

The Trial of Severus Snape

by ApollinaV

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Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: Please read the warnings before you read the drabble.

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The trial of Severus Snape revealed nothing which the gathered crowd didn't already know. The much-hated Potions master was a thoroughly wicked man. The small valleys of humanity he carefully spooned out were overshadowed by mountains of sin. He had killed, murdered, tortured, and betrayed, and few spoke of his honor.

On the third day, a frail and fragile-looking Hermione Granger took the stand, and Snape howled, rattling his chains in protest before the guards beat him down. Already mostly stripped and shackled, their fists and wands enforced obedience. Only his coal black eyes, wide with fear, darted freely across her features. The slip of a girl could be his undoing.

She looked dispassionately in his direction as they forced him into submission and bound him. She'd been drugged, a prerequisite of her arrival. The Veritaserum they'd given her was not made by Snape's hand. Even though it was tasteless, Hermione knew the potion was made by another. She was well acquainted with the effects of Snape's brew. But even if she'd had her wits about her, she'd still have sat quietly, complacently – and not out of the wisdom of her years, but from rigorous training in the art of submission.

Madam Umbridge, resplendent in her burgundy Wizengamot robes, grinned wolfishly at the defendant before turning her attention to the witch.

She was asked a few short questions - her name, her relationship to the defendant, and how long she had been kept in his service - before setting to the heart of the matter.

"Has he taken you against your will?"

Her throat choked, releasing a strangled, "Yes."

"And what else has he done?" Madam Umbridge scented blood in the water as the sound of stampeding Centaur hooves played through her mind. There would be no mercy for the witness; every naked embarrassment would be laid bare. "What harm has he caused?"

Hermione blinked rapidly. Her cheeks puffed out with a breath of air as her eyes scurried back and forth in panic. Her little heart beat as fast as a sparrow's in flight.

"Come now," a moderate voice from the chambers spoke. "You can't ask open-ended questions with Veritaserum. She's unable to say every instance he's hurt her at once."

Hermione's grateful eyes traveled across the dead-set faces of the Wizengamot, as a shrill scream threatened to tear from her. Her body and mind were in agony as they

debated her next question – seconds trickled like molasses.

“Very well.” A subdued Madam Umbridge huffed and took her time adjusting in her seat as the Granger girl twitched and shuddered, her air filled cheeks reddened and near bursting. “Describe the conditions in which he’s kept you.”

Gasping, Hermione released her breath and heaved in lungfuls of air as blood rushed to her head leaving her dizzy and aching. It wasn’t precisely a question, but she was more than compliant in answering.

“I was his slave and he was my Master,” she said simply. “He kept me in a room in his cellar. For the longest time I felt trapped and thought I’d die in that tiny room, but then he tied me to the Manor. He took my blood and bound me with Dark magic to the wards.” When they came to ‘liberate’ her, it had nearly killed her. “I could roam most of it, some rooms he keeps locked, but I could never leave.”

Her whole body convulsed. They’d been generous with the Veritaserum, and she fought with little strength to preserve some of her dignity under the questioning.

“He provided for my basic needs. I was served regular meals and allowed to bathe. When I was hurt, he healed me.”

“Tell me about how he raped you.”

“Before he was taken to Azkaban, he had full access to my body. He had me anywhere he liked.”

“And were you always an unwilling participant?”

Grumbles erupted from all areas of the chambers. Hermione struggled to find the right answer. It wasn’t easy to satisfy the poison in her body and give the answer she wanted to scream.

“On occasions I was willing. On other occasions, I was not.”

Madam Umbridge leaned forward, eager for details and humiliation. “How so?”

“He’s made my body quite accustomed to his cock.” Hermione gave an apologetic shrug. “I began to look forward to the orgasms.”

A mad titter that reminded Hermione of crazy Bella came from her left. She put that witch entirely out of her mind.

“What made your captivity most difficult?”

She sucked in a deep breath. Painfully. If her body hadn’t felt so leaden, she’d have wrapped her arms about herself.

“He told me nothing,” Hermione croaked. “Nothing about my family, my friends, the Order. Being without news is like being without hope. I had no idea what was going on; I was trapped.”

She was questioned for a further twenty minutes, asking about her captivity and the demands that Snape had made on her. It was clear they already had their answer, and the verdict was made.

As Hermione retreated into the shadows of the courtroom, the prisoner was brought forward.

“Severus Snape, on the charge of treason, we find you innocent. On the charge of conduct unbecoming of a Death Eater, we find you innocent. On the charge of aiding and abetting fugitives of the law, we find you innocent. You are free to go.”

Hermione bit her lip and her eyes watered. Her Master was taking her home. Thank the Gods.

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Swedish fish and Dala horses to Christev for beta'ing this. I appreciate you so much! Thank you!