

Ashwinder

by DawnEB

Hermione is Snape's captive in Voldemort's Lair. Sound familiar?

Post HBP. Not a happy tale.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Warning: The following involves hints of torture, dubious consent, character death and possibly necrophilia (nothing graphic). Dubious content. No romance, fluff, smut or Happy Ever After. Enjoy!

You push up from the bed and stand, swaying slightly from your recent exertions, grabbing the glass of wine from the side table. Gulping it down like water doesn't help regain your equilibrium, but does disguise the bitter taste in your mouth.

Your eyes wander over the naked body sprawled on the bed, hair snarled and flaring wildly around her head. One arm is covering her eyes while the other is flung loosely beside her. A line of red bites bruise the skin in a line leading from her neck to the breasts that quake gently with each ragged breath she draws. Still lower, her legs are spread; her sex red and engorged from recent activity, the glistening smear on her thigh evidence of your rapid withdrawal from her.

Beneath the recent marks you made on her in your passion are the yellowing bruises and small pink scars from some of the earlier, less pleasant, practices you enacted on her body. Learning nothing of import from her torture, the Dark Lord had decided she was of no further use — except as entertainment. You were told to seduce her, fill her with false hope of escape or protection, then debase her before she was returned to her friends, a broken doll. Even now, some of your brethren wait nearby in hopes of taking their turn towards that goal.

You look around for your discarded robes, and as you pull them over your naked and goose pimpled flesh, you hear the sound of her slipping from the bed. The adjacent WC is cramped and minimal, but it at least affords her some privacy. Water runs into the small basin that is the only other facility besides the toilet. As she makes an attempt to cleanse herself, your mind wanders over your chosen course, a futile last minute check to see if you have overlooked anything.

You handled her interrogation yourself, all the while seeking to minimise the effects while looking for a chance to save her, to get her away. You can't explain why, can't even admit to a reason to yourself. Now time has run out, and there is just this one thing you can do for her. You make your preparations.

She emerges, drying herself on a threadbare towel, and looks up in surprise to find you still there. Before she can question this break of routine, you grab her and manhandle her across the room, ignoring her struggles and her fear. You can hear the others approaching, and with one last look into her eyes you push her away and pull your wand.

"*Avada Kedavra.*"

The green glow fades as your brethren storm into the room. All eyes turn angrily to the lifeless body on the rumpled bed.

"Damnit, Snape, you knew we all wanted a taste of her beforehand. Why'd you do that?" yells LeStrange.

You stand in the doorway. "Maybe I just wanted something all to myself, and didn't feel like sharing."

"Our Lord won't be happy to know you showed her such mercy," sneers Pettigrew, nastily.

With one last look at the naked body on the bed, you notice Greyback sniffing round it, a large hand hovering over her chest. "I'd forgotten your taste for carrion, werewolf. If you must indulge yourself, kindly do it out of my vicinity."

Greyback looks up, snarling, then storms past you with a feral growl, followed by Pettigrew.

"Best get this over with, don'tcha think?" LeStrange says, giving you a condescending smile before gesturing for you to precede him, and you all head towards the Dark Lord's quarters.

You can feel Pettigrew's malicious glee radiating from him. You know you won't get away unpunished for this transgression, but with any luck the pain will be short-lived. With careful prompting, Voldemort will view this as your excising a possible weakness. He will commend you on your ruthlessness, whilst gloating on your admission of frailty. You hope.

HG+++++SS

You lay sprawled on the bed, recovering from the desperate coupling you have just engaged in. As he begins to dress, you slip away into the loo to freshen up. Running the thin rag of a towel over yourself as you emerge a few minutes later, you are surprised to see he is still there. He is not usually one to linger.

There is a hard look on his face, and before you can react, he has grabbed you and is pulling you across the room. You curse yourself for a fool, for allowing yourself to forget who he is, what he is. He had been the one to torture you, even if he had always stopped short of serious harm, of breaking you. He had used your body at will, although never with violence, nor did he make you submit to the others.

It seems as if all that was about to change. You can hear some of them approaching the door. He stares into your eyes, a strange look in his before he shoves you away. You stumble back, and you hear the dread incantation and see the green glow before the dark swallows you.

You wake up confused and in darkness. After a momentary panic that you are being buried alive, you realise the wooden casket that holds you is actually the small wardrobe that stands in your room. You start to move until you hear voices. Hardly daring to breathe, you try to figure out what is going on. Fragments of conversation reach your straining ears above the thudding of your heart.

"... *knew we all wanted a taste of her beforehand. Why'd you...*"

The next voice is too low to catch; then another speaks.

"... *rd won't be happy to know you showed her such mercy...*" That's Pettigrew. You'd know his whine anywhere.

A voice snaps clearly even through the wood. "*I'd forgotten your taste for carrion, werewolf. If you must indulge yourself, kindly do it out of my vicinity.*" That was Snape.

The only werewolf allowed access to this house was that freak Greyback. Carrion? Snape had seen fit to hide you. Whatever else was going on out there, Greyback might hear the slightest sound, or even smell your fear. You hold your breath for what seems like hours until the voices move away and the door shuts.

Holding still for a while longer until you are sure the room is empty, you carefully push the door open and clamber out on unsteady legs. With a gasp you spot a body on your bed. As you move closer, your fear changes to wonder. It's you! There, with sightless eyes open and slack jawed, is a simulacrum of yourself, a cooling and lifeless clone.

You knew that Snape had kept samples taken during your torture, and had suspected he intended to use them for some Dark purpose, but you never dreamed of this. Made from your own blood, skin and hair, this would even pass the werewolf Greyback's scrutiny in a way any Transfigured effigy couldn't. The overheard fragments run through your mind, and with a jolt you realise Snape has taken a huge risk to give you a chance to escape. To be caught now would mean both your deaths.

Your shift lies on the floor where Snape tore it off you earlier. Going back to the wardrobe, you fetch out a robe he left there. Not wanting to flee into the open naked, you pull the overlong black garment on, only to feel something heavy hit you in the hip. In a hidden pocket is an intricately carved soapstone figurine; an Ashwinder coiled around a clutch of eggs in a nest of flames. There's also a tightly rolled piece of parchment.

Unrolling the parchment reveals a wand with several rust-coloured stains you don't want to speculate on, and a note.

Hermione,

The Ashwinder is a Portkey. Activate it with 'Veritas', and you will find yourself in a safe, familiar place.

Goodbye

SS

With a start, you hear muffled screams in the distance, and a single tear rolls unbidden down your cheek as you whisper, "Thank you," and activate the charm.

That's all. Just scribbling, hoping to clear a block on my WIP (which is not abandoned, honest).