

The Best Laid Plans

by Rose of the West

Hermione plans a treat for her husband on a special occasion. A taste of smut, RotW-style.

Laced-up Dragon-skin

Chapter 1 of 1

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The contents of the box were daunting. She opened it yet again and peeked in. The dragon hide was still there, gleaming and beautiful. Hermione took a breath. The daunting part was past, she was sure. How bad could wearing it actually be?

She had discovered the ad in a magazine she would never have picked up had George not visited with his wife and left it behind. At least she would never again have to write the embarrassing owl of inquiry she had posted. She would never again have to undergo the humiliating measuring process that had been carried out by a magical tape measure.

The boots were first.

When she slid them on, they felt like her own skin. She pulled at the back laces and tied them. Then there was a bustier. It also laced up the back. It was more difficult, but she got it tied. Then she noticed two much smaller items in the box. One was hardly more than a triangle of satin. She blushed as she looked at it, but managed to slide it over the boots and into the proper position.

The other was a lace-hook. She smiled in derision at it and considered tossing it in the box, but perhaps Viktor would enjoy it, somehow. He would be home in about ten minutes, she gauged, and she looked at the bed, pondering how best to lie in wait for her prey.

She giggled at the thought of herself being predatory. She was dressed for the part, however, and it was a special occasion, the anniversary of their engagement. She realized she didn't really know what she looked like and she walked over to the floor-length mirror to see herself.

It was all wrong.

Well, the panties (if one could call them that) were the right size and in the right place, but the boots and bustier... what was wrong? There was an odd bulge about half way up one shin and a different one close to her other ankle. And the bustier... it gaped around her waist but the bust was snug. It wasn't snug in a good way either. She didn't have the curves and cleavage of the magazine picture. She smoothed them over herself. They seemed to be cut and shaped correctly. They better be, if some of the measurements were really used in the construction. What was wrong?

She twisted one way and then the other as she looked. It was the laces. She had pulled them snug, thinking that they would go where they should be, but it was clear that she needed to tighten them up as they went.

"Accio lace-hook." It was said with resignation. Then more sounds were heard in her bedroom as she fought with clothing that was stiffer than she had anticipated. It was

hard to twist and turn in thigh-high boots so as to tighten the laces as they went up the back of her legs. As Victor Krum made his way up the stairs he heard grunts, whimpers, and more swearing than in the entire time he'd known his wife.

"Her-my-own?" he said in worry as he approached the door.

"Oh, no! Don't look at me!"

She was sure that she looked frightening. Her husband surely saw her face all red and her hair stringy and mussed from the twisting and fighting with her clothing. He was probably put off by the bustier that made her look cylindrical, and the lumpy-looking boots. She glanced down and saw that she had worked the loose section up from her calves to around her knees. Instead of looking lumpy, the boots sagged there.

"It wasn't supposed to be like this. I was supposed to be alluring... your own private sex-goddess." She was twisting the hook between her fingers.

She looked into his face and saw his eyes shining. He stepped toward her and took the hook from her hands. He leaned down slightly and started tightening her boots. "My wife has worked hard today. She is making herself beautiful for me. I see boots that shine in the candlelight and perfectly catch the shape of her lovely legs."

Hermione looked down and saw that it was true. Tied correctly, the boots did things to her legs. She could compare them to those of a model or movie star. From the platform soles to the tops at mid-thigh, they looked sleek, long, and just as she had hoped.

Viktor wasn't done, it seemed. Under his fingers, the lace along her back tightened in the right places and loosened in the others. He observed, "You're so desirable."

She admired herself in the mirror and then turned to look at him. "Hey... you knew a little too well how to do that. Which one of your bimbos used to dress like this?"

"I've never done that before."

"Do you expect me to believe that?"

"Hermione, do you really think there were so many women?" She didn't really, but whenever she felt insecure she worried about it.

He walked toward her, but she backed away. "Then how did you know how to use that hook so well? It took me fifteen minutes to get much of it done at all..." She stopped short; the bed was against the backs of her legs. He stood close to her, but not touching.

"My-own," he whispered. He was close enough that she could feel his breath on her very exposed chest. "Think for a moment. Think of my uniform..."

She closed her eyes in relief. *Of course.* "All your protective gear has to be laced, doesn't it?"

"It's not nearly as attractive as your protective gear," he observed, taking a step back to look her up and down. "Although..." His gaze was upon that small piece of satin. "I don't think you are very well protected from my weapon."

"Your weapon?" she asked. Sometimes she wasn't sure exactly what he meant. She didn't have long to wonder, for it was an instant later that she was lying flat upon the bed, gaining practical and then intimate knowledge of his weapon. It did no damage other than to bring them both complete pleasure.

It wasn't too long later that Hermione was lying flat on the bed, her hair wild around her and her eyes blinking at the ceiling. Her embarrassing purchase had been worth every sickle and every ounce of humiliation.

Yet there was more to come. Victor leaned up over her and kissed her. She lifted her head up lazily, content to let him lull her into further delights. "Haf you something to wear over this? Our parents are all downstairs."

She tried to sit up but found that the dragon-skin hampered her normal movement. She grabbed his arm and pulled herself up. "Our parents? How did that happen?"

"I thought you would wish it on this special day."

"I...I...Of course, but I'm not..." She saw the rather prim dress she'd been wearing all day and reached for it.

If she sat a bit stiffly all through dinner, no one seemed to notice. She, herself, was conscious of her body in new and intriguing ways, but only Viktor seemed to be aware of it. Their parents made no comment about the length of time to took them to come down the stairs and instead congratulated them upon their happiness together. Viktor looked at her expectantly all through dinner and gave her a chance to speak whenever she so much as cleared her throat.

When they were alone in their bedroom again, they took their time. Viktor unfastened her dress and helped her lie among the pillows. Then he took his own clothes off and sat near her.

"My-own..." he started, and then was quiet. He stared at her thoughtfully.

"What is it, my love?"

"Vy didn't you tell our parents about the baby?"

Baby. She wondered what he was trying to say this time. "What baby?" she asked, hoping he would explain.

"The von who sleeps here," he said, placing his hand on her belly, below the lower edge of the bustier.

She was shocked and tried to sit up again. He pulled back. "Are you not? It's been so long since we could not make love..."

She put her hand on the side of her head and looked at a calendar. It had been two full months in fact. She turned back to her husband, her mouth forming a perfect O. "I hadn't thought of it. We've been so busy at work, I lost track of the weeks..."

He smiled and leaned over her as he had before dinner. He kissed her gently. "Do you think it's possible, then?"

She nodded, and then giggled, and then reached her arms around his neck.

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The same date a year later found Hermione again in tears, again struggling with the laces of the dragon-skin. Her parents were watching their baby girl for the evening, and she was determined to greet her husband as she hadn't been able to do the year before. Viktor listened as he walked up the stairs and smiled. His arm tightened around the package he held.

He was met by a witch brandishing a lace-hook. "Don't you dare look at me until I get this figured out. I've just put a few pounds on, that's all. I'll force it to fit."

"Don't worry about it," he said as he slid his hand under the bustier. He caressed the soft skin he found there and then leaned down to kiss her.

She swallowed hard and pulled away. "You can't sweet-talk me. I'm determined to wear it tonight."

"Ah, My-own, let's buy a new one. They now haf it in Chinese Red."

"Chinese Red? She was intrigued by the idea.

He held up the tape measure. This time, I vill measure, and touch, and ve vill see vat happens..."

Hermione had been clutching the dragon-skin to her chest but now dropped it. She kicked off the boots and stepped, naked, closer to her husband. "I'm eager to put myself in your hands."

A/N: Thanks go to KyriaofDelphi for beta reading this.

This was written in response to a conversation during Saturday Night Drabble chat a few weeks ago but originally posted on the Bulgarian Big Bang community at LJ. (<http://community.livejournal.com/bulgarianbang/>) There are more serious stories there, all must-reads. Also, there's an open invitation for Valentines, too. You won't regret a little peek!