

# Perfect Little Piggies

*by Bardsdaughter*

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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**Author's Notes:** This is my contribution to the Granger/Snape 100 Foot Fetish challenge.

Warning – Fluff that would give cotton candy a run for its money.

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Despite his Death Eater past, Severus Snape never considered himself the type of man to develop a fetish of any kind. Or at least that's what he thought as he witnessed the debauchery and aberrant behaviors of his fellow revelers. But now...

He stroked one long finger along the spot where an instep would form just to watch the five perfectly shaped toes curl. He gently lifted the tiny heel of one foot and kissed the translucent nails then turned his attention to its mate. He counted and caressed each little digit again and again. One large on each followed by three of similar sizes, ending in one tiny little piggie that, when brushed over, made her squeal in delight. If the soft noise she made could be considered a squeal. He didn't think he'd ever get enough of this. Or that he would ever tire of her response.

He started to lower his head for another taste of the tender toes when a pair of white socks were dangled in front of his nose. Reluctantly, he shifted his eyes to the familiar fingers holding the perfectly turned cuffs. He followed the delicate but strong arms that offered comfort as well as unrestrained passion up, up, up until he met honey brown eyes dancing with amusement.

"Do I have competition now?"

His wife's voice was still slightly husky from the fatigue that follows delivery. Merlin, but she was the most radiantly beautiful witch despite the eighteen hours of labor. Had it only been a few scant hours since he'd watched his lioness bring their daughter into this world?

"Never." His smile quivered as he stared at this woman who willingly shared every inch of his life. "I love you, Hermione Snape."

She gave him a soft smile, her eyes glistening with the words before they ever left her lips. "And I love you, Severus."

He leaned over their daughter and kissed his beloved with passion concealed in gentleness. She brushed her fingers against his cheek when he moved away then closed the distance once more for a feathery peck.

"And while I know I asked you to give our daughter a thorough inspection, Healer Jones won't let us take her home until she's fully clothed." She waved the delicate bits of cotton at him. "And that includes her feet."