

Equals Attract

by Mistress of Sick

None of us could fail to notice that Dolores Umbridge's arrival at Hogwarts was a dream come true for Argus Filch. Maybe in more ways than you first thought...

Equals Attract

Chapter 1 of 1

None of us could fail to notice that Dolores Umbridge's arrival at Hogwarts was a dream come true for Argus Filch. Maybe in more ways than you first thought...

I had no idea I had this in my sick brain. Happy reading and please accept my apologies! Thanks to morgaine_dulac for the never-ending torture that resulted in the new and improved version of the story. Yeah, wrap your brain around that.

There was a knock on the door.

'Come in,' said Dolores Umbridge and looked up from her desk.

The door opened and in came Argus Filch, a nervous look on his face.

'Ah, Argus. Can I help you with something?' Umbridge asked with a voice that was a little too cheerful to be sincere.

'I was just wondering if I should put up the shackles in the dungeons as we discussed?' Filch asked, not able to contain his happiness over the fact that he would be punishing students again.

'Yes, that would be lovely, Argus,' Umbridge said with a smile.

Filch lingered by the door, looking around the room.

'It has been a long time since we had a Headmistress who is not afraid to punish students for their insubordination. I have been wanting to revive that tradition for a long time because there is a lot that needs to be done,' he said, looking straight at Umbridge.

'There certainly is. It seems the children are animals. There is no order at all,' she sighed, took off her shoes and put them neatly next to her desk. She then made herself a cup of tea. 'I have to admit it is tiresome work.'

Filch swallowed and stared at Umbridge's shoes. They were small and pink with a low stiletto heel. They were made in a shiny material, almost like satin, and had a small pink bow on top of where the toes would be. It matched the bow in her hair. The shoes also had straps that unfortunately held her beautiful feet contained. Still, they were a work of art.

'I could give you a foot massage if you'd like?' Filch said in a moment of boldness. 'I know how to. I massage Mrs Norris's belly every night. I feed her too many sweets, you see.'

At first, Umbridge looked at Filch with a surprised expression on her face. Why would he want to give her a foot massage? Surely he had to have an awful lot to do. On the other hand, he had offered and her feet would really appreciate a massage. Perhaps he had another purpose for asking her. But no, why would he have an ulterior motive?

So, she smiled at him. If he wanted to give her a foot massage, she would not be the one to stop him.

'A foot massage would be lovely, Argus,' she said and offered him a seat next to her.

Filch, however, did not need a chair. He sank to his knees on the floor in front of her and put her left foot in his lap. He started to gently massage the arch of her foot while staring at it. It was the most beautiful thing he had ever set eyes on. It was so small and feminine. The skin was smooth, it was a joy just to touch it, and the toenails had been painted pink. They were perfect.

He inhaled deeply, trying to catch the smell of the tiny treasure in his hands. All he could smell was her perfume. It smelled like the sweetest vanilla with a hint of what Filch would guess was some sort of flower. It was better than any sweets. The scent was identical to the one his dear mother used to have. A scent he had grown very fond of after all those nights next to her. His mother had not bothered buying a bed for him so they had had to sleep in the same one. It had been very cold in their house but his mother's feet were always nice and warm.

He took another deep breath and tried to maintain his composure—this was too good to be true! Umbridge looked down at him and giggled contently.

Suddenly, Umbridge yelped in pain.

'Please, be more careful. I get blisters from walking in my heels all day,' she said with a tone that suggested that Filch was a five-year-old who had just spilled a glass of milk on the kitchen counter.

Filch answered by slowly taking off Umbridge's tiny pink sock and putting it in his pocket.

'I will save that for later,' he said and leant forward to place a kiss on each one of her toes.

For a moment, Umbridge's piercing eyes meets Filch's pop-eyed stare. The silence lay thick in the room.

Yes, finally I have come close to those pretty little things she walks with every day. Those beautiful feet should not even have to touch the dirty ground! I thought I would never get to massage the feet of my dreams, Filch thought. *Hopefully, she will not come to her senses before I am done with her.*

I don't know what that man is doing to my foot but he would not dare to stop, Umbridge thought. *But I do hope he knows that I have another foot as well that needs tending to. Ah well, we are not in a hurry.*

The tea slowly went cold without anyone even tasting it.