

How To Save a Life

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The Dark Lord has won and all Muggleborns are gifted to his most faithful. Lucius is elevated to the role of second in command and chooses Hermione as Draco's 18th Birthday present.

One-Shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Never did she imagine her life would lead her to this point.

Forever the optimist, she actually believed that "The Golden Trio" would come out victorious. She allowed herself to daydream about the moment when she could share a flat with her two best friends. She planned to have a career at the Ministry, working to fix the obvious flaws in the system. Eventually, she wanted to raise a family in the safe world she helped to create. She even hoped that Harry would be the one who built that family with her.

None of that would be possible now.

How long had she been locked in her cell? How long had it been since she lost all hope? How many beatings had she received before numbness took over her body?

She had lost count of the days. Or was it months? And to think, she had always been exceptional at math.

At this point, she could have cared less about her lack of mathematical skills. The one thing that really troubled her, that truly grated on her nerves, was how helpless and pathetic she had become.

Voldemort's Death Eaters were ruthless and horrid. Any sick fantasy they could think of, the prisoners were forced to play out. She knew it could get no lower than when several of the captives were required to kill while the rest of them watched.

That was the day Seamus had taken his last breath.

She was tired. She found herself dreaming of her own death. Death was surely better than the daily raping and beatings she had to suffer through.

And then, it happened. Voldemort had announced that all Muggleborn prisoners were to be released as "gifts" to his most loyal servants. All that meant to her was that she would experience the same treatment but possibly with a different view.

She had no fight left within her. Harry was gone. Ron was gone. Her parents were gone. She would obey her new master in hopes that death would come quickly.

"Lucius, you are my most trusted one. I give you the first choice. Pick your gift wisely."

Hermione listened to the inhuman hiss of Voldemort's voice. The hairs on the back of her neck no longer stood up, but his voice could still cause her a slight shiver. She watched as Lucius eyed his "options" until his eyes landed on her.

"I choose Hermione Granger."

Fuck, she should have known.

"Well done, Lucius. I knew you would have impeccable taste." Voldemort leaned in closer to his trusted confidant, though the half-blood devil could still be heard. "Her will was broken in the wake of Potter's death. You shall have an entertaining time with that one."

A faceless Death Eater grabbed Hermione by the arm and flung her at Lucius' feet. Yes, this was where her place was now...at the feet of a pureblood git.

"Meet your Master, Mudblood," Voldemort hissed.

"Stand up, there's much to do," Lucius's cold voice commanded.

All she could do was follow... follow her new Master to her new prison.

Lucius made it quite clear after obtaining her that she was atrocious. She didn't need this pointed out. Her hair was greasy and tangled, her skin was covered with grime and various faded signs of abuse. According to Lucius, her "state of appearance" would not do for his intended purpose.

Her mind was flooded with horrific scenarios of *his intended purpose*, but she never uttered one question. Instead, she allowed herself to be led through Diagon Alley like the obedient pet she had become. In the first weeks of her capture, she had loathed the cowardly creature *they* were turning her into. But, after awhile, she resigned herself to acceptance, losing all hope of being herself again. Did she even remember what that had been like?

The people in Diagon Alley stared at the duo walking past the shops. The place was a lot darker than she remembered. Then again, a Dark Lord taking over the wizarding community could have that effect.

"I suppose you would like to know what we are doing here. If I remember correctly, I was informed you always were quite the inquisitive one." Hermione simply nodded her head, unsure if he had actually given her permission to speak. "You may properly answer me," he added.

"Yes, Master," she answered, almost robotically, "I do wonder why you would take me out in public."

"Firstly, I am not your Master, you silly bint." Her reaction was to show surprise, but she did her best to hold back. "Secondly, I don't care what these people think of me," he answered wistfully. "I certainly don't care what you think of me. But the recipient of my gift is someone that I do care for." He caught the puzzlement in her eyes. "You are not for me, pet. You will meet your Master later."

The witches and wizards in the various shops poked and prodded at Hermione, transforming her outer shell into someone she no longer recognized. Her hair was washed, several times, and the frayed ends clipped. Her body had been scrubbed to the point she was sure it would be red for several weeks. To her surprise, the paleness returned relatively quickly. Her nails, finger and toe, had been trimmed and given a shade of pale pink polish. Next was the daunting task of choosing several new outfits. Actually, she wasn't allowed to choose; the witches working on commission did that for her. Their eyes lit up like Christmas trees as soon as they saw Lucius enter the store with her, unnecessarily reminding Hermione that *he* ran the show wherever he went. Surprisingly, the sales witches chose angelic-type gowns in various shades. Though she never would have picked such things for herself, she found them extremely comfortable... and comfortable was not how she pictured her life from now on.

In whole, this was *not* how she imagined spending her first hours as Property of Lucius Malfoy.

Hermione Granger's eyes wandered around the room she was presently confined to. If there was one luxury she was grateful for within the past several hours, it was the fact that she was clean. After three months of being held captive in one of Lord Voldemort's dungeons, she was ecstatic to be rid of the filth. Then again, her "freedom" came with a whole new type of filth for her to feel.

She sat alone on a bed in a room, uncertain what her life would be like from this day forward. The day had confused her so far, that much was definite. After the shopping was complete, they had Apparated to Malfoy Manor, and Lucius had brought her to this room, making it clear she was not to leave under any circumstances. He would return later that evening.

Hermione was shocked to see a house-elf appear only ten minutes after her arrival in her lonely room, a tray filled with fresh fruits and water in hand.

"Master has requested you eat, Miss."

Hermione simply nodded, unsure if she should digest any food from her captor. Then again, he had not been cruel to her, as she had initially expected. It could have been a ploy to gain her trust. The rumbling of her stomach, however, overrode her scattered suspicions.

"Eat, Miss. Nipsey prepared just for you."

She smiled gratefully at the elf and took a seat on the bed.

Soon, the fruit had been eaten, and five hours had passed. She was extremely thankful for the bathroom connected to the bedroom. It was a beautiful room, so lovely she questioned why he placed her in it. Surely this wasn't how *pets* were kept. But, she supposed every owner was different. She had always pictured Lucius Malfoy as an owner that would be unkind. While he had been far from friendly, he had not been torturous... yet.

As far as she could remember, Lucius had never been one of the Death Eaters to torture her. Few of them wore their masks, wanting the prisoners to see who was causing their pain.

Those thoughts brought her back to the two people she missed the most...Harry and Ron. She knew they had all tried their best to win the war, but it simply wasn't meant to be. Ron had died early on, leaving Harry and her to battle for success. Harry made it to his showdown with Voldemort. He had come so close, only to have his life snatched away seconds before the finish line.

Hermione felt completely alone in the world. The two people that knew her better than anyone else were gone forever. Her ability to swallow became hindered by the gigantic lump in her throat.

What would her days be like now? Would she always be confined to this room? Would she continue to wish she had died alongside Harry?

Lucius Malfoy was extremely content and proud of himself.

The Dark Lord had no idea the service he was doing him when he offered such a generous gift to his most loyal. It was almost certain that none of the other select followers were treating their *gifts* half as well as he was treating his.

Then again, they most likely didn't have any idea how to use their gifts. As soon as the proposal was out there, Lucius had his mind working overtime. He, honestly, had no use for a pet, especially one who was Hermione Granger. But, he did know someone who had a secret that no other soul was privy to... no one on the entire planet.

His son was positively obsessed and enamored with the Mudblood witch.

Draco had informed Lucius of his feelings after his third year at Hogwarts. She had apparently punched him in the face. No other witch dared to stand up to the arrogant Malfoy heir. It had driven his son to lustful madness. And so, the fixation began.

Initially enraged at the news, Lucius had forced himself to come to terms with this fact two years prior to the war. He had made a promise, only to himself, that he would do everything in his power to make sure Hermione Granger made it through the battle alive. She had been harmed during and after, but she was still breathing.

Contrary to popular belief, Lucius loved his family and would do anything in his power to see to their happiness. He shuddered at the thought of Draco's addiction, but if it made him happy... well, who was he to stand in the way?

In a matter of moments, Draco Malfoy's fantasy was about to be presented to the unsuspecting young man. He knew the moment Draco set his eyes on her that his son's world would explode in the best way possible.

It would be a happy eighteenth birthday for him, indeed.

Draco arrived in his bedroom at the manor with a pop, surprised to see Lucius waiting for him. "Good evening, Father."

"Draco, so good to have you home. I wanted to wish you a happy birthday, since I was called away before you woke this morning."

"Thank you, Father, I appreciate it." He took a good look at the older man, wondering what was really going on. Though he knew his father cared, he was acting somewhat unlike himself. If he didn't know any better, he could almost sense that Lucius was holding back a giddy smile.

"I have a very special present for you, son." At this point, his father couldn't seem to stop a smile from slowly forming. Draco's suspicions were confirmed his father was acting *nothing* like his usual self. "As a matter of fact," his father continued, "I would not have been able to obtain this gift for you without the help of the Dark Lord." Now Draco was curious. What kind of gift would his father possibly need the Dark Lord's help with obtaining? But before he could open his mouth, his father took his hand and led him down the hallway toward one of the guest rooms.

Lucius opened the door. Draco hadn't realized he was holding his breath until he exhaled at the site before him. There, lying on the bed fast asleep, looking like an absolute angel from above was Hermione Granger.

"Happy birthday, Draco; she's all yours," Lucius whispered.

Draco didn't ask any questions, not wanting to taint this perfect moment with formalities. His father was willingly and, it seemed, happily bestowing him with his adolescent wet dream, and he accepted it without hesitation. He faintly heard the door close behind him as he stepped closer to her relaxed form. She was his. There would be no Potter or Weasley to interfere, no feeling of dread that she would resist his advances. He would make her oblige his advances without having to force her at all. He *did* have five years worth of emotions to shower upon her.

Her appearance was impeccable, obviously his father's doing. There was no way Voldemort would ever treat his captives so well. She was still beautiful in his eyes, but he could tell the war had taken a toll on her. She was skinnier than he remembered, though her curves were still apparent. Her skin was pale, an obvious effect from lack of daylight. He briefly wondered what else about her had changed.

He couldn't stop his hand from moving towards her face, brushing back a few strands of hair from her cheek. She stirred and slowly blinked several times, clearing the sleep from her vision. Once she took note of him, though, her eyelids shot open, and her body went still.

He considered resorting back to the arrogant prat she knew him to be. It would be so easy for them to fall back into the condescending banter of their school years. But he could tell, just from her chocolate stare, that she was broken. The battle had broken her. The death of her friends had broken her. Being held captive by the Dark Lord had broken her. He wondered if his touch had broken the last of her.

"Do you have any questions?" he asked quietly.

"Do I belong to you, too?" she questioned in an equally hushed tone.

"You belong only to me. My father gave you to me."

His whispered answer seemed to oddly settle her, body slightly relaxing under his gaze. He began to caress her cheek, enjoying the feel of her skin. His fingers moved down, moving softly along her neck, down towards her chest, finally resting on one of her dress-covered pert breasts.

"Have you ever wanted me, my angel? Did you ever dream about being with me? And don't tell me what you think I want to hear. Tell me the truth."

"Yes," she admitted quietly, "back when we were in school. I've always thought you were pleasing to look at." She wanted to cringe from embarrassment at her admission but could only keep her eyes locked to his.

With just that short exchange, he assessed that the girl he fell for had indeed been broken. The fire was gone from her eyes. The venom had been removed from her voice. She had merely lost the will to fight.

This detail killed him.

He would take her like this just once. After that, he would work to get her back. He wanted the feisty personality, yearned for the intellect that matched his own, longed to exchange the witty banter that existed only between him and the know-it-all.

But, just this once, he would enjoy a submissive Hermione Granger. And he would make sure she enjoyed it as well.

The delicate dress that covered her body was beautiful, too beautiful to be destroyed by his pent-up passion. He quickly spelled the clothing off, the dress appearing in the closet seconds later. She was more beautiful naked than he could have ever imagined. He divested himself of his clothes and moved back onto the bed. "Open up to me, Hermione. Give yourself willingly to me, and you won't be sorry." It wasn't a threat but a promise of pure pleasure.

"I freely give you my body, Master."

His lips crashed upon hers, igniting a blaze that had been smoldering for years. She had never realized the fire had been so strong, only just becoming aware of it. The young man before her was behaving nothing like she had imagined. He was being positively... civil and... caring. She waited for the other shoe to drop, waited for the

spiteful behavior... but it never came.

His hands stroked the skin of her stomach, ribs, breasts, arms and neck. His lips followed the same trail. This conduct was confusing her. Wasn't she supposed to be his pet? Wasn't she to be his slave? Wasn't it her job to see to his needs? If anything, his actions were contradicting all of these notions.

His mouth latched on to one of her peaked nipples, sucking languidly. He stopped, allowing the cool air to hit the wet skin before quickly flicking his tongue back and forth over the pink flesh.

"Let me know you're enjoying this. Make the noises I've longed to hear."

"That feels so good," she gasped in response. He swiftly moved to the other breast, paying it the same attention. Her breathing was slightly labored, urging him to push her excitement further.

She hadn't felt this since she had been with Harry. They had only been together a handful of times before the battle consumed their lives and invaded their souls. He had been so gentle and careful each time, just like Draco was being right now. But there was something more with Draco's ministrations, something extra... something feral and possessive?

He worked his mouth down her stomach, his nostrils filling with the sweet smell of her sex. This was the prize he had been craving to own. And now he did. He quickly assessed that not *everything* to come from Voldemort's ruling was negative. He allowed his tongue the first of many tastes of her wet folds, taking another lick at her clit.

"Right there," he heard her breathe. He moved in, his hands grasping her bottom while her legs rested on his shoulders. His entire mouth moved in for the kill, working her throbbing nub with all the enthusiasm locked within him. He savored the taste of her, even though she was his to feast on whenever the urge struck him. He relished in the feel of her slick folds, enjoying the moment he felt her orgasm pulsing against his mouth.

He slinked his way up her body, engulfing her lips in a sensual kiss while resting his throbbing cock between her thighs. "You drive me mad. You've driven me mad for years. Despite the darkness that fills our world, the thought of you has made me want to be better." He continued with the passionate kisses, relaying all the built-up emotions he had hidden. He noticed that her kisses held equal sentiment, which only served to spur him further.

One quick thrust and he felt at home. Her warmth was something he could be surrounded by for eternity. "So good," he moaned. He deliberately set a moderate pace, enough for enjoyment and utter torture. The pleasure only increased tenfold once her legs rose in the air and wrapped around him, thrusting up in sync with his movements. Her freshly manicured nails scraped down his back, rough enough not to tickle but light enough not to draw blood. He grunted with each plunge inside her, while she emitted feminine noises that were all her own. "You are so tight and hot. I could fuck you forever."

She gazed at him through hooded lids, astounded by the fact that *she* could do this to *him*. Being with Harry had been like butterflies and flowers. Being with Draco was like fire and alcohol. It burned in the best way and left her feeling absolutely drunk with desire.

"You like shoving that big cock inside me?" The words spilled from her mouth before she could stop herself. She watched as his eyes rolled back, his lids shutting tight, body thrumming as he became affected by her dirty, dirty words. "Let me feel you come inside me... Master."

He was losing all control, listening as her beautiful mouth spoke. Only one more request and he would be pushed over the proverbial edge. "Call me by name," he grunted.

"Come for me, Draco."

With a final thrust, he gave her what she wanted and spilled his seed inside her contracting walls. Resting his head in the crook of her neck, he remained inside of her while they continued their arduous breathing. "I won't ever hurt you." The promise was quiet but heard.

"I know you won't."

Lucius Malfoy was not a stupid man. He knew once he made his choice that he was also making a sacrifice. Draco's preoccupation was far from a mere obsession. It was something deeper, something more. It was not something that could be controlled by him or his wife.

Their world was not turning out exactly like he had originally thought. Unfortunately, a bit of his son had rubbed off on him. For if a Mudblood could perform magic at the same standards as a pureblood, what exactly was the problem?

He and Narcissa already knew what had to be done. In order for their son to survive, they had to send him into the world they had preached against for so long. They had to send him off with the likes of someone they had tried to teach him to hate from the day he was born.

Their world would eventually be destroyed. Fortunately, his son would be saved. He would be able to raise children how he wanted to.

And it would be all thanks to *her*, Hermione Granger.