

# Abduction

*by HannahSmith*

Hermione finds herself at Malfoy Manor. Is she in danger? What danger?

## One

*Chapter 1 of 4*

Hermione finds herself at Malfoy Manor. Is she in danger? What danger?

*A/N: Many thanks to my wonderful betas, Sshg316 and Dreamy Dragon, for turning this little drabble into something readable!*

I

'Don't be afraid of me,' he insisted. 'I got you out of that revel because I wanted you to be safe, not to do you any harm. Severus will be here in a few hours to discuss what to do next.'

She shivered, eyes big in her pale face, alert to his every move, huddled into a small bundle on the velvet couch.

He sat next to her, maintaining a safe distance. She shrank back.

'Please, believe me,' he said. 'You'll need to stay here for a while, but you'll be as comfortable as possible.'

Her breathing slowed down somewhat.

II

They were eating sandwiches and drinking tea. She was avoiding his grey eyes.

'Feeling better?' he asked when they had finished.

She nodded shyly and curled up again.

'Come,' he said. 'I'll show you to your room.'

The fear sprang up in her eyes again, but she walked after him without protest.

It was a large, comfortable room with an adjoining bathroom. There was a faint smell of lavender.

'You can call a house-elf if you need anything,' he said. 'I'll be next door.'

He left.

She was relieved. She was afraid to be alone.

She sighed.

Sleep. At last.

III

Threatening dark figures, glistening masks with sharp edges all around her, closing in on her.

She woke up screaming.

The door opened, and he came in.

'What's the matter? Are you all right?'

She was trembling, teeth chattering. She could not speak.

He Summoned a glass of water and sat down next to her, his arm around her.

She slowly calmed down and leaned into him, taking small sips from the glass he held in front of her.

He tucked her in again.

'Sleep well,' he said as he left her.

She closed her eyes, but she could not sleep.

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TBC

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## Two

### *Chapter 2 of 4*

Severus has arrived on the scene.

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IV

The next morning, Severus Snape arrived.

'Count your blessings, Miss Granger,' he said. 'I was held up elsewhere. If Mr. Malfoy hadn't been there...'

She nodded. She looked at Lucius Malfoy as if she were seeing him for the first time.

'Thank you, Mr. Malfoy,' she said.

He smiled at her.

'You will be my guest for a few days, Miss Granger,' he said. 'Your escape must look convincing.'

They conferred all afternoon until their plan seemed satisfactory.

Yet, she was worried. Lucius Malfoy would have to bear the consequences of his actions. She could tell from Snape's concerned looks.

V

'What will they do to him, sir?' she asked when she was alone with Snape for a moment.

'The very thing that he was supposed to do to you – as soon as they find out that he didn't do it,' he answered. 'With a vengeance.'

Her eyes widened in horrified understanding.

'How can I help?' she said.

Snape shrugged. 'Keep yourself safe and make it worth his while,' he said.

She thought of Lucius' perfectly gentlemanly behaviour.

'What if I gave him a few useful memories?' she said slowly.

Snape looked disapproving.

'He'll refuse.'

She lifted her chin.

'I'm stubborn.'

VI

'No, Hermione. No, no. *No*.'

'You saved my life! Why won't you let me try to save yours?'

'What, by doing exactly that which I wanted to prevent?'

'It wouldn't be the same.'

He turned his head to look her in the eye.

'Why not?'

'Because I'm offering. You're not forcing me!'

'Oh, right. No pressure at all, you mean.'

'Please, let me help.'

'Not in this way.'

'Do you really find me that unattractive?'

'Very well. I'll pretend to hit you. And you'll scream as loud as you can.'

'Will that do?'

'It will have to,' he said grimly.

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## Three

*Chapter 3 of 4*

Unexpected emotions are developing.

*A/N: Many thanks to my wonderful betas, Sshg316 and Dreamy Dragon, for turning this little drabble into something readable!*

VII

That night she dreamed again.

She woke up crying. He went to her and comforted her.

'I'm scared,' she whispered hoarsely. 'Don't leave me alone.'

He installed himself next to her under the covers, taking her hand in his, not touching her otherwise.

Later, in her sleep, she moved towards him. In his half-slumber he pulled her against him, holding her tightly. She smiled, still sleeping.

The next morning he was gone before she woke up.

He sat on the edge of his bed.

The sooner she left, the better. This was getting dangerous.

Just one more day – and night.

VIII

They avoided each other that day.

They knew not what to say.

In the evening they sat at the large dining table for the last time.

'Champagne,' Lucius said to the house-elf and to Hermione, 'To celebrate your freedom.'

'Are you so anxious to get rid of me?'

'Yes,' he said with a very serious look.

She bowed her head and swallowed.

She felt his hand on her shoulder. She reached for it.

'Come,' he said, and he led her to the velvet couch in front of the blazing fire where he sat down and pulled her onto his lap.

IX

'We may not meet again for months, maybe longer,' he said softly into her hair. 'Or maybe not at all. But if we do... and if we both still feel the same by then...'

'Then what?'

'I do not know,' he answered.

'Then why not... a good-bye...?'

'I'd rather have you for a new beginning,' he whispered. 'But now is not the time.'

She took his face between her hands.

'Only this, then...' she said. She pressed a soft kiss on his lips.

He kissed her back, long, sweet, and tender kisses until dawn came.

And Severus – to fetch her.

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## Four

*Chapter 4 of 4*

How it ended – or began.

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X

The final battle arrived and was won by the Light.

The Death Eaters were searched for, convicted, and thrown into Azkaban.

Severus Snape had not survived, but was posthumously cleared of all charges.

Hermione asked around. No one seemed to know or to care.

At last she went to Wiltshire, to Malfoy Manor, without telling anyone.

She knew that Draco had fled and that Narcissa had died.

A house-elf let her in.

She found him in the room with the velvet couch: alone, pale, shivering, worn-out.

His head lifted, and she was shocked by the tormented look in his eyes.

XI

'Hermione,' he said.

'I'm here,' she answered. 'It's been months as you predicted.'

'They're looking for me,' he said. 'I'll be convicted again and sent to Azkaban. You should leave.'

'No,' she said. 'You've been cleared, just like Severus.'

She saw disbelief in his eyes.

'Like I once told Severus, I'm quite stubborn.'

'Severus...' he said.

'Yes,' she answered. 'But I'm still here. Like many others.'

He could not speak. Many were still there, and many were no more.

And she? Was she still there?

He could not ask; he could not turn his eyes away from her sweet face.

XII

'You were right, back then, Lucius,' she said with a small smile.

He felt a chill in his chest slowly spreading out.

Her smile grew and grew. The chill stopped spreading.

'It's much easier to know what you want once you know what you don't want.'

She held out her hands, reaching for him.

He saw faces behind her in his mind's eye: Weasley, Potter, Krum, Snape.

He grabbed her hands and pulled her into his arms.

'It's still you,' she whispered into his ear. 'You, Lucius.'

He closed his eyes.

They stood, locked together, for a long, long time.

FINIS