

A Reward For Severus

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What does Voldemort have in store for Severus?

A Reward of Sorts

Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: OK Dark Sav has emerged from hibernation to cause havoc for poor Severus and Hermione. As always I do not own Potterverse; it all belongs to JK Rowling and everyone else involved. I makes no money from this, nor is any required.

Thanks to the awesome and magnificent, Scoffy. Who has given these the once over and encouraged me to embrace the darker side of the SS/HG dynamic.

I sit across from him, watching as the stomach-churning smirk plays across his lips. He's plotting something, what I do not know. I raise my goblet and take a sip.

"Well, Severussss, my right hand man, the power behind my throne," he hisses. Now I know he's up to something.

"My Lord, you cosset me." I incline me head.

"Nothing but the best for you, I have a... present for you. Lucius!"

What now, what can this perverse creature have to offer me? My head turns as the door opens. Lucius drags in a female. Oh Merlin, he has Hermione.

My stomach lurches. This explains why I couldn't find her earlier. "I don't see how this Mudblood..."

"Ahhh, Severus, you haven't had an impressionable young woman in your bed since the Evans chit. I thought I would offer you Granger..."

"My Lord, this is a most generous offer." I look over at Hermione, her hands are behind her back, and she is blindfolded. What's his game? Then I feel it, the rush of a potion through my veins. How could I have been so naive? He didn't drink from his goblet when he toasted me. I am a fool.

"Severussss, I offer you a reward. You seem reluctant to embrace what I am offering you here. Granger is allegedly your intellectual equal. Surely you would like to investigate if she could be your perfect match in other ways too?"

I look over at Hermione; her small frame is shaking uncontrollably. She is stripped to just her underwear. My traitorous cock hardens at the sight of her. Hermione whimpers as Malfoy tugs her hair, pulling her head back. I can't let the Dark Lord know how much I desire my beautiful, young lover. It would be fatal for us both.

I am disturbed from my musing by his cold voice. "Lucius, I believe you have a room prepared for our guests?" My blood runs cold, I feel panic rise in my body.

"I have prepared the guest bedroom, My Lord, to your specifications. Everything is as you requested."

"Excellent, perhaps you could escort them to the room."

Lucius bids me to follow him as he drags Hermione by her hair. We arrive at the room; it's one I have slept in before. The potion is doing its job, I feel constricted by my clothing and my breath is becoming laboured.

The room is somewhat altered from how I remember. It is more a den of iniquity now. My attention is diverted from Hermione by a tall mirror which I don't recognise.

"Well, Severus, enjoy your filthy Mudblood. She's been *primed* shall we say." With that Lucius removes the blindfold from Hermione and exits the room.

Hermione looks slightly confused, blinded by the light. As she becomes accustomed to our surroundings, she approaches me in a manner most unlike her. She snakes herself around me. This is not my Hermione. My Hermione would not be this lascivious... It has to be a lust potion.

Before I know it, Hermione is removing my shirt. My trousers follow shortly after. She's on her knees now, removing my shorts. I have failed her. The potion is causing me to harden further still; the need for release is overwhelming.

"Stop, Hermione, he's watching," I hiss, quietly hoping she hears me.

"Need you, Severus."

I push her gently away from me; the hurt is evident in her eyes. I won't play his games. I believe the mirror to be a magical device for him to watch us as we are driven by the potion to copulate for his pleasure.

I grasp my cock and begin to stroke up and down, pleading silently for this to work. I won't let him watch me copulate with Hermione. My fears are confirmed: my hand brings no relief only more desire.

"Damn," I hiss through gritted teeth.

I need release; I carry Hermione to the bed. I thrust into her. The feeling of relief is almost instantaneous. Driven on by the false desire conscious thought escapes me as my orgasm washes over me. Relief and hatred boil equally within. I have failed my soul-mate, my better half. I don't deserve her love.