A Cornered Mouse

by pleurocoelus

Summary

When Hermione Granger is forced into a desperate situation, she takes the only possible action she sees in the moment. A subversion of the Arranged Marriage trope. Not for fans of Draco Malfoy.

Notes

Today's trope is "people being forced into an arranged marriage against their will." It certainly is a popular trope in HP shipping fics.

The title is from a classic Tom and Jerry cartoon: "Mouse Trouble."

Draco fans should not read this story. Dramione fans really should not read this story.

There are moderate amounts of graphic violence ahead.

This is an AU. Voldemort is dead. Dumbledore is not, but he is a creep. That's another trope, there.

See the end of the work for more notes.
"Miss Granger," Dumbledore said in an irritatingly calm voice, "please see reason. You have been irrevocably promised to Mr. Malfoy. Fighting it can only bring you unhappiness."

Hermione looked over at the inbred ferret who was smirking.

"And Mr. Malfoy is willing to sully himself by touching a mere Mudblood?" Hermione snarked.

"Now, Dear," the Malferret said, "I stopped believing that blood purity nonsense long ago. I only played along to save my life. I had to appease the Dark Lord - who was fortunately killed by your friend Harry Potter. I couldn't reveal my unpopular point of view to a bunch of murderers, now could I? I would have been killed or tortured. Fortunately, my father has also seen the error of his ways. Hermione, I love you. I must have you."

"Unfortunately," Hermione said bitterly, "I love Ron Weasley and Ron Weasley only."

Dumbledore sighed. "Miss Granger," he said, "your love is no longer relevant to this situation. You are bound by law and magic to Mr. Malfoy. Indeed, you are already considered by law to be married, 'till death do you part.'"

Hermione sighed and bowed her head. "Very well. There is, I suppose, only one course of action possible," she said.

Dumbledore completely misconstrued her words, as Hermione knew he would. While the two wizards were exchanging conspiratorial looks, Hermione was surreptitiously drawing her wand.

"Reducto!" she screamed, pointing her wand at Dumbledore. The aged wizard's chest exploded in a shower of gore, splattering the wall behind him in a macabre painting.

Draco Malfoy screamed like a four-year-old girl. Before he could even think of drawing his wand, Hermione had her wand pressed against his temple.

"I told you, ferret, I would never marry you... Reducto."

Draco Malfoy's brain joined Dumbledore's thorax on the wall and his lifeless body slumped to the floor.

Numbly, Hermione stared at the evidence of her desperate actions now decorating the Headmaster's office.

A cough jarred Hermione out of the paralysis induced by what she had done. Looking up, she saw the portraits of the previous Headmasters.

"We have long disapproved of Albus' actions," one of them said. "While he lived, we were bound to serve him, but now we are no longer so restricted. Albus foolishly backed you into a corner and reaped the harvest of what he sowed. We will not summon the authorities, but it is only a matter of time until your deed is discovered. Should we be asked, we will be compelled to tell the truth."

Hermione quickly muttered her thanks and made her exit.

o00000000000

In the Gryffindor Common Room, Ron Weasley waited with bated breath for Hermione to return.
with news of what fate Dumbledore had decreed for her. He was accompanied in his vigil by his sister, Ginny, and his best mate, Harry Potter, who was also Ginny's boyfriend. The Gryffindor tower was otherwise deserted.

Ron was delighted to see his girlfriend enter the Common Room, free of Dumbledore and the Malferret, but he was concerned by the look on her face. He rushed to her side, accompanied by Harry and Ginny.

"Ron," Hermione said breathlessly, "I have good news and bad. The good news is that I don't have to marry Malfoy."

"That's great!" Ron exclaimed.

"Hush," Hermione said loudly, interrupting Ginny's war dance before it had begun.

Hermione waved the three in close. "The bad news is why I don't have to marry that scum. Ron, I murdered him."

Harry chuckled. "Hermione, you're joking," he began before suddenly realizing that she wasn't.

"Dumbledore too," Hermione said quickly. "I was desperate. I had no other choice. I... I have to go now, but I just wanted to kiss you one last time before I leave."

"Take me with you," Ron said, interrupting her. "I don't want to live without you."

"Ron, we'll be on the run, fugitives from justice."

"I don't care, Hermione. I'm not leaving you, it took me long enough to see what you mean to me and I'm not letting you go."

Before Hermione could figure out what to say, Harry interrupted her. "Hermione, you can cast a fidelius, right?"

"Yes, but..."

"Grimmauld Place. I own it. You can have it. Cast a new fidelius."

"But Harry, who would be my Secret Keeper?"

"Dobby," Harry said.

No sooner had Harry said the name, then the excitable elf appeared.

"What does the great Harry Potter wish?" Dobby asked, nodding his head vigorously enough to make his prodigious ears flap.

"Dobby, could you be the Secret Keeper for a fidelius charm?"

The elf nodded. "Dobby can and Dobby will gladly keep any secret for Harry Potter."

Harry visibly relaxed. "Dobby, this secret is not for me, it is for Hermione and Ron."

Dobby looked over at the couple. "Dobby will gladly keep the secret for Harry Potter's friends Wheezy and Grangy."

With a determined look in his eyes, Dobby crossed his arms. "Dobby is a free elf, so no one can
"Thank you, Dobby. This means so much to me," Harry said.

"Now, Hermione," said Harry, "remember that beggars can't be choosers. Kreacher!"

The elderly elf appeared and bowed before Harry and Ginny. "Master, Mistress," he croaked.

Ginny blushed at the high compliment the elf had paid her.

"Kreacher," Harry said, "Ron and Hermione are going to be living in Grimmauld Place for an indefinite period of time. Please follow their orders as you would mine. You have my permission to use my vault to buy them food and necessary supplies."

Hermione looked indignant, but after a moment, she looked down.

"Fine," she said. "Thank you, Harry."

Hermione quickly hugged the man who had become like a brother to her as Ron embraced his own sister.

"Take care of my sister," Ron said, shaking Harry's hand.

"And you take care of mine," Harry replied.

"Wait," interjected Ginny, "Hermione, you have to Obliviate us."

"Ginny," Hermione said, flustered, "I..."

"No, Hermione," Harry said, interrupting her. "Ginny's right, and I'm not just saying that because I'm her boyfriend. They're going to ask us what happened. We need to have no knowledge of your plans."

Hermione's eyes betrayed the sadness she felt at having to memory charm two of her closest friends. She slowly drew her wand and pointed it at Harry.

Ginny moved to Harry's side. She solemnly nodded to Hermione.

"Obliviate," Hermione incanted, "Confundo. You were having a snog on the couch and you didn't see when Ron left. In fact, you feel like kissing some more."

While Harry and Ginny were still dazed at the effects of the charms that had just hit them, the two elves transported the two fugitives to their new home.

The end.

End Notes

There you have it. I generally avoid the forced arranged marriage trope stories so I don't
know if someone else has done this before. In the ones I've seen summaries of, none have chosen this response. Murder is extreme but Hermione was desperate.

*TV Tropes* calls the trope of the desperate and cornered character "Cornered Rattlesnake." Hermione was desperate. In canon, Hermione *kidnapped, illegally imprisoned, and blackmailed Rita Skeeter.* She *permanently disfigured Marietta Edgecombe.* If she were desperate enough, she would definitely commit murder. Hermione was cornered. She was trapped. Book!Hermione will panic when she is overwhelmed. This was not cold blooded, premeditated murder. It was an impulsive crime of passion, an act of desperation.

I don't enjoy most "Marriage Law" fics either and the ones I like best are the ones where the characters fight it somehow.

That's all I plan on writing for this story. If any Romione fans want to continue it, go ahead under the following conditions:

1. Keep the Harry/Ginny intact. You don't have to have them as a big part of the story if you don't want. Just don't do something stupid like break them up, especially if the reason is so that you can ship one or both of them with someone else. Keeping Ron/Hermione together is a also a must. It seems like a given to me, but I'll say it nonetheless.
2. Post the story here and wherever else you feel like. Please don't forget to give me a shoutout. Don't take the text of this story, but point the reader to it so they can read it for themselves.
3. Message me that you did it. I want to read your story.

In case you couldn't tell, the Malferret is not motivated by love, but rather the desire to possess. To him, Hermione is a thing to be had, not a person.

I figured that if creepy!Dumbledore could survive the war, then Dobby could too. It seemed only right.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](http://example.com) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!