

# In the Hands of Monsters

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Hermione only needed it to happen once to decide she did not enjoy getting woken up with a slap to the face.

Gasping and scrambling back on her bed, Hermione blinked the automatic tears back.

"Malfoy? What the he..."

"*Silencio*, Mudblood. Get up."

Her mouth was working but no words escaped, and it was more disconcerting than she'd expected. She reached for her bedside table to grab something *anything*...and throw it at her roommates. But her legs were unceremoniously grabbed and she was dragged across the bed.

Swearing wildly and wishing she could have the satisfaction of seeing the effects of her more colourful invectives, Hermione punched out at her assailant.

One connected with a thumping crack that surely hurt her as much as it hurt him, damn his pointy cheekbone.

Draco only smiled malevolently and said, very slowly, "*Petrificus Totalus*."

Her body stiff and unyielding, Hermione could only see straight up. She was lifted, Disillusioned, and taken from the safety and comfort of her dorm room. How very easy it had been for Malfoy to sneak in and steal her. Much, much too easy.

She suddenly had the sensation of flying and realized Draco had her in his arms while he was riding a broom over the treacherous staircase. She briefly wondered how the Fat Lady admitted him, but knew passwords were altogether a somewhat faulty idea. Any first-year could have been bribed or threatened to give him the password.

She tried to track their progress, but with only the ceiling as a guide, she quickly lost the way. *What the hell is Malfoy up to? Even he can't kidnap another student! What does he think he's going to do?*

She hoped this was just a prank. That he would leave her in her pyjamas in the middle of the Great Hall to be found by early risers, or something equally irritating but innocent.

They stepped into a dark room that Hermione had never seen before, and she was dumped onto a bed. The bed had large iron posters, but that was all she could see. The room was dimly lit. Hermione's heart was racing in a way that truly hurt, her pulse pounding in sympathy.

Struggling against the spell that held her immobile was useless, but she couldn't stop trying. Suddenly, she was free to move again, and she immediately tried to bolt off the bed, screaming and realizing the Silencing Spell was still active.

"Grab her, won't you?" Draco said casually as she made it to the ground and went to run for the door, wherever it was.

An arm reached out to grab her and she pushed at it, but it coiled around her like a snake and held her firmly against a solid, tall body. She immediately began to jerk and struggle, then immediately went slack to become deadweight and hopefully escape the hold. But he was expecting that and merely picked her and threw her back on the bed.

When he came toward her, she recognized Blaise Zabini. A smirk to rival Malfoy's was on his face, and she spat at him when he came closer.

"She give you this much trouble the entire way?" Blaise asked, wiping his face on his shirt before taking it off.

Hermione tried to escape off the other side of the bed, but Malfoy was there, and he pushed her over onto her stomach.

"No, she was a docile little kitten. I wonder what's gotten into her."

They both laughed and Hermione screamed silently. Her hands were yanked and tied behind her back with an itchy, rough rope. She struggled against the bonds but they only tightened, making her hands feel swollen and the bones in her wrist protest.

"Nothing, yet," Blaise quipped.

She went still. She was panting with exertion, but hearing the innuendo that they were going to rape her made her heart slow, her brain focus intently before going completely numb. *No*, she told herself firmly.

*Not like this.*

"If you're a good girl, we'll take off the Silencing Spell. It's a little unnerving to hear nothing from your snotty mouth, and I know Blaise here likes to hear his girls scream a little."

Hermione only glared and bared her teeth, kicking out at Malfoy when he went to come near her.

"This is tedious," Blaise drawled. "I don't want her kicking and fighting all night."

Hermione tried to say, *So let me go!* but no words came.

"Well," Draco drawled, crawling on the bed beside her. "There is a way to get her to do whatever we want. And I bet she'll even enjoy it, the slut. This way she can walk away vindicated, knowing she couldn't have done anything to stop us... but she'll know she wanted it all along."

Blaise frowned. "Since when do you care if she feels fucking 'vindicated'?"

The blond shrugged. "I don't. But I think it will fuck with her head more this way."

"Then what's the idea?" Blaise was almost absentmindedly stroking her calf, and Hermione shuddered. Hearing them discuss her torture while she couldn't say a word to protect herself was horrifying. She'd always known Draco was a prick, but she'd never really thought he was capable of something like this. She barely knew Blaise, but even he hadn't seemed the type to rape another student.

Draco chuckled, and Hermione's blood froze. "*Imperius!*"

Instantly, Hermione felt weightless. A strange sensation of being underwater flowed over her body, and she felt that, while technically she *should* move, she really didn't want to. She didn't want to be here, but it just wasn't up to her anymore. She heard Draco cancel the Silencing Spell a moment later.

"Hey, Mudblood. How do you feel?"

"Fine," she said in a distant, soft voice. It didn't sound like hers but it must have been. Somewhere inside, she felt very sick and very wrong, but if she ignored those bad feelings, everything really did seem to be fine.

"Draco and I are going to take care of you, okay, whore?"

"Okay," she said in that same, almost eerie voice.

Draco instructed, "You'll answer to our commands with 'Sir,' you got that?"

Hermione smiled softly. Directions were good; they made her feel better. "Yes, sir."

"Good girl," Draco praised. A wave of nausea flooded Hermione, but she tamped it down, back into that ugly place where she was crying and scared.

"We can probably untie her now," Blaise commented, running rough fingers up the leg of her pyjama pants.

With a whispered spell, the scratchy rope was gone, and Hermione's fingers were flooded with feeling again. Her clothes were quickly removed, and she had a moment to think of how strange it was to feel no shame in her nudity. No one had ever really seen her naked, besides her parents and her dormmates in the shower. No one had seen her naked with lascivious intent. She mildly reflected that she rather hated the sensation, but didn't bother lamenting the fact that she could do nothing about it.

"Undress me," Draco demanded, getting off the bed to stand. With a whispered, "Yes, sir," Hermione scrambled in front of him, hurriedly unbuttoning his shirt before sliding it over his shoulders. His pants were quickly removed, and everything else. She had the impression that every button was one closer to humiliation, but it was a fleeting thought, quickly buried by his next directive.

"Now Blaise."

"Yes, sir."

She crawled over the bed to undress the other man, as quickly as she had Draco. She didn't stop to look at any part of him, just doing what she was told as efficiently as possible. When both men were naked, Hermione's heart suddenly started to pound. She rapidly became aware that this was something she most definitely *did not want*, and that she needed to fight or *very bad things* would happen.

She began to pant and shake with the effort to overcome the horrible hold Draco had on her. A part of her knew she was under an Unforgivable Curse, but the majority of her thought process simply went toward following orders.

"Get on the bed," Blaise demanded. Hermione felt a surge of joy when she was not compelled to do what he asked.

"You idiot, she's under my curse, not yours. Either you curse her as well, or I'll have to direct her."

Blaise seemed to weigh his options and Hermione could practically smell his deliberation. Half of him wanted to be able to order her around, but half of him wanted to be innocent of the Unforgivable in case they were found out.

*Which they will be*, a quiet voice reassured her from beneath layers of obedience.

"*Imperius*," Blaise said strongly, smiling when a double film glazed over her eyes. "On the bed, Mudblood."

She choked out, "Yes, sir," and gracelessly crawled back onto the bed, lying in the middle of it, trying to be still. The curse gave her little room for interpretation, but it seemed to direct her to do not only what they said, but what they wanted. When they'd said to undress them, she hadn't been compelled to just rip their clothing off forcefully. She'd felt the need to do it quickly but carefully. When Blaise said to get on the bed, she'd wanted to lie down in the middle, not just perch on the side.

It was an interesting observation. Unfortunately it did her absolutely no good here. Maybe she could write an article about it. Lying here like this made her feel like she was flying.

Draco stalked up beside her, reminding her of a jungle cat before it attacked its prey. Dinner. That was all she was.

His hands roughly gripped her breasts, squeezing them almost brutally, making her cry out. Blaise was on her other side, roughly spreading her legs and thrusting two fingers inside her. She screamed as she was brutally penetrated, wondering absently if she'd had any hymen left to rip but somehow knowing there must have been because that had hurt way too much otherwise.

Blaise confirmed her thoughts when he laughed a moment later, taking his fingers out and smearing them on her belly.

"Who knew our little whore was a virgin?" he snorted, and Hermione looked down to see blood on her stomach.

Draco said nothing, but his hand loosened a little on her abused breast, almost caressing instead of punishing. She didn't have time to be grateful for the reprieve, because a moment later he was mercilessly pinching and twisting her nipples, causing her to cry out in surprised gasps.

"Don't hold back your cries, Granger. We want to hear them all," Blaise stated, his fingers forcefully thrusting back into her sore pussy, twisting and drawing out what little moisture there was. "Always knew you'd be frigid," he told her, laughing. She wished she could tell him she wasn't frigid, that he was hurting her, but she couldn't find the strength to speak.

Draco leaned over her breasts and started nipping and licking them, causing Hermione to cringe. It was hard to decide if it would be easier to just get it over with, or have them tease and torment her like they were. Blaise was deliberately cruel in his movements, but Draco was switching between harsh and soft, never giving her a moment to recover.

That was probably the point, then. She would never recover.

"Enough," Draco said, slapping Blaise's hand away from between her legs, making her gasp at the brutal withdrawal. "Move over," he told Hermione, who quickly obeyed, repeating the hated words. Draco lay down in the space she'd cleared, stretched out and pale in a way that made her wish for a second he was as dead as he looked.

"Ride me," he told Hermione softly, looking into her eyes and making her shake to disobey.

"No," Blaise objected, and Hermione was relieved for a moment. It seemed that she had to obey contradiction over the original order. She dispassionately watched the two men argue for a few minutes through a veil, wishing she could make herself care about what was happening to her, wishing she knew how to stop it. But beneath that, she was grateful that the decision was taken from her. It meant that nothing she did was her fault. If they'd beaten and threatened her or her friends, she would have eventually capitulated, making her feel dirty and disgusting for giving in. This way, it wasn't her choice so she didn't have to shoulder the blame.

She suspected that feeling would disappear once the curses were lifted, but for now, this strange state of ignorant bliss was the only place she felt safe, and she wanted to stay there until they weren't hurting her anymore. Possibly longer.

Finally Blaise seemed to back down because Draco repeated his order for her to ride him. She gritted out the requisite, "Yes, sir," before crawling up to straddle his narrow waist, raising her body over his straining cock before meeting his eyes. They were so dark they were nearly black, but they were shining with the dim light of the room. Her body fought to obey his order and impale herself, but she hesitated, trembling.

She didn't know she was crying until Draco wiped the wetness from her face. "Sit on my cock, Granger," he whispered in a gentle voice that brutally contradicted his harsh words.

"Yes, sir." Unable to resist any further, Hermione lowered her sore pussy onto him. She could feel him breach her remaining barrier, and through the fog in her mind, wrote a requiem for her virginity. Every inch was punishment, stretching and filling her beyond what should have been possible. For her first time, someone of his size that was completely unfair.

When she was fully seated, the head of his cock pressing insistently against her cervix, Hermione was crying in earnest. It seemed to be the only thing she could control. She couldn't remember the last time she'd really sobbed like this. It felt freeing and safe, but it was ugly because they got to see it.

Blaise was sitting silently at the side, pouting slightly. His olive skin was a stark contrast to Draco's ethereal glow, and Hermione found herself hating them both, a flowing river of lava beneath a cool summer stream, the lava never broaching the surface, always smouldering, always simmering beneath.

Draco was gripping her hips and moving her, forcing her to be a participant in her own rape. "Move," he ordered, and immediately, she did, softly saying the words. Her movements were stilted and inexperienced, but they seemed to have the right effect on Draco, who was softly gasping and rocking in tandem with her.

She felt rather than saw Blaise move behind her, between Draco's spread legs. His hand was on her back, pushing her down against Draco until she was flat on his chest. Draco chuckled softly as he smoothed his hands over her body, resting on her arsecheeks and spreading them obscenely. Hermione whimpered but was forced to continue moving until Blaise ordered her to stop.

She stilled, muscles quivering and pussy aching. She wondered for a moment why Draco couldn't be like a normal teenage boy and come in seconds. She could feel his cock throbbing inside her a half second after his heart beat against her ear, and she hated it.

She heard a spitting sound and sobbed as wet fingers probed her exposed arsehole. One finger slipped in easily, a horrible, foreign feeling causing a burning stretch that made her body want to rebel.

Another finger slid in and the pain was nearly unbearable. He was pumping his fingers into her without mercy, scissoring them quickly.

"Bet her pussy's not as tight as this," Blaise groaned, pulling his fingers away and replacing them with the head of his cock.

"You'll never know," Draco countered, making Hermione look up at him. She didn't want to feel grateful that Blaise wouldn't be doing that to her tonight, but somewhere beneath all the impotent rage she was feeling gratitude. It was enough to make her hate herself. Draco didn't meet her eyes, and in moments her attention was ripped away by the massive cock trying to force its way inside her.

She let out a low moan as Blaise's mercifully lubricated cock pushed through the tight ring of muscles, delving deeper and forcing her pussy tighter around Draco's stationary member. She buried her face in Draco's chest, feeling better when she couldn't see anything.

"Take it, bitch," Blaise ground out, sounding as though his teeth were gritting as he strained to bottom out inside her. She knew she was to take it as a command when she automatically said, "Yes, sir." Suddenly felt a little less pain. Her lower half seemed to have relaxed, her arse not burning in agony. She thanked Merlin for her body's literal interpretation as the pain almost completely receded.

Draco let go of her behind as Blaise began to withdraw, stabbing her with his cock rather than fucking her. After placing his hands on the small of her waist, Draco didn't really move, letting Blaise pump Hermione's body over his. The darker man's fingertips were digging bruisingly into her hips, squeezing with every thrust, leaving bloodied crescent cuts on her flesh.

Hermione lay completely prone against Draco's overheated body, their mingled sweat slicking her so that the friction didn't hurt when her body slid over him from Blaise's overenthusiastic pounding.

She tried to swear, tried to curse them, tried to *say anything*, but the only noises she could make were pathetic whimpers and defeated sobs.

When Draco started to thrust into her from below, she instinctively knew he was close. His eyes were tightly closed when she dared to look at his face, and his heart was racing. Blaise was still hammering into her brutalized arse with an angry rhythm, but he lost that tempo and his movements were frenzied until finally, he hollered his orgasm, flooding her tender cavity with burning come.

"Come, Granger!" Draco shouted, grinding her body on top of his. Hermione gasped, "No, sir!" but her momentary rebellion did nothing to overrule his order. Hermione screamed as everything that was painful only moments before turned to pleasure, and her body fought to create an orgasm where there should have been only pain. It was instant and unsatisfying, her pussy clenching around Draco's angry cock, and she cried as waves of ecstasy drowned her.

Draco gasped, jerking into her a few more times before he, too, exploded inside of her, slicking her with his disgusting offering. Hermione felt like dying. Being ordered to come was more humiliating than anything else that had happened to her tonight, and her previous thoughts on being able to claim defiance vanished in the knowledge that she orgasmed while being raped.

Draco pushed her off of him, and she gratefully fell onto her side. She instantly began to shake and shudder, her mind desperate to overthrow the hold they had on her. There were no orders to follow, so there was no peace. Her mind was working freely, there was no haze. All she knew was shame and anger. If she had a wand, she would have seen only green light and felt no remorse.

"We need to get back," Blaise said in a satisfied voice.

"I know," Draco said quietly. He was dressing quickly, and Hermione wished it was within her power to glare or spit or swear or somehow damage his face.

Blaise went through the pockets of his pants before donning them. "Drink those," he ordered Hermione, watching carefully as she dutifully responded, picking up the first bottle and popping the cap. Her hand was shaking with the thought of what it might be, but she wasn't as afraid as she knew she should be. If it was poison, then she was dead. End of story.

She downed the lavender liquid, immediately recognizing the contraceptive potion. All students were forced to brew it and keep their own supply. She tried not to think about the disappointment she felt that she it was only an innocent elixir. The second potion made her aches disappear, even the throbbing pains between her thighs. All evidence was gone.

"You go first," Draco commanded Blaise, who nodded once and dropped his *Imperius*. He grinned soullessly at Hermione, who was cowering on the bed, and left the room.

Draco stood and looked at her for a long time, and she fought to meet his assessing gaze. She was seeing him through a film, and she blinked rapidly to try to clear it, but it didn't work. Her mind was as fogged as her eyesight.

"I have to *Oblivate* you, you know."

She didn't say anything. She had known he wouldn't just let her walk away. It was *Obliviation* or death. Thinking of her personal preference only made her sick.

"You were good," he said, smiling in an almost affectionate way. Hermione felt something inside her snap. She drew the deepest breath she could manage and screamed at the top of her lungs. It was piercing, painful to her own ears, and it just went on. She screamed her hate and rage and horror. She screamed for her innocence, her pain, her inevitable ignorance.

And then she stopped. It cut off like she'd been *Silencioed*, and she was surprised she hadn't been. She hadn't screamed to be heard, but it would have been nice.

"Look at me," he commanded, one last order.

"Yes, sir."

"*Oblivate.*"

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Hermione woke up in her bed sore and dazed. She felt muddled, like she'd been asleep only an hour, like she'd been tossing and turning all night.

As she did every Saturday morning like clockwork, Hermione cast a quick Silencing Spell around her bed and drew the curtains closed. She mentally pictured one of the many images that would help bring her off, a slow, sweet seduction by a stranger, in which he patiently taught her everything there was to know about sex. She even had dialogue for this particular fantasy.

When her fingers slipped into her lower folds, she felt a slight twinge of discomfort. It was quickly replaced by that foggy feeling of desire as her fantasy man wove his fingers through her suddenly-manageable hair, kissing her softly but passionately. She let out a little sigh, fingers moving faster.

Afterwards, Hermione would completely ignore the unbidden way her dream lover had slimmed out, dark hair lightening, and rugged features pointing.

She would, however, find herself very curious that her orgasm brought no real satisfaction except for the fact that she was able to make the decision to do it at all.

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"What's the matter? You know you can tell me anything."

"I do know. It's just... some things are too ugly to even talk about."

"You know I don't hold against you any of the things you did during the war, Draco. Those were hard times for all of us. War does insane things to people."

"But I don't think it was all because of the war..."

"It's in the past. Remember what we said when we first got together? That we would never talk about those ugly things we said and did to one another during school?"

"Yes, but... I think that... if you knew, you would feel differently."

"I don't need to know. I just know that I care about you. A lot. You've changed, Draco. You're a good man."

"Hermione, can you do something for me?"

"Of course."

"I need you to forgive me."

"There's nothing to..."

"Then it should be easy. Please, I need you to. You just... you don't know everything. I did a horrible thing, but I'm sorry now."

"You don't need my forgiveness, but you have it. You never hurt me bad enough to warrant this behaviour, I promise. Most of the stuff you said and did I just ignored or forgot about."

"I...yeah."

"Okay, now?"

"Yes."

"Good. Because we told Pansy and Blaise we'd be over at seven, and it's already ten past. I don't want to be late when I think they're finally starting to like me."

*Fin.*