

# Traitor Against my Will

*by Rubinonyx*

This is a story about the mistakes Hermione makes during the war and how they completely change her life. Oneshot from Hermiones POV.

## Traitor Against my Will

*Chapter 1 of 1*

This is a story about the mistakes Hermione makes during the war and how they completely change her life. Oneshot from Hermiones POV.

Disclaimer: I own nothing of this story except for the plot. JKR will get every character back after I've played a little with them. I also am not making any money out of this.

Author's note: This story is set in an Alternate Universe. It is meant to be mainly about emotions, and I hope you enjoy reading it as much as I enjoyed writing it.

---

It is cold.

Cold, because I'm naked.

But probably because there is nobody here.

I am crying.

Why?

I am a traitor.

A traitor against my will.

It was the winter of my sixth year at Hogwarts.

Harry couldn't come to terms with the fact that Sirius was dead and wasn't the same anymore. He cut himself off from the outside world and didn't even let us, his best friends, near him. Ron hid by playing Quidditch. After Bill was caught, tortured, and murdered by Death Eaters, Ron too cut he and his sister off from the outside world and let nobody near them. It seemed that they had forgotten that I was still there. It seemed as though they had forgotten that I had been badly hurt as well. My father had been in a coma for three months, and my mother was no longer able to move the whole right side of her body after she had been hit by two very well aimed curses. She was severely dependent.

The war took its tribute.

The money vanished through my fingers. What my parents had saved previously was barely enough to pay the hospital and my mother's nurse. There was almost no money for me to survive, so I spent the money that was saved for university. I passed my Apparition test at the beginning of September and received the licence on my birthday.

It must have been the first week of November.

I left the library late at night after the curfew. When I reached the entrance hall, I heard footsteps. I knew it had to be a teacher, because no student would walk around at this time of night, so I hid. When I glimpsed around the corner, I saw my Potions professor hurrying towards the entrance. Frightened, I continued to watch him as he left. He didn't wear his normal black robes. Surely, these robes were black as well, but in the lower third there was the Dark Mark, embroidered in silver thread. After I recovered from shock, I took the high risk of foolishly following him, but after all, Gryffindor means courage.

It would have been wiser to stay at Hogwarts.

Outside, I followed Snape to the edge of the Forbidden Forest. From here I knew that one could Apparate. After Snape left (having done exactly that) I closed my eyes as well and in my mind looked for him. Following him, I Apparated. On my arrival, deep blackness surrounded me. I could hear voices somewhere, and in the distance, about a hundred metres away, I saw a light shining through the night. Carefully I crept closer.

Again a bad choice.

About thirty Death Eaters were standing in a grand circle around a fire. Beside the fire stood a tall, skinny figure whom I could barely see in the flickering light. I crept even closer and was then able to understand what was being said. I held my breath again. Snape was speaking.

"... the Order have planned their trap . But if you attacked from above, it would be highly unexpected, my Lord. Then, Dumbledore and his Aurors couldn't..."

I felt sick.

Sometimes, when he was in a less depressed mood, Harry told us a little bit about the Order and their plans. Some things I knew from my professors as well. I had heard of this plan. Of course I didn't know any details and I knew that Snape was working as a spy for Dumbledore, but at this exact moment I had strong doubts about for whom he was spying. Snape was telling Dumbledore's plan in such detail and he gave so much advice on how to evade the Order's traps that this could no longer possibly be the headmaster's plan. After he had finished speaking, I stumbled back to the place where I had arrived earlier. There was just one thought running through my mind: I needed to get back to Dumbledore to warn him.

Suddenly a branch crackled under my feet. Snape and the Death Eater beside him spun around, and the last thing I heard before I Disapparated was an angry shout. As soon as I felt the ground of Hogwarts underneath my feet, I ran. In the bushes behind me, I heard the crackle of branches; I didn't turn around but ran for my life. In spite of my lead, I didn't have the slightest chance of outrunning two Death Eaters in top athletic condition. After I was half-way to the castle, I was brought down by a hard slap on my shoulder blade. Apparently, they didn't want to wake anyone up with the light of a spell so it was less of a commotion to attack me without spells. I fell on my chest and couldn't breathe. Only seconds later a gag was stuffed into my mouth so I was unable to scream, and my arms were painfully pinned behind my back. The two of them appeared to be a good working team. They managed to capture me all without exchanging any words. One of them threw me over his shoulder, and all together we Disapparated.

They dragged me into the circle of black, hooded figures, and I could feel every eye was on me. With a muffled sound I fell to the earth. It was painful, but I didn't want to cry. The gag was removed from my mouth. Black boots and the hem of a cloak appeared in front of my face. Shortly after, I gasped, tormented, as the boot's owner had plunged them into my stomach.

"Did it hurt, Mudblood?"

In the old days Harry used to tell us so frequently about this voice that I had no difficulties in recognising it.

"Don't you want to answer me?"

One of the boots was placed under my chin and lifted it. I wanted to close my eyes, but my fear of what was about to come was too great.

Apparently, HE wore a mask.

And to my horror HE laughed.

"Our precious bird is dumb? Maybe we should make her chirp?"

Although the Dark Lord had spoken very quietly, his words cut through the air like knives.

"Who wants to ask our precious bird the first question?"

To my horror one of the Death Eaters stepped out of the circle and approached me. The Dark Lord nodded.

"Tell us, girl, why are you here?"

I couldn't do anything but stare at him. I stared at him until a sharp pain flashed through my veins and bones. It felt as if I was burning, and I screamed. At some point, when my lungs didn't seem to exist anymore, the pain faded away and I began to notice my surroundings again.

Laughter.

They laughed at me.

They were pleased to see me tortured.

"Do you want more?"

The Dark Lord pointed at another one of his followers, who stepped out of the circle. Another horrifying scream left my mouth.

My body felt shattered.

Burnt in a fire.

And they laughed.

Flashes of black and red crossed my eyes.

Suddenly, everything was over.

The pain disappeared.

A dull throb stayed.

The laughter vanished.

But the silence was even more depressingly painful than ever before. I slowly opened my eyes. Fear and panic washed over me as I saw the united circle, the wall of

Death Eaters, surrounding me. I felt them closing in around me. My seemingly endless fear increased. After some time, somebody helped me sit up. I was then taken to another place. I was too weak and too full of fear to refuse. My hands were bound and two Death Eaters remained as my guards. Why I hadn't been killed was a mystery to me.

Today, I know that Snape saved my life, but I don't know whether this was really a good deed from him or whether he did it out of pure sadism, as he must have known what awaited me.

The Death Eaters' meeting went on. Slowly, I lost all sense of time and even my fear had decreased. The meeting went on. Hour after hour. It seemed as though there was plenty to discuss. Many Death Eaters bowed before the Dark Lord. Some were punished, others were luckier.

One of them was going to decide my fate.

He came later than the others. He breathed heavily and seemed to be out of breath. Immediately, after stumbling into the circle, he bowed before the Dark Lord and gasped something that I couldn't understand since I was too far away. His master, however, seemed to have understood every single word. Then HE did something that made me gasp. HE bent down and pulled the man in front of him to his feet, directing him to his side and then looking into the eager faces of the other Death Eaters.

"Something very good has happened. My faithful servant beside me has just told me that the 'plan of the hung' was successful. We achieved an important victory!"

I listened, spellbound. After a little break in which the Death Eaters seemed to grasp the information, cheers of thirty voices broke through the night. Some patted their neighbours on the shoulder or shook hands. During all the enthusiasm I suddenly felt as though I was being watched. As I looked up, my heart stopped beating for a moment. The Dark Lord was looking at me. Even from this distance I could see his red eyes through the slits in his mask. He was smiling.

My verdict.

With a sudden gesture he demanded silence, and everybody was quiet immediately.

"Certainly, you want to celebrate this victory."

Approving cheers.

"This is why I would suggest, as our precious bird came to us this evening, we should celebrate with her."

After those words I felt the attention of the Death Eaters drawn unto me. But now I could read something in their looks that I wasn't aware of some hours ago.

Lust.

Pure lust for my body.

My whole body was trembling and my mind stopped working when they grabbed me and dragged me into the middle of the circle. The last thing that I remember is a single word.

"Celebrate!"

And they celebrated.

They took me.

One after the other pushed into me, tortured me, and satisfied themselves on my pain. Until I lay there, numb, and darkness surrounded me.

\*\*\*\*\*

It was dawn when I awoke. Around me there were no signs of the nightly meeting left over. Suddenly, I heard footsteps approaching me on the frozen underground.

"Miss Granger, can you hear me?"

I knew this voice and was relieved not to be left alone until...

...the memories came back.

He betrayed Dumbledore. He betrayed us. Instantly, I trembled again. He had been one of those who had enjoyed my body last night. I remained dumb.

"Miss Granger, I know that you can hear me. I am not a man of long speeches, therefore I will make it short."

His face had appeared in front of mine, and I could see the Death Eater in him.

"Listen to me carefully. You will not tell anybody anything that you might have seen or heard last night. When we are back in Hogwarts, you will do whatever I ask you to do. I think I'm right in thinking that you want your parents to live a bit longer, aren't I?"

I stared at him, paralysed.

"You don't want your parents to suffer unnecessarily, do you? Your poor mother! How horrible if she weren't able to move the left part of her body as well! And your father..."

"Stop it! Stop it!" Suddenly there it was again: the fear. "I will do everything you want me to do, but please leave my parents alone!" I pleaded with him, but he continued.

"Miss Granger, of course it is also possible that something might happen to your little friend Ginny Weasley. She could be hurt or maybe her brother. Quidditch is a dangerous sport!"

"Please, stop it! Leave them alone! I will do everything you want me to do, but please leave the others alone!"

A wave of helplessness and fear washed over me, and I began to cry.

"Now now, Miss Granger, everything will be all right as long as you do what you are told. Nobody will be harmed as long as you follow our little agreement."

Through the tears I couldn't see his fiendish, greedy eyes sparkling. Today I know that that sparkle was there.

After a couple of minutes I had calmed down, and together we Apparated back to Hogwarts. I never mentioned this night. When somebody asked me why I hadn't been in my dormitory, I answered that I had fallen asleep in the library. They were satisfied with this and left me alone. During the following weeks I tried to repress what had happened and hid myself in my work. This resulted in having done all topics for the remaining school year by Christmas. The war went on and claimed many lives. Now and then you could see a classmate breaking down during breakfast. The Patil twins' father was hit at Christmas.

And after that there were the Potions lessons.

Every time I was working by my cauldron, trying to concentrate, I could feel his looks on me. Looks that had nothing to do with him seeing how I got on with my task. No, those looks were the same as the ones I'd received the night the Dark Lord had invited him and the other Death Eaters to "celebrate" with me. Outside the classroom, he usually left me alone, but even this came to an end one morning in January. I received a letter at breakfast. Its content was short and precise and didn't allow any resistance.

This evening, in the Great Hall at 10 p.m.

Be on time!

After reading the letter, I started to tremble again. Some of my classmates threw worried looks in my direction, but nobody said anything. I remembered what he had told me the morning after the Death Eaters' meeting.

"When we are back in Hogwarts, you will do whatever I ask you to do. I think I'm right in thinking that you want your parents to live a bit longer, aren't I?"

Those two sentences made me stand in the entrance hall at 10 p.m. sharp. As a precaution I wore thick clothes as the night was bitter cold. We Apparated from exactly the same place as on that fateful night in November. Snape gripped my shoulder as we appeared in front of a huge gate. The guard eyed me from top to bottom, but Snape just said, "She belongs to me."

This seemed to be enough for the guard because he opened the gates for us, and shortly afterwards I was lost in a labyrinth of corridors. I didn't know where we were or why, I just knew that I wanted to get out of here as fast as possible. Snape never left my side while we were heading down various corridors. Different Death Eaters who came our way greeted him. Otherwise everything was quiet until we suddenly stopped in front of a door. Snape opened the bolts on the door with a flick of his wand and entered. I followed him.

We entered a study with a desk which was overflowing with different sorts of papers, parchments, and quills. The desk was like everything else in this room: dark.

"Sit down."

A short order which I didn't dare to refuse. Snape took a seat behind his desk and began to look through different papers. I was ignored. The silence seemed to go on forever, but then someone knocked on the door.

"Come in."

He fixed his gaze on the door that opened silently, but relaxed when he saw who was standing in the doorway.

"Lucius!"

"Severus! Nice to see you here again. How are you?"

The two men greeted each other friendly. I was ignored.

"Have you brought our precious bird?" And with this Malfoy looked searchingly around the room.

"Of course! There she is. Stand!"

Snape's voice changed with the last word into an unusually sharp command which was full of contempt. Of course, he had used this voice in class, but in a less cruel way. I didn't dare to look into his eyes; I just obeyed. Malfoy chuckled.

Be honest, Severus, have you already taught her a little, or does she just know what's good for her and what's not?"

"Lucius, I didn't do anything like that. I leave this to your skills."

"Thank you, how generous of you. But back to business. You know why I'm here?"

"Of course. The Dark Lord informed me recently. Otherwise she wouldn't be here, would she?" With this he pointed at me.

"All right, do you have any special wishes for the room that you want me to consider?"

"No, none. Except that you tell me where she will be. You know why."

With these words Snape looked at me, and it was the first time that he really acknowledged me. A lustful sparkle that scared me half to death appeared in his eyes before he turned to face Lucius Malfoy again.

"See you later, then."

"See you later, Severus. Follow me, Mudblood!"

Malfoy grabbed me viciously by my wrist and pulled me out of Snape's study. We had crossed many corridors before I was courageous enough to speak.

I asked him, "Where are we going, Mr. Malfoy?"

It would have been best to keep quiet.

He hit me hard across the face, though he held me so that I didn't fall to the floor.

"You will speak when you are spoken to. Do you understand that?"

I understood it quite well and nodded. He then pulled me further into the labyrinth of corridors and at the end of the corridor pushed me into a room. My room.

Why should I waste words on non-existing furniture? At this time it looked exactly as it does today. A bed, a chair, a chest. Nothing more. He hit me and I fell to the ground, but I quickly picked myself up as one of Malfoy's boots just missed me by inches and he told me that he didn't want to see me on the floor but on the bed. Familiar fear appeared again. And along with the fear came pictures and memories. Pictures and memories of a fire, of Death Eaters, of a cold night.

"Celebrate!"

This word was like a never healing scar in my mind, and suddenly I knew why I was here. Malfoy would celebrate. He would take me and there was nothing I could do. I looked through the room in horror, but couldn't see the tiniest chance of escape. The door was locked, and even if I had been lucky to get out of this room, I still would have been lost in the labyrinth of corridors full of Death Eaters. It was hopeless. My gaze remained on Malfoy.

He had undressed in the meantime and approached me slowly. The expression that I saw on his face scared me to death back in those days, but now I know what I have got to do. Men are easy to control but nevertheless unpredictable.

Lust. Nothing but lust.

Lust for my body was written in his face, and I knew that nothing could stop him from taking what he wanted. But I still cowered further into the blankets of the bed which he had pushed me onto. I just stared at him. As he reached the bed he pulled my arms out and pressed them into the pillow above my head. He did all this with such ease as though I hadn't given him any resistance.

Then, he leaned close to me and whispered, "Girl, as long as you do what I want, nobody will harm you. So lie down and open your legs!"

Men can be tremendously brutal if they don't get what they want, and I hesitated one moment too long. He viciously pushed my legs apart and took me. Took me with long, painful pushes. I tensed up and screamed, but he slapped me across the face. I tried to fight him off, but I didn't succeed. Death Eater training must have been better than I thought. Within some minutes he came.

Afterwards, he rolled beside me and held me tight. So tight that I couldn't do anything but whimper. But even this slowly faded. He held me until I relaxed and in the end fell asleep. During these thirty minutes he taught me everything that I had to know. Absolute obedience was everything.

There are no other memories left of this night.

Lucius Malfoy must have left sometime because the bed was empty as I awoke. Instead there was a knocking on my door that opened shortly after. A girl was balancing a tray on her hands and simultaneously pushing the door shut with her foot. She then came to me, set the tray on top of a pillow, quietly took a seat beside me, and began to eat. I looked at the food on the tray and saw some slices of toast, a bit of marmalade, and milk. My stomach rumbled.

"Eat."

Startled, I looked at the girl opposite me.

"Eat. We're not gonna get more."

This was everything that Zarjah said that time. And I ate.

When we had finished, she started a conversation during which I got to know where I was. Why I was here was something that Malfoy had shown me the night before. The only thing that could comfort me in this moment was that I was not the only girl who had to suffer such a destiny. The other girls were here because of other reasons, but all of them had come here more or less by their own will.

The rest is told quickly.

After half an hour in which I became friends with Zarjah, Snape fetched me and brought me back to Hogwarts. Since then I've come here regularly. Snape has begun to confine himself to giving me short orders about what time I must be in my "room", and I still obey.

I still protect those who forgot me a long time ago. But I think that in the meantime this has become a pretext for not having to admit to myself that I go there willingly. That I hide in my room from the world outside that doesn't give me any warmth, any protection, any security anymore. Because this world broke apart during the war. It doesn't exist anymore.

It is cold.

Cold, because I'm naked.

I don't cry anymore.

I sit on my bed and wait. Wait for the next Death Eater to come and celebrate. Somebody is knocking. Yes, even Death Eaters can be considerate.

"Come in."

The door opens. In my mind I smile.

Yes, I had known it was only a matter of time until he would come again. He closes the door and approaches me. I know what I have to do.

"How can I serve you tonight, Master?"

He needs rest, I can see this in his posture, but nevertheless I feel the power that surrounds him. The power that surrounds most men who come to me. Not all of them are as famous as Malfoy or Snape, but in their own way they are all unique.

A smile curls his lips. Perhaps I will be happy this night and see his body and face relax in this one rare way. Because even if he relaxes when he is with me, it is still rare to see him letting go of everything. But I think tonight I will be lucky.

I undress him and take him with me to the bed. He seems tired and wants to have tenderness. Tenderness that I give to him.

"You are tired as well, aren't you?"

His questions always have been very direct.

"Yes, Master, I am. Malfoy was here some time ago and I had to work quite hard. How much time do we have, Master?"

Perhaps, you wonder why I am speaking so submissively to him, but I know what I'm doing. I annoyed too many men, forgetting the beating which partly left scars all over my body. They taught me who is the Master and who is the servant in this room.

"The rest of the night."

I bend over him and begin to spread a net of tenderness over his body. The ancient dance between man and woman begins anew. And I can't deny it. This is my world. It's the world that took me in. The world that gives me protection and security. And even if I have to pay a high price for this, I don't want to leave, can't leave anymore.

I am a traitor.

A traitor against my will?

---

A huge thanks to my betas Maggie and MMDAfan. You both were a great help!

This is my first attempt in sharing my work here and I hope some of you might find it worth a review.

Concerning the ending, I just like to say that in my mind it is Snape who pays Hermione a visit but it could also be any other Death Eater.