

Taken at Wandpoint

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Hermione is snatched by a Death Eater! This is a response to the LJ's 30minutefics community--challenge #147.

Only Chapter

Chapter 1 of 1

Hermione is snatched by a Death Eater! This is a response to the LJ's 30minutefics community--challenge #147.

Disclaimer: I've snatched some characters from JKR's world, but I shall return them shortly.

Thanks go to CocoaChristy for the read through.

The dark street seemed peaceful; only an occasional light shimmered behind any of the homes' windows. Head bowed, cloak wrapped tightly about her body, she made her way as quietly and quickly as she could, knowing that if she didn't get to the Apparition point soon, her mission would fail. She couldn't let that happen—no matter the cost.

Once she made it to the small thicket of trees, she looked around to make certain that no Muggle was out walking a dog in the park or simply out for a walk. There were no sounds, save the hoot of an owl, and no lit torches that she could see. Satisfied that no one was about, she whispered, "*Lumos*," to light the tip of her wand. It was then that she heard a twig snap behind her.

Before she could whirl around to hex the intruder, she was disarmed and Disapparated away to another location. She struggled against her captor by kicking and hitting whatever she could reach and was satisfied to hear his grunts of pain and hisses of annoyance. The reward for her troubles, however, was to be thrown to the ground callously the instant their destination had been reached.

She bounded up quickly and darted about, searching for an exit. There were no windows or doors that she could see. "Where am I?" she asked. "Show yourself!"

A Death Eater stepped forward from the shadows, making a show of snapping her wand in half when he seemed certain that he had her attention. "Miss Granger, it seems we meet again."

Hermione had no trouble imagining his cold, black eyes and the mocking smirk that his mask was hiding. *You!*

"Right, you are," he said, flicking his wand to light the fire in the grate. "And it appears that you are very, very stupid... as always."

She charged him then, trying to do any physical damage possible, but her fingernails barely grazed his mask before he slapped her hard enough to spin her head to the side and force her to lose balance. Landing in a heap on the floor, she begged, "Please, no, not again. Not this."

He pulled off his Death Eater mask, flashing her a nasty grin before he flung his lank, black hair away from his face. "Consider this a lesson... likely your last, for after I am through with you this time, I'll make certain you have no chance to escape me again." He nodded towards the grate. "Yes, this time I'll let others Floo in for a little fun."

"No..." she said suddenly, getting on her knees. "I don't want to die. I'll do anything."

Making a tsking noise, he pulled off his robes, leaving him clad in only his trousers and a shirt. He began unfastening his trousers. "Perhaps I will only ask one or two over. Definitely not Bellatrix. She's quite nasty when other women are around and getting the men's attention. The Lestranges, the males anyway, are quite lusty."

"Nobody. Just... just you." She made certain that her eyes showed her fear and brought up shaky hands to help him continue to unfasten his trousers.

He moved his hands aside, settling on pointing his wand at her instead, and allowed her to release his hardening cock. "Perhaps it would be in my best interest to keep this meeting just between us after all."

The deep timbre of his voice disgusted her. She began stroking him in a steady rhythm, squeezing him tightly as she did so. "Yes. Anything you want."

"That's a good girl. Put your mouth on me and suck. Now," he commanded.

She whispered, "Shall I undress?"

"Yes," he said eagerly. "Do it."

Making a show of being nervous, she stood and began pulling her cloak away from her body, gently pulling her second wand from a hidden pocket as she did so. She wasted no time in pointing it at him and shouting, "*Expelliarmus!*" His wand flew to her easily, and the spell seemed to knock him back a few steps. Once the surprise on his face turned to shock, she coldly said, "You'll be sorry you ever took anything from me, you bastard!" Aiming low, she said, "*Castratesticulus!*"

He immediately doubled over in agony, crying out in pain and clutching his crotch. She had felt pity for so many people and creatures, but she would never feel pity for this man—Rabastan Lestrangle—especially not after what he'd done to her. She was still smiling manically when Severus Apparated in moments later.

"Hermione!" he said, immediately moving to hold her. "Why did you go to my rendezvous point? You knew he would be there! If I hadn't given you the amulet to track you, I might not have..." His eyes traveled over to where Rabastan lay crouched in a fetal position, blood on the floor beneath him. "Hermione?"

"He'll never rape anyone again. I'll see him dead first, slowly, piece by piece..."

A shudder passed through her lover as he saw exactly what she'd done to the man. "I suppose I can get you a little jar for your two souvenirs then," he offered in an obvious attempt to make her smile.

It worked. "Please do." She nodded towards her foe. "I'm going to be sick. Will you... handle...?"

He nodded, eyes glinting dangerously. "Go. I'll be there shortly." He gave her the dish containing the Floo powder.

She took it and never looked back at the man she'd hexed, who was still howling in agony. There was a smug smile on her face as she tossed in a handful of powder while thinking, *Mission accomplished.*

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Southern's Notes: This was written for the week #147 challenge (The Kidnapped Challenge) over at the 30minfics live journal community. Great place.

After much deliberation with Potter_Place friends, we decided the best hex for Hermione to use on Rabastan was *Castratesticulus!* (That was to sever his two little friends down low.)