

Cinderella

by luvsev

Hermione is preparing for a gala.

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Chapter 1 of 1

Hermione is preparing for a gala.

With nothing but a black towel covering her body, Hermione walked into her bedroom to look for a dress. Tonight, the Malfoys were holding a gala in honour of her recent engagement to Severus, and she wanted to look beautiful on the arm of her prince.

Just as Hermione was about to search her closet, she noticed a long box lying on her bed. She went over to it and lifted the lid; inside the box was the most elegant turquoise silk dress. She took it out of its wrapping, dropped her towel, and slipped into the dress, feeling the cool material gently caress her curves.

Hearing a noise, she jumped slightly, but immediately calmed down when she saw Severus standing in the open doorway with a look of pure lust in his obsidian eyes.

'Mmm... you look good, pet,' Severus said as he walked over to her and placed a gentle kiss to the side of her perfumed neck. 'I think we should do something with your hair, and you seem to be lacking shoes.'

'What do you suggest I do with my hair, love? You know it doesn't hold style well.'

Severus thought for a moment and then flicked his wand at her hair, which suddenly twisted into an elegant chignon.

Hermione glanced in the mirror to admire his handiwork on the bush that she called hair. She did a lot of things well, but managing her hair was not one of them. It was a good thing that not only was she marrying a man who was a god in bed, but a true master of hairstyling.

'I don't have shoes to match this dress.'

'Yes, you do.' Severus got to his knees and pulled a shoe box out from under the bed and then made her sit down.

He slid her dress up and fit one strappy, silver stiletto on her small foot. Glancing upward at her pretty face, he kissed her calf, making sure to let his tongue drag a little way up her leg before stopping, and then repeated the action on her other leg.

'Continue, please?' Hermione panted.

'Later, love,' he said as he stood up and extended his hand for her to take.

Pouting slightly, Hermione looked down at the stilettos. 'Sev, you know I can't walk in these. Why on earth did you get them?'

'Why do you think, pet?' He grinned mischievously and walked towards the door.

'But I can't walk in them...' she whined.

'Whining does not suit you, love. Now get up and try to walk. These are different, you'll see.'

He watched her cautiously rise from the edge of the bed and ease onto her high-heeled feet. Her first steps were indeed tentative, as she was afraid of falling, but soon enough she was moving as gracefully as a swan.

'See, now that wasn't so bad, was it?' Severus gently teased her.

'No, but I'd still like to know what you did to them.'

'That's for me to know, dear. Maybe if you're a good girl, I will tell you later.'

A/N: Prompt issued and betaed by LuciannaMalfoy: Hermione's significant other (you decide who) has given her expensive stiletto shoes to match her dress, and he expects her to wear them. Only thing is, she can't walk in such shoes. What does she do?