

Stormy Stormy Night

by blue artemis

Rodolphus contemplates his new wife.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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She was his reward. His wife had been killed by that red-haired harridan shortly after Bella had killed her daughter. Unfortunately for all of those red heads, Dumbledore had been wrong. There was no Horcrux in Harry. Really, how could there be? Harry had his own soul; that theory was quite ridiculous. So when he walked to his death, well, he died. Shortly thereafter, the Death Eaters either killed or rounded up what was left of the "Light" soldiers and decided what to do with them.

Hermione was the grand prize. Had Severus survived, she might have been his, but since he had been rather carelessly discarded, Rodolphus got his pick. He really did prefer his women feisty. Instead of breaking her, as so many of his colleagues had done, he had showed her kindness. If he preferred his sex rough, well, she had to learn to deal with it, and she had.

Once in a while, if there was wildness in the air, a rare summer storm, he would show her how he felt. Tonight was such a night. He walked into his manor, straight up to their room, and there he found her, his prize, his bride, looking out the window, dressed only in a nightgown of Acromantula silk. She turned, the clouds and lightning reflected in her eyes.

"Hello, my love."

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