

# Ashwinder

by DawnEB

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Post HBP. Not a happy tale.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Warning: The following involves hints of torture, dubious consent, character death and possibly necrophilia (nothing graphic). Dubious content. No romance, fluff, smut or Happy Ever After. Enjoy!

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You push up from the bed and stand, swaying slightly from your recent exertions, grabbing the glass of wine from the side table. Gulping it down like water doesn't help regain your equilibrium, but does disguise the bitter taste in your mouth.

Your eyes wander over the naked body sprawled on the bed, hair snarled and flaring wildly around her head. One arm is covering her eyes while the other is flung loosely beside her. A line of red bites bruise the skin in a line leading from her neck to the breasts that quake gently with each ragged breath she draws. Still lower, her legs are spread; her sex red and engorged from recent activity, the glistening smear on her thigh evidence of your rapid withdrawal from her.

Beneath the recent marks you made on her in your passion are the yellowing bruises and small pink scars from some of the earlier, less pleasant, practices you enacted on her body. Learning nothing of import from her torture, the Dark Lord had decided she was of no further use — except as entertainment. You were told to seduce her, fill her with false hope of escape or protection, then debase her before she was returned to her friends, a broken doll. Even now, some of your brethren wait nearby in hopes of taking their turn towards that goal.

You look around for your discarded robes, and as you pull them over your naked and goose pimpled flesh, you hear the sound of her slipping from the bed. The adjacent WC is cramped and minimal, but it at least affords her some privacy. Water runs into the small basin that is the only other facility besides the toilet. As she makes an attempt to cleanse herself, your mind wanders over your chosen course, a futile last minute check to see if you have overlooked anything.

You handled her interrogation yourself, all the while seeking to minimise the effects while looking for a chance to save her, to get her away. You can't explain why, can't even admit to a reason to yourself. Now time has run out, and there is just this one thing you can do for her. You make your preparations.

She emerges, drying herself on a threadbare towel, and looks up in surprise to find you still there. Before she can question this break of routine, you grab her and manhandle her across the room, ignoring her struggles and her fear. You can hear the others approaching, and with one last look into her eyes you push her away and pull your wand.

"*Avada Kedavra.*"

