped. "What. Have. You. Done?"

The siblings shared a glance. Albus answered, "We heard Mum shouting. We were afraid, and we..."

"...went to investigate?" Severus finished his sentence. His sons nodded.

"Did it occur to you that I was with your mother, and that I would never let anything horrible happen to her?" Severus bellowed. Albus and Aurelius cringed, looking ashamed of themselves. This was going to be an awful holiday.

*

"Since you are such *heroes*," Severus said disdainfully, "you are going to clean the garden by hand. There probably are terrifying beasts there, waiting for you to vanquish them."

The boys groaned; the garden was immense and mostly uncultivated. Their playing time had been reduced to naught.

"You will begin tomorrow."

"Yes, Dad." There was no use to argue.

Severus turned on his heels and swept out of his sons' bedroom, black robes billowing, but the effect was lost as the hem was caught in the handle. He glared at the children, daring them to make fun of his predicament.

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Hermione was still doubled with laughter in their bedroom when he joined her.

"You shouldn't laugh," he told her. "Rather, you should be thankful to me... or not."

She cast him a puzzled glance. "How so?"

"I have secured us at least ten days of uninterrupted time. The boys are going to clean the garden as a punishment," he elaborated.

She beamed at him. "I knew there had to be a reason for my falling in love with a Slytherin."

"Really? Do you love me?"

"Of course, I love you, and I will always love you."

"Don't ever forget it."

*

His tone alerted her that something wasn't right.

"Severus? Is there something wrong?"

He tilted his head to one side. "Maybe."

Then he bent down and picked up silvery devices from the box's content.

Hermione visibly paled. "Severus? Are those what I think?"

He came up to her, a nasty smirk on his lips. "Are you afraid, wife?"

"No... Of course not." She tried to get away from him nonetheless, but her wand arm found itself in his firm grip. Severus dangled a pair of nipple clamps under her nose.

"There is still that matter of you laughing at me."

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"Severus, you know I don't like it," Hermione pleaded.

"What you like or don't like is irrelevant, love," he purred. "You will put them on me tomorrow, and I will keep them on all day."

Hermione looked quite disgusted. "I really hate it when I have to pull your nipples and pinch them with the clamps."

"And you'd rather wear them yourself. Your punishment will be to know that I wear the nipple clamps you so much crave, and that I will get all the pleasure from it but you won't."

"Severus," she whined.

"Now, you sound like our sons."

*

Aurelius and Albus exchanged a look over their breakfast; their parents' behaviour was weird today.

Their father was sitting stiffly, and always asked their mum to pass him the jam or the toast. He usually helped himself, but he seemed to be unable to lean over the table to grab what he wanted.

On her part, their mother kept staring at their father's chest as if it had all the answers in the universe. She didn't even hear Aurelius when he asked how long they were supposed to work in the garden that day.

"We'll talk later," Albus mouthed discreetly.

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Their parents' strange behaviour went on all day. Albus and Aurelius even overheard a disturbing exchange between them.

"You tightened them too much on purpose," Severus had hissed.

"But you can't take them off. Remember, those are the rules we agreed upon," Hermione had answered sweetly.

Alas, the adults had spotted the children at that moment and had closed their mouths shut.

The good thing about gardening was it permitted to chat far from their parents' prying ears; but at the end of the day, the boys had yet to come up with a plausible explanation for their parents' attitude.

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At last, the end of the day came. Severus couldn't wait to take the nipple clamps off. His wife was going to pay for her little prank.

Aurelius interrupted his daydreaming. "Dad? I'd like my good night kiss."

"Come here."

As usual, Aurelius hugged his father while kissing him. Severus nearly fainted at the pressure his son's body put on his chest.

"Dad, what is that under your robe? I felt something hard," Aurelius innocently asked, patting the two clamps through Severus's robe.

These children are too observant by far, Severus thought, a wave of pain washing over his body.

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"The rules be damned," he growled. A bit scared, Aurelius retreated quickly to his room.

"Hermione!" Severus yelled.

"Yes?"

"Put the children to bed and come to our bedroom at once!"

She had barely entered their room that Severus caught her arm rather brutally. He was bare to the waist, and the nipple clamps were standing out against his pale skin.

"Take them off. Now!"

Hermione did as bidden and released her husband from the contraptions with slightly trembling hands.

"And now, you're going to get the spanking of the century!"

Breathless, excited, Hermione bent down over her husband's lap.

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Severus bunched Hermione's robes up to her waist slowly, taking the time to stroke her delectable legs and rump. He pulled down her knickers and struck hard. Her buttock shook with the impact...which in turn shook a very close part of his anatomy...and reddened slightly. They were both still clothed and, in truth, he found it very kinky to partake in sexual activities fully attired.

"Mum!" The door banged open, and in strode Albus, the epitome of righteous anger.

"Aurelius doesn't want to give me my wizardstation back, and..."

The boy stopped speaking abruptly.

"Has Mum been naughty?"

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Hermione struggled to stand up and lower her robes back into place in an attempt to regain her lost dignity.

As for Severus, he couldn't remember having found his sons as bothersome as they'd been lately. He rose to his feet and, looking down at Albus, he enunciated clearly, "I do not think that is any of your concern. When your mother and I are shut in our bedroom, you are supposed to knock before entering, aren't you?"

"Yes, but..."

"No buts. You've just earned yourself the confiscation of your wizardstation."

Severus hardly felt bad at his son's crestfallen face.

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"However," he continued, "if you and your brother behave in the next eight days, you might be allowed to stay at the Burrow for a week."

Albus beamed at this statement. He and his brother loved being at Molly and Arthur's, chasing gnomes and flying in the backyard.

"You can relay the message to your brother. Oh, and before you spread silly rumours, what your mother and I do in our bedroom is not for the others to know; not even you."

"Of course, Dad." Albus ran out of the bedroom.

Hermione sighed. "I think we should be more careful."

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"I suggest we wait until the boys are off to the Weasleys before playing games," Severus suggested. "As it is, they have already had a crash course in quirks. They don't need more."

"I agree," Hermione answered.

The spouses exchanged a look full of understanding and promise, born from years of shared love and shared life.

At the other end of the corridor, Albus was telling his brother what he'd seen his parents do. The siblings started to plot how to use this rare knowledge in order to establish their influence over their friends when they went back to school.