

# Indelicate Intentions

*by Chained2Bedposts*

Hermione and Lavender find out there are more pressing matters in the world besides Ron when Death Eaters capture them.

## Prologue

*Chapter 1 of 8*

Hermione and Lavender find out there are more pressing matters in the world besides Ron when Death Eaters capture them.

Disclaimer: I am using characters that I did not create, but the plot is mine.

Thank you, Madame\_GoodSnatch, for reading this for me.

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The rain was pouring down on Hermione as she stumbled through the streets of London. She didn't care that her hair was plastered onto her head or that her clothes were soaked completely. Things were not as they'd seemed. She'd entered Grimmauld Place two days earlier than scheduled to surprise Ron.

Instead, she'd been the one to get surprised. Ron wasn't alone in his bed when she opened his door. Lavender was there with him, and they'd been in the midst of shagging. Both had shrieked upon seeing her stand in the doorway of course. Ron had tossed Lavender aside to run after Hermione.

But it was too late. She didn't want to hear his pitiful excuses or smell the liquor on his breath. Lavender shouldn't even know about Grimmauld Place. It was Secret-Kept. The only one who could have given her that information was Harry, so as it was, Harry had betrayed her, too. Hermione hadn't felt so alone in a long time.

"Why, Ron?" she sobbed, not caring if anyone saw her talking to herself. She paused when she caught sight of her reflection in the glass of a window nearby. She looked frightful, eye makeup running down her cheeks while her expression was one of sorrow.

"Why should I let Lavender win so easily?" she asked herself. 'I should go back and fight for what's mine, shouldn't I?' She frowned then. 'Is he worth fighting for? I was only gone for a week, and I'd only planned to be away a few more days. Was I not worth waiting for? Is sex that important to him?'

Steeling her resolve to face them, she Disapparated with a small pop. She paused on the pavement in front of headquarters while thinking over what she'd say to both of them. Lavender would have to leave first of all. That was a given. Harry would have to explain why he allowed her in and if he knew what was going on. Then, she would ask Ron what he'd been thinking to cheat on her with his old girlfriend!

As she pondered this, the rain slowed to a drizzle, and she was able to make out a person standing across the street next to a few dustbins. She immediately felt uneasy. What would someone be doing standing out in the rain? Only a fool would do such a thing. As this thought occurred to her, she began laughing earnestly. She was such a fool, wasn't she?

In that instant, something else happened. The door to Grimmauld Place had opened. Lavender made her way out onto the street. As she neared Hermione, she paused, looking guilty.

"Hermione, I don't know what to say," she began.

"Don't say anything," Hermione yelled.

"You're angry, aren't you?"

"You think?" she bit back sarcastically. "How can you think that I wouldn't be? He's *my* boyfriend!"

"But he was mine first," Lavender said quietly. "I loved him first."

"I doubt that seriously."

"That I loved him?" Lavender's voice was rising as she moved closer. "You have no idea how I felt and still feel about him."

"Well, it's too late for—"

Interrupting Hermione, Lavender shook her head, yelling, "He will always come back to me. Don't you understand that? I'm the only one who knows what he really likes, how he really feels about things. No matter who he is seeing, I will always make myself available to him." She smirked then, all traces of guilt leaving her expression. "If you want a life with him, you'll have to make room for me, too. No matter what you think, I'll always be there with open arms when things get a little rough between the two of you."

Hermione slapped her instinctively. "You dirty little... whore! How dare you?"

Touching her stinging cheek, Lavender said, "You should have never taken him from me in the first place!"

Suddenly, there were a couple of pops of Apparition around them, and someone grabbed Hermione from behind, whispering silkily, "All this trouble over a Weasley? Definitely not worth it."

Before Hermione could say anything, her mouth was covered, and she was pulled back against the firm chest of her assailant—who could be none other than Severus Snape! She watched as Lavender was grabbed as well. Only unfortunately for Lavender, it was Bellatrix Lestrange and some other man who had her.

"Tell me, little girl. What's the house's address?" Bellatrix asked in a mocking voice.

"I don't know," Lavender said, eyes wide with fear.

Both Death Eaters looked towards Hermione, as if asking Snape what to do.

"She isn't lying," he said. In the next instant, Hermione was turned around, and he gazed into her wide, fearful eyes. "Can you name the address, or has that task fallen to Potter?"

"I-I don't know it," she said, trying to move away from his firm grasp. She knew it of course, but magic set by Dumbledore before he died prevented her from saying it. Only Harry could do that now.

"They do not know," he said in annoyance.

"Oi, what the bloody fuck is going on here?" came the voice of Ron.

"Hermione!" Harry yelled.

To Hermione's relief, he and Harry were running towards them with drawn wands. They must have been out looking for her. 'Oh, thank God, I'm safe,' she inwardly celebrated. Her celebration was cut short when Snape spoke again.

"Leave Potter and Weasley for another time. Take the girl," he ordered.

A moment later, they were standing someplace else. Someplace dark, musty smelling, and dry. He'd Apparated them away.

Roughly pushing her aside and causing her to tumble to the floor, Snape said, "Get comfortable, Miss Granger. You won't be leaving anytime soon."

All she could do was sob. It was her worst nightmare come true. Captured by Death Eaters!

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A/N: Hope you like the start of this story! I have been wanting to write it for a long time, and now I have the time to do so. Please review and let me know what you think! This will be something different than the same captured!Hermione stories – honest!

## Chapter 1

*Chapter 2 of 8*

Hermione and Lavender find out there are more pressing matters in the world besides Ron when Death Eaters capture them.

Disclaimer: The plot is for me, but the characters aren't!

I just want to say thank you to Madam\_Goodsnatch for being my beta for this story (sorry about misspelling your name last time).

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Hermione was uncertain how long she'd been locked into the small home with Snape. It had seemed like days had passed, but it was likely only hours. Time stretched on forever when one didn't want it to.

There was a loud bang from another room, and had she not been so frightened, she would have gone to see what had happened. She closed her eyes and began praying that Ron and Harry had got the Order to help them and had found her.

Instead of hearing her closest friend and her boyfriend, she heard Lavender's screeches. "Leave me alone!" she was shouting.

Another woman's voice replied with a harsh, "Shut up, you little idiot!" There was a thud after that, and the woman began laughing.

"Bella, must you come into my home and disrupt my things?" Snape asked.

"We've been waiting for you to bring the little bint over to join this one. Thought you were coming back to the Dark Lord's headquarters," a man said.

"I told our Lord that I would be staying here this night. I've things to work on, Rodolphus," answered Snape with a hint of annoyance in his voice. "I don't remember having to clear my comings and goings with you."

"This one is a right pain in the arse," Bellatrix said. "I want the other one. Potter's woman."

Severus chuckled. "Potter's woman? Did you not listen to what these two were arguing about? It certainly wasn't that dunderhead. No, it was his sidekick, Weasley, which isn't much of a step up if you ask me."

"Why did you get to choose your prisoner then? What's so good about her?" Bellatrix questioned.

"I may have some use for her," replied Snape.

Hermione pressed against the wall more tightly, hoping that just because their voices were getting closer didn't mean they would want to see her. The door creaked open, and although her eyes were closed, she could still discern light beyond her closed lids.

'Oh, no,' she thought in fear. 'Why does that Lestrangle woman want me so badly?'

Before she knew what was happening, she was pulled up by a pair of strong, meaty hands – definitely not Snape's. "Let go!" she yelled, trying to pull back. Instead, her face was clutched with one of the big paws, and the man pressed his lips against hers roughly. She kept her mouth tightly closed and tried to fight him off with her fists and feet.

He only laughed and licked the side of her face, sneering hatefully. "Oh, I think I have some use for her, too, Snape. I want this one."

"Absolutely not," Snape said while stepping forward.

She was relieved.

"Until I'm done with her," he added.

"She's right feisty. Just like I like 'em," Rodolphus continued, moving his hand down to roughly grab one of her breasts. "I think the other one wouldn't take much coercing if you ask me."

"Get back, Ro," Bellatrix said, glaring at Hermione. She moved forward and passed her hands down Hermione's body, caressing her everywhere. "Mmmm."

"Get off!" Hermione said through clenched teeth. She didn't want this woman's hands on her. She just wanted to be left alone. Finally able to wrench herself away from them, she twirled around and hid behind Snape, grasping his robes tightly in her fists.

"Oho!" Bellatrix laughed. "Looks like she's got a soft spot for you, Snape. What exactly have you been up to already?"

"Not a thing," he said and turned around to push Hermione away from him. "Back, you silly girl."

When the Lestranges stepped forward, Hermione chose to face Snape's wrath rather than theirs and quickly moved to hide behind him again. He twisted her away from him by painfully grabbing her wrists and pushed her against the wall.

"Dare you think you are safe with me, little girl?" he asked in a menacing, soft voice. She said nothing, so his head lowered and his teeth nipped at her earlobe, tugging it forcefully. In a whisper, he said, "I'll have you chained to bedposts and screaming my name, begging me to take you, to hurt you, before this night is through."

Hermione froze as the vision of his words flashed in her mind. Something happened in that second. She knew that she would rather be chained to his bedposts than to submit to anything the Lestranges would request of her. "Don't make me go," she managed to squeak as his hands kneaded her breasts none too gently.

He abruptly stepped away from her, spun on his heel to face the others, and said, "She stays. Take the other."

"Keep both of them," Rodolphus said, clutching his arm. "For now."

"Our Lord summons us," Bellatrix said, clutching her arm, too. "We will tell him all that has transpired, and he will decide what we do with our prisoners."

"You need not speak for me, for I've already gone to him," Snape said in a bored tone. "Leave the other one if you'd like," he added. "But make certain your return for her soon – if the Dark Lord permits, that is."

With a couple of cracks, both Lestranges Disapparated, leaving behind a stiff-backed Snape and a slumped-down Hermione. "Sir?" she finally managed.

He faced her. "What is it now?"

"Lavender. May I see to her?" she asked uncertainly, noting that his wand hand was flexing.

"You may, but drag her in here. This will be where the two of you shall stay until I can accommodate my *bedchambers* for the three of us." He smirked when she gulped. "It shan't take very long."

She breathed a sigh of relief as he exited the door, but her breath caught again as his voice carried back to her.

"And there's no use in trying to escape. Everything is warded and locked down. You are truly my prisoner, Miss Granger, as is your pretty little friend."

Waiting for him to get further down the hallway, she gathered her courage and quickly made her way down to the next room where she'd heard the commotion. She found Lavender sprawled on the floor, gashes on her cheeks, arms, and legs. Her clothing had been torn in many places, and there was a bruise already forming under one eye.

"I guess she fought them," Hermione mumbled. She swallowed the lump in her throat. When the time came for her, should she fight them, too? Fight Snape? Suddenly, between her thighs felt extremely hot. 'God, I'm a freak,' she thought to herself.

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A/N: Hey, thanks for all the reviews, everybody! I really liked them and feel good about continuing the story. Things get interesting up next!!

# Chapter 2

Chapter 3 of 8

Hermione and Lavender find out there are more pressing matters in the world besides Ron when Death Eaters capture them.

Disclaimer: I'm not JKR. Honest!

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Hermione sat back in shock. "What are you saying, Lavender?"

The dark-haired girl across from her quickly wiped some blood away from her arm. "I'm saying that I fought him off mostly anyway. His hands were all over, and that horrible woman was laughing and doing more damage to me than he was." She smirked suddenly.

"W-what?"

"I was slammed into the wall and forgotten about once he was able to rip my knickers away."

"I don't understand," said Hermione, clearly puzzled.

"He began licking the crotch, and she just attacked him. They started fighting and going at it. I thought she was jealous, but... but she liked it. It turned her on." Lavender grinned broadly. "They shagged right there in front of me."

"Oh, my God! How horrible," Hermione said with a gasp. "I'm sorry that this has happened to you." She looked around. "I don't know what else is next. I think I think Snape plans on using us."

"*Snape?* Ugh. Of all the Death Eaters for us to get stuck with, we had to get landed with Snape!" Lavender curled her lip in distaste.

"I wouldn't want to get landed with any of them," Hermione returned, aghast at Lavender's attitude. She had been beaten and hysterical, yet she was acting as if all was well. Even as she thought this, she remembered Snape's mouth on her ear, teeth nicking her lobe roughly, and voice silkily telling her what he'd do to her. A tingling sensation took flight in her stomach, making her bite her lip.

"One day you'll learn the power women have over men. That Rodolphus," she lowered her voice, "he came back at me once his wife went to the loo." She nodded and grinned.

Hermione gulped. "Did he...?"

"He mesmerized me with his eyes, saying to relax, and then he slid his hand down my body, caressing me down there." She sighed. "It was horrible, yet it was the most erotic thing I've ever experienced. I've had fantasies of being taken by force, and that was just... wow!"

Horrified, Hermione remained silent. The look on Lavender's face was dreamy and a little smug.

"I would have come if his bloody wife hadn't stormed in and demanded that they find out where Snape was and what he'd done with you." Lavender added in a condescending tone, "She thinks you're Harry's girlfriend. Hmph. I didn't bother correcting her." She eyed Hermione closely. "For all I know, you've been giving it to Harry instead of Ronald."

"How dare you!" Hermione itched to slap the horrid girl, but she didn't want to add to her injuries. Something was telling her that Lavender was just acting this way to cover her shame and anger.

"Oh, no, Hermione, how dare you?! Don't you know that Ron has needs? How could you just let..." Her eyes widened.

Hermione turned around to see Snape leaning against the desk casually. "Are you about done?" he asked nonchalantly.

"Sir, please, help us," Hermione said, noting that his robes were gone, replaced by a pair of loose-fitting trousers and a white shirt. 'He looks different,' she thought, having to shake her head to regain her senses.

His smirk turned into a leer as he strode forward, gazing at Hermione. "Oh, I'll help you, Miss Granger, but first, you have to help me."

She could feel his eyes upon her much like his hands would be, almost as if she could feel his gaze. Her heartbeat quickened. "Wh-what is it that you want?"

He raised an eyebrow. "I think we've established that already, now haven't we?"

"What do you want with me?" Lavender interrupted suddenly, reminding both Snape and Hermione that she was there.

When he moved over to where Lavender stood, appraising her, Hermione felt relieved... and yet, she felt resentful. Lavender flashed a smug grin at her and even seemed to be proudly displaying herself, moving so that her torn blouse revealed more of her breasts.

"Come with me, Miss Brown," Snape said, extending a hand to her.

Giving Hermione a quick look that seemed to say 'I told you so,' Lavender took his hand and allowed him to escort her from the room. Hermione watched as they moved down the hallway to a closed door, disappearing inside with a loud clack.

'Is that his bedroom? Are they going to shag now?' A frown formed on her mouth. Another man, albeit unwanted mostly had chosen Lavender Brown over her. But that didn't make sense. He'd told her what he wanted.

Moving to sit in the corner again, she bitterly hoped that Lavender hated whatever it was that he was doing to her. 'How dare he choose that bint over me!' she childishly thought, knowing she didn't mean it. Not really.

Hours later, Harry was still yelling at Ron.

"THIS IS YOUR FAULT!"

"I know, mate. You don't think I feel badly enough?" asked Ron. "I didn't know she was coming back so soon. I never would have..."

"You never should have! I never should have told her the address!" Harry ran his fingers through his untidy hair. "What are we going to do?"

"We're going to search for them of course," Ron said.

"Oh, right, maybe the address is listed publicly for us," Harry grouched.

"No, but you'll never guess who I found when I was out looking for some sign of them at their last known location." Ron's expression was self-satisfied. "Go on then. Guess."

"I don't know. Who?"

Ron took Harry's arm and Side-Along Apparated them to a darkened forest. "Just there," he said, pointing to a small shack. "Got him Stunned, I do."

Harry entered the little shack to find a spread-eagle Draco sprawled on the floor. His emotions rushed up and made him feel unbalanced. "Ron," he said calmly, "go back to Grimmauld Place. I need a few moments to think about this, and then I want to talk to him alone."

"But, Harry, I don't think..."

"I think I can handle this on my own, thanks," Harry said, hands shaking with adrenaline.

"Right then. See you at headquarters," Ron said in dejection.

Deciding to sit down and just watch Malfoy until he woke up on his own, Harry remembered the last time they'd met.

*Draco's wand pressed tightly against Harry's throat. "I'm right tired of you following me about, Potter," he said angrily. "I've something to do, and you won't stop me. You hear that? You can't stop me!"*

*"I know you're up to something, Malfoy!" retorted Harry.*

*Suddenly, Draco grabbed Harry's hand, wand still at his throat, and forced Harry's hand to feel the bulge beneath his robes. "I am up to something; quite astute, Potter." His grey eyes flashed with menace. "I think I should make you do..." His eyes widened as Harry's fingers squeezed the hard cock of their own accord.*

*It was like a drug. He couldn't stop doing it even though he wanted to and though his mind was screaming that he shouldn't. Before Harry realized it, Draco had unfastened his trousers and pushed them down to give Harry's hand access.*

*Without a word, Harry began stroking the fat cock, watching in fascination as the purple-tinged flesh moved with his strokes flexibly. He'd never liked any male before this, and his own cock was hardening with arousal. All the months of following Draco had forced him to become obsessed with him. Faster and steadier he stroked until Draco came, shooting out in tortured spurts.*

*"Potter," he said breathlessly, his free hand tangled in Harry's messy hair.*

*Harry didn't know what to say. He was just shocked. One moment they'd been scuffling, and the next he'd been disarmed and at Malfoy's mercy. And then he was giving him a wank.*

*"Sorry." A flick of the wand and a whispering of "Obliviate" had Harry's memory erased.*

The spell hadn't lasted though. Draco likely hadn't meant it, making the spell weak. When Harry was practicing Occlumency on himself right after Dumbledore died and before the funeral to keep Voldemort from feeling his pain he remembered it full force. The shame and confusion had caused him to break up with Ginny. She deserved a better man. Someone not obsessed with another person. Someone who'd never given his enemy a wank.

Finally, Draco stirred and sat up slowly.

Harry saw him swallow thickly as their eyes met. "Malfoy," he said evenly.

"Potter," came the reply.

A/N: I really like Draco and Harry stories. I hope you don't mind them as a minor pairing! Thank you so much for the reviews; could you please let me know if you like way the story is going? Thank you Madam\_Goodsnatch for beta reading this over even my author's notes!

## Chapter 3

Chapter 4 of 8

Hermione and Lavender find out there are more pressing matters in the world besides Ron when Death Eaters capture them.

Grinding the sleep from her eyes, Hermione looked around in confusion. "Oh," she said glumly as the memories from the night before came back to her. The last thing she remembered was Snape and Lavender going down the hall to do Merlin knows what. She frowned in distaste as she thought of the smug smile Lavender had flashed at her

when Snape had chosen her.

"Does she hate me so much that she'll try to beat me in everything – even in who gets raped first?" she mused aloud. It was then that she heard the humming coming from the kitchen. Someone seemed happy. She made her way to the room, expecting to find a sexually sated Snape. Instead, the sight of Lavender, clad in a sheer, purple nightgown and matching robe, met her eyes. Her hair was swept up from her face in an untidy arrangement at the top of her head that made her look admittedly alluring.

"Oh, Hermione, sleep well, did you?" Lavender asked, tossing a towel onto the counter beside her.

"No, but apparently, you did," Hermione said, wrinkling her nose.

The other girl opened her see-through robes even more to show off her jutting cleavage. She ran a hand over the beaded decoration just near her bosom and slid it down to rest on her stomach. "Lovely, isn't it? *Severus* gave it to me."

Hermione's eyes widened. "You're calling him by his given name? He's giving you clothing?" Her voice held an accusatory tone, though she couldn't believe what she was hearing.

Instead of being offended, Lavender's nasty smile widened, and she leaned closer to whisper, "I see you're still wearing the same thing that you wore last night... and that you slept in the sitting room—cold and alone." She straightened and brought a hand up as if to check her manicured fingernails. "Oh, don't look so surprised." Her voice suddenly hardened. "I'm going to come through this unscathed. I won't fight anything, and I'll simply go with the flow to make certain that they have no reason to harm me." She began buttering some toast that she'd made. "I think Ron would appreciate having me back in one piece and would admire my strength of enduring the situation, even if I had to do a few distasteful things—or actually, not so distasteful."

She winked, picked up the plate of toast, and brushed by Hermione, whose mouth was gaping open in shock. After a few moments, Hermione came to her senses. Lavender might be content to play Snape's paramour or to let the Lestranges play with her, but she certainly wouldn't do the same. She quickly went to the door and tried to open it, getting a jolt of magic that shocked her and knocked her on her arse for her trouble.

"There has to be a way out of here," she said softly.

"Actually, the only way you can leave is if I allow you to," Snape said from behind.

Turning to find him leaning against the counter, she boldly asked, "Will you allow me to?"

"That remains to be seen," he said, moving forward to extend a hand to her.

She didn't take it, standing on her own merit instead. "What are you going to do with me?"

"What, Miss Granger, would you like me to do with you?" he asked, stepping closer to her. "Do you want me to give you clothing such as those your friend is wearing? Do you wish to share my bed?" At this, his hand came up to rest on her shoulder before using one finger to slide down to her bosom. "What are you willing to do to live, to be free?"

Hermione swallowed thickly and moved back, not wanting to be taken in by the spell he was trying to weave. "I just want..."

"Yes, Miss Granger?" he asked, moving to close in the gap her step had given them.

"I want to live, to be free, to make my own choices, and to go back to Ron and—"

"Weasley, who beds other girls the moment you turn your back?" he asked, eyes glinting.

"That's not... I don't..." She frowned. "I just want to be away from here."

His head lowered slowly, and his obsidian eyes flashed as they bore into hers. 'He's going to kiss me,' she thought in panic. However, she didn't move back any further, wanting to stand her ground. Her lips parted to tell him to not do it, but she found that the words wouldn't come to her. She closed her eyes then, ready to accept his invasion.

It never came.

She opened her eyes and saw the amused expression on his face, which was now not close to her, as he'd taken a few steps back. "Legilimency, Miss Granger, tells me much." He nodded behind him. "You may use the lav and find some clothing in the closet in the last room on the left, which will be where you can sleep while you stay here."

With that, he turned on his heel and left her alone, chest heaving and heart beating quickly. There was a sense of confusion that came over her. Was she disappointed that he hadn't kissed her? No. Surely that was just a horrid part of her that wanted to kiss someone—anyone—to pay Ronald back for what he'd done.

Quickly, she went to the room he'd indicated, passing a closed door on her way that had to be the room Lavender was in, as she could hear her laughter. The room was quite small and plain. Within the closet, she found very old, out of fashion, matronly clothes. The frown still on her mouth deepened. She didn't want to truly be here, of course, but if she had to be here, why couldn't she be treated as an equal?

Thoughts of Ron flashed through her mind, and she sank to the floor and gave in to tears. He'd betrayed her. This was all his fault. Even someone like Snape had noticed that Ron's actions weren't honorable. She sniffed and wiped her eyes. Determination replaced her anguish. Lavender had said that she was going to take things in stride. "Well, I can bloody well do the same thing," Hermione growled aloud, snatching one of the many black dresses from the closet. "Won't give me any sheer, silky clothing, eh? I'll show him how a Granger takes things in stride." Decisions made, she stalked out the room towards the lav.

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A/N: Sorry for the delay but my beta was busy. Thank you, Madam Goodsnatch, for your help, but also, a thank you goes to CocoaChristy for being nice enough to look this over.

## Chapter 4

Chapter 5 of 8

Hermione and Lavender find out there are more pressing matters in the world besides Ron when Death Eaters capture

them.

Two weeks had passed since Hermione and Lavender had been captured and forced to live with Snape. The days were long and boring, though she did appreciate that Snape allowed her to fill her days with reading aside from the dusting and cleaning he had her do. It seemed that he never told Lavender anything for slacking in her duties.

In fact, Lavender stayed in her room a good bit. Hermione's suspicious mind told her that Snape, who was conspicuously absent often, spent much of his free time behind that closed door as well. She saw him mostly in the evenings when they'd all have dinner together. Afterwards, she would retreat to his small sitting room and sit on his threadbare couch to read, and he would join her, quietly reading something of his own and speaking only to bid her a good evening.

In retrospect, she found it odd that Lavender never intruded on this private time. Any other time, the girl would flounce about, shaking her arse, in an attempt to keep his attention on her instead of Hermione. 'Sadly,' Hermione thought, 'it's working. His eyes are always trained on Lavender when she's with us.'

She suddenly wanted to slap herself. She knew she should be glad that she didn't have to wear any of the ridiculously revealing clothes that Lavender wore. Looking down at her dark, floor-length, high-collared dress, she frowned. It was probably something that his mother had once worn. Most days she tried to tell herself it was a compliment, but on others, she was certain that he was just making sure he didn't have to see more of her than he had to.

Placing the last plate on the table, she vowed to herself, 'Tonight will change things. My plan of getting revenge on Ron and of showing Lavender that she's not always first choice will be realized once and for all!'

At that moment, a giddy Lavender flounced in and sat in the chair that Hermione was pulling out for herself. "Thank you," she said, beaming brightly. "Severus will be along shortly."

Grinding her teeth, Hermione moved to sit in the next chair, watching through narrowed eyes as Lavender buttered a slice of toast. The instant Snape came into the room, she dipped her finger into the butter and then brought it up to her lips to lick and suck it away in an obvious attempt at seduction. Snape watched her display with an arched eyebrow before sitting down across from the two of them. He said nothing as he began to fill his plate with stew.

"Hermione, you've cooked beef stew about ten times since we've been here! Can't you cook anything else?" Lavender asked, whinging and pouting.

"There's never much choice when I decide to make something, and I am quiet partial to beef stew. If you don't like it," she said brusquely, "fix your own food."

"You don't have to be so testy. It's just that you could have done something differently with what was provided." Turning to Snape, Lavender said, "Isn't that right, Severus?"

"I think, Miss Brown, that it would be prudent for you to eat your meal in silence, lest Miss Granger does force you to fend for yourself at mealtimes."

Hermione smiled internally. It was the first time Snape had taken her side on something. The victory was short lived, however, as she watched the way his eyes were drawn to the low cut of Lavender's blouse and the large swell of breasts there.

Eating as quickly as possible and refraining from looking at them, Hermione left the room in search of her book so that she could at least lose herself in an alternate universe. She was fuming by the time Snape finally ventured in, which wasn't until Lavender had fluttered by towards her own rooms. Carefully placing her book aside, she glared at him and stamped her foot on the floor.

"It appears you are bursting to say something," he commented, not even looking at her.

"This arrangement is unfair!" she exploded.

"Meaning?" he said, tone bored.

"I have to do the cooking and the cleaning here while Lavender does nothing but... but laze about in her room. You treat her better than you treat me! Y-you give her better clothes to wear, a bigger room, anything she wants but freedom." She stood and placed her hands on her hips. "If you're so satisfied with her as your captive, why can't you just let me go? There's nothing that you need me for."

He was upon her in an instant, causing her to step back a few steps until her back connected with the wall behind her. He stopped only a few inches from her.

His voice was a whisper when he asked, "Have I ever asked you to clean my home?"

"Yes," she said with a nod. "You told me to make certain to tidy up when I finished reading."

"I meant for you to place your books where you'd found them when done with them and put back anything else you might have used while using my room," he said.

"Oh, but I thought..."

"You took it upon yourself to cook meals. I don't recall ordering you to do so," he added when words failed her. He stepped closer, leaving nearly no space between them. "I think, Miss Granger, that you are quite jealous of Miss Brown."

"I am not!" Hermione said forcefully. "I just hate that she always seems to win and that she's so damn smug about it. What's so good about her?"

One pale hand rose to cup her chin and to force her eyes to look into his. "Do you remember what I said that first night you were here?"

She swallowed thickly. "Yes." Visions of his lean, naked body over hers while she was chained to his bedposts came to mind. She could nearly hear herself pleading with him to not stop as he moved between her welcoming thighs. "Oh." She could feel her center heating.

Ever so slowly, his lips lowered until they were pressed tightly against hers. Opening her lips in surprise, his tongue invaded her mouth, exploring and moving with her own eager tongue in rhythm. She could taste the elf-made wine that he'd drunk for dinner. Breathing raggedly, he pulled away finally, still crushing her body to the wall with hers, one his legs nestled between hers, thigh slowly rubbing her hot crotch.

"Never think that she is more appealing than you are, Hermione," he said, rich baritone seeping through her pores. "She simply has her uses."

She wanted something more. If his kiss could leave her breathless and if his body against hers could make her so needy, what more could he do to her? Ronald had never left her wanting him the way that Snape was.

"As soon as I am done with her, and I nearly am, I shall send her back to Rodolphus where she belongs," he informed. "She's his by our laws." His mouth found hers again for a fervent kiss before he pulled away. "Once she's gone... I shall make good on that first promise I gave you." With that said, he was gone in a swirl of black robes, leaving her panting and filled with conflicting thoughts.

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Ron Weasley watched from the shadowy doorway as Harry stood by the fireplace and listened to Malfoy's pleading.

"Potter, I know that if anyone can help me, you can. We've been over this time and again."

"Yes, your family is important to you," Harry said, turning around to face Malfoy with a cold expression on his face. "And look how your family...and you...have treated me and my friends! I don't owe them anything, but you... you I'll keep safe."

Ron heard the quaver in Harry's voice and hated it. The git had broken up with his sister because he supposedly didn't want any attachments, but if he didn't know better, he would swear that Harry had a thing for Malfoy. He was right protective of the tosser. His eyes widened as Draco fell to his knees at Harry's feet.

"My mother, Potter... she's not like him! I swear it. If you could just ask one of those Order members to go there and..." He leaned forward and rested his head on Harry's stomach, arms coming up to hold onto Harry's thighs. "Is this about that night then? Are you still angry about that?"

There was no reply. Ron couldn't believe what he was seeing... and hearing. "What night is he going on about?" he wondered.

"I didn't force you to do that... not really, and you know it!"

Harry's hand came up to rest on Malfoy's blond locks. "Why did you Oblivate me? I could have helped you then. Things would have turned out differently for us all...especially Dumbledore."

"I couldn't. The Dark Lord, he would have known. Snape would have found out or someone else would have. There are spies all over. I..."

Moving to kneel down, Harry suddenly kissed Malfoy. Ron put a hand to his mouth to keep from crying out in disgust. There had to be an explanation for this. His friend was not gay and did not feel any attraction to bloody Malfoy. 'He's just trying to get more information from him, is all,' he thought hopefully. However, in the next moment, Harry was pushing down his baggy trousers just enough for Malfoy to reach down and stroke his hard cock.

'He's right convincing,' Ron thought in shock. 'Almost looks like he's truly turned on by the git.'

"Ah... yeah... fuck..." Harry mumbled, head thrown back, as Malfoy's lips took his cock inside his mouth.

Not wanting to see any more, Ron backed away and went up to his own room to think things over. He'd have to have a talk to Harry about this. Something wasn't adding up. He sure wished that Hermione or Lavender were there to comfort him in his time of need. "Pity they've both gone missing at once," he said aloud. He felt immediately guilty, knowing it was his fault for their disappearance and likely demise. However, there was still cause to hope that he'd find them one day. Malfoy had reassured them that most of the time, captives were kept alive for a while.

He reached down to fondle his own erection and closed his eyes, planning to stroke himself to release. Try as he might to picture either Lavender's jiggling breasts or Hermione's tight body, he could only think of Malfoy's lips on Harry's cock.

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Hermione had just turned down the lamp next to her bed when the door to her room creaked open slowly. She could hear soft steps padding over to her bed. Had Snape changed his mind?

"Mione?"

It was Lavender.

"Yes?" she asked in irritation. Her bed dipped, and the girl was pulling down the duvet to get under it with her. "What do you think you're doing?" She could feel that Lavender was shaking, obviously cold, and relented by scooting over to give her room. "Well?"

She froze as a slim arm wound its way around her waist and a head rested against her breasts. "I'm afraid," she said, still trembling.

Softening, Hermione asked, "Of what?" Had she overheard Snape when he'd said that Rodolphus Lestrangle would be returning for her?

"Just don't want to be alone," she whispered.

Feeling pity, Hermione replied, "'S all right. You can stay here tonight."

"Thanks," Lavender murmured sleepily, pressing her lips against Hermione's clothed breast.

It sent a jolt through Hermione's body. 'Surely, she has no idea as to what she's just done?' Hermione thought to herself, feeling her nipple respond to the small kiss regardless. Minutes later, she was still stiff from uncertainty, but Lavender's light snores were lulling her into relaxing. Obviously, the girl meant nothing by it. With those thoughts, Hermione drifted off to sleep, wishing she wasn't so bloody compassionate all the time.

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A/N: I hope this finds you all in high spirits. Someone asked for a longer chapter, and this was the result! Thank you for helping, Madam\_GoodSnatch, and thank you, all, for the reviews you've left. I am simply happy that so many of you like this tale.

## Chapter 5

*Chapter 6 of 8*

Hermione and Lavender find out there are more pressing matters in the world besides Ron when Death Eaters capture them.

"Mmmm," Hermione moaned as Ron's fingers traced her labia through her knickers, and his tongue circled her exposed nipple. It had been so long since they'd been able to play like this. She arched against his mouth and moved a hand down to press against his, holding it firmly to her center. Her other hand tangled in Ron's hair, moving from his scalp down, down, down...

'Ron's hair has grown,' Hermione thought. Realization hit her instantly. This wasn't Ron. She was Snape's captive. Her eyes remained closed, but she didn't move, though her body stiffened. Had Snape finally made good on his promise to have her screaming his name in ecstasy? She was partly excited about this and partly afraid.



'But he's with you, isn't he? Lavender wouldn't...' Her thoughts screeched to a halt as a long fingernail clawed its way beneath the hem of her knickers, scratching at her crinkly hair. "Bloody hell!" Hermione yelled, moving away quickly. "Lavender! What the...? Why are you...? GET OUT! NOW!"

"You wanted me, didn't you?" Lavender asked smugly. "I knew it!"

Hermione pointed a shaky finger towards her door, wishing for her wand.

"Admit it. You wanted me touch you. You liked it!"

"I... I didn't know it was you! I thought you were..." She'd nearly said Ron's name out loud, but that would only give Lavender fuel for her fire of malcontent and enable her to throw something else in her face.

"Yes, I do realize that you called me Severus, but still, you liked what I was doing, and you were moaning and going on!" Lavender said, slowly making her way around the bed and towards Hermione.

"What? Snape's name?" she asked in disbelief.

"Mmmhmmm," Lavender said, smirking. "Only it wasn't Snape; it was, 'Oh, Severus, yes.'"

"Ridiculous. Get out," Hermione said, pushing Lavender roughly. "I won't say it again." She was utterly humiliated by this turn of events. What would Lavender tell Snape? What would she tell Ron when they got out if they ever got out? She'd thought it was Ron who was touching her at first, so why would she say Snape's name his given name at that!

"You will leave now," Snape said from the doorway.

"Oh, God," Hermione said, slapping her palm to her forehead. Her embarrassment had reached its maximum amount.

Striding towards Hermione, he said, "Are you all right?"

She took another step back, coming to rest against the desk behind her. "Please... just go."

He paused and turned back to Lavender's retreating form. "Stop." She did. "Turn." She complied. "Strip." She grinned and began taking her things off.

"What are you...?"

"Silence, Miss Granger," he said quietly.

Lavender removed her frivolous nightwear eagerly, dancing about slightly as she did so. Once the last of her garments were on the floor, she stilled completely and looked around. "What am I doing in here?"

"You were in here accosting Miss Granger, begging for her affection from what I could see," Snape said, sneer in place. "She wishes for you to leave."

"I would never..." Lavender's horror was evident on her face. She began scrambling for her clothes, pulling them on.

Hermione didn't know what to make of things. It seemed that Lavender had been under some spell. Whatever the case, it seemed she was saved of her humiliation, and the tables had been turned.

Once Lavender was dressed, she said, "I shouldn't have come, Hermione. I apologize."

"That will be all," Snape said by way of dismissal. "You will go to bed now and not get up again."

"Yes, sir."

When the door closed behind the girl, Snape looked at Hermione and held out a hand to her. As she took it, he said, "I trust you are confused."

"Yes," she whispered, allowing him to guide her towards her bed where he sat next to her.

"What I am about to tell you is of utmost secrecy. It could mean our lives..."

Sitting up straighter, Hermione nodded for him to continue, hoping his secret would contain a way out of this for her.

"I've been instructed by the Dark Lord to create a potion that can be used like an Imperius Curse. Once a person's clothing is soaked in it, they will be at the command of another." He nodded towards the doorway. "Your companion has been my test subject."

"You used an untested potion on her! How could you? I..." Her voice trailed off as she pondered this. He'd not used the potion on her but on Lavender. Why? What did this mean?

"Better her than you," he pointed out. "Tonight was my last test. I will have no further need for Miss Brown to remain here. She will, unfortunately, have to go with the Lestranges."

"But..."

"It would be suspicious if I denied Rodolphus and Bellatrix their booty."

Hermione's face reddened upon hearing the word, as it brought to mind more than ill-gained treasure. "What of me?" she asked in a small voice.

"I have need for you," he said, voice silky and low, face moving closer.

She had known that the moment would come at some point, and she'd thought about it over and over since that first night in his home. She was prepared. Boldly taking the initiative, she leaned into him and pressed her lips against his, relishing in the thought that he hadn't chose Lavender over her at all. He'd used the bint as a test subject, nothing more, and he was choosing her to be with, her to keep, her to be his.

His hands slid up to cup her face gently before he moved back to look at her. "Miss Granger, I assure you that..."

"Shh," she said, bringing her own hands up to pull him back to her. This time, though, their lips parted, and their tongues began the tango of passion, all else melting away from existence.

'Do it. Let him have you. In fact, have him. Be the aggressor.'

*What about Ron?*

'Ron was fucking Lavender! Payback is a bitch, isn't it?'

"Yes," she said aloud, breaking the kiss.

Obviously taking this as permission for something more, Snape pulled her onto his lap and began peppering her throat with chaste kisses. Hermione clutched at his shoulders and squirmed against him to get closer, wanting his lips to continue. Ron had never been like this with her. Snape's practiced hands were everywhere at once it seemed, and his mouth and tongue left her feeling dizzy. Unable to take it any longer, she pulled his face back up to hers and snogged him heavily, wanting to show him exactly how he made her feel. In the back of her mind, she wished Ron could see her then and see that she could find another who wanted her. Not wanting to think of him, though, she kept that part locked away.

"Mmmm," she moaned against Snape's mouth as his fingers found their way into her knickers and into her body, delving, digging, exploring. He must have appreciated what he felt, for he growled into her mouth and then slid his lips down to the base of her throat where he sucked on her neck furiously.

In the next instant, Hermione was shocked to find that he'd released his thick cock from his trousers and was slowly pushing it inside her. She was uncertain how that had happened without her noticing. It was then that panic took her and that she nearly pushed off of him completely. As it was, when she moved back to get off, he pulled her back to him roughly, sheathing himself completely.

"Oh ow!"

"Shhh," he said between frantic nibbles on her neck.

Clutching at his shoulders, she tried not to move as he thrust up into her. His gaze met hers, and she realized that she'd never seen him so out of control of his emotions. His eyes were glinting with desire, his face was etched with pleasure, and his hair was tousled about. As she noted this, she realized that *she* had control over him. With her body, she could make the dastardly Severus Snape shed his aloof demeanor, make him feel something, make him want her...

Wanting him to like what he was getting, she began to grind her body against his when their pelvises met. The reward was satisfying for the both of them. Jolts of heat and sparks of tingles filled her body, pooled in her center, and threatened to explode.

She couldn't help but to enthusiastically chase her feelings. Ron had never felt like this. "Oh... I feel... There's something..."

"So good... so good," he murmured in reply, picking up the pace. His deep upwards thrusts along with her movements had them both panting and sweating and wanting more. Mouths, lips, teeth, and tongues met and attempted to devour all in their path.

When his thrusts became erratic and his breaths became laced with grunts, she could stand it no longer and gave in to the powerful feeling coming to overtake her. In that instant, she was lost and would have given him anything he'd asked of her headquarters' location, Harry's secrets... anything. Well, maybe not, but it would give her pause.

Many minutes passed with her head resting on his shoulder. At some point during sex, he'd fallen back against the mattress. Finally, he cleared his throat and moved her off of him. After he stood, he cast charms to clean their bodies, undressed completely, and then moved back next to her.

"Y-you still have need of me?" she asked, eyes wide.

He threw his head back and laughed in amusement. "My dear, Miss Granger, if you thought that I needed you ~~for~~ that, you were sorely mistaken."

"What?" she asked, horrified. He was laughing at her! He hadn't wanted her!

"When I said that I had a need for you, I meant for something else... However, since you seemed so intent on giving yourself to me, I felt inclined to allow you to have what you sought to give."

"But... I thought you... That night, you'd said that... You were just saying that, weren't you? I thought you wanted me." She felt silly and disappointed. And she knew that soon she'd be feeling much worse about herself and their situation.

One hand reached down and pulled at her nightgown, sliding it up her body. "I certainly do want you," he said firmly. "Again. And Again. As often as I can."

Excitement thrummed through her body. "Again?" It was a whisper.

"It's been so long since I've had time to do this properly." Soon her nightgown was tossed away, and her knickers followed. "I do hope that this is still agreeable to you?"

"What was it you really needed me for?" Hermione blurted suddenly.

"I would like to secretly create a spell to release the potion's hold over the person." He looked away and quietly added, "I'll admit to having a problem getting my spell to work. I thought perhaps you could look over my notes and see if anything makes sense."

Hope sprang in Hermione. He was still good. He was trying to help by secretly creating this spell to counter the potion's effects without Voldemort's knowledge!

"Yes," she said softly.

"To what?" he asked, gazing at her intently.

"This is agreeable to me, and I will help you." She quickly pressed her lips to his. "For as long as you need me."

There was a momentary relieved expression followed by one of hope before he closed his eyes and allowed his mouth to find hers again.

"I promise," she added, not knowing why she needed to reassure him.

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Author's Notes: Thank you, Madam Goodsnatch, for looking this over for me, and I hope my readers will leave me little reviews to help my muse. I was so sad that I didn't get many last chapter. I was afraid everyone left the story. I have more coming soon. Oh, and for a disclaimer, you all know that JKR created these characters and that I'm not making money from this.

## Chapter 6

Hermione and Lavender find out there are more pressing matters in the world besides Ron when Death Eaters capture them.

Disclaimer: I'm borrowing JKR's characters for my story, and I'm not making money for it, but I hope you are entertained.

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"How did you do it?" asked Lavender, arms crossed, eyes narrowed.

"Sorry?" Hermione was confused and a bit irritated that the girl had interrupted her just as she'd got to a good part in the book she was reading.

"How did you get Snape to choose you over me?" She leaned forward. "I know he stayed the night in your room last night, and I heard the two of you!" She shook a finger in Hermione's face. "You've cast some spell over him!"

"First of all, if you don't get your finger out of my face, I'm going to break it. Second thing, I did nothing to him." Here she smirked smugly. "It appears that the better woman has won; that's all."

Wrinkling her nose, Lavender pulled her hand back and scathingly said, "Well, Ron has good taste anyway. We both know who he chooses to return to time and again."

Hermione was stung, but she didn't let the bint know. "Yes, we know which of us he uses like a common whore and tosses aside." She yawned as if bored. "And we both know that he would have married me, not you."

"Would have?" Suddenly, panicked, Lavender lowered her voice to a whisper, asking, "Do you think we'll never get out of here then?"

"I do think we will," Hermione said gently, expression softening. "I only mean that whether it's what he wants or not, I won't have him. I deserve to be treated with respect, and this just all proves that maybe..." Her voice trailed away as surprise settled over her. "It proves that Ron and I aren't meant to be together."

"So I win then," Lavender said proudly. "He's mine."

"No, Lavender," Hermione said, flashing a toothy grin, "this means that/ win. I'm the one that's calling it quits, not him. It's not like he's leaving me for you, and you can be with him if you'd like. I don't care anymore." And she realized that she was speaking the truth. Something wonderful had happened between her and Snape. She never would have thought it possible, but it had happened, making her realize that there was so much more to him than she'd ever imagined.

"Ah, here you are," Snape said from the doorway. "I've something for you, Miss Brown."

"Is that right?" she asked, voice husky. She gave Hermione a knowing expression before sashaying over to Snape. "And just what would that be?"

He held out a long, silver chain. "This."

"Oh, Severus, this is just lovely," she gushed, lifting her hair and turning her back to him. "Put it on me!" As he placed the chain around her neck and fastened it, she smiled mockingly at Hermione and stuck her tongue out in a childish gesture. "Thank you so much." She turned around to face him again and attempted to hug him, but he lifted a hand to stop her advance. "What did I do to win such a lovely gift?"

"Gift?" he asked with a sneer. "It's a Portkey." He flicked his wand to activate. "I do believe the Lestranges are expecting you."

"What? Oh, but..."

An instant later, Lavender disappeared, leaving them alone. Hermione felt a little sorry for the girl, but part of her felt that it served her right, especially after the way she'd just acted.

"I heard what you said to her," Snape said, moving closer. "And in the light of day after you've had time to think over what we've done last night, do you still choose to stay here to help me with what I've asked of you?"

"Yes, that's not changed. I want to help in any way that I can." She gave him a small smile. "I've thought about it most of the morning."

He lifted a hand and traced the curve of her shoulder. "I've thought of last night, too."

She licked her lips and took a step closer. "... We're alone now."

"Indeed." He arched an eyebrow. "Are you suggesting something?"

"Maybe."

Their lips met for a tender kiss. He pulled back to gauge her reaction. Seeing her heavily lidded eyes and inviting lips, he kissed her again, more soundly, their hands frantically working to disrobe each other. He maneuvered them to where he was seated on the couch and pulled her onto his lap so that she could straddle him.

"Ride me," he said, half command and half plea.

Hermione reached between them to guide his hard cock into her, sliding down slowly, enjoying the filling sensation. "Mmmm." Testing her movement tentatively, she bit her lip and tossed her head back, sensation overwhelming her. Yes, she would stay with Snape for as long as he needed her help... for as long as he needed her. She'd never felt so womanly, so powerful, so needed.

"Just like that," he murmured against the flesh of her breast.

Emboldened, she began sliding up and down faster, harder... and ground her pelvis against his when their bodies met, causing a delicious jolt of feeling to pulse through her veins. "Oh, good God..."

Much later, after taking much time to learn more about each other and after sharing a bath, they finally began reading over the notes Snape had made when attempting to create something to counter the potion's hold on the person who wore clothes washed in it.

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"How could you be fucking Malfoy?" Ron asked angrily when Harry made his way to the kitchen.

"What are you on about?"

"You broke things off with my sister, and now you're throwing down your trousers to let Malfoy... I saw what happened last night," Ron said. He'd planned on calmly talking things out with Harry, but the moment his friend entered the room, he couldn't help blurting out everything.

"It's not..." Harry's face was red, and his expression was guilty.

"Don't you have anything to say? How'd it come about? Why Malfoy?"

"It's a long story," he finally said.

"Well," Ron began, sitting back down, "come on then. We've got the time."

Once Harry sat down, he ran his fingers through his hair and poured himself a glass of juice from the pitcher Ron had put on the table. "It's complicated."

"Harry, I just didn't know that you like blokes," Ron said. "Never seen you looking at me in that sort of way."

"I don't like blokes," he defended.

"Is that right? Seemed to like one last night."

"All right, if you want to know, I'll tell you everything," Harry said in defeat.

Ron listened as Harry recounted what had happened in the castle, and he wondered what he would have done in the same situation. Likely he would have kicked Malfoy's arse for even threatening anything, but then he remembered the way Harry looked as the blond git touched him. Would he turn down something offered? He supposed if nobody knew about it, then it wouldn't be so bad. It wasn't like *he* would be the one doing anything.

"So, where does that leave Ginny?" Ron asked once Harry was done.

"I love Ginny," Harry said heatedly. "I just didn't think it was right to carry on with what I'd done. I need time to deal with that and with Voldemort! And now... and now this happened." He took a sip of his juice and pondered his next words. "I don't know what to do, Ron. Really."

"I won't tell Ginny," he said quietly. "Right now, we need to try to find Hermione and Lavender. Did the git say anything about where they might be?"

Harry smirked. "As a matter of fact, I think there's a deal he's willing to work out with us."

Ron grinned. "Now you're talking. Let's hear it then."

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A/N: Thanks for reading, everyone! Thank you, Madam Goodsnatch, for the help!

## Chapter 7

*Chapter 8 of 8*

Hermione and Lavender find out there are more pressing matters in the world besides Ron when Death Eaters capture them.

Disclaimer: Not my stuff. Just borrowing. No money made.

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*Bang!*

Lavender's eyes widened as she saw Harry Potter rush into the room followed by Ron Weasley and others. Bellatrix wasn't at home, but Rodolphus was, and he hadn't a chance to react to the newcomers. He was quickly disarmed and bound by an Auror.

"We've found you," Ron said, quickly moving towards her and pulling her into his embrace. "Are you all right?"

She began crying with joy. Ron had come for her! "Oh, Ron... it was so horrible!" she said though her tears, wanting him to pity her. In truth, her experience hadn't been so horrendous that she'd be scarred for life. The worst part of her captivity was that Bellatrix, at times, was prone to dangerous mood swings. She'd learned quickly to not give the woman any cheek and to try to comply with all she'd been ordered. Luckily, Rodolphus had always been about to step in, not wanting his "plaything" harmed too much.

"Where's Hermione?" he asked, looking around.

Lavender's tears stopped abruptly, and she pulled back to look him in the eyes. How could he be worried about Hermione still? She decided to put an end to his fascination with the girl once and for all. "I don't know how to tell you this, Ron, but..."

"But what?" he asked impatiently.

"Tell us now," Harry said, taking an interest in their conversation.

"She was given to Snape."

"Bloody hell."

"Have you seen her recently? Is she alive?" Harry asked determinedly.

"Last I saw, she was sitting next to him of her own volition and... and snogging him." Lavender brought and hand up to her chest dramatically. "I'm afraid she doesn't want to be found. She's obviously fallen for him."

"WHAT?" Ron bellowed, moving away from her.

Harry said nothing, simply turning and going to the corner to question Rodolphus. Lavender took this moment to get closer to Ron. "I'm so sorry," she whispered. "I hate hurting you, but you need to know the truth." She was pleased when he allowed her to hold him. "I knew you would come for me. Unlike Hermione, I knew not to lose faith in you."

"Maybe he has her under an Imperius Curse," Ron said sadly.

"No. From the first night there, he was kind to her and she to him. I... I overheard something." She looked away. "No, maybe I shouldn't say anything."

"Say it."

"Ron, if you must know... I think they've had relations before—during our sixth year at Hogwarts! They mentioned the nights they'd already spent together." She smirked triumphantly when he blanched, accepting her lie as a possibility. "I love you, Ron. There's never been anyone but you."

He nodded and pulled away. "Come on. Let's get you out of here."

Harry walked towards them. "Rodolphus has told me where to find Snape. Coming?"

"Hell, yes," Ron said, dropping Lavender's hand. "He's going to pay for what he's done. Twisted Hermione's mind, he has."

-----  
A couple of weeks had passed and things had been progressing nicely for Hermione and Severus since Lavender had left. They'd worked diligently together and finally had some payoff when the spell they'd been working on easily counteracted the potion he'd designed.

He'd told her the truth about everything that had happened in the past and had even confided in her all that had gone on in his life from his childhood till the present. She, likewise, did the same thing and found that she was falling in love with him. What had started out as simply two people needing each other had turned into something more. What worried her was the future.

"I wish we could always stay this way," she said softly, still sated and lying in his arms after lovemaking.

"Things will change. You know this," he replied.

"Do they have to? Can't we just go away together?"

"If I leave now, all that I've worked for will be for nothing. I have to make certain that Potter does not fail to get the Dark Lord. I have to make certain that I'm near to pass information on to the Order." He kissed the top of her head. "I may be killed – I know this already – but if I can make certain that you are safe and that the Order wins, so be it."

"No, don't say that. There has to be a way to get you through this... to make sure that you live and are acquitted of all past crimes!" she said, clutching him tightly.

Suddenly, he sat up in bed and cocked his head as if listening to something.

"What is it?"

"Someone is trying to breach my wards. Shite! They've unwarded the first one." He jumped up and began dressing hurriedly. "Get your clothes on, Hermione. Quickly."

She did as he bade and was soon running out of the door after him. She stopped just in the doorway of their lab, and he quickly thrust a thick book into her hands. "Severus?"

"Page 469. The password is Hermione. Everything you need to know is there. Our documented work and other things." He kissed her deeply. "They've come for you and will be through the wards shortly. I must leave you now."

"No, wait, I'll just tell them th—"

"That even though I've murdered and done other terrible things I did it for everyone's good? It won't work." Hugging her tightly, he whispered, "We'll meet again. Somehow."

"Wait!" she cried. But it was too late. He was already gone. His distinctive pop of Disapparation was lost in the sudden banging and pops of the Order breaking through the wards and coming inside the house.

"Hermione!" Harry called, rushing forth, wand drawn as he looked around. He pulled her into a tight hug. "I was afraid I'd never see you again!"

She relaxed against him, clutching her book to her chest, and began to cry in earnest. She had so many emotions: sadness that Snape was gone, happiness that she was free, worry that Snape would be found and killed, and anger that things had to happen this way. Feeling another hand on her shoulder, she looked up and into the stormy eyes of Ron.

"All right?" he asked.

Nodding, she began to cry even harder. Seeing Ron again brought back all the hurt she'd felt with his betrayal and all the old feelings she'd had. 'Things have just changed so much,' she thought. 'Why couldn't things have been simple for us all?'

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A/N: Well, there's another chapter in the works, and it will be out soon! Thanks go to Madam Goodsnatch for the beta!