

# In Hiding

*by selened*

What if Voldemort were to win the war?

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Hermione sat hunched in the corner of the storeroom. She could hear harsh voices shouting outside. The Death Eaters were in town and she hoped and prayed that they would remember whose house this was. She prayed that they would not disturb the wards and she could be left in peace for another day. The voices moved on and the tensions left her body. In a few moments, when she was sure she was safe, she could leave the tiny hidden room and go out into the relative safety of the house she shared with her... protector...gaoler...rescuer... lover? Severus Snape was all of these things to her. She longed to have him with her. Wrapping her arms around herself she cast her mind back to six months ago. Back to the day when Harry Potter, the world's last hope, had fallen at Lord Voldemort's hands; back to the day when the Wizarding world changed forever.

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She had missed the final battle, such as it was. Her parents had been killed three days earlier when the Death Eaters had torched their house. Professor Snape had escorted her to make funeral arrangements. They had left the Undertakers shortly after noon and the Professor's arm had burned black. She had been left numb and stranded. She was unable to Apparate back to Hogwarts alone. He couldn't take her to the Dark Lord, and Merlin alone knew where the nearest floo connection was. Before he left her, he gave her a rough, invasive kiss and promised to return when he could.

The kiss had shocked her. She was still sixteen years old and had only received clumsy kisses from the lips of boys. How could this kiss from her professor be so different? The memory of his lips and tongue stayed with her for hours. Indeed she would have sworn that she could taste him still when he returned for her, hours later.

She only had to take one look at him to know that all was lost. All questions died on her lips as she saw the haunted look on his face. He held out his arms to her and she stepped into them and held him tightly. He returned her embrace and seconds later she found herself standing in semi-darkness in the living room of a strange house.

Neither of them loosened their embrace.

"Where are we?" asked Hermione, in a soft voice.

"My late grandmother's house... mine now. It's on the outskirts of Hogsmeade. On the opposite side to where Hogwarts used to be."

"Used to be?" she breathed, in shock.

"It was some combination of Muggle science and a Magical trigger. Everyone is dead and most of the main school has been destroyed. My call was intended to get me out of range. My Lord did not wish to lose his Potions expert. As soon as I was at his side the device was triggered."

Hermione could feel him trembling, despite his efforts to control himself.

"We used Magical means, afterwards, to render the ruins safe. Everyone dining in the Great Hall had been turned to ash in an instant. Everyone else was poisoned by the output of the device. It defies belief. Even I could not have imagined such a horror. Apart from the children of the Death-Eaters evacuated by Malfoy this morning, you and I are the only ones left."

It was too much to take in. Surely this couldn't be real.

"What happens now?"

"Let me keep you safe Hermione," he whispered. "The first thing he'll do is to capture the Muggle-borns. If he realises you're not dead... I can imagine all too well what he will do to you. He's talking about systematic rape to breed a new generation of followers. I believe his fantasy is to see rows of pregnant Mudbloods chained to bunks. They will have received the Dementor's kiss first."

"Can't I try going back to being a Muggle?"

"You aren't a Muggle. You never were. You can be traced. I can ward the house so you can't be sensed from outside. You can't do that for yourself."

She pulled away slightly. He sounded desperate and she had a sudden need to see his face, as much as she could, in the dimness, at any rate. He looked down at her intently for a moment before bending down to kiss her. The kiss was hard and demanding. She fought to return it and hold her ground. She touched his face with the fingertips of one hand and realised that his cheek was wet with tears. She had never seen a grown man cry before and the fact that it was this man... this powerful wizard, made the horror of the whole thing become real to her. It hit her all afresh. Her parents were gone. Her friends were gone. Both the places she called home were gone. All that was left to her was this man at breaking point.

She made no protest when he lifted her into his arms and bore her to his bed.

He dropped her down and climbed hastily on top of her. His eyes were crying but the rest of him still struggled to maintain his cold façade. She reached a hand up and grasped his greasy hair. He brought his lips down on hers again and resumed his angry kissing whilst tearing at her Muggle clothing with his strong hands.

She clenched up inside but made no attempt to fight him or to assist him. She focused on his lips and his mouth and forced herself to be acquiescent to his, out of control, passion. Within a few moments he had her breasts bared, her skirt raised and her panties so torn as to be useless for their purpose.

He moved his head down to her small breast and sucked it roughly into his large mouth. She felt something, a trace of a feeling in her system, which was swamped by grief. It was like a small spark to kindle her emotions. He moved his mouth to her other breast and suckled and tongued it forcefully.

She brought her hands to his shoulders and began to caress him gently as he used his hands to spread her open for him. She could feel his hardness against her ankle as he pressed her into the soft mattress. It was going to be soon, she realised dazedly.

He pushed himself up onto his knees and lit a candle with a hasty gesture. She watched with trepidation as he began to unbutton the Muggle slacks he had worn for the visit to the Undertakers. She continued to lie as he had positioned her, refusing to pay heed to the urge to cover herself. He pulled his white shirt over his head and pushed the slacks down in order to free his large erection.

It was red and angry looking. Hermione felt another emotion pushing at the edges of her mind. It was fear. This was going to hurt.

He lowered himself over her again and this time she could feel his bare skin against hers. He kissed her again... this time more gently and positioned himself to enter her.

She was only very slightly moist and as he pressed himself, slowly and steadily, into her, she felt raw. There was a sharp twinge as he broke through her barrier, but she bit back the impulse to cry out. He rested for a moment when he was fully seated inside her and then began to rock her gently. This was bearable and she could see where pleasure might come from this friction.

She ran her hands over his bared torso marvelling at the strength she could sense there. Unusually for a girl of her age, she had not thought much about men. Yes, in theory, she knew about biological variations between the sexes but she had not been ready to consider giving herself to a man.

His thrusts were growing more and more vigorous now and after a short while he came and she felt the hot stickiness of his release, as it filled her. He was shaking again and she realised he was now convulsing with the sobs that had not accompanied his earlier tears. She embraced him as he lay on her and she kissed her way down his collarbone, muttering the soothing noises a mother might make to her weeping child.

It took a long time for him to calm but when he did he reached into a drawer in the bedside cabinet and produced a knife, a large sharp one. He put it into her hand.

"Why are you giving me this?" she asked, in confusion.

"I am a Death Eater!" he hissed. "I've just raped you. Use the knife on me. I will not resist. I doubt a child as soft as you could do any harm with 'Avada Kedavra' so I'll lie still while you cut my throat."

"I thought you were going to protect me," she said, a trace of anger in her voice.

"A fine job I'm doing of it so far. The last thing Albus asked of me was that I protect you and look what I did instead. Face it Miss Granger, all the good men are dead and men like me, and worse, have survived. If I had not informed Dumbledore that the Dark Lord was about to strike, the Order would not have moved to Hogwarts. I, as good as, killed the whole Weasley family and every friend you had. Use the knife, or would you rather I used it on you? It will be quick and painless, I promise."

"I'm not ready to give up yet," she sneered. "I'll hang on to my life until I'm truly convinced it will never be worth living. Voldemort's not immortal. I'm young and I'm strong and I'm clever and everyone but you thinks me dead."

"I want to give mine up. I don't want to be the Dark Lord's creature. I hurt you. Take your revenge."

He sounded so lost, even in his anger.

"I'll live," she said. "You didn't do anything to me I didn't allow."

"I assure you, you had no choice in the matter. Besides which, you are a child in my care. You're not allowed to choose me."

"You're not my teacher. You can't be. I don't go to school. It got bombed. I'm over the age of consent as far as Muggles are concerned and I don't think Wizarding laws afford me any protection any more. The only thing protecting me is you, but you'd rather lie here feeling sorry for yourself."

"And how will the Dark Lord meet his end when Potter fried this afternoon?" he shot cruelly.

"The confrontation never took place therefore there has to be an opening for him to die in some other way. He took Harry away before he reached his destiny. Arithmantic Principles demand a balance for that. Are you going to bow out now, or will you work with me to find a way?"

"Strident little bitch," he commented sourly. "Do you intend to carry on trading your favours for my protection?"

"If I need to... then yes! Although I had hoped that you would give your protection as a gift and I would give you comfort as a reciprocal gift. However if your Slytherin mind

can only work in terms of trade, so be it."

"If I protect you then you will not leave this house until the Dark Lord is dead or deposed. If I am discovered to be hiding you, you will have ended my life as well as your own. Do you understand me Miss Granger?"

"I understand you. I will not put you at risk."

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The door opened and she could feel the wards rippling to accept the newcomer. That meant it had to be Severus. Sure enough she heard his voice calling her.

She got to her feet with difficulty and edged her way round the boxes between her and the door. Opening the door she slipped through it, shivering with cold. Severus stood waiting for her on the hearthrug.

She stepped closer to him and closer to the warmth.

"Have you been in there long?" he enquired.

"Quite a while," she replied. "I think there have been raids in town today. There was a lot of noise earlier."

"There was a slave auction today."

"Muggle-borns?"

"Mostly. There were some Half-bloods. The Breeding Office creamed off the younger women. They'll receive the kiss later. The raiders will be out drinking their profits."

"Do you have to go out again tonight?"

"I hope not. I've seen and done enough for one day. I hoped for some peace and quiet with you."

His voice was like silk and Hermione knew what he meant by peace and quiet. Six months ago her body had functioned under strict orders, now her response to him was immediate and automatic. She felt her body begin to secrete moisture under his gaze and she stepped close enough for him to lay a hand on the pregnant swell of her belly.

He stooped to kiss her and she knew how she wanted him.

He led her into the bedroom and removed her robe reverently. Naked, she lay back on the bed and he began to kiss her belly, offering love to her and the child within her. Realising she was somewhat chilled in the unheated room he pulled the coverlet over her so she could watch him undress in comfort. He still wore layers and layers of heavily buttoned clothing and he undressed so slowly that he drove her mad with waiting.

His hair had grown longer in the last few months and it fell past his shoulders. They bathed together regularly and she loved to shampoo it and rinse it with jug after jug of clean water. Objectively, she knew he was not a handsome man but she was not inclined to judge him against some abstract set of rules. He was the man who held her every night, who shared pleasure with her frequently and had put his child into her. How could she not see him with eyes of love?

Her naked lover slid into bed beside her and she almost groaned with satisfaction at the feel of him against her. He smiled at her vaguely feline air of contentment and began to allow his hands to wander over her flesh. He was already erect and let out a gasp as she ran her hand along his length.

"Patience, my love," he purred sensuously, right into her ear. She shivered and he smirked. Eventually he allowed his hand to creep between her legs to feel her wetness. He slid one long finger all the way into her and she moaned.

Not wishing to crush her stomach, he took her as she lay on her side, positioning himself flush behind her and entering her in that way. He took her uppermost leg and wrapped it round his own, keeping her open and giving her some purchase to move against him.

Their movements were slow but the pleasure built slowly until both were satisfied. He kissed her deeply and again caressed her stomach.

"You know, if I could, I would make you my wife," he said sadly.

"I know," she said. "Maybe one day..."

"One day..."