

Salomé

by Ladymage Samiko

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Severus had never before considered Hermione to be endowed with any particular sort of grace; in the normal way, there was nothing very remarkable about her way of moving.

He was now seriously reconsidering that assessment.

Hermione's hips dipped and circled, her back arched sinuously—a perfect line augmented by the heavy curve of her breasts. Her hair tumbled forward as she straightened, now obscuring them from view just before sheer fabric fluttered to the ground.

Six brilliant-dyed swathes of gauze. The music dimmed in his ears to a throbbing pulse point. Severus swallowed heavily—

Hermione was at the seventh veil.

ANs: Written for the GS100 'at the veil' challenge. Indirectly inspired by Max Raabe's rendition of 'Salomé'—which he describes as an 'Oriental fox-trot.' (^_~)