

Creating a Traitor

by phoenix

Voldemort was defeated, but the wizarding world is worse off under Scrimgeour.
Hermione is beginning to feel hopeless until she receives a mysterious package.

One-shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: Nope, still not mine though I keep checking to see if that will change. Potter characters came from the creative genius of JK Rowling and no copyright infringement is intended. I'm just having some harmless fun.

A/N: This story was written for the Potter Place Winter Prompt. There are some character deaths, but to give them away would ruin some of the suspense. Hermione is not one of them.

9.Prompt - The Dark Lord has fallen but the Ministry of Magic runs Britain like a Stalinistic country. Freedoms are taken, people are killed... Hermione, the last of the trio, joins a resistance group... by accident. Who should she find but...

Harry would be so disappointed. He had given his life to destroy Voldemort. As the time had drawn nearer, Harry had realized that the prophecy meant that neither of them would survive. Hermione had been proud of how he had met his fate. Unfortunately, the situation in wizarding Britain had not improved. The crackdowns that had been implemented in the name of safety and security had not lessened. The powers the Aurors had been given in prosecuting Dark Wizards had not been rescinded.

Everyone lived in fear. Fear that the knock would come on their door and they would be taken away. People kept to themselves, terrified that their neighbors would turn them in. A few had moved to Muggle communities, hoping that would provide some safety, but it had not. The Aurors still came.

She felt helpless and a little responsible for what had happened. After all, things she, Harry and Ron had done had led to the downfall of Minister Fudge and the rise of Scrimgeour.

That evening, a package had arrived on her doorstep. Opening it, she had found a mask, hooded robe, and a simple note: "Put this on and meet at the well outside Little Hangleton at midnight."

It was all rather ominous and almost reminded her of the Death Eaters. They had met in secret and worn masks and robes. But that was preposterous. The Death Eaters had all been taken care of, as were many who had been innocent. Besides, she was Muggle-born. And the robes weren't black; they were red.

Donning mask and robe, she Apparated to the appointed place. As soon as she arrived, someone dressed the same as she took hold of her arm and said, "Hold on." She could not recognize the voice because it was Charmed, but she did know the person was significantly taller than her.

She was Side-Along Apparated to another location, and she would have fallen from the disorientation if the other did not still have a hold of her arm.

Looking around, she saw there were several dozen witches and wizards. Never would she have imagined there were this many standing against the Minister. An old tree stump was being used as a stage.

The person on top of the tree stump spoke. "Welcome. Tonight we welcome our new initiates. Day by day we strengthen our resolve and work to increase our numbers. The Minister of Magic will not be allowed to continue his reign of terror. We defeated a Dark Wizard to retain our freedom, not to see it curtailed. Some of us have seen our loved ones disappear, declared Dark witches or wizards with no proof. What we do as a group is very dangerous. If the Minister learns of our existence or participation in this group, we will be killed."

So, this was a resistance group, one determined to overthrow the Minister. Could she participate in something like this? After all, she had always believed in the rules and following those in authority. But what had happened in the wizarding world was not normal. New rules and chaos ruled the day. After all she had risked to rid the world of Voldemort, she had to join this organization.

"Those of you who have chosen to join us have shown great courage and moral fiber. If you do not wish to risk your life, speak now and you will be returned to your homes and oppressive lives. If you want a better world for you children and grandchildren, remain here."

Looking around, she saw one person protesting, and that person was removed from the gathering. She returned her attention to the speaker, trying to determine who it might be. Who would have the courage and ability to organize a group this large? She couldn't even tell if it was a man or a woman.

One by one, the new initiates were taken from the gathering. She assumed it was some sort of private initiation.

When her turn came, she was led to a small clearing in the trees. The leader handed her a piece of parchment. "Sign this. It is charmed so that none but I can read your name."

Reading through it, she saw that it was a loyalty contract. She could feel the magic in it, not unlike the roster she had made for the DA back in her Hogwarts days. She paused before signing it. What if this 'leader' was really working for the Minister of Magic and was only trying to find those who might cause trouble. By signing this, she might be signing her death warrant.

She was incredibly torn, knowing the Ministry could not be allowed to continue but wondering if by signing this she would be risking her life. Already there were witches and wizards sneaking out of the country, trying to find a place to start a new life, realizing that Britain was no longer safe. She could do the same; Disapparate right now and never been seen again. But she was not a coward.

"Are you going to sign or not?" the leader asked impatiently.

Looking up, she saw that he was fidgeting with his wand. She was reasonably sure it was a man now. "How do I know that you aren't working for the Ministry to gather names of any who might be disloyal?" Out of the corner of her eye, she could see her escorts shift nervously, as though they had never considered that possibility.

"That is a very good question. One that no one else has asked. I knew we were right in recruiting you. You will be a valuable asset."

"But you didn't answer my question."

The leader looked to the escorts. "Leave us." Once they were alone, he stepped closer to her and removed his mask and hood. "Because the Ministry has ravaged my family."

"Percy?!" She was in shock. He was the last one she would have suspected. After all, he was one of the Minister's closest advisors.

"You must tell no one. We need you. I've waiting this long in inviting you because I wasn't sure you would agree. You have been very careful, more careful than most, about voicing your displeasure with the Ministry. I wasn't sure you would be willing to overthrow the government in a coup, but our time is drawing near, and I need you." He placed his hand tenderly on her arm.

Looking into his eyes, she could tell he was sincere. She may not know Legilimency, but she was a very good judge of character. And he was right about the Ministry destroying his family. Penelope had disappeared about six months ago. Fred and George had been taken to Azkaban for inciting discontent and had not been heard from since. Mr. Weasley, well, best not to think about what had happened to him. Bill and Charlie had been spared by remaining out of the country, but neither could return home. Percy was all that Mrs. Weasley had left since Ginny had lost her mind with grief when Harry and Ron had been killed.

"Please, Hermione."

She had never expected Percy to be one to beg. Had it been anyone other than him, she wasn't sure she would have been this trusting. Picking up the quill, she signed her name.

He swept her into his arms and gave her a big kiss. "Thank you. You have no idea how much this means to me. If you don't mind, I'd like you to be one of my inner circle of advisors."

"But I just joined," she protested.

"It doesn't matter. I know you, and I trust you. My family loved you like a sister. Besides, I know how much you helped... in the end, and I could use that advice now. We have to act soon. It won't be long before the Aurors learn about us and start trying to infiltrate the ranks."

"With those few people?" She couldn't believe a few dozen people could overthrow the government.

"I think they will surprise you. Besides, the Order of the Phoenix was fewer than that and they managed to defeat You-Know-Who."

She knew that was true, but the Aurors had at least finally joined ranks with the Order. In this case, they would be fighting the Aurors. "All right."

"Good. After the general meeting tonight, the advisors will meet and finish planning our strategy."

"Wait, finish?"

"The coup will begin very soon. In the next couple of days."

Her mind was racing. In the course of the last few hours she had been recruited to a secret organization and would now be overthrowing the government. This couldn't be happening. But she knew it was, and she knew it is what Harry and Ron would have wanted. "Okay," she replied weakly.

Percy wrapped her in a brief, but warm embrace before releasing her. He donned his hood and mask, called for the escorts and had her led back to the main gathering.

She did not really hear the speech that he gave, still in a state of shock over what she had agreed to. She was now a traitor. And she felt good about it.

Standing amongst the carnage, Hermione was in a state of shock. They had done it. She had helped them infiltrate one of the Minister's many speeches, one where he was heavily guarded by Aurors.

Looking around, she could see that she recognized some of the dead on both sides. The identities of a few of her fellow revolutionaries surprised her as much as

discovering Percy was the leader. Blaise Zabini was perhaps the most surprising. While he had been the least Slytherin of the Slytherins, this still seemed quite out of character for him.

Seeing a familiar shape a few paces away, she carefully moved to kneel besides the fallen individual. Brushing the hair back from her face, she saw that she had been right.

A voice behind her asked, "Did you know her?"

Hermione nodded absently. "Cho Chang. She and Harry dated briefly. She was a good person."

"Many of them were. It's unfortunate they chose to stay and fight for the Minister, but they must have felt they had no choice."

She knew he was correct. Many had fled, a few had joined their side, but most of those who had stayed had tried to defend the Minister, probably fearing what would happen if they didn't. Death in battle was preferable to death by torture that the Aurors would have inflicted. Only now did she realize that his hand was resting gently on her shoulder.

"We did the right thing, didn't we?" Even though they had been victorious, she still couldn't believe she had participated in a coup, been responsible for so much death.

"Wizards Britain was living in more fear under Scrimgeour than they had while there was the threat of You-Know-Who. I think we both know that we did do the right thing. While a lot of people lost their lives today, think of all the lives we have saved for the future."

"What do we do now?" she asked wearily.

"We rebuild. Hopefully some of the exiles will come back and help. Thankfully the Auror ranks have been decimated, so that should save us from having to purge that department." He paused, lost in thought. "I guess I'll take care of things until we can hold elections, which I want to do soon. Most of the departments in the Ministry had at least one representative in the resistance. Those folks will take over their departments until the new minister can appoint replacements. And we definitely need to re-establish the Wizengamot so that we can try the prisoners."

She shuddered at the thoughts of trials. Everyone knew how trials had been the last two years under Scrimgeour's iron fist.

He pulled her to her feet and wrapped her in the safety of his embrace. "Our trials will be fair. I think those who we have captured have enough going against them that they will not be found innocent. And of course we'll have to go through the records of the current prisoners and issue pardons. I'm going to make that my first order of business."

She clung to him as though her life depended on it. He was real and alive, exactly what she needed to feel right now. Everything he said made sense. She was glad that Percy was no longer the prat he had become during the war.

"Come. Let's go make an announcement on the Wireless, let folks know the tyranny is over. And then we'll go visit Mum."

She went with him because she felt that if she let go, she would have a breakdown right there. Besides, visiting Mrs. Weasley sounded exactly like what she needed.