

His Galatea

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Chapter 1 of 1

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"Ronald Bilius Weasley!" The door slammed behind Hermione as she stalked into the flat she shared with her fiancé. Getting no immediate response, she called again. "Ronald! Get your arse out here this minute and explain yourself!"

"Whatsa matter, Hermione?" Ron looked bewildered and half asleep when he appeared from the direction of the bedroom. "I was sleeping...."

"Well, Ron, what I want to know is this: How the hell did Lucius *Malfoy* wind up with a statue of me – a *naked* statue of me – in his foyer?"

"Wha—Lucius Malfoy has a statue of you... in his foyer?"

"Isn't that what I just said? And why do I look like an overgrown Barbie doll from the neck down?"

"Well, how should I know?" Ron asked, but he sounded defensive to Hermione's ears.

"Ronald, do you or do you not know how Malfoy came to possess a statue of me?"

"I don't *know*, exactly."

"Would you care to speculate, then?"

"How did you find out about it, anyway?"

"Harry was there on Auror business, and he *saw* it. Can you imagine how humiliating it was to hear *Harry* saw me – or what he *thinks* is me – naked?!"

"I can't believe they put it in the foyer, where anyone could see it."

"I'm still waiting to hear how you think they got it!"

"Well..." Ron seemed to be at a loss for words for a moment before he said, "We were all drinking after Quidditch one night—"

"Who's *all*?"

"The guys – you know: me, Harry, Draco, Dean, Seamus, Blaise... Anyway, you know how guys are..."

“Not really, no, but go on.”

“Well, we might have been talking about women, and someone said something—” Stopping abruptly, Ron shook his head sharply before continuing. “Well, anyway, I sort of blurted out that you have the body of a goddess – which, in my opinion, you do, by the way. And I guess that tickled Draco’s muse, and he must have decided to sculpt you like that.... I don’t know how it got in Lucius’s foyer, though.... Lucius probably saw it and liked it – he seems awfully proud of Draco’s success.”

Hermione stared at her fiancé for a long moment. She could only imagine what might have been said that would have provoked him to defend her that way.... As the rest of what he’d said sank in, though, she began to smile. Her smile widened as she remembered all the ways he showed her just how much he loved her body....

It wasn’t such a bad thing, after all, if one’s fiancé thought she had the body of a goddess.

Especially when, objectively speaking, she definitely *didn’t*.

A/N: This was written in response to MuseAmusant’s SND Prompt: Hermione is shocked when she finds a rather fanciful nude sculpture of herself displayed in the entrance hall of Malfoy Manor.

Many thanks to TeaOli for the beta read.

According to Greek mythology, when the sculptor Pygmalion fell in love with Galatea – one of his statues – Aphrodite granted her life.