

# Dishonourable

*by Hechicera*

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

Voldemort reigns, and mercy goes about in disguise.

The locks on the great iron door snick open, and it swings wide on soundless hinges. He steps over the threshold, pretending a confidence he doesn't feel.

The room leaves him momentarily breathless.

No subtlety here.

Heavy bottle-green draperies draw the eye immediately to the vast central bed and its lone prisoner, and there is no mistaking the purpose of the accoutrements laid ready for those for whom the simple reality of her captivity is insufficient.

Shackles mounted to the four bedposts. Eyebolts set into the walls at various levels. An assortment of canes and leather whips at the ready in a troll's-foot umbrella stand at the foot of the bed.

His cock stirs, and he thinks, *I've always wanted to fuck her.*

She looks up, and the instant of recognition in her eyes is followed immediately by a spark of defiance.

*Good.*

He can see the shadow of her nipples through the crimson lace, the swell of her breasts straining against its gold edging.

*God help me.*

He sits down next to her and lifts a hand to her face. Her flinch is barely perceptible as he strokes his fingers through the shorn curls.

She raises her chin. "Well? Get on with it, then."

His hand stills. "I'm not here for that."

Her glance flickers down to his evident erection, and he can hear the wary disbelief in her voice.

"What then?"

"Viktor sent me."

The name jerks her head back like a blow, and then she leans deliberately over the edge of the bed and spits on the floor.

"You've read it, then."

She shakes her head. "Many of my... visitors have."

"He still loves you, you know."

She looks up, incredulous, and now the anger flares.

"He said I helped you repair the Vanishing Cabinet! That I passed on messages to Snape while we were in hiding in the forest! What sort of love is that?"

"The sort that can get you out of here."

He sees it in her eyes then, the flicker of desperate hope, and he hurries on. "He's in Ukraine, waiting for you. My father can get you a pardon from the Dark Lord, and you can go to him."

The hope blazes for an instant, then is extinguished just as swiftly. "I could never do that to Harry and Ron."

"Harry and Ron are dead."

"I couldn't... dishonor their memories like that."

"And this?" He gestures angrily at the bed, her tawdry garment, the trappings that surround them. "You think this honors them?" The pain in her eyes makes him stop, and in a gentler voice he says, "Hermione, he's got a wand for you and everything."

She is weeping now, and he takes her face in both hands. "Just promise me you'll think about it."

Wordlessly, she nods.

"I'll be back tomorrow."

Another nod.

He kisses her forehead and leaves before he can change his mind.

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A/N: My beta/Britpick team, exartemarte and corianderpie, are the bee's knees. Plus, this time they helped me with the title and summary.

Prompt: Someone takes creative liberties when writing their memoirs, royally ticking off the other "characters" in the story.