

Dark Desecration

by Southern_Witch_69

Hermione experiences unwanted nightly visits from Snape.

Unwanted Visitor

Chapter 1 of 4

Hermione experiences unwanted nightly visits from Snape.

Disclaimer: The characters were snatched from J.K.R.'s stories. I'm not making money by using them.

I'd like to say thanks to NotSoSaintly. She agreed to beta this story for me even though she didn't care for the plot. Big hugs to you, dear.

And thanks to the lovely, Charmed Nay, for having a read through of this as well.

Warning: I am going to be quite honest here. This is not pleasant, and if you are easily disturbed by sexual molestation, please do not read this story. There is no bondage or torture, just Hermione's feelings on what happens to her some nights and thoughts on what is done to her.

SW69 says: This is told from Hermione's POV, she is of age, and with the next chapter, we will see that this takes place after the events of HBP.

I've been in bed now for about an hour, and just when worry has left and I am truly falling asleep, I hear the door creak open slowly, quietly. I shut my eyes tightly, knowing what will happen next. I silently pray that you'll think I'm sleeping and leave me alone, but I know that will only give you cause to linger and make you think it's safe to be in my room.

Feeling the bed dip and hearing the springs squeak, I mumble some gibberish and turn away from you to face the wall, hoping you'll be deterred. For a moment, there is silence and no movements can be felt, but I know better than to believe that I've won. It's in these few seconds that I always dare to hope you'll tire of this nightly ritual and get bored with me. This is never meant to be because the stillness never lasts, and I feel your careful hands upon me.

An uncertain hand moves down my back to cup my arse and knead it softly. You always touch me there first. In the next instant, one of your hands comes round and gently eases me onto my back. I keep my head turned to the side, still pretending to be asleep and hoping you never notice the grim line of my lips, the crinkling of my nose, or the squeezing of my eyes.

I often wonder what point there is to prayer. God never answers my prayers it seems, but I still try to ask him for this one favor anyway. One day I'll be gone from here, and I won't have to look back. I won't have to live my days pretending that nothing horrible is going on. The only thing that I can do to make things better for me is to see to it that your visits are never prolonged. That's why I've given up on trying to wear many clothes to keep you away. No matter how many layers I wear, your hands always find a way in.

This night I wear only a cotton gown and white knickers. It makes it easier for you, yes, and though you might think it's encouraging, it is ultimately easier for me. I don't have to feel you longer than necessary if you have easy access to that which you seek. I stiffen my legs and dig my heels into the bed as your hand slides beneath my gown. I wonder if you notice this defense mechanism. Do you just not care? I know what's coming next, and thankfully, it shouldn't last too long. Cool air hits my flesh as the fabric of my gown glides up and ends up resting about my neck, giving you access to my bared breasts.

I remember the first time I felt your hot breath and lips upon my nipple, forcing it to harden with your tongue. I had hissed in suddenly, causing you to pause for a long time. Were you hoping I would turn to face you in welcome, or were you waiting to make sure I was sleeping? Either way, it's a mistake I've not made again, as I don't want to prolong your stay. No, I simply steel myself against your lips and your hands. Now, it's routine, and only every so often do you add in something new, like the night you pressed my limp fingers to your hardened penis. I've learnt to expect changes, to expect you to further your exploration of my body upon occasion, so no matter what I feel you doing to me, it's imperative that I not indicate that I know what you are doing by moving or speaking.

My legs are already parted and waiting for your intrusion, for I've schooled myself to have them open up just so when you turn my body back to access it. It's just another thing that I do to save time. Otherwise, you would take forever to slowly move each leg inch by inch to gain admission. I swallow thickly as I hear you rustling with the fabric of your nightclothes. I hold my breath and repeat the same phrase continuously in my mind: *Please, only your fingers... Only your fingers, please...*

As expected, the bed shifts, dipping me towards you slightly, and your lips suckle the nearest nipple while your hand slides beneath my knickers to caress my sparsely haired center. As your flicking tongue moves from its first location across my medium-sized mound to the other, I hold my breath, hoping you don't notice that my chest has stilled. I hate you for making my body feel these strange things. I hate you for making me dread your visit yet feel excitement at the same time. My mind screams that it's wrong, and it warns me to cry out and wake any who could help. But I won't.

Why don't I? Why have I simply resigned myself to this fate of being your nighttime whore? Is this what I truly want deep down...to be my former Potions master's object of sexual release? Am I meant to exist for nothing but this? Is this the way of the world? My body is hot and wet by the time you slide one finger within me, easily delving within, preparing me for a second intrusion, which slips in as soon as you deem me ready.

I feel my insides twitch and tighten around your fingers, and I pray you don't notice these involuntary spasms. If you do, perhaps you'll just think my body does this on its own and that I've no recollection of it the next day. If you would notice my slight jerking about, it would likely just cause you to pause until you could freely assume I am "sleeping" again. I am surprised when your mouth leaves my breast, and your fingers abandon my sex. The next thing I hear is a light smacking; it's as if you've tasted my wetness that lingers on your fingers. That's absurd. Who would do such a thing to someone who's asleep?

Clenching my jaw more tightly, hoping the small action can shield me from your unwanted advances, I hear a small groan and feel some erratic movement beside me. I smile inwardly, knowing that you are pleasuring yourself. This means that it's nearly over for me. Just as relief begins filling my body, it flees.

Your hands are on my knickers again, pulling them down to my ankles. I feel the bed shift as you move. In the next instant, one of your hands comes back up to fondle my breasts and pinch at my nipples, but the other hand is parting my labia. I only have to wonder if you have finally decided to put your penis in me for a moment before I realize what you are doing.

It's your mouth that you've put on me. This is something new. Dismayed, I realize that you are getting bolder as of late. I can feel your tongue moving along my inner flesh, causing my traitorous body to seemingly beg you for more as it heats and dampens. The hand at my breast moves down, and one of its fingers slides into my body while your tongue flicks over a tiny bundle of flesh.

There are no words to describe the feeling that you're giving me. I hate it, but I want it. Only a resolve to fake my sleep...and keep me from having to truly face what you are doing to me...keeps me from arching into your mouth and keeps my hands from moving up to your greasy hair to press your face closer. I can feel a tension building within me; it's begging for... release. Your finger stops moving and pulls away from me, but your tongue never stops laving against me. At this point the building tension in my body is so great, I just want to yell for you to fuck me and get it over with, but then...

"Mmmhuh..." escapes my lips as I involuntarily shudder beneath your mouth. To my surprise, you don't stop, although I know you had to hear me and had to feel my body's response. I can feel the bed shaking as you frantically wank yourself and lick me. I keep silent and pretend to be asleep...even though only an uncomfortable sensation remains...while you finish yourself. It only takes a few more seconds.

I hear my name slip from your lips in a whisper, and I cringe. Hermione, when spoken aloud, has never sounded so dirty before. It's the first time you actually say anything, as you usually just sigh or grunt once. I feel a few drops of hot liquid hit my calf and wonder if it's your prized release polluting my flesh. You rest your face against me as you revel in the afterglow of your stolen climax. Instead of pulling away the instant you are able to gather your wits, your tongue explores my inner flesh again as if trying to cleanse away the evidence of the first orgasm you've ever given me. After, I feel you moving on the bed, feel the whisper of magic as you send a Cleansing Charm towards my center, and feel you easing up my knickers.

It's ridiculous, really. You know that I am truly not sleeping. You aren't that thick. Why do you take such care whilst violating me to pretend to believe that I'm asleep? Before you ease down my nightgown, undoubtedly in hopes of leaving it as you'd found it, I feel your lips upon my flesh once again, kissing first one nipple and then the other. There is a soft sigh of contentment that is followed by a long silence before I finally hear the door open and close.

Only then can I breathe a sigh of relief. You're gone. You won't be back this night. It's finally safe for me to cry. This is the first time that you leave where I don't suffer that horrid frustrated feeling of yearning for something more...all the while loathing this craving...and I know that it's because my body has previously needed release, even when my mind didn't. Would you be proud to know that I've taken to touching myself sometimes after you leave? It's not in your honor. No, it's only to make myself feel something on *my* terms and only to give myself what you previously had not. I wonder if this will happen each time you visit me now. Will you continue to be so daring? Will my body always betray me by giving you lubricant and a warm welcome when you truly are not wanted?

I can't tell anyone about what you do to me each night, and you know it. You know that I am ashamed, and I don't want them to know that you've made me into your filthy whore. How can you sleep at night? How can you face me the next day as if nothing has been happening? As if you don't know the feel of my body? You simply gaze at me with those unfeeling black eyes and speak to me in that curt, silky voice. I never betray our secret...not even to you. How long will it be before you actually do thrust into me and take the last of my innocence?

There are things that I keep telling myself. They are: Soon I'll be rid of you. Soon I'll be able to leave. Soon I'll be able to sleep all night without fear that you'll be coming through my door. A little voice tells me that you'll always find me, that I'll never be free of you, and that you'll never allow me to escape.

Southern's Notes: If you've made it this far, then you've not heeded my warnings at the beginning of the chapter, and I hope you aren't terribly disappointed. I can only say that I was feeling quite morbid, so I had the idea for this story.

Every question one might have will be answered. Well, that is if there is an interest in finding out what the hell is wrong with him. I believe we should hear his explanation for his actions.

Trespassing

Chapter 2 of 4

Snape explains the reasons he takes advantage of Hermione each night and feels no remorse about doing so.

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Thanks go to my beta, NotSoSaintly. I offer her hugs and chocolate for taking the time to beta this story even though she doesn't care for the plot.

Warning: As with the first chapter, remember that this story depicts a situation where Snape takes complete advantage of Hermione. Please do not read it if you are bothered by molestation or rape.

It's so easy to watch you like this while you move about my home, keeping it clean and caring for the two old biddies that are here with us. You don't look at me often, and when you do, I simply ignore your presence, feigning reading or researching. It's been nearly a year since I found you in the infirmary huddled closely to Weasley's body, a dying Minerva, and an unconscious Poppy. The Dark Lord had found out that Potter had gone to the castle, and we'd moved to intercept him. The brat slipped away from us, but I don't care. He's off in hiding...coward that he is. He'll never get the nerve to try to find us.

As a reward for devising a way to get in through the Forbidden Forest without detection, I was gifted with keeping you to do with as I pleased. Your tears and blubbering disgusted me, but I knew that I could use you. Not having any house-elves, I figured your housecleaning skills would be particularly better than those of Wormtail's. After I summoned and broke all of your wands, I lifted mine and pointed it to Minerva, preparing to extinguish what little life there was left in her body. The woman opened an eye at that moment, and I faltered. It had been so long since I'd seen her, since I'd strayed away from the course I should have taken, since the night I took the headmaster's life. Slight guilt flooded my body for a moment, and I realized that by seemingly caring for their welfare, I would gain your complacency, ending the tears and perhaps making amends for past misdeeds.

I was correct, of course. You did everything I requested and have been doing so since then. Interestingly enough, a potion of my creation has given Minerva a rather impressive extension on her life. She hasn't the use of her legs, but she can now talk and feed herself. Just yesterday, she was able to play a game of chess with me. Poppy lives in a constant state of silence. Apparently, things happened to her that she chooses not to share with anyone, but she helps with the chores and the making of my potions. My home has never looked better; my ingredients have never been prepared so perfectly. Do you realize that the potions you help me with go to the Dark Lord and my fellow Death Eaters? Do you care?

Feeding you all rubbish about how I am still secretly working to help Potter to defeat the Dark Lord has enabled me to keep you all content. The three of you think that I am secretly hiding you away from the Dark Lord until Potter is victorious, thus giving you life when you might not survive otherwise. I pat myself on the back often. Who else but I could spin such a smooth tale and make it believable?

I often think of the first time that I touched your flesh, and I know our fates were sealed in that moment. You will never leave my home. There is much more that you are useful for. When you'd been at my house for only a couple of months, I saw that your candles were still burning in your room at a late hour. I went in to find you asleep, a book resting on your chest. The gown that you'd been wearing had moved up, revealing the curve of your arse, shaped by your knickers.

The sight of your exposed flesh sent a jolt through me and instantly aroused me. I had the urge to touch you, to see if your skin was as smooth as it looked. I moved across the room and extinguished your candles. It was then that I noticed that you hadn't moved a muscle. You hadn't heard the door, the rustling of my robes, or my steps. In that instant, I knew that I could likely touch you without you ever knowing it. What would it hurt if nobody knew?

Your room had darkened just enough that I could barely make out your face and body, as your window is mostly boarded, enabling moonlight to filter in only through a couple of small spaces between the slats. That night, I knelt down next to your bed and eased my hand out to rest upon the back of your thigh. When you didn't move, I inched it up very slowly, observing your body as I did so, noting that it was indeed soft and smooth. Finally, I was able to cup your arse and squeeze lightly. With each squeeze, my cock twitched. I knew that it had been too long since I'd had a woman, so I opted to relieve myself. Slipping a finger beneath the hem of your knickers, I allowed it to move along the bare flesh of your arse as I released my cock from my pants in order to stroke myself until climax found me.

The entire time, you hadn't moved, never noticing that I'd used you. It was a completely erotic feeling for me. It's an exciting and powerful feeling to get away with something so salacious. In fact, I enjoyed those feelings as much as I enjoyed my climax. I wondered what else I could get away with. As carefully as I could, I fixed my clothing and eased out of your room.

And so, it began for us. You never moved much when I came to you, sleeping heavily and mumbling now and then, and you never once woke to take me to task or mentioned it to anyone else...even me. I suspected that you knew, on some unconscious level, but I wondered if you thought me to be some dream lover? Actually, it didn't matter to me any longer after the first couple of months. So long as I took extra care to keep you in a foggy, sleepy state, you would remain submissive, allowing my hands and mouth to do as they pleased. What could you do anyway? Whom could you tell? Where would you go? You all need me to "help" Potter and to stay alive.

Being in complete control of someone is something that I relish. Even when I see you bustling about my house, I know that you are mine...my servant, my assistant, and even my whore. It's been many months since the first night that I touched you. Interestingly enough, I found out a few weeks ago that by tasting your flesh, I could force your body to find release. It was that night that what I had suspected was realized. You knew what I was doing to you, completely and consciously. Your muffled moan and the feel of your pelvis slightly grinding against me had given me one of my longest and most satisfying orgasms. It was as if I'd won something. You'll never understand how powerful I feel, knowing I can elicit a response from you that you are unwilling to give me. I returned the favor in kind by whispering your name as I came. I followed suit when you remained silent after, obviously pretending to be asleep.

That you keep silent works fine for me. I don't want to get caught up in some silly conversation. I only want your body in payment for keeping you and your two friends alive. There is something that I've been warring with since the night I first tasted you, and you tried to mask your orgasm. I want to fuck you. And I will... later tonight. Had someone told me a couple of years ago that I would be having relations with one of my pesky students, I would never have believed that I could stoop so low as to touch one of you. Not that I feel low for taking what I want from you. It's that it's you whom I'm taking it from. You've never appealed to me. Even now, I don't find you all that attractive. I simply enjoy that you belong to me and that I can do with you what I will. Your life is in my hands.

I notice that you are about to retire. It's time to let you know my intentions. "Hermione," I say more calmly than I feel. You come to me obediently, not quite meeting my eyes. I push a phial across my desk to you. "You will drink this."

Watching you as you pick up the phial and sniff it is intoxicating. I can feel my groin jolting when your eyes widen, discovering that I am ordering you to drink a dose of potion that will prevent pregnancy. You know what this means. You know without my having to say one word that I intend to have you.

As you lift your eyes to meet mine, I can see your fear and the horror you must feel. I simply raise a questioning eyebrow and cock my head to the side as if to ask if there is a problem. Your eyes never leave mine as you bring the phial to your lips and down its substance.

"If that will be all," you say, slamming the empty phial down.

"Do have a good night," I murmur mockingly, pleased that you have accepted your lot in life without any dramatic outbursts. I know you loathe me. So be it. Before you leave the room completely, you look back once, and I see that your eyes are shining. You'll likely cry as you bathe. I'll give you enough time to collect yourself and prepare for me. As I sit and wait for you to be finished and for your candles to be extinguished, a small pang of regret flits through me. Dumbledore would be completely disappointed. All of our plans have been for naught. He ordered me to fulfill my vow to Narcissa by taking his life so that his Boy Fucking Wonder could carry on. Ha! Potter will not win this war, I see that now, and I've taken two staff members and a student to live as my captives, though they believe me to be helping them.

I push those thoughts aside and go to my room to prepare myself. I can feel the excitement threatening to burst in my veins. What will meet me when I come to your room? Will you fight me? Will you remain submissive? Will you try to enjoy what I can give you? As I cross from my doorway to yours, I can see that your room is finally dark, and as always, I open the door very slowly, noticing your shape lying motionless on the bed as I do so.

Once I am next to your bed, I slowly sit down. You are quiet, and your face, as always, is turned to face the wall. I am slightly disappointed that you've decided to go the

route of not acknowledging me, but deep down, I know that you want me. You'll just never admit it. If you openly respond to me or to what I do to you, you would be forced to face that you *like* what I do. I reach out to place my hand upon your bare calf and detect the diminutive stiffening of your legs.

Inch by inch, my hand glides up, and I smirk to myself as I notice that you've shaved. Both of my eyebrows rise in surprise as I notice you are sans knickers. I am not so arrogant as to believe that this is for my benefit. It is probable that you want me to do my deed and be done. However, I shall continue at whatever pace I deem fit. Ever so slowly, I reach the hem of your gown and begin lifting it, ultimately arranging it neatly near your shoulders so that it's out of my way.

I'm watching your face now, and I can see that your eyes are closed. I know that you are not sleeping, for I can feel the tremble in your body. You're nervous and uncertain of what I will do next. You are planning to not respond and ignore me. No matter. That will not deter me. Passing my hands over the soft flesh of your breasts, I leisurely slide them down to your center, parting your lips and using a finger to test your wetness. You aren't very damp, but that will change.

Wanting to feel my bare skin against yours, I move back and pull my nightshirt up and away from me. Just knowing that you are grudgingly giving me your unwilling body because you have no choice arouses me. /own you. / can do with you what I want. Nobody can stop me. I've never been the type to take a woman against her will, usually able to find someone willing to rut with me, but taking what is not freely given, desecrating the trust you have in me, makes me feel like a god. Your fate is in *my* hands, and sex...on my terms...is my payment. For the first time since I've been visiting you, I lie down at your side, careful not to move the bed much, making certain that I can feel your skin against me.

Casually propping myself up on one elbow, I use my free hand to lightly caress your body. You're tense and still trembling. I allow my fingers to begin working on your center and decide to use my mouth on your breasts. I like your breasts. They're not too small, not too big, and your nipples harden so easily. As I'm flicking my tongue over your lush mounds, I realize that I don't have to take such painstaking measures to be certain you don't wake. You know what I am doing.

Enthused, my tongue trails a path down to replace my fingers. You are pleasantly damp, and I feel that I could slide into you with ease. I feel you quiver faintly and wonder what's going through your mind. Are you afraid? Are you anxious? Locating your clitoris, I move my tongue over it, and when I feel your legs become rigid again, I know that you are trying not to react to my ministrations. This sends a jolt down to my penis, making it harden even more. I don't think I've ever wanted a woman so much, ever felt such need burning down in my scrotum. I continue until your legs relax, flex, and lift ever so slightly. I would miss it if I hadn't started looking for it. The barely audible breath that you exhale abruptly tells me you've found release, though you try to hide it from me.

It's time. I move and crawl up your body, gently moving your thighs farther apart with my knees. I guide my erection to your opening and push in slowly. Your head is still turned to the side, and there is no reaction. Closing my eyes, I ease further into you, relishing the feel of your heat and wetness. You're very tight, and to my dismay, I realize that I am not the only man to have had you. I wonder how many have had the pleasure of your body. Weasley? Potter? That thought nearly puts me off, but soon, the need to seek my orgasm overrules any disgust I might feel. Weasley is dead. Potter will be soon. You may have been with either of them, but for now, you're mine.

My strokes are tentative at first because I want to enjoy you, learn you, and feel you, but it isn't long before I can no longer maintain such an unhurried speed. Now and again, I can feel you twitching around my cock, and I wonder how it feels to you. I open my eyes and see that you are now biting your lip. Interesting. I continue to watch you as I increase my thrusts in both speed and pressure. Your body feels so good to me. Better than I'd imagined. How long will it take before you can openly accept my advances? When will you eagerly part your legs and guide me inside of you on your own? I think I shall make that a goal. Perhaps. I may not even bother. It's all about me, isn't it?

The jiggling of your breasts, a slight rumbling in your throat, and the feel of your heat clasping me tightly brings about a sudden release. I spill into you completely, but I don't stop pumping until I'm entirely spent. I don't pull out, and I don't collapse atop you. I simply stare down at you, willing you to look at me. I want you to acknowledge what we are doing... what *I* am doing.

Finally, I am rewarded. Your face turns, and I can just make out your eyes. I tilt my head to the side and study you intently. You're angry and horror-struck. That's plain enough to see. I smile smugly, however, because even though you didn't find release whilst I was within you, your body still responded to me. When I notice a few tears escaping from your eyelids, I decide it's time for me to leave. I was never good with crying women. You could probably console yourself better than any attempt I could make.

Surprisingly, you speak to me as I pull my body from yours, breaking our intimate connection. "I hate you," you whisper.

"I know," I return evenly. I am not bothered by your admission. Most of the people that know me have spent years loathing me. This is nothing new. I firmly believe that what you hate is that deep down you enjoy what I do for you and make you feel. I find my wand, cast a couple of spells to clean our bodies, and quickly dress. When I reach out to pull your nightgown back down, you wrench away from my gasp and yank it down yourself.

"Leave."

I shrug and say, "Good night." I don't leave right away though. I stand there for a moment and gaze down at you, as I normally do. You belong to me. It's heady and pleasing. I sigh in contentment and go back to my room.

Once I am in my own bed, I think about what transpired between us. Perhaps tomorrow night you will be more receptive. I turn over and begin to drift off into a pleasant sleep.

Southern's Notes: Not a very nice Snape at all. I think having lots of power over someone is a very heady sensation, and he would be the type of man to exploit that.

Someone requested via email that I do a chapter that shows how Hermione gets away from him. I may do that. Thanks for reading and for all the feedback.

Falling Upon Deaf Ears

Chapter 3 of 4

Hermione finally decides to confide her tale to someone.

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Thanks go to my beta, NotSoSaintly. I offer her hugs and liquor for taking the time to beta this story even though she doesn't care for the plot.

And also, thanks to Charmed Nay for having a look over this.

Warning: As with the first and second chapters, remember that this story depicts a situation where Snape takes complete advantage of Hermione. Please do not read it if you are bothered by this.

I put a cork in the last phial. "Well, Poppy, I guess we're all done here. Snape should be back soon," I tell her, wondering if she'll speak to me. The woman takes the phial and places it on a shelf without even looking my way. "What happened to you?" I blurt suddenly and not for the first time. I ask this question every now and again. It is quite hard to see her in such a way, but she never seems to want to talk.

The woman simply stares at me, minutely shaking her head as if to say that she doesn't want to talk about it. That much was obvious already, seeing as she never talks about anything... to anyone. We have now been in Snape's home just over a year and a half, and Poppy has not uttered one syllable to any of us.

Silence suits me just fine. There is nothing much to talk about anyway...nothing good. Minerva can talk and use her upper body, and thus, she takes up much of Snape's free time now. I listen to them as they chat and play chess. Snape confides things to her about the events of the war and Harry's struggles, and McGonagall reminisces with him about the old days when things had been so simple. This annoys me to no end. How can she be so blind? How can he be so fucking devious?

How can he sit with the woman, have amicable conversations, and exude such charm when I know what he is truly like? It just makes me hate him all the more. It makes me resent my old Head of House as well. How can she not see through his fake laughter and look into his dark eyes to see the monster within? How can she not know that Snape, her *friend*, takes what he wants from someone who is unable to stop him nearly every night?

There are rarely any tears. Those stopped months ago when I came to realize that this is to be my lot in life. I will give him what he wants, albeit reluctantly, and he will give us the protection we need to survive and give Harry the help he needs to win. I used to think about the days when I would finally leave this place and be rid of him, but thoughts such as those are few and far between as of late. It seems like the end will never come...either end: victory or death.

It's not that I want to die, but I am uncertain how long I can live such an existence. *Stop, Hermione. You've never been a quitter. Things will get better. Harry will come for you*, a voice whispers to me. Even as I hear the voice and think about Harry whisking me away to a better place, how can I ever face him after all I've been doing? Will he take one look at me and know that I am nothing more than Snape's whore? If he ever looked upon me with disgust, I don't think I'd be able to bear it.

I don't believe that Minerva or Poppy know about Snape's nocturnal visits, but if he continues to be as bold as he has been lately, they might find out...either by hearing or seeing. He never uses a Silencing Charm that I know of, and lately, he's been touching me as I work in his laboratory or while I sit down for a read. It makes me paranoid because I don't want them to know about my dirty deeds. The shame is a hard enough burden to carry on my own without them knowing. If either of the women would find out and Snape chose to carry on, they could do nothing to stop it anyway. It would only strain things between us all, but it would be a relief to be able to talk about it openly to someone. Maybe Minerva could force him to leave me alone. No, I must stop thinking such things.

When the front door slams, I know that he's come home. Poppy and I have completed the work in his laboratory after we'd seen to it that an evening meal had been prepared. In hopes of avoiding Snape as long as possible, I quickly say to Poppy, "I'm not going to eat until later. You can go on without me." She nods once and starts to leave the room, but a sudden towering presence blocks her escape.

"Finishing up, I see," Snape says as he takes in the scene before him.

"I'm wiping down the table and will be done in a moment." I don't look up at him and continue wiping the top, hoping he'll go away. "Dinner is ready. Poppy was just going to go eat."

"By all means, Poppy," he says silkily, "go eat dinner. We shall be along in a few minutes. See if Minerva is awake and fix her a portion."

This causes me to look up. *No, no, no... not right now.* When I do, I notice Poppy looking at me strangely. Does she know something? Surely not. My eyes then lift to meet his. I make certain to narrow my eyes and harden my expression in hopes he'll go away, but that is not to be. Once Poppy exits, he closes the door and wards it. He makes his way to me without a word and begins to unfasten his robes. I back away slightly as he does so.

"I need you to do something for me," he says grimly.

"What would that be?" I ask, taking another step back, figuring that he wanted me to touch him.

He says nothing, opening his robes. I immediately see the messy, bloody wound on his right side. "What's happened?" I ask at once while gathering some salves and a potion.

"Battle," he replies, staggering a little.

"Lie down on the tabletop." I am surprised when he gathers me close, points his wand to the door to unward it, and Apparates us to his private bedchambers. The moment we are there, he finishes with his disrobing and lies down atop his bed. I look away from his body, though I am familiar with it. It's quite different to feel something against your skin in a dimly lit room than to see it presented to you in such a way. I gather my courage, go to the loo connected to his room to fetch some water and cloths, and get busy with cleaning the wound.

"You could do this with your wand, you know," I mention.

"Not the same."

That was true. I'd learnt that from Poppy the previous year. She'd said that in the more serious cases it was better to not simply use magic to clean the wounds, as magic's touch wasn't like a human's. There are so many things I want to ask Snape, but I know he'll not tell me. I'll simply have to wait to hear it from Minerva. Part of me is happy that he's hurt, thinking it serves him right, but the other part of me is glad that he's all right. Not that I care, mind, but if he simply doesn't come home one day, we may never be found and would likely starve to death, thanks to his ruddy warding around the house.

Once the wound is clean and medicated, I say, "Use your wand to close your flesh." It seems as if he'd been cut with a knife. Of course, some hexes have the same effect, so it is very hard to tell. He flicks his wand, and the skin closes back up, still looking raw and irritated. "Do you need anything?" I ask, cringing inwardly after I realize I've left an open invitation.

Surprisingly, he says, "No, I will rest now and eat later."

I nod and flee. It's the first time that he and I have been alone together in many weeks where he hasn't touched me or forced me to touch him. A feeling of relieved excitement passes through me. Maybe there is hope after all. Suddenly in the mood to eat, I go to the kitchen and find Poppy sitting at the table, sipping on her soup. I quickly fix a bowl of my own and sit across from her.

My mood is so good that I want to talk. "Snape was wounded in a battle. I tended to him." Poppy says nothing. Remembering the way she'd looked at me before, I bring up, "I saw how you looked at me earlier. I hope you don't think that I *like* being alone with him." It is as close to admitting anything as I am prepared to say. However, I am startled when I look up and note the disbelieving expression upon her face. "What are you looking at me like that for?"

The woman smirks slightly and bows her head to take another bite of soup. I can't believe that she... thinks that *want* to be alone with him. *So she does know that you are his personal harlot!* a voice accuses. It is suddenly very important for me to explain things. I lower my voice and say, "Poppy, I do not like being alone with him. You have no idea why, and I'll not say exactly what I mean."

A slight "hmph" escapes Poppy's lips. I am astounded...first because she made a sound and second because she seems to not believe my words.

I close my gaping mouth and go back to eating my soup. How could she not believe me? What has caused her to gather such an opinion? Unable to eat, I slam my spoon down and face her squarely. "I don't know that I appreciate your little comment." No reply. "Furthermore, I think that when a grown man, one whom I've always respected on some level and believed I could trust, comes to my room at night and *rapes* me...yes, I said *rape*. It's an ugly word, isn't it? Anyway, I think it's horrible, and you cannot know how I feel! Don't you dare judge me or make assumptions about what goes on between us!"

Poppy wipes her mouth with a napkin and gazes at me for a moment. Then, she whispers, "A few Death Eaters paid a visit to me not long before you and the others showed up. Don't tell me that I don't know what it feels like to be assaulted." She throws her napkin down and continues with, "Nearly the entire time that we've been here, you and he have been secretly seeing each other. You may not have invited him in at first, but you didn't turn him out all the same."

"That makes it all right?" I ask, feeling indignation rising within me.

"Severus helps us, Hermione. Minerva doesn't need to be worried with this. You'd better keep your mouth shut, and think of the reasons that brought him to you in the first place." She pushes her bowl aside and rises. "Look at the things you wear...sleeveless shirts, short skirts and shorts, and anytime you lean over, we can see straight down your shirt." She looks away from me. "You enticed him and brought this on yourself." As she puts her bowl on the countertop, she turns back and says, "Be glad it's only Severus, and don't ruin things for us. If he is weak, you should bring him some soup and feed him." With that said, she strides off, leaving me completely horrified.

"These are all the clothes that I have," I say weakly, hurt that she'd accused me of wanting what I'd received. Have I given him some unknowing invitation? That couldn't be the case. In the beginning, I only talked to him when he talked to me first, but I did work closely with him, learning the new steps needed for the odd potions I had to make and caring for Minerva. Maybe he thought I was purposely leaning over to give him a view of my cleavage? These thoughts anger me. How dare Poppy say such things to me? I didn't ask for this. While I feel sorry that she experienced any type of assault...especially at the hands of more than one attacker...I can't believe that she acted so dispassionately towards me. It was almost as if she were saying that it had happened to her, so it should happen to me, too, to be fair.

"I shouldn't have said anything." It just seemed so important to let her know that I didn't like Snape's company. At least I know how others would think if I told them. Snape and Minerva get on so well that she'd likely feel the same way that Poppy does. Having lost my appetite, I rise and place my bowl on the countertop. Maybe she's right. If Snape is content, he'll think more clearly while facing Voldemort and helping Harry, and he'll be able to protect us.

While I ladle soup into a bowl for Snape, I fantasize about adding in some poison, though I know I'll never do it. The amused smile fades from my face as I resign myself to the fate of tending to him. I walk to his room, slowly open the door, and approach his bed. His room now has only one candle lit near his bed, making me feel more comfortable. I sit next to him and bring a hand to his forehead. It is slightly warm to the touch but not alarmingly so. The potion seems to be working. A hand suddenly grabs my wrist, and I notice that his eyes are open.

"I was just... checking," I say quickly, nodding to the soup in my other hand. "Are you hungry?"

"I am," he replies but makes no move to reach for the food.

Pulling my hand away from his grip, I say, "I'll just leave this here then." I lean over to place the bowl on his nightstand. "Good night."

The moment I attempt to slide off the bed, his hand ensnares my wrist again. This time, however, he guides it to his bare chest and holds it there. "Stay."

"Snape..." I begin, meaning to protest, but then I remember Poppy's words. *You enticed him and brought this on yourself.* Perhaps I shouldn't have touched his forehead, causing him to think that I care. That could be why he requested my continued presence. More of Poppy's unkind advice flits through my mind. *Be glad it's only Severus, and don't ruin things for us.*

Sighing despairingly, I pull from his grasp, stand, and undress. Before I move to lie with him, I blow the candle next to the bed out, shrouding us in darkness. Once I am in bed, he pulls my hand down to his penis and moves it along the limp flesh. I feel it twitch and harden slightly beneath my palm. His hand abandons mine, and I know he intends for me to continue touching him. When I do so, he whispers, "Good girl," and brings a hand up to touch my breast, causing its nipple to harden.

I hate him. I hate Poppy... and even Minerva. Most of all, I hate myself.

Southern's Notes: It's quite sad, but sometimes telling someone what's going on only makes things worse. I'll never forget attending a wedding when I was fifteen with my aunt, her husband, and two kids. That night, her husband made a pass at me. I woke up and found him lying next to me, touching my breast. I said I had to go to the loo and locked myself in there for hours. I didn't say anything until a couple of years later, never even facing him, but one night, another one of my aunts was talking to me and made me feel compelled to confide that to her.

She said that she remembered the strapless, satin dress that I'd wore to the wedding and I'd likely enticed him or given him the wrong signals. (She even commented on why I should keep quiet, especially after such a long time.) That hurt so much, and I simply couldn't believe that she'd say such a thing. Luckily, I didn't tell her anything else personal. Needless to say, I don't see her much, and it doesn't bother me in the least. I've also grown into a very suspicious adult and trust no one...not even family...when it comes to my son. I don't let him sleep anyplace besides my parents' home or my mother-in-law's home.

Anyway, there will be one other chapter after this one. I feel the need to tie things up and release Hermione from this situation. Cheers.

Breaking Free

Chapter 4 of 4

Snape has a plan, and we see it unfold. Harry gives us a small pov near the end.

Disclaimer: J.K.R. owns these characters, and I'm just using them.

Thanks go to my beta and friend, NotSoSaintly. I offer her hugs and liquor for taking the time to beta this story even though she doesn't care for the plot.

I am waiting for you to finish with Minerva. It seems that she's taken a bad turn as of late and has been losing energy again. Once you are finished, I have things to tell you...things concerning Potter. Over the past week, I have been secretly meeting with him, and he's reluctantly agreed to personally see to it that I do not spend a day in Azkaban for my past deeds. You see... I've much to bargain with. I told him about my three guests and how I've been secretly keeping the three of you alive under the

pretense of needing assistance and servants.

He's quite gullible and always has been. Oh, he loathes me more than anything, but the hope of seeing you again has rejuvenated him and has given him something more to fight for. You will probably wonder why I've done such a thing after all this time. It's quite simple. Things have changed where my Lord is concerned. He's getting madder and weaker by the day. How many times have you had to heal my wounds or tend to me lately? Too many. Someone has to do something, and from what I've seen in your mind and heard in the past from Dumbledore, it has to be Potter that does it.

Therefore, it is truly for myself that I do this. I have developed a will to live and am tired of following one who knows not how to treat those loyal to him. I have told Potter that he will not see the three of you until after things are finished and after my future is secure. As I watch you, I feel my heartbeat quicken, and I am uncertain why. Perhaps it is not only for myself that I am doing this. Minerva deserves the chance that St. Mungo's can give her. Poppy, though she talks now, is looking dreadful these days. And you, my dear Hermione... you deserve better than being cooped up in a home for all your days. Your once healthy coloring, shining hair, hopeful eyes, and soft smiles have diminished. You are wasting away. I can only wonder if it is lack of sunlight. I've been good to you...providing food, shelter, activity, and even pleasure.

A part of me says that it is my fault for taking advantage of things, but I know that you are stronger than that. That can't be it. You are unlike me. While I am content in staying at home, you feel the need to mingle and be about. I can understand that and understand why you are not happy here. Soon, you will be free.

As you turn and face me, I crook my finger. "Come," I say quietly, extending a hand to you. I lead you to the room that we now share and close the door behind us. "How is she?" I ask as I toe off my boots and socks.

"She's better today. I wonder if she's not simply gotten used to the potions after all this time. Perhaps a stronger dosage would help?" you offer, looking up into my eyes hopefully.

"What does Poppy say?"

I see you grimace. "Nothing of importance."

There is friction between the two of you and has been for a couple of months. I am uncertain about what happened, but I imagine it has something to do with me. I believe that Poppy is jealous of the nature of our relationship. In fact, I know that has to be it. She didn't start speaking again until we began sharing a room. I see the glares she sends your way, and I see the smiles she flashes at me. This is amusing to me. She should know that I'd never want anything to do with her.

"Hermione, if you feel that we should give her a little more, then I must agree. The last time this happened, the increase did help." I shrug out of my robes and begin unfastening my shirt. "If we see no change in a week, then we will know that the ingredients need altering."

"All right," you reply and slowly pull off your shoes.

I sit down on the edge of our bed and think of the words that I want to say to you. Finally, I find them. "Our time together is drawing to a close." You look at me, and I see the fear in your eyes. "At some point this week, Potter will take on the Dark Lord, and hopefully, he will win. I've told him that once the threat is vanquished, the three of you will be able to venture out into the world again...not needing my protection any longer."

Tears well in your eyes, and your face contorts. I watch in fascination as you bring your hands up to cover your face and attempt to weep silently. I cannot bear to see you in such a state, so I pull you to me and rub your back. This enables you to sob loudly. *Damn.*

"Get it out," I whisper. "It will be all right. You need to be away from here. I think a bit of sunlight would do you well."

As your tears subside, I finish undressing you, summoning a dressing gown to place over you. When you look at me with such appreciation in your eyes, it makes me want to please you even further, but I fear that I cannot. Not this evening. I have things to plan. Tucking you into bed, I watch as you fall into a troubled sleep. It is then that I realize you hadn't said a word to me. How do you feel? Why were you crying? Do you not want to leave? Was it relief that Potter would win?

I fight down the possessiveness that I feel. I once vowed... Actually, I've often vowed that I'd never let you go, but I think that time has now passed. It would be best if you got out, nurtured yourself back to health, and then, once you are ready, come back to me where you belong. I'll be waiting for you of course. I've no place else to be and no one else that I want to see. I don't love you. No. Never that. I am simply comfortable with you and see no reason to search out anyone else and take the time to learn her as well as I've learned you. There are things that I have to write and instructions that I must leave...should anything happen to me.

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"Professor Snape, you have to tell me where she is," Potter says, clutching me closer.

I can make out his face, but it's quite blurry. What is that ruddy coppery taste? I try to move my hand up to wipe my mouth, as something sticky is pooling on my chin, and groan in pain.

"Where is she, sir? Please?" he asks again, losing some of his patience, though his words are respectful. "We had a deal! Don't let her die!"

Who the hell is he going on about? That's when I see it...a vision of you reaching out for help.*Hermione.* "Sh-she's..." The sound of my voice scares me. Why does it sound so strained? Why am I drifting between numbness and pain? It then hits me that I am dying. Potter wants to know her location so that she doesn't suffer the same fate. He doesn't know that I took precautions to make certain she'd be found... if I should ever die.

"Yes?" he prods.

"My home... Spinner's End... last house... number twenty," I finally manage. I see the nod of his head, but everything suddenly turns black. He's telling someone to bring me to St. Mungo's and to be certain I'm not moved from there until he gets back to me. I want to tell him that it's too late for me. I can feel the coldness creeping into my body in hopes of stealing away the last bit of warmth and life. I grope until I feel the fabric of his robes, disregarding the new sparks of pain flowing through my arm. "My desk... locked... parchment... for Hermione..."

"All right, Snape. I'll find it."

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I can feel a warm palm on my cheek and try to open my eyes. The light hurts, and I can only make out a dark blob for the second or two that I can actually see. I feel completely numb and have no idea if my mouth or tongue will even move to allow me to form the words I need to say. For I know that it is you who has come to see me. I can smell your scent. You smell of the soap and shampoo that I made for you.

"Hermi..."

"Sssh," you say quietly. "Don't speak."

I know that I will never again have a chance to say what I need to say. The words flowing through my mind are likely the only reason I've held on for as long as I have. Now that you are here, I can say them and find peace.

"I n-need to... to say..." When I feel your free hand grip one of mine, I muster the strength to continue. "So sorry... everything."

"I know," you whisper. "I read the letter. Sssh."

"How's he doing?" someone asks.

It sounds like Potter. I'm passed caring that he is about, although part of me wonders if he is secretly gloating by being able to witness my demise and steal my last private moments with you.

Hermione. Your name echoes throughout my mind. Have you forgiven me? Would you have stayed with me? Would you have come back to me after tasting freedom? I believe it to be so, and I feel something lift from my chest. I am no longer carrying a burden.

"I'll be out in a minute, Harry," you say, dismissing him. A moment later, the hand on my face brushes back my hair.

I attempt to smile, but I am uncertain if I've managed it or not. I don't know how I can feel your touch, for I can't even feel my legs or most of my body. Am I still breathing?

"Severus, I read your letter."

Didn't you just tell me that? Had I imagined it?

"I forgive you. Be at peace."

Those are the most beautiful words that I've ever heard. I open my eyes again and fight to keep them open whether the light is stinging them or not. For a few moments, I can clearly see your distraught, tear-streaked face. How could I have never thought you attractive? I close my eyes, satisfied with the last sight I'll ever see.

I shouldn't have fucked you.

I shouldn't have touched you.

I was wrong.

I took advantage of you.

I deserve this.

I pretended that you wanted what I did just to ease my conscience.

You forgive me.

Yes, I feel that a burden has been lifted from me, but what of the burden you still carry?

Is it gone? Are you truly free?

Hermione.

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*I, Severus S. Snape, resident of number twenty, Spinner's End, being of sound mind and disposing memory, do hereby declare this instrument to be my last will and testament, hereby revoking any and all wills and codicils by me at any time heretofore made.*

*I direct all of my funds in my vault at Gringotts be given to Hermione Jane Granger. My only request is that my funeral expenses and any outstanding debts, such as hospital bills, be paid. I would also request that Minerva McGonagall's potions be paid for from my monies. I trust in Miss Granger to be fair and provide for her medicinal care in this instance. The location of my final resting place matters not. I shall leave that to Hermione's discretion.*

*I direct my home, its contents, and property to be given to Hermione Jane Granger. My only request is that if Minerva McGonagall or Poppy Pomfrey should also need a place to stay, they be allowed to do so free of charge. However, the length of time allowable is Hermione's discretion, should there be any conflicts.*

*I hereby name Hermione Jane Granger as my beneficiary of any insurances, awards, or proceeds that would have gone to me.*

*In WITNESS WHEREOF, I, the said Severus S. Snape, do hereunto set my hand and seal in the presence of one (1) competent witness, and in her presence do publish and declare this instrument to be my Last Will and Testament, on this 12th day of March.*

*Signed: Severus S. Snape*

*Signed: Poppy P. Pomfrey*

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"I'm going to bed, Harry," you say quietly.

"All right. I won't be long. I'm going to finish up in here," I reply, smiling as you yawn and stretch. It's been nearly a year since I found you at Snape's home, and things are finally getting back to normal for us.

As you leave the room, I notice that you've left your book behind. I can see a parchment sticking out, and I recognize it as the letter Snape left for you. You never did offer to let me read it. I can only imagine that it was some love letter, for you seemed to take his death quite hard, though you never want to talk about your relationship with him. I suppose that people deal with grief in their own ways. Minerva and Poppy more or less confirmed that you and he were together, and I know that most of your things were in his bedroom.

No matter. That's the past. I am your future. Although I hate that someone like him found a place in your heart, it didn't take long for me to realize that I want to spend my life with you once you came back into my life again. Over the months, I have attempted to get you to open up and realize that love doesn't have to die with Snape or with Ron and that you can find it again with me. I promised you I'd always be here for you, and I'd wait for you until you were ready...no matter how long it will take.

Each time we kissed, I felt your passion simmering below the surface, but you never let me feel it completely for a long time. If I went too far and touched you, you simply shied away from me or cried. I learned to stop and keep my hands to myself. The payoff for my patience and the love that I feel for you has been great. A couple of weeks ago, you finally came to me. I heard the soft knock on my door and knew that you were ready the moment you stepped into my room.

That night you unleashed all of your feelings...hurt, anger, elation, fear, and sadness. Since that night, I've been working on making you the happiest woman alive. I notice that you tend to get frigid if I act too aggressive or randy, but if I let you take the lead, things progress nicely enough.

Curiosity is getting the better of me. I want to know what his letter says. I move over to the couch and pick up your book. I open it and pick up the parchment for a read.

Hermione,

If you are reading this letter, then I've met a most unfortunate demise. I want you to know that I've left everything I have to you. I bid you to do with it what you will. It

doesn't amount to all that much, but you'll find enough to keep you going for a long while. There are things that I feel I should say. I am uncertain where to start. I've just dressed you in your dressing gown and tucked you away into our bed. I watched you sleep for a long while before gathering the courage to write this. I fear if I don't write it now, I may never do so, and I'd hate to meet my demise without you ever knowing...

I stop reading. I can't do it. This is your business and your past. You will tell me about your life with Snape and the relationship that the two of you shared when you are ready. For now, I am simply concerned with our future. Learning to live again is a challenge for the both of us, but we can do it together. No matter how much you loved Ron or Snape, and no matter how much I loved Ginny, you'll always be my Hermione while I'm simply your Harry.

Southern's Notes: I'm going to leave it like this. I know this was a hard story to read, but I do appreciate those of you who have read it and reviewed. It's been great to get this out in the open.

As far as Snape's note, I'd like you to simply imagine what it said. In my mind, he's apologizing for the wrongs he committed. Someone who took advantage of me apologized to me, too, and while I appreciated the courage it took for him to apologize to me all those years later (I was an adult by then. He's quite lucky my father never found out), I will never forget the things that happened. It forever changed me.

Hermione's new relationship with Harry is plausible in this story (they only have each other). I think she just needed time to realize that Snape was no longer there and couldn't touch her or force her to do anything she didn't want to do. She simply needed to understand that Harry would never be like that with her. As far as Harry's thinking that she was in a loving relationship with Snape, I'd say that's also conceivable on his part. He is simply mistaking her tears and unwillingness to get intimate for a period of grief for her lover. Is she grieving for Snape or dealing with her feelings now that she is free? That's up for you to decide.

I know I was pretty messed up mentally for a while. I'm always suspicious. I do not trust people, and that does include family members and close friends. I still have certain moods that I go through. Sometimes I'm quite prudish (really), and other times... well, if you've read my other stuff, you know I write some heated scenes. I guess it all depends. It's just something that takes a long time to get over...if ever.