

Beauty and the Bed

by melusin

Hermione buys a vintage bed. Short drabble series for the snape100 community on live journal: Inanimagus Challenge.

One-shot

Chapter 1 of 1

Hermione buys a vintage bed. Short drabble series for the snape100 community on live journal: Inanimagus Challenge.

A/N: This particular challenge was for an 'Inanimagus' drabble, defined as someone who is capable of transforming into an inanimate object.

Disclaimer: It's all JKR's. No money has changed hands.

Aiming for Shabby Chic in her new flat, but on a limited budget, Hermione had been delighted to discover the ancient looking bed at the back of the antiques market. The owner'd seemed anxious to be rid of it, readily accepting the paltry sum she'd offered to take it off his hands.

Bargain.

It wasn't as old as she'd thought, on closer inspection, just knocked about a bit, with a rather nasty gouge on the headboard. A bit of sanding back, some wood filler and the judicious application of spit and polish, and it would be as good as new.

*

Plain, black and shiny. Hermione considered liming it initially, but decided she much preferred its original sombre patina. It was beautiful in its ugliness, dominating the bedroom, the other furniture seeming to shrink in its presence. Her friends thought it a monstrosity—Ginny called it sinister—but Hermione loved it.

There was no mattress so she bought a new one and dressed it in the best linens she could afford. Black would have been the obvious choice, but wasn't to Hermione's taste. Instead, she chose green. Green, with a ridiculously high thread count that felt almost sinful to the touch.

*

It took a while to acclimatise. At first, the mattress was hard and unyielding, but as the weeks passed, it adapted to Hermione's form, supporting and cradling her body as she slept. Hermione noticed, too, that her nightmares were fewer, and she began to look forward to bedtime instead of dreading it. Her little nest was always waiting at the end of a long day: warm and welcoming. Her safe haven.

In the summer, when she wore nothing to bed, the dreams started. They'd faded from memory by morning, but the sheets were always tangled, and she drenched in sweat.

*

A dark-haired lover whispered filthy things as he plucked and teased her aching body. Hermione cried out into the night, arching into nothingness: empty, desperate. Half-asleep, she turned over, presenting her rump to a ghostly cock; fingers plunged inside her needy cunt—her's probably, she wasn't sure, but this time she was determined

to find out:

'Who are you?'

'You know who I am.'

And she came with the name of a dead man on her lips.

Next morning, she awoke on the floor. No bed, just a sheet, and the smell of coffee brewing in the kitchen.

~ * ~

A/N: Camillo has made a very explicit drawing inspired by this fic, which I love to bits. It is most definitely NSFW. I mean it. Expect a very naughty picture if you follow the link. You have been warned.

<http://camillo1978.livejournal.com/141145.html#cutid1>