

Widow's Weeds

by Ladymage Samiko

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Hermione frowned to see the black-corseted figure in the ballroom mirror; she only wore mourning out of respect for her Weasley in-laws. Ron's death had, sadly, been more of a relief than a tragedy. At least, she thought with a grim smile, she wasn't so great a hypocrite as to make herself look a fright with feigned grief. Her hair was properly dressed, her makeup flawless.

Ron had stopped appreciating her efforts long ago.

"You look exceedingly well in black, Madam Weasley," Snape's smoke-smooth voice murmured behind her. His mirror-image displayed an outstretched hand. "May I have this dance?"

AN: Written for GS100's 'little black dress' challenge as an homage to the original 'little black dress,' which, as a Victorian gown, really wasn't all that little...

As always, any tokens dropped in the little box below are greatly appreciated.