

Darkness Befalls Us All

by HogwartsHoney

A series of eleven drabbles in response to the community's "Married To Another" Challenge

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: Jo Rowling owns the characters. The insanity is all mine.

A/N: Thanks to Droxy for the challenge, and to Jane, as always, for the beta. I've changed a few words, so any mistakes are mine.

Warnings: This could almost be classified as 'horror'.

His misery will not end.

Severus kneels on the stony ground, unable to speak, unable to move. The binding spell is absolute in its power and tightens around him as he mentally struggles to escape.

The Muggle quote staggers through his mind: "Power corrupts, and absolute power corrupts absolutely." That Lord Acton was right, and it's certainly true of Voldemort.

His heart crushes in on itself as his eyes find Hermione. She is lying on the ground, her hair a tangled mess, her robes askew. She has not moved since...

He closes his eyes again, unable to look at her.

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Severus hates what he knows, hates the burden of truth that shall never set him free.

If he struggles, the spell is such that he cannot breathe. He estimates that they have been there for a week, give or take a day of blissful unconsciousness.

He remembers when Riddle enunciated the binding incantation, the way his eyes had glowed red as his vengeful gaze never strayed from Severus' face. Severus had felt the gradual tightening of his skin as the spell took hold, but the true constriction came when Hermione stood before them, and Riddle took her as his wife.

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Hardly a wife – she is nothing more than chattel to him. A tool, a weapon to be used against his most trusted *traitor*. He feels the power swirl through his body as the knot is tied, as his version of a Bonding Spell takes hold of them both.

The Mudblood is a hugely powerful weapon and he knows this. He uses his new power over her to strip her of her magical powers, to reduce her to nothing more than she deserves. Magical power belongs to the pureblood wizards and witches, not to usurpers.

Tonight he will have his revenge.

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He felt her fear as he stripped her bare with a single thought. He felt the traitor's pain as though it were a beacon, an intense beam, the power of which rivaled the sun's.

He stood over her body, thrusting into her mind the images of what he would do to her, the ways he would take her. He showed her what he'd made other Mudbloods do under the Imperius Curse – how he loved the power THAT gave him – and she fainted.

Dirty blood. Weak. Nothing more than a stain on the magical community that *HE* would see wiped out.

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The Dark Lord hadn't spoken to Severus since the binding spell had taken hold. The Potions Master hoped that his captor's anger would have lessened afterwards, but hope was a falsity that should never be indulged.

Still, Severus hoped. He hoped that Hermione would somehow get free and escape. He spared no thought for his own welfare – he knew himself to be a dead man.

Voldemort lifted Hermione by her hair, and her screams shook Severus to his core. She stood trembling before her husband, but he had eyes only for the kneeling man.

'Wife, let us entertain our *guest*.'

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The 'entertainment' continued for days, screams echoing in Severus' mind long after Hermione had lost her voice. His body shook with pure horror.

Voldemort had threatened to take her, right there on the bed in full view of Severus. He described the acts in graphic detail, and Severus felt the bile rise in his throat. Those threats had continued for more than a day, punctuated by brief periods of restless sleep, every time awakened by more screams and, eventually, whimpers.

Severus felt that, once Riddle didn't touch her, they could somehow find a way to escape.

He was a fool.

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Voldemort was inside Severus' mind – Occlumency no longer worked. The Dark Lord swept across the room and threw Hermione on the floor in front of Severus. She hit the ground hard and gasped, her eyes wild with fear as she tried to escape. She begged him, pleaded with Severus by her terrified gaze alone, and his heart convulsed. He had sworn to protect her, and he had failed.

Voldemort flung his robes aside and thrust into his wife, viciously and victoriously, his eyes never leaving Severus'. His thrusts increased until suddenly he stilled, spilling himself inside her.

'Whore,' he spat.

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Her screams were a highly effective tool. They caused more damage to the kneeling man than any Cruciatus could hope to.

Severus willed himself to breathe, to just breathe. He needed to block out Hermione's whimpers, needed to Occlude the scene he'd just beheld. His mind grasped desperately to make sense, to find a way for her to escape. If only he could reach her mind...

Voldemort's reptilian face contorted in absolute fury.

'You dare to defy me, traitor? Let me show you how defiance is punished.'

Severus' blood ran cold at the depth of anger that emanated from Voldemort.

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His power rose again and he reached for the Mudblood. Her struggles were slightly weaker now, but still enough to goad him into arousal. His *true* stimulation came from the anticipation of how he would destroy the traitor.

Again he flung her to the ground, closer to the traitor, almost touching him. Her pale, scarred body arched away, still trying to escape, but she had nowhere to go.

His erection strained to be released, and he thrust into his wife again, his body thrumming with excitement at the foreknowledge of what was to happen.

The traitor would see, would *feel*!

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Severus was unable to turn his eyes away from Voldemort – the bindings saw to that. He tried desperately to close his eyes, not caring if he asphyxiated. He could not allow himself to see this, but the image of Hermione's horrified face, her mouth opened in a silent scream was already burned into his memory.

His body shuddered as suddenly the images of Hermione's body pervaded his thoughts. Voldemort thrust his Legilimency into Severus' mind and forced him to *feel* what he felt. It was too much, Voldemort's power and hatred, Hermione's terror and revulsion.

Severus turned away and vomited.

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His airway is constricted – he cannot breathe. His entire body is closing in on itself, a thousand times worse than Apparition. He manages to open his eyes, and they lock with Hermione's, whose light is already fading, her body battered and her spirit broken.

Let go, my love, and I will find you.

Is there a flicker of recognition? He doesn't know, but her eyelashes flutter closed and she sighs, a ragged, tortured sound. Just like that, she is gone, and even as his body fights desperately to survive, Severus wills himself to die and lets the darkness take him.

~fin~