

Burden

by Demeterschild

For the sshg exchange on LiveJournal. The prompt was "Dark Snape the bastard uses Hermione. Details up to you." Thus, A glimpse at what might have happened if Voldemort won.

One

Chapter 1 of 1

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Obsidian eyes tracked the movements in the dark cell. It was a rather futile exercise as the movements of the object in question were few and far between. However, if one pretended very hard, they could imagine the clinking of chains as almost musical and the slight movements as the last signs of vitality in a fading soul. He disregarded such a thought as romantic and anthropomorphic.

Anthropomorphic? He scolded himself for using such a word, even in his own private thoughts. Had he truly become so far entrenched in the new regime that he thought of her as inhuman? That was what the word implied. Although one might be able to understand why the thought had come to him if they could see the nearly lifeless body lying before him.

As Severus approached the door of the cell, silver badge of status firmly in place, the guards snapped to attention. The nearer one dared to open his mouth as he clapped his hand over his left forearm in the typical salute. "My Lord Snape."

"I'll be taking this one for the night. I'll return it tomorrow morning." The guard nodded sharply and turned to his fellow. Together they opened the heavy gate and approached the bedraggled figure in the corner.

The man who had spoken went to undo her chains while another lightly kicked her. A near groan escaped her lips. "Oi! Up, pig!" The other guard yanked on the chain, and she was forced to come to her feet. Having been dragged out of her mindless reverie, the look on her face was murderous; she yanked hard on the chains around her wrists and neck, almost toppling the man holding them. The second guard was on her in no time with a "*Crucio!*"

Snape cleared his throat. "That's enough. I would like to have it unharmed, thank you."

The second guard ended his assault, and the first approached Snape with chains in hand. "Excuse us, my lord; we only meant to keep the prisoner in line."

Severus responded as he took the chains, "Be more careful. The next time you displease me, I will see to it that His Excellency is aware of your incompetence." Snape was rather pleased with the paling of the guard's face as he turned to leave. He didn't bother to watch them salute once again before taking the girl on her chain and heading to the Apparition point.

Moments later, Snape, prisoner in hand, was in the lavish black marble entryway of the large home he was forced to keep for the sake of entertaining his Excellency and the Inner Circle. For sake of ease, Snape had made sure there were doors that lead off of the foyer directly to where he preferred to spend his time. The second door on the left was the one that he walked through this time, and upon stepping through the man and the girl were in an expensive but tasteful bedroom done in black and silver.

Snape now turned to the girl for the first time and studied her. She wore next to nothing. Aside from the macabre bangles that wound around her wrists and neck, she was provided with a few rags that were the equivalent of a loincloth and breast band. He suspected this much was only given to keep the guards from getting distracted. Something twisted inside him as he noticed that what should have been an annoyingly large ball of fuzz atop her head was merely a lank and dirty mess, tangled and disheveled and significantly shorter. Likely her head had been shaved when she was first put into Azkaban and they hadn't bothered to groom her (or allow her to groom herself) ever since. She was frighteningly thin, too thin for anyone to suggest that she was healthy. Snape knew for a fact that the fare at Azkaban was meek at best and that was *before* the New Regime was installed. An emotion Snape barely recognized as compassion rose from the depths of his heart, something he had thought firmly locked away. He fought fiercely against it and instead of reaching out to her, flung her upon the bed with almost no effort.

Steeling himself against his traitorous emotions, Snape approached her with relief in mind, the kind of relief he had been intending on when he first went into Azkaban that evening. He took off his heavy cloak, flinging it across the room, and removed his frock coat until he was wearing nothing but his trousers and linen shirt. Approaching the bed, he flicked his wand at her, and as if there were strings holding her up, she limply rose. Severus separated himself from his emotions, bending his attention on conducting her actions. As she came nearer and stepped off the bed, she stilled and knelt before him. Hands rose mechanically to unfasten his trousers and unsheathe his, as of yet, limp member. With dead eyes and clinical motions, she took him into her mouth. Her hands moved along his shaft and tongue circled a head that grew stiffer despite her perfunctory movements. Snape closed his eyes, concentrating on the sensations of her touches rather than the zombie-like way in which she conducted them. Even so, those lifeless eyes plagued him behind his eyelids.

Frustrated, he flung her back, ending the *Imperius*. With one hand he grabbed her wrist, dragging her onto the bed as the other ripped off her clothes. Her collision with the surface, however soft, was audible as he dropped her body and brought his own above her. Taking his now erect limb in one hand, he plunged into her, watching her face. There was only a minute grimace in response, pain from his harsh entry. He glued his dark eyes on hers, still deeply within her. Studying her eyes, he pulled almost completely out and thrust deeply in again. This time there was nothing. Inert brown orbs stared ignorantly at the ceiling. He withdrew again.

"You disappoint me, Miss Granger." Thrust.

"Nothing without Potter and Weasley behind you are you?" Thrust.

No response. The rage boiled in his head, and Snape lashed out; his hand rose and dashed itself against her face, leaving an angry red mark. Her eyes registered the pain for a fraction of a second, and she nearly rose an arm to strike back as chocolate made contact with obsidian. Then it was gone again, only an obstinate emptiness was there to replace it. Snape, infuriated, began to fuck her in earnest, sharp angry thrusts that were violent and relentless.

"Come, Miss Granger, what happened to the fiery temper and brashness that we're all so used to? Fight back, Miss Granger." Each word was punctuated with a thrust. "Fight. Back." His hand reached out and grabbed her chin, and he locked her eyes with his own. "Fight. Back. Hermione."

Her eyes flashed and he had her. Instantly he was in her mind just as he was in her body, and he thrust his way through to the core of her, penetrating more deeply than before. She railed against him now, fighting with mind and body, and succeeding in neither. He took her battling arms and captured them above her head with one hand, supporting himself with the other. He clamped his lips over hers, silencing the few hoarse cries that made it out of her mouth. In her mind he saw all of her captivity. Reaching backwards in time, he saw days upon days spent in the dark and dirty cell with little clothing and even less food. He saw countless other men taking her and fucking her bare and lifeless body just as he had been. He saw 'His Excellency Lord Voldemort' murder both Potter and Weasley in front of her and perform her very first rape himself. He felt her give up in that moment and draw behind that veil of emptiness. A small part of him wondered where he had been or what he had been doing that he had missed this moment and realized now that he was grateful he had.

His anger dissipating, Snape backed out of her mind and felt the hot tears rolling down her cheeks and onto their entwined lips. He lifted his mouth as he released her hands and let his down to cup her face. The empathy and compassion he had forced down upon seeing her so broken before welled to the surface now as he watched the tears well in her eyes and drip down her cheeks. Ignoring the part of him that was conditioned away from such activities, Severus allowed himself to kiss the salty tears, catching as many as he could before returning to her mouth. His arms wrapped around her, and after a long moment's hesitation, she returned the embrace.

Truly awake for the first time in over a year, Hermione allowed herself to be consumed by him, taking him in and returning his kiss as passionately as she could. Their tongues entwined, saying with silence more than words could possibly express. They were forced to separate for breath, and instead of returning to her lips, Severus lighted kisses upon every surface he could reach. He kissed the delicate shell of her ear, tracing his tongue along its curves. He licked a path down her neck, setting her nerves on fire. He planted soft kisses on her collarbone and in the valley of her breasts. He was insatiable as he fixed his mouth and tongue on her nipples causing her back to arch in pleasure. He laved one and then the other, taking exquisite care to imbibe life in every stroke of the tongue. He flicked her nipple, and she responded by bucking her hips, wanting even more of him. If his thrusts before had been mean, these were downright evil, but in another way entirely. He moved his hips with delicious slowness, rubbing against each and every tender spot and causing tingles to shoot up and down her spine.

Hermione's moans and incoherent pleading were met with an equally indistinguishable groan from Severus. He succeeded in his torturously slow movements for another 30 seconds before he himself couldn't take it anymore and began to thrust in earnest. Each of his strokes became deeper and more erratic, causing Hermione to arch so deeply she nearly lifted off the bed. He continued to pound into her while she rose to meet him, ebbing and flowing in perfect unison until they finally pushed each over the edge, rising and falling in a cacophony of sensations.

Completely spent, the two lay as they fell for several moments before Severus attempted to move. When he began to rise, Hermione clung to him, her eyes still full of tears as she raised them to meet his. He returned his gaze and stilled himself, keeping his arms wrapped around her. When she opened her mouth, her voice was rough and quiet with ill-use.

"Severus."

He leaned into her. "I'm here."

Her eyes, full of tears, pleaded with him. "Save me."

And the wall that Severus had built up for the last twenty years, that which had propelled him through countless meetings with Dumbledore, which had protected him from the overreaching arms of the Dark Lord, that which had allowed him to commit more heinous acts than he could even recall, shattered and broke. He looked at her and spoke with true sincerity.

"I promise."