

Execrable Erratum

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A 2400 word drabble telling a tale of kidnapping, violence and sex.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Author's Notes: This is a 24 part drabble that was written for the grangersnape100 livejournal challenge for "choices." It is very, very dark and depressing and definitely deserves its NC-17 rating. You've been warned!

PART 1

He hated these meetings. Even now, sans the concern of Dumbledore and the Order, he hated these meetings. He always had.

He walked down the long marble hallway, his black military-style boots treading softly on the green velvet carpet as he went.

He wondered briefly what the agenda would hold tonight. No doubt the torture of a Muggle or two would be included in the night's festivities. He suppressed a gag as bile rose into his throat. He really, truly, passionately, hated these meetings.

He paused before the double oak doors at the end of the expansive corridor, composing himself.

PART 2

He steeled his features into their normal façade of indifference and pushed his way through the unsealed aperture.

He froze.

"Severus, dear... So glad you could join us. We've got a special surprise for you tonight."

Bellatrix gestured to the girl in the tattered school uniform tied unceremoniously to a chair in the center of the room. Severus swallowed hard.

"Are you not pleased with her, Severus?" Lucius interjected. "We kept this one alive especially-for-you."

Snape drew his eyes from the girl and sneered at Lucius, quickly trying to find a way out of this for the both of them.

PART 3

"And just what, precisely, would I want with this vile little Mudblood?"

Lucius smiled. "Why, Severus. You've detested this girl for quite-some-time, now. I simply assumed you would like to... recompense yourself, for having to put up with her incessant whining for all of those years."

He looked to the frightened girl seated across from him and noted that she was, for her part, holding up rather well. Yes, her lip was tucked snugly between her K-9's, and her eyes were red and puffy from hours of crying. His point, moot as it may be, was that she was surviving.

PART 4

"You've assumed wrong, Lucius," he said, averting his eyes from the girl. "Look at her. She's disgusting. I wouldn't fuck her with your dick."

"Well," Lucius replied deviously, "that makes one of us."

He waved a wandless hand toward the restrained girl, and her bonds tightened, causing her to cry out in pain. Severus cringed inwardly.

Lucius turned away from Severus and began closing in on the captive, licking his lip once, almost imperceptibly.

"Wait," Severus said quietly.

"What's that, Severus?" Lucius inquired, turning to face his friend.

"Wait," he repeated, this time with more authority. "I've changed my mind."

PART 5

"Excellent..." Lucius hissed. Severus could see the evil gleam in the Death Eater's eyes.

What the fuck was he going to do?

"Severus, are you actually going to participate this evening?" Bellatrix scoffed.

"Shut ... UP, Bella," Lucius snapped. "You'll scare him off," he finished lightly.

"Go right ahead, Severus," Lucius said, gesturing to the subjugated girl with a wave of his arm. "She's all yours."

"You know I do not perform well in public," Severus replied without a hint of embarrassment.

"Ah, yes," Lucius countered, "but the setting is not up for discussion, my dear friend. You know the rules."

PART 6

Severus narrowed his eyes at him. "Of course I know the rules. Pleasure followed by sacrifice. I've been at this as long as you have, Lucius."

Lucius was growing impatient. "Then get on with it."

"The sacrifice is to be done at public ritual," Severus said matter-of-factly. "There is nothing in the scripture stating that the rest must be done brazenly as well. I should like some time alone with the... Mudblood," he finished, infusing as much venom as possible into the solitary word.

"I do believe I outrank you, Severus," Lucius said carefully. "Now, copulate here, or step aside."

PART 7

Severus scowled, moving past Lucius toward the center of the room. He glanced over his shoulder to see if Lucius and Bellatrix were watching. Of course, they were.

"Let us get something straight, Miss Granger," he said loud enough for the others to overhear him. "This will go much more smoothly for you if you do not resist. Who knows... if you behave yourself accordingly, I may just finish this quickly."

Bellatrix snickered behind him, and he heard the unmistakable sound of Lucius' backhand colliding with her face. Bella emitted a low, dangerous growl, but kept her comments at bay.

PART 8

Severus looked at his former student, wishing to Merlin that he didn't have to do this. Against his better judgment, he studied her for a moment, her image etching itself in his memory.

He noticed her once fair skin, now red and blotchy from bitterly spilled tears. Her mouth twitched nervously every few seconds as she anxiously awaited his next move. Her eyes...

He should never have looked into her eyes. He could see that she was frightened ... that much he'd expected. What he hadn't expected was the doting look of hurt and disappointment that was meant solely for him.

PART 9

He'd seen that look before.

He gazed deeply into her big, brown eyes... eyes that reminded him far too much of a woman... a memory... from his past. Suddenly, it all came rushing back to him.

He had been there that night, too. He'd seen the look of betrayal in her eyes when she noticed him standing behind her soon-to-be murderer. He could almost hear her wounded heart shatter within her chest. Lily...

He watched painfully as the girl before him maintained that same defeated visage. And for the first time in more than twenty years, he felt like crying.

PART 10

He spelled her clothes off with a wave of his wand, leaving her exposed and vulnerable to everyone present. She shivered at the sudden coolness on her skin, but otherwise made no attempt to express her discomfort. 'This is it', he thought. 'She's finally given up.'

He tried to justify his actions. He really didn't have much of a choice in the matter, anyways. Either he coupled with the girl, or he'd have to watch as one of the other Death Eaters ripped away her innocence. He doubted she would even survive the encounter, were Lucius to have at her.

PART 11

He whispered a spell, releasing her bindings, then another to move her from the chair to the floor. She looked away from him as he approached her, not a trace of emotion evident in her form.

He realized something as he knelt over her, unzipping his trousers and releasing his member from the confines of his shorts: she'd expected him to rescue her.

Stupid girl.

Did she honestly expect him to be able to walk into houseful of Death Eaters and liberate her? Did she expect for the two of them to simply run away together?

'No. I think not.'

PART 12

He was, after all, no savior of men. Dark though he may be, the term dark hero was a far cry from how anyone would even think to describe him.

Still, the thought of taking someone's innocence away, especially someone so remarkable, did little for his self-respect, let alone his conscience. He let his mask of indifference drop for a moment, and he sighed.

At the sound of his breath escaping through his hollow throat, her head snapped sharply forward. She examined his face as if it were a bubbling cauldron, each line, each twitch, an ingredient in his soul.

PART 13

She spared a glance for the observing Death Eaters, then leant far enough forward to hide her mouth from their view.

"You don't have to do this, Professor. I know you don't want you. You could..."

He stared her fully in the eyes, and she stopped whispering. What he saw there was disheartening.

Hope. Even at a time like this, hope. Bloody fucking Gryffindors.

He saw her look turn from one of faith to realization, and eventually defeat. He dropped his gaze from hers, tracing the line of her collarbone with his eyes. Anything not to have to look at her...

PART 14

When she spoke again, her voice was choked and high-pitched. "Will it hurt?"

He brought his gaze back to hers and felt a pang in his stomach as he answered, "Yes."

A lone tear escaped from the corner of her eye, streaking over her rosy cheeks and onto the hardwood floor beneath her. She nodded and shut her eyes tightly.

He hadn't been lying when he told her he would finish quickly. He at least owed her that. He used his honed skills of concentration to picture every beautiful woman he'd ever seen, visualizing every curve, every crevice, almost graphically.

PART 15

Their nude, perfect bodies appeared vividly in the forefront of his mind, causing his cock to grow harder by the second. When he felt he'd reached the peak of his arousal, he opened his eyes and steadied himself at her entrance.

"FUCK!" he shouted in both anger and frustration. With that single, meaningful word, he shut his eyes and pushed into her, wincing when she screamed aloud with the pain of his initial intrusion.

He entered her rough and fast, over and over again, seeking his release as swiftly as possible.

He could have been gentle with her, of course.

PART 16

He had decided against that course of action the moment he had realized what he would have to do. If he had been slow... If he had been gentle... it would have seemed as if he were trying to make love to her. This was nothing even remotely close to love. This was a hard, cold fuck on the filthy wooden floor of a Death Eater meeting hall, and nothing more.

He hoped that, someday, if she managed to live through the night, she would move on to find a suitor who would show her what making love truly was.

PART 17

At least if he kept this coitus as brief and carnal as possible, she might not equate this experience with any in her future. One could always hope...

He pushed on, willing his body to finish its sinful ministrations. Image after image of each tawdry whore he'd ever bedded flew out of his memory and into his imagination. He saw them stroking him with their hands, suckling him with their mouths, laying back and spreading their long, expensive legs invitingly...

It wasn't enough. The guilt of what he was doing to this young woman was overriding his desire to finish.

PART 18

Suddenly an image of Miss Granger in a different place, a different time, entered his vision. He tried to shake it from his thoughts, but it wouldn't leave, and he allowed it to play out in his mind.

She was slightly older, though still with an air of innocence about her. She smiled up at him playfully, opening her arms in an invitation for him to join her. He lay down on top of her and kissed her neck seductively, eliciting a soft, pleased moan from her throat. She spread her legs for him to enter and...

"Hermione!" he cried.

PART 19

He couldn't believe he'd called her name as if he were her lover. He opened his eyes to see her face sodden with tears, soft, subtle whimpers escaping from her partially open mouth.

A part of him died as he spilled his seed inside of her, his body stiffening in ecstasy, his heart and mind throbbing in pain.

He opened his mouth to apologize, but the words would not come out. His arms began to shake both with the weight of his body leaning upon them and the sight of her crying softly beneath him. Not for the first time in his life, he wished he were dead.

PART 20

"Well, that's finished," Lucius commented from behind him as if he were speaking about a Quidditch match. "Shall we move downstairs?"

Severus brushed his sticky hair away from his forehead, leaning on the available arm for support.

"I'll be down as soon as I've had a moment to compose myself, thank you, Lucius."

Lucius eyed him warily for a moment, his eyes moving fleetingly to Hermione. Severus wondered what he would say if Lucius requested a second stab at her for himself.

"Yes, all right," Lucius answered eventually. "Come, Bella." Lucius called as he made his way toward the door.

PART 21

Bellatrix shot him a disdainful look before following dutifully out the exit. No sooner had they shut the door than Severus rolled off of Hermione, jumping to his feet and whipping out his wand.

He cast several detection charms over her body, making sure that he hadn't hurt her (physically, at any rate).

"Are you in pain?" he asked her urgently, bending down to wipe a stray curl from her eyelashes. She shuddered at his touch.

He removed his hand quickly as if burned and turned to face away from her.

"We have to get you out of here quickly."

PART 22

He heard her shift positions on the floor.

"What? But I thought..."

"There isn't much time," he interrupted. "We normally give Lucius about ten minutes to clean himself up and Rennervate the whor..." He stopped himself. "Heh-hem," he cleared his throat. "And bring the victim downstairs."

He turned around to see her tucking her knees to her chest self-consciously. He had forgotten she was still without clothing. He shook his head at his carelessness.

"*Bredizen*," he encanted, and she found herself fully clothed once more.

He made his way toward her, and she scooted herself back against the wall, shaking.

PART 23

What was the matter with him?

"Miss Granger..." he began softly at a distance, "I don't wish to harm you. I would like to give you a Portkey that will take you directly to the Ministry of Magic.

He took another step toward her, and she began breathing heavily as her shaking increased. He slumped his shoulders, his body feeling suddenly very heavy and frail.

"I'll leave the Portkey here," he said delicately, placing the charmed letter opener on the floor and stepping away from it.

She looked at him speculatively for a moment before moving from her position.

PART 24

She paused. "He would have killed me, wouldn't he?" she asked at a low whisper, clearly referring to Lucius.

"Definitely."

She nodded and looked away from him, reaching for the glowing Portkey.

"Hermione," he said a fraction of a second too late, just as her hand touched the shiny metal object.

As she disappeared in a whirlwind of colors, he called out softly, "I'm sorry."

He collapsed to the floor in a heap of robes as she disappeared before his eyes. Minutes later, he composed himself as usual, eventually making his way to the foyer to explain himself to Lucius.

THE END