

# Glittery Red Toes

by *WriterMerrin*

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## oneshot

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Hermione knew that if being a bride wasn't easy, being Severus Snape's bride was bound to require special talents. Any relief Hermione might have felt at having no in-laws to deal with had been sufficiently overridden by Narcissa and Molly's determination to out-witch each other.

"No, Molly, I insist. After all, you're hosting a wedding tomorrow. The least I can do is host Hermione's final preparations. Besides, I have the staff for it."

"But that's just it, Narcissa, I think it would be more special if the girls do everything themselves, and you know how Hermione feels about house-elves."

Yes, Hermione thought, *she does know how I feel about house-elves, not that anyone's asked my opinion in the past six weeks.*

She looked pleadingly to Ginny, her maid of honor, who wasn't making any friends with the two formidable witches, as she had yet to decide between Harry and Draco. Both wizards were courting her, and she seemed to be enjoying all of the attention too much to reject one just yet.

Ginny gestured helplessly, but Hermione seemed on the verge of going for her wand, so she took a deep breath. "You know, Mum, we could compromise..."

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Hermione had to admit that the Malfoy dungeon-turned-day-spa was the source of the most relaxing few hours of her life. She, Ginny, Luna, Lavender, Angelina, and Fleur had been oiled, rubbed, and peeled. The house-elf that was performing Hermione's pedicure was the most impressive argument in favor of house-elf servitude that Hermione had ever encountered. She was contemplating how to inform Severus that she might have been too hasty in refusing the pair of elves that the Malfoys had wanted to gift them for their new home.

"All right, Hermione, now it's our turn."

"What?" Hermione asked, drowsily opening her eyes. Looking around, she saw that the elves were gone and an array of nail care products had been distributed.

"Well, this is a compromise. Now that the elves have done their work, we're going to do each other's nails."

Hermione's hesitation must have shown on her face, because Ginny was quick to assure her. "You, of course, don't have to lift a finger; it's your night."

That was a relief, because she was sure no one wanted her to do their nails. As she contemplated the tiny bottles of nail varnish, she was shocked to find Angelina lifting one of Hermione's feet onto her lap and beginning to fit a toe-separator.

"What? Why?" was Hermione's not-so-eloquent response.

"You're going to love this, trust me," Angelina insisted. "It's a new Weasley product, but Ginny and I have already tested it. It's mood-varnish, especially designed for toes. It will tell your new husband when you are in the mood."

Hermione snapped her head toward Ginny's giggles with a disapproving glare.

"Oh, don't be so quick to think the worst, Mione. I wore it with sandals on a couple of dates, but I didn't sleep with anyone. At least when I only had one boyfriend, I had a sex life."

"So, why don't you just pick already?"

"Well, I couldn't very well tonight. The only memorable thing about your wedding would be Narcissa Malfoy hexing me at the reception."

"So, it's going to be Harry, then?"

Ginny looked around, having realized that the other four witches were silently waiting to hear her answer. "Don't ruin Hermione's day over this!"

After securing four wand-oaths to that effect, they finished Hermione's final preparations.

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The next evening, Severus knelt before Hermione, removing her shoes, then stockings. Despite his initial shock at seeing one set of glittery red toes, he recovered nicely, quickly removing the other stocking when she explained about the 'mood varnish.'

"So," he began as he ran his hands down the concealed zipper on the back of her dress, "are there any other magical surprises waiting for me tonight?"

"I would say that is a distinct possibility."

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*Prompt: from eoforyth: A pedicure, with nail varnish. Any character.*

*Also thanks to some inspiration from NarcissasKnickers.*