

Blendwerk

by Lady of Clunn

Hermione finds herself in a world she does not remember.

Geblendet

Chapter 1 of 3

Hermione finds herself in a world she does not remember.

Disclaimer: I do not own anything associated with Harry Potter; I do not earn money from this story.

A/N: A huge thank you to dynonugget, who beta-ed this story as a surprise for me *hugs* - all remaining mistakes are mine and mine alone.

Another giant thank you to the wonderful and wonderfully talented draconis23, who made the banner for me!



Geblendet

"Voldemort."

Harry's voice rang in her ears as she flung her body in front of him. The foolish boy had not been able to restrain himself for a few minutes, throwing himself and with him all of them into this half-cooked plan.

Red light exploded around her. A loud crack of apparition right behind her was the last thing she heard.

White. A colour so brilliant and blinding that she had to close her eyes again. The absence of any sound and of any kind of discomfort or pain felt strangely unfamiliar.

Death. Was that it? Heaven was usually associated with the colour white. Had she passed on? Had they finally succeeded?

A soft noise startled her and caused her eyes to fly open. Were there birds in heaven?

This time, Hermione turned her head to the side, in the direction of the chirping sound. A tall, bare window let in copious amounts of bright sunlight. There were no trees to shield away the rays or paint dancing shadows on the blemish-free ceiling with their leaves.

Carefully she sat up. Although the room looked cosy enough with a table and chairs in one corner and a dressing table against the wall opposite the bed she was sitting on, it did not look like a room that had a permanent occupant. It did not have the feel of a hotel room, but bore the faint feel of an upmarket institution.

A hospital?

It was not St. Mungo's. Had she been found and taken to a Muggle hospital?

Now that her senses were sharpening after lying dormant in her unconscious state, she could hear a low pinging noise, coming from behind the door opposite to the window.

Hermione swung her legs over the edge of the bed and tried a few uncertain steps towards the window. Coming closer, the view revealed more and more blue skies and finally large plains of a lush green landscape, with fields in different shades of gold in the background.

The door behind her was opened and a surprised shriek followed.

"You're awake!"

Hermione turned around in time to see the startled face of a blonde witch in the light blue robes of nurses, a watch pinned to her chest on the left side. Before Hermione could say anything, the nurse had run off, calling for a healer.

Where were Harry and Ron? Were they in a different room? Had they been captured? Escaped?

There were steps in the hall beyond the still open door, several people approaching at a quick pace.

She did not recognize him at first. His hair was longer, similar to the way his father used to wear it, gathered at the nape of his neck. He looked older, broader, more mature in general.

Taking a few steps back towards the window, Hermione recoiled.

"Malfoy? What kind of joke is this?" she asked wide eyed, motioning to his green healer's robes.

Draco Malfoy furrowed his brow.

"What do you mean? How are you feeling, Hermione?"

"Hermione?" she asked shrilly. "Hermione? Why are you dressing up as a healer, ferret-boy?"

There were indignant gasps from the two nurses that had followed Draco Malfoy and were now standing behind him in the doorway.

"Hermione, who am I?"

She blinked. No insults, no taunts, no name-calling. Only polite questions.

"You are Draco Malfoy, seventh year Slytherin. Why are you not at school?"

Now the bright sunlight was mocking her. It was too bright, the room too comfortable, the faces of the other people in the room too gentle. Something was wrong. So very wrong.

"Hermione, which year is it?"

Panic gripped her heart with long, icy fingers. She had given the Time-Turner to her Head of House; she didn't have it anymore. Had the Snatchers done something to send her through time?

"1996"

Malfoy's voice was very gentle as he spoke to her after a few moments of silence.

"Hermione, could you please look in the mirror?" He motioned in the direction of the dressing table.

Slowly, never leaving Malfoy out of her sight, she moved forward. In front of the tall mirror she turned.

A woman with long, curly hair was looking at her.

Hermione creased her brow and so did the woman in the mirror. Squinting her eyes to see better, Hermione studied the reflection. It was her, but this image was nowhere near what she had looked like... How long had she been unconscious? Hours? Days? Longer?

"Maybe this will help?"

The blonde nurse offered delicate oval glasses in a silver frame to her.

"I do not need glasses."

The nurse smiled.

"Just try."

Reluctantly, Hermione reached for the glasses and unfolded them. Slipping them on, she was surprised that the room around her gained focus and clarity.

Hermione touched her face, still watching the mirror glass with trepidation. She was far from being overweight, but there was also no sign of the painful thinness that she had acquired during her frantic run with Harry and Ron. When she looked very closely, she could see some fine lines forming around her eyes. Were the years of sleep deprivation in the library and the hardships of fighting and running already catching up with her? As she studied the delicate skin behind the glasses, something light caught her eye. A few silvery hairs wove through her curls falling down the right side of her head. They were hardly visible, yet they were there.

Malfoy stepped up next to her, his reflection making eye contact with hers.

"Hermione, this is the year 2006. What is the last thing that you remember?"

Resting her head on her up-drawn knees, Hermione was frantic. Her outward appearance was one of utmost calm, but inside she was screaming for help. Out of fear of being sedated or sent off to a mental institution, if she was not resident in one already, she had forced herself to be cooperative and polite to a degree that hurt.

Malfoy had calmly explained to her that she had had an accident at work, at the Department of Mysteries. There had been an as of yet undetermined unleashing of pure magical energy, and she had been caught in the very centre of it.

How was it possible? How could she not remember the last ten years of her life? Yesterday, she had been setting up camp with Ron and Harry, had cooked a paltry meal of berries, mushrooms and stolen ingredients from the last supermarket they had managed to find.

How could she forget the final battle, Ron's heroic death, saving her life and that Harry had actually vanquished the Dark Lord? It seemed unthinkable.

Yet, there were stacks of newspapers piled on her white hospital bed. Current ones, proclaiming the date as 17th of July 2006, back issues covering the last battle, Harry's recovery and how he withdrew from the wizarding world entirely, now leading a secluded life in New Zealand in an undisclosed, unplotable location.

They said they would try to get her some books on the war.

She had spent an hour in front of the mirror. She had counted the grey hair. Five at the right side of her head, near the hairline, just above her brow, two on the left side, a bit further back. They were hardly visible in the curly mass, blending in with the different tones of brown, caramel, and golden brown. That's probably why she hadn't bothered to do anything about them.

A ray of sunlight reflected from the shiny surface of the ring on her bedside cabinet she had been staring at. White gold. Or was it platinum? A simple, rather wide band. Not fussy, not frilly, exactly how she would have imagined her wedding band. She had tried it on, and it felt foreign and uncomfortable to have a ring on her left hand.

The Prophet had covered the union between the war heroine and the silent Slytherin meticulously. There had been so many pictures. A smiling Hermione holding the hand of Blaise Zabini walking down Diagon Alley. Blaise Zabini accompanying her to a Ministry ball, his hand protectively on the small of her back. This photo Hermione smiled at the photographers, then turned her head to look into Zabini's eyes, who then reached for her hand and kissed the inside of it.

That scene depicted so much intimacy, such comfortable companionship that a sharp pain had stabbed through her. How could she have forgotten? She could remember Blaise Zabini from several classes in Hogwarts, but he had always been in the background, never among those who hunted her down in the corridors to corner and intimidate her. As far as she knew, she had never spoken to Blaise Zabini.

Their wedding must have been the social event of the year in 2003. The cover, as well as several pages and the centrefold, were dedicated to the ceremony, the dress, the bridesmaids, the decoration, even the style of calligraphy on the place cards had been discussed in detail.

Hermione watched herself kissing the handsome man next to her, watched herself eating cake from his hand, dancing the first Waltz to open the ball. The style was tasteful and looked like something she might have chosen for her wedding.

Yet there was only blackness in her mind when she strained to remember.

Picture-Hermione twirled happily, her white robes lifting in an elegant circle, showing a white lace garter, interwoven with blue satin ribbon, just above her knee.

She had recognized him from the pictures. Had he crossed her path in the streets, she would have bypassed him without a second thought.

Blaise had been tentative. Understanding. Gentle.

He sat with her, had told her stories about their life together, had made her laugh.

He came back every day, sitting with her, reading to her, talking.

It did nothing for her.

Her mind was still a blank, black, infinite space when it came to remembering anything beyond that flash of light, when the Snatcher had aimed his spell at Harry.

Harry. Would he really withdraw even from her? Losing his best friend in battle had been too much. He wanted to live in peace and quiet.

So she had been told.

They were the healers, the nurses, the therapists. They all said the same thing. If her memory did not come back naturally soon, they would have to try to trigger it with magic.

There was a small Pensieve sitting on the table in her room, next to the stacks of history books and newspapers. It was smaller than the Pensieves she had seen so far and had a pleasant, light grey colour that made the stone it was carved from soft and pleasing to the eye.

For several days they had urged her to, implored her to deposit all the memories of her 'last' year that she remembered in the Pensieve so they could examine them together.

Balking at the thought to freely give out memories of Order meetings, research and hunting and destroying Horcruxes, she had yet to consent to this path of treatment.

Blaise had been her only support, insisting that she should only do what she felt comfortable with.

There was something in the way that he did not try to fill the lapses of silence with idle chatter but kept her company that suggested a very strong and genuine relationship.

He had not touched or kissed her, saying that he understood if she needed time.

Time. It always seemed to come down to time.

A/N:

Blendwerk is an archaic German word for illusion or false front.

Geblendet is German for blinded or dazzled.

Betört

Chapter 2 of 3

Hermione tries to come to terms with her new old life.

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Betört

Hermione stared at the pretty turquoise sandals on her feet. Strappy, the heel not too high to be comfortable for longer walks. Sandals that she could easily see herself choosing in a shop.

When Blaise had told her that Malfoy and the principle healer wanted her to go home over the weekend to try to trigger her memory in a familiar environment, she could not help but blurt out:

"Go? With you?"

Blaise had looked hurt but had covered it quickly. Hermione's face had burned upon her rudeness.

In the end she had agreed to spend the weekend with that strange man that was her husband.

Walking to the dressing table, she looked at her dark jeans and the turquoise top. She looked nice. Rested. At home in her own body.

Only that she had to remind herself constantly that the woman in the mirror was indeed herself.

The door to her room was ever so slightly ajar, and she could hear hushed voices coming from the hall on the other side of it.

Carefully she crept closer, only to hear the last sentences of a conversation between Malfoy and Blaise.

"But I am supposed to... You know the situation, Draco!"

Blaise rubbed his face with both hands, obviously distraught.

"It has been taken care of!"

Blaise's eyes were sharp looking at his friend.

"Nobody knows that better than I, I will never forget that examination! It does not change the facts, though."

Draco Malfoy placed a reassuring hand on the other man's shoulder.

"There is no other choice. We cannot keep her under these potions forever. We cannot keep you under these potions forever. You will be alright. She will be alright." He gestured towards the door with his chin. "Now go get your wife and take her home."

Hermione scrambled to retreat to the dressing table, busying herself by applying some perfume. What had she just witnessed?

Her ... home was a beautiful cottage in the countryside, woods enveloping it from three sides, but the front side open to generous meadows and fields in the distance.

Blaise had Apparated with her to the outer wards, standing behind her, his hands lightly on her upper arms; he had kissed the top of her head.

"Welcome home."

A little later Hermione looked outside the lounge window, leaning against the burgundy curtains. The carpet was burgundy as well, while the walls were a warm tone of tarnished gold.

She wondered whether it had been her to choose the colour scheme or whether they had hired a decorator. Sure, she was loyal to Gryffindor house, but the lengths to which some students went even after they had long graduated had always struck her as being a bit extreme. She had always envisioned her home to be more, well, neutral.

Nevertheless it was a cosy house. There were framed pictures of Blaise and her on the mantle over the fire place, one of their wedding and one of Harry, Ron and her from 5th year, both boys kissing her cheeks.

A picture of her with her parents, standing on platform 9 ¾ looking oblivious to the fact that they were being photographed, stood to the side.

When she had asked about her parents, Blaise had looked very sad.

"I am so sorry, Hermione. There was an automobile accident..."

He had trailed off, and before she could stop herself, she had blurted out:

"In Australia?"

Blaise had looked momentarily confused.

"Yes. Yes, in Australia."

And that had been that. Blaise refused to speak too much about their personal history, hoping it would come back on its own, rather than believing that she remembered simply by being told over and over again.

She had trailed through the house, wandering from one room through the next, burgundy and gold being the prevalent colours. She had frowned upon the kitchen. She had always wanted a blue and white country kitchen, with copper cake moulds on the walls.

When she asked Blaise about the way the house was decorated, he had shrugged and stated that she had decided that burgundy and gold was a good colour scheme and maintaining it throughout the house would give them the opportunity to change furniture and accessories from one room to the next without having to redecorate. There were only two rooms that made an exception to that rule.

One was his study, where green and silver dominated. More house colours, but here it did not seem so out of place; many Slytherins maintained their house loyalty proudly all their lives.

The other room was next to the master bedroom, and Blaise stood next to her when he opened the door. Sunny yellow greeted her cheerfully. Blaise's hand touched hers tentatively.

"We are... we were trying for a baby."

Hermione gasped and went inside the happy room. Teddy bears tumbled in clumsy somersaults over the embroidered edge of the tiny duvet and the matching curtains. White-washed furniture and white and yellow checked linen made it look so carefree and suitable for a child that she wanted to cry. Cry for that woman, who desperately wanted a baby.

She looked at Blaise with wide eyes.

"How long have we been trying?"

"A little over six months. We wanted to be settled before we start a family."

All she could do was nod in acceptance. Visiting this house was like playing dress up with her mother's clothes when she was a little girl. It did not fit her.

Slipping into the silky nightgown that she had found in one of her drawers, Hermione looked anxiously towards the large bed.

"Would you like me to sleep in one of the guest rooms?"

Turning around slowly, she made a decision. This was her life now, irrevocably. She had to get used to it and look to the future, not the past.

"No," she said, her voice not quite obeying her will. Clearing her throat she spoke again. "No, that won't be necessary. I will not deprive you of your own room."

He looked at her for a moment before he turned to the bed and slid under the covers. Only when she had lifted the duvet at the other side of the bed and had climbed in, he extinguished the lights with a wave of his hand.

Darkness descended upon the room like a thick blanket. It seemed to block out any outside sound that would have been expected in the countryside. Yet, there were no crickets, no owls hooting, no rustling of small nocturnal animals in the undergrowth of the near forest.

Suddenly afraid, she lay very still and forced herself to take shallow, slow breaths, but the urge to breathe in deeply and fill her lungs was becoming overwhelmingly intense.

Finally she could no longer hold out and drew a shuddering breath.

The mattress moved as Blaise rolled to the side and propped his upper body up on his elbow. A shadowy figure looming above her, he touched her cheek with his fingertips.

"Are you alright?"

"Yes, yes. Fine," she hurried to reassure him.

Very slowly, the shadow leaned down towards her and she could feel his lips brush lightly over her cheekbone, not far from the corner of her eye.

"I missed you so much," he said, before trailing a line of butterfly-light kisses down the side of her face, following the line of her jaw and finally finding her lips.

After he had pressed his mouth softly to hers several times, she realised that he waited for her to respond, to give him permission to continue.

This is it, she thought, and opened her mouth.

The toothpaste that he had used just minutes before going to bed had a fresh, minty flavour.

She had shared a frightening kiss with Victor, during which she found out that while she might have been mature beyond her years intellectually, he had been too ... grown up ... for her in another sense. Then there were the few times Ron and she had tried to give each other comfort when they thought that Harry was not looking or already sleeping. They had been urgent, wet, experimental kisses.

This was different. Blaise clearly knew what he was doing and sufficiently distracted her with gentle strokes of his tongue while he slid her nightgown up to her hips, slipped his hand underneath and started caressing her belly, slowly gliding upwards towards her breasts.

He spoke against her lips, and it did not even occur to her not to comply.

"Lift your arms."

The satin nightgown slid over her head easily, and when he hooked his fingers under the waistband of her knickers, she had not to be told to lift her hips.

When his fingers stole between her legs and touched her for the first time, she flinched. Chiding herself in her mind, she opened her thighs just a little bit further and bent her legs at the knee, remembering how she was at the most relaxed when pleasuring herself.

Blaise kept kissing her while his fingers drew rhythmic circles around her swelling clit.

How strange, she thought. They must have done this countless times, but after all those years, he had never found out,...or maybe she had never told him?...that she liked a simple back and forth movement much better than circles.

She wondered whether she should reciprocate and how she would manage that feat, so she simply placed her hands, flat against his bare chest and concentrated on that one long finger that was now slipping inside of her effortlessly.

After a while he sat back, a dark figure in a dark room, kneeling between her knees.

Fingers splayed wide over her abdomen, he reached for his wand on his bedside cabinet and pointed it directly above the dark tuft of curls.

"Just until you are fully recovered."

The contraceptive spell left a slight tingling in its wake that was followed by a small kiss next to her belly button.

"So beautiful."

He leaned over her, taking one of her hard nipples into his mouth, suckling gently.

While he was still attending to her breast, she felt him settle between her spread legs and stilled.

This is not your first time, this is not your first time, she chanted over and over in her head. She could feel him, knew exactly what it was, that was hard and large and putting pressure on very, very delicate skin.

It felt awkward not to do anything with her hands and she fidgeted around until he firmly took first one wrist and placed it over her head, then the other.

"Relax," he breathed into her ear and latched onto the other nipple, leaving the one he had ministered to, wet and a bit cold in the air of the bedroom.

Sucking harder, he distracted her and she nearly missed the uncomfortable pressure when he sank into her slowly.

He stayed very still, waiting for her to protest. Hermione stared up to the dark ceiling.

He was her husband.

It was alright.

It had to be alright.

They had been trying for a baby.

She was a big girl now.

Just when she wanted to wrap her arms around his neck, close her eyes and urge him on to move, to show her, because she didn't remember, he did it.

He licked her from the tip of her breast to her clavicle.

Hermione froze.

She wanted to fight, push Blaise off her and hide in the folds of the duvet.

She hated her skin being licked.

After the Yule Ball, Victor had pushed her against the wall near the Astronomy Tower. He had cradled the back of her head with his hand and kissed her. At first the kiss had been exciting. She was being kissed!

Then his hand had started bunching up her gown and his legs had pressed against hers, pushing them apart, and then she had felt something else against her stomach, pushing insistently.

He had licked her then. Had drawn his tongue over her throat, up the side of her face to her ear.

"You will be mine," he had growled into her ear and she realised how tall he was, how strong and how far away they were from the other students and the teachers.

She had pushed her hands against him with all her might but it had been to no avail.

The icy voice of professor Snape had finally torn Victor from her. Snape had sent them to their common rooms, separately, and had deducted house points for 'inappropriate behaviour'.

Hermione had fled in the direction of Gryffindor Tower as fast as her feet would carry her with dignity, thankful that Slytherin house, where the students from Durmstrang were staying, was at the opposite end of the castle. When she had her back turned to Victor passing professor Snape, she had smiled at him brilliantly and mouthed a silent 'Thank you, professor'.

His eyebrows had shot up in surprise but otherwise he did not show a reaction to her admission that she had been in need of help, nor did he ever mention it again.

When the hunt for Horcruxes had become a desperate, meaningless struggle, changing their position without any sense of direction and nowhere to turn to for advice, Ron had tried to lick her ear once.

She had fought like a wildcat, kicking, scratching, pushing a shocked Ron from her bunk.

Why, why did Blaise not know? Or had she overcome her revulsion with time?

She whimpered and Blaise took it as a signal to slowly begin moving. Unable to stir in the slightest, locked into her fears, Hermione stared up to the shadow that was Blaise. He moved over a spot inside of her that sent sparks through her lower body.

It was not ... horrible.

Very self-conscious, she realised that she had yet to move. She had overheard numerous discussions at Hogwarts and in the Muggle world about girls that just lay there. The metaphors had not been pretty.

Lumber.

Sack of potatoes.

Was she like that? Or had she simply forgotten? There was no instinctive response indicating that her body had done this before, and for the first time, Hermione was deeply afraid that her memory was lost forever, that the magical energy she had been subjected to had stripped her of a huge part of her life and that she might not be able to find her way back into it. Her analytical mind was spinning. A person's character was heavily influenced by experiences. What if she could not fall in love with her husband all over again? What if their life together stayed an awkward, forced cohabitation? What if they just could not get used to each other?

Blaise suddenly moved to sit back on his knees, miraculously never losing contact with her. One of his hands held her hip steady, the other came to the apex of her thighs. He was stroking her in the most delicious way, this time not wasting precious moments on silly circles.

Her legs had a life of their own, locking around his hips, pulling him deeper, her hands clawing at his wrist, urging him on unashamedly. Rocking into him, grinding against his hips, his hand, anything that she could reach, she arched her back and waves of pleasure cursed through her, washing away any coherent thought or worry about the future.

A/N:

Betört is German for bewitched or infatuated.

Betrogen

Chapter 3 of 3

Hermione makes a discovery.

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Betrogen

In a few minutes, they would bring her her wand. In a few minutes, she would make the leap of faith and entrust Draco Malfoy of all people with her memories. In a few minutes, she could start getting better.

The small Pensieve was placed on the table, right in front of her to facilitate easy access for her when depositing her memories. A nurse had helped her move the heavy device and had affectionally petted her shoulder afterward. Everything would be alright. Soon.

Giddy like a child on Christmas Eve, Hermione could not sit still, but paced the room, which quickly became too small for her. The trees outside swayed in the wind, the park with the large fountain looked inviting. She had been outside before, but then, Blaise had taken her to a room where Apparition was permitted and had side-alonged her to the beautiful courtyard. Surely, there would be a way to go there by means of stairs. Just a quick nip outside, letting the wind blow some fresh air over her face before she began extracting thousands of memories.

There were no nurses in the hall, busy walking at a fast pace from room to room. Hermione would have liked to ask for directions, but the white double winged door at the end of the hall looked promising and it gave way under the insistent pressure of her hands.

Hermione blinked. Instead of another airy corridor or a staircase, the appearance of the building had changed from light and pleasant to dark, dank and foreboding. Bare stone walls and torches in sconces along the walls reminded her of the Hogwarts dungeons. Had she ventured into a storage area of the hospital that was not meant for the eyes of the public?

Steps of more than one person and muffled sounds of a conversation came from a corridor branching off the main one. Although nobody had harmed her, Hermione drew her body into a niche and strained her ears with bated breath.

"So she is finally willing to give her memories?"

The steps had stopped not far from where she was standing.

Then the voice of Draco Malfoy answered.

"She is willing. Blaise must have made her sing in bed last weekend. If it wouldn't be for him, we would have had to use *Veritaserum* after all."

"That, Draco, would have been a shame. As we discussed, for *Veritaserum*, one need to know what questions to ask and even those might be avoided by answering in a certain way, in which she has been trained for sure."

Hermione's insides seemed to turn to rigid, cold ice, as cold as the voices in the hall. What had she done? What had she nearly done? How utterly pathetic of her to be fooled this easily. She knew the second voice, but as much as she strained her mind to connect it to a face, she failed.

"Oversee her session with the Pensieve. Work with the most recent memories and go backwards. Get as many as you can, but she might need more than one session to cover the entire year. Report back to me immediately, so we can view the memories together. We need something worthwhile to show, after the other two got away because of her!" There was a rustling sound of robes. "You have done well. I am proud of you, son."

Lucius Malfoy! Hermione could not restrain herself and inched forward to the edge of the thick stone wall. The two men stood in the faint light of a torch in an awkward embrace, one in the lime green robes of a healer, one in the dark robe of a Death Eater. They looked much more like brothers than father and son. They must have put her under a spell or potion to age her. The same with Draco. And Blaise. Soon the two men walked through a door and left her alone in her gloomy hiding place.

Hermione ran as fast as she could.

"Hermione." Draco Malfoy smiled a winning smile. "Are you ready for this?"

Hermione beamed at him and nodded. She had been sitting at the table for three whole minutes and had accomplished to even her breathing and give herself an air of composure and happiness.

Malfoy extended her wand towards her and her fingers closed around the familiar piece of wood. A sharp sensation rushed through her arm, not unlike the feeling when blood streams back into a numb limb.

She smiled once more, pointed the tip of her wand at her temple only to move it in a sweeping movement, covering the group of people in front of her with her pent-up magic.

"*Stupefy!*"

They fell with alarmed and astonished expressions on their motionless faces.

Hermione did not hesitate for even a second, but threw back her chair, jumped over a body on the floor and tore through the door of her room, fleeing down the hall.

It had taken several long minutes to locate a winding staircase. Now, in the underbelly of the hospital, if it really was one after all, she had been running and hiding, turning corners and climbing crates, but whenever she thought she might be close to an exit, she came up against a solid wall.

There were voices in the distance and they were coming closer.

Running out of directions to run, of places to hide, Hermione ducked behind a large coffer standing at an angle between two passages, making herself as small as possible.

Seeing her crouched behind the receptacle, making her back vulnerable to the Death Eaters that were coming her way, his mind jumped back to the day he had first seen her in that dreadful examination room.

It had been decided that he would play the part of her husband rather than Draco. They did not have history, neither as colourful nor as violent as what she had shared with the youngest Malfoy.

He had stared down at her. A strong nutritional potion was filling her stomach through a thin tube inserted into her nose. Still bony arms were strapped down at the side of the bed. As soon as she had gained enough weight, they would start her on the aging potion.

The healer had splayed her unresisting legs wide open and it had taken all of his resolve not to flinch.

Thankful that he did not have to see what the man in the lime green robes was doing, Blaise moved behind him so he could stare at his back.

The healer wiped his hands with a cloth and threw it carelessly to the side.

"It looks like that I'll deflower your 'wife', Blaise." The leer on his face was ugly. "Or do you want to perform for us?"

Instantly, Blaise knew that this man would not touch her any more than he already had. He stepped up and shoved the healer out of the way.

"I'll do it."

Ignoring the catcalls from the assembled Death Eaters, he stepped between her legs and looked down on her face that was forced into a calm darkness by potions and spells.

When he placed a hand on her thigh near her sex, it looked like he was holding her legs apart while inserting two fingers into her. There was tightness around his knuckles that told him she had indeed waited. Waited through her years at school, when the pressure of the other girls in the dormitory must have been incredible, through the endless nights in that tent, alone with her two best friends in need of comfort, through the summers at home or away with her parents, where nobody knew that she was Hermione Granger, bookworm extraordinaire.

Nobody could see that he moved his thumb on her thigh in comforting circles. Even the spells and potions that subdued her could not stop her muscles from clenching around his fingers in protest when he forced another digit in.

With a sharp movement he scissored his fingers and her entire body tensed before it had to succumb to the potions again.

He had had his hand full of blood.

With a shake of his head he came back to the present.

Moving behind her soundlessly, he pressed his hand over her mouth and wrapped an arm around her upper body, trapping her arms against her body.

She was frozen in shock, and he used the instant before she would start struggling to whisper into her ear.

"I'll get you out."

Looking back, she had no idea how he had known when to move through the dark labyrinth of storage rooms and cellars and when to be still and hide from their followers. In the end, Blaise had opened an inconspicuous door and led her outside, a firm grip on her upper arm.

He pointed to the dark wall of trees not far from the hospital building.

"Follow the edge of the forest, use the trees as cover, let your wand point you south and you will come to a Muggle dwelling with a train station."

He parted his robes and took something out of his trouser pocket, stuffing wads of pound bills into her jeans pocket.

"Take the next train or bus and go somewhere far away from here. You don't have much time." He shoved her away from him. "Go."

She stood very still.

"Go." Then louder. "Go!"

She turned on her heel and ran, only to stop after a few steps and come back in his direction. She held out a trembling hand to him.

"Come with me, Blaise. The Order will protect you." For a moment he considered her offer, an offer of tempting uncertainty. "Please?"

He shook his head.

"I'll be alright. I don't have any family left, but there are people in there, people I need to look out for."

Hermione nodded. She understood.

"I won't forget this. I won't forget you."

Blaise stood in the shadows near the side entrance for longer than was smart, but he couldn't help but try to follow the tiny, dark figure until the trees swallowed her.

A/N:

Betrogen is German for betrayed or deceived.