Coal in Her Stocking

by peppermint

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Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: written for the 'coal challenge' on GS100. As always, I don't own them, I just like to play. Happy Holidays, Potter fans. :)

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Hermione woke first on Christmas morning. She spied her stocking, hanging heavily at the hearth in the bedroom. Without even bothering to put her slippers on, she tiptoed across the cold floors to rifle through it. Her fingers brushed against a small box, velvet covered; she drew it out with a shaking hand and eased the top open.

She gasped and turned around to see Severus' lazy grin directed at her as she held the box in her hand.

"Naughty girls who don't wait for everyone else to get up only get coal in their stockings, you know," he said.