

Tainted Love

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A story of love, war, chaos and redemption.

Prologue

Chapter 1 of 1

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Hermione had waited for too long.

She quivers with the longing that she feels coursing through her, not allowing her to think, her mind a cloudy chasm of emptiness excepting this one, throbbing need. She cannot even relieve it herself; she has been tied and told to stay still, and she cannot gather her shattered thoughts together enough to even think of disobeying.

"What do you want, my dear? All you have to do is ask. Just tell me." His voice is soft, deep, like being whispered to.

She is gasping, trying desperately to breathe, unable to form the words, shaking, her body betraying her, yet again.

"I said. Tell Me." Demanding now, she knows she has to focus, gather herself together.

"Silence will get you nowhere, my sweet. In fact I'm just going to make it harder for you."

And he bends and slips her left nipple into his mouth, rolling it with his tongue. The pressure is too much. Hermione groans, wanting to escape her. Her knees buckle, the pressure in her calves and ankles already too much.

"You want that, don't you?"

She nods, mostly because if she tries to speak her voice will, in the very least, crack, and at the very most, cry out against the artificial sky.

"No. Don't fall. I told you to stand up."

"Now, sweetness, that was just a taste, but there is a very important lesson here for you. What do you think it might be?"

Hermione can't speak; she looks on silently, stricken, eyes wide.

His face is predatory, anger and need, and for a moment, she doesn't recognise him.

He's gone, everything she thought she knew swept away.

"Well then, if you don't know then I will just have to leave you to think about it. Think very carefully on the matter. And control yourself."

Hermione looks down, licking the salt from her lips, debating whether or not to ask the question.

"Yes? You want to speak. Do so."

"Please let me down. I need to sit."

Hermione waits, looking everywhere but him, his steps drawing closer.

She feels his strong hand around her neck, squeezing, until want of air forces her to lift her head. They are nearly eye to eye, she thinks.

"What have you learnt about your requests?"

"I am free to ask but it doesn't mean you will oblige. You will do exactly as you please."

"Perfect answer, my dear, you are learning. This time, however, the answer is no. I think you will focus better on your feet."

Hermione has to hold back the groan, knowing the excruciating pain in her ankles will not be subsiding anytime soon.

She had no idea what she was getting into, marrying Severus Snape.

That said, was there any other choice?