

Lack of Faith

by ladegraciadadelapirata

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Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: I own nothing in the magical world created by our goddess, J.K. Rowling. No matter how hard I wish, they will never belong to me. Special thanks to Fran and Southern Witch 69 Betas extraordinaire. Thanks for all the help ladies. Any mistakes left, unfortunately, belong to me greedy girl that I am.

Warnings: Dark!Fic, and Dark!Hermione

Lack Of Faith

Warm brown eyes stared worriedly at the quickly retreating back of Hermione Granger. Ginevra Weasley chewed her finger nail nervously, internally debating whether or not to follow Hermione to her unknown destination. Harry and Ron, after sharing their concerns about Hermione's aberrant behavior, had decided that Ginny was the best suited to handle Hermione's inherent bossiness and, more recently, her impossibly short temper. Being boys, they had determined that Hermione's problem could only be related to the Nastily Exhausting Wizarding Test, or some unfortunate feminine malady. Ginny, however, didn't believe that scenario; Hermione never struck her as being susceptible to the same ridiculous flights of fancy typical of almost every hormone-crazed teenager. No, Hermione would never let something that simple affect her behavior, her attitude, or even her appearance not that she ever really put much effort into her appearance or conversely what others thought of it. It must be serious, if it was this capable of fundamentally altering Hermione.

Ginny decided that tonight would be the night to uncover those secrets and grabbed her bag as she, too, disappeared into the dark and chilly corridor. As she turned past the first corner, Ginny ducked into the alcove near the statue of Boris the Bewildered and quickly pulled out Harry's Invisibility Cloak. Ginny fervently wished for the Marauder's Map as she covered herself with the cloak, sighing inwardly at the loss of such a valuable asset, especially during such dangerous times, wondering once more, how Colin Creevey could've been so clumsy as to knock it into the roaring fire of the Gryffindor common room.

The tension level of the Wizarding world was at an inconceivably high point; Rufus Scrimgeour was almost as useless as his predecessor when it came to rounding up Death Eaters and He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named. Although, recently, there had been an almost eerie silence from Voldemort and his minions of terror. It was quite likely that they were plotting some grand scheme of destruction, probably on a truly massive scale.

Ginny shivered beneath the cloak as the ramifications of those thoughts really struck her.

The Order of the Phoenix, and the side of Light in general, was really at a disadvantage after the unfathomable loss of Albus Dumbledore. No one else seemed to be quite as capable of uniting their allies and keeping morale and hope high. Alastor Moody had many decades of experience in dealing with Dark wizards, but he didn't have the charisma and magnetic personality, and Minerva McGonagall didn't have the unflinching spirit to do the ugly things in war that sometimes needed to be done. Harry would

probably grow into a position of leadership, but he seemed to be having a hard time just coping and leaders, especially of those leading during a time of crisis, couldn't have such glaring weaknesses. Harry may have been the only one she would ever love, but that didn't mean that Ginny Weasley was blind to his faults; Harry was not ready to forsake those that he loved to death. He didn't realize that war is an ugly creature that takes away things you want and things you love but if you don't stop it quickly it can take away everything.

Ginny was no fool though. Many of the people she loved would die fighting this war. She prayed fervently that her family would be spared from the atrocities that were coming, but she knew the odds were against that; all of her family was embroiled in this battle, minus that prat Percy, and some lives would have to be sacrificed for the good of her world.

Ginny shook her head to clear the morbid thoughts plaguing her and walked more quickly, trying to keep Hermione's tense form in her sights.

Hermione Granger was a woman with a secret. A secret that, if known, would shatter much more than childhood friendships. She wondered what Ron and Harry would say to her if they really knew how she spent many evenings of the week: wrapped in the arms of her lover, making great plans for the future, and securing her place in that future. They'd be shocked, she mused silently. She'd been surprised when he'd come to her during the summer, telling her the plans that she'd want to be a part of. He knew that Hermione Granger was not an idiot; leaving an opportunity like this would be like signing her own death warrant. It had taken a long time to prove to her that he was serious, but the payoff was more than worth the trouble.

He hadn't planned on becoming involved with her, but the more time he spent with her, the more he realized how intelligent and beautiful she was; they were actually rather similar in that manner. She smiled in memory of the blazing rows they'd had; nothing like fiery passion to bring him to his knees. She hurried along the corridor, taking care to walk as quietly as possible she didn't want to be caught out at this time. There would be too much explaining to do, and she really didn't want to be kept from her destination tonight. Not when she made a break through in her research, a key discovery to help win the war no, she mustn't be waylaid tonight.

She hoped that after this finding she would be allowed to leave school and join the war effort; no more playing behind the scenes for her. Hermione Granger was tired of being the only one working in the background, she wanted a little recognition and gratitude for her never ending work for the longest time she was the only one carrying the war effort; Merlin knows that Ron and Harry weren't capable of doing much more than getting in trouble on their own.

She snorted softly. Harry and Ron wouldn't have made it as far as they had without her; she was the brains of the operation, after all. As she neared the empty classroom, Hermione ran a shaky hand to straighten her hair, threw her shoulders back, and walked proudly into the room.

Ginny Weasley quietly followed the path that Hermione took, only to realize that Hermione wasn't walking ahead of her anymore. Ginny sighed in resignation. Taking a deep breath, she turned around and began stopping near each and every doorway, hoping to catch a sound, any sound to let her know which room Hermione had disappeared into.

After two hallways of stopping and listening at every single door, Ginny Weasley heard the rustling of someone's robes. She smiled, grateful that she found what she was looking for without having to waste an entire night searching. Ginny took off the Invisibility Cloak, pausing to tuck it under her arm, and stepped through the doorway to a shocking sight. Hermione was locked in an embrace with Draco Malfoy; he was ravishing her lips as she ran her hands through his shiny platinum locks. Ginny was moved to action after a particularly loud moan from the lovers; there was no doubt in Ginny's mind that this was not the first rendezvous they'd shared there was no question of that. Malfoy looked as if he knew every inch of her body, every single spot that elicited moans and sighs, and every spot that left her begging and pleading for more.

Ginny shook her head and lifted her wand to stun them both. "*Stupefy*," she yelled, only to find that she, herself, was the one immobilized.

"Stupid Gryffindors," Draco mocked cruelly.

Hermione chuckled softly in response. "Now, Draco, do you really think that our Lord will be pleased if we waste such a lovely gift?"

Draco eyed Ginny, "I personally don't see why he'd care. She's definitely not much to look at. But the Dark Lord would certainly be excited to have Potter's girlfriend, even if she's just a poor blood traitor."

Hermione smirked at him. "But don't forget, Draco, Ginny was the one that the Diary marked. I'm sure He would be pleased to have a vessel such as this. Another Horcrux, perhaps?"

Hermione put her hand in his hand and pulled him closer, kissing him roughly.

Ginny stared in horror at the scene before her; she was going to die this time. Harry and Ron wouldn't know what happened to her they'd probably even believe that Hermione was a victim as well. Ginny's heart cried out in anguish, feeling the emotional agony of having someone that she loved and respected turn against her, against everything that they believed. Ginny struggled to listen to everything that was being said, straining her ears to hear the muttered words and quiet whispers shared between her old enemy and her new.

"So, this will finally clinch our place in the inner circle," Hermione said thoughtfully. "We will finally be able to work with Professor Snape to bring down the Order. I..." Hermione was cut off as Draco pushed her against the wall, his hands going everywhere with his mouth, teeth, and tongue not far behind.

Ginny wanted to close her eyes seeing Hermione and Draco involved like this was making her violently ill. She tried to think of something else, anything else, but her mind was a horrible blank. She realized that death was not far behind, if they had no problem letting her see their weaknesses like this. Her mind was a jumbled mess, and she was desperately pleading for Harry or Ron to come and find her, to save her from this horrid fate.

Draco stood back up, pulling his trousers up and buckling his belt. He turned to the frightened red head still standing in the doorway and pointed his wand between her eyes.

"This is going to hurt, Weaselette. *Stupefy*." Ginny thought she heard their joint laughter, high pitched and grating, as her world went dark.

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