

# When the Sun Dies

*by AlanaVawn*

The war has ended. Hermione is captured by Lucius Malfoy and visited by the Dark Lord. Her life is now in the hands of Death Eaters. But what is really in store for Hermione?

## A Beginning

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Chapter One: A Beginning

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Her heart pounded beneath her ribs. Her pulse jumped like a frightened rabbit. Sweat beaded on her forehead and dampened her palms. Her shaking right hand clinched her wand as her left arm hung useless at her side. Blood trickled from a cut on her forehead and a slash on her side. Lucius Malfoy stood in front of her, his silver mask gone, his perfect blonde hair shining red in the bloody light of the dying sun. A smirk curved his mouth and promised her so much. Beside him stood more Death Eaters; they had her cut off and surrounded. Hermione Granger was helpless and hopeless. Harry Potter was dead, struck down by a curse from Draco Malfoy's wand. Voldemort and his Death Eaters were victorious. The Light was dying, just like the sun. Hermione shook with fear. It poured off her like a heady perfume. Lucius's smirk grew bigger, bolder, and crueler as he crept toward her. She shook harder as he grew closer. Lucius laughed as he whispered a word, and Hermione sunk into oblivion.

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Hours later, Hermione slowly woke. Her eyes were unfocused as she tried to take in her surroundings. Her entire body throbbed with pain as she tried and failed to move her arms. Her head whipped up as Voldemort's cruel, cold laughter filled the air. Hermione froze like a rabbit in the face of a snake. His scaly, boney, cold hand grasped her chin, holding her gaze as he studied her.

"I've heard sso much about you, Mudblood," Voldemort hissed, his serpent tongue contorting the words. "The brightest witch of her age, they tell me. A clever mind sshe possessess. But yet, you're here." A deadly smile warped his face into something even more hideous and terrifying.

Hermione couldn't move, couldn't look away. Her heart pounded so hard that she was sure that Voldemort was able to hear it. The whooshing of her pulse almost drowning out his soft, deadly words. But even in her terror, her mind was working to make sense of what the evil wizard was saying.

"And do you know where you are, Mudblood? Can the brightest witch of her age answer that, hmm?"

Hermione slowly, painfully shook her head. Voldemort leaned closer and whispered in her ear, "I didn't quite catch that, Mudblood."

"N-n-no." Hermione breathed.

"No what, little Mudblood."

"I-I-I d-d-don't kn-know where I am." Her voice cracked and ended with a squeak.

"Mudblood, you shouldn't push my goodwill. You should always addresss your bettersss with the correct titlesss. Unlessss you're too daft to understand such thingss." Voldemort snarled.

"A-and wh-what is your t-t-title, sir?" Hermione quivered under his hard gaze.

"Guessss."

"M-my I-lord?"

"Good little Mudblood. That'ss right." Voldemort hissed into her ear. She flinched as his tongue brushed her neck. "I guesss you could be of some use. Nagini will just have to wait for her dinner."

As he said her name, Nagini rose up her large, diamond-shaped head and butted against her master's shoulder, much like a cat would against its owner's leg. The huge snake twisted to look at Hermione. At first, Hermione thought that the snake was going to bite her, but after a few moments, the snake nodded and slithered off to parts unknown.

The Dark Lord took a step back and said, "I'll send someone in to collect you soon, Mudblood. Someone is interested in owning you, if only for a time. I am sure you will know him. After all, he is the one who told me so much about you." With that, Voldemort swept from the room, leaving Hermione in the dark room alone.

She slumped against the wall and realized that she couldn't move but a foot in any direction. Manacles held her ankles in a cold, iron grip. Chains also wrapped around her wrists. She shivered and curled up in to as tight of a ball as she could, trying to stay as warm as she could. Hermione's mind was whirling, trying to figure out who the Dark Lord was taking about.

He said someone who told him about me. Who could have told him anything? Snape? But why would Snape even think to bring up my name? What was there for him? Who else knows me and is a Death Eater? Draco? Malfoy?

Hermione's thoughts were wild as she drew blank after blank. Any Slytherin in her year could have said something to their parents or directly to the Dark Lord. There were too many possibilities to limit them just off what Voldemort had said.

Lost in her own mind, Hermione didn't realize when the wooden door opened and closed. So her head snapped up as a familiar silky voice drew her attention.

"Hello, Hermione. It's been a while, hasn't it?" the masculine voice all but purred.

A/N: I own nothing Harry Potter. And this is my first fanfic so please be nice, but let me know what your thoughts are by sending reviews.