The Orders Betrayal

Published on fanfiction.

Hermione Granger the brightest witch of her age betrayed by those closest to her, taken in by once been enemies. Revenge is a dish best served cold. What will happened now? Will Harry Potter still win or is this Tom Riddles time to shine. Read to find out.
The betrayal

The betrayal cut her deep, deeper than being called mudblood, deeper than being insulted for her intelligence and deeper than when Harry took Ron's side on every argument they had.

Headmaster Dumbledore sat behind his desk full of ridiculous knickknacks surveying the room. Hermione was surrounded by her friends in the headmasters office along with the deputy Headmistress Minerva McGonagall and her potions professor Severus Snape forming a semi circle with her smack dab in the middle.

*Why was she here? The brightest witch of her age under the glares of all those present.*

She didn't have to wait long before the Headmaster cleared his throat "Miss Granger you have been accused of being a death eater and betraying our cause" there was no twinkle in his blue eyes, a dark and grave gloss replaced them, frightening the small witch. As she looked around she noticed her friends had taken a few steps away from her.

"You can't be serious, me a muggleborn witch a death eater" Hermione tried to laugh but lost the last ounce of her composure from the Headmasters disappointed look. Turning to Harry she tried to plead with her best friend "Harry you can't believe this utter nonsense" but his face said it all.

"The Headmaster never lies, if he says you are one of them I believe him" The hope she felt faded away, her one true friend betraying her.

Severus Snape stepped forward his hands a death grip on the old man's desk "you can not believe this crap Albus, this chit wouldn't betray you and your precious Potter even under torture of Bellatrix Lestrange" the potions master sneered at the old foul for believing such rubbish about the golden girl of gryffindor, seeing the girls face crumble hit Severus hard as he tried to defend her.

Albus Dumbledore straightened his back, his blue eyes meeting the black pools of his potions master turned spy "the evidence is there my dear boy" ignoring the sneer "the mask was found in her trunk, a death eaters mask Severus" seeing him as a lost cause Albus turned back to the girl. "Miss Granger do you deny this mask belongs to you?".

The silver marked mask glittered in the candle light causing Hermione to shiver, she had never seen this mask before "no headmaster this isn't mine, I am no death eater but if you don't believe me then check my arms I don't have his mark" desperately trying to get the old man to see the truth.

The angry glare was the only answer to her frantic comment "of course Tom wouldn't mark you, it would be far too easy to find you out otherwise. As you deny any knowledge of the death eater mask and betraying our cause you are free to go, after all innocent till proven guilty" Hermione realised at this point there was no point in arguing her case none of them would listen.

The deputy Headmistress couldn't believe her ears. *This is a set up why can't Albus see that.* Glancing out the corner of her eye at her favourite cub, her heart broke. "Maybe the children should return to their dorms Albus it has been a long night".

Albus readily agreed "Harry my boy why don't you, Mr and Miss weasley head back up to bed" he smiled at the three young Gryffindors as they took off leaving the three professors and their once been friend behind.

"Miss Granger go to bed as well, I will see you in the morning" Minerva spoke up, trying to show her support to her crushed cub, she gently squeezed her students shoulder as she brushed by.
Hermione stumbled all the way to Gryffindor tower trying her best not to cry but by the time she reached the common room the news had spread fast by gossiping portraits and the new golden trio. Her house mates sneered and spat at her as she went past "had us all fooled Granger" Neville spat spitefully pushing past her. She knew she was bitterly alone as soon as she spotted Harry and Ron who refused to acknowledge her presence.

The week that followed was the start of Hermione's nightmare. No Gryffindor went near her, the younger years were terrified of her and the older years purposely tripped her and cursing her name and that was before breakfast. The morning after the headmasters accusation Hermione entered the great hall which fell silent as she made her way to her usual seat but taken by Ginny, she sat at the end away from her once friends, her meal was revolting courtesy of her housemates tampering.

Though out the week, it got worst as other houses heard of her supposed betrayal, she was suggested to pranks, cruel remarks and hurtful comments. Ravenclaws jealous of her intelligence took happiness in belittling her existence, the Hufflepuffs destroying her belongings, the Slytherins same as usual and her own house the worst of them all physical attacks on her person, missing belongings and curses so cruel left her in agony for hours. All this and no staff intervened.

Potions class was her favourite period or it was before the constant abuse. She made her way to the back of the room, to keep unnoticed by her spiteful peers. "Todays lesson will show how well or for most of you how little you know of dangerous potions" Snape swept in, his eyes boring on the young brunette witch hiding at the back of his class, his heart went out to her. As time went on he swept though the isles watching his dunderheaded students botch the draught of the living dead potion. His eyes swept over Grangers workspace noting perfection as usual till the redhead bastard threw a firecracker into the cauldron, before he had the chance to protect the girl, the bubbling concoction exploded covering the Gryffindor throwing her into the back wall, a solid thunk was heard were her head collided with the brick and the potion eating away at her clothing leaving her in an undignified heap, whimpering from the pain.

Sending Malfoy ahead to warn the matron of a seriously injured patient, he then made his way to the infirmary with the girl barely conscious.

Placing her on the nearest bed Madam Pomfrey made a fuss over her newest patient after sending Severus from the room. The matron was beyond angry. How dare they do this to this poor young woman. Poppy never cared for rumours especially when they were utterly ridiculous. The witches body was battered and bruised not just from the potion sabotage either. Working on the young witches injuries took Poppy back to when she had treated a certain Slytherin student who ended up in her hospital wing at least once a week from foul pranks and attacks from a bunch of uptight above the rules gryffindors but this time it seem all houses were participating well the headmaster finally got his house unity at the expense of this bright witch. Sighing Poppy finished up mending the damage done to the girls body and leaving her to rest.

Not surprised to find Severus waiting in her office knowing she could trust the otherwised closed off man "she is healing now Severus but the damage she suffered has been going on for a while now" the potions masters face was unreadable as always. "She's not safe here alone Poppy, I need you to make sure no one comes near her while I am gone" the dark brooding man stood up, taking one last look at the one time in his life pain in his side now nothing but a shell of her former self.

Leaving the infirmary behind Severus disapparated from Hogwarts, appearing outside a modern suburban home he quickly walked up to the door and rang the bell waiting for the owners to answer his ring.
The faded blue door opened revealing a tall muggle woman wearing denim jeans and a low cut lacey top, with a bananda wrapped tightly around her head "sorry to intrude on your evening unannounced but I'm here about your daughter Hermione Granger" Severus explained being led though to what appeared to be a front room, done up in cream and silver with tasteful green furniture, where Dr Richard Granger was waiting for them.

"Our Hermiones not in trouble is she?" a playful smirk flitting over the mans face, trying his best to hide his concern for his only daughter.

"What can we do Severus? Should we take our girl out of Hogwarts? Maybe a different magical school" Jean Granger rambled on after Severus explained about the abuse Hermione was suffering after false accusations of death eater activities.

"No I advise you not to do that, your daughter will be save if I take her under my protection which will mean invoking Hogwarts oldest law of a students resorting if their life is in danger” straightening up Richard and Jean gave their consent for the professor to take over as guardian but before leaving Severus sent the two dentists away with their memories of their only daughter locked in their minds, far from both of his vindicative manipulative masters.
As promised the Hogwarts matron kept close by to her young patients bed, getting rid of any nosey students and spiteful children trying to get a good laugh. Unfortunately Poppy was needed in her office, leaving a certain old coot to take advantage of harassing the helpless girl.

The Headmaster strolled though the quiet infirmary approaching his unexpected sleeping student "Miss Granger, wake up now" laying a wrinkled old hand on the young witchs shoulder with a surprisingly tight grip for a wizard of his age.

Hermiones wide cinnamon eyes snapped open, she resisted the urge to cringe away from the intrusive figure.

Narrowing his eyes, Albus gave the young student beneath him a badly concealed sneer "the terrible mess you have gotten yourself into this time Miss Granger. You could of got innocents killed or was this a plot to harm Harry?" he made sure to lay the blame on her for the ruined potion and trying to kill off her friend.

Hermione looked away not wanting the Headmaster to see that his harsh words affected her.

Minerva wanted to boil the manipulative old bastard alive. How dare he do this?. Storming into the infirmary, stopping mid stride by the strong hand of her friend Poppy.

"You can't blame anyone else for this Miss Granger, you have to deal with the consequences of betraying the order but do tell, what did Tom offer you power? money? Fame? Knowledge?" unaware of the two increasingly angry eavesdropping witchs with their wands gripped in their hands.

"I betrayed no one. No one has given me the chance to defend myself. I have suffered attacks on my person and belongings all because of you and your golden boy making up nonsense" Hermione retorted, having had enough of cowering under these bastards.

Minerva heard enough striding up to her cub and Albus soon to die at her hands Dumbledore, making herself known to both with a furious look "I have stood by on your demand far too long Albus I will no longer tolerate this. First Severus with those cowardly bully marauders and now Hermione" turning her shamed face to her student "I am deeply sorry Hermione I should of stepped in, I have no excuse" trying to keep her voice steady on hearing Hermione clearing her throat she looked up.

"I understand your position professor but no one came to my defense the only person who has done anything is Professor Snape so if I betrayed you how come your spy is protecting me?" she spat the last part at Dumbledore.

Her cinnamon eyes flashing dangerously just as the doors of the ward was thrown open to reveal a smirking Snape, he strode up to the small group with his black robes billowing behind him "Miss Granger I have come from your family home after making your parents aware of the abuse" putting up a hand to stop the girl from interrupting, he continued "as of tonight I am your magical guardian, I sent both of your parents away for their protection but now as your guardian and a head of house, I am invoking Hogwarts law to resort Miss Hermione Granger for her own protection".

Just as his short speech finished four bright ghostly figures of Salazar Slytherin, Rowena Rawenclaw, Helga Hufflepuff and Godric Gryffindor appeared by Hermione's bedside.

"Who invokes our law? For what student and why?" Lady Rawenclaw demands of the mortal
Severus stepped forward bowing his head respectfully "I did my Lady Ravenclaw, for Miss Hermione Granger muggleborn Gryffindor fifth year student, for her protection she has been attacked by all four houses and Gryffindor has been the worst" Finishing he stepped back.

Turning to the young mortal witch upon the bed "Do you accept the invoke young student of Gryffindor?" Salazar's rich baritone voice relaxed Hermione.

"Yes I accept Mr Slytherin" Hermione respectfully repeated her professor's head bow.

All four founders spoke as one "So Mote it be".

Godric gave his student one last look "I apologise for your grievances mortal child those of my house are a disgrace" turning to the current Master of Hogwarts "Sort this out or you will be replaced. This is a school not a battlefield. If we have to step in Albus Dumbledore the consequences will be severe" with that all four founders were gone, leaving the Headmaster with his dark thoughts spreading like fiendfyre. He was losing control over his staff and this can't be allowed to continue, the witch needed to be dealt with, his face contorting into an ugly smirk going unnoticed by the others.

Minerva though sad she was losing her star cub, she knew Hermione was better off being protected by Severus and Merlin saggy bits she will make sure she will protect the girl as well, to hell with Dumbledore.

The old leather sorting hat suddenly appearing on Hermione's head "Delightful. A resorting dear child, not had one of those in centuries but I was right, Gryffindor was the wrong house for you, but oh what thoughts I see, you know longer care to impress, you are angry wanting revenge before all this Ravenclaw was the house for you but now let it be..."
Slytherin

Chapter Summary

Unless I say otherwise all words in italics are thoughts.

*Slytherin...* Echoed though Hermione's mind.

The sorting hat barked out Slytherin shocking those present.

Professor McGonagall's face would of been comical if Hermione didn't feel she was marching to her death.

Following the tall, dark imposing figure of her potions professor and new head of house, Hermione shuffled along with a lazy crookshanks tucked under her arm. Deeper though the castle dungeons they went, the colder Hermione felt, shivering in her thin tatty robes.

"Stand up for yourself Granger, I have seen you duel so I know you're not completely helpless" looking down his crooked nose at his latest addition.

*Was that a complement?*

Tapping his wand on the brick portrait of Salazar Slytherin "Sanctimonia" the portrait slid open, turning to look at his new charge "remember the password, it changes every second week. Outside the common room we are a family, we stick together as no one else will but on the inside if you are challenged accept it and hold your own don't cower".

The Slytherin common room was high ceilinged with plush green armchairs set by a large crackling fire with four large silver donned sofas spread around the room, tastefully done up in black and silver with the house crest on dark wood walls.

The room fell silent as their head of house made his way in with a timid witch trailing his coat tails. "Listen up and listen good I will only be saying this once. Miss Granger is now one of us, any problems deal with them in this room. Parkinson show Granger up to her bed" with one last sweep around the chamber Snape left the cub turned snake alone with his vipers.

Looking around the room feeling every slytherin eye trained on her, Hermione flushed from the sudden attention wishing for the floor to open up and swallow her whole.

"Mudblood, my my how the almighty has fallen".

Spinning around at Malfoys taunting, lowering the now wide awake crookshanks to the ground. She pushed the blonde bully into the nearest sofas back, her wand digging into his throat she leant in "I'm not afraid of you Malfoy didn't you hear this mudblood is a death eater".

**Clapping.** Hermione stood back straight, everyone in the room was clapping for her but before she could retort.

"Like we believe that shit Granger. None of us here are death eaters not even Draco. We don't believe in the Dark Lord nor in Dumbledore especially his pet Potter" Pansy sneered Potters name
stroking crookshanks while the ginger fluff ball purred into the blondes hand.

Pansy removed herself from the new Slytherin pet, she preceded to drag the muggleborn witch to their fifth year dorm.

Hermiones bed was situated between Pansys and Daphnes, as she later found out. Crookshanks already making himself at home, clawing at her new house throw shredding his fur marking his territory.

Her new Slytherin dorm mates were Daphne Greengrass, Pansy Parkinson, Millicent Bulstrode and Tracey Davis. Three of the witches pureblood and Bulstrode was halfblood.

Back down in the common room, Draco approached the muggleborn nervously "Granger as you are now a slytherin I want to apologise".

Hermione raised a brow "why? I'm still a muggleborn witch, my blood hasn't changed" watching the flustered blonde wizard.

"Doesn't matter. You are a slytherin first. You are no longer being dragged down by Potter and his pet Weasel".

Thrusting his hand out Hermione took it, both calling a truce.

_Maybe this will work out _Hermione thought. Well that was till Millicent decided to challenge her to a duel, it was inevitable someone was going to challenge her but she was surprised that a halfblood took the lead.

As with all slytherin duels Severus watched but rarely interfered "take the stance, no unforgivables and on three" he drawled already bored.

Hermione bowed, wand raised, time to show these lot why she belonged. Throwing up a shield seeing purple light streaking passed her shoulder, "Reducto" hitting the floor centimetres from the butch witches foot. Millicent threw "Expelliarmus" hitting an unexpected first year. Hermione using the destraction "Finestra" exploding the mirror by Bulstodes head, gasps where heard from the onlookers, followed by "Levicorpus" ending with the other witch hanging upside down but still holding onto her wand, Hermione aimed for the witches hand "Diffindo". The duel lasted three minutes with Hermione standing victor with the butch witchs wand in her fist and Millicent being dragged off to the infirmary.

Her housemates seemed impressed even Snape who billowed out the room, his lips twitching.

Sweeping into the Headmasters office like he owned the place, sneering at the old coot "I do hope punishments will be handed out after the sabotage on my students potion Albus" knowing full well weasley will get off punishment free.

_Why do I even bother_.

Albus warily looked up from his paperwork watching his advancing temperamental spy "Miss Granger made a mistake, hardly sabotage Severus".

The old man needs throttling, oh how he's dreamt of doing it but azkaban just wasn't worth the price. "Mr weasley threw a firecracker into the girls cauldron. You may not care if the chit ends up dead
but many will. I do believe the founders told you to do your job" slamming his fists into the desk.

"Threatening me Severus. Do I need to remind you that you are only here and may I say free on my request" standing up, the headmaster spat at his potions professor, his blues eyes flashing with hatred.

"Oh please Albus do you really want to go there? Lets start shall we, ah yes Potters first year you allowed three minors to break school rules and put their lives in danger, while all that time you knew about Quirrell and his extra face going after the stone but did you try stopping it Albus?" Severus roared at the bastard, advancing on the old man not realising he had an audience.

"Second year brought about Potter's shared ability of speaking parseltongue. A monster belonging to Salazar Slytherin lose in the school with a secret chamber set free by a Gryffindor no less. Children were petrified and you didn't even have the common courtsey to let their parents know. You allowed an imbecile to teach children about dangerous creatures, who bloody well bred Acromantulas in the forbidden forest" red in the face Severus didn't back down continuing his advance on one of the bastards who made his life a misery.

"Third year brought Dementors to the school and let us not forget Sirius Black and a werewolf who nearly killed the three students because the damn fool forgot to drink his wolfsbane. You gave a fourteen year old student a time turner who used it to free a convict. Oh lets not slip past Peter Pettigrew in rat form under Weasley care all these years" his unknown audience looked ill as Severus described Albus neglect.

Slipping over last year as even Albus couldn't be blamed for the tri-wizard tournament failure.

"This year the ministry sees fit to send in an incompetent professor who uses blood quills as punishment which you haven't intervened on. The best part of this year the department of mysteries where one of your students was badly injured by Dolohov and saving your pet mutts life and you dare accuse her of being in league with these monsters" Minerva stepped in Severuss path seeing the murderous glare in his black filled eyes.

Snapping out of his anger induced daze, Severus finally noticed the additional members. "If that is all my dear boy? I have a lot of paperwork to clear" Albus returned to his previously forgotten seat and resumed his work.

Downing the preoffered fire whiskey, Severuss blood was boiling.

"Severus my old friend you seem..annoyed" waving his hand, Lucius smirked at his pissed off brother.

Sneering at the blonde peacock.

Narcissa refilled his glass leaving the decanter in arms reach "what has Dumbledore done now Sev?" the only person allowed to call him that ridiculous nickname.

"Allowing one of my students abuse at the hands of his precious Potter and merrymen of Gryffindors" grimacing, the agitated wizard started pacing.
"Let me guess a certain bushy haired muggleborn witch" Narcissa innocently commented watching with amazement at the dark brooding man.

Lucius leant forward "she should come here for the holidays my good man".

Severus choked up his whiskey, whipping around to face his brother "so I can allow further harm to come to her? I think not" watching him with suspicion. What is the bloke up to now?, he knows me better than that.

Lucius looked thoughtful "no harm will come to her I promise, she is after all a Slytherin now and from what my son writes she was already quite the snake even before her resorting" finishing his glass, he pulled his wife onto his lap, hands trailing up her thighs dancing across her silk covered mound biting her delicious pale throat emitting moans of pleasure from her full lips.

Painfully aware of what his friends were doing, Severus continued his pace "as much as I enjoy your display of sickening love, I will not allow the girl to come to harm, you have the Dark Lord and your insane sister in law making theirselves at home here".

Pulling reluctantly away from his wives throat "the Dark Lord is... intrigued with the girl, he has declared that she will be left alone after all you are her magical guardian. He has also made us known what will happen if we touch the girls muggles" continuing his path into the silk underwear brushing her sweet spot slipping his middle finger in her tight heat, her soft meows encouraging him.

Severus watched the erotic couple pleasuring them selves "fine I will bring the girl" stalking out the room and apparating back to Hogwarts. Father like son thats for sure. Exhibitionists the bloody lot of them.
Waking up Hermione felt disoriented. It was still dark but her alarm announced six am. Of course. She was in the Slytherin dorms which was below ground. Stumbling into the common room after her rushed morning routine to be met with a very chirpy Draco Malfoy. Who would of thought she snickered.

The group of fifth year Slytherins swaggered into the great hall alerting the early birds of their arrival. "What you got first Granger?".

Looking down at her timetable once seated "Charms then Potions" peering at Pansy's schedule, Hermione couldn't help but taunt the witches choice "seriously Divination". The group laughed at Pansy's perfect imitation of a beetroot.

The large entrance swung open to Harry Potter and his followers. Hermione tried to ignore them but fates had other ideas "look Harry the death eater is finally with its own people" Ron loudly announced gaining the attention of the other diners.

Stab of hurt pieced Hermione's heart at her once friends hateful words.

Glancing up with a sneer, her head of house would be proud of "well, well if it isn't Harry Potters poor shadow" earning a round of laughter from her fellow Slytherins.

Feeling foolishly brave, Hermione made her way to the dimwitted duo "It seems without a brain in your little group, you two can't quite function" taunting them by pointing out Ron's wardrobe malfunction. Who wears their shirt back to front.

Harry at least had the decency to look embarrassed before watching his redheaded friend scurry off.

Hermione led the way to potions with her new housemates. Sitting next to Draco helped cheer her up at least she was paired up with another like minded individual. Watching Ron massively fail on an easy potion resulting in a large deduction in house points more than they could afford was entertaining in the otherwise boring period.

The rest of term carried on in a similar fashion. Hermione, for the first time since she entered the wizarding world found a place were she truly believed she belong, accepting her new reality as a muggleborn snake.

The last term of fifth year went fast for Hermione having Pansy and Draco as her allies. Harry and Ronald trying and failing to bait her even when the rest of Hogwarts residents quietened down after the death eater allegations. All expect Gryffindor. No surprise there then. Who also funnily enough managed to come last for the house cup with Slytherin winning both the quidditch and the house cup. The faces on her old house gave her a small thrill. Bloody bastards deserve it.

The last day of term brought excitement for all students as it meant no homework and no nagging professors or in Ronald Weasleys case going home to Mommys home cooked food.

Breakfast was a rushed affair so the students could get to the train to get the best seats.

Leaving Hogwarts blissfully silent and dunderheaded free.
After waving off her new found friends, Hermione spied a beautiful snow white owl flying towards her, carrying a letter. Once near she helped detach the owl of its burden, thanking the majestic creature, she watched it fly back to where it came.

Dearest Miss Hermione Granger

You are cordially invited to Malfoy manor for the summer holidays. We hope you can make it. My son speaks very highly of your intellect and your love of all things knowledge our invitation includes unlimited usage of our library.

Yours Narcissa and Lucius Malfoy

House of Malfoy

Severus sat watching his charge shift nervously in her seat, his patience slowly disappearing, he snapped "you have been a Slytherin for over a month now Granger, cease your perpetual movements" glaring at the chit "we are going to Malfoy Manor for the summer, you will behave. Do you understand?"

Hermione dumbly nodded not daring to speak. *what else can I do, the man is absolutely terrifying*. Grabbing her trunk she met her stern head of house by the main entrance.

Severus shrunk her trunk and pocketed it and without further delay he pulled the girl flush up against his body apparating both of them to the gates of Malfoy manor releasing Granger he made his way up the long winded gravel drive towards peacock circus. His charge following behind.

Entering a lavish foyer with nicely done cream and silver walls decked with the Malfoy crest, stood three blondes in immaculate silk donned robes waiting for her and Severus.

Hermione hesitantly smiled at Draco who returned the gesture, while his father watched her with far too much interest and his mother who kissed the professors cheek turned to inspect Hermione. Without blinking Narcissa grabbed the young witches arm leading her into a rather fancy but still tastefully done reception room.

Turning on the young witch she laid her hand on the muggleborns chin lifting her face and leaning in as if she was about to kiss her "you seem rather nervous my dear" the blonde smirked, delighted at the girls nervousness.

Trying to fight the urge to pull away Hermione cleared her throat keeping her voice steady "I have never been in the presence of a beautiful wit. Home" hoping the Lady of the manor didn't hear her slipup.

Oh what a delightful young thing, my, my interesting, she will be such fun. Narcissa laughed tuning out her thoughts, she watched the young Slytherin out the corner of her eye, pouring out whiskey for her husband and Severus who managed to slither in without either witches notice.

Unsure what to do Hermione stayed standing back straight by the door, sweeping her cinnamon eyes around the room she took note of the many portraits donning the walls, all with a familiar sneer on their pale pointy faces with the same white blonde hair and grey eyes of Malfoy senior and Junior.

Unaware that she was being watched, she failed to realise someone was standing behind her until she saw her usually emotionless head of houses face darkening, glaring at her. So I thought, the man never smiles.
A rough hand clasped her trembling shoulder tightly, squeezing it as if putty in their hand, alerting her of the unknown presence. A warm breath blew on the back of her neck, a dark husky voice whispering in her ear "well, well what do we have here?" causing Hermione to shiver. The mysterious hand released her shoulder, lightly trailing across her shoulder blades over the front of her throat and across her collar bone. Hermione would of laughed at being in a headlock if it wasn't for the arm tightening around her throat, restricting her breathing and her eyes starting to blur.

"Release her Bella, are you so far gone that you feel the need to choke Draco's friend? Narcissa scolded her insane sister.

Hermione felt the arm disappearing, her vision returning and her airways opening back up. Her shaky legs unable to continue the support she needed, her backside collided with the plush cream carpet glancing up to see a pair of enticing shapely legs marching up to the spot Hermione find herself in.

The said legs crouching down to Hermiones level to reveal the face of Narcissa with concern written over her delicate features "can you stand Miss Granger? or do you need help my dear?". A perfectly manicured hand thrust out to the girl to help her up.

The blondes voice sounded extremely flirty, oh how I would love to.. Shaking her head to clear the unforbidden path of desire.

Grabbing the older witches outstretched hand Hermione clumsily got to her feet, swaying slightly she pitched forward into Mrs Malfoy, both tumbling back to the floor with the younger witch straddling Narcissas very slim waist. Lucius spluttered up his whiskey, laughing at the site of his elegant wife splayed out on their expensive carpet with a pretty little witch perched on top of her. Severus rolled his black bottomless eyes at both the witches and nudging his godson who was gaping like a goldfish looking for food.

Hermione felt unmeasurable amounts of arousal sitting upon the beautiful witch but at hearing the bark of laughter from said witches husband Hermione rolled off of Narcissa, clutching onto the wall for support she managed to finally stand up. Lucius got himself under control long enough to help his wife off the floor "steady on love, we don't want to scare the little witch just yet".

Bellatrix looked upon the scene bored, flopping herself down on the worn love seat, she stared intently at the new witch not caring an ounce if it made the girl uncomfortable.

The sunlight danced off the chandelier onto the dark witch slouched on the couch, a predatory smirk highlighting the witches face, Hermione blushed at being caught staring. Narcissa led the girl to the couch opposite Bella, keeping her hand on Hermione's thigh digging her nails lightly into her young flesh. "Well Cissa, is this the mudblood Draco has been obsessing over?" cackling at her nephews awkward face, turning to her little sister eyebrow raised.

The blonde sister stared back at the insane witch, feeling the girls thigh tense beneath her hand at the slur of her blood. "Really Bella, do you need to be so degrading to our guest?" raising her own perfectly shaped brow.
Bellatrix

Chapter Summary

It may seem fast but you will understand in the later chapters.

Her blood red ruby lips kissed a trail down my throat, emitting moans of pleasure. Hands tugging on my tight shirt, ripping away the flimsy material leaving my bare chest on show giving easy access for the witch to scrape her sharp black nails down my heaving breasts to my pink puckered nipples...

Gasping awake, drenched in sweat, her night shirt clinging to her tingling flesh, Hermione blinked away the erotic dream. A dream that somehow meshed up two older witches.

Flopping back on the bed, Hermione ran her right hand down her fluttering stomach, going further south between her thighs feeling her arousal soaking though the sheets, breathlessly moaning as she grazed her wet swollen lips, swirling the curls covering her sweet spot, while her left hand snaked under her shirt trailing up to her breasts lightly pinching her nipple, turning her head to suppress her pleasured moan.

Bellatrix reluctantly promised her little sister that she would try to behave. Oh I will try alright Bella smirked. Standing outside the corridor of mudbloods room, she silently cracked the door open peering in, seeing well hearing the little witch moaning with pleasure. Wait the dirty muddy is pleasuring herself the dark witch gleefully thought.

The thin silk covers fell away from the young Slytherin as Bellatrix yanked the sheet clean off, leaving her exposed to the smirking death eater. Hermione shrieked, scrambling up trying to cover herself "tut tut, my dirty pet I just want to play.." Bella cooned, crawling onto the kingsize bed.

Hermiones cinnamon eyes full of fear watching the advancing death eater crawling up the bed to her half naked body, she threw herself off the bed searching for her wand "Ah, ah looking for this muddy?" Bellatrix propped up on one arm lazily swinging her wand loosely between her limp fingers taunting Hermione.

That witch is bloody quick.

The bedroom door slammed open, rushing though Lucius with his wand raised ready for battle, seeing no enemy the wand lowered "Bellatrix any particular reason why you are in a young witches bed? Didn't take you for child snatcher" sneering at his deranged sister in law.

Hermione took her chance, grabbing for her wand but underestimating her opponents quick reflexes, she find herself trapped, pinned under the older witches body. Bellatrix pushed her weight hard into the frightened girl, her nose nuzzling her throat she bit down on Hermiones neck hard drawing blood, lapping up the crimson liquid, her victim whimpering, urging the dark witch on "nice try kid. I will always be better than you" she purred in the youngers ear, grinding her pelvis into Hermiones.

There say threes a crowd then comes the fourth.

It's like having three bleeding children in the manor Narcissa inwardly seethed.

Storming up to her about to die at her hand sister, Narcissa ripped Bellatrix off the terrified witch.
The girls extremely aroused how very curious the desire somehow making its way into Narcissas already muddled inappropriate thoughts.

Steel grey meeting crystal blue eyes "you promised to behave, this isn't behaving Bella" telling the dark haired woman off like she would a five year old misbehaving Draco.

Bellatrix pouted, stalking past ‘mother’. growling at her brother in law she flounced from the room.

*Insane drama queen* Lucius sneered.

Though the next day, Hermione blissfully managed to avoid the scary aunt of her friend by spending the majority of her morning surrendered by her closest friends, smelling their old musty parchment pages and their elegant writing inside the huge library that was hosted in Malfoy manor. Hogwarts library was nothing compare to this. Wall to wall of bookcases upon bookcases full of old and rare texts waiting to be opened. The front housed a huge fire place forever crackling. *Who thought a fire place was a good idea in a library* she mused. Surrendered by comfty plush oversize armchairs under a beautiful chandelier. *I have died and gone to heaven.*

Draco unaware of the previous night managed to drag Hermione out onto the manors gorgeous plush green lawns, into the majestic maze full of exotic plants and his mothers prized rose gardens tenderly gardened by her hand, onto his favorite part the small quidditch pitch and the simmering blue lake boosted with heating charms all year round.

Hermione loved Draco's enthusiasm *but really a quidditch pitch but then again it is any wizards wet dream* she snickered at the image. "The gardens are delightful Draco. Can we go for a swim?"

Hermione batted her cinnamon doe eyes, a pretty smile playing on her pink petal lips.

Unable to say no Draco agreed. Smirking he picked up the wriggling witch throwing her fully clothed in the lake, laughing like a banshee as Hermione resurfaced spluttering water out her mouth and nose, her hair a matted mess tangled with gillyweeds and her once dry robes, now a sodden mess clinging to her curves.

Hermione shrieked, fighting her way though the warm water she grabbed the laughing boys ankles taking him under with her.

Gasping for air, Dracos blonde slick hair now plastered to his face he tackled the witch, a water fight broke out, each trying to dunk the other and both succeeded occasionally. The two Hogwarts students staying out, enjoying each others company long after the hot sun went down.

That night at dinner was an intense affair. Bellatrix shooting daggers at the young witch. *If looks could kill I would be dead* Hermione laughed inwardly.

Cocking her head, Hermione narrowed in on the insane woman, a smirk dancing on her soft lips. Steel grey clashing with cinnamon eyes, both unwilling to drop the others gaze.

Omfhh!. Hermione shrieked, scrapping her chair along the polished flooring away from the table, she gripped her right shin where just a moment ago said shin came in to contact with mental toe cap boots.

Bellatrix calmly picked back up her forgotten cutlery and resumed her meal all with a smug grin plastered over her features.

Draco choked up his potato, going a lovely shade of tomato red. Tears streaming down his extremely pale - more so than usual - face, rasping for water. Lucius thumped the boy hard on his back still
sipping from his glass.

*I'm going to murder that demented harpy* Hermione thought. Glaring darkly she picked herself up, gripping her wand in her tight fist throwing the first curse "Diffindo” Hitting her target in the chest, ripping her corset.

A sharp gasp rang out from her left, Bellatrix sprung up knocking her plate asprew, flicking her black curls away she threw "Crucio” the young witch darted out the path, stumbling into a now free from choking Draco upending the remaining dishes.

Shrieks of horror escaped Narcissas lips, backing into the nearest wall, watching her dining room turning into a battlefield.

Throwing herself at the livid death eater, Hermione punched the sophisticated witches jaw, her victims head snapping back from the force colliding into the brick wall.

Severus and Lucius the last remaining seated diners looked on in morbid fascination well the latter was. Severus was emotionless as ever, his black pool eyes glittering in anticipation. Neither tempted to intervene.

Draco with horror covering his face, was scuttering away from the fight, who somehow ended up still seated in his up side down chair, covered in unrecognisable stains.

The dazed older witch slammed the younger against the floor, straddling the girls kicking legs, Bella forced her blade fron her boot to the girls delicious throat, her dark eyes glinting dangerously "let's see how dirty your blood is muddy!".

The sharp blade pierced Hermione's soft flesh, blood trickling down her throat pooling near her collar bone. Her shrill screams bouncing off the walls, trying to unsuccessfully buck the dark bitch off her body.

Cackling gleefully, Bellatrix leant forward lapping up the spilled blood, the mudbloods enticing screams increasing her arousal. *Tasty muddy, the girl will be a great toy* she groaned delightfully.

While Bellatrix was distracted feasting on her blood. *Wanting to vomit.* Hermione brought her knee straight up into the death eaters stomach connecting hard.

Stilling her frantic movements, Bellas face contorted with pain, her eyes watering she rolled off the little bitch groaning clutching her stomach.

Quick as a cat Hermione jumped to her feet, slightly dizzy from the fight, standing above her groaning opponent "not such a power witch now are we?!!" She sneered kicking the downed witch onto her back, stamping her foot onto Bellas thigh, pushing down with all her might, hearing a tormented whimper she smirked.

Her wand zoomed from her grip along with Bellatrixs into the waiting hand of one very pissed off Narcissa.

The once destroyed dining room with its expensive antique wooden furniture smashed amongst the floor started to repair itself. *Impressive magic by a very angry witch* Hermione thought.

The Lady of the manor snatched a still groaning Bellatrix off the floor with surprising strength for a witch of her stature. Her blonde hair sparkling with magic, she grabbed a very surprised Hermione by the back of her robes and preceeded to drag both misbehaving witches out the room and though the manor halls alerting amused portraits to a very entertaining scene.
Disgusted. A bloody understatement if I ever heard of one Narcissa inwardly huffed. Dumping her heavy burdens on the floor carelessly, she stalked to the drinks cabinet throwing back a finger or two of neat whiskey.

Cringing, she whipped around leaning against the bar, elegantly raising a brow "now when children misbehave they are punished" a slight feral grin widening at all the endless delightful possibilities "you both have been informed to behave but alas neither one of you could manage. As it stands Hermione you are here as my charge for the summer" the petrified look of disbelief flashed across the girls adorable features, her eyes squeezed shut.

*She was having none of that thank you very much.* Narcissa knelt down grabbing the girls chin forcing their eyes to meet "surely Minerva taught you respect while in Gryffindor house, I know for a fact Severus has, when I am speaking you will have the courtesy to face me" trailing her perfectly manicured nails over the girls cheek before letting go, she resumed her previous position.

"Neverthless in this house I am your master, you accepted my invitation giving me that right. Surely you have read about pureblood laws my dear!" waiting for no answer Narcissa carried on "with your muggle parents gone, you belong to Severus in turn belonging to me".

Hermione flinched at the cold smile on the beautiful witch, her blood boiling, her face and neck heating to blushing point. *Please merlin don't let this be me being aroused* Hermione silently begged.

Bellatrix, who up till this point remained silent, leaning against the wall with her legs stretched out in front of her. Upon seeing the girls blush at her little sisters wicked charm, she darkly cackled "Cissy the little girl is aroused, she likes you". Wincing at the bruising pain. *The mudblood knows how to fight dirty well 1 point to muddy* Bella smirked.
The young woman gazed into the floor length mirror, twirling in place, a nude form staring back at her.

She couldn't see what all the fuss was about. Her dorm mates were prettier than herself. Daphne Greengrass for example, she had a nice fully formed rack that many boys gawked at. Pansy Parkinson wasn't shy of her sexual orientation, latching onto anyone that took her fancy, be it wizard or witch. Tracey Davis had a exotic look that turned many heads when she entered a room and Millicent Bulstrode the resident dyke, as Hermione took to calling her in her head, while butch seemed to have many sexual encounters out the whole lot of them.

Hermione at the tender age of nearly seventeen years old, was still a virgin in every except of sexual adventures. Not many witches and especially wizards can claim that they were a virgin when approaching adulthood.

She used to find it acceptable even endearing, after all wouldn't a potential husband want to be the one who took his wife's virginity on their wedding night. But now at the budding age of seventeen it was embarrassing. She could still recall Ronald Weasleys cruel words a year previous - you're frigid mione, you'll grow up surrendered by cats still a virgin with no hope of getting laid, after all mione you are not like other girls you're a plain Jane - even now his thrown out words still hurt her.

Why couldn't life be simple, I only ever wanted to find a place to call home she sadly thought. Turning away Hermione brushed the escaped tear away. Picking up the dress Narcissa laid out for her, it was a slim fitted midnight blue dress with a plunging neckline that clung to all the right places.

Sighing the slytherin quickly dressed, taking one last look in the mirror, hardly recognizing herself, she left the sanctuary of her room.

Crashing head first into Draco who was lurking outside, whistled at the sight of his know it all friend. "Beautiful Hermione, mother told me to escort you to the ball" thrusting out his arm for her to take. She gratefully took it knowing she needed Dracos strong friendly support if she wanted to stay upright.

Entering the extravagantly done ball room decked out in silver and gold donned with glistening chandeliers, ice sculptures of various birds, extravagant food and posh people trying to play nice, Hermiones already highly strung nerves threatened to implode. Dracos presence thankfully helped calm her slightly.

Lucius was the first to notice his only son and heir enter with the little witch attached to his arm. He smirked as his son leant into the Granger chit. Whatever he said, seem to of calmed the terror stricken
witch for her to relax slightly.

The odd duo made their round of the superior elite of the purebloods. The men and some of the women leering at the alluring little witch causing Hermione to tightened her hold on Dracos arm.

They made their way to his parents, relief spreading across his face at the release of his companions vice like clutch. Hermione unconsciously attached herself to her enchanting aristocrats arm. *When did I start thinking of Narcissa as mine* Hermione silently contemplated. Unaware of being observed by said witch.

Narcissas ruby red lips turning mirthfully when she saw her timid blushing companions thoughts racing though her mind. *She really needs to learn the art of occlumency especially surrendered by death eaters* the blonde witch mused.

Hermiones heart skipped a beat at the beautiful witches playful smile dancing across her tantalizing blood red lips. *I wonder how it feels to kiss those lips, are they as soft as they look?* Hermione inwardly sighed.

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The summer went agonisingly slow, the boredorm set in after the Ball ended. Hermione spend most of the summer trying her best to avoid any death eaters that lurked in the manors halls and a dangerous Bellatrix prowling about.

Hermiones highlight of the holiday was enjoying spending time alone with Draco, he was a completely different wizard when Harry wasn't plaguing the boys thoughts and obsessing over being a perfect pureblooded heir for his adoring public. They mostly spent their time playing in the lake, wizards chess at the blonde boys insistence and finishing up any homework.

With Draco busy away from the manor today, his absence scared the witch leaving her alone and vulnerable to attack. Hermione planted herself in the library amongst the countless dusty tomes hoping not to be found.

.. .Tap.. Her heart pounding against her small chest, Hermione hid herself behind a tall, oak bookcase. Peering around the shelf, her cinnamon eyes landed on the blonde Lord striding with his snake cane tapping away into the library, about to make her presence known.... ..

.. .Tap.. Lucius unaware of being watched, ditched his cane by the fire, dropping his weary self into his chair, bowing his head his blonde locks falling in his handsome face, rubbing his temples nursing the on coming migraine.

Spying her husband tense and alone Narcissa silently made her way to him. Her blue silk robes sliding down her bare shoulders, a pleasurable shiver running down her spine, heat pooling in her nether regions, the robe pooled at her stocking feet.

Her hands kneading Lucius tense shoulders, glancing up his smokey grey eyes sparkling with lust, admiring her delicious nude goddess like figure, masculine hands trailed up her uncovered thighs, gripping her tiny waist tightly.

Gasping at the erotic scene taking place. Staring unabashedly at the blonde beauty's full pale mounds heaving with each erratic breath, the way her silky fine hair trailed down her elegant back, strong pleasuring moans escaping her lustful lips...

Hermiones exhausted legs from crouching so long gave out crashing bodily into the book shelf,
knocking fragile rare volumes from their place, thudding to the floor.

Cringing as the previously sturdy extremely heavy shelf started swaying, threatening to topple on the young witch.

In utter horror, Hermione was paralyzed unable to scream out as the dangerous shelf came crashing down towards her. Strong arms circled her waist pulling her from certain death.

Before her rescuer could speak, Hermione was roughly dragged by her hair, staring up into dark stel livid eyes. **Slap.**

The slap was as loud as thunder, stung her face. It had been an openhanded smack and it had left a red welt behind. Just below her eye was a small cut where the black family ring had caught her. She staggered backwards in fear, clutching her face, her bruised lip bleeding and her eyes watering.

Narcissa shrieked in mortification at the slap, throwing on her discarded gown whipping out her wand, advancing on her prey. "What the hell do you think your doing?" she spat, her wand digging in Bellatrix's chest.

Hermione shakily pulled herself together long enough to run from the library resentful tears falling down her wounded face.

Shouts of her name followed the witch as she darted though the deserted halls, launching herself down the long winded stairs. In her terrified daze she caught her foot under the carpet runner, twisting her right ankle pitching her down the last dozen steps, smacking her head hard against the titled floor of the foyer, excruciating pain radiated though her small trembling body.

Blinking her vision clear, pushing down her anguish, Hermione struggled up off the blood stained tiles and weakly threw open the main doors wobbling her way to the looming gates surrendering the manor. Unbearable pain shooting up her right leg, crumbling to the sharp gravel digging in her knees, she crawled through the gap in the gate.

Hermione's head swam, her vision blurred, nausea threatened to cripple the girl. Shouts of fear reached her hearing, reaching up with a badly shaking hand she could feel warm liquid trickling out her ear. Without thinking of the consequences the badly injured witch apparated from Malfoy manor, leaving behind rushing footsteps and concern filled shouts. The audible CRACK stabbing the air was the only sign of her disapparition gone terribly wrong.

Arriving just after the screams began, Severus and Draco saw the usually calm stoic Lord of the manor frantically sprinting out the entrance doors, his pale features full of fear. The dark wizard and godson shared a frightening look before taking off after Malfoy senior, running in to the dark grounds with little light made it impossible to see the older man ahead.

Severus sensitive nostrils picked up the smell of metallic odour, turning his stomach, making it worse being a warm, dry evening. Piercing shouts of "stop" rang out ahead followed by a CRACK. Wincing Severus led the way to Lucius with Draco trailing behind. The blonde death eater stood over a very large noticeable wet stain, the potions master knew deep down, even in the pitch black, the large mess was blood.

Feeling eyes on him, glancing up meeting the haunted grey eyes of Lucius, whose face was grave. Severus stomach dropped with pure dread, realising who the blood belonged to. **This can't be good** he inwardly gulped.
Where are you?

Chapter Summary

A few different characters in this one chapter.

Yes the Malfoys are OOC it's fanfiction and works well for this story.

Hot searing pain, her bones protesting under the raging fire. Pain so unimaginable crippling her young battered body. A haunting scream piercing the silent night air. Darkness offering her relief.

Head quarters, a dark depressing hovel belonging to his childhood bully. *Disgusting mutt* Severus sneered. Entering the front door revealing a damp, dark, crowded hall, welcomed by an insane banshee screeching "filth plaguing my beloved home, filthy blood traitors and scum.." Whipping his wand out, slashing at Walburga Black's portrait silencing the demented harpy.

*Mother like son* Severus mused. The damn potrait alerting the order members present to his arrival. Slamming his way though to the kitchen, spotting his target.

"I hope you are now finally happy Albus" he spat at the old coot, forever with that blasted twinkle in his eye.

The assembled occupants at the long shabby table remained silent, a pin could be heard, watching the interaction with their beloved master and the dark bitter wizard.

The headmaster glanced up and smiled at his potions master, ignoring the boys attitude "my dear boy, whatever could be the problem?" his blue eyes twinkling.

Trying to reign in his temper, Severus leant on the table, his knuckles turning white from his deadly grip on the rotten wood "Granger is gone, she was badly hurt!" forcing the image into the old mans mind, tearing though Albus walls.

"You did this Dumbledore. You accused an innocent chit of being a bloody death eater. Her death will lie at your feet, her blood forever on your hands " growling menacingly in the pale face of Dumbledore. "You have lost this war for all of us" looking down he released his fists, that somehow wound up gripping the Headmasters disgustingly multi coloured robes.

The old man had the grace of looking ashamed, before he had the chance to retaliate his deputy head spoke up.

"We must find her Severus. I will take Tonks and Shacklebolt with me to the girls house" Minerva rasped out. Clearly her cub being in unknown amounts of danger was causing the stern witch to crumble. She stood up with the two aurors, leaving without waiting for a response, leaving without looking back at the man she once believed as her friend, her companion, her confident.

All three tensed filled adults appeared in front of a lone garden shed backed onto the Granger's household. Sensing no movement or threat, Minerva led the way though the large beautiful much loved garden to the back of the house. Signalling to her companions to split up moving though the
silent home.

Meanwhile Severus along with Lucius and Draco took to searching Grangers favored spots. They searched though Diagon alley, sweeping though flourish and blotts showing no sign of the little witch, they moved onto hogsmeade in hope that she made her way to the twins Weasley Wizard Wheezes shop but both Weasley men denied seeing any sight of the girl. Curious, they seemed rather distressed at Granger's plight, maybe all Weasleys aren't traitors after all Lucius thought.

He shouldn't of done it, he knew it the moment he framed her, but how the hell would he of saw this coming. The know it all bitch deserved it. Believing she was better than him. Always in her shadow.

Seeing the mixed emotions of anger, fright, disgust and blank looks on the faces of those assembled, made him beyond nervous. Just need to calm down, no way anyone will know it was my fault he inwardly fought with himself.

Harry Potter hated not knowing. Hated that the man he looked up to might of been wrong. Hated that maybe he was wrong. Wrong to accuse Hermione before hearing her side. The same girl who never turned her back on him, who always believed his word as a true friend should, protecting his back when he led them into dangerous situations. Never blaming him. Never abandoning him.

Hot tears dripped down his cheeks, splashing against the grubby sill, as he stared out the library's lone window. His heart cletched tightly, his thin frame shaking as sobs took over.

Watching his godson cry, broke Sirius's heart. Leaning against the doorframe, hands in his trouser pockets keeping them still. He was livid that Harry could betray someone who meant a lot to him but seeing him broken, made the overgrown kid wizard march over to the lad and bear hugged him, rocking him as Harrys sobs grew louder.

The sun rising from the north, chasing away the darkness. The first rays of light stinging Draco's exhausted eyes. Having not slept the previous night, being out with his father and godfather searching all over magical London in hopes of finding his friend. Where are you Hermione? Hold on Draco silently pleaded.

His worn out, sleep deprived mother still pacing a path in his fathers study carpet. He knew she blamed herself for Hermione. "Mother, you need to calm down, we will find her, she will be fine" Draco tried to reassure his mother though his words felt empty even to him.

Leaving his still distraught mother to her pacing, Draco sat by the foyers main doors, hoping to clear his mind.

"Why you do care so much Malfoy? Isn't the girl just a mudblood, less of them the better!". Crabbe senior innocently inquired cracking up at his own joke, watching Malfoy senior runt unintelligible while pacing manically.
His already drained energy sapping the last of his strength. Whipping towards the ignorant fool "I used to believe we were better. Now I know its utter rubbish. Look at the Granger girl, can you really deny her magical power, her intellect?!" growling in the shrinking wizards face. "She has more power in her little finger than your simple minded boy. Yes she's a mudblood but at least she isn't insane" shoving the pitiful sorry excuse of a man hard in the chest.

Severus yanked his agitated friend off the stupid man before more blood could be shred "this is getting us absolutely no where. The girl is under my protection, the arrogant fools of the order betrayed her. We can use this to our advantage. Get her on our side and Potter will fail" Severus bitterly laughed. "We need to find the chit, she already has lost to much blood, her time is running out". Snape was disturbed, he knew she could already be dead. He could feel his heart painfully thudding against his ribcage at the forbidden treacherous thought.

Suddenly the temperature in the stifling room dropped, automatically all the wizards present dropped to their knees bowing their heads in respect and fear.

Lucius involuntarily shuddered, from his uncomfortable position, he could see the black immaculate robes and the boney white ghastly bare feet of his lord and master, sweeping by with his hideous familiar trailing after him.

Once the lord was seated elegantly upon his skeleton throne, his minions stood waiting for their master to speak.

"Gentlemen, a pleasssure asssss alwayssss" the reptilian man hissed to his crowd. Lucius dared lift his glance to the repulsive man, noticing his features contorted to what seems to be a unappetizing smile.

"I hear the mudblood hassss disssapeared, injured by one of our own. Wormtail bring forward my dissspleasure" hissing at the small obnoxious rat man.

Scurrying towards the throne, pushing his prisoner in front of the Dark Lord. Peering down Lucius realised that the undignified heap was his sister in law, unable to stop his feral grin spreading at the witches plight.

The Dark Lord strode from his throne, pushing the disgraced witch onto her back with his bare foot. Wand poised his favorite curse ready on his lips "Crucio" he snarled. Watching his second in command writhing and shrieking beneath him. Enjoying the witches agony, clawing at the wooden flooring, her body arching off the floor, her eyes rolling in her head. The unmistakable stench of urine assaulted his slits, only then did he release the curse.

"Let thissss be a lessson to you all. Granger issss to be left alone. The mudblood issss now Malfoysss and Sssnape duty to keep in line!" his red blood eyes scanning his underlings. "Well what are you waiting for? Go find the girl" his deathly calm whisper making its way to Lucius and Severus.

Both dark wizards not needing to be told twice, fled the overgrown reptiles presence. Severus grabbing his terror stricken godson on the way out. "Come boy. Time is running out" hushed tones leaving Severus tongue.

The house was long since abandoned and still very much empty. Minerva and her two companions left the Granger household empty handed but her heart full of dread.

Arriving back at Hogwarts, standing in the courtyard, her guilt waying her down. *It's been all night,*
where are you lass? Minerva silently cried. Never has she let one of her own students in such dire need, down before. Growling in frustration the stern woman with green emerald eyes disappeared leaving behind a tabby cat, meowing in drowned human emotions.

Albus stood in the shadows watching his long time friend crush under her pain. His twinkle gone knowing he has lost his dear friend. All this for a bloody chit who betrayed me.. the order Albus fumed. He will just have to make sure he find the brat first. Smirking the headmaster slipped out into the night.

Without a backwards glance, the graceful pureblooded Slytherin witch left the manor, her beloved home tainted by evil, and apparated away.

Narcissa dressed in her finest fur cloak, made her way though the dark forest, branches snatching out at her, stumbling over broken logs and shrubs, unwilling to give up. A howl was sounded from her right, ignoring the fact that she was potential werewolf bait, she carried on hoping to find any evidence of... SNAP. Whipping her wand out, pressing her back against a damp trunk she held her breath. Her heart dropping at the steps closing in on her.

"Lumos" Narcissa couldn't help but laugh upon seeing her mentor. Dressed in green thick robes wrapped exquisitely around her beautiful frame, the figure on noticing Narcissa lowered her wand light "my apologises dear, cats and wolfs don't tend to mix well" Minerva smirked at her younger friends terrified laughter.

They slowly trekked though the overgrown forest both witches feeling the exhaustion but neither willing to complain. The younger voicing her concerns, firing off questions faster than her mentor could keep up "are you sure Hermione will be here? How did you even know about this place? What if she's badly hurt? What if we are too late?!" the last question made Narcissas voice waver. Her crystal blue eyes downcast the forest floor seeming a lot more interesting.

Minerva pulled up short, these questions already plagued her over tired mind, turning to her friend "Miss Granger told me about this place in her first year. She and her parents came here for many camping trips, Its called the forest of dean. A place she loves, a place she swore she would come back too" her hand finding Narcissas shoulder, gently squeezing for support. Not knowing how to answer the last two, Minerva continued on, helping her companion though the rough green terrain.

The back door stood taunting the red haired witch, just another few steps.

"Ginevra Weasley where on earth do you think you are going at this late hour young lady?!" the scratchy voice of Molly Weasley boomed out of nowhere halting Ginnys step. Turning slowly around she was face to face with her mother.

Molly Weasley hands on hips, staring down at her guilty daughter. Her youngests face said it all. Being mother to two well known deliquent twin sons, made her hyper aware of her other children being up to no good.

Ginny tried to appease her mother "just going outside for fresh air mom. Its a hot night" looking as innocently as possible.

CRASH..BOOM.. the old burrows kitchen ceiling rumbling from the damage. Her mother winced at
the sudden welcomed commotion, knowing full well where that came from and more importantly by whom. "Stay right there Ginevra, we haven't finished this conversation" watching her mother running off to Fred and George's room, Ginny took the chance, racing out the back door, grabbing her discarded broom and with one last glance back to her home, she took off into the night sky. *Forgive me mom but this is more important* Ginny sighed.

Ginny always felt free as a bird when flying, the wind whipping though her fiery red hair, the adrenaline rush from certain death but also flying solo she had no one telling her what to do. No one demanding her attention. No expectations. No war. Just free to be Ginny. Free to be herself. Something an old friend once helped her to believe.

Noticing the sky starting to brighten with early morning sunrise, Ginny realised she had been flying for some long hours. Her muscles sore from being in the same position for far too long she lowered herself to the ground. Making sure no muggles were in sight, the lone witch shrunk her broom, securing it safely in her robe pocket.

*If I remember rightly I should be near the right place* Ginny thought quietly. Looking around she came across a lot of trees and greenery. Squaring her shoulders she moved on though the dense mass.
Stumpy legs paced around the still unconscious injured witch, since finding her all alone surrendered by night crawling creatures and flesh eating green shrubs, he kept her protected as best he could. "Miss knitty must wakes up" and for the umpteenth time the small protector received no response. "Bad Dumbly for hurting miss Hermy".

"Show yourselves at once" Minerva demanded, her heart frantically racing, wand at the ready, her body automatically dropping into the defensive stance. Narcissa followed her mentors actions, back to back, wand raised also at the ready for attack.

Crashing sounded off to their south, the darkness obscuring their sight but with Minervas cat enhanced hearing, she could hear the hurried whispers and unsteady footsteps approaching.

Bright wand light blinded the two women, flooding their makeshift camp revealing the faces of Lucius, Severus and a very red in the face Draco.

"Bloody merlin, lower your wand lad" Minerva snapping to her senses, relief washing over her. Upon seeing his bone tired wife, Lucius pulled the witch into a bone crushing hug "what on earth are you doing out here my love?" his pianist fingers steepled under her chin tilting her head back so he could look into her breathtaking crystal blue eyes, kissing her plump soft lips.

"As fascinating as this is" sneering at the blonde couple, Severus turned his attention to his colleague and friend "I take it we are on the right path? Granger could already be ..." trailing off at the sudden cough, his black obsidian eyes meeting emerald green.

The wand digging uncomfortable in his neck "don't you dare finish that sentence. The lass is a fighter. We will find her" Minerva screeched, her eyes flashing at the dark haired man, twisting her wand further into his flesh.

"Enough! lower your wand Minerva and Severus for the love of Morgana think before you speak" Narcissa barked, stepping in between the two bickering colleagues. Pushing the older woman's wand down to her side. "We can't be far. We now have a bigger search party we can cover more ground but if you keep tearing at each other...".

An ear splitting scream pulled Narcissa from her rant. All five with their wands held in tight grips raced off toward the sound. Crashing though the dense trees and unforgiving bushes filled with sharp flesh piercing spines. The unlikely group arrived to find a young woman huddled in a large tatty robe, cowering against a tree trunk with her wand shaking at her side, trying desperately to get away from a colossal snarling werewolf with blood dripping down its scar covered snout.

Springing into action Lucius and Severus began baiting the dark creature away from the terrified girl. Narcissa with Minervas help dragged the scared witless witch towards Draco who stood frozen, horror engraved on his pale face.

The werewolf threw its self at the attacking men, snapping and snarling for its prey. Slamming hard into the wizards pinning them beneath the creatures weighty physique.

Lucius head collided with his brothers skull stunning both the men in to a pained daze. Both without
wands were at the mercy of the beast.

Minerva on realising both men were in trouble, grabbed her wand "Reducto" aiming straight at the grissly creatures exposed back. The impact showered all with hot pulsing blood, greasy entrails and large chunks of unidentifiable organs. Drenching the still pinned wizards, Minerva levitated the corpse up off the men, flicking the creature further into the woods.

Gagging from the stench and the putrefied meat Severus spat the clotting blood from his mouth, grimacing, he pounded his blood covered companion on his back.

Wands returned to their rightful masters, both men began pouring themselves with conjured icy water and blasting each other with scourgify.

The young witch whimpered on seeing the gore covered forest floor, she scambered away trying to distance herself but backing straight into the solid form of Draco Malfoy.

Minerva knelt next to the young very familiar witch of Ginevra Weasley "Miss Weasley no point in asking if your mother knows you are here" The girls guilt ridden face said it all. "You could of been killed, as you have just witnessed even two fully grown men couldn't fight a dark creature on their own" all three witches turned their attention to the two men still trying but unsuccessfully in purging themselves of the filth.

"Nevertheless as you are here you will have to stay with us. I'm assuming you're out here looking for Hermione also?" Narcissa continued off before the strict deputy head could scold the young Gryffindor further.

Ginny glanced up to the blondes face, surprised at how gently the ice queen of Slytherin was. "Yes I.. I wanted to be of use. I helped caused this. I need to help her" looking down ashamed unable to meet the distinguished witches penetrating gaze.

The unexpected mixmatch group of Slytherin and Gryffindor carried on though the unrelenting forest. Lucius at the front with the three witches inbetween and Severus and Draco bringing up the rear. Wands at the ready for any sign of immediate danger.

Draco was ready to crash. His feet hurt. His legs dragging, held down by led. His drowsy eye lids drooping with every step. Where are you Granger? I miss sleep Draco inwardly cried. Head hanging, his blonde hair laying limp in his face too tired to care.

Severus kept nudging his godson along, glancing every so often as the boys lids slipped closed. Well well the boys just like his father Severus snickered. Used to pulling all nighters he barely felt the last 48hours catching up with him yet. Gripping the young mans elbow when he stumbled over a fallen trunk.

Lucius spied his son struggling to keep up, grateful his brother in arms was keeping the boy awake. He himself felt the last two days catching up. His mind screaming to rest as his vision blurred. Blinking away the blurriness he staggered forward, thrusting out his arm on the nearest trunk, Lucius gracefully straightened up and continued forward. I will never take my bed for advantage again he sighed.

Minerva marched on feeling as a solider would, ready for battle. Beyond grateful that she was a cat animagus, it gave her more strength and agility than an average human. Supporting both witches at her side who unsteadily made their way forward. I'm coming lass just hold on Minervas mind racing
Ginny felt ancient. Her bones protested, grinding in uncomfortable portions. Her heart raced, hoping
to merlin her heart stayed put. Her wand dangling uselessly at her side. The forest was never ending,
too much bloody green. *How could you enjoy this Hermione this place is torture* Ginny whined.
Silently vowing never to step foot in a forest again as long as she lived.

Narcissa discreetly observed the group. Looking back her son was dead on his feet, being supported
by an over alert Severus. Her husband stumbling his way ahead. She herself wanting to drop down
on the cold unforgiving earth and sleep away her troubles. But she won't give up on Hermione.
*Bellatrix you will pay for this I swear on our black blood* Narcissa silently seethed. Unaware she was
putting most of her weight on Minerva.

"Lil missy must wakes" the sudden high pitched squeak pulled the group from their musings. The
weariness disappearing from their forms, the group of six trudged as quietly as they could towards
the knew unknown being. Crouching down peering though the shrubs to the small clearing.

"Stay back Mr Dumbly you can't hurt her!" The small fierce protector stood in front of his injured
charge, blocking her from the bad wizards wand.

"Out the way elf" Albus snarled, backhanding the small creature. The elf arching back into a large
tree. Gliding up to the witch, the headmaster grabbed her blood soaked shirt. "Wakey wakey girl" shacking
the unconscious witch hard. Thrusting his white wand into the girls stomach, a grim smirk
appearing on the old mans wrinkled face.

Hermione's battered head lolling about her thin shoulders. Small whimpers leaving her chapped lips.
Hot blood trailing down her chin. Her face pale as a ghost and her breathing labored.

Growling Minerva broke from her hidden place and pounced on the surprised Albus shoving him
hard, the young cub dropping painfully to the ground. Fisting her sharp claw like hand around her
employers neck "you really have lost it Albus, after everything you are now willing to further the
pain of an injured student" baring her sharp teeth, spittle hitting the old man. Her choke hold
tightening as the Headmasters wrinkled face slowly turned purple.

Leaving Severus and her husband dealing with Hermione, Narcissa focused her attention on her
friend and enemy. *The purple really matches the senile old gits robes* she mused. Walking up behind
Minerva placing her hold on the older witches shoulder, leaning in pressing her body flushed up
against the older witches firm back "enough Minerva. You will regret killing him, you are not like
him!"

The heat from the younger witches form, made Minerva shiver. Her face tingling as Narcissas warm
breath caressed her ear lope as she whispered to stop. Releasing the fool, satisfied as he gasped for
much needed air, hearing the pop as he dropped to his knees in front of her.

Leaving both teenagers to stand gaurd over their Headmaster turned prisoner, the two women went
to assist the wizards kneeling at the girls unrecognizable body.

Crouching down with a sneer on his face, Draco grabbed the prisoners lapels tightly, his knuckles
turning white "it seems Headmaster, you have underestimated us Slytherins..." finding the right
words, Draco spat "we protect our own. You have failed, what will your precious Potter and his
goons think about the almighty Dumbledore now?!".
Blue meeting grey, Albus tried to reason with his jailer "you are better than this Draco. You're no death eater. Miss Granger betrayed us" seeing the boys eyes soften, Dumbledore carried on "we can still win this. Let me go and I will make sure when the war is over, your sentence is lowered".

A dark thunderous laugh ruptured above the crouched wizards. Ginny couldn't contain herself "really we don't need another Tom Riddle. We can win this war without you. Both mad men gone from our world will be a blessing". Her wand pointing at the Headmasters head.

Dobby recovered from his flight. Approached his former master and mistress "I takes care of Miss Hermy. Dobby good elf. I take yous all to safety. Missy needs help".

Straightening up as elegantly as a witch with flecked blood on her robes could. Narcissa ordered all the assembled party to hold hands as she took Dobby's gnarled offering. Only one place took root in her mind "take us to Hogwarts".
Hermione

Chapter Summary

Writing in bold is flashbacks and of course italics is thoughts (bold and italics together are flashback thoughts).

Madam Pomfrey bustled round her infirmary, sorting and resorting her potions cabinet, her desk and anything else that got in her way. All while relaying the poor girls diagnostic to her flustered colleagues "severe blood loss, her previous broken ribs rebroken, her left thigh bone mangled beyond repair, hair line fracture on the left side of her skull, missing right arm from elbow downwards caused by splinching too late to reattach it and internal bleeding in her abdomen" and unlikely to walk properly again never mind using her wand Poppy silently led off.

Marching up to the bedside of her patient, fussing about with the girls sheets "I don't have time for your melodrama, you two are to leave the wing at once. My patient is safe and as she is in a magical induced coma, it is ridiculous having you in my way hovering" commanding both the spluttering adults out of the infirmary.

Pomfrey sighed, rolling her eyes at her friends antics, Severus was expected but Minerva. Shaking her head of her thoughts she returned to her office, leaving her young ward to rest.

Tiptoeing down the stairs to the empty common room, Hermione spied Harry sitting by the cold heath alone, surprised to see him awake this early, she made her way to his line of sight "Harry can I talk to you please?" unable to stop the pleading tone escaping.

The look on Harry's face spoke volumes, punching a hole though her chest "go to hell. You traitor" standing up, striding towards his fellow Gryffindor thrusting his palm into her shoulder hard, sneering at her.

"I'm innocent Harry. You know I wouldn't betray you. You are my best friend, my first friend" tears splashing on her white shirt, her heart pounding so viciously, threatening to abandon her as well.

Placing pressure on her shoulder, her back colliding painfully into sharp corner of the fireplace. Harry's green eyes glittering with unshed furious tears "I thought... No I know you used me. Ron and the headmaster are right, you would do anything to prove yourself" his voice cracking full of emotion. "The day I met you was the biggest regret of my life" he spat at her, turning away from his friend.

The tears wouldn't stop falling, Hermiones dry throat constricted her breathing, gulping for precious air. Her chest tightening at her friends disgusted sneer. Collapsing to her knees, hands reaching out to Harry "please, please don't leave me. Please Harry you are my only friend without you I have no one. Please...please..please.." her broken sobs following her friend out of the common room entrance. Not once looking back.

Peeking her head out her office door, Poppy took note of her ward whimpering in her sleep.
Knowing the girl was dreaming she returned back to her desk.

"Relashio" Hermione's bag split open, the contents spilling out over the cold stone floor. Dropping down in front of her tormentors, her hand shaking trying to pick up her wet parchments and unreadable homework, her crystal inkwells smashed creating colourful glass stones, her ink covering her ruined belongings and the cold floor. Cold laughter and taunting reached the distressed witches hearing. No one was defending her, no one was coming to her rescue. Her pale thin lips trembling.

"Little death eater on her knees where she should be" one boy leered with cheers following.

"Come on love, pleasure me" grubby hands groping her back. Shivering with fright, her head hanging, hiding her terrified face.

"Bet she does it for her Lord" more cheering erupted.

"Maybe if she pleased Potter, he would of kept her around" the mocking voice far to close for her liking.

Hot tears pricking at her eye lids, splashing on the ink stained floor. Hermione yelped feeling a sharp scrap on her scalp, someone was pulling her hair, lips attaching themselves to her bare neck. Screaming at the unfairness of her betrayal, she threw her head back connecting to the bastards nose grimly smiling at hearing the satisfying crunch.

Madam Pomfrey stood over her charge, soothing the poor witch "hush now dear. It is just a bad dream" wanting to kick herself for saying such tripe, the moment she said it, after what the girls been though. Sighing she watched the young woman for a few moments longer, before shuffling off back to her own bed.

Hermione stared at herself in the girls toilet mirror, she looked awful; shallow skin, once bright cinnamon now dull murky eyes staring back sunken into her face, her lips thin and cracked. She couldn't take anymore abuse. Swiping the tears away with the back of her robe sleeve, she exited the bathroom.

Hurrying though the deserted halls, relief at the library doors just beyond she was thrown back landing awkwardly on the ground.

Looking up, an apology ready on her tongue Hermione met the glare of Ronald Weasley, swallowing hard at his outstretched hand "afraid Mione" pulling her up, he grabbed the front of her robes forcing her up against the rough stone wall.

"Just us now. Always thought you were better than me didn't ya. miss know it all with no mates. Frigid as they come" his clammy hands roaming her robe cladded form. His vile breath assaulting her nostrils making her queasy, turning her head away from him.

The sudden sharp pain blossoming from her collarbone, Hermione pulled her hands between their bodies and shoved with all her might.

Realising what his witch was trying to do, Ron spitefully brung his knee up into her stomach tearing the scream from her throat. He laughed as the tears fell, leaning over her shaking body, he licked the salty mess away. His hands forcing her thighs apart, grinding his reaction to her
petrified state in her bruised stomach.

The searing pain tore the scream out of her throat. The bastard was licking her, enjoying her fright but when she felt his erection her mind went into overdrive. "Stop please just stop. I will leave Hogwarts and never return just don't do this please" begging him not to continue his assault.

Time wasn't on the redheads side "we will just have to finish this another time" releasing her, he stepped back whipping out his crooked wand "stupefy" smirking as the little witch slumped over.

The last thing Hermione saw was his revolting smirk before he knocked her out.

I want to go home. I want my mom and dad the young witch cried as darkness stripped her from consciousness.

The infirmary alarms were blaring out forcing the matron from her sleep. Throwing on her gown, she stumbled into the ward going to her only patients bed.

The witch was seizing up. Her eyes rolling around her head. Her body sweating, drenching the sheets beneath her. Her bushy hair hung limp over her pillow and pale face. Her limbs stiff and shaking. Blood slowly seeping out her mouth and nose. Her bones grinding in protest at the unnatural positions they were being force into. Her heart beating intensely bruising her rib cage.

Poppy stood frozen at the heart wrenching site before her. unconsciously she pulled her wand out casting her patronus bear sending off for help.

The bear galloped though the halls searching for its target. Halting its steps at seeing the stern witch "Minerva come quick. Granger taken turn for worse" the bear dissolving at the end of its message.

Smoothly transforming into her cat Tabby. Minerva sprang off towards the hospital wing as quick as her cat legs could take her. Leaping past Narcissa who was red in the face, the younger Slytherin decided to follow the frantic cat.

Transforming back into her human form, both witches entered the wing. The witches took off to Hermiones bed, their hearts painfully stopping at the young witches seizure.

Minerva strode up to Poppy, slapping the matron across the cheek "snap out of it. You are no help if you remain frozen" barking at the stunned mediwitch.

The sting brought her back, nodding her head of gratitude to her long time friend. The three women descended on the girl still thrashing on the unstable bed. "Its been ten mintues since the alarm alerted me. Floo call St Mungo's we need more help" snapping her orders at the two women. Both now getting in her way.

"Come on Granger. Fuck!" yanking her red hand away from the girls scorching forehead. Conjuring up a bowl of ice water and a handtowel, she placed it on the burning witches head hoping to bring her temperature down. No such luck.

"I'm telling ya Harry she tried it on with me. Thought I would sleep with her so you would believe her over Dumbledore" Ron loudly explained to Harry. Manipulating the whole attack as Hermiones fault. She could see by the speckled boys eyes, he was eating up every word.

Angry green met dull brown as Harry marched his way towards her. Bulking up his height,
making her feel even smaller, his finger stabbing her in the chest "whore. Thought you could use my best friend against me. Is that why you betrayed me? Whoring yourself out to voldemort and his death eaters. Lets face it what else are you good for". His high pitched voice raising over the common room, every occupant watching as their boy who lived lashed out at the girl who betrayed him. All of them clapping at Harry's spiteful, cruel words.

Each nasty word punching a home in her heart. Leaving Hermione hollow. The boy who lived to hurt backed away as his red haired friend took over the attack.

The smirk plastered on his freckled face widened as Hermione shrunk away from his intruding form. "You are right Harry. She's only good for one thing. A whore. Time to teach the whore a lesson!" grinning at his own words, pouncing on Hermione gripping his strong hands aroung her slim neck. Getting off on the fear, Ron started squeezing, thrusting his hardness into her "my whore" he whispered into her ear, licking her ear lope.

She couldn't breath. Her vision was blurring, her hearing dimming and body weakening. All this because of his lies. Please anyone. Save me. Please. Im not a traitor. I just wanted friends...pleassee.. Her mind shutting down as her brain started to be starved of its much needed oxygen.

"Stupefy" a very familiar feminine voice shouted out, the weight lost from her throath was the last thing Hermione remembered.

Waiting was not one of Ginnys strong points. The news of Hermiones rescue hasn't yet reached the ears of the order. Ginny had of course sent an owl to her mother explaining she was at Hogwarts but heard nothing back and that was two days ago.

Sitting in the great hall at the end of her house table, far enough away from the Slytherin death eaters but close enough to hear their hushed tones. Ginny sighed, pushing her food around the plate, her stomach rolling at the thought of swallowing.

The bench creaked under the weight of another presence, glaring up at the intruder, Ginny was met with the youngest Malfoy, nervously shifting his weight around, causing the bench to screech in protest, irritating the youngest Weasley further.

Getting to her feet, she felt his hand gripping her sleeve "listen Weaslette, I just want to talk to you" his throat clearing trying to hide his discomfort.

Slamming back down on the bench, the red haired witch huffed, seething, whipped her wand on the school bully "we have nothing to speak about. I don't dally with death eaters. Whatever you did to Hermione, you should go crawl back in your hole" resisting the urge to punch the snake in his handsome pureblooded face.

Draco shrank back from the fiery haired witch his hands held up in surrender. Gulping at the well known Weasley temper, he rushed to explain "I did believe in purebloods being better than mudbloods, I was taught not to lower myself with filth" knowing his words caused the hurtful look on the Weasleys face "please just let me finish. I'm a pureblood and a Malfoy, all my childhood I believed it meant I was superior. I was royalty. But..but I'm wrong. Hermione Granger showed me that. She's brilliant, intelligent, loyal to a fault, braver than any Gryffindor, a mudblood she maybe
but better than any pureblood Slytherin. I am wrong, I want to prove I'm changing" he finished intensely watching the girls reaction.

Ginny sat listening to the blonde ferrets speech, everyone in the great hall was listening unbeknownst to Draco. *He seems genuine but could be an act* Ginny thought. Her wand disappearing up her sleeve. "I can see you are changing maybe but what about your parents? The same people with you know who's mark adorned on their arms. Who hurt Hermione?". Her scathing words carrying across the room echoing off the walls.

"My son can't answer for us Miss Weasley. I have no such mark but it doesn't make me any less guilty. I will not apologise for standing by my family. All my life I was told a Black is meant for great things. The best of the best. My father was a follower of the Dark Lord and as he had no son, it was expected of us, his three daughters to marry one of his brother. Bellatrix raved in the insanity, Andromeda ran off marrying a mudblood and I followed my oldest sisters path marrying Lucius. I believed being a pureblood trophy wife of a death eater would make my father proud but it never did. The only regret I have is my son becoming something he hates. Something I hate. As I grew up as Lucius played death eater, it made me ill. I became ashamed and disgusted with him and myself. I knew I could never love a man who could do such vile things. Watching those muggles and muggleborns tortured as their blood soaked the flooring... It was just as red as ours, not dirty" Narcissa sat sideways on the bench facing the brave witch, loudly revealing her inner demons. Clearing her throat as it started constricting. Refusing to meet her husbands burning stare at the unraveling of her well kept hidden truths.

Unable to see the hurt flash over her husbands features, unaware at the escaped tear running down his cheek at revealing she couldn't love him. Her head bent downwards hiding her own tear stained face. Unable to see her only son crumble at her words.

Ginny's green eyes scanned the three Malfoys crumbling in front of her. Once upon a time she would of relished in seeing their pain but now, now she felt awful. *They really are human after all.* Surprising herself as she pulled the Slytherin boy in a much needed comforting hug.

His blank mask slipping back into place, Lucius spoke up, his voice cold and harsh "Miss Granger has proven she's not useless, but it doesn't change my opinion on all mudbloods. When the wars over Narcissa, you are free to go" staggering up from the table, grabbing his cane, the eldest Malfoy left the hall without a backwards glance. Not wanting his wife or son to see his pain, he fled out the castle's entrance and apparated away unaware of his wife's broken sobs.

Narcissa left shortly after her husband's abrupt departure.

Unaware of the chaos in the infirmary. Ginny and Draco sat together on the plush green sofas in the dungeon common rooms sipping from their ill retrieved butter beer.

Both watching the other. The penetrating silence wearing on Ginny's nerves decided to speak "why come a death eater?" noticing the flinch from her blonde sofa companion.

Draco shifted uncomfortably at the intrusive question, clearing his throat "I never had the choice. Become a death eater or watch while my mother is tortured and given to greyback. It was punishment for my fathers failure at retrieving that damn prophesy" rubbing his arm containing the mark unconsciously. "I got it during this summer, he said if I didn't obey Hermione would suffer alongside mother. I couldn't do that to either of them. I hardly could seek help from your order after the betrayal Hermione suffered at their hands" he growled the last part.
Ginny felt the shame hitting her full force. "You are stronger than any of us Draco. I betrayed my friend all because of the word of Albus Dumbledore. My house was the worst at Hermiones abuse, especially my brother Ronald... He was strangling her while the rest looked on. Some looked frightful and sick at what he was doing but none intervened. When I arrived I knocked him out but I thought I was too late, she nearly died" warm tears fell down her cheeks as a heavy sob escaped.

Draco carefully wiped the tears away with his thumb, his face a blank mask, waiting to see if she would continue.

"I intervened as much as I could without anyone noticing. I will not betray what I believe in Draco. I will not switch sides just because of all this but I will never blindly follow them again. I want to win this war with both bastards dead" rising from the couch, the witch took to pacing refusing to meet the wizards grey eyes.

Draco sat watching the pacing witch "I don't believe you will betray them just like Hermione wouldn't of done. We can win this war with both of them dead but we need to get Potter to understand the truth. I will only help if my mother and Severus is protected and free of any crimes once the war is over. Hermione is left out of this, she shouldnt be made to play nice with her abusers" with his commands made, Draco left the Gryffindor alone.

Walking up to the hospital wing left Draco running though his thoughts. I can betray everything I was made to believe in along as mother and Severus are safe Snapping out his thoughts when he saw his mother and professor McGonagall pacing outside the wings entrance way. No please no.

Striding confidently up to his mother "what's going on? Can I go in and see Hermione?" Draco asked.

Minerva stopped mid pace at the young man's questions. Seeing that Narcissa wasn't going to answer "Hermione.. She's being seen by St Mungo's specialists. Her.. Her condition has deteriorated" seeing the young mans pain, Minerva pulled the shaking boy into a bone crushing embrace.

The infirmary doors opened, Poppy stepped out and spoke to the group "Hermione has been stabilised. They have transferred her to Mungo's effective immediately" seeing the concern, poppy held up a hand to stop any questions "she has a brain bleed, they are concerned that without proper equipment we will lose her. You may see her tomorrow morning as long as Severus is with you". Waiting for no response the matron disappeared back into her ward.

Not much else to say, the three separated to their own rooms to think about Hermione.

Draco returned to the Slytherin common rooms crashing to the couch forgetting a certain Weasley was still there. Closing his over tired eyes before he could slip off to sleep, he heard Ginevras comment before she left.

"Sometimes we must become what we hate, in order to protect the ones we love".

That comment kept twirling around Draco's mind all night. Leaving him in no doubt of his betrayal to his father.
Hidden silently in the shadows, Severus paced the length of the one the many abandoned dungeons classrooms watching the frailed headmaster, metal cuffs tightened around his wrists keeping the elder wizard from escaping. The runes etched in the metal dampening any attempts at wandless magic.

His white wirely hair hang limp framing his wrinkled aged face, his usual pristine blue moon an silver star robes were tattered and filthy from being dragged by his new waldens to his unforeseeable home. Albus sadly grumbled away unaware of his audience.

"I know, you know I'm here old man. Nothing gets past one of the two master chess players of this damn war" striding into Albus line of sight, with his ever constant billowing cloak following his every move.

Twirling his dark ebony wand between this long thin fingers. Severus sat on his conjured high winged back chair crossing his left leg above his right, with his wand loosely dangling from his tips. The silence dragging on, neither wizard inclined to be the first to break their stare.

After awhile Severus stood clearing his throat to gain the disgraced Headmasters attention "as fun as this has been Albus, I have the matter of my charge to attend to". Turning his back, making his way to the only exit, a worn tireless voice stopped him short, his hand on the door knob.

"Am I going mad Severus? I don't know why I hurt her. I never wanted this" Albus brokenly spat out as his potions master and spy left him alone.

The unrelenting darkness soothed the witches soul, the pain of her friends betrayal a fleeting memory, the disgusted looks from her peers forgotten. In the darkness the young woman felt safe, felt content.

After an ghastly night of little uninterrupted sleep, Draco sidelonged disapparated away from Hogwarts with the three witches to St Mungo's reception area.

Upon arrival Narcissa led the small overwhelmed group to the crowded waiting room, elegantly navigating her way through the hords of injured and ailed folk.

Drumming her sharp nails along the oak reception desk waiting for the impertinent witch slouching behind the desk to grace them with her unwavering attention. Slamming her palm on the surface catching the insolent fools glare, Narcissa snatched the front of the girls pale blue uniformed robes, shaking the stupid bint "if you can not do your job properly then get me someone who can!" her deathly calm tone surrendering the trembling witches senses.

Leaning back on the white washed wall, his face masked with indifference as his bored gaze swept around the cramped room, a young boy sniffling on a older witches lap his left arm dangling unnaturally at his side, tearing his gaze away he watched as a man slumped in a plastic chair shrieking at anyone who was listening about his missing foot, blood dripping on the tiled floor. Shaking his head he turned his gaze on his party, landing on his mother who forcefully shaking a
very pale witch, grimacing when he heard the crack of her neck grinding in unnatural positions. Draco pushed off the dingy wall, striding towards his mother, calmly stating "lets not commit murder mother, however justified it is, we have come to see Hermione but we can hardly do that if we all end up sitting in the ministry's finest institute".

Listening to her sons common sense, she carelessly dropped the foolish witch, who crashed into her desk wincing as her hip clipped the edge, Narcissa took a step back wiping her hands on her robes from any contagion the filth contained.

Minerva sighed, rolling her emerald eyes at Lady Malfoys behavior, stepping inbetween her and the now frightened receptionist, hoping to stop any further confrontation. The deputy head forced a smile turning her full attention to the dimwitted witch "we are here to see Miss Hermione Granger. She was brought in early hours of this morning from Hogwarts infirmary".

Clamping her fists, it seems this witch is going to be no help Minerva inwardly fought to keep herself from repeating Narcissas actions.

"If you follow me I can show you to Miss Granger's room, her guardian is already here" a calm professional voice sounded out from behind.

A young man with light blonde short cut hair, brown chocolate eyes shining with barely contained excitement, dressed in smartly pressed lime green Healer robes the elbem of a crossed wand and bone proudly standing out for all to see, stood watching them. The young healer indicated them to follow him though the maze of St Mungo's. "I'm Healer Roberts in charge of the ward Miss Granger is currently presiding" his warm voice trailing over the group.

Snapping his blonde head up at the words 'currently', Dracos heart started thumping so hard he thought any minute it was going to break free from its confinement. Staring at the back of the Healers head "what do you mean currently? Is she awake? Are you planning on releasing her? Can she come home?" stumbling to finish his questions.

No reply came from the Healer, who pushed on though the double doors of the fourth floor. Choking on her salvia, when they passed into the Janus Thickey Ward, Ginny couldn't believe they would put her friend in the mental ward.

Stopping at a door near the main medi station, Healer Roberts turned to address the group, holding up a hand to silence any questions "you may be shocked at the room but please understand this is for our patients benefit". Knocking with his wand on the white door holding the name H.G, the healer pushed the door inwards, holding for the troup to enter.

The first thing Minerva noticed was the tubes connected to her favorite cub. The colour draining from her face, gasping for needed oxygen. Trying to hold herself together, she made her way to Severus who was seated by the bed, head back, eyes closed.

Snapping his head up at the sudden intrusion, black pool orbs met emerald green filled with unshed tears. Standing up he scooped his long time friend and colleague into a comforting hug. Well I hope its comforting, not really my thing he awkwardly thought. Feeling her toned figure shake, clutching him for dear life.

Jumping apart, Severus kept his features neutral. Spotting the rest of the assembled witches and wizards, He moved away and motioned the unsteady Minerva to take his seat. Conjuring four more up, he nodded to Roberts to continue.

Roberts thanking the dark wizard "now that everyone is here, Severus has given permission for me
to give out miss Granger's condition. As you can see, we had to connect Miss Granger to a muggle life support system, we couldn't use any more magic as it was draining her already depilated magical core. She can't breathe on her own as both her lungs collapsed" clearing his throat "this machine is keeping her alive. No magic can be used on her as of this we had to go full muggle. Our muggle counterparts...Doctors and nurses, I have a friend, a Doctor who knows about our world, helped set this up. All medication from this point will be administrated through her IV".

Sensing the confused looks from his newcomers apart from Severus as he already been made aware, Healer Roberts pointed to the bandaged covered flexible plastic tube on Hermione's hand "this is an IV or most commonly known as Intravenous Cannula. All medication is injected into these ports that flush into her blood stream, giving her body the much needed pain relief, antibiotics or any other medicine she may need. Potions are out as well due to the life support. This tube attached here" pointing to her mouth were the tube was taped to keep in place "goes down her throat to her lungs. So obviously potions would be too dangerous".

Collecting his thoughts Roberts took a deep breath and continued "Miss Granger has two collapsed lungs, bleeding in the brain, bruised abdomen, missing limb and mangled thigh bone" stopping to gauge his visitors reaction to the news.

The two young looked green, sickly even, the redhead witch grabbing the blondes knee painfully. The blonde boy, pale as a ghost, grimacing at the stomach churning news.

The two older witches sat silent. Minerva as he knew was trembling trying to keep herself from sobbing. The other witch, Lady Malfoy had a blank mask plastered on her face, the only telltale sign of her grief was her clutched fists shaking very hard in her lap, small drops of blood on her otherwise pristine robes from her sharp nails piercing her palms.

Switching his attention to Snape, who caught his gaze both men nodding to confirm. Healer Roberts left the all to stifling room in relief.

Severus tensely watched the young Healer leave, sighing with relief, his black orbs wandered over to his charge. Her struggling chest fluttering away as the artificial air forcefully pumped into her lungs. Her eye lids remained closed, the machines substaining her life beeped loudly away echoing around the small room.

Inwardly swallowing down the lump of dread, he straightened up from his chair, arching his tired back muscles and stretching his weighted limbs. Severus sharply coughed gaining the full attention of semi conscious occupants "Roberts left the rest for me to explain to you all what will happen now" starting his slow pace from the girls bed to the enchanted window, showing a calming crystal blue ocean view. The point in this is what exactly he darkly thought.

Reigning in his inner thoughts, Severus continued "Granger's heart failed her last night. She went into cardiac arrest. At this moment they are leaving her body to repair itself while she is on life support and in a medically induced coma. Meaning she is in a deep state of unconsciousness, she won't wake till the healers are satisfied that her lungs are repairing themselves" craning his neck to rid of the tiresome ache, he stopped pacing by the ocean view. The waves are now crashing against the glass, how appropriate he drawled silently.

Ginny whimpered at the horrifying news, tears sliding down her pale cheeks as she noticed Hermione's missing right arm, impulsively clinging onto the nearest person. Burying her head into the solid mass quietly sobbing.

Draco jilted at the Gryffindor witches invasion of his personal space. I'm so sorry Hermione. This wouldn't of happened if that bastard snake face stayed dead he inwardly growled. His new friend
and if he was being honest with himself, one of his only true friends, laid completely still surrendered by foreign machinery that he couldn't quite get his head around. *Life really is a bitch* he snarkly thought.

"Hello Hermione" a tall beautiful lady with silvery hair flowed in ringlets down her slim back, came strolling towards her. A breath taking smile lighting her face up.

Looking down Hermione was in white flowing robes, barefoot standing on a stunning beach full of soft delicate sand. Returning her attention to the lady before her, she returned the smile "hello, where am I?" confused at why and how she came to be here.

An angelic laugh erupted from the beautiful lady "I am fate. You came here my dear, as you are lost". Circling the younger woman, her soft hands gracing Hermione's form.

"Lost. How am I lost?.wait.. What? How can you be fate?" she impatiently demanded of the circling woman.

Fate spun Hermione around to face her. Tilting the Youngs face to meet her own impressive golden orbs "I am Fate, think of me as fate of the universe, I decide what happens, when it happens but never why. You came here, as you're lost to the land of the living and lost to death. You have choices to make young Hermione Granger".

"The choices you make will impact your world. You have this strength like no other. A young woman betrayed by those closest to her, turning her away, forcing her to grow up, her heart slowly hardening closing the world off so she could try to protect what's left. A young woman embraced by those she thought was her enemy, taken in and shown friendship and a place she belongs but even now your heart remains hard. Your trust is shattered. My question to you Hermione, do you want to give up or do you want to live?". Releasing the young woman, Fate sat elegantly upon the sandy dome, watching the calming ocean. Smiling as Hermione silently sat beside her.
Fate

Chapter Summary

Writing in bold is sea visions also the visions are jumps in time.

Fate sat cross-legged watching her lost charge, the fleeting emotions flashing in her doe-like cinnamon eyes. She knew the young woman beside her was struggling to find her place in the unforgiving world. The world that carelessly let her down.

Sensing eyes upon her, Hermione diverted her gaze from the calming blue waves lapping at the sand to the older silver haired woman. "You claim to be Fate, if you are that, then why didn't you let me die?" the burning anger returning at the injustice. Not even bloody Fate will leave me in peace Hermione bitterly thought.

Fate felt the brunettes agonising anger radiating from her very soul. Jubilant for any difficult challenge thrown in her path the silver haired woman gracefully stood. "That is up to you Hermione. No one can make that decision but you. Before you decide, I would like to show you what could of been!". Helping the young woman off the sandy floor, Fate led them both closer to the sea.

Kneeling down, her white robes soaking up the salty sea, paying no mind Fate dipped her hand into the substance swirling till images started to perform.

"Ever wondered what would of been if you never received your Hogwarts letter at the tender age of eleven? Never knowing about the world of magic? Would you like to know Hermione?" without waiting for an answer Fate allowed the image of the sea to come to life.

A young bushy haired Hermione Granger with an small battered book lay in her lap forgotten, sat back slouched against a tree, watching the other students playing boisterously with their friends, footballs being kicked across the school yard, the older years yelling and joking with their class mates but none paying her any attention.

Young Hermione forced her gaze back to her book, the words hazy and unfocused. SMACK.

Hermione's face stung, blood trickling out her broken nose as the offending object bounced mockingly away. Hot tears fell splashing her precious text as blood mingled with the words.

"OI Teachers pet throw us the ball yeah!" a scruffy boy from her year roared, laughing at her plight.

"Leave off will ya Travors.. Not the girls fault ya a prick" a familiar masculine voice shouted, shoving the scruffy imbelice over into the mud.

Hermione brightened at seeing her friend coming to her rescue.

"Alright Hermione, fuck him. He's a twat, all boys are at that age" thrusting out his rough hand for her to take "well come on love, got a pretty nurse to see haven't we?" Thomas grinning from ear to ear, making Hermione smile.
Hermione in class writing notes to Thomas for after school. Giggling.

Hermione sitting in the library, safe from bullies.


Fate spiraled her hand faster though the sea fast forwarding her life as a muggle.

Hermione at thirteen, her birds nest of a hair mocked by her cruel classmates. Trying to hide back her hurt. By being indifferent.

Running to her friend "kick it to them love, show them you are better than they are"
Thomas's kind words of wisdom. Oh she did that alright, shaved her hair off leaving enough to spike at the top. It gave her confidence. Scared her parents but scarifies be damned.

Hermione at fifteen, books and academic pursuits forgotten long ago. Happy and vibrant. She had the body of an athlete and fashionably short dyed reddish brown hair. Sprinting about the muddy playing field kicking ball with Thomas and Angus. Angus her new friend, a transfer student. Her fellow trouble maker. Partner in crime. "Come on boys, have at it yeah!" taunting the lads, grinning.

"Try it one time Hermione" Angus batted his eyelashes, giving the puppy dog eyes. Holding out the pill, taking it. Waking up with one hellva headache, looking around Hermione noticed she was naked, in a strangers bed with no recollection but looking down knowing she was no longer a virgin.

Days blurred into weeks. Drunk and high. Hermione felt alive. Best friends a gal could ever ask for.

Hermione at sixteen, troubled and broken. "Don't you get it Hermione! You have no future, no hope, you threw your life away for fun, for boys for what?" her father roared at her, his disappointment shining from his blue eyes. Pacing the front room, glaring at his miscreant of a daughter. Drugs and alcohol. No education. A failure.

Fate flickered the scene away, reaching a hand out onto the grief stricken brunettes shoulder "over the years Hermione you allowed yourself to believe, what if I never was a witch? What if I just went home? This here showed you what could of been".

Pushing away Hermione sank further into the wet sand "this isn't me. I would never do any of that!. You're wrong" refusing to meet the gaze of Fate. Then again if I was desperate for friends, for acceptance maybe I would of done anything Hermione begrudgingly thought. Grimacing at the disturbing news.

"Acceptance, friendship, love, a place to belong. Now how about seeing what would of happened if you accepted the sorting hats decision". Fate knelt back beside her charge, respirling the sea watching as the images morphed into her original fate.

"Granger, Hermione" Professor McGonagall clearly called out.

Catching young Hermione's attention, shaking with nerves "keep calm, you can do this" muttering to herself unaware of the mocking from a redheaded wizard.
Gingerly sitting down upon the crooked stool, the hat placed on her bushy head, sliding past her ears contorting her view of the great hall. Then an eerie voice cut into her mind.

"What do we have here? How interesting! Haven't seen a mind as clever as yours since Rowena Ravenclaw herself" the old tatty hat crooned "Bravery and cunning as well you would fit in into Slytherin, No. Well the courage of Godric himself, I think not my dear. No let it be... good luck" "RAVENCLAW" the hat bellowed out.

The hall broke out into polite claps an cheers from the her new house table. Seating herself beside a fellow first year "Terry Boot, pleasure to meet you. You nearly had a hatstall!" grabbing Hermione's hand shaking with enthusiasm.

The young intelligent witch sat with her new found like minded friends, around they claimed table, as per usual, in the library surrounded by high piles of books. Laughing at Terrys pitiful attempts at jokes, Hannah from Hufflepuff sitting to Hermione's right both working on their potion assignments. Trevor and Michael bickering over who gets the latest copy of potions though the ages book, both receiving halfhearted glares from madam prince.

"Watch it" crashing head first into a blonde form, glancing up Hermione was met with intense grey eyes of Draco Malfoy.

"Sorry Granger, here let me help you with your stuff" Malfoy smirked, gathering up Hermione's spilled books, handing them over to their rightful owner.

"Thanks Malfoy, what's got you in a hurry?" Raising a brow at her blonde Slytherin friend and his antsy legs.

"Potters up to no good! The bastard got given the seeker position its unfair. He's been skulking about with that redheaded charity case" Malfoy whined, hands thrashing in the air.

"Careful Malfoy, carry on like that people might start to think you fancy the menace" snickering at Malfoys contorted rage. "Forget Potter, he is practically useless, he gets given hands out as he can't achieve the goals himself. You Malfoy can. Without the Headmaster, Potter would be alone. See you around Draco" waving off her friends complaint and making her way to dinner.

"Wanna meet up during the holidays Hermione?" Hannah nervously asked her friend. Playing with the food on her plate.

"Of course! You're my best friend Hannah" Seeing the Hufflepuffs face brighten at Hermione's declaration, made the smile on the brunettes face spread, her cinnamon eyes dancing with mirth.

"See you guys in January, owl me and I will do the same" Hermione called over the loud noise of the crowded platform, after waving her friends goodbye, she dashed though the platform barrier to her waiting eager parents.

"What's going on guys?" The solemn faces of the student populace and staff had Hermione confused and nervous. Terry grabbed her down to the bench pointing to the blank face of the Headmaster Dumbledore.
The man seemed to aged in matter of seconds as he stood at the dais "students, I'm sure most of you have heard but those of you haven't, I have grave news" the Headmaster seemed to be struggling to swallow "Harry Potter has passed away due to an unfortunate accident last night".

The once silent hall broke out in excited whispers and mournful cries of his Gryffindor house mates.

Hermione knew she should feel some sort of grief but personally the boy should of left whatever happened to the adults. Harry Potter was an arrogant bully and a pathetic wizard.

Hermione was still fuming. No exams bloody brilliant. Rolling her eyes at the ridiculousness of the situation, surely ones death shouldn't hoult ones education .

Fate saw no tears from her lost charge at her alternative reality.

"So Potter died. I take it you know who won then?" Hermione morbidly wanted to find out more.

"Shall we find out my dear?" Fate flicked the sea to continue.

Hannah and Hermione embraced upon seeing each other again after a long dragging summer. Third year.

"You will never guess what!" Hannah blurted out.

Curious as ever Hermione nodded for her Hufflepuff friend to spit out the news.

"Harry Potter died trying to play chicken with a three headed dog. Apparently he was so deluded, he believed that you know who was coming after something that the headmaster stored here for safe keeping" the excitement pouring off Hannah.

"Oh. Its been over a year Hannah. No one cares anymore. You know who is dead" Hermione sighed peeved at having to still listen to yet again another Potter filled conversation.

"Sorry Hannah, its just if you think about it, a baby couldn't defeat a powerful dark wizard in the first place, it was his mothers sacrifice causing blood magic to come into play protecting Potter. Obviously wasn't strong enough to stop him getting mauled by a cerebus" smirking at the image.

Fate spiraled the images faster.

"Congratulations class of '98" Albus Dumbledore proudly declared, clapping for his Hogwarts graduates. "Let's have Head boy Draco Malfoy and Head girl Hermione Granger up to give their speech's".

After Draco's speech, Hermione winked at her blonde confidant and stepped forward.

"Thank you. I want to Thank all the staff at Hogwarts who over the years gave us the support and confidence to overcome anything that we put our minds too. I for one know I wouldn't be here today before all of my class mates, family and friends without my head of house Professor Flitwick and my up most favorite Professors Snape and McGonagall. But of course I want to thank my house mates for your never ending support and loyalty. We are the new generation
and we will make our mark in society. I am Hermione Granger Headgirl of Ravenclaw".

Fate flickered the unseen past away, none of it important now. Drawing up to her full height, Fate slowly circled the crouched woman, running her hands though Hermione's soft curls.

"Why show me any of this? None of it changes a bloody thing!" confused and a part of her longing for the Ravenclaw reality. Her heart beating fast. *But there would of been no Harry, no Weasleys, no Tonks, No Remus even after their betrayal I wouldn't give that up after all I have Draco.*

"Don't give up the path you designed Hermione Granger" Fate whispered in her ear. Her voice sending Hermione drifting back into darkness.
Lucius

Chapter Summary

Why are we here? Draco wanted to scream for the umpteenth time since arriving at this down trodden, gloomy, rat infested hovel. _This is meant to be the orders headquarters, no wonder the Dark Lord believes himself to be superior_ the blonde Slytherin sneered.

The room Draco was given was that of his late cousins Regulus. Decorated in faded green and silver with the house of Slytherin elbem proudly displayed on the wall. Tastefully done in Draco's opinion well except for the insufferable dust covering every inch of the rooms surface.

Picking up a gold framed photo of Regulus and Severus, both wizards in their third year, both of them scowling at the camera. Both wizards with a mischievous gleam in their eyes. _What happened to you Regulus? _He silently asked.

Thinking back, his mother once mentioned that the youngest Black boy went AWOL at the age of Eighteen. Came a death eater straight out of Hogwarts with his godfather. Rumours were heard that the young pureblood of house Black betrayed the Dark Lord.

Placing the frame back in its rightful place amongst the cluttered desk. Draco drew himself to his full height, squaring his shoulders and headed for the dreadful meeting waiting to start in the danky, dreary kitchen.

Spying the blonde head tucked inbetween a bedraggled Lupin and his bubblegum haired Metamorphmagus cousin Tonks, Draco stealthy made this way though the crowded kitchen to stand with his back against the wall, wand in hand in case of any threaten towards his mother.

"Thank you for coming at very short notice". Minerva cleared her throat, the attention of the order members gained, she continued "here on out myself and Kingsley will be taking over as joint head of the phoenix. Albus is unable to.. Provide the stable mentality that is needed".

Shouts of anger and Molly Weasley spluttering her outrageous defence of her beloved Master.

Draco snickered at the thought. _Bellatrix and her beloved Master, Molly Weasley and her beloved Master. Both insane bitches._ Unfortunately his laughter caught the groups glare.

"Why the fuck is the ferret here plaguing our headquarters?" Ronald Weasley screeched, his infectious spittle hitting those in unfortunate close range. "Death eater scum" Weasleys crooked taped wand pointing in Draco's direction.

Narcissa shoved herself from the table, chair screeching in protest on the filthy floor "how dare you speak about my son like that! He's twice the wizard you could ever hoped to be. My son was forced against his will to take that infernal mark. Now kindly drop your pathetic wand before you accidentally hurt someone" sneering maliciously at the piss poor excuse of a pureblood. Elegantly retaking her seat.

The table jumped, silence once again holding the room hostage.
"None of that Mr Weasley. You can hardly stand there, condemning young Draco, you aren't innocent either. None of us are. You all abandoned Hermione and now she is lying in a coma and no you won't get near the girl. Severus has only given myself and a select few the permission to see her" Minerva trailed off at the shamed faces of her colleagues and friends. Not wanting to fuel the fire by mentioning the two Malfoys present as the select few.

"Filthy Harlots and Mudblood scum plaguing my house" the nasty shrieks of Walburga Black portrait emitting though the grimy halls of Grimmauld place, shattering the peace.

"Shut your filthy mouth, you dead bitch" came the calm dark tones of Severus Snape.

The kitchen door swung open slamming the wall with force. Severus black orbs swept the room, staggering to the empty chair vacant at Minervas side.

"Fucking halfblooded reptilian bastard. When you all finished gawping, I have news about the almighty riddle" shooting pains radiating up his left arm, piercing his chest.

"Lucius is in the library" Severus would of laughed at the orders perfect copy of headless chickens. Only his pain holding his hysterical laughter in check.

Chairs scraping on the lino, footsteps smacking against the tiles as many members raced off to lynch the blonde death eater.

"Death eater scum. Get on your feet" Lucius gazed up into the fake spinning eye of the crazy old bastard Madeye Moody.

"Why would I do that? I have no wand, I'm no threat to you and I'm quite comfortable sitting here but thank you for the choice" Lucius laughed at the reddening Auror. Smirking at his brother who flounced past Madeye onto the couch.

"Why Severus, here I thought I would be welcomed with loving, open arms" he sarcastically spat out at the dark haired man.

"Show them" was all Lucius got in return.

"Pensieve anyone?" knowing full well none of these piss poor humans had the money for one.

"I can retrieve the one located in the Headmasters office or failing that Severus has one" Minerva spoke up behind the gathered onlookers.

"Pippy" snapping her fingers, Minerva's personally elf popped in.

"Pippy, serves Mistress. What can Pippy do for you Mistress?" the small creature dressed in a pink tea towel with the McGonagall Elbem stitched in. Bouncing on the balls of her feet, her large ears flapping with excitement, waiting for her Mistress's orders.

"Go to Severus study and retrieve his pensieve" Lucius barked his order at the simpering fool.

Minerva nodded kindly at Pippy as she popped out of existence. Scowling at Lucius "no need to be rude Lad. Pippy deserves better than your foul temper".

POP. "Pippy got Sevvy bowl as Mistress wants" holding out the stone bowl to Minerva, bowing so low her head touched the carpeted floor.
"Thank you Pippy, you may return home" placing the pensieve onto the coffee table, Minerva gestured to Lucius to continue.

"Well I would but no wand" waving his arms to indicate his wandless person. The mirth dancing in his deadly grey orbs.

"Think of the memories you need us to see and I will extract them" the older witch gently informed him.

Nodding Lucius shut his eyes, closing off the world. Focusing on his last few hell hole days, wincing at the empty feeling of his memories being taken.

Waving to the witch to view them without him, Lucius slouched in his chair. Itching for his stolen wand.

Opening his eyes, he watched as Minerva, Shacklebolt, Weasley senior and Madeye delved into the pensieve.

The Dark Lord sat patiently on his throne of victims in the dimly lit room, his followers knelt on the chilling granite ground. None of interest to him except one.

"Risssse. Luciusssss" The Dark Lord hissed his command. His beloved Nagini slithering at his feet, her red eyes watching Malfoy Seniors movements.

"Where isss the mudblood? Your wife? My..your wassstte of ssspace ssson?" hissing angrily, his red slits narrowing at his coward follower. *I should just kill the lot of them, no one needs the Malfoys and Blacks about* Tom humourlessly thought. His nails digging into his thrones bone arms.

Swallowing thickly Lucius reigned in his glare. *Safe from you, you miserable snake.* "They have betrayed you my Lord and the mudblood is dead" a lie is best told when an ounce of truth is thrown in the mix. Biting his tongue at the slur of the brilliant young witch, regardless of her blood.

"Pity. A dead mudblood isss no ussse to me. You ssshall pay Malfoy for your familiesss betrayal" his Lord and Master stood, his wand slashing at him. No need to hear the words, the agonizing torture made him fully aware that the Cruciatatus was wracking havoc in his system.

"Greyback go find them. You find them then their yourssss. Make sure you keep them alive I want this sssory excusssse to watch while you play with them" toeing the crippled wizard onto his back.

*Now this is how Bellatrix felt, how the roles versed.* Lucius couldn't contain his laughter and by the looks of the reptilian Master he did not approve. *By Salazar I will kill the bastard if he harms my family.*

The four spectators watched as the memory changed.

Sensing the wards of his brothers arrival, Lucius clutching his glass of whiskey crept as silently as a drunk could. Stumbling his way though the many halls of his manor, he swayed outside the drawing room to make his extravagant entrance.
"Dissspleasssure isss all I ssseem to get from you Ssseveruss. You ssshall ssing for your death when I'm finissshed with you"

Lucius heard enough. Throwing himself into the doors, swaying into the room. Glaring spitefully at the bastard that won't stay dead, Lucius staggered his way up to his kneeling brother, placing himself in front.

"Youuu aare a fucker. You sstand in my homee fouling up my pureblooded atmosphere. You filthy swi.. swine. Filthy halfblood. Bbet you fuck thatt beast at you feet".

Sloshing his drink over his robes, slashing his arm out at the snake. Drunkenly ignoring the dangerous glint in Riddles red slits and Severuss yanking on his robes.

"You are no longer ww..welcome here. I have rather have hundreds of mud..mudbloods here than you. You dirty snake loving bas..bastard. Touch my w..wife or sson and I will kill you". Slurring his words at his Master and by that twisted contorted face, his soon to be killer.

Before Riddle had the chance to retaliate, Severus grabbed his intoxicated blonde friend, pushing the man into Rowle.

Throwing "Reducto" "Bomborda" "Crucio" at Riddle. The screams told the wizard at least one curse hit its mark, the three men made a hasty exit.

Minerva was the first to withdraw. Her face said it all. "I.. If I didn't see for myself, I would never of believed you stupid enough to drunkenly challenge Tom Riddle. I swear on merlin lad, you and your family are welcome here. Safe here. You have Severus and Thordin Rowle to thank lad for saving your sorry ass". Slumping down into the chair opposite Lucius.

The three wizards who viewed the memories nodded their heads, agreeing to the witches statement.

"You no longer have a spy in his ranks. What will we do now?" Asking the most obvious question but Lucius didn't care. He already knew Severus stopped being loyal when mudblood Evans got killed.

"No need ta worry. We have more than one spy in Riddles ranks my lad" Minerva replied shocking those present.

"Rowle was one of them, the lad never had it in him to be a blood thirsty killer. Did the deed for his sister but she an her family has our protection now. Without Severus and Rowle we still have two more spys and no I won't mention names. Safer for them to remain anonymous" Minerva finished up.

"Now that's sorted. A room is required for the peacock" Severus muffled drawl came from his position on the overstuffed couch. "Or better yet a pen in the yard".

Bark of laughter came from Sirius and Remus, while Shacklebolt snickered behind his hand.

"As hilarious as my torment is, I wish to see my wife and son in private" trying but failing to catch his wife's cold stare.

Minerva slowly stood, cat like grace as usual, gathered her troup and frogmarched them out the library, except Severus as he still remained comatose on the couch.
"Shall we talk Narcissa? About our marriage, the boys old enough to hear" his tone cold and bitter. Each word dripping in anger.

The blonde witch gracefully made her way to the empty heath, turning her blue orbs onto her glaring husband "I love you Lucius, your the father of our son. My best friend. Our marriage was arranged but I tried to love you as you deserved but I couldn't. I can't be in love with a man who could bow down to a maniac and claim violence and rape of innocence's acceptable, enjoyable even. My childhood was filled with darkness but this, this is a whole new level of evil, Its suffocating me". Narcissa saw the shame and grief briefly flicker in those grey orbs before dying out.

Draco stood bolted to the floor, unable to meet either of his parents gaze. He knew deep down that his mother was afraid and appalled by his father but her saying it out loud really hurt him. If she was disgusted at his father then what did that make him?. Unable to stay to find out Draco forced his feet to move, grabbing the handle of the library door he wrenched it open, without looking back, the young wizard fled.

Seeing his son in untold amount of pain, Lucius knew he let his family down. He deserved his wife's anger but her declarations of only loving him as a friend, that stabbed him hard. His father Abraxas once told him that the only thing in the world to achieve is power because love was a fools game but the old man was wrong. His chest felt too tight. Swallowing down his self pity, Lucius stood straight, turning to his wife.

"You are right Narcissa. I was a bastard. I didn't deserve your love then and I don't now. When the war is over, I will give you and our son the freedom you both deserve. I will find a way to break our marriage. Just so you know I have always loved you and always will".
Opening up

Hermione found herself back on the same beach alone. Paying full attention to her surroundings this time, she noticed the pale yellow sand stretched for miles without a stone in sight. The sort of beach people would pay to visit. The clear crystal sea gently lapping at the shore, enticing Hermione in to its depths.

Blinking away the thought, the young witch set off for the soft sand domes where she first met Fate.

Fate. A peculiar entity. Is she a woman or just an illusion while I'm stuck in the land of the lost. Even if she's just an illusion she's bloody beautiful Hermione blushed at her thought.

"I'm back! Not like I can actually go anywhere anyway. You said I have choices to make. Does that include ridding you know who of our world? Maybe getting Os in all my O.W.L.S? What do you want from me?" Hermione all but screamed at the empty beach.

Kicking the sand, watching the tiny crystals bounce though the air.

Fate sat upon the sandy domes, her silver hair gently blowing in the soft wind, her eyes twinkling at the young woman's anger. Progress. Clapping her hands, gained Hermione's full attention.

"Hermione. Only you can make these decisions. No I won't help you cheat with your O.W.L.S. you are a very capable woman. Tom Marvolo Riddles destiny is intertwined with Harry James Potter, that isn't your decision or choice. No your decision comes at a price that will cost you and those you love. We have all the time here my dear".

"What do you most desire Hermione Granger?" Fate waited for the girls answer

. Hermione just wanted to be free. Free from the burden of the war. Free from the acussations casted by her former friends. Free to love who she wants. Free from this hellish paradise. Free to get her revenge.

"I just want to be free" was her timid response.

Fate clearly wasn't impressed by Hermione's reply. "Not good enough. You need to see the now my dear. Come!" encouraging the woman to follow back to the seas edge.

"A rock pool. It wasn't here before" Hermione felt the rocks sharp edges as she knelt down watching the monster size krabs play fighting in the shallow depths. This took her back to the beach in Blackpool with her dad when she was seven, she could remember her father telling her that Ariel the mermaid was below the sea watching and waiting for her krab court to return. The remembrance brought happy tears to the young brunette.

"Happy times with your parents. Many years of joyous events before you found out you were a witch. Clearly you still doubt your magical abilities" Fate had to change tactics obviously the visions of before did nothing for Hermione.

"We were close, went on holidays every year together. Dad loved to teach me football but I just couldn't see the point. Mom wanted me to follow in her footsteps and become a dentist. I'm glad to have parents like them. Its hard being a mudblood" thumping the sand in frustration.

Fate kept quiet, patiently listening to her charge.
"It all went to hell when I was eleven. No one cares for a filthy mudblood. You showed me that, that ridiculous vision that would of never happened. I hate this. I want to be free" the years of continuous abuse and pent up anger was slowly leaving Hermione.

Fate wanted Hermione to see how her very being was important to the current time. Repeating the actions of earlier, she swirled the sea as images started to take shape.

"Will she die?" the dark voice of her Potion's Professor came to light. The dark wizard paced the white room beside the bed of the young student. St Mungo's usual white washed sterile rooms.

"This is Doctor Leroy, Professor. We are using muggle medical equipment as magical intervention could permanently destroy Miss Granger's magical core. This machine is the life support, it will pump artificial air though her lungs, helping her to breath. Without it she will die" Healer Roberts hurriedly explained to his former head of house. Still scary as shit.

The image changed to another.

"I only give permission for Minerva McGonagall and Narcissa Malfoy to visit without myself present. You may discuss her medical needs with them as well. My wards around the girls room is for her protection from any outside threat" Severus explained to the Head Healer.

Hermione smiled at the genuine concern of her Professor.

Two very familiar men were sat, perched in the creaky window seat in the library of Grimmauld Place, the smaller clinging tightly to the older.

"Its all my fault Sirius. If I just listened to moine she wouldn't be missing, she would be here safe" Harry cried against his godfathers robed chest.

Patting the young wizard awkwardly on the back "I won't make excuses for you Harry but you are not the only one to blame but only you can try to make amends of your wrong doings to Hermione if you truly care. I'm very disappointed in you because I care too much". Sirius would give the fool a piece of his mind when he gets his hands on the senile Headmaster.

That one surprised Hermione. Sirius Black defending her.

Ginny was being punished for disobeying her mother, so here she sat at the long table of the headquarters, listening to her parents bicker over her recent misbehavior. Personally the punishment was uncalled for, I was only trying to help my friend. Her brother acting suspicious should warrant their concern. Rolling her eyes at the injustice of being a female.

"I'm sitting right here you know. I was trying to make amends for betraying my only female friend, surely you can understand that daddy?" Playing daddy's little girl always works wonders.

Arthur's blue orbs softened at his little girls tearful plea. Shifting away from Molly, he knelt down by Ginny's chair, his hands gently squeezing her knees "My sweet. I'm very proud of you, going out there to search for Hermione but you also have to understand where we are coming from. You left on your own during the night in the mist of a war. Your safety is my
only concern" Speaking in soft tones sparked with authority.

"I let Hermione down, we all let Hermione down. All because of the word of Albus Dumbledore" Ginny slammed her fist down on the bench.

Oh Ginny. Hermione felt the cold seeping into her bones.

Watching the blonde boy pace his room, the esteemed head of Aurors leant against the fragile door frame.

"Why do you care Mr Malfoy? All of ever done since meeting Hermione was call her vile names. Mudblood being your favorite. So why now?" Shacklebolt harshly questioned Draco's intentions. Not quite believing the way this has turned out.

Whipping his head to his spectators irritating voice, stopping mid pace, sneering at the Auror "What would you know? Hermione showed me that she belongs here. More so than any pureblood" his voice hardening "I never wanted to become a monster, I had no choice. It was my mother's life and then he threw Hermione into mix, both would die if I didn't become his latest lapdog".

Not caring for his jailer, Draco collapsed at the wall, sliding down onto the grubby carpet, grabbing his robe sleeve releasing the dark mark to the room "you don't understand what this mark does to someone. Once you have it burned into your flesh there is no way out. So many of his men regret it, to survive.. You have to loose your morals, your passion, having to swallow down the sickening dread when you take an innocents life. Fight the daily struggle to get up in the mornings, knowing you will do something so dreadful you wish you could swap places with your victims" tears splashed down Draco's face, unaware of his gathering audience.

"First year. I met a brilliant witch on the train to Hogwarts looking for Neville Longbottoms toad, when she came upon my carriage she didn't blink when I said my name, didn't react with gushing loyalty. I wanted to know her but then I found out she was a mudblood, someone my father taught me to hate, someone beneath me. Every class she beat me with ease, told me off when I bullied those weaker than myself. I wanted to be her friend but I was a coward" gulping down the sob that was threatening to escape.

"Second year. I was afraid for her, she was a mudblood but worse she was Potters friend this made her a target for the Slytherin heir. When I found out she was petrified I hated myself. I yelled at her that she would be next, so I visited her in the infirmary when know one was watching. I wanted her to come back and be my friend" once the flood gates opened Draco couldn't close them.

"Third year. I found out my cousin was a convicted murderer. Potters godfather. Granger being Granger had to put herself in danger once again to help her useless, ungrateful four eyed friend. I wanted that, I wanted someone who would throw themselves into danger to protect me" the tears continued to flow.

"Fourth year. The year the bastard came back destroying any chance of me to get Hermione to be my friend. Any chance of a life by my choosing. Then there was Hermione staying by Potter's side while the weasel buggered off, jealous of the boy who bloody lived. Always at his
side”. Growling at the thought of the ungrateful boy wonder.

"This year Hermione was abused and tormented, accused of being a death eater even after saving Sirius Blacks life. You preach acceptance and second chances but you fail to deliver" pushing himself up, Draco stood, anger flashing across his face. Seeing his shocked faced audience just made him furious. "You accuse me of being scum but I have never betrayed someone I called a friend, someone I love. Hermione was your friend how could you do that to her? How could you throw the most amazing person away just because an old man told you to. Because Harry fucking Potter told you to. I'm glad to finally get to call Hermione Granger muggleborn witch my friend". Red in the face from his long winded speech, Draco glared hatefully at the ridiculous members of the claimed order.

Loud clapping came from the Weasley twins and Sirius.

"Do you see that you are not alone?" Fate glanced at Hermione perched on the rockpools side.

"A young man who just a year ago was on the other side of a war. A young man who sneered at those he believed was beneath him. This same young man stood, dropping his walls to reveal his true self in front of people he claims to hate" watching the frozen face of Draco Malfoy.

Hermione felt the hot stinging tears before they fell. She knew what Draco revealed was the truth, she could see it in his glittering grey eyes. She felt her heart swell with pride and gratitude at the blonde boys defence of her.

"He's changed. Draco showed that to me over the summer, he never wanted the fate that was set out for him. If I could go back to my first time stepping foot in Hogwarts I wouldn't change a thing" Hermione clearly stated gauging the reaction of Fate.

To say Fate was shocked was an understatement. This is why Hermione Granger was special. "Not even to become the young boys friend?".

"Draco proved his worth to me through being loyal and understanding. If I became his friend since the beginning, I never would of have realised the truth. My short friendship with Draco is stronger than I ever felt with Harry. Ronald is no comparison, he's a spineless coward" Hermione's smile grew as she spoke of Draco.

Without warning an image began to play in the calming sea. Hermione knew she was watching the time Draco tried to become Harry's friend just before the house sorting.

The young blonde boy in speckless, expensive robes flounced up to Harry Potter. His Malfoy sneer perfected at Ron as Draco asserted himself between the boys. Turning to Harry, introducing himself.

"So it is true then Harry Potter has come to Hogwarts. You don't want to mix with the wrong sort, I can help you there. Malfoy. Draco Malfoy" thrusting his pale hand out for the boy who lived.

Snickering caught both boys attention, whipping around, shaking with anger "think my names funny do you? No need to ask who you are. Red hair and hand me down robes, you must be a Weasley" Draco sneered at the dirty poor wizard.

Harry's face screwed up with hate, directing it at Draco "I can tell the wrong sort for myself
Hurt sparked in the young Slytherin to be grey orbs. Before he could retaliate a tall elegant witch dressed in fine green robes and a black pointy hat appeared from beyond the great double doors, cleared her throat.

"Tell me Hermione, do you think its fair the way Harry Potter dismissed the invitation of friendship? Or his thoughts already corrupted before he even stepped foot on those magical grounds?" Fate scanned the brunettes face.

"Did you know the sorting hat wanted to place young Harry into Slytherin? If young Harry wasn't filled with unease and petty thoughts of all witches and wizards sorted in the house of snake turning evil, how would the world be with Harry Potter as Slytherin?" waiting for the young woman to answer, Fate circled the rockpool.

A Slytherin Harry. Mores the pity. Shaking her curls Hermione peered at the fighting krabs "we shall never know. Ron already corrupted him to be prejudice against Slytherin while on the train. I can only guess that maybe Harry would of accepted Draco's friendship and away from Ronalds influence would of been a model pupil" Or not. Laughter erupted from Hermione at a studious Harry.

"I can admit I never saw the pain from Draco at Harrys dismissal but as I said I wouldn't change what I have with the blonde Slytherin for anything" scratching her neck "I also can now see that preconception is played by both sides".

Fate accepted this. Progress. Miss Hermione Granger was finally opening up.
"Getting sentimental in your old age Malfoy" Severus sat across from his blonde counterpart, taunting his miserable ass. A dark grin plastered his face.

Grumbling Lucius stuck his middle finger up at his friend. Swiping his glass "fuck off prick. Yous big nosed Dumbles lover" slurring his words, spilling his whiskey down his front, pooling onto the tables scratched surface.

Lupin chuckled at the sorry state Malfoy senior has managed to get himself into. Washing his large hands, his back turned from the dark wizards a cheeky grin creeping across his hagard features.

"Don't know how you feed all these mouths Molly, you have my up most respect" Narcissa silky tones drifted though the door. Alerting the three wizards to the witches arrival.

The kitchen door swung silently open as Molly and Narcissa arm in arm, spoke in gently tones.

Severus had to look twice at the two witches arms interlinked with each other. When did the world end? A Weasley and a Malfoy who would of thought.

"Gentlemen if you can move yourselves while we prepare the dinner" Narcissa politely asked the three. When none moved "out with the lot of you. Now!" Barking her orders, smirking as Lupin jumped, dashing out the room colliding into the door. Muffled cries followed.

"This is nice" sarcastically drawled Severus as he watched the two completely different witches working side by side.

The tall Slytherin regal witch kept brushing her elegant hand across the plump Gryffindor motherly witches back. Interesting! Always thought you were abit kinky Cissy Severus inwardly laughed.

Thump. The table jumped.

Turning his attention to Lucius, the blonde mess had his head planted on the table in his whiskey. How the almighty has fallen.

Almighty alright. Miss Granger his new charge. Severus knew he failed the girl by not protecting her from the insane Black sister, but he had to let the insufferable know it all fight her own battles otherwise she would be never live long enough. Granger needed to toughen up, show the bigoted fools from both sides of this ridiculous chess game that she had the right to be here.

Severus was a saradonic snarky bastard but he survived playing spy till now. He was a bitter, angry man shunned for being a death eater and a halfblood. Growing up with an abusive drunk toughened Snape, the bastard smacked his mother about, mocking her for being a witch. His mother Eileen Prince pureblood daughter of Charles and Elizabeth Prince, disowned for marrying a muggle. Severus never met his grandparents thank Salazar for small mercies. Though he did find out that being the last and only Prince left alive he somehow owned the Prince estate and vaults, it turned out Eileen Prince wasn't officially disowned. Lazy bastards. He had more Galleons than he ever would spend, he used his funds to help his Slytherins better themselves, to think for themselves, to follow their own paths and not end up like their parents. Sometimes he failed them but some like his godson made him know he wasn't wasting his time and efforts. Draco may have the mark burned into him for the rest of his life but he never would be a true death eater, the boy was squeamish, he hated violence and he took too much after his mother.
Peering at his lost friend, Severus wasn't a complete unfeeling prat, he felt a twinge of pity for Lucius. The white blonde aristocrat preened to the nines at all times now a complete mess. Light stubble gracing his sharp angular face, his once pristine hair lay limp about his shoulders, his expensive, tailored silk robes hung from his muscular frame making him appear unhealthy. His grey orbs dulled giving the appearance of a corpse.

Sighing Severus decided Lucius has had his self pitying party for far too long. Standing up putting on his best imitating face "enoughs enough my brother! Time to stop your pitying, we have a war to finish" yanking Lucius roughly by the collar of his robes and preceded to drag the drunk out of the kitchen door, while both witches stood watching amused.

"Your husband has really let himself go Cissy" Molly playfully swiped at the Slytherin. Throwing her red head back chuckling at the pinched face of Narcissa.

Pursing her ruby red lips Narcissa arched her finely preened eyebrow at the motherly witches antics. "Lucius is his own worst enemy".

"Something wrong? And I don't mean your sham of a marriage" Narcissa glared at Molly "Don't give me that look Cissy I can see very well that you are at odds with Lucius and it is not because he's dressed as a death eater". Tutting at Narcissas complete denial of the truth.

"Dressed as a death eater?" was all Narcissa said. Surely she means death eater, there's no dressing where her husbands involved.

"Yes the man stopped being a death eater when his Lord and Master died the first time. Surely you can see that. He carries on the role to protect his family. You my dear are in denial of the truth” Molly ambled away, swaying her hips, clanging the china plates and mix matched cutlery on the table.

Their conversation was over as the hungry troup of order members and roudy teenagers descended onto the kitchen.

The room was crowded even with the table extended by magic. The elder of the group sat at one end leaving the youngsters sat hunched together, whispering suspiciously. The twins grinning, no doubt up to trouble again. Molly watched her boys like a vulture circling its meal.

"I'm telling you Sirius the idiot needs a good beating" Tonks glaring playfully at the head of the black house.

"He will eventually, when he crawls out of whatever stink pit he drags himself from" Sirius replied though a mouthful of food, mash potato spraying the table.

Draco picked his meal, as delicious as it was he had no appetite. Glancing at his mother who was yapping to McGonagall, he rudely interrupted "I want to go and see Hermione".

The whole room fell silent as Draco demanded his mothers attention.

"No Draco" waving her hand at her son before turning back to her previous conversation about the latest gossip of Hogwarts.

Pouting at his mothers obvious dismissal, grimacing Draco turned to his godfather instead. "Can you take me tomorrow Severus?".

"You are in hiding Draco use your brain" Severus sneered at his dimwitted godson. How could he stupidly ask that? Idiot.
Slamming his fork down with unnecessary force, the metal ringing out against the china. "Hermiones on her own I don't give a fuck about my safety. I'm going to see my friend whether you take me or not. You are not my father nor are you Hermiones". Shoving the chair back, crashing backwards onto the floor, Draco stormed out the kitchen.

_Fucking Snape. Fucking Mother. How dare they think to control me. Me. Fuck them. I'm coming Hermione_ inwardly Draco seethed, pulling the latch on the creaky window, pausing to listen for any footsteps outside his room, He summoned his broom and jumped from the window.

Unaware he had just set the alarms off alerting the order to his sneaking out.

"What the hell is that?" Ginny winced at the loud piercing sound, her ears ringing.

"The wards have gone off, one of you minors have left without permission and an escort" knowing exactly who, Minerva waved her hand silencing the alarm.

"It seems your son takes after you Lucius" Severus grinned at the hungover blonde, who sat with his head buried in his arms.

"Let him go. He wants to see the girl, with him there your wards will protect them both" Lucius mumbled into the table.

"I want to see Mione too" Ronald spoke up "why should a filthy death eater get to be with her? I'm her boyfriend".

Lucius jumped as the sound of laughter pierced his sensitive hearing.

"You her boyfriend? Give me a break you small minded little weasel, you are sick" blinking Lucius stared at Potter as he berated his redheaded friend.

"You tried to kill her. You lied about her coming onto you. You're a fucking bastard Ron. You're not going any where near her" Ginny chimed in, glaring at her pathetic brother, her wand tightly in her grasp.

Ronalds face turning a bright red as more verbal abuse was hurled at him.

"Yeah. After what you did, you are extremely lucky to still be alive" Sirius spat at the youngest Weasley boy.

Molly and Arthur stayed quiet. Neither defending their obnoxious son.

"What did he do mutt? Apart from the obvious" Severus drawled. Arching his brow at his former school bully.

"Want to explain kid or shall I enlighten our friends and family?" Sirius challenged Ron, his grey eyes glittering dangerously.

"No. Okay well Ronald here tried to rape Hermione after attacking her at Hogwarts before she was resorted into your house Snape".

Growling furiously at the revelation, before anyone could respond, Lucius had the redheaded bastard by his neck pinning him painfully to the wall. Crushing the boys trachea, Lucius punched him solidly in his face, not once not twice but three times. The blood splattered onto the blondes face and robes.

"Fucking hell man try not to kill him" Arthur forced the blonde off his son, stepping into Lucius path
to stop an further attack.

Severus and Shacklebolt pulled the still seething death eater out of the kitchen away from temptation. "I must thank you Lucius".

Molly sat watching her son clutch his ruined face impassively. "You deserved that Ronald, I brought you up to respect women. You are beyond disgusting" turning to the rest of the room "no one heals him. Rapists don't deserve kindness". Standing up Molly walked out the stifling room and for the first time since becoming a mother she left the kitchen a mess.

"How could you Ron? I..Im a complete fucking idiot, listening to you over Hermione each and every time. Malfoys right I took her for granted and I used her" Harry pounced on him kicking his friend hard in the stomach, drawing back his fist and punching him in his bloodied face, gripping his wand "Cru..".

"No Harry. No unforgivables. You are better than that" Arthur yet again stepped in between his son and his attacker. "Go and calm down. All of you out". "NOW".

Pounding feet and slamming doors told Arthur that he was finally alone with his son. Looking down at the crumbled and bloodied Ron, Arthur felt nothing but disappointment.

"I only protected you as Hermione wouldn't of approved of Lucius or Harry ending up in azkaban for your murder" pulling out the nearest chair, Arthur sat down and watched his son.

"I'm disappointed in you. Rape is the most vile sin there is. Hermione didn't deserve that, she's a good girl, always there for you and Harry but each time something happens you both turned her out. I sat by long enough while you used that brilliant witch as your personally verbal punching bag and human homework"... "Hermione deserves so much better than you or Harry. Young Draco cares for that girl as she deserves, he risked his own life tonight so the comatose witch wouldn't be alone". Tapping his hands on the wooden surface, Arthur saw his sons sour look at the mere mention of Draco.

"Really ticks you off at the mention of Dracos name doesn't it son? Are you jealous of him? Or is it because you know Draco deserves that girls friendship more so than you ever had?"

"When this war ends, you are out Ron. I will not support a rapist or a woman abuser. Give me your wand and go to your room, Harry will be put in one of the empty rooms" Arthur stood, hand out.

"Noo boody weyy" spitting out his words with his damaged mouth. Blood dribbling down his chin.

"Accio Ronald Weasleys wand" Arthur calmy called out. The wonky wand sailed into the Weasley patriarchs waiting hand. Stepping over his son, Arthur left, leaving without a backwards glance. 

**Bloody fucking bitch. Always in her shadow. She won't get anyone better than me** Ron growled.
"Could really do with my wand right about now Severus" the irritated blonde snarled, pacing the length of the library.

Shacklebolt, Lupin, Sirius and Severus sat on the many tattered couches adorning the room watching the pureblood vent his bent up frustration.

"I'm sure we can get you another old boy. Unfortunately unless you are willing to go back to him and fight for your wand, its out of the question" Shacklebolt lightly chuckled.

Flipping his finger at the Auror, Lucius continued his frantic pace. Trying to shake off his murderous thoughts, his teeth grinding unnaturally, protesting at his forceful treatment.

"Why are you so worked up over this? Isn't this the sort of thing that you lot enjoy?" Sirius tried to take back the words the moment his opened his stupid mouth. "Sorry man" Holding his hands up in surrender.

"I have and will never rape anyone. Only those who force themselves on a woman or man are pathetic scum. Yes the Dark Lord encourages such disgusting behaviour but both myself and Severus never participated in such vile acts" Lucius sneered at the Black heir. Stupid inbreded mutt.

Severus turned his attention to Sirius. "How did you find out? And why the hell didn't you tell anyone till now?" Staring angrily at the mangy mutt.

Waving a piece of parchment at the glowering death eater "I received this a few weeks ago, the only reason I didn't say anything Snape is because I wanted to find out the truth. I sent the owl back asking for undeniable proof and my source owled me this phial of memories last night" Sirius smugly grinned, a vial dangling between his left fingers.

Snatching the glass phial from his arch rival, Severus examined the mist swirling in the clear glass. Your source Black?" Growling at the scruffy marauder.

Shaking his dark bushy mane, Sirius scratched at the back of his neck "never gave me a name. If you read the letter you may recognize the handwriting" passing Snape the wrinkled parchment.

Interesting, the handwriting does seems familiar Severus thought. Turning the page around, tracing his finger along the rough edges of the words, very peculiar.

Black, thought you would be interested in knowing the truth about Weasley. Attempted rape of Granger. Blah blah blah yours ?. Poppy cock.

The librarys fireplace sparked to life. "Professor Snape are you there? Bloody charm I can't see a thing!" came the high pitch voice of Healer Roberts.

Waving his hand to silence the men, Severus spoke up u is it Roberts?" nimpressed with the sudden unwelcome intrusion.

"Can't you release me from this charm Professor? I can't see or feel a bloody thing" came the rambling reply from the boy Healer.

Grimacing at the stupidity of the boy, Severus growled "this place is secret kept for a reason, so no the confusionitly stays in place till you leave my presence. Now I will ask one more time Healer.
"what do you want?".

"Right yes sorry sir. Young Malfoy won't leave its far too late for visitors" spluttering his response, trying to keep the terror from a merging.

"The boys causing no harm. He will keep Miss Granger safe. Now leave and don't bother me again unless my charge or godson comes to harm!" Not waiting for a reply Severus waved his hand at the heath cutting the connection. *Imbecile.*

Lucius threw his head back and barked a laugh at his impatient friend "you couldn't of just been polite to the man, he was only doing his job Severus".

Not bothering to hide his disdain for the boy Healer, Severus sneered at the peacock "fine one to talk. The boy is an imbecile. The way Roberts was stuttering you would of thought Draco was causing mayhem instead of sitting in the room keeping the girl safe. If I wanted to talk trivia with an imbecile I would keep wormtail for company".

"Filthy rat" Sirius darkly muttered, attracting the death eaters attention.

"Can't believe I'm saying mutt but I agree with you. Try living with it plaguing your home" Lucius grimaced at the horrid thought.

"I did for seven years or did you forget? Sirius answered smartly.

"Ah yes I forget that the infested rats a Gryffindor. Who would of thought a Gryffindor death eater" Severus humourlessly laughed. "After all only Slytherins could possibly be evil".

The rest of the room had the grace of looking ashamed at their prejudice of all things Slytherin.

The librarys door noisily opened revealing the grim face of Molly Weasley with her merryband of lady followers.

The men moved up to permit room for the ladies. "Gentlemen why the long faces? Are we up to know good?" Narcissa asked after seeing the disgraced faces of Shacklebolt, Lupin and her mysterious cousin.

"Just talking love. You know us men" Sirius cheekily winked at the witch. Patting the sofa for her to take. Arching her fine brow at her flirty cousin Narcissa took the preoffered seat.

"Interesting development. When were you going to announce this Sirius?" slapping the scruffy man upside his head.

"Fuck witch what was that for?" rubbing the back of his sore head, grimacing at the violent witch, scooting further away from her.

"My penseive will be needed for these attained memories. There are from an unknown source, showing Weasleys attack on Miss Granger" Severus held up the glass phial for the witches to see.

"Whenever your ready Severus" Molly stood rigid, pointing to the stone bowl sitting on the coffee table.

Severus gently poured the memories into the bowl beckoning the waiting spectators to start.

"I will stay out with you Lucius. You don't need to see this" Severus moved to stand next to the riled up Slytherin.
The two men waited for their fellow witches and wizards to reemerge from the penseive.

"Please Ron stop" Hermione begged her friend, fighting him off of her as he crushed her body to the cold stone flooring.

A rough hand sharply pinched her nipples, pain shooting though her exposed breasts, she whimpered feeling the hot tears falling down her chin.

"I told you I wasn't finished. You are mine whore" Ron bit her white creamy flesh of her collarbone. His knee painfully digging into her stomach as he groped her.

Hermione felt the slobber dropping down her chest. Crying harder as Ron scratched her inner thigh as he snagged her panties down, while his other hand ripped open his trousers releasing his erection.

"Please don't do this. I beg you please" Hermione screamed, thrashing underneath the redhead, bucking him off her only resulted in encouraging him further.

Ron roughly stroked his leaking length, palming the frightened witches exposed core. "I'm going to make you mine".

Yanking up her skirt, he moved himself to center with up to her virgin hole.

Hermione felt him, trying one last desperate attempt at stopping him, she brung up her knee up into his erection. His face screwing up with hurt with anger.

Smack. Hermiones head connected to the stone knocking her out. Blood trickling out across the floor.

"Stupefy" Ron was thrown off his victim colliding into the teachers desk.

"Scum like you Weasley deserve death" the unknown saviour spat on the bastard, kicking him hard in the face. Satisfied at the crunch.

The spectators looked on horrified at what they were witnessing. The source who sent their memories hid their identity well.

"Crucio" Ron yelled at the brunettes back. Gleefully smug as Hermione fell screaming out as her body convulsed. Her pupils blown wide as the agonizing heat roared though her blood, hitting her head against the floor.

Molly was sick at seeing her son attacking the muggleborn. Shaking as the memory changed once again.

"Little miss know it all. No friends and all alone" Ron cruelly jeered at Hermione as she sat alone in front of the heath in Gryffindor common room, trying to read.

Snatching the paper back from her tight grip, he smirked as he threw her beloved book into the cracking fire. The pages burning up faster than dry leaves on a bonfire.

"Gryffindors very own whore" he taunted her as the tears glistened down her face.

Unable to cope with seeing anything further Molly pulled out of the stone bowl. Shrieking at the
sickness of her youngest son.

Severus watched the Weasley matron have a meltdown, his heart twinged with sympathy for the horror-stricken mother.

Half of him wanted to be left in the dark about the grievous harm against his charge but the other half wanted to know, so he could get the revenge rightly deserved for the former insufferable Gryffindor. Making his mind up Severus dragged himself to the stone pensieve and followed his comrades into the silver misted memories.

"Can't see how you can stand her Harry? She always followed us around like a lost bitch" the redhead complained to his bespectacled friend. His voice loud enough for the entire class to hear.

"Leave it Ron. She will get what's coming to her in due time. Don't you think you made your point in the common room?" Harry asked, pushing his food away.

Ron glared spitefully at the bushy-haired witch as she made eye contact with him at his harsh words. Grinning Ron nudged Neville hard who pitched into Seamus who's elbow connected with Hermione's face. Blood splattered down her pale face as her nose broke. Ron maniacally laughed at the chaos he caused.

Severus fisted his hands into his robes, trying to stop his uncontrollable angry. Forcing himself to remain calm as the memory changed.

Harry watched as Ron savagely attacked Hermione. This time was the worst that he saw.

"Bet ya twenty galleons Harry that I can throw this firecracker into the know it alls cauldron from over here" Ron gleefully proposed, his eyes sparkling with mischief.

"Come on Ron. We have to finish this potion before Snape can deduct more unfair points leaving us in the negatives" turning back to his own cauldron that was now a black sludge, Harry poked his ruined slop.

Ron shrugged at his friends nonchalant attitude, grabbing the firecracker from his robes pocket, he watched as the witch bent down to pick up a lost ingredient. Grinning he drew back his arm and threw the firecracker, arching though the air landing with a soft plop as it hit the bubbling potion.

The moment the deadly combination mixed, it furiously thrashed inside its combines. The metal cauldron exploded throwing the unexpected Gryffindor forcefully against the back wall, the echoing thud ringing in the onlookers ears as her head collided with solid stone.

The dark professor striding up to the fallen bloodied witch barking his orders at the Slytherin boy. Lifting the student with ease, the potions master waved his hand over the cauldrons putting them in status. "Tidy up and leave. Anyone who knows what happened to Miss Grangers potion is to come to me by the end of the school day" sneering at his idiotic students, exiting the classroom.

"You owe me twenty galleons Harry" Ron excitedly whispered unaware of how loud he actually was. "Pay up" waving his grubby hand in Harry's face.
Ignoring the boys petty comments Harry hurriedly cleaned up his station, grabbing his bag "what you did was sick Ron. She could of died" making his way to the classroom door.

"Shame the bitch didn't really, no one would care" Harry shuddered catching the vindictive words as he left the room.

The penseive threw out the intruders as the last memory ended. All of them looking green and murderous.

Narcissa and Minerva reeled themselves in long enough to comfort their distraught friend.

Sirius punched the wall hard, cracking the plaster. "Fucking little shit".

Remus sat clutching the threadbare sofa arms trying to remain calm while moony rattled his insides threatening to break free to kill the coward bully wizard.

Kingsley leant against the wall throwing out the air of an professional Auror all the while wanting to get his wand on the youngest Weasley boy.

Severus mirrored Lucius previous path of frantic pacing. His black pitch orbs shining with murderous intentions, reliving the dark revel violence.

"Bunch of bloody hypercrites" Lucius sneered at the anger filled wizards. "Where the Salazar were you when the girl needed you the most? Lapping up the shit Dumbledore and Potter spewed out their mouths".

"He had the proof of her betrayal. The death eater mask was found in her belongings" Kingsley tried weakly defending the awol Headmaster.

Severus snatched the nearest book up, making a show of examining it before throwing it at the ridiculous Auror. "Oh yes because evidence couldn't possibly be planted. All bow down to Albus saint Dumbledore and Harry fucking Potter. You let the girl down and now you want justice for her" striding up to the library door Severus yanked the door open "well go kill Weasley and while you are at it make sure Potter gets a good beating too!".

Looking around at the sombre group "well what are you waiting for? Granger is laying in a muggle medically induced coma on life support due to both lungs collapsing and a brain bleed, she also has lost her wand arm from splinching after a botched apparition. None of this would of happened if she was protected by your people instead of your betrayal. She saved your miserable life Black and this is what she gets in return!". Severus shot them a disgusted growl as he slammed the door on his exit.

With the room slowly delving into chaos, Lucius took the advantage and sank into the penseive. When Kingsley made the move to pull the blonde man from the stone bowl, Sirius stopped him "Let him see maybe he will do us all a favour and get rid of the sick son of a bitch". Standing between the Auror and the death eater.
Looking back Hermione knew she had a privileged childhood. She had everything her heart desired; from knew books to holidays every year. The only thing she never had was friends, at school she loved to learn, loved to prove her intelligence these made her peers alienate her. She was encouraged by her professional parents to explore all kinds of knowledge till her brain could take no more.

"Hermione love, never forget that the knowledge you hold in here". Her mom pointed to her head "is just as important as the knowledge you hold in there" pointing to her heart.

Fate watched the young woman pace the sand bed, the tight coils rotating in deep thought.

"If things could change Hermione what would it be?" pulling her out of her thoughts.

Hermione turned to Fate, the sun reflecting her bright cimmon eyes "if I could change anything it would be the injustice committed in the wizarding world".

"The injustice thrown on you?" Fate wanted to know more than what she was getting.

"The injustice on everyone. Werewolfs aren't allowed to work, they don't get the education they need, Hogwarts only accepted Remus and unfairly so. Look at Fenrir Greyback, what if he had the support and education as Remus was given? Would that one change stop Greyback becoming the monster he is?. Muggleborn/Muggle raised, Centaurs, half giants, house elves and many more beings treated unfairly for the circumstances of their birth. Purebloods and Slytherins being accused of being death eaters or dark beings, just look at how Harry was easily manipulated against Slytherin even before he knew the house!" sighing Hermione looked away. "I'm so tired of fighting anymore".

Feeling the defeat rolling off the young witch "the mundane world has the same injustice; Racism, Sexism, Homophobics and so much more. You can't change the world but you can help make it a better place" Fate traced the fine crystals, creating patterns in the sand.

"I want the war to stop. That no more lives will be taken far too soon. For both sides to see the truth about their beloved leaders, Tom Riddle and Albus Dumbledore do not care for their people. The two chess masters controlling their pieces, sacrificing lives without so much as a by your leave" Hermione grimaced, all this death because of two men.

"I want to live so I can stop both of them from destroying our world!" Hermione watched Fates eyes light up at her declaration.

"I want to survive so the people who betrayed me pays. So Dumbledore dies along with Riddle. So I can help change the world for those who can't fight it themselves. I want to live so I can see my mom and dad, Draco and Na..her again. I want to watch while the life leaves Bellatrixs eyes. I want everyone to know that Harry Potter is a fraud. I want to end Ronald Weasleys pathetic existence" Hermione spoke clearly, her voice travelling across the sandy paradise.

Fate smiled at the Gryffindor turned Slytherin witch "then I grant it Hermione Granger but remember
this, there are consequences. I will watch out for you, you are unique Hermione, the path I set out for you was changed by yourself. You made your choice remember that, stick to it. Come to me" Fate gestured Hermione forth.

Fate touched her charges face "sleep now Hermione Granger".

The silver haired woman watched the young brunette vanish. Her job was done for now. Good luck Miss Granger.
Hermione wakes

Chapter Summary

Bold writing is Hermione's written communication
Bold and italics is Hermione's list from her time with fate.

Blinking away the irritating buzzing, Hermione felt pressure on her throat, fighting to free herself from her entrapment. Thrashing her heavy arms about, she noticed her right arm was gone. She weakly cried out.

Draco snapped his head towards Hermione's bed as he heard the wailing alarms of the machines, jumping to his feet, Draco firmly held his frightened friend down "Hermione it's okay. You are in St Mungos" pressing the panic alarm to alert the healers.

The moment Hermione saw her blonde friend, she relaxed slightly. Her breathing was difficult, something was blocking her airways.

The room's door swung open, panicked mediwitches and healers came bursting into the room. "Mr Malfoy what on Merlin's name are you doing?" the young Healer pushed forward, on seeing his patient awake, Roberts hurriedly moved towards her.

"You need to stay calm Miss Granger. I'm going to disconnect the tube from the life support" calmly gesturing to his colleagues "we need to remove the long tube from her throat, as slowly and gently as possible".

Draco stepped back just enough so Hermione could still see him but far enough from the mediwitches way.

The blonde cringed as he watched with sickening fascination as the man began detaching the tape from Hermione's mouth and clasping the tube. The thick tube was very long, as it came out of her throat. She would give great head Draco inwardly snickered.

As Healer Roberts turned off the life support, an older witch brought the head of the bed up slightly so Hermione to see better.

"There now my dear much better. I'm Matron Tate but you can call me Sarah. You have been here for two weeks my dear" answering Hermione's unspoken questions. The kind elderly Mediwitch patted down her uniform, giving both Hermione and Draco a bright smile, she left the room.

"No doubt you want to talk Granger, must be killing you to be mute?" Draco laughed at the red faced witch.

The Head Healer continued his exam "looking good Miss Granger, your lungs have started healing beyond what we could of done. Your throat will be sore for a while, try to take it easy, you will be feeling very weak for a while" nodding his head like a demented dog. Clapping his hands excitedly, he bowed to his patient and making his exit.

"Demented idiot" Draco scraggly remarked, earning a warning glare from his bed ridden friend "well he is. Ask uncle Sev. Anyway we no longer reside at our home instead I met the obnoxious order
members” grimacing at the thought of dirty infested hovel.

Hermione raised her brow at the frazzled blond's discomfort. Gesturing to Draco for something to write with as best as she could with one arm. *My arms gone, stupid, stupid idiot* she sadly thought.

"Not sure what you want Hermione" enjoying the mocking but never less conjuring up parchment and Quill for the frustrated brunette. "Here, I need to owl mother, father and Severus about you being awake" cringing at her frightened face "promise Granger I won't be long".

Clutching the newly given writing utensils, Hermione watched her blonde companion leave. Sighing, using her left hand to write proved more difficult than she thought, it seems like a child's work of art. On her parchment Hermione wrote down what she remembered from her strange dream.

*Was it real? The sandy Paradise with the beautiful silvered haired woman. Fate, an illusion or a true spectator? Revenge. Justice for the down trodden. Ronald Weasley. Harry Potter a fraud?. Don't forgive the traitors. Dumbledore and Riddle the chess masters = death.*

Hermione forcefully scratched out the redheads name out tearing the fragile parchment. Ronald Weasley will pay. Hermione was certain of that, along with Dumbledore and Riddles deaths.

Hermione's stomach turned at the thought of her most vicious attacker. Her eyes filled with shameful tears at what her former redheaded friend nearly succeeded, scrubbing away the tears. *I will not cry over him, he will pay* Hermione darkly thought.

"Sorry Hermione" Draco murmured as Severus burst into the room, he black signature robes billowing out behind.

Severus scowled "Miss Granger. You have decided to brace us with your presence once again" unable to keep the sharp bite out of his sarcastic comment.

Jutting out her chin, in an act of defiance, Hermione snatched the Quill back up scribbling on a clean piece of parchment. Holding it up for Snape to read.

**Very funny Sir. Is Narcissa okay?**

Arching his brow, Severus smirked "Mrs Malfoy is fine" leaving the girl with a vague answer.

Turning away Severus could hear his charge frantically scratching away as the Quill dug into the soft parchment.

"Hermione" Draco gasped after reading the extremely rude words, blushing a deep red.

Whipping around Severus snatched the note away, his black eyes dancing with mirth as he read her angry retort.

**What sort of fucking answer is that? You overgrown greasy bat bastard. Fucking oversized hooked nose. I want to see Narcissa!**

Hermione and Draco both jumped at the roar of laughter escaping from the dark potions master.

"Really Miss Granger. Very colorful vocabulary you have stashed in that oversized head of yours" turning his attention to his nervous godson "go to that hovel and get Minerva and Nymphadora to bring your mother".

Draco spared Hermione a guilty look before quickly and elegantly as a malfoy should, dashed out
the room.

Watching her jittery friend leave, Hermione glared at her guardian. Shrinking back into her pillows as he approached her personal space. His pale face looming close to hers, his minty breath tickling her ear.

"Constant vigilance Granger" pulling back slightly, smirking at the frightened little witch "are you afraid of me?" A fake pout replaced the smirk, placing his hands on the girls bed "do you enjoy Cissys company?".

Hermione found it difficult to swallow as her professor invaded her space. *He knows, he knows I like her.*

"Relax Granger. If I wanted to harm you I would of done so by now. I couldn't care less if you fancy the married witch, Narcissa never was one to fuss about gender" grinning, Severus moved back from the shaking chit "she will be very...happy to hear about your infatuation. No I want to know why you never told anyone about what Ronald Weasley did to you" his face growing dark at the wizards name.

Pulling herself together even though her heart was still pounding at the comment about Narcissa. Hermione scribbled down her reply, sliding it to the furious wizard.

**No one would of believed me. It was my word against his. Dumbledore already declared me as the enemy.**

Severus knew she was right to a certain extent. "Minerva would of believed you, Salazar knows I would of taken your word over that dimwitted fuck wits" snarling "No one has that right to rape any being. A pensieve Granger".

Holding up her response to the imitating wizard.

**I know what a pensieve is Sir. Memories can be altered or did you forget that? It doesn't matter anymore.**

Hermione waved her stump at the glaring potions master. A dark grim smile appearing on her face, as the tears trailed down her flushed cheeks.

Taking a deep breath, pinching the bridge of his nose, his face softening "I will personally teach you how to use your left arm to wield your wand Hermione. They couldn't save your arm as we couldn't find it" embarrassed at his behaviour towards the broken young woman.

Before Hermione could reply, the doors reopened to an apprehensive Narcissa and a sombre Professor McGonagall. A clumsy Tonks making her entrance tripping over Draco.

Hermione suddenly beamed at the older Slytherins appearance.

Narcissa stepped up slowly to Hermione, guilt flashing across her aristocrat face. Swallowing down her fear she gently pulled the young witch into her embrace. "I'm glad you are finally awake. You gave us all quite the scare" releasing the witch, Narcissa gripped the girls chin, looking into her cinnamon eyes "never run from m..us again" her voice full of authority.

Hermione tried to nod but the grip on her chin made it impossible to move. She stared into the stunning blue eyes of the witch that her heart has grown to love.

"Wotcha Hermione!" Tonks tripped agaibt the metal railing of the bed "Sirius and Remus send their
love. So does mom of course, real pissed she is after hearing about what the order did to ya" her pink hair darkening slightly.

Hermione pulled away from Narcissas grip, scratching her parchment. *Thank Merlin for self ink Quills.*

**Why? No one defended me before so why now?**

Her face remained impassive as Tonks flushed at the accusations.

"I never knew I promise ya that. Didn't know till Harry told us this summer. Sirius was furious and rightly so, after all you did save his life. If I have known I would of came to you Hermione" Tonks looked down, hurt creeping up her features.

**Sorry Tonks. I thought Dumbledore told you all that I was a death eater.**

Minerva took over "he did but only to those he thought of as important. Many believed him but we didn't and nor did Arthur and after the event of Ronald, neither does Molly. She is very ashamed of believing Albus lies and deceit" watching her ex cub turned snake digest the news.

Hermione was beyond angry. *Doesn't matter if they feel bad now they still deserve none of my compassion or forgiveness. They all could rot in hell.*

**I want to go home. No order, I don't want to be near any of them. They betrayed me**

Severus cleared his throat, catching the rooms attention "Hogwarts is safe Hermione, I will need to speak with the Healers first" sweeping out the room in typical Snape fashion.

"I will stay with you Hermione if that's okay with you?" Draco nervously asked his friend.

Nodding her head to show her acceptance. Turning to Tonks, she held up another sign.

**I only will see you, Sirius, Remus and Andy. Hogwarts sounds nice, be quiet without the dunderheads running amuck. I want to see Ginny and Lucius as well.**

Laying back onto her bed, the last few hours catching up on her. Feeling slightly dizzy Hermione shut her eyes.

"Been round old Snape far too long Hermione" Tonks laughed after reading the dunderhead comment, earning the quiet laughter of her companions.

"Alright I will only discharge her as Poppy will be near so I have no worry there. Sign these forms professor. Plenty of bed rest, no walking at all and no parties" Healer Roberts tried to crack a joke.

Hermione felt the dark approaching on her subconscious, unwilling to fight Hermione slipped back into the land of sleep.
"Why can’t they give her the skelegrow uncle Sev?" Draco impatiently demanded of his stern godfather. Sitting in the potion masters dungeon suite, opposite the dark wizard near the open crackling fire.

"Did you not hear what the Healer told you the first time you blundered into Grangers room at Mungos?" Severus threw back the burning liquid, savouring the afterburn taste. "Magic couldn't be used on the girl at first as her magical core was compromised. It's far to late to be able to regrow her arm, skelegrow only works immediately after the injury occurred, its been nearly 3 weeks. Use that brain of yours boy".

"How will she use magic again?" shifting uncomfortably under the glare of Severus. Pale at the dreadful thought Hermione couldn't use magic again.

"She still has her left arm" sneering at the ridiculous question. "Granger will be coached to use her remaining arm to wield magic. We do have left handed people you know".

Watching the fine liquor swirl around the glass tumbler, Draco listened as the chambers main entrance scraped open allowing their guest though. The all telling tap tap tap across the cold stone floor told Draco without needing to look up who the unexpected guest was.

"Severus, hiding in the dungeons I see" Lucius helped himself to a tumbler of firewhiskey, tapping his cane against the stone as he made his way to the overstuffed leather armchair.

"Hows the girl doing?" leaving the cane balancing against the heath, eying his dark haired friend.

Severus raised from his seat and to refill his glass "Poppy has her tucked away in the infirmary. Healer didn't want to release her so soon but with the war and Poppy on site, Roberts relented. Granger is on bed rest for the unforeseeable future" sighing at the mess, he found himself in.

"With any luck she will be unable to continue with the war" Lucius spoke out, taking a sip of the whiskey.

"Either way the girl isn't going to be fighting. End of. She can stay and help the injured with Narcissa if she is well enough" Lucius finished up. Feeling affection for a muggleborn was a strange concept for Lucius.

"It was so surreal. I couldn't believe how graceful and floaty the woman was. She said she was Fate, but I don't know how that was possible. She helped me decide what I want and I choice to live".

"I want revenge and I want to stop the injustice plaguing our world Cissy. There's something I want so badly that I know I can't have it. Logically I should move on and try to forget but my heart tells me differently" head down, anxious and afraid of what will happen next, Hermione pushes forward.

Staring straight into those beautiful crystal orbs "I have no interest in men, I find them to be immature and selfish. This year I realised that I like women, I'm a lesbian. I know you are married but every time I look at you, my heart pounds, I can’t think straight. I'm not ashamed of my attraction to you but I understand that you are a married witch and you're straight."
Since the first time I met you in Madam Malkins, you took my breath away, every time I saw you after that, I fell further in love with you. I only know that now after spending the summer in your home". Swallowing hard, Hermione tore her gaze away "I thought it was a silly girl crush but I’m not so sure now. I’m sorry I hurt your family, I shouldn’t of been watching you and your husband. I was going to make myself known to Lucius but then you sauntered in the library in that.." choking down her desire "stunning lingerie. It was my fault, that your family has lost your home and being hunted by Riddle".

Hermiones heart skipping a beat as she shot up from her firm mattress, sweat drenching her night shirt and sheets. Shaking her head to dissolve the dream that was still as clear as a Christmas morning. Hand on heart, trying to calm herself down. *What was that?*

Hermione glanced nervously around her. Shivering as the sweat cooled uncomfortably on her heated flesh.

Jumping out her skin as a hand came to rest on her shoulder.

"Sorry didn't mean to startle you dear" Madam Pomfrey cooed. "Oh dear I think we are in need of a bath". Noticing Hermiones sweat stained bedding.

The doors of the infirmary swung open emitting its visitors, abit too loudly for Hermiones liking.

"Ah just in time. In here my dears" Pomfrey called out to her expecting visitors. Turning her full attention back to Hermione "its quite all right my dear, just some very keen helpers is all".

Hermione was flustered at the state of her bed, hoping none would comment on her less than stellar hygiene. Grimacing at the unpleasant thought of the St Mungo's staff using only scourgify to clean her whilst she was unconscious.

The helpers walked in to Hermiones private room. Narcissa tightly smiled at the young witch, still finding it hard to be around the girl after suffering at the hands of her deranged sister.

"Ready when you are Miss Granger" professor McGonagall calmy spoke noticing the spooked expression on her cub.

Nodding Hermione tried to swing her legs over the side of her bed, finding it difficult to move without the shooting pain burning though her chest. Grimacing Hermione reluctantly gestured for McGonagalls help.

"No walking my dear" Pomfrey wheeled in a brand new muggle wheelchair "you will be using this for quite a while" noticing Hermiones confused look on the muggle chair "no magic I'm afraid, not till we can be one hundred percent sure your magical core is no longer compromised".

Scrunching up her face, Hermione allowed McGonagall to scoop her up and safely deposit her into the wheelchair.

"Ready dear? I'm going to push you into the bathroom" professor McGonagall reassured the stiff patient. "Then myself and Narcissa will help you bathe" On seeing the red flush of embarrassment creeping up Hermiones face "none of that Miss.. Hermione, there's nothing to be ashamed of. We are all female my dear" lightly chuckling, manoeuvering the chair though the maze of the main infirmary and into the side room at the back with the bath.

Hermione gazed around the white bathroom. It surpised her how elegant the set up was; the titles glittered as the sun reflected off the stone, creating a phirsm of colour splashing onto the walls and
the most beautiful bath Hermione has ever seen. The warm water filling up the tub, steaming the room.

Braking the chair by the sink that was attached to the opposite wall to the bath tub. Narcissa and Minerva both removed their outer robes.

Hermione couldn't help but gasp at seeing her former head of house in such undress. The stern professor had a toned body, much younger than her years. Bloody hot Hermione inwardly sighed eyeing up her Professor. Flushing Hermione tore her gaze away, unfortunately landing on to the older Slytherin witch who was in less clothing than McGonagall. Fate if this is a test then I surely have failed.

Narcissa strode behind Hermione, grinning at catching the younger witch eyeing her up. "Now your turn Hermione" she huskily whispered into the unexpected girls ear "let's get you undressed so I can help you into the bath". Straightening up Narcissa gently tugged the wrinkled night shirt by its hem, pulling the material over Hermiones firm stomach and up over her bushy head.

Hermione froze as the stunning witch stripped her nearly nude. Shivering as the witches delicate hands brushed Hermiones naked flesh. Liquid fire creeping down her stomach to her lower heat, her white cotton knickers growing wetter. Combined with seeing Narcissa in her undergarments and the warm carcass of her breath on Hermiones ear, she was ready to burst but adding her witches hands to her skin. Take me now the inner voice in Hermione's mind screamed.

Jumping at the surprised movement of her professor picking her up and slowing sliding into the bath in front of Narcissa. When did this happen? She was behind me just a moment ago Hermione thought.

Pulling Hermiones back flush up against her scarcely clad stomach, Narcissa soothingly rubbed the potion infused bubbles into the girls skin.

"Relaxed my lo..dear. Poppy put calming drought and muscle relaxant into the water, to help your soreness" Narcissa quickly covered up her slip of her tongue.

Hermione shivered slightly as she felt Narcissas eyes on her. Trying to stay focused Hermione looked for Minerva but noticing since entering the bath that her transfiguration professor was gone.

Slyly grinning Narcissa traced her hand over the girls tense stomach "Minerva has an important appointment to attend to. She will be back when you are ready to leave, are you ready to leave now?".

Hermione tensed up as Narcissas hand traced patterns on her quivering stomach. Shaking her head at the sly witches question. No I don't want to leave you Hermione sighed. Trying to twist around to see the blondes face but the hand gripped harder.

Having none of that, Narcissa firmly held the girl in place "relax Hermione" gently moving Hermione to the side "I'm going to give you privacy so you can remove your underwear and wash" Narcissa elegantly raised from the warm tub, wrapping a fluffy towel around her dripping form.

Hermione sadly watched her blonde witch swagger out the bathroom. Don't go. You can stay and watch me the voice inside Hermiones mind spoke up again. Ignoring her lechorous thoughts Hermione used her remaining arm, struggling out of her knickers and bra, throwing them out the bath landing with a splotch on the cold tile floor.

Leaning back against the cool porcelain Hermione closed her eyes, softly humming away as the
potion infused bath relaxed her tired muscles.
Visitors

Nymphadora Tonks ungracefully made her way into the hallway of grimmuald place, crashing into the umbrella troll foot stand. The screaming harpy of her great Aunt Walburga waking the occupants to her arrival.

"Bloody bitch. If I could burn you I bloody would" Sirius muffled sleepy voice boomed down the lower floors. His heavy footed steps crunching on the uneven floorboards.

"Nymph, how many times have I told you to becareful?" grinning at his pink haired cousin, whipping out his wand, silencing the dreadful portrait.

Helping his cluts of a cousin off the floor, kicking away the awful trolls stand "let's get coffee" Llading the way into the dark kitchen. Magically setting the ancient kettle and cups to prepare, Sirius sat on the bench opposite Tonks.

"Hermione woke up! She isn't happy with the order and I can't blame her. Merlin Sirius you should of saw how badly injured she is" Tonks shivered as the cool morning dew seeped into the large dank room.

Noticing his cousins shiver, rolling his eyes at the silent Auror. "Kreacher, you filthy mongrel" barking for his most hated house elf.

Crack. "What can Kreacher do, for filthy blood traitor" the hideous elf sneered at his current master.

"Light the heath, its bloody freezing in here" growling at his unpleasant slave. Turning his dark eyes back to the Auror "I swear one of these days he will kill me" laughing at the thought all while suspiciously eyeing his terrifying elf "Does Hermione want anything? I know she loves my books" Sirius ordered the coffee to them.

"Sure, she will like that. Take them up yourself Sirius" sensing Sirius surprised face "she will only see you, uncle Lucius, Ginny, Remus and mom" picking up her steaming cup of lift me up. Inhaling deeply "no interest in Potter or anyone else but can't blame her. Fuck Sirius her arm is gone".

Procuring up his cigarettes, offering one to the furious witch. Tonks accepted the offering, lighting the stick, taking a deep pull.

"Sure can't. The girls been though hell because of Harry and that sick twisted bastard" thumping the table with his closed fist. A sneer plastered across his darkly chiseled face. Sirius thumbed with his cigarette.

"Telling ya Dumbledore has a lot of answering to do. Scheming senile old coot' Sirius dark orbs glinting dangerously.

Both Black cousins jumped as the kitchen door creaked open. Remus lazily dragging himself though the opening, scratching his shaggy hair "what are you two up too? It is early, way too early" eyeing his lover and friend.

"Wotcha Remus love" Tonks jumped up knocking her coffee over while falling into the werewolf. "No kiss for lil old me" fake pouting at Remus, pulling him by his night robes towards her.

"Anytime love" wolfishly grinning, Remus pulled gently on her pink short hair with his rough hand as his pale lips ghosted over Tonks.
"Oi still in the room moony" Sirius teasing tones pulled the couple reluctantly apart.

Moving around the Auror towards to table, Remus helped himself to the still hot coffee. Plonking down on Tonks previous forgotten seat "so what are you two talking about or do I not want to know?" raising his scruffy brow at his fellow maurder.

Tonks regained herself control, taking the head seat and refilling her lost coffee "talking about Hermione. She's at Hogwarts, going to see her later today if ya wanna come Remus?" Batting her eye lashes at the still half asleep wizard.

Frowning "she only woke up, why move her from St mungo's? Surely she needs to be carefully watched in case she relapses?" Remus wasn't impressed.

Sirius shot Tonks a look "for Hermiones protection even if I can't stand Snape, he's the best wizard for the job" choking down his disgust at acknowledging his childhood rival as anything decent.

"Maybe. Is Miss Granger up for visitors? I would like to see her of course. If I knew the way she was being cruelly treated I would of done everything in my power to protect her. She did save my best friends life after all" looking at Padfoot as he expressed his gratitude of the betrayed muggleborn.

"Obviously" Tonks put on her best Snape drawl "otherwise I wouldn't of asked you to tag along love. We better leave before any of the others wake".

Nodding their affirmative, Sirius and Remus took off to dress appropriately.

"Sirius don't forget the books ya promised" Tonks quietly called after the departing wizard.

Leaning on the wall by the dark oak entrance, finishing her second cigarette that she sneaked from Padfoot. Tonks indignantly shrieked as Molly Weasley suddenly materialized in front her, tutting at her bad habit of smoking.

"Those will kill you Nymphadora" shaking her red head at the young Hufflepuff. "This is for Hermione, I don't deserve her forgiveness for my attitude or Ronalds rotten assault but I want her to know that I'm truly sorry" thrusting a basket of goodies into Tonks arms. Quietly crying as she shuffled away further into the house.

"Ready Dora?" Remus clamped his hand down on his lovers shoulder causing her to clumsily jump into Sirius, who was lurking in the shadows laughing at the Hufflepuffs nervousness.

Righting herself Tonks slapped both men hard on the back of their heads "wow we are leaving. Oh and boys if you try to scare me again" amusement flashing across her face "I shall cut off your delicate bits and feed them to Buckbeak".

Laughing at the discomfort of her two wizards, Tonks led the small group to Hogwarts.

The trio arrived at the infirmary, forgetting where they where judging by their loud childish behaviour. Sirius threw himself bodily at Remus, who stumbled into the matrons desk.

"What on Merlins name do you think your doing?" The matrons sharp tone piercing into the misbehaving wizards ears.

"Poppy" Remus tried straightening her desk bbut further causing more chaos. "

Madam Pomfrey to you young man. Children do not call those in authority by their names. Till you
two can behave as fully grown men, I shall be treating you as children” hands on hips, cocking her head to the side as she narrowed her eyes on the immature boys.

The loud clap of thunder disrupted the sudden tense atmosphere. The heavy rain smashed at the glass windows, threatening to break open.

A small feminine shriek tore Poppys attention to her only patients private room. Shoving the door open "Hermione dear, what's wrong?" Sweeping her eyes around the room unable to locate the witch.

"In the bathroom Poppy" came Minervas soft stern voice.

Poppy made her way to the bathroom. Gasping at the frantic site before her. A drenched Narcissa was holding a thrashing Hermione, trying to keep the brunettes head above the water "what happened?" dashing to the tub, gently helping Minerva to lift the seizuring witch out the cold water and onto the heated titles.

Waving her hand so the door slammed shut to stop any gawkers from seeing the vulnerable naked young Slytherin. Clambering out the bath, Narcissas robe cladded form soaked, dripping onto the titles. "I left Hermione alone for some privacy so she could wash without an audience. I apologise I shouldn't of left her unattended" removing her wet robes, dropping them to the floor. Narcissa raised her brow as Minerva watched the blonde strip without a care for her public.

Poppy stood conjuring up a stretcher, Gently positioning her young patient on "Minerva when you are done, I'm taking Miss Granger back to her bed" slightly smirking at her long time friend, calling the stretcher to follow her out the room.

Sighing the tabby animagus gracefully straightened to her full height, giving Narcissa one last look, Minerva quickly followed behind Poppy.

"What would Hooch say?" Narcissa mirthfully asked the retreating form of her mentor. Grabbing her previous discarded towel as her cousin entered the facilities.

"My, my cousin" leering at the very wet stunning blonde. Sirius wolf whistled earning a sharp slap to his head again. Grimacing he turned around to his attacker.

"Wotcha perv" Tonks smirked at the wounded mutt "did ya mother never teach you to respect women? Or did it fly over your fluff filled head with everything else?" her eyes twinkling with mirth.

Tonks eyed her aristocrat aunt. Her mothers favorite sister. Well who wouldn't if Bellatrix' is the other. "Auntie Narcissa, stunning as ever. How come all black women are beautiful but I failed to receive such treatment?" smiling at Narcissas perfectly groomed raised brow.

Delicately twirling her wand over her head, her fresh robes wrapped itself around her nude form. Vanishing the mess "Nymphadora, you shouldn't sell yourself short, you dear are a beauty. Just look at Aunt Walburga, she was born a Black and married a Black, she certainly didn't get the beauty genes" narrowing her blue orbs at Sirius "neither did Sirius here".

Sirius chuckled as he watched her sweep past him and out the door.

"Just here dear, much better" Narcissa walked in on Poppy comforting Hermione.

Sensing Narcissas question "just a seizure dear, after such a head injury, its common to be racked with seizures. Severus is looking to stabilize your condition with a potion" finishing her answer, staring at the curious bedridden witch "I want you to start speaking today, the more you speak the
better" giving her patient one last look over, before leaving the two witches alone.

Her head tilted slightly, catching the eye of Narcissa "how do you feel lo..dear?" eyeing Hermione up.

Grabbing her discarded parchment and Quill, scratching her reply quickly as she could with her left hand. Holding the sign up for the elegant witch to read.

**You can call me love. I like it. To answer your question I'm fine thank you. My grandma was epileptic, so I kind of understand what's happening.**

Confusion crossed Narcissas face, till she realised her mistake "it's not appropriate for me to call you that Hermione. I'm glad your okay" turning to leave.

"Ccissa stay" Hermione managed to croak out, her throat still sore and sandpapery. Tears slipping down her cheeks as the abrupt exit of the older witch.

Narcissa heard Hermiones quiet plea for her to stay but she couldn't. She shouldn't be feeling such inappropriate thoughts about the school girl. She was married for Salazar sake. I may not be in love with Lucius but he still my husband and the father of our son Narcissa bit back her tears.

Many hours later of Hermione practising her sounds, her voice finally returned but her throat still protesting at the sudden overuse. Hermione felt her heart break at the clear dismissal. I love you witch Hermiones inner voice screamed. Trembling.

"Alright love" Sirius oblivious to the young woman's inner struggle "here love got a bunch of books for ya to keep yeah" smiling brightly as he dumped his burden on the bed.

Hermione shoved down her despair over Narcissa as Sirius blundered into her room, arms loaded with old tomes. "Thank you Sirius" Hermione forced a small smile as she accepted Sirius awkward hug "you know what I like".

Sirius patted her shoulder, unsure what to say to the abused girl in front of him.

Sensing the wizards discomfort Hermione spoke up "don't feel pressured Sirius. I know he's your godson" thumbing the ancient page of a long written potions through the ages tome.

Sirius sighed "I am angry at Harry for his ridiculous behavior and dismissal of your friendship love. Your health and wellbeing is my concern after all you are my heroin" smirking as his dark orbs twinkled with mischief.

Laughing for the first time since waking up from the land of the lost "mutt. I'm serious" Sirius sat on Hermiones bed next to her.

"No love I'm Sirius, you are Hermione"nNudging her playfully on the shoulder at his lame joke.

"Someday you shall be Mrs Black yeah" his lips twitching at his statement.

"In your dreams Sirius. I'm gay" Hermione blushed at his playful flirting.

"I know love. You got a thing for my cousin" grinning at her shocked expression.

Hermione went to reply but unfortunately her door swung open to Remus and Tonks.

"Wotcha Hermione. Got ya voice back I see, good" Tonks winked at the blushing Slytherin, placing the food basket down on her bedside cabinet "from Mrs Weasley. An apology of sorts".
"Only small words for now" Hermione tightly smiled at the pink haired clutz. Refusing to acknowledge Mrs Weasleys gesture.

"Good at least Sirius will be able to keep up with the conversation" laughing at the wounded puppy look.

"Hello Hermione" Remus gently spoke to her as if she would break.

After her fill of the three roudy adults, Poppy barked them out of her room and dismissed from Hogwarts.

The dark potions master silently watched from the shadows of the dunderheaded morons as they took their leave of the infirmary. The girl was trying to read one of Blacks tomes.

Deciding that now was the best time to speak privately with his charge, he made himself known.

Severus glanced at his charge "you have to learn to use your remaining arm. I will not give you false hope of it being easy as it won't, you shall be needing to learn the basics over again but at least this time you know the incarnation and precise wand movements. As the only potions master on site I will personally help you rise back to your previous standard" forcing his words out. Polite he didn't do, not for anyone.

Nodding her understanding. She refocused her attention back to her book.

Severus was annoyed at the girls indifference, snatching the book from her lap "pay full attention when I'm speaking Miss Granger" inwardly smiling as his charge straightened her back and turned her gaze on him "good you understand basic commend, five years of Hogwarts hasn't been a complete waste then" snarling at the wide eyed witch.

"Speak up girl, what is on your mind?" His patiences wearing thin. Once a bloody Gryffindor.

She looked up at him with a slight frown "don't know what I can do anymore" Hermione winced at how pathetic she sounded "I love her but she isn't interested but I can't blame her as I hurt her family" bowing her head hiding her tear stained face with her wild hair.

"We at war and your crying over a married tart?" Spitefully glaring at Granger.

Hermione gritted her teeth at her guardians insult of Narcissa "she's not a tart. Just because you don't have the capability of love doesn't mean the rest of us don't". Shrinking back as Severus used his body to pin her to her mattress.

"You know nothing of what you speak little girl" his black orbs glaring angrily into the brunettes "Cissa is a muffmuncher if you like. Only married Lucius as she had no other choice. Oh don't get me wrong that witch loves cock as well" pulling back from his student "I apologise Miss Granger. I don't know what's come over me" paling at the thought of what he could of done. I am no better than that rapist Weasley Severus gagged. Storming from her room without a backward glance.

Hermione glared at the empty spot her guardian vacanted. Men, all drama Queens.

Clearing of a throat forced Hermione back to the present. Keeping her face mutual the curly haired witch brought her gaze to her visitor.

"Miss Granger" Lucius smirked at the muggleborn witch trying to keep her emotions in check "the mudblood who took on Bellatrix Lestrange and lived to tell the tale. Do tell girl what made you spy
on an very private moment?" His steel grey orbs dancing in mirth.

Swallowing hard "I ..." unable to answer the tall handsome blonde.

"Do you like my wife mudblood?" Sharkly grinning at the nervous girl.

_Come on Granger, fight back. You are not a coward._

Hermione hated feeling weak when it came to cruel vindictive bastards. Straightening herself to her full height as best as she could still sitting on her freshly made bed. Suspiciously eyeing the older blonde.

"I'm not afraid of you Lucius. Not anymore. I'm in love with your wife, so what?" Her cinnamon eyes sparkling with passion "I will fight for what I believe in and fight those in the wrong and that includes the assholes who raised their wands or fists upon my person. I will get my revenge I promise you that". Staring straight into his eyes "mudblood does nothing for me now".

Lucius grinned as the muggleborn witch started to resemble her previous self. "Bravo Miss Granger. Took you long enough". Sweeping out the room in his usual dramatic flourish. _I'm in love with your wife_ echoing around his mind, taunting him at his biggest failure.

Hermione grabbed the closest tome Potions most potent, flipping the old book onto its fragile back. _I can do this I'm Hermione Granger Slytherin bookworm. Time to end this war._
Andromeda's visit

Chapter Summary

The memories are taken from my other story on fanfiction Soror Autem Mea. Thought they worked well in this story as well.

Bold and italics are memories.

She shook with uncontrollable fear as the dark imposing woman entered her private room. Her sharp lethal heels clicking hard against the infirmary floor, echoing across the large chamber.

The visitor stopped in the doorway, her dark curls framing her beautiful face, cocking her head to the side, eyeing the frightened muggleborn with concern "you look better my sweet". Her grey orbs searching the young slytherin's face.

Hermione sighed aloud, her tense muscles relaxing "Andy I'm glad you could make it". Pushing her scattered books to the end of her bed, mindful of her missing limb.

Andromeda smiled, taking the empty chair with as much elegance as her youngest sister "hardly could say no after Nymphadora's frantic mood as of late" gently grasping Hermione's hand in her own "it seems my sister has made quite the impression on you though I am surprised and rather worried. It seems quick".

The brunette glared half heartedly at the middle Black sister "it doesn't matter your sister is married and has no interest in a mudblood like me when she has Lucius in the palm of her hand" turning away to hide her flushed cheeks and tearful eyes.

A loud sigh escaped from Andromeda "seriously, after everything I have heard about you and little I know of you, you are acting rather foolishly. Have you even asked Narcissa what she feels? If she is indeed in love with that useless man of hers?". Her tone bordering on harsh.

"Obviously not she's a pureblood and I'm just a mud.."

Cruel laughter erupted from the dark witch "yes you are absolutely right. My sister could hardly have feelings for a filthy mudblood like you. What on Morganas name does it make me then girl? I married one remember" anger leaking from every word.

"I'm sorry I didn't mean to offend you. I don't even know if Narcissa is gay" her eyes downcast afraid to look at her visitors scrutinizing face.

Rolling her eyes at the timid witch "my sister enjoys the flesh of anyone that takes her fancy. Growing up my sisters and I were extremely close, so close that we crossed... that doesn't matter" clearing her throat at the sudden shared secret of her long forgotten past. "Tell me about your summer or better yet let me see into your mind" noticing Hermione's reluctance "trust me Hermione".

Both witches stared into the others eye as Andromeda incited the spell.

*Hermione stared unabashedly at the blonde witch across from her, the older woman was in dressed in a tight black dress that ended mid thigh, the material showcased her full soft breasts*
and enticing curves.

"... I think not" Lucius retorted at the head of the table

The man beside him chuckled slightly "now now Lucy locks I think it would be a great investment".

Hermione inwardly smirked at the ridiculous nickname before tuning them back out, turning her gaze back onto his wife who was quietly talking to two snobby women that greatly resembled Pansy Parkinson.

"Pssst" an elbow connected with Hermiones ribs, whipping her head to the right meeting the mischievous eyes of Draco "what do you want?" hissing at the sharp jolt.

Draco rolled his eyes "don't be such a girl Granger" earning snickers from Blaise and Theo that sat to Dracos right.

"If you haven't noticed Malfoy I am a bloody woman" Hermione raised her voice, flushing red in embarrassment as the whole table turned to watch them.

"Quite right you are darling" Narcissa angelically spoke up, catching Hermiones gaze. Saluting her with her wine glass, delicate fingers skimming the rim "extremely" her intense blue eyes trying to undress Hermione.

"Hear Hear Miss Granger" the chubby man wolf whistled like a commoner earning a sharp slap to the back of his balding head by his very amused wife.

Hermione winced at the spike of arousal that shot though her lower regions.

Another memory resurfaced from the summer

The maze was becoming far to complex with too many dead ends that seemed to be purposely pop up to keep the muggleborn inside its confinement. Hermione plunked herself down on the stone bench grumbling at her stupidity of entering a pureblooded garden by herself.

A soft rustling caught her attention, staying seated she peered around the corner to see a large circular garden filled with all kinds of roses and exotic flowers but neither held her attention for long when her cinnamon eyes locked onto the prone figure lying on their front, white creamy flesh exposed to the hot sun. Her throat went dry realising she was perving on the lady of the manor and the mother of her best friend, her stomach twisted into knots, arousal spiking down her spine. She could just make out the soft mounds peaking out from underneath the very nude beautiful witch.

Without realising it her feet started to move by themselves, edging closer to the mazes centre, towards her desire.

"What can I do for you Miss Hermione?" her voice husky. Narcissa was propped up on her elbows, giving Hermione the perfect view of her breasts. The blonde had no shame in revealing herself to her son's friend.

Licking her lips nervously, staring at the snow white mounds swinging slightly as Narcissa
angelically laughed her long delicate fingers tracing her collarbone "you seem nervous my dear" Hermione was memorized watching the fingers dance across the owners skin, goosebumps making themselves known.

"Hermione look out" a shout from behind her forced Hermione to reluctantly turn "Oh hello mother" Draco rushed past his friend and leaping over his amused and still very exposed mother with a black retriever scrambling behind him.

"Do come sit Hermione" Narcissa seductively patted the soft grass beside her, her blue eyes twinkling with danger "don't mind my son he will be busy for a while yet. I don't like repeating myself darling" the coldness in her voice made Hermione shiver.

Andromeda withdrew from the girls mind, blinking fast to recover her sight "from those two memories alone I would say my sister rather enjoys your company Hermione" amusement dancing in her eyes.
Intertwined wands

If he put his wand down he would still be here

If he put his wand down she would still be here

If he put his wand down they would still be here

If he put his wand down

The lights flash across the sky as they dance their final dance

Where's daddy she cries but her mama has no reply

How does she tell her baby that daddy isn't coming home, he's gone now living up high.

Draco quietly watched Hermione sing while she absently twirled her Quill. "You have a great voice Granger. I never heard of that song is it muggle?. What's it about?" quirking a blonde brow.

Narrowing her eyes at the sneaky Slytherin "I made it up. Hardly be muggle when I'm singing about wands" tutting at the ridiculous question, returning to her potions assignment.

Laughing at his friends serious face "what's got your wand in a knot? I was only asking as I was interested I didn't know you could sing" grabbing the chair nearest Hermione bed "I would love to hear you sing that to both sides of this war".

Hermione rolled her eyes "I would be killed before I opened my mouth. What makes you think anyone would listen?" pushing away her homework "I'm finished with Severus assignment. Let's go and have some fun" swinging her legs over the side of her bed, wobbling as she struggled to stand upright "come on quickly before Poppy sees us" grinning, Hermione threw on her robes as she and Draco snuck out the empty infirmary.

Linking arms with the unsteady witch "well me lady, where are we off to?" Draco smirked, bowing low before being dragged though the quiet castle.

Hermione smiled as she and Draco reached the choppy waters of the black lake. Letting go of her escort and taking the lead. Their bare feet skimming the murky water, watching the giant squid splash around for it's food.

"I need a replacement wand. I need to be able to defend myself even with just one arm" disgusted at her weakness "school work is all well and good but those that attacked me are still out there and I want revenge" laying back on the wet grass facing the dark sky as raindrops pattered against Dracos shield.

Following her move "we could go to diagon alley, get you a knew wand. I will help you get your revenge I promise".

Hermione frowned as she tested her new wand.

Mr Ollivander was most intrigued when she and Draco entered his shop, even though her travelling cloak hid her injury, the kind quirky old wandmaker knew she went though great change. Hermione
remembered the uncomfortable intense pressure building in her chest when the older man asked for her wand arm, thankfully Draco jumped in and hurriedly explained that she now uses her left arm leaving out the fact she lost her right. Ollivander didn't ask questions instead he dragged her though the stacks till she felt the pleasurable tingle of a certain wand calling out to it's new owner. The wandmaker was amused when the blackthorn wand flew out it's box into the Hermione outstretched hand, the warm golden glow emitting around her. A wand of a warrior.

"Try again Granger, you nearly got it" Dracos calm drawl brought Hermione out her muddled mind "pronounce it clearly and precise wand movements" flicking his wand.

Closing her eyes she calmly cleared her mind "Wingardium Leviosa" flicking and swishing her new wand at the boulder. The small boulder jutted then steadily rose into the air.

"Brilliant Hermione knew you could do it" Draco smiled at his excited friend.

The boulder plunged into the black lake as Hermione cancelled the spell "what's next? I want to try a much more difficult charm". Unbeknownst that a certain pair of Slytherins were watching from the shadows.

"Alright. How about Lumos? Don't give me that look I know it's easy but let's start with the basics then move onto the harder spells" smirking at Hermione pouting.

Huffing "fine professor" sarcastically saluting the blonde. Straight up and to the side Granger you can to this Hermione prep talked herself.

"Lumos" her wand spluttered a weak light then disappearing all together.

"Come on Granger"

"Lumos" Hermione forced the words out as her wand glowed brightly in the cold courtyard.

Draco resumed his seat on the fountain "Alright that's try a harder one. I think we need to use a dark spell, one that could help you if you are ever alone" waiting for any arguement that never came "the imperius curse. I know you read about the unforgivable so I know you know how to execute it".

Hermione watched as Draco stood before her, his wand sheathed in its holder "use the curse on me but I'm begging you Granger nothing too embarrassing".

Breathing deeply Hermione recalled the precise incarnation and wand control "Imperius" waiting for any reaction "Malfoy bark like a dog" commanding the wizard, forgoing his previous warning of nothing embarrassing. .

.CLAP.

Hermione jumped out her skin as the loud booming claps echoed though the stone yard.

"My, my Miss Granger. Using an unforgivable on an unarmed wizard" the teasing drawl of Severus reached her pink tinted ears "Imperius" twisting his wand at his godson. Dracos steel grey orbs clouded over "Draco come and bow to Miss Granger".

Hermione turned her attention to the helpless blonde as he strutted over to her and bowing down as if she was royalty "what did I do wrong?" Draco was released from the curse, his face red from embarrassment.

"You need to want to control your victim unlike the Cruciatius curse where you need to feel the anger
and the want for your victim to feel pain to perform." Severus dark orbs flashed at Hermione "think of the incident with Potter. He couldn't hurt Bellatrix Lestrange with the Cruciatus because he didn't feel the want, even though the deranged witch nearly killed his godfather".

Hermione nodded at her mentors explanation, her attention fully on him "I understand but I didn't want to control Draco let alone hurt him" shifting foot to foot as the cold breeze chilled her to the bone.

Sighing "Obviously, otherwise you have a very twisted friendship with my son Miss Granger" Lucius finally spoke up "we need someone who hurt you to practice on. Any ideas?" His shark filled smile appearing again. Say Weasley girl and I will personally bring him to you Lucius darkly thought.

Severus rolled his eyes at his blonde brother "let's start with the greyer of the dark spells, where one doesn't need a victim to practice on. Bombarda Maxima should do nicely" gesturing for his two students to move apart.

Hermione anxiously watched Draco step up and cast the Exploding charm on some unfortunate rocks. She smiled encouragingly at her friend as he turned to her. The rocks shattered, flying debris raining down upon them. Draco sauntered past Hermione, pushing her gently forward "your turn Hermione".

I can do this, I'm a Gryffindor and Slytherin. Clearing her thoughts Hermione intently watched as the rocks repaired themselves. "Bombarda Maxima" Hermione shouted flicking her wand at the rock pile. The rocks sat silently still until the middle rock exploded, throwing chunks of wayward rock out in each direction. Smashing into the castle wall and floor.

"Merlin careful lass" Minervas Scottish tones caught the surprised witch off guard. Her shield erecting over the newcomers.

Hermione sheepishly grinned at her former head of house "sorry professor. Never expected the rocks to do that" silently clapping herself on the back for a job well done.

Narcissa swepted past Minerva towards the group in the middle of the disrupted courtyard "may I Hermione?" Gesturing for the girls wand, Hermione handed it over, her fingers brushing Narcissas as a sharp jolt ran down her body.

Ignoring the shot of energy, Narcissa twirled it over, pulling her own wand out, inspecting them both.

Lucius was the first to realise what she was doing. "Both your wands are of Blackthorn wood. Extremely rare" turning to Hermione “what's your core?".

"Rougarou hair" confused at the sudden interest in her newly acquainted wand.

Both her Professors looked uneasy at the revelation. Lucius looked gleeful while Narcissa softly smiled at her.

"What's wrong now?" Hermione impatiently asked, getting annoyed at the strange looks from all four adults. Draco was just as confused as her.

"Your core has the affinity for the dark arts. It makes sense after what you've been though" Narcissa handed Hermione her wand back "my core is the same".

Now Hermione was really confused. Two wands the exact same, impossible isn't it. "But Mr
Ollivander said that no two wands are the same. How is this possible?” starting to feel put out, not knowing something of importance.

"This conversation is best spoken in private. Might I suggest my quarters?” not bothering to wait for an answer, Severus spun around, his black robes billowing behind him as he started the short walk back to the castle dungeons.

Sighing at his dark brothers antics, Lucius led the small group after Severus into the bowels of the castle. I should've known that it would be those two that Fate paired together. My wife was never mine to begin with.
**Intertwined fate**

Severus skimmed his bookshelves looking for the right tome. Grabbing the dusty paperback from it's place, the potions master made his way to his gathered audience.

Summoning his elf "what cans twinky do for mster potions?" the excited elf bounded up and down on it's heels, dressed in a black tea towel. It's ears flapping frantically.

"Tea service and snack of whatever you have in the kitchen" waving away his annoying childlike house elf.

Settling in his favoured chair, Severus cleared his throat "this was read to magical children all over the nation. A myth, a fairy tale if you like, or so we thought till now. The legend went that two wands of the exact copy in existence will come together and a new era would be brought forth. The welders of the two wands where destined for each other, that Fate set it up so these two individuals would come from completely different backgrounds, from different times. Once joined they would be a force to be reckoned with. The most powerful beings on earth" Severus paused as the tea service and sandwiches popped onto his coffee table.

Hermione winced as she watched Lucius mask slip away revealing his hidden torment. Hermione felt his pain as he rattled around the drinks cabinet, she saw his anguish flickering in his grey orbs as he slammed the six glasses and firewhiskey bottle onto the already crowded coffee table. She felt his anger as he thrust a half glass full of strong liquor into her trembling hand. Her eyes stung from the unshed tears as his eyes couldn't reach his wife's as he passed her a glass.

Hermiones voice wavered "surely it's just a child story" dropping her head in shame at Lucius heartbreak "I'm sorry" she felt the hot tears escaping, cascading down her rosy cheeks. She felt strong arms pulling her into a comforting embrace.

Hermione heard the entrance scraping open as someone left, knowing who left made her feel worse.

"Let him go. He needs time to himself" Severus barked at a sullen Narcissa who was about to go after him "Lucius doesn't need you right now Cissa" turning his gaze to his charge who was softly crying into Dracos arm.

"Intertwined wands is a very old legend but now confirmed. We don't want anyone to get wind of this until we are ready Severus" Minerva sadly watched as two of her much loved students fell apart at the shocking truth.

"Truly unstoppable. I remember being read this story as a young boy Uncle Sev. Neither side can know, they would use mother and Hermione as a weapon and I won't allow that" squeezing his distressed friend "it makes sense now" looking up at his pale mother whose blue eyes stared right back into his grey ones.

"You loved Father as a friend but you couldn't love him as a husband because you were fated for someone else. Father will eventually understand but right now he needs to vent out his anger and pain" Draco slightly loosened his grip on Hermione.

Hermione half heartedly listened to the awkward conversation that carried on above her. She could feel Dracos muscles tensing every so often, she knew without needing to look up that every eye was on her.

"What happens now?" Hermione braced herself.
Narcissa whipped her head towards Hermione, smiling tightly at the young brunette.

"Intertwined fate as the legend goes onto to say. Miss Granger have you felt anything towards Narcissa?" Severus knew full well that the girl fancied herself in love with the regal witch.

Pulling out of the embrace, Hermione swayed as she stood "I think I love her but what does this matter? She's a married witch!" Pacing back and forth behind the sofa.

"And you Cissa?" Severus eyes trailed his charge as she tensed up at his final question.

Narcissas blue orbs flashed at his invasive questions, not wanting to deal with her emotions in front of an audience, she gracefully stood "my marriage is of no consequence Hermione. I was never in love with Lucius. I can feel a connection with you but I tried to fight it".

"You both are fated for this. The wands confirm it. There's no fighting this, you are both going to have to deal with it" Lucius steel tones filtered into the stone chamber, the entrance scraping closed behind him. Turning to his wife "I will love you no matter what but you don't love me, I have to do the right thing Narcissa. The legend is a prophecy of sorts, it's more powerful than that of Harry Potter and the Dark Lord".

Supporting his weight on his snake handled cane, Lucius helped himself to another tumbler of Whiskey. "There's not much else to know, as there isn't much written. My father knew of this".

The pressure on her chest became too much. Hermione pushed her way past Narcissa and out the chambers entrance. Her name following her as she raced down the dungeons cold draughty corridors, blindly stumbling as tears trickled down her cheeks.

Severus excused himself to the remaining group after his charge ran from his chambers. He was sure they knew he wasn't going after the over emotional witch, that was Minerva and Narcissas department.

Waving his hand over the floating candles, bringing them to light as he went past, travelling deeper into the dungeons. The deeper he went, the colder the castle dropped.

Releasing the lock on the heavy warded door, Severus strode in, making his presence known. The prisoner was awake, staring at the intruder.

"Albus" he drawled, greeting the old wizard "does intertwined wands mean anything to you?" leaning against the stone wall, a deep scowl appearing on his face.

Dumbledore blue eyes twinkled "Of course my boy. Would you like a cup of tea? Lemon drop?" Producing his wrinkled hand to his Potions master.

Severus raised a dark brow at the old mans empty hand "no thank you Albus" even though he was beyond angry, he couldn't leave his old mentor to rot down hare, taking out his wand Severus stunned the Headmaster then released the chains "sorry Albus, if it was anyone else I would left you to it but Miss Granger is out of bounds. Let's get you some proper help" preceding to float his burden to the infirmary.

Dropping to her knees by the shore of the black lake, exhaustion taking hold of her. Scrunching up her remaining hand, she pounded it hard on the muddy surface. "Why didn't you tell me about any of
this, when I was stuck with you" Hermione screamed at the universe hoping Fate was listening. How do I know if what I feel for Narcissa is even real? Fate set this all up, damn you. I LOVE HER Hermione wanted to scream to the world, it doesn't matter why it happened or how, I just know I love her.

Swiping away the tears Hermione gracefully stood to her full height, her wand at the ready. Scanning the scene in front of her, Hermione stepped forward towards the forbidden forest.

Spying a cluster of dead, rotten tree trunks Hermione cleared her mind. You can do this Granger. Wand out.

"Bombarda Maxima" Hermione clearly shouted. The curse crashing against the first trunk, obliterating it. Grimly smiling at the chaos she caused.

A thin green vine viciously swung in the cold evening, Hermione grinned as she took aim "Diffindo" the vine ripped apart as the charm severed into the greenery.

"INCENDIO" Hermione roared, gleefully bounding up on her heel, as the fire took hold burning the rotten wood in its disrupted path.

Snap. Hermione threw herself around, without thinking she screamed "Crucio". She was stunned as the unforgiving red curse sprung forth from her wand aiming straight for Narcissas heart.

Narcissa stood frozen as the curse came towards her. Time slowed down as the red light penetrated her chest. Her shaking hand came up to her heart, falling to her knees. She was unharmed, her body absorbed the curse.

Hermione gasped at what she had done, shaking herself. She dropped in front of Narcissa "I'm so sorry" placing her hand on to the witches pale face.

The rain was coming down hard, soaking both the witches. Their robes dirtied and sodden clinging to their feminine forms. Hermione didn't feel the pelting of the rain drops as it splashed on her face, all she could feel was the trembling woman in front of her.

"Look at me please" her voice barely above a whisper. When Narcissa didn't respond, Hermione bent down, gripping the blondes chin, her lips brushing her cheek lightly. That one touch sent shivers though her spine. "Tell me not to" she whispered. When Narcissa made no move to stop her, she brushed hers lips against her ear, tracing the line of her cheekbone "say No" Hermiones lips were against hers.

"Granger, where are you?" the sudden intrusion broke the two witches apart, both breathing heavily. Narcissa regained her senses first, holding a hand out to the brunette.

Hermione glanced though her heavy lidded eyes at the regal witch "I .." unable to finish her sentence as Draco came crashing though the undergrowth.

"Salazar it's freezing out here" noticing his mother covered in mud "did I miss anything?". Were they fighting already, blimey talk about fire and ice Draco thought.

Hermione took the still outstretched hand, brushing off the offending mud "nothing that concerns your pretty little head" chancing one last longing look at Narcissa "you're right Draco let's get back to the castle".

The sky thundered above them as the rain continued to fall. Lightening striking the pitch black sky, laminating the greenery as the trio made their way back to the confines of Hogwarts.
Narcissa sat opposite her sister at the elegant table, surrendered by slobbering death eaters. Shivering at the repulsive scum ruining her expensive furniture. Sweeping her gaze along her side of the table, narrowing her blue eyes when spying Fenrir Greyback; Child molester, Rapist and Cannibal. Her stomach lurched at the horrifying thought of the child innocence he steals and destroys.

As the Alpha werewolf turned his head, his murky eyes met those of lady Malfoys. He could sense her sickening dread of his presence. Toothily grinning at the regal witch showing his yellowed, uneven, razor sharp teeth, licking his lips.

"Snobby bitch, wait till I get my teeth into your perfect flesh" Fenrir darkly spat. Grabbing his trouser covered crotch, smirking as the uptight witch sneered at him.

A swift kick of her sisters metal toe capped boot collided with her shin, wincing as her shin throbbed. "A problem Bella?" Glaring at her child like sister.

Bellatrixs dark eyes trailed her sister "our Lord asked you how the mudblood is doing" flicking a loose curl from her face.

Swallowing hard Narcissa turned her full attention to the snake faced abomination, gritting her teeth "my lord, the girl has taken to my son" the thought of them discussing her young muggleborn as if she was their next meal threatened her churning stomach to make good with its promise.

"You didn't anssswer my quesstion!" The dark lord snarled at the incompetence blonde witch. Trailing his wand to aim at Lucius "the mudblood has feelingsss for you from what I hear. Tell me witch do you feel for her?" His favoured curse ready on his non existent lips.

_Touch her and I will kill you._ Closing her eyes at the onslaught of emotions playing though her mind. She felt a connection with the brunette, she felt it the first time she met the young muggleborn at Madam Malkins. The connection has only gotten stronger since Hermione came to stay at their home. She wanted to curse her demented sister, when she attacked the girl. She felt genuine pleasure when she was around her, she smiled more, laughed more. For the first time since marrying Lucius, Narcissa felt hope. She couldn't sit by and allow her husband to come to harm though.

Pushing down her fear, Narcissa played along "my apologises master" trying desperately to hold back the sarcasm "Granger has turned her back on the order, Draco has been helping her settle into our society...".
His red eyes brimming with anger, pushing away from the table. "Crucio" he watched as his biggest regret withered on the polished floor in agony.

Narcissa gripped her wand "let him go. I don't know what you want me to say" shrieking at the creepy half blooded overlord.

Lucius laid panting on the floor, shame creeping up his face as the unpleasant odours drifted from under his robes.

Narcissa stumbled as The Dark Lord turned his wand onto her. Everything went black.

"Oi Mother are you listening to anything I just said" a very annoyed Draco flashed in front of Narcissas face.

Grabbing her glass of water, gracefully taking a sip. "I'm sorry son, you was saying".

Sighing, Draco straightened his robes "I was saying that we need a way to end the war with less casualties as possible on both sides. You and Hermione are the key to this, I know you said for no one else to know but we need more people with us".

"Who are you thinking of?" Lucius asked his son, genuine interest shining in his grey orbs.

Draco looked up at his father in surprise "oh I thought of Blaise, Theo and the Weasley twins" suspicious of his father's sudden interest in his opinion "Lovegood might be a good place to ask as well".

Lucius nodded his affirmative "Zabinis are neutral. Notts are death eaters but young Theodore might be persuaded. Fredrick and George Weasley, why?". Smirking at his sons disbelieve.

Hermione made her way to the crowded Slytherin table, throwing herself down next to Narcissa. "The twins have always been kind to me. They were the only Gryffindors that defended me against the 'let's make the mudblood life a miserable' abuse, last term" helping herself to a plate of sausage and bacon "You can trust them".

"Luna Lovegood, strange girl but understands torment more so than any of us, the Ravenclaws enjoy making her very existence horrible, idiots around the castle call her looney because she's different. I trust her as well" Hermione finished.

Narcissa unconsciously shifted closer to Hermione, unaware that the brunette was paying her full attention "maybe we can.." tensing up as Hermione placed her left hand on the blondes robed covered thigh.

"We can bring them into our group but they have to be wand bound so we aren't betrayed" smiling brightly, feeling the beautiful witches thigh tense under her hand. Reluctantly removing her hand Hermione conjured up parchment and Quill. Scribbling down the names before passing it down the table.

"Madam Pomfrey is going to fit me a magical Prosthetic arm today" catching her audience off guard.

Dracos face said it all. Confusion planted in the faces of all the purebloods in attendance.

"A replacement for a missing limb. Muggles came up with the idea first but unlike them, the magical Prosthetic will work as Miss Grangers arm would of done" Severus explained to the purebloods "muggles aren't able to interact with their replacements. Miss Granger will be able to fully use the
Prosthetic but unable to weld her wand with it”.

"What's the point in it then?” Draco voiced his concern.

Rolling her eyes at his ignorance "let's just say I will be able to punch you very hard with it and be very satisfied" Hermione grinned at the pale wizard "you will think the punch you received in third year was childs play in comparison”.

"I will be able to do everything bar magic again. My left arm is doing fine anyway" Hermione pushed her plate away "you can always come see Draco”.

Hermione sat patiently on the infirmary bed, swinging her legs over the side, waiting for Madam Pomfrey to return with her new arm. The awful weather was pounding hard against the bay windows of the hospital wing. The dark gloom piercing the white sterile medical bay, increasing the intense atmosphere. Hermione felt the darkness pressing in on her in all directions.

The candles flickered, casting shadows in the dark corners of the room.

"Ah here we are Miss Granger" the matron swayed in with a long white box. Bustling up to her patient, placing her package on the bed "remove your robes dear. Leave your underwear on, just remove the right bra strap”. Stepping back, pulling the green bed curtains shut.

Hermione slipped out her clothes quickly, removing her bra strap "ready" calling for the Hogwarts Matron.

Anxious at the long wait, Hermione shifted to get comfortable on the firm mattress. The curtains peeled back as Madam Pomfrey glided in, wand in hand.

"Lay back dear I have seen all of you already. No need to be shy” tapping her wand against Hermiones right stump, muttering under her breath, the white box opened. The Prosthetic drifted from it's confinement lining up with Hermiones right side.

"Close your eyes dear, you don't want to watch this. Deep breathing" Hermione followed the orders, shutting her eyes and breathing deep. Cringing at the sudden sharp pain radiating from her shoulder to her stump.

"Sorry dear. Very fiddly" came the cooing voice of Madam Pomfrey. "Nearly there".

Click.

Hermione opened her teary eyes, looking down to her now right arm, she was shocked. "It looks human”.

"The most expensive range dear, you have a very generous anonymous gifter. Now you need to practice your arm movements" packing up, Poppy gave the young Slytherin a bright smile "you can leave at anytime my dear”.

Hermione completely unawares of Dumbledore handcuffed to the bed in her previous private rooms.

Bidding the Matron goodbye, Hermione steadily made her way back to the common rooms. Salazar Slytherins portrait looked down upon the muggleborn Slytherin "Password young Mudblood" Hermione sneered at the slur of her blood "Severus". Salazar stood still dressed in his old fashioned
duelling robes donned with snake clusters "have no shame young one. I care not for your blood. You are a true warrior" the next thing shocked Hermione, the Prince of darkness bowed down to her, a lowly muggleborn witch. The portrait swung open emitting Hermione entrance.

"Melodramatic Dictator" Draco spoke harshly.

"Rubbish, he was just wrong" I know that voice. I know that bloody voice Hermione winced as she rounded the stone chamber, her cinnamon orbs catching the dark messy hair of Harry Potter, lounging on her favoured armchair by the fire place. Freezing against the wall, hidden in the shadows.

Draco continued his luxurious pace of the common room, knowing full well his brunette friend was spying on them "why did you come here? If you are not going to listen to a bloody word I have to say Potter" starting to lose his cool with the boy who just won't die.

Hermione could sense the vein throbbing angrily in Harry's forehead "why should I listen to a deatheater coward" jumping up from the chair, snarling at the blonde.

Keeping her wand tightly in her fist, in case of needing to help her blonde friend "no one wants you here Mr Potter" showing herself as elegantly as a Malfoy, to the boy who betrayed her. Her voice was strong and cold.

Hermione watched with self proud as her former friend visibly shivered at her cold voice. What did the - boy who thinks the world revolves around him- thinks I would do in his presence? Kiss his almighty backside, Fall over my own feet to praise the ignorant dunderhead, Beg to take me back as a homework lackey. He's lucky to still be standing Hermione inwardly seethed.

Raising one sharply shaped brow as Harry went to speak "I'm so sorry Mione, you have ta believe me" grimacing as the bespectacled wizard called her that ridiculous nickname. Seriously how hard is it to say my name Her-My-knee, Hermione wanted to scream at the idiot boy.

"It's Hermione and for all I care Mr Potter you can shove your petty apology straight up your jacksie" reverting to her Fathers much loved cockney slang. "Now do me a favour and throw yourself under the knight Bus" shoving roughly past Harry on the way to her empty new dormitory, without sparing the boy a glance "Harry, don't come near me again. We are nothing to each other".

Slamming her door shut, Hermione was glad to see that her school trunk and Crookshanks were waiting for her at the end of her bed.

Sinking down onto her soft bedding, Crookshanks butted his owners hand, softly purring away, looking for her undivided attention. Stroking her purring half-Kneazle "sorry boy for being away so long, I missed you and I promise I won't leave you again" cooing gently to her beloved pet.

"knock knock" Draco said stepping into the girls sixth year dormitory "how's my muggle raised friend?" Snooping around the room.

Hermione frowned "You are meant to knock on the door, not sound the knocks Draco. And it's muggleborn" tickling behind the ear of her attention starved cat.

Throwing himself down on an empty bed didn't want to be politically incorrect now did I?" making himself at home "you didn't answer my question".

Hermione stretched, sitting up against her pillow "I'm fine really. I just didn't know you became friends with the chosen one" wincing as the jealously seeped though.
"No need to be jealous love. Potter turned up unannounced, I was brought up to entertain guests whether their welcome or not. The boys an idiot, still can't see though the great Albus Dumbledores grandfatherly persona". Noticing her new arm, he was amazed at how human it looked.

Seeing Dracos curious interest in her new arm "it's the top of the range apparently. Madam Pomfrey said I had an anonymous donator" tapping the newly attached limb, feeling the strange stab echo though out her body.

Draco grinned knowing exactly who paid for her new arm. Jumping from the crumpled bed, the blonde pounced to the door "you sure do have a very generous admirer".

Hermione shrugged out of her outer robes, ignoring Dracos excited antics.

"I will see you in the morning Hermione" Draco waved, exiting the girls dormitory.

"Just us again Crooks" stripping out the rest of her clothes. Walking to her trunk, rummaging around for night clothes. Pulling on one of her mother's old Football shirts, Hermione slipped into the fresh sheets "Nox" the candles distinguished as the witch tucked her wand under her pillow. "Night pal"
Glancing out the window, Dark as night, the sun still hiding away, Hermione caught the glass pane shuddering in its frame, as hail stones slashed against the castle in full force. *Looks like more bad weather.*

Hermione rushed though her morning routine, glad for her right arm, back to being able to brush her teeth and hair without so much of a struggle. Crookshanks rubbing his fluffy head all over his mistresses robed covered legs, purring away as his orange fur transferred to her clean clothing.

Dropping the brush as her dorm door creaked under protest of heavy pounding. "Got to go Crooks, go to the kitchens for your breakfast" giving her fluffy companion one last stretch behind his ears.

Grabbing her wand "alright Draco" throwing open the door to a smirking blonde "I said Knock not pound it to death" linking her arm with the boy wizard "take me to breakfast kind sir".

Upon entering the great hall both the two students sat at their house table, diving into the delicious spread of the breakfast buffet. Hermione stared at the many House elves that were scattered about the hall cleaning, drying and pulling up the house banners.

Nudging the blonde bottomless pit "psst. Draco what's going on?" Wildly gesturing at the scene in front of them.

"Damn it Granger, you have pointy elbows" hissing, rubbing his bruised side "their getting the great hall prepared for tonight" grinning at his friends oblivious look "start of school term. Students are coming back tonight" tucking back into his breakfast.

"Oh" disappointment flashed over her features at the thought of the castle being invaded by hundreds of rowdy students "summers flown by".

A blonde brow raised at her sudden change "you were in a coma for three weeks, of course it's bloody flown by" slinging his arm around her shoulders "let's just enjoy our last day before the dunderheads return". Scrunching up his face in confusion as Hermione paled "oi Granger".

Hermione shrugged off Dracos arm, forcing her body to cooperate as she clambered to her feet "I got to go" she felt her breathing become harder as if she was trying to breath though a tight tube.

"Herm." Draco sneered at the ginger bastard, wand out, he approached the Weasley coward "how dare you show your face here again!" Shoving the redhead hard in the chest, thrusting his wand into the gulping wizard "you got it easy, I'm going to show you what happens to sick little boys who force themselves on innocent girls" gritting his teeth, Draco shocked all those watching, by headbutting the Gryffindor.

Hermione smiled at her blonde friends protection, but cringing at the crack of Dracos head colliding with Weasleys nose. "Enough Draco, you don't want his blood contaminating your expensive silk robes" Hermione walked calmly up to her friend, placing her hand on his shoulder "don't let this..."
worthless wizard destroy your chances at becoming Head boy. I'm sure the Headmistress wouldn't tolerate an attack on another student, she isn't Dumbledore" not able to resist the temptation of bashing the former Headmaster.

Dropping the filth to the floor, Draco stepped back, grimacing at the blood dribbling down the sniffing wizards chin mixing with snot. Hermons hand gripping his elbow, feeling her force bravo failing. "Come on Hermione, I know longer feel hungry, something disgusting is lingering in the air" accidently on purpose, Draco stepped onto Weasleys fingers, smiling at the crunch of the broken bones.

Once the great hall double doors creaked shut behind them, Hermione rounded onto Draco "thank you for standing up for me but don't do anything else, I don't want you to loose your well earned chance to become Head boy. Who else will keep up with me?". Sticking her tongue out at his childish pout.

"Why is he even allowed to be back here? If anyone else did half of the crap he pulled, they would be facing azkaban" unaware that the order just arrived, hearing their conversation.

"I'm not weak anymore Draco. He will pay, but we do it the Slytherin way. That way we don't get caught" Hermons devilish smirk mirroring Dracos "even if he pays with his life".

Both friends laughed, racing back to the common rooms, leaving the stunned order members behind.

"Ah well we saw nothing" Sirius grinned, silently plauding the young Slytherins. Eyeing Remus who just shrugged his tired shoulders, a faint twinkle in his blue eyes.

"You lot best get settled in. I will talk to Minerva about the Weasley situation" Kingsley took the lead, his voice sparking authority. The Head Auror refused to meet Molly Weasleys eye as he spoke about her disappointing son.

Hermione left Draco at the library, promising to meet up with him later. She decided to pay her respect to the newly stated Headmistress.

"I know Minerva but what can..." Hermione burst into the Headmistress office, her face red from running. Slamming the door closed behind her, the young brunette froze at the shared stare of those present. One set of blue eyes, Hermione couldn't help staring back into.

"Miss Granger, we are in an important meeting" Shacklebolts stern, disapproving bark brought Hermione back to herself.

Fury written over her features as she marched up to the dark skinned wizard, her finger stabbing him in the chest "a meeting about me, so I have every right to be here. How dare you allow him back to Hogwarts! He should be in azkaban".

*I might of told Draco not to do anything but I sure as hell will Hermione bitterly thought. Pompous ass bastards.*

"Ronald Weasley will pay for his crimes once the war is over but for now he needs to be at school to be kept an eye on. Young Harry needs his friends around him. I have Aurors Tonks and Proudfoot placed at Hogwarts for your protection and I swear..."

"Fuck that and fuck Harry Potter. If anyone else did what he has they would be dragged in front of
the wizengamot, war or no war. Then again I shouldn't expect anything differently, coming from backstabbing brown nosers like the order of the bleeding chickens" shoving her palm straight into the Aurors chest hard.

Omff. Shacklebolt winced, rubbing his smarted chest. Hermione still wasn't finished "don't come running to me when Harry saint Potter needs saving yet again because as of right now I'm no longer part of this ridiculous chess game" whirling around to the grim face of Headmistress McGonagall "Draco and I are only here to finish our next two years of school. Keep any order members away from us and make sure Weasley is put on a leash because I swear on my magic if he touches me again, either with magic or by muggle means, I will kill him". The swirling golden threads whipped around Hermione as she invoked a magical vow.

Silence followed after the vow activated, Hermione gave Narcissa, Lucius and Severus a parting nod as she made her way out of the Head tower.

She wasn't stupid she knew what she did, she didn't make threats lightly. Invoking old magic was a sure way for the order to take her seriously, and serious she was. Deadly serious. She just left out that Ronald Weasley would pay dearly. Welcome to the year of Weasel bashing.

"Told you this was a stupid idea. Weasley should stay at the headquarters" Severus voiced his opinion as Hermione left the office "azkaban more like" muttering darkly.

"I'm well aware of how ridiculous and cruel this is to Miss Granger but we are at war" Kingsley sighed, still cringing at his bruised chest "who would of thought that girl has a forceful punch" dropping himself into his chair.

"Why on Merlins name did you have to bring up Potter? Potter is part of this problem and from what I hear the lad no longer has the desire to be friends with Ronald" Minerva snapped at the Auror, rubbing her throbbing temples "you should of thrown Albus name into the mix as well" her stern tone dripping with sarcasm.

Lucius smirked at the thought "I believe we would have a Hurricane Granger if you brought up the twinkly eyed old coot" snorting at the suppressed delighted faces of his fellow members "as myself and Narcissa will be here for the school year, we will keep them apart but and I will say this if Weasley tries anything with either Draco or Miss Granger I will be letting them get their revenge" standing from his seat, stretching his aching back "with no consequences".

Minerva was feeling to old for all this. Straightening up her green silken robes "alright lad. Just don't get caught" gracefully standing from her desk "I do believe it's time to show you all where you shall be staying. Oh and Lucius, Severus do try to behave with Sirius and Remus lurking about, Merlin knows what those two troublemakers will be up too". Her Scottish lilt clear as day.
Drowning out the annual house sorting, Slytherin house caught up with their house mates.

For Hermione who was beyond angry, her recently tamed curly hair became wild once more, sparking with out of control magic. *How dare they allow him back? He will die before this war is over* she darkly thought. She glared at the redheaded bastard who was seated with his back to her at the Gryffindor table cracking jokes with Dean Thomas and Seamus Finnigan.

"He's a real creep" Pansy pulled Hermione from her death glare "he's joking now but soon enough he'll be begging you for mercy" sharing a mischievous grin with her former bitch enemy turned girlfriend.

"Welcome back returning students and welcome first years to Hogwarts. I am Headmistress Minerva McGonagall. This year we have a few guests staying with us; Sirius Black and Remus Lupin will be staying in Gryffindor tower as house mothers" this earned snickers from many students and red flush of embarrassment from both surviving marauders "Lucius and Narcissa Malfoy will be co teaching transfiguration till a replacement can be found, they both will be staying in Slytherin house and acting with Professor Snape as house parents". Both the regal blondes stood and slightly bowed to their stunned audience.

"The rules this year as they are any other year; The forbidden forest is forbidden to all those that wish to avoid an most unpleasant death, Mr Filch our caretaker would like to remind all students that the list of contraband including Weasley Wizard Wheezes products can be found in Mr Filchs office, any student found in possession of such item will receive detention and confiscating said product" narrowing her eyes at Thomas and Finnigan "I'm sure you have seen that we also have two aurors stationed at the back, they are here for added security but do not be alarmed. You will treat all our guests and Aurors Tonks and Proudfoot with the utmost respect, any misconduct from you will result in severe punishment" clapping her hands, the glorious food appeared on the tables "let's eat" returning to the Headmistress throne like chair.

"Better speech than Dumbledore" Draco loudly proclaimed. Catching the many eyes of the Gryffindor table. Smirking "heard they pronounced the old coot mental" loudly whispering the last part. Laughter rupturing from their house mates and loud screeches of protest coming from the red.

"Say that again and I will show you how the order deals with death eaters and scum" Ronald Weasley stood on the bench, spitting at Slytherin.

Hermione pulled herself up from the table "you really are a fine one to talk weasel" the Slytherin slur smoothly running off her tongue as she pulled out her wand from her arm holster "I wonder what your precious house would do if they knew what kind of sick fuck you really are".

Cheers rang out from her house.

"Mr Weasley sit down immediately or you will find yourself in detention for the rest of the year” Remus walked from the high table to the despicable wizard, yanking him from the bench "don't think I wont let your fellow housemates know what you done" whispering harshly in the shaking students ear "now sit down" Remus returned to his seat "oh and Mr Weasley 20 points from Gryffindor for disrupting the feast".

Hermione plonked herself down, nodding her thanks as Draco piled up her plate.
"Nice one Granger" Zabini clapped her on the back, a goofy grin plastered on his handsome features.

"Well done Ron" Seamus glared at the idiotic Weasley "you couldn't of just left Hermione alone" munching on his sausage, waving his fork at the redhead "haven't you done enough to her last year. I would like to know what you did that was so bad that even our new house mothers can't stand the sight of you" gesturing up at the high table where Sirius and Remus stonily glared at Ron.

Ron tried to defend himself "you forget that Granger is a traitor and now a Slytherin".

"Whose fault is that huh? Ya made her life a misery, we all did. She's better off in the house of snakes they protect their own" Harry spoke up, finally had enough of his former friend "stay the fuck away from Hermione or I will tell everyone what you did. And stay away from me" returning back to his meal and continuing his quite debate with Neville.

_Bloody bitch. This is her fault, I should just end her, No one will miss the know it all mudblood anyway._, Ron inwardly plotted, _the moving stairs could accidently drop her or I could poison her food._

Draco watched with concern as the youngest male Weasley tried to hide his nasty grin "we need to stick with Hermione at all times, I think weasel is up to something" quietly whispering to the Slytherin table. Each snake nodding their head in affirmative, while the first years sat confused at the older students order.

Hermione was oblivious to the conversation going on down the table, pushing her meal round the place lost in thought. _The Aurors won't be around constantly I hope or else I won't be able to..._

"Hermione. Earth to Granger" Draco gently shook the girl. Smirking as she blinked hawishly at him "dinners over with. Come on we have firsties to torment" pulling up his prefect buddy and handing her Slytherin prefect badge to her.

Blinking in confusion as Hermione did a once around the hall, realising that everyone was leaving "oh thanks" smiling at the shiny badge, Hermione pinned it to the robes. _Slytherin prefect who would of thought._

"Alright first years follow your house prefects to the common rooms, quickly now" boomed the voice of Remus Lupin.

Hermione and Draco weaved their way though the crowd to lead their charges to the dungeons. Pride showing though her nervousness Hermione took charge "right First years follow me and my blonde prefect partner Draco".

The best line of first year Slytherins followed the prefects into the cold bowels of the castle, amazement shining in their eyes as the floating candles sprang to life as their pass.

Stopping at Salazars portrait, Draco took over "listen up and listen good, I will only say this once" looking down upon the tiny excited students "the password changes once a fortnight, don't forget it and for Salazars sake don't be a Longbottom and write the password down" nodding Draco turned to their house founder "unity" the elegant dark wizard bowed slightly towards Hermione and swung open revealing the entrance to their common room.

Once the lower years were settled, the seventh year prefect nodded to Hermione to carry on the introduction till their head of house arrived.

"I'm Hermione Granger and this as I said is my partner Draco Malfoy we are your sixth year
prefects" letting the small bit of information be absorbed. Hermione glanced up as the three adults made their way unannounced into the stone chamber, Professor Snape slightly nodded for her to continue "congratulations on making Slytherin, we are family and we look out for each other but outside our common room we are seen as evil and wannabe death eaters. You saw the disgusting display of one such prejudice at the welcome feast. Rule one is to stay in pairs at all times and watch one another's backs. Rule two what happens in Slytherin stays in Slytherin. Rule three if you have a problem with a fellow snake keep it in the common rooms do not take it outside and Rule four if you get up to mischief don't get caught" Hermione winked at the little snakes.

Severus made his and his two companions presence known "welcome back snakes and as my sixth year has already said congratulations on making house snake, be proud and don't let outsiders judge you. You have heard the student rules of Slytherin but now you will hear my rules and those of your new house parents" gesturing to the blonde couple beside him "Lucius and Narcissa Malfoy but I'm sure you don't need to be told that. Rule one any rule breaking will result in severe consequences, Rule two all homework to be done on time and handed in, Rule three no boys in the girls dorms and vice verse there are wards preventing such behaviour occurring" glancing briefly at his two sixth year prefects "Rule four curfew to be in your dorms are 9pm for first to third years and 10pm for fourth to sixth years, Rule five anyone out of the common rooms after set curfew of 9.30pm will be facing detention with Filch, Rule six all professor's, guests and visitors are treated with the utmost respect. Any questions on the rules?".

One single hand waved about trying to get his attention. A first year witch with bushy dirty blonde hair and green pale eyes "yes Miss Parkinson" Another Parkinson oh what joy inwardly rolling his black eyes.

"Yes sir you never mentioned the bedtime for seventh years sir" Hermione eyed the youngest Parkinson as she shuffled nervously on her feet.

"Seventh year students have no dorm curfew Miss Parkinson" sighing at the ridiculous question from a first year.

"Form a line and follow me” Severus silky tones gripped the first years as their hurriedly followed their order. Leading the way down a barely used corridor till he reached the small oak doors that stood two on each side of the long hall "these rooms are for misbehaving students and those I believe need to learn what it means to be a proper Slytherin. The rooms are no privilege if any of you end up in one of these rooms you be will closely watched till you leave this school for good. Do i make myself clear?".

A chorus of "Yes sir" followed.

Returning to the main common room Narcissa and Lucius took over as Severus left.

"Gentlemen if you would follow me" Lucius ordered the boys, each climbing over each other to be the first to follow.

Narcissa chanced her gaze over Hermione, who smiled brightly in return "ladies before I show you to your dorms, I believe it prudent for you to know that I expect you all on your best behaviour after all you are not only representing Slytherin house but also the house of your families”.

Straightening her immaculate robes Narcissa guided her young charges to their dormitory. Bidding them all goodnight the regal witch made her way down to the common room.

"Miss Granger" Hermione looked up from her Hogwarts a history to the stunning blue orbs of Narcissa Malfoy. Keeping her eyes on the witch as she made her way to the armchair opposite her
"Lady Malfoy what can I do for you?" Hermione caught herself before making a complete fool at staring at the beautiful being before her.

Smiling at Hermiones devilish stare "all alone down here, aren't you tired?" Lightly trailing her perfect nails along the fraying seam of the arm.

"Draco will be back soon, he's just with Blaise" shifting uncomfortably in her chair, praying Draco would hurry up.

Noticing Hermiones discomfort Narcissa moved the conversation to safer topic "Lucius and I will be keeping Mr Weasley away from both you and my son but Lucius has warned Minerva and Shacklebolt that if the fool does anything to either of you, we will step aside and allow you to retaliate without punishment" smiling at Hermiones perfected Malfoy smirk "just don't get caught dear".

Elegantly raising from her seat and gracefully striding behind Hermiones chair, gently brushing the young witches bare throat with her nails, leaning into her ear "I can smell your arousal my love" straightening up, the blonde grinned at Hermiones lust filled eyes.

"Mother, Hermione" Draco came bounding into the common room, a goofy grin plastered on his face "Blaise has the perfect plan for weasel hunting" coding his words "come on Hermione" pulling her heavy book from her lap, grinning, Draco took off running.

Throwing herself off her comfortable seat, Hermione brushed up against Narcissa "You are very lucky that your son interpreted us otherwise" bringing her hand up to Narcissas face "I would have you underneath me love" pressing her forehead against hers, Hermione stared into the blue intoxicating orbs as she brushed her lips against Narcissas. Their breath mingling with each other as Hermiones tongue demanded entrance past the soft pert lips, pulling her witch flush up against her body, Hermione inwardly smirked as she heard Narcissas soft delightful moans.

Parting for much needed air, Narcissa gave Hermione a soft peck on her lips once more "I need.. I have to go to the staff meeting. I will see you in class tomorrow love".

Hermione stood frozen, flushed and very aroused, watching the blondes firm backside retreating out the entrance.

"Oi Hermione what's taking you so long? It's been 5mintues" Draco shouted out to her.

In a daze the brunette stiffly made her way to the games room. Spying the blonde demanding her attention, Hermione weaved around the magical pool and snooker tables, stopping by a group of seventh years playing strip poker she bit back a laugh.

"Oi Granger wanna play?" Jonathon Smith wiggled his brows seductively at her. Grinning, Hermione vaguely remembered he was a half blood with a muggle father, had no real interest in politics and didn't agree on the pureblood propaganda nor on the order. Not that Hermione could blame him.

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"You are alright Smith. Just come to find Draco" moving quickly away before Smith came up with a worse idea than stripping, Hermione stumbled onto a few pairs playing chess, both magical and muggle way. Sliding away she finally came upon the group of sixth years plotting, Blaise and Draco at the head of the circular table with Pansy on Blaises left and Theo on Dracos right, Crabbe and Goyle filling the end. Hermoine sat listening to the Slytherin plan of Weasel bashing. Watching the
group interact with each other was entertaining in her opinion, the boys joked around while Pansy tried her best to get them to concrete on the plan. Goyle and Crabbe looked lost for the most part but understood their roles, acting as bodyguards for her at all times just in case anyone still had a problem. Blaise and Draco the masterminds had the biggest job which mostly was causing the weasel to meet its doom. Pansy and Theo would cause distractions around the castle at the same time, causing the staff and aurors to investigate, giving the others plenty of time to cause undetected pain to the victim. Perfect plan that could only be thought of by a Slytherin.

When the going gets tough... The tough gets going.
Sitting in the great hall on a Saturday at six am was far too early in Hermione’s opinion but the night before their plotting took them lounging in the games room till one am, thank the lucky stars that professor Snape didn’t catch them out past curfew. The boys couldn’t decide on which body part the weasel should lose but Pansy managed to stop them going too far too soon, after all Hermione didn’t plan on leaving the bastard alive when the war was over.

Glancing around the hall, it seems to be empty bar the Slytherin sixth years and a few anxious first years. Yawning Hermione grabbed a strong mug of coffee and a bacon butty while trying to concentrate on her potions book.

"Hermione on your two" Pansy nudged the bookworm in the ribs causing Hermione to yelp. Glaring daggers at the blonde chit, Hermione poked her head up in the direction Pansy oh so gently nudged her in. Ronald Weasley had a small fan club following him to the lion table, gushing over him far too loud for her liking especially this early.

Without taking her eyes away from the disgusting fanfare, she leant into Pansy “it seems we are going to need to redo our plan”.

"No way Granger. This will be more fun" Draco replied overhearing her hushed comment.

Glancing at her wrist watch, that she got from her parents last year, six thirty am. "Alright Pansy you and Theo are up" handing both excited Slytherins an unrecognizable box containing Weasley products, courtesy of Fred and George as a get well and we stand with you gift.

Hermione smirked when Pansy thrust the box into Theo’s chest, not wanting to get caught so soon. As the mischief makers bounded out the hall, Draco and Blaise along with her two bodyguards slid up to Hermione.

"We give them ten minutes. Now you with these two goons take a leisurely stroll to the quidditch pitch" nodding at Blaise’s run through. "We’ll meet you there”.

On Hermione’s walk past the Gryffindor table she accidently on purpose knocked her bag into the weasels head hard. Snickering at his put on whimpers for his pathetic cult.

The moment the three students exited the castle the bitter wind whipped around them, the rain splattering hard against their exposed flesh, making it near impossible to have a leisurely stroll but instead a more stumbling in the darkness kind of walk.

Once the highest bleachers came into view, Hermione split off from her bodyguards, wand in her magical hand as she made her way to the middle of the pitch. Scanning the green for any signs of her group, pushing on, head down to battle against the rain. Jumping at the increased pressure on her left shoulder.

"Just me Granger, I saw Weasley following you out" Pansy shouted over the howling wind,
Hermione holstered her wand.

Both girls took off their outer robes, leaving them in tight Slytherin quidditch uniform, revealing their curvy forms.

"Up" Hermione commanded her borrowed broom, amazed as the broom sailed into her hand on first try. Recalling her first year flying lessons, Hermione threw her shaking left leg over the thin wood, straddling the broom. Can't do this. Can't do this. I can't do this. I can't do this. Hermione's inner voice chimed in Yes I can. I can do this.

Pansy was mirroring Hermione, both witches waiting for the boys signal.

As the red sparks flashed though the darken sky amiss the pelting rain drops and storming wind, shaking off her nerves Hermione kicked off from the ground hard, flying straight up into the air. Taking a deep breath she straighten her broom to hover next to Pansy.

Peering down below, Hermione's stomach dropped, immediately regretting it. Swallowing down her fear she flew to the left in a wide arch, circling around the bleachers.

Hearing the sharp whistle coming from her flying companion, Hermione brought the broom to dive straight towards the ground. The wind howled around her, the rain restricting her vision but luck held out as she blindly grabbed the robe of the figure beneath her on the ground.

Pansy followed grabbing some robe herself and both witches bolted straight into the air, higher than before, higher than the commentators box.

Hermione could feel the panicked struggle of their prey as they flew higher just making out the hovering silhouettes of Draco, Theo and Blaise.

Sighing with relief as Hermione passed her heavy burden to the three waiting wizards. Gripping her broom with her magical hand she pulled her wand from it's restraints. Quietly whispering the incarnations to ward the rain from reaching them and further obscuring their vision of their eye guards.

Once the incarnations worked Hermione was able to make out the clear frighten pleas of one Ronald Weasley. Flying closer towards the boys holding him up with immeasurable amounts of strength, she used her wand to push the bastards chin upwards. Grinning at the mess covering Weasleys face "this is just the start" slipping her wand away from his face and back into it's holster. Hermione switched hands on the broom, pulling back her magical hand and letting it soar straight into Weasleys nose.

All five flyers smirked at the satisfying crunch and the pool of blood dripping down his lips and chin. Switching hands once again, Hermione removed her wand pointing it straight at Weasley, a cruel smile dancing on her lips "a little gift courtesy of the chosen ones father" swirling her wand, non verbally sending the jinx at him.

The boys let him go, as the jinx sprung him dangling upside down, revealing his nude form underneath his robes, as his robes covered his crying shame.

"Gross! what gentlemen goes naked under their school robes?" Pansy wrinkled her nose in disgust at being flashed the undesirable parts of Ronald Weasley.

"A complete sicko, there's firsties around. Maybe he's a nonce? Got the camera Theo?" Draco piped up, looking greener than usual.

Theo conjured the device, sending it to Hermione "what? You don't think I'm taking a photo of a
nude wizard do ya” grinning at the brunettes unimpressed expression.

"Remove his robes then. We need to get his face as well" Blaise floated closer, pulling out his own wand and started carving FREAK in to the nude flesh.

Draco grimaced but joined in and carved RAPIST into his chest.

The smell of burning flesh overwhelmed Hermione more so than his deafening shrieks of pain "a little insurance weasel. This is the first of many bashings" once the boys were clear, she snapped the photo. "obliviate".

Hermione removed the jinx just in time for the boys to catch the bleeding unconscious wizard.

Landing on the ground Hermione pulled Weasley from Draco and dropped him with unnecessarily force onto the wet ground. Gathering up their discarded robes, the Slytherin five made their way back into the castle unseen and into their common rooms.

Hermione slipped into the showers after pulling off her newly required quidditch gear. *Maybe I should apply for the team this year* she happily thought. Rinsing away the evidence of sweet revenge.

"Come on girls, you been in there forever. We are starved growing boys you know" Theo grumpily pounded on the girls dorm door, after finding a way to disable the ward to prevent him from entering.

"Hold your Thresals. We're nearly done" Pansy shouted back, rolling her eyes at the impatient nerd. "You would think they haven't eaten today" turning to Hermione, who was patiently waiting for Pansy to finish "not you too. Come on then".

Throwing open the door, as three grumpy wizards fell in. "My, my Gentlemen what would our esteemed house parents think of this?" Hermione smirked as they brushed themselves off, refusing to reply.

Draco led the group to the great hall. *Blimey how can women take so long getting changed?*. Pushing open the heavy doors, the five made a loud entrance as they took their seats at their table, earning sharp glares from the three other houses.

Five sets of eyes were latched onto the Slytherin group from the high table. *Good they know it was us then but have no proof*. Hermione purposely beamed up at her professors. Scanning the high table, she inwardly laughed at Sirius thumbs up gesture before getting a sharp slap to the back of his head from Narcissa.

Turning her gaze to the Gryffindor table but as expected didn't see a certain redhead sitting among his housemates. *You thought that was bad Ron just wait till the next one*.

"Eat witch. Wouldn't want to loose those hot curves now" Blaise loudly declared. Beaming as Hermione turned bright red.

Taking the proffered plate of cottage pie, she tucked in with Weasley gusto.

"Geez witch slow down before you choke" Draco laughed at her piggish table manners, nudging her to look up at the high table.

Swallowing her mouthful Hermione turned her attention to the staff and caught the disapproving glare from both Narcissa and Minerva at her eating habits. Smiling apologetically, she returned to her meal eating as slowly as a lady should.
"Inhaling your food is very unlady like lass" Hermione jumped out her skin, whipping around to see the headmistress standing right behind her. "All five of you, my office now" catching the eye of each wanted snake.

"Play it cool. They have no proof" each one nodded at Hermiones orders and slowly made their way to the Head tower.

Arriving at the gargoyle guarding the tower "Password".

Looking around Hermione realised they didn't know the password, the last time she was here, the headmistress didn't set one as it was still summer. Turning back to the stone guard "the headmistress is expecting us" eyeing the stone in distaste.

"No password No entry".

"Viribus" causing all five to jump again at the sudden voice of their head of house.

The gargoyle jumped aside as the stairs creeped up to the tower, permitting their entrance.

Following their dark head into the head tower with Hermione in front, they were confronted with many adults.

"Ah you are all here. Children come sit in these chairs" the headmistress pointed to five very uncomfortable looking chairs placed in front of the room by the heads desk.

Hermione shifted on the hard backed chair trying to find a comfortable spot. She knew all the adults in the room unfortunately. She wanted to scream. How dare they. I told them to keep the bleeding order members away from me Hermione fumed. Ready to start cursing them all but the headmistress started speaking. I can't keep to my own advice be damned.

"Do you have anything to say for yourselves?" Her voice unusually strained, looking at the five students in front of her "no. None of you have anything at all to say?" Perched on the corner of her desk.

Jumping to her feet "yes I do. How do you all sleep at night after knowing what the sick fuck did to me? How do you walk with your head held high knowing what cowards you all are? How you all betrayed me at the words of Albus fucking Dumbledore and Harry Potter?" Hermiones hair crackling with angry magic, her hand itching to use her wand. Her cinnamon orbs scanning the order members "no. Nothing. You are worse than death eaters. You sit there and pretend to be on the side of the 'light' and 'good' at least you know a death eater makes no excuses. Just look at your pathetic master now" sneering spitefully at the adults as they cowered away from her wild magic spiralling out of control.

"You all will pay for using me then throwing me to the side once you got everything you could from me" Hermione turned and fled from the tower without being dismissed.
Monday came to fast for all students. The dreary weather wasn't helping matters, it wasn't letting up instead the rain carried on pouring down in showers and the howling bitter wind was felt deep in the bones of all those occupying the castle.

Hermione's mood drastically picked up after breakfast, during their first class of the day. Potions. Even though the weasel was back in her presence, it didn't bother her as the easy task that the potions master set earned each of her group including her 20 points each. The smirk on his face told Hermione that the points were not for their passable potions but for not leaving evidence of their activities on Saturday. She shared a high five with Pansy and a smirk with Draco.

"Stay behind Miss Granger" Snape called out as the bell sounded for the next period.

Waving her friends along Hermione approached her guardian up at his desk. Nervously shuffling, waiting for his attention.

Glancing up at his charge "another 50 points for excellent spell work Miss Granger. I hear it's quite the achievement to do said spell while balancing high in the air on a broom" Severus smirked.

150 points to Slytherin in just the first period of the day, brilliant. Hermione smiled at her guardian "thank you sir. I hope that means no punishment then" she cheekily said.

"Why? Have you misbehaved Miss Granger?" Returning back to his marking, a clear dismissal. "Make sure it's an accident if a death occurs" the soft whisper drifted to Hermione.

"Will do, thank you Sir".

Hermione ran to Transfiguration class at the other end of the castle with seconds to spare as she made her way to her seat next to Draco.

"150 points already Draco" matching his joyful grin, pushing her bag underneath the table, her wand sat on top waiting for their professor.

Draco copied her movements "we are well on the way to win the house cup Hermione" fidgeting in his seat as his waited for his parents to start the lesson.

"Actually after our enjoyable flight I have decided to try out for the team" slouching back into her chair "if we make sure weasel plays, we could destroy him publicly without being punished after all accidents happen all the time in quidditch" giving Draco a lop sided grin.

Draco eyed his friend in deep thought "that's a great idea as long as you are not going for seeker. I'm always seeker" his voice sounding like his old arrogant self.

A tall shadow fell over their desk "that's because daddy bribed the old coot son" Narcissa enjoyed embarrassing her son in front of his friends "maybe this year you might not get it" kissing Draco on the cheek, leaving a red lip stain behind.

Snickers broke out as Draco tried burying himself in his seat "poor wittle wraco. Mommy loves her lil boy" Hermione taunted the embarrassed pureblood, neglecting to tell him about his stained cheek.

Draco was saved from further mocking. "Good morning class. I am professor Malfoy but you can call me Narcissa" Hermione stared into the blue eyes of her witch as Narcissa scanned the class, her
gaze holding onto her cinnamon ones for a split second before turning away. "I shall be teaching fourth to seventh years while Lucius will be teaching the younger ones" elegantly looping the Y of Malfoy on the chalk board, her back to the students.

"How can you teach us? You're not a real professor" Hermione snapped her head to the redheaded troll "you are just a trophy wife of a death eater". Weasley looked about, trying to get his housemates attention.

Slamming her magical palm down hard onto their table causing Draco to bolt upright, catching the attention of the class.

"Mr Weasley are you challenging my authority?" Narcissa pulled the students attention back to the front "I have a masters in Transfiguration and Charms but please do carry on making a complete ass of yourself". Her blue eyes narrowed, her wand slipping into her hand unseen as she non verbally cast legilimency on the disrespectful dimwitted boy. Briefly slipping into the redheads mind was beyond easy.

**Do behave boy or the school may find out what you really are. Rapist**

**Projecting the image of Narcissa slitting the life from his throat with Severus own invented spell Sectumsempra.**

Hermione watched as Narcissa became very still for a split second while staring at Weasley. *She's a Legilimens of course. It makes sense. Oh Merlin, has she rooted about in my mind? What has she seen?* Hermione inwardly panicked.

Retreating from the chaotic mind of the now terrified student, Narcissa thinly smiled at him.

"Oi I wonder what spooked the weasel?" Draco grinned, toying with his wand on the table.

"Today we shall be transfiguring a toad to a teapot" Narcissa scribbled on the board with her back turned "Mr Weasley you will pass each of your fellow students a toad" gesturing to the aquarium filled with the large croaking creatures, jumping over one another.

Once Hermione received her toad, refusing to meet the weasels timid glare, she gracefully sat back to watch Dracos attempt first. Inwardly laughing as his toad sprouted a green slimy handle.

"Come on Granger you can do this" Draco eyed her as she made no attempt to participate.

Rolling her eyes at his pout, Hermione flicked her wand, muttered the spell, producing a perfect teapot.

"10 points to Slytherin Mr Zabini" Narcissa called from the back of the class, swiftly gliding past Hermiones desk, her sharp nails grazing the girls bare flesh on her forearm.

"5 points to Gryffindor Mr Potter" surprising the mismatched group of red and green "the only Gryffindor that managed to at least attempt his work" biting back a sneer "Mr Weasley you will be serving detention on saturday and sunday with Mr Filch".

The bell sounded for third period, drowning out the whining protests of Weasley.

Hermione hefted up her bag, slinging it over her shoulder, departing the classroom with quick steps. Draco hot on her heels as both entered the empty library, grabbing their reserved table at the back.

Dropping her bag with an audible thud, pulling out her recently illegally brought Potions though the
Draco came shuffling up to their spot, weighed down with both arms full of books. "I'm researching" was all he said, sitting down next to Hermione, reaching for the first text.

**Wormwood or Artemisa abinsthium is a bitter herb, used since ancient times in potions making. Draught of the living dead, Shrinking solution and Exlixir to induce Euphoria are just a few potions that uses Wormwood. While the uses of medical purposes are well recorded though the ages, the deadly uses of this herb are not, for example the use of Wormwood oil in large amounts are poisonous but undetectable if brewed correctly. Formula of oil is detailed below.**

Hermiones cinnamon eyes sparkled at the snippet of information. Well professor Snape did say it had to be an accident after all. Leaning over the table, Hermione yanked her satchel open, rummaging for her writing equipment "accio parchment, inkpot and quill".

The called items summoned themselves onto the table surface in front of her. Delighted, Hermione snatched up the quill dipping it in the black ink, she furiously scribbling the formula of the oil down on the parchment.

The long welcomed quiet of the library was only interrupted by rustling of old pages and sharp scratches of quill to parchment.

Hermione sat back, eyeing her written fool proof formula. Setting down her quill, gently blowing the ink to dry faster. Oh this will make the bastard bleed out of all his foul holes, you shouldn't have hurt me Ronald. I'm coming for you Hermione gleefully thought. Satisfy that the ink was dry enough she rolled up the parchment and placing it in her satchel to keep it hidden from nosy individuals.

Gasping at the late hour "Draco it's nearly lunch time" grabbing the scattered pile of books from their over flowing table and frantically putting them back in their rightful places on the many bookshelves that the large school library accommodated.

Meeting the smirking blonde at the door "thanks for helping me put your books away" pushing the heavy doors open, passing though, letting the door swing back, straight into the laughing pureblood.

"Bloody fuck Granger" rubbing his sore nose "are you trying to break my nose? My handsomeness can't take your heavy handed bashing witch" elbowing his way past, stalking his way to lunch.

Following the stroppy wizard to the great hall became quite the task as Hermione ended up being swallowed in the crowded halls as students of all years emerged from the classrooms, excitedly making their way to the great hall.

Sighing, Hermione forced her way though the dunderheads. "Move idiots" elbowing the stray hufflepuff fistie out her way, tempted to curse the lot of them. The crowd started to push back against her, a certain redheaded cretin fell into her. Anger rushed though her pulsing veins like lava rupturing from an active volcano.

Hermione sneered, shoving the Weasley from her person, hard into the stone wall of the corridor. Taking her chance in a very Gryffindor fashion, she released her wand from it's confinement, thrusting the wood into the gulping boys throat "how dare you touch me with your filthy body weasel" spittle flying on his face. The fury burned though her body as the repulsive memories of his attacks came to the front of her mind.

"You are a slag. My slag" Ronald grinned maliciously, pressing his body into her shaking
form. His grimy hand snaking up her skirt, his filthy nails pinching her bare flesh. "Don't cry my whore" licking her tears away.

Hermione trembled under his vicious curse, the pain burning her blood, melting her bones or so she thought. Ronald stood over her, kicking her repeatedly in her stomach and face "that's where know it all bookworms like you belong, underneath their king" laughter drifting into her bruised ears as blood seeped down her face.

Blinking back to reality, Hermione couldn't care less about the gawkers, she just wanted the bastard in front of her dead, screw the consequence, as she screamed the next curse "CRUC.."

"Miss Granger, my office NOW" a tight grip on her shoulder, pulling her wand from her vice like grip. Fighting back against the weasels rescuer, only made the person attached to the hand grip harder. An arm came around her chest, just under her heaving breasts, pulling her flush up against their front, securing her from further escape attempts.

"Calm down love" realising who the person was, angry tears fell down her hot cheeks as Narcissa pulled her away from the crowd and into the depths of the dungeons "Severus, maybe Draco should be here for this" silence followed.

Hermione didn't register much of their journey to the potions classroom till she was pushed into the plush chair of her head of houses office chairs. A hot steaming cup of hot chocolate was thrust into her shaking hands by the blonde, who took the seat behind Severus desk, silently eyeing her.

The breathtaking silence between the two witches stretched into an awkward pause as they eyed each other. Hermione eyed the blonde waiting for her punishment and Narcissa eyed the brunette waiting for another explosion of bottled up anger, swirling dangerously though the muggleborn.

The office door silently opened to Severus and Draco, Hermione unaware of that, spoke up "I didn't want to disappoint him" abandoning her mug, to rub her sweaty palms together nervously.

Clearing her throat "disappoint who?" Narcissa straightened up.

Hermione turned her gaze onto the blonde "Severus".

Reaching across the organised desk, Narcissa calmly laid her hand onto Hermiones fidgeting one "I'm sure you didn't disappoint Severus. Merlin knows the man has no high standards of other human beings" the blonde softly smiled, her blue eyes dancing in mirth.

Severus smirked "Merlin knows why?" Making himself known.

Hermione yanked her hand away, twisting around to meet her guardians black eyes who was standing by the door with Draco.

"Move witch, you are in my seat" Severus barked at the pureblood, striding up to his seat as Narcissa pushed herself away.

"Manners Severus" Narcissa conjured up two more plush green chairs, taking one closest to Hermione, leaving Draco to take the one near his godfather.

"You are extremely lucky that myself and Narcissa was there to stop you using the unforgivable Miss Granger. Otherwise you would be facing azkaban right now" Severus blank mask in place as Hermione stared at him.
"Yes because Morgana forbid torture is worse than rape of two witches and two attempted rapes of another two" Draco sarcastically put in his opinion.

"What?" Hermione whipped her head towards her friend "who else did he rape? Or in my case try?" Demanding to be told.

"Foot in mouth godson" Severus sneered at the blonde student who was trying his best to shrink into his chair.

*I'm right here* Hermione inwardly screamed. "Who else?".

The room thick with tension, Narcissa calmly intervened "we only recently found out or our anonymous ally did. Two other witches have been brutally attacked by Weasley, unfortunately they ended up dead".

Hermione felt the cold seep into her very bones at the revelation, her anger spiking high again. Jumping to her feet to dispel the sudden urge to rip the office apart "you are telling me you're allowing a murderer to walk these halls. Was this before or after he tried to rape me a few times?"

The air felt thin as she tried to take a deep breath.

Draco stood on unsteady legs as he made his way to his distressed friend. Grabbing her forearms, turning her towards him "he will pay I promise you this. The reason you're in here and he isn't is because we are planning to get rid of him for good".

Staring into his soft grey eyes, Hermione started to relax "who were they?" Pleading with her friend to tell her the truth.

"Miss greengrass and a young girl unknown name. The other attempt was on Miss Lovegood but he Oblivated her memory of it" Narcissa sadly revealed, her heart aching for the young witches.

"Oh Luna. Someone else has been helping him cover it up, Weasley can't even perform the basic Lumos without his hand held" Hermione said a loud, what the others were all thinking. *Death to the weasel and his helper.*

The smell of exotic spices, unknown flowers and spicy herbs clouds minds, driving off all thoughts.
Quidditch

Creeping though the shadows unseen, watching the bushy haired brunette who ruined his life. *I will finish what I started*, quietly laughing at the thought of his previous two deaths, shifting his tight trousers as his steel hard arousal came unbearable. Grabbing his crotch, palming himself as he relived the screams of his victims.

Hermione was bleary eyed as she hurried to the quidditch pitch with Dracos spare Nimbus 2000, wearing black leggings and a tight Slytherin beater top. Smiling as she noticed Draco in his quidditch uniform already alert and waiting on the ground by the posts for her.

The weather was calm enough for the try-outs to be held at five am that friday morning, the rain was light but the wind was non existent.

Throwing her magical arm around the blondes muscular shoulders. "So whose the captain?"
Glancing around at the assembled Slytherins from second to seventh years. Surprised at the many on lookers who sat in the bleachers in warm robes, house scarves and mitts with hot steaming mugs.

Before Draco could reply "alright Slytherins. Listen up I am your captain" a tall athletic seventh year witch with short black messy hair and sparkling green eyes stood proud, dressed in her Slytherin uniform, the shiny captain badge pinned on her robes. "I'm Nott but you can call me captain. Right all those trying out for chaser you're up".

A few eager students stepped up with their flashy brooms, preparing to take off.

Hermione sat on the ground watching the flying hopefuls. Grimacing as a second year overplayed his hand trying to impress the older years with a dangerous manoeuvre and fell from his broom, thankfully a seventh year grabbed him before he could plummet to his death.

"Idiot no way could he of done that move right on a schools beaten up broom and he wasn't even high enough" Draco commented.

Whistle of the captain ended the chaser try-outs, bringing them to the ground "alright beaters you're next".

Hermione picked herself up off the ground "any wise words?" Turning to Draco, her nerves starting to play up.

Pulling her into a hug "just do what you did last weekend" Draco smiled encouragingly at his friend, releasing her and stepping back "seems we have an audience" pointing to the teachers box.

Hermione grabbed the broom, making her way to the middle of the field, picking up a beaters bat from the pile. "Off you go" Hermione kicked hard off the ground, flying straight into the air. Twisting the broom around, she could just make out the blonde hair of Narcissa and Lucius who Draco must of been talking about.

Hermione reacted quickly as the bludger came whizzing at her, smacking the ball with the bat at her full strength sending it back at another beater hopeful. Grinning as the bludger knocked the cocky wizard from his broom as she flew higher whacking any stray bludgers coming at her. Deciding to try her hand at showing off, Hermione repeated her straight dive up while smacking a bludger that came far too close to her face, into the hufflepuff bleachers leaving a crate size hole splintered into the wood.
Flying about started to feel free to Hermione, she may never understand the ridiculous obsession of all things Quidditch but she can appreciate it on a new level. Hearing the metal ringing of the captains whistle, Hermione flew back to the ground, dismounting her broom with a huge smile plastered on her face as Draco hurried over.

"Looks like a bird's taking a nest in that hair of yours Granger" he laughed, gently messing her already wind whipped bush.

Pushing him away "best get prepared Draco" Llughing at his over confident face "remember the headmistress doesn't do bribes like old dumbles" sauntering away from the blushing blonde.

"Yeah well we'll see who's laughing! Oh and you did great by the way" Draco called after her. After the whistle went for the keeper hopefuls, the captain called the seekers up.

Hermione made her way up to the bleachers containing the teachers box "don't mind if I sit here do you?” Angelically batting her eyelids at the Headmistress.

"Course not lass" patting the slightly wet seat next to her.

Hermione propped her broom up against the railing, taking the seat "thank you professor" spying Draco waiting to kick off.

"Alright seekers as we have a lot of you trying out, we shall be doing two on two till the last two of you remain” captain Nott barked out, her voice catching in the wind that has started to pick up.

"You did great up there lass. Thought you didn't like flying though?" The Hhadmistress peered at Hermione above her glasses that perched on her nose.

Twisting around in her seat "we all change. I just wish I started to enjoy it before is all" turning back to the try-outs.

"Think Draco will get the position?” Narcissa spoke up behind Hermione.

"Course he will lass. The boys the best seeker that I seen play at Hogwarts along side that Potter of course” glancing out the corner of her eye at the stock still student next to her.

Hermione rolled her eyes at the mention of Harry bleeding Potter. Can I not go anywhere without his name being bloody mentioned, the great saint Potter. She grimaced.

"Draco has his own talents and just as good a seeker than your pet chosen one" venom leaking though her bite. "Excuse me, I have a friend to support" grabbing her broom and walking away.

"Oh dear, Maybe I shouldn't of mentioned Potter" Minerva sighed, taking her glasses off and rubbing between her eyes.

"Obviously" Severus sneered at the old cat "the boys a brat and Granger has finally become intolerant of him".

Lucius laughed "maybe the boys your heir after all Severus old friend" smacking the dark growling wizard on the back. "Miss Granger is a very loyal friend. Mess with her loved ones and she comes for you" silently proud of the muggleborn witch for befriending his son and staying loyal.

Hermione cheered loudly as Draco caught the snitch. The seeker try-outs were the longest by far but it seems even female Nott appreciated Dracos talent as she called time after his try.
"Alright you lot come to the pitch" Nott shouted over the pouring rain.

Hermione grinned at her drenched friend "well done, knew you could do it" clapping him on the shoulder.

"Chasers and Keepers will be announced later tomorrow but I'm proud to say that our first new beater is Granger" loud cheers sprang out from the crowd, Hermione stood dumbfounded at the announcement. "Zabini beater and Smith as reserve and our seeker Malfoy" Hermione joined in the cheering at the mention of Blaise and Dracos name.

"Congratulations Granger" Smith whacked her on the backside cheekily "ah you are part of the team now" winking at her.

Glaring half-heartedly at the seventh year, Hermione took off back to the castle, leaving behind the celebrating Slytherin Quidditch team. Dashing past the unseen figure of Ronald Weasley and into a group of first years gossiping, shifting her borrowed broom onto her shoulder, Hermione spied a blonde head bobbing in front of her.

Smirking, Hermione followed the regal blonde though the entrance of the castle, slipping into the shadows as they made their way down into the dungeons.

"Unity" Hermione just made it though the gap as it was closing, dropping the broom on the carpet, she grabbed the back of the blondes robes, pulling them into her "miss me" purring into the figures ear.

"That depends Miss Granger" Lucius twirled in the girls grip, smirking at her deepening red flush "wrong blonde dear" purring back at her, a gloved hand came to Hermione's face, gently stroking her cheek.

"Lucius I'm sorry" Hermione gasped, pulling away from the blonde wizard, backing herself into something soft.

Hands came around her waist, soft air breathing against her neck "looking for me?". Hermione could feel the smirk against her flesh. Bringing her gaze up to Lucius, the mans steel grey eyes twinkling with an unrecognizable expression.

"I'll leave you to it" Lucius swallowed his hurt as his wife was wrapped around another witch. While this is extremely arousing, this is my wife he sadly thought. Leaving the common room behind.

Hermione was forcefully turned, facing the smiling face of Narcissa "a congratulations is in order my love" Before either could do anything further the entrance stone door scraped open, pulling both witches out of each others embrace.

"That will be fine Miss Granger. I will see you tonight at eight" Narcissa subtly winked before taking her departure.

Picking up the discarded broom, Hermione quickly made her escape to the dormitory. Placing the broom by the door to give back it to Draco later, Hermione dropped herself onto her bed, still in her soaking wet clothes. Eyeing the ginger ball lounging on the end of her Slytherin throw "lazy Crooks. Can't sit in here all day you know, there's plenty of rats waiting for your torment".

The ginger fluff flicked his tail at his invading owner and with his back to her, he curled back up.

"Alright you told me" sighing, Hermione forced herself to move, stumbling her way to her fresh
pyjamas and shower kit as she skirted the common room on the way to the showers.

"Need help washing Granger" Bulstrode flirted "I'm a great shower companion" wolf whistles followed the butch witches seductive statement.

Hermione smirked at Millicent "I'm all yours Millie" blowing gentle kisses at her dorm mate, really got the hormonal wizards going. Swaying her hips, putting on a show as she pushed though the shower room.

"Hot damn".

Feeling like a rebel, she threw on her school robes over her comfy pyjamas, before following Pansy and Draco out the dungeons to the great hall. Slipping quietly to their seats, the trio sat among their housemates listening to their whispered conversations while facing the high table waiting for the headmistress.

Hermione glanced around the hall, doing a double take at the many aurors and order members placed about the great hall. *Something big was happening but what?*.

"Attention students. I'm sure you have seen the increased security, I'm afraid to say that I have bad news. Hogsmeade was attacked just a few hours ago resulting in many injured" taking a shaky breath "because it is friday we have decided to send you home for the weekend, you are to be back here Monday night" hushed whispering and frightened whimpers rang out from the students "quiet. If you are unable to return home, you will stay here. Please students I know this is a worrying time but you are safe" headmistress nodded to the Aurors "owls have already been sent to your parents. In an orderly fashion you will come to your head of house to find out if you're staying".

Once the speech was over the hall descended into chaos making the Aurors and order members step in and take control of the situation, the only table that sat silent was Slytherin.

Hermione caught Dracos attention, the blonde wizard was approaching the high table to know doubt to speak to his father. Now noticing that Narcissa was suspiciously absent. *Damn witch where are you?*.

"Where's the food? Bloody hungry here" Blaise called out to a rushed order member making their round of their table "ah some of us are wanting our grub".

Rolling her eyes at the wizards antics "Winky" the elf appeared with her flapping ears "can you send the food you prepared out to the tables please?" Winky squeaked at seeing the Miss Nitty, popping back out the hall. Leaving Blaise and Theo laughing at the elfs terrified look.

The hall fell silent as the food magically appeared on their respective tables "well you sure can get them to do as you say Granger" forming his words through his bark of laughter, Blaise tucked in to the enormous amounts of mash potato and gravy.

The Headmistress smiled at her personal elf "that lass sure can get things done" Turning her attention to Severus "not many students are brave enough to ask the elves".

Severus narrowly eyed the old cat "you mean intelligent enough" snorting back his bite, helping himself to the roast chicken "I will take Lucius and Draco to St Mungos. Make sure the dunderheads have left our presence" returning to his meal.
"What about Miss Granger?" Minerva politely asked her stern colleague and friend.

"Only immediate family you know that. Let the girl know when we have gone" Severus replied getting up from his seat, nodding to the blondes to follow.
Minerva watched the younger woman with curiosity as she paced the length of the headmasters
tower. "Hermione can you just sit down lass. You are making me dizzy" rubbing her tired temples.

Hermione stiffly took the only seat left eyeing the animagus with distrust.

"Narcissa was taken to St Mungos early this morning after sustaining injuries at hogsmeade."

"You're only just telling me now" interrupting the headmistress "where's Draco or Severus? Surely
they have the right to know".

The headmistress slightly cringed at the manic tone her beloved student spoke. Her heart hammered
in her chest as she revealed the reason she called Hermione to her office "Severus took both Lucius
and Draco to visit Narcissa..". Again unable to finish her sentence.

and I'm just an after thought then, how bloody dare they. Hermione shoved the chair away,
cluttering loudly against the stone floor. Anger burning though her veins "of course headmistress the
mudblood understands her place in the world" her cinnamon eyes glinting manically as she strode
closer to the desk separating her from the older witch.

Minerva shrunk back in her seat in fear, watching Hermione take on Bellatrixs famous predatory grin
"family. They only allow family to see her" her throat closed up at the sight of the wand clutched in
the Slytherins tight grip.

A loud bang alerted both witches to incoming guests "come in" Minerva weakly called out.

The door swung open just as Hermione straightened her back and slipped her wand from sight
"thank you for your time professor, I know just how busy you really are" taking on the image of the
angelic student all while her eyes carried the burning hatred.

Hermione laid waiting behind her bed curtains for her dorm mates to retire. The long wait caused her
to fidget about to keep herself awake "tempus" the glowing numbers showed midnight, silently
sitting up and throwing her cover off her bed, all she could hear was gently breathing of the other
four witches in deep slumber. Grabbing her boots and heavy cloak from her trunk, Hermione tiptoed
out the dorm, sneaking inti the boys shower room and taking Dracos newest broom Turbo XXX,
creeping into the dark cold common room, slightly doing a Tonks and tripping over the scattered
furniture adorning the room, she clumsily felt her way out the entrance.

I'm doing the right thing, I have to do this she inwardly reassured herself. Wand in hand, Hermione
snuck out the empty dungeons and into the soft glowing entrance hall. I have to make them bastards
pay. Stopping in her tracks coming aware of Mrs Norris prowling about by the only exit that she
needed. Poxy cat. Great now I sound like professor snape. Sorry puss. "Stupefy" the jinx hitting its
target as the old cat froze mid wash.

Stepping over the frozen cat, Hermione quickly and quietly let herself out the castle and into the now
drenching rain with its bone chilling wind. Come on move before I get caught. The gates silently
opened letting her out, without looking back she mounted her stolen broom, kicking off into the night
air. Hermione flew high enough to avoid colliding with the tallest buildings, even though her final
destination could be her last she was enjoying using Dracos very fast racing broom. At least I can die
saying *I flew a better broom than the chosen one.*

The scenery changed from the towns and cities to the never ending greenery of the countryside, veering to the left hard to avoid smacking into a large tree, Hermione grinned feeling alive. *For now.*

The rain pelted at her eye wear, obscuring her view, making the flight extremely dangerous. Sighing with a surprised amount of relief as she saw the dark victorian gloom of the manor coming into her line of sight, unfortunately she didn't pay attention to the wards surrounding the manor, flying straight into the wards bubble caused her to be flung back and crashing hard to the gravel below.

Landing painfully hard on her hands and knees, wincing at the unmistakable snap of Dracos new broom. *He's going to bloody kill me shit.* Her palms stung like salt on an open wound, her knees not doing much better by the way of their bruising protest.

"*Accio Grangers wand*" her dark wand sailed into the hands of the one person she least wanted to see tonight. "If it isn't the wittle mudblood!" Bellatrix madly cackled, rubbing her palms in glee "*come back for more muddy?*" Her mud coated metal toe capped boot pushing its self into her chin.

Gritting her teeth, Hermione forced herself to stay calm "*fuck you mad bitch* okay so staying calm means baiting the psychopath. *Nice one Granger.*

"No way to speak to your betters wittle girl" grinning insanely as she grabbed Hermione painfully by her throat, bringing her to her shaky feet "Why so wet muddy?" Leaning in Bellatrix licked her cheek, gripping harder on the girls throat, constricting her breathing "heard oxygen deprivation is a great turn on" her grey murky eyes sparkling with arousal, watching the young witch struggle against her.

Crunching of the gravel announced another guest "Bellatrix, release the girl" Greyback came into view "the dark lord wants her personally "

Dropping ungraciously to the ground, Hermione choked taking in large amounts of air "that's why I'm here" gasping out loud enough for the idiotic death eater to hear.

The bonecrushing grip on her forearm by Greyback pulling her harshly to her feet "then it's your lucky day love" the werewolf eyed her up as if she was a juicy steak. *Children murdering, cannibalistic Werewolf, Salazar, thats all he wears in this weather. Bare chest and torn shorts no shoes, he's really living up the animal life huh.* Stumbling to find her footing as the werewolf shoved her hard in her lower back.

Bellatrix cackling away ahead of them, leading the way into the dark manor.

"Either you are stupid girlie or stupidly brave" she could feel the skin crawling breath of Greyback down her neck, moving faster towards the mad witch was a better option than staying at the back with the demented werewolf.

Hermione recognized the room they ended up in, as the ball room. Looking around where the once elegant and beautiful balls took place now resembled as a torture arena with many gruesome muggle and magical tools lined the blood splattered walls. Swallowing down her stomach contents, she bravely looked into the red piercing eyes of Tom Riddle, who sat upon a skull throne, his huge snake Nagini slithering around his bare pale feet.

"My lord the mudblood returns" Greyback grabbed her robes from behind, shoving her towards the once pristine white tiles in front of their masters feet.

Staring at the spot of dried unmistakable pool of blood. *Don't these people know how to clean up*
**Hermione stepped backwards, turning to catch the eye of a straight back disciplined death eater, his silver mask hiding his face apart from his short dirty blonde hair, "lord Greengrass, he raped and murdered your little girl sir" returning her gaze on the sulking lord "he raped and murdered two children, but worse he murdered her with his filthy hands.**

Hermione stepped towards the seething dark lord.

"You, Tom are a half blood, no better than the filth you are trying to eradicate" silently calling for her wand from the dark witch's clutches, surprising the fools, Hermione pointed her wand straight at the snake faced abomination "I know everything about the order. About Potter, their secrets, their weaknesses" twisting her wand "mark me and I will give you everything you deserve Tom".

"Your price" Bellatrix spoke up, prowling towards her master and Hermione.

Hermione raised her brow. *Who's the master now then.* "You protect those i care for, from all and any harm from either side of this war. No retribution, no revenge and I'm yours" speaking clearly to Bellatrix "oh and Ronald Weasley is mine" staking her claim.

The dark lord returned to his throne "Why would I care for a filthy blood traitor?" Eyeing the mudblood warily.

Hermione stepped backwards, turning to catch the eye of a straight back disciplined death eater, his silver mask hiding his face apart from his short dirty blonde hair, "lord Greengrass, he raped and murdered your little girl sir" returning her gaze on the sulking lord "he raped and murdered two
witches and attempted rape of two more. Though I know you enjoy that sort of thing my lord" mocking him by bowing low, like a servant to their lord.

My this is fun, if one can call near death fun.

The deadly anger from the self appointed lord was felt very clearly by all those in his presence "you mock me mudblood" his red eyes narrowing in to slits "your death will mean nothing to me. Tell me why I sssshoudn't jussst kill you now?" Hissing, leaning forward, his wand laying across his lap.

"My death would be pointless. I could just kill the bastards that attacked Narcissa if you would prefer my lord" sweetly smiling at the humanoid snake. Bathing in acid wouldn't get me clean after this.

Lord Voldemorts grin was worse than his smirk, striding up to Hermione with Nagini following faithfully behind her master "Narcissssa issss a traitor. I do not care for the likessss of her" his lengthy boney fingers stroking her neck as he circled her like prey.

Swallowing hard, Hermione grimaced at the unpleasant sensation left after his touch "then I shall became a third faction to this war" her voice strong and commanding unlike her nerves that were ready to shatter.

"Go back to ssssschool little girl before I change my mind" Riddle turned his back to Hermione, taking his leave "Sssee you on the battlefield" his skin crawling laughter would haunt her dreams for many years to come.

Bellatrix grabbed her by the back of her robes "leave now muddy or you shall be mine" forcing her though the manor and out the wards. Throwing her wand at her feet.

Watching the dark witch eye her up one last time before leaving Hermione alone in the rain and thunder. Snatching up her wand "Lumos" Searching for Dracos broken broom that lay just a foot away from her crash landing.

Here goes nothing. Taking a last glance at the dark intruding manor, she closed her eyes thinking of Hogwarts and disapparated away.

Opening her eyes after the dizzy spell left, Hermione was relieved to see her beloved castle standing before her. The adrenaline now leaving her body made her realise just how bad she has made things. Hot salty drops of water hit her lips realising she was crying, she tried to brush the tears away What have I done? I got them all killed. Stupid stupid Granger. Collapsing against the metal gate, curling her arms around her knees, her head down hiding from reality and the heavy rain.

Heavy footsteps sounded behind Hermione but she didn't have the energy or the care to go for her wand that lay abandoned by her feet.

"Thank Merlin lass. We have been searching for you for hours" the headmistress knelt down in front of Hermione who still hadn't looked up. "Over here" Minerva called out to her search party companion.

Soft sobs escaped Hermione just before darkness took her into an exhausted slumber.

"Not sure"

"No major injuries, a few scraps but mainly exhausted"

The bright sunlight that drifted though Hermiones eye lids forced her to wake. Slowly opening her
eyes, blinking rapidly from the harsh light, she looked around making out the white walls and sterile surfaces of the infirmary. Not dead then that's a good start.

Hermione winced as she sat up against her pillows taking note of the many adults standing at the end of her bed. Suddenly smiling when she saw Narcissa sitting next to her, asleep in a large armchair. Paler than usual but I can't see anything to badly injured.

"Miss Granger good of you to grace us with your presence again" drawled Severus, being the first out the lot of them to notice she was finally awake.

"Professor" sarcastically inclining her head at his sarcastic comment. Water off a ducks back sir. Shifting under the concerned gaze of the adults. don't think I haven't forgotten.

"Hermione where were you?" Draco pushed his way to the front coming to stand by his now awake mother "we were really worried when the Headmistress alerted the order that you were missing. Oh and thanks for killing my broom, father now has to buy me the latest model" beaming at her clumsiness of his most loved possession. Strange boy indeed.

Gripping her hands tightly, Hermione breathed deeply "I.. when I was told that you were badly injured and only family could see you I thought the worst" looking into the blue eyes of the blonde beside her "I'm sorry I broke your broom Draco it was unintended, I didn't remember about the wards and was thrown back" drifting to Dracos soft grey eyes.

"What wards?" Narcissa softly spoke up clutching Hermiones right hand.

"The manor wards. I went to Malfoy.." Hermione stopped at the sudden chaos of the assembled adults.

"Careless"

"How could you be so stupid?"

"Blimey you have a death wish kid"

"Who was there?" Draco butted in.

"How are you still alive?"

The rapid comments hit her like a tornado "I went to protect those I love" Hermione shouted over the unpleasant noise. The room came deathly quite, so she continued "I went to Riddle to ask for protection for those I care for in exchange I would give him everything he wanted" looking up, she saw a few murderous glares at her so called betrayal. Hurts like a bitch doesn't it. "He wasn't interested but Bellatrix was. So I told him that I wouldn't work for him nor the order".

"You would sell us out" came the screech of Mrs Weasley.

Glaring at the overweight matron "yes just like your precious order did to me" Ppshing back the sheets, Hermione stood from the bed "get it into your oversized dubderheaded brains I know longer care for any of you. I was done with this ridiculous pissing contest but now both sides have forced my hand" slipping on her robes "as I told Tom neither side gets me" looking into all the eyes staring back at her "you are now looking at the third faction of this war".

Hermione stopped at the infirmary doors "anyone wanting to join are welcome" making her dramatic exit.
White light

Burning off the built up anger of the past two weeks in a frantic run around the black lake, occasionally pausing to watch the giant squid splash about and the merpeople resurfacing. Hermione ignored the painful stitch to her side, enjoying the soft breeze cocooning her exposed flesh.

The early morning rise meant little chance of the student body clogging up the corridors of the castle, the moaning and groaning of the boys, the unnecessary rush of uncompleted homework and to Hermione she avoided the rigid stares of the hateful order members stationed around the school and the nervous concerns of those that supported her. Hermione just wanted to be left alone but after her declaration of joining the war as a third faction a week ago, she got no peace from the staff nor her peers as Draco couldn't help opening his mouth to their fellow snakes.

Sighing, even now she had Auror Tonks and Narcissa tailing her, though she did have to admit she was generally surprised at how well they kept up with her.

Inwardly grinning, Hermione spied Madam Hooch out the corner of her eye, making her way on to the Quidditch pitch with a broom balancing over her toned muscular shoulders. Without so much as by your leave Hermione took off running after the Quidditch coach.

The eagle eyed witch smirked at seeing her now most promising student trying to loose her followers. "Granger what a pleasure" as the brunette stopped just in front of her, panting.

Straightening up "are you off for a fly Madam?" Her cinnamon eyes twinkling with mischief.

Raising a perfect brow "want to join me Granger?" Silently conjuring up another broom and handing it to the girl.

*Impressive, nice broom too. *"Of course" quickly looking back at her approaching escorts, Hermione swung her leg over the wood and kicking off hard.

Flying high into the air made her feel alive and free. Free from responsibilities, free from the overbearing war, free from her constraints.

Hermione swung the broom against the breeze in the direction of the panting, red faced witches who sat on the teachers bleachers. *Still going to watch me huh, let's see how you handle this.* Smirking Hermione flew over the bleachers, just missing the commentators box by a few inches, removing her left hand from the broom, the suffocating witch took her remaining hand away, leaving her dangerously balancing on the thin wood.

"What on Merlin's name is that witch doing?" Narcissa gasped, gripping onto her nieces arm.

Realising that Madam Hooch was flying towards her to stop her death defying stunt, Hermione forced her thighs to move the broom into a downwards dive. *This is living.* The broom was fast approaching the ground but she still refused to stop the descent.

The headmistress along with a few order members came running onto the pitch at seeing Hermiones suicidal dive. Minerva lost all the colour in her face at her cubs dangerous stunt, whipping out her wand.

Grabbing the broom, forcing it to stop, Hermione shot straight back up into the air, flying higher than before, dodging the chasing eagle eyed witch. Laughing at the stunned expression of Hooch. *I Haven't finished yet witch.*
"What the hell is she doing?" Minerva averted her eyes from the witch in the air to the voice of Harry Potter and his lackeys.

"Think not lad. I'm not having another lunatic in the air" Minerva forced the boy into his godfathers arms. Her heart stopping at seeing Narcissa and Tonks now with brooms, going after the suicidal witch.

Hermiones eyes flashed at her remembrance of Potters stunt a few years back. *If boy wonder can do it, so I can but only better.* Taking a deep breath, Hermione forced her legs to stand on the swaying broom, releasing her hands, Hermione stood, using her feet to control the broom, going back into a downwards dive.

"Bloody fuck. Do something?" Potter screamed at seeing his former friend using a most dangerous move he had ever seen on a broom. Struggling against his godfathers deathly grip. "Let me go. I have to stop her" his desperate pleas went unheard, tears lashed down his cheeks.

Narcissas heart plummeted at the drop of her witches broom, diving after the witch, unafraid of her own safety.

Minerva thought she could hear everyone's heart thud loudly, unaware of the large gathering crowd.

"Salazar. She's gone mad" Draco ran onto the pitch with Blaise and Theo.

Unfortunately Hermione lost her footing, falling from the broom. *At least I died by my own stupid hand. I have nothing left to live for, fate was wrong.* A smile graced her face, unconcerned for her death. *I'm sorry my love.* Narcissas beautiful blue eyes flashed in her mind. *Shit.*

The crowd went into chaos at Hermiones fall. The staff sprinted onto the pitch their wands raised.

Narcissa felt the tears falling down her face, freezing up at her loves fall. *Don't you dare leave me Hermione.* Knowing it could result in not one but two deaths Narcissa had no choice but to jump from the broom to catch the girl from her death.

*Don't you dare leave me Hermione* echoed though Hermiones mind.

The world seemed to stop for those on the ground, the moment the blonde witch threw herself from her broom, Draco screamed unable to stop his mothers plummet, his emotionless mask crumbled.

"Drop the wards now" Severus roared over the shrieking of the crowd "Minerva now" shoving way though to the front with Lucius hot on his tail.

Minerva dropped the wards with some reluctance, hoping to Merlin that Riddle and his forces didn't get wind of the now vulnerable Hogwarts.

Madam Hooch looked on in horror, she was too high to reach the falling witches.

The moment Narcissa grabbed Hermiones face a blinding white light flashed around them. Blinding the group on the ground, Hooch jumped from her broom transforming mid-air into her alter ego. Eagle Hooch flew down fast clutching her talons on the blondes robes, halting their descent.

Hooch struggled with her combined burden but managed to fly the witches to the ground in front of their horrified audience, morphing back into her human form.

Once the light faded, Narcissa shakily pulled Hermiones face towards her "how could you be so stupid?" Her tears still present on her pale face.
Hermione blinked in shame at the distraught witch. Her hand wiping away the blondes tears, Hermione struggled to sit up under Narcissas weight pressing onto her "I'm so sorry" her voice a whisper. Boldly, Hermione pulled Narcissas face up to hers, pressing her lips to the blondes.

Forgetting their audience, Narcissa deepened their kiss, both witches responding to the other. Hermione's hands snaked around the elegant witches neck, Narcissa copied her actions.

Draco gawped at his mother snogging his best friend in front of the whole school and his father. "Ahem" trying to gain the very enthusiastic witches attention.

Pulling back Narcissa held onto the girls neck, looking into Hermione's brown eyes "don't ever do that again".

"As riveting as this is, you do have the whole school watching" Severus laid his hand on Narcissa shoulder.

Hermione glanced up to see that her head of house wasn't exaggerating, many surprised eyes of her peers and the staff body looked back at her. Well done Granger, now everyone's going to think your crazy. She swore she heard clapping.

Minerva took charge in ordering the students back into the castle "back to class now" the students complained but complied with their headmistress command.

Potter was dragged back to the castle by Sirius and Remus before he could escape to harass the girl.

Narcissa dusted herself off holding a hand out to her witch.

Hermione grabbed the proffered hand, pulling herself up. Swallowing down her dread, she turned to Madam Hooch shame shining though her brown eyes "I'm sorry Madam. I will turn in my Quidditch uniform. Thank you for saving our lives" the coach's face remained stone.

Nodding her head, she turned to leave. "Not so fast Granger" Hooch stood in her way, arms on her hips, her brow raised "after those stunts I would of made you captain but alas the spots already filled maybe next year. I want to see you here tomorrow morning same time" a cheeky wink and she was gone.

Severus rolled his eyes at the coach. Can't really loose a good flyer I suppose even if said flyer is a complete dunderhead. Sneering at Hermione "your stupidity revels that of Potter. Not only did you put your life in unnecessary danger, you also put the school in danger of an attack" his black orbs flashing dangerously, gritting his teeth from hexing the idiot girl "as Hooch has decided you shall stay on, you shall be attending detention with myself or the headmistress for the next three weeks".

Nodding in affirmative, Hermione walked off before being dismissed. Sneaking into the common room was easy as the other students were in lessons.

After a quick shower and changing into her school uniform, Hermione grabbed her bag and made her way to her next lesson of transfiguration. Oh I can just hear what everyone will say, look there's the teachers pet, marriage wrecker, muff muncher, a pureblood fouling themselves with a mudblood.

Lost in her thoughts Hermione collided with another student as she rounded the bend near her intended classroom. "Watch it idiot" Hermione snarled shoving the offending body off her.

"Wotcha Hermione" Tonks suddenly appears behind her grinning, stepping around Hermione, Tonks healed the scrape on the frightened first years knee, helping the young witch up "run along kid" waving the firstie off, turning back to the brunette "class in here right" pointing to where
Hermione's next lesson would be held.

Grumbling intelligibly, Hermione brushed past Tonks and into the classroom. As expected the room was empty, eyeing the Auror with suspicion, Hermione sat at the back of the room placing her bag into the seat next to her for Draco.

Turning her attention back to the Auror, who made herself at home behind the teachers desk with her feet on the surface "why are you here?" Hermione impatiently asked.

"Transfiguration was my all time fav subject at school" smirking at the irritated younger woman.

Hermione sneered at the pink hair witch "why the hell are you following around?" Leaning forward on her desk, her hands supporting her chin.

"After your suicidal stunts, the order are worried you may" gesturing with her hands, making a imaginary robe hanging around her neck "I say more like after your manor adventure" her dark eyes twinkling with wonderment. "So I am your guard".

Before Hermione could retort, the classroom door flung open emitting Narcissa and Lucius. Prison guard more like.

"Feet off desk Nymphadora" Narcissa waved her wand, knocking the metamorphosis feet to the floor. Both blondes stood at the front as the long line of Slytherin and Gryffindor students made their way into the room and to their seats.

Draco timidly smiled at Hermione, removing her heavy bag to her feet, taking his chair. "You really scared the shit out of me Granger" whispering in her ear.

Turning to face him "I was an idiotic fool. I was.. am pissed at being followed like I'm a bloody.."

"Miss Granger, Mr Malfoy 10 points from Slytherin for talking. Miss Granger to the front" Lucius pointed to the empty front row. "Today would be good" snickers from Weasley followed.

Hermione grimaced at the stares of her peers as she dragged herself to the front table, dropping unceremoniously in the chair.

Narcissa spoke again "now we have everyones undivided attention we can start again. Today we will be discussing human transfiguration to animal transfiguration" catching everyones attention. While some seemed interested, others were creepily eyeing up their blonde professor then Hermione.

Hermione glared at the perverted wizards and the occasional witch, shifting tensely on her seat. The lesson went over her head and for the first time in her Hogwarts history, she paid no attention to her professor opting instead to staring at the grinning Auror.

"Miss Granger" gently shaking the oblivious girl, pulling the witch out of her mind, blinking twice at the stern face of the headmistress.

Coming back to reality, Hermione stared into green emerald eyes "yes ma am" a quick glance around the room, all eyes on her and the professor.

"You are needed in my office" the headmistress stern expression soften a fraction of a second before slipping back into place. "Bring your bag dear".

Following the stern witch up to the head tower, stepping into Minervas domain. Hermiones eyes slightly widen at the presence of her father and guardian.
Pulling her father into a hug "dad what are you doing here? Is Mom okay?" Seating herself next to her father's chair.

Narcissa slipped into the office, unaware to Hermione, standing against the wall nodding her head to Minerva.

Dr Granger stared at his daughter, his heart thudding painfully in his chest. Blinking back the forbidden tears, he gently laid his hand on his little girl's arm, kneeling down in front of her "your mother..." clearing his throat "I'm so sorry" his throat constricted "your mother passed away last night. She was ill for a very long time" unable to meet his daughter's tearful eyes.

Shrinking back into her chair, Hermione felt her heart break at her father's confession. **He's wrong, mom can't be dead.** Looking into his dark green eyes, she knew he was telling the truth "how?".

"Brain Tumour. She had it since before you started attending here" Dr Granger spoke clearly, standing up he turned to the headmistress "her funeral is next friday, if Severus doesn't mind taking her" nodding at the dark man's affirmative, he diverted his attention to Hermione "I will be going away. I need time alone. You know longer need me. The wizarding world is your home" squeezing her shoulder.

Bowing her head, she heard her father leave with a house elf. **No Mom and now no Dad.** "I thought you removed their memories of me?" Staring in the black endless eyes of Severus.

"I did but your mother was dying and I believed it was right to return them, to allow your mother to die knowing she had a great daughter" his voice slightly cracking at the admission.

Standing up "if that is all?" Hermione rushed out the door, her feet taking her to the seventh floor.

Walking continuously past the same part of the blank wall opposite the large portrait of Barbanus the great, on the seventh floor, an oak door materialised out of thin air. Making sure the coast was clear, Hermione slipped though the opening, warding the door closed from any curious intruders.

The moment Hermione stepped into the room, the fireplace sprung to life, casting a warm glow, waking up the cold darkened space, chasing away the shadows. Forcing herself to stay busy, she paced the room till her legs gave out, causing Hermione to scream at the room, screaming at the unfairness of her mother's death, screaming at the abandonment by her father.

Hermione pushed herself up, shrugging off her outer robes, draping them across the back of the nearest armchair. Striding up to the practice dummies lining the back wall while undoing the buttons on the sleeves of her school shirt, rolling the material up to her elbows. Tearfully smirking at the dummies faces replaced with those of Potter and Weasley.

"Bombarda Maxima" Weasley dummy number one exploded on contact, metal shards raining down.

"Sectumsempra" Potter dummy received a long deep gash to its chest, a deep red substance leaking from its wound.

Sneering at Weasley number two "crucio" the dummy twitched falling over with a heavy thud then started thrashing about, mimicking a realistic victim under the painful curse. Its metal arms twisting at unnatural angles, its back arching high off the floor while its head collided hard with the stone beneath.

"I think you effectively tortured the dummy into submission” green eyes stared back into her dull ones as she whipped around at her unwelcomed guest.
Hermione sneered at the redheaded witch "what do you want Weasley?" Twisting back to her last remaining dummy, leaving Ginny staring behind her "incendio" screaming at the smiling face of Harry Potter. The metal victim seized up with immense heat as the fire took hold.

"I wanted to apologise to you properly" Ginny made the uncomfortable walk up to the furious witch, whose hair started to fizz at the sudden warmth of the fire. Placing her shaking hand onto her former friends arm "I don't deserve your forgiveness but you do deserve my apology".

Yanking her arm away from the redheads touch "I don't want your apology, it means nothing to me" sneering at the frightened fifth year Gryffindor.

"Isn't this cosy?" Lucius Malfoy appeared by the fireplace with Severus and Narcissa at his side.

Hermione suppressed her surprise instead choosing to ignore their presence, waving her hand over the fallen dummies, repairing them to their original state as she returned to her starting place.

Picturing the real Ronald Weasley standing in front of her, she pulled her best Malfoy smirk "Avada Kedavra" the green sickening light crashed into the nearest dummy, throwing it straight into the back wall, falling limp.

"You used the killing curse" Ginny paled, slightly backing away from the changed muggleborn Slytherin "we did this too you" stammering in fear.

Her haunted laugh swept around the room "you pathetic bunch couldn't change a fly little girl. Run along now or I might start practising on you" aiming her wand at the youngest Weasley.

Unfortunately her wand slipped from her grasp, flying into Narcissas outstretched palm. The surprised look on the blondes face showed she didn't summon her wand.

"Well that seems to be fate intertwining" Lucius coded his words in front of the under age student present. "Run along Miss Weasley, no talking about what you may of saw here tonight and 10 points from Gryffindor for being out past curfew" smirking at the witch scurrying off unable to hide her petrified look of his command.

The brunette glared at his interference, a living practice dummy would of been very handy. Remaining silent Hermione waved the dummies away. Mood ruined thank you very bloody much.

"All three unforgivables, do tell Miss Granger does it make you feel superior?" Lucius leisurely paced around her.

Staying tight lipped, her nails piercing her palms, small patter of blood dripped down her wrists.

"However misguided you are Miss Granger, using the forbidden curses will only land your know it all self a one way ticket to Azkaban" Severus spoke up from behind her.

Turning her fury on to her Potions master, who to his credit didn't flinch nor back down "bunch of hypocrites. Two of you wear his mark on your arm and you're telling me not to use dark spells when knowing full well you yourselves once revelled in it playing good little death eaters for Voldemort".

Neither wizard replied, leaving the young witch to further lash out.

"Screw the lot of you" Hermione forced her way to the exit, leaving behind her cloak and wand.
Severus growled for the umpteen time. *dunderheaded fools need to learn how to spell.* His quill slashing angrily away on the students homework, leaving behind red livid comments.

"Do you want to explain why you're out after curfew?" Not bothering to hide his disdain at his uninvited guest lurking in the shadows. "Anytime tonight would be good" his black eyes never leaving the parchment as the quill scratched away.

All of a sudden a pulsing red light flashed inches from the dark wizards head, blowing pieces of brick out the dungeons wall. Severus threw down his quill, snatching up his wand "who dares to attack me with my own spell? Show yourself immediately before the consequences become severe" he spat out.

The candles flame went out leaving the potions classroom in pitch black darkness, obscuring Severus view "do you really think your parlour tricks are going to stop me from stripping your house from its points for the next century? You arrogant little fool".

Loud bangs sounded to his right. Flexing his fingers before losely gripping his wand "lumos" the light flickered to life, shining up the cold room revealing a cloaked figure perched in his chair, their feet propped up on his desk.

Fury raced though his thin body. "Remove your feet from my desk now" gritting his crooked teeth, his left eye twitching.

The hood dropped back from the intruders head "for a spy, one would think you would have better security".

"Granger! You better explain yourself".

Hermione glared hatefully at the potions professor "what gave you the right to leave me behind? I had just as much right as any of you to see Narc.."

Bitter laughter rang out "you really believe the world revolves around you little girl. Grow up for Salazars sake" leaning up against the cold fireplace.

"It wasn't fair, I wanted to know she was okay".

"It may have escaped your notice but life isn't fair" Snape snapped back, his patience with the former gryffindor finally gone. "Grow up and get out of my sight. Now".

The classroom door swung silently open. "Now".
"I feel for you Cissy. Must be repulsive to have such unsavoury company invading your beautiful home" the gushing sickliness spewed forth.

Hermione listened intently from her hiding spot at the back of the manors library, grimacing at the sickening witch with lady Malfoy sharing tea.

"Yes one would think they had better places to be" the lady of the manor replied.

Her heart sped up at the angelic tones of the blonde beauty.

"Oh no dear you have misunderstood me. I mean that awful girl that hangs around your handsome son" a girly giggle escaped the appalling woman's lips.

"I wouldn't say Miss Parkinson was awful, she has her moments" Hermione could hear the cold tones emitting from the blonde.

"No Cissa dear I mean that dirty mudblood that plagues your home. You should, now I'm only saying this because I care very much for you and your family darling, you should let Bellatrix deal with the girl. We all know Bellas taste" Hermione gritted her teeth at the harsh slur of her blood and the offending hand resting on the blondes rode cladded thigh.

Narcissa brushed the hand away "I have no problem dealing with the girl myself. Do you doubt me Druesilla? Or do i need to remind you what happened to your husband when he wouldn't take no for an answer?".

"Oh silly me. I could never doubt you Narcissa" she quickly replied. "I just feel terrible..".

Hermione couldn't hear what Narcissa said as the blonde leant in and whispered her retort, the gobsmacked expression on the snobby witches face told her that it wasn't pleasant.

Hermione gasped awake, blinking away the memory of her first encounter with lady Greengrass. 
Awful bloody bitch know wonder her daughter is uptight.

"Happy birthday Granger" Draco grinned jumping on the bed of the semi awake witch "you my dear muggleborn friend are of age" kneeling over the grumbling figure, Draco yanked the blanket from away.

Hermione shrieked at the sudden weight pressing down on her. Bloody ferret. Her cover came away revealing Dracos grinning face. Rolling over, burying her head under her pillow.

"Ten Minutes then Crabbe and Goyle will be coming in to drag you to breakfast in whatever state you are in" the door slammed taking Dracos over chipper chuckle with him.

Rushing though her morning routine to avoid the blubbering mass of Dracos bodyguards, Hermione set the record of seven minutes from getting out of bed to showering then legging it down the stairs to the common room, to be confronted with a magical banner stretched above the fireplace screaming HAPPY BIRTHDAY HERMIONE. Draco and their fellow snakes standing beneath donning goofy birthday hats in all Hogwarts colours flashing her face and age. Green and silver balloons dancing around the room spitting confetti on anyone near.

"Gee Thanks guys" Hermione shifted her feet, embarrassed from the undivided attention of her
housemates. Not even Gryffindor could out celebrate Slytherin.

Draco beamed, crossing the room, gently placing a golden princess crown on her brown mane "all princesses get the crown on their birthday me lady" bowing low, their snakes following his actions.

Pulling Draco up from his perfect imitation of an excited house elf. "Come me lady, breakfast awaits".

Linking arms with the blonde, their house following them to the great hall, gaining the attention of everyone they swaggered past. On reaching the hall, Hermiones jaw dropped at seeing their house table decorated in a rather elegant birthday bash with an enormous cake sat in the centre. Presents cluttered the end of the table near where the professors sat.

Draco dragged Hermione to the table, dropping onto the bench. Surprise still plastered on her face.

"Dobby and Winky helped. Do you like it?" Draco suddenly went shy, unable to meet her eyes.

Hermione grabbed his arm "I'm thrilled Draco. No one has ever done something like this for me. You are the bestest friend a girl could ever wish for" grinning as Dracos pale features started blossoming into a deep shade of red.

"Thanks Hermione. Here open your gifts" pushing the pile of wrapped presents towards the brunette.

Hermione reached for the smallest first. The hall was silent as she unwrapped her many gifts. She felt guilty at the amount she received especially as some of them cost more than she could ever afford.

Blaise smirked when she opened his gift that was crudely wrapped in black paper, surrounded by curvy nude women blowing kisses at her. He gifted Hermione a voucher worth two hundred and fifty galleons for Flourish and Blotts.

Hermione ended up receiving a lot of Honeydukes candy from many of her housemates that she shared with the table. Vouchers for various shops in Daigon Alley and Paris from the girly witches. Pansy gifted her a years supply of beauty products including Sleekeazy. The Quidditch team cashed in together and got her the latest broom that made Draco pout with jealously when she ripped open the brown package revealing the Air Wave Gold, but then so did many of the students and Sirius for that matter.

Dracos was the most thoughtful gift by far. He brought her a stunning silver necklace that was imbeded with protection charms and an emergency portkey, inside the small locket that hung from the chain was the pictures of her and Draco embracing each other as siblings would do and on the other side was a picture of her and Narcissa kissing after her suicidal stunt. Draco leant over and flipped the slide over to show her the frozen muggle image of her mother and herself taken last year on their holiday in Madrid, lounging on their sunbeds, their arms wrapped around each other, beaming at the camera. A sudden booming pain ignited in her heart as she remembered her mothers haunting words.

She remembered the moment before the picture was taken by her very drunk and sunburnt father.

Both Mother and Daughter sat under the shade, reading the same true crime novel in spanish, while the waves lapping gently at the sandy shore. Hermione was drifting off from the heat, till her mother cleared her throat, swinging her legs over the sun lounger.

Jeans dark eyes twinkled with unrecognizable emotion, staring straight into the brown eyes of her precious daughter, her trembling hand coming out to stroke Hermiones cheek "what ever
you decide to do in life my child, I shall always be with you in here" her mother sadly smiled, clutching her heart at the last part of her statement.

Hermione smiled back, inwardly rolling her eyes at her mothers sappy declaration. *Drink much Ma.*

"Forever and always. You have made me the proudest mother in the world, you are my universe but I will not be around forever" Her voice dropped to a hoarse whisper, her eyes never leaving Hermiones "when I'm gone, don't look back, there's nothing left in the past, it's all about the future" leaning across the gap of their loungers and placing a soft kiss to her cheek "your life has only just begun. Don't let anyone stop you living your life the way you want to. Stay true to yourself. Promise me Hermione". Her words dripping with desperation.

Hermione nodded her head "I promise mom" her cinnamon orbs slowly trailing over her moms delicate features and the bandana that was always wrapped securely around her head.

*Always the same design but different colour since I could begin to remember. Now I know why.*

Happy tears leaked down her cheeks as she pulled the squirming wizard into her tight embrace "thank you Draco it means the world to me" her voice barely a whisper, unable to take her eyes away from her smiling mother.

Clearing his throat, fidgeting on the bench "well I thought you would appreciate a picture of your mother, managed to get your father to get me one before well you know.." trailing off at the discomfort of the crying witch.

"Thank you" leaning over and kissing her best friend on his cheek, wiping away her tears and shutting the locket "do you mind?" Gesturing to her neck, bunching up her hair, mindful of the crown.

Draco took the locket and secured it around Hermiones neck "there perfect. Also you wont be able to loose it unless you remove it" smiling brightly at his best friend. Turning to a snickering Theo and whacking him hard across the back, causing him to choke on his sausage.

Half way though breakfast, Draco reminded Hermione of her engagement with Hooch. "We'll save the cake for dinner Granger" Hermione nodded her affirmative. "Leave the crown on birthday princess.

Rushing, Hermione quickly thanked her house for her gifts, leaving them safely in the hands of Pansy and Daphne, she sped off towards the green.

"I'm so sorry" panting heavily as she reached the pitch, finding Madam Hooch heaving a heavy wooden box to the centre.

Hooch tutted, dropping the Quidditch box on the ground "you're here now, we will be practicing with the snitch today" the box sprung open, the balls shaking and tossing in their restraints, Hooch released the small golden fluttering winged ball into the air.

Tossing the girl a broom "no ridiculous stunts allowed otherwise it's all yours" smirking at the pale faced muggleborn as she took off into the air.

Groaning, Hermione reluctantly followed.

After a while a small crowd came to watch the two witches chase after the snitch. Blaise with his
everlasting wisdom decided to release the other balls into the air, snorting with laughter as one bludger went rabid chasing after Hermione.

"One might think you're up to something" Severus drawled, his eye brow raised, dark eyes narrowed. The mischief wizard jumping a mile at his sudden appearance.

Blaise turned, grinning at his Head of house "just watching the birthday girl get her ass handed to her by old Hooch" pointing up at the flying figures. "Sir".

"Bleachers or common room Zabini” frowning down on his troublesome snake.

Blaise took off for the bleachers, refusing to miss out on the action.

He won himself twenty galleons from the bets raging though the stands from all four houses. He put down Hermione to take a bludger to her broom, spinning her towards Hooch.

Hermione was livid at colliding into Madam Hooch and missing out on catching the snitch. Like a had a chance up against a former pro.

Gathering up her Gryffindor courage, the brunette knocked soundly on the dark oak door, waiting nervously for a response. Shuffling was heard followed by a loud thud, the noise stopped as the door was thrown open. A messy blonde head appeared, a towel wrapped around his nude form "What?" Hermione turned and fled ignoring the calls of her name.

*How could I be so bloody stupid. Why would Narcissa be interested in me when she has Lucius. She ran the course of the black lake, well aware the pink haired Auror was following her again. A delicate hand came to rest on Hermiones shoulder momentarily jolting her, spinning around, her wand raised.

Blinking in confusion at the blondes sudden appearance "you should be getting back to your husband" her voice cracking, her heart pounded painfully against her chest.

"I wasn't in my chambers. Lucius will be receiving a stinger to his delicates for using my private rooms as his" Narcissa gripped Hermiones chin, forcing the brunette to meet her blue eyes.

Without thinking, Hermione closed the gap between them, leaning in and capturing the blondes delectable lips with her own, as her arms circled Narcissas hourglass waist. Soft pleasurable moans left the older witch, as Hermiones tongue swiped her plump lips demanding for entry, their tongues warred for dominance.

Her hand crept up her pureblooded witches toned stomach, her nails dragging against her perfect skin, grazing the curve of her breast, smirking as Narcissas breath hitched.

Hermione slightly pulled back to look into Narcissas beautiful blue eyes.

"I have your gift here" Narcissa produced a small rectangular box, opening the lid she passed it to Hermione "a promise that I shall be yours and only yours".

In the box sat nestled a small golden band with per mutua nexis engraved elegantly on the surface. Hermione didn't know what to say.

"You don't need to say anything. Happy 18th birthday" Narcissa gently placed a tender kiss on the brunettes lips. The blonde turned to depart but just before she took a step away she turned back to face Hermione "just so you know I would never of allowed Bellatrix to have you" the all telling
smirk plastered on her stunning lips.
When a werewolf doesn't get it

She couldn’t help but admire the simple but elegant band that sat just right on her finger. She gently spun the ring, her thoughts drifting away from her friends.

“Who would of thought huh?” Pansy said.

Draco tilted his head, a grin lighting up his pale features “I think I know the perfect plan to end the weasel for good”. This finally caught the brunettes undivided attention.

Hermione leant forward, confusion taking hold “just toss his arse into the forbidden forest, let Hagrids disgusting spiders finish him off”. She shivered at the image of the groundskeepers eight legged pet.

Laughter erupted from her fellow snakes “what do you think about that Draco?”.

“Actually that could work and I have the perfect plan to lure the fool into his death” the blonde wizard smirked as more laughter followed.

Hermione quickly excused herself from the intense plotting. I wonder if they even understand what obsession means.

“Wellch princess. Are you planning on ignoring me forever my little prisoner?” a familiar voice called out from behind.

Rolling her eyes “don’t you have a real job to go to Nymphadora?” turning around to face the mousey brown haired Auror.

“Don’t call me that” anger briefly taking hold just before her bubble-gum pink returned “anyway my mother wanted to know if you will come for dinner tonight? It’s all been cleared with the headmistress” grinning at the younger woman’s pout “it wasn’t an offer, think of it as a order if you like”.

“Fine but I’m only doing this because I have no other choice”. Quickly sweeping her gaze along the corridor to make sure they were still alone “if that is all I do have other places to be”.

Tonks raised her brow at the suspicious behaviour “as you wish princess”. Mockingly bowing low as the muggleborn slytherin huffed her way past.

Andromeda withdrew from her daughter’s clumsy hug, shifting her focus onto their guest.

“Hermione darling it’s great to have you for dinner” holding back a smile at the girls sharp look “You know you are always welcome here with open arms”.

Hermione glanced nervously at the over cheery middle Black sister, sinking further into the saggy couch as the older witch pressed her curvy lush body into her “after all you do enjoy my family’s company don’t you darling” a small hand caressed her bare flesh where her shirt rode up exposing her stomach.

“Andromeda love do we have more beer?” a masculine voice shouted out from the kitchen.

Dark grey eyes met cinnamon “my baby sister has you in the palm of her hand”.
The hand fell away leaving Hermione feeling vulnerable “I’m not sure what you’re talking about” gritting her teeth at the defensive tone in her voice “I’m her sons friend”. What is it to you witch?

Andromeda laughed mockingly, grabbing Hermione’s hand with the ring “what’s this then? A trinket?” pushing up off the couch, smoothing down her robes “in the fridge Ted right where I told you they where this morning” turning back to face her guest “do enjoy yourself”.

Her heart hammered away as the older woman left her alone with the television for company. Hermione hated the way Andromeda made her feel either like a little girl or a horny bitch in heat and the fact she could pass for Bellatrix’s twin didn’t help matters either.

“Lost in thought princess” Tonks broke her out of her thoughts. The clumsy Auror lounging in her father’s armchair placed closest to the television box.

Growling lightly at the stupid nickname “I expect that from Sirius. Why am I here?”

Tonks casually shrugged off the question with her own “making eyes at my mom now?” her voice calm.

“Absolutely not. I..we.. she came onto me” flustered at the sudden change of subject.

Hermione jumped up off the couch at the knew figure in the room. “Is my wife misbehaving again? I would like to say she’s all bark and no bite but unfortunately I would be lying” grinning goofy at the girls sudden stiffness “well if you ask nicely she will”.

Ted Tonks regained his seat once his daughter vacated “she’s a wildcat in the sack and I should know..” a sharp clip to the back of his balding head from his wife shut him up.

“I’m sure our guest doesn’t need to hear your fantasy my dear. Now then I do believe dinner is ready” gently pulling Hermione towards the dining room.

Once all five of the occupants were seated the roast was dished out. Hermione started to relax as polite conversation took place between mother and daughter on her right and to her left Ted and Remus were discussing the latest ministry gossip. For the first time in a long time she ate her meal without needing to be prompted and felt happily full and appreciative of the current company that wasn’t her school house.

But the pleasant lull abruptly ended when Remus dragged Hermione into the conversation.

“I understand how everyone feels but Ron is just a boy after all and needs help” she dropped her fork against the plate chipping the beautiful china, effectively ruining her good mood.

“Remus lad the boys a you know and needs to be put away from innocent folk” Ted tartly replied glancing out the corner of his eye at Hermione and the damaged plate.

Remus nodded “Yes but surely if he needs psychiatric help then he should get it” the werewolf carried on shoving his foot into his giant mouth “I’m just saying he’s a human being with rights”.

“If a death eater gets sentenced to azkaban with no trail then why shouldn't the redhead bastard get the same treatment?” Hermione threw out interrupting the men’s heated debate.

Remus blinked slowly becoming aware of his wife and mother in law, more the latter shooting his furious glares across the table. Swallowing down the lump in his throat “well Ron.. I well you see he’s just..”.

“You know what you are just as fucking bad as your hero Dumbledore” the anger was poisoning her
blood, her tamed hair frizzling out with undefined magic, her magical arm feeling heavy on her shoulder. She gripped the table, a red mist forming in her mind clouding her thoughts “how dare you justify what that filthy rapist and murderer has done but then again what can one expect from a mongrel”.

A sharp gasp emitted from her right but all Hermione could see was the red mist thickening. A loud bang and shouts followed by a piercing scream as the brunette felt her body being consumed by blood boiling fire.
Chapter Summary

My apologies for taking so long to update hope I haven't disappointed.

The small dining room descended into chaos. Sending the four unexpected adults flying across the room, simultaneous thuds were heard. The pitch black darkness swallowed their eye sight leaving them blind and vulnerable to attack.

"Mother fuc.. is everyone alright?" Tonks cursed aloud "you foolish bastard you had to go and defend the redheaded fuck" a loud thud rang out followed by a timid painful yelp.

Sitting up with her back against the wall Andromeda softly growled "Lumos" her wandless attempt at the charm worked.

Andromeda shivered, the feeling of icy cold nails scraping down her spine as she watched with fearful concern at the young witch losing control of her entire being. It brought back unwanted memories of her older sister and she knew from experience that she couldn't and shouldn't approach the girl but she refused to let Hermione follow down the same twisted path that Bellatrix was trapped upon. With her mind made up the disowned Black sister carefully picked herself up off the cold tiled floor, her grey orbs never leaving the frantic scene before her.

“Listen to me Hermione. The anger you tightly hold on to is poisonous. You need to let it go otherwise it will consume you. I can promise you that” her words won't reaching. Without thought for herself she placed herself in front of Hermione.

"Your life is important, you're important" Andromeda called out, gripping hard onto Hermiones arm trying desperately to pull the younger woman out of her murderous rage. "Don't let them win".

Hermione suddenly collapsed, her body pitching towards the ground but Andromeda with her seekers reflex caught the girl with ease. "I'm sorry Andy" she whispered, a single tear shining down her flushed cheeks.

Andromeda with her daughter's help managed to place Hermione gently onto the couch.

Hermione shrunk into the cushions, shame and guilt was eating away at her stomach, her meal threatening to come back up. She squeezed her eyes shut trying to control her breathing. Her heart hammering away against her ribs.

Tonks sat perched upon the coffee table eyeing her charge with concern "she needs help mom" tearing her eyes away to watch her usually elegant mother pace the lounge rug, mindlessly chewing her bottom lip.

"Earth to mother" rolling her eyes at her mother's ignorance.

Remus cautiously made his way into the front room. Dropping his voice so only his mother in law could hear him "I have flooed your sister she will be through shortly".

Andromeda glared at her son in law with cold calculation "when my daughter came to me confessing
her dying love for you of all people I was beyond pissed" her hand shot out clutching the werewolf by his throat, pinning him against the wall by the fireplace "I hated you with every fiber of my being for.."

"Mother stop this at once" Tonks yelled trying to pull her mother away from her beloved.

Andromeda shoved her daughter away with a careless toss of her wrist "tainting my daughter but I still swallowed down my judgement hoping to Salazar you would prove me wrong. But alas you are just as weak as I believed" she snarled.

"Not the scene I thought I would be arriving to sister of mine" an angelic voice pulled Andromeda out of her thoughts "you might want to release him before well I'm sure even you can guess that".

Remus dropped to the ground, rubbing his sore throat, blurry eyes trailing his mother in law.

Andromeda twirled around to find her baby sister leaning against the door frame as if she owned the place. "Still as firesty as ever Dro" she smirked approaching the sofa that the younger woman laid upon "time to wake up my love".

Hermione grumbled as she sat up, swinging her legs over the sofa "I just want you to take me to bed".

Andromeda threw her head back and bitterly laughed "my my sister I didn't realise you improved that much in bed but then again you were.." noticing a dark lusty stare from her husband at the mention of her unconventional childhood. Shaking her head at her sisters annoyed snarl "what are the odds that two Black sisters would run off with a mudblood after all this time".
The refuge

Hermione stood in the shadows, watching the familiar faces quietly talking to each other, waiting for their guests to make an appearance. She stayed focused on her blonde witch, who stood straight back by the bar surveying the room.

She stiffened when the door chimed, alerting to her more potential followers. Not quite the right word, more refugees. Unfortunately it was Potter and to her surprise the female Weasley.

Narcissa raised her perfectly sculptured brow "how can I help you mr Potter?" Her sharp nails tapping repeatedly on the bars surface.

The boy meekly raised his green eyes to meet her blue ones "professor. I heard that Hermione would be here.. gathering people" rubbing the back of his neck.

Her red lips dancing with mirth "gathering people mr Potter, surely not" her eyes met Hermione from across the room.

"There's a rumour going around that Hermione has become a third party in this war, going against me" Narcissa bit her cheek to stop herself from laughing at the petulant boy.

Hermione crept her way to Narcissa causing both unwanted Gryffindor's to jump "Potter, Weasley. This is a private function".

Leaving the two wanderers to themselves, Hermione took Narcissas arm. The witches made their way to the front of the crowd.

"Welcome and thank you for coming. I am Hermione Granger and this is my beautiful companion Narcissa Malfoy" the crowd turned their full attention to her. "I have personally been attacked by both sides of this ridiculous war, that has cost many lives, ripped families apart and for what?. Two megalomaniacs in a pissing contest with Harry who can do no wrong Potter thrown in. I have invited you here so you can decide for yourselves if you want to leave this war and give your families safety and protection from either side. I'm the third faction that will keep anyone safe, anyone from either side deserves the choice of being free" Hermione finished her speech, glancing around the stunned room.

"Even death eaters" Potter was red in the face, being held back by the timid Weasley.

Narcissa stood forward "yes even those that took the mark or supporters of the dark lord are welcome but we will not tolerate discrimination or betrayal" her blue eyes piercing green as she finished.

A elderly witch stood "my dear how would you keep people safe that decide to join you?".

Hermione answered "I have brought with Narcissa a secret kept estate that will accommodate anyone looking for refuge. We are not asking you to fight, we are offering protection to you and your families".

Aberforth stepped forward "what about our businesses?" A few echoed his statement.

"We have our own warders that will protect your assets from any damage, if any damage occurs we will personally compensate" Hermione watched as the crowd started to talk amongst themselves.
"Would you protect my family? Even after betraying you" Ginny called out over the bickering, looking Hermione straight in the eye.

Narrowing her eyes at the redhead "your family is welcome to our protection. As long as they stop participating in this soul destroying war".

A new voice spoke up "what about Hogwarts?" Narcissa smiled at the Headmistress who melted from the shadows, taking the spotlight "would you also protect the students? They are innocent after all".

"That was never an issue. The children will be protected, Hogwarts will receive complex warding" Narcissa clearly spoke, eliminating the fears of those present.

Hermione wasn't having any of that "as long as the order steps back from the school. I don't trust them, the children will be protected by the staff and our added wards".

The Headmistress reluctantly nodded at Hermiones bold request. "I cannae step back from this Miss Granger but I will keep the order from the school".

Moving from the front, Hermione made her way next to the Headmistress "I understand Professor, all I can ask that you survive this war otherwise I can't forgive you" tears dripped from her cheek.

Minerva took her cub into her arms, gently patting the witch "is your protection coming from your connection with Narcissa?" She whispered into Hermiones ear.

Pulling back "yes. We have realised some of our unique talents".

"I'm in" many witches and wizards followed. Illegally obtained portkeys were given out to the group "they will activate at midday on sunday, make sure all your family and loved ones are touching the object" Narcissa pointed out as she made her rounds.

The blonde came up to Hermione and Minerva, who were sat at the round table in the corner "take this Minerva" handing the stern professor a locket "it's an emergency portkey that was made with you in mind. If you are ever in danger it will activate only for you, taking yourself and anyone you're touching to our safe house" leaning across the table and placing a gentle kiss on her mentors cheek.

Lucius and Severus tagged along with Hermione, Narcissa and Draco to their new estate. The Manor house was bigger than Malfoy Manor with plenty of outside grounds. Lucius was the first to notice white peacocks strutting around the greenery.

"Are those mine?" Lucius grey orbs misted up, watching the beautiful birds peck at the ground beneath them.

Narcissa took his hand and squeezed "yes, it was Hermiones idea".

The group moved up to the main house, the double doors stood open with Winky and Dobby excitedly flapping their large ears, waiting patiently for their mistresses.

Hermione knelt down in front of the house elves "is everything set up?" Winky wobbled forward "yes Mistress. Winky did what Mistresses asked".

Lucius veered off with Severus to take a nose around the impressive building.

The ground floor consisted of two studies that was empty besides a sturdy desk and comfortable
chairs, a ladies parlour that blocked them further access into the room, a mans den which appealed to both the dark wizards, an elegant ball room, formal dining room with a large oak table surrendered by antique chairs, a receiving room with a fireplace that as of yet to be connected to the floo network, a drawing room off the foyer that would be used as a common area and further back of the manor had the kitchens, pantry and house elf quarters.

"Not bad I suppose" Lucius drawled, leaning heavily on his cane. Both the men made their way back to the foyer and up the grand staircase to find their missing party.

Severus spotted the trio first, Narcissa was standing against the doorframe to the library with her back to them. "I'm sure the library will become useful in time" Dracos voice sounded out from the large room.

"Useful for what? It's a library Draco" Hermione retorted "it is full of knowledge not battlefield tips".

Lucius and Severus made themselves known, snickering at the arguing pair.

"When you are both finished" Severus spoke up, momentarily pausing the bickering.

"The ways and strays of Hermione Granger" Draco barked a laughter, all eyes turning to him. "What? Thought it was a catchy name is all" suddenly the bookshelf became quite interesting to the blonde boy.

Hermione laughed at his childish pout. "No name Draco. It's a refuge" she sighed.

Leading the group on the tour of the top three floors was exhausting "our rooms are on the fourth floor" Narcissa told the three wizards "right now the rooms are being decorated, the floor plan is similar to the rest" before resuming the tour then taking the hungry group back towards the kitchens.

Dobby was in his element, cooking up a storm. Winky ushered the tired humans to the formal dining room, were the table was set.

Draco after his fill of roast beef, looked up at his mother "what if Potter wants refuge?" Grimacing at Hermiones jaw clenching.

"Then he has it but I doubt he will, after all the chosen one needs to save the world" Hermione sarcastically retorted, her cinnamon orbs flashing in anger.

Narcissa leant across the gap, grasping Hermiones hand "we will help anyone that needs it" she smiled as her witch relaxed into her touch.


Winky suddenly appeared shaking "Mistresses, bad, bad people at door".

Bang.
Do death eaters have a heart?

KBang. Bang. The alarms of the wards rang out, deafening the occupants of the manor.

"I thought this place has the unplottable charm in the wards" Lucius shouted over the ear splitting noise, his cane forgotten on the floor.

"It was removed..." she trailed off as Narcissa left the dining room, gripping her wand Hermione went after her.

The three wizards shared a look before stumbling up off the floor and running after their two witches. The bare foyer made the alarms worse, the noise echoing off the walls.

The door flung open to reveal a smirking Bellatrix and three other death eaters "took your time Cissa" the dark witch shoved her way in past her sister, the three followers marching behind.

"Turn the racket off will ya" Hermione looked towards the male speaker, stepping back from Rabastan Lestrange.

The alarms went silent just as Bellatrix took notice of the brunette backing away from her brother in law "oooh Muddy I'm glad to see you" she madly cackled, twirling her wand between her long black polished fingers.

"Bella why are you here?" Narcissa demanded, stepping between her sister and Hermione.

The older black sister took delight in her little sisters discomfort "I've come for refuge dear sister" her dark eyes taking in the disbelief written on the others faces.

"You. The dark lords most loyal pet, has come to a mudblood for refuge?" Hermione sneered at her, brushing past the blonde, advancing on the cackling witch with her wand raised. "How do you know about this place?" Both witches were toe to toe, Hermione's wand digging in Bellatrix's corset.

"My, My muddy you have grown some balls. From what I heard, you claimed anyone was welcome" Bella smirked at the furious little witch.

Hermione flexed her hand forcing herself to remain calm "as long as you stop fighting".

Bellatrix grinned, mocking the muggleborn "as you wish Hermione" she purred, bowing slightly, her dark eyes never leaving cinnamon.

The brunette snorted earning a disapproving glare from Narcissa.

Rabastan Lestrange choice that moment to speak up "we have come in peace" he turned his full attention on Hermione "after your little speech, many of us have been doubting the dark lord. If we help kill him will you save us from azkaban Miss Hermione?".

"Your freedom for the dark lords life can be arranged" Severus smoothly replied, his wand hidden in his sleeve.

Narcissa grabbed her insane sister's arm leading her towards the ladies parlour. Once the door shut behind them, she turned on Bellatrix. "What do you really want? I don't believe you would betray your master".

Bella threw herself onto the couch, a feral grin plastered on her face "I have no intention of betraying
my Lord like you have sister. I'm here to deliver Rabastan and Greyback" her wand twirling in her hand.

"You will be Obliviated of this safe haven. I am glad you are willing to help Rabastan but Greyback?." The blonde sat opposite her dark oldest sister.

"Drink Cissa. It's impolite not to offer your guests a drink, what would mother think?".

Narcissa snapped her fingers. Winky appeared dressed in a child's pink sparkly dress "what can winky do for mistress?".

"Glass of whiskey for my guest" her eyes never leaving her sisters.

Bellatrix grinned as her drink appeared in her hand "tell me sister, are you fucking muddy?".

She smirked at her youngest sisters sneers "that doesn't concern you".

"It will if you marry the girl" she pouted playfully "maybe I should show Hermione some tips on how to pleasure you. After all sister I know best" cackling at her sisters blush creeping up from her throat.

Narcissa stood "time you left sister and don't come looking for me again" turning her back and opening the sliding doors to see three very guilty looking wizards.

"How much did you hear?" She crossed her arms speaking to the three grown wizards as she would when telling off a young Draco.

Rabastan giggled "did you and Bella do many naughty things together?" This earned him a sharp slap to the back of his head.

"Black secrets dear Rabastan" Bellatrix patted his shoulder fondly "behave little brother and stay safe" She kissed his cheek before departing the group.

Severus took off after her "Lestrange".

Bellatrix turned grinning "oh Snapey poo the blood traitor".

"Obliviate" Severus smirked at the dark witches blank look "stupefy" the witch took the spell, falling back.

Lucius caught his sister in law "take her to the outskirts of Malfoy Manor" he ordered winky.

Both elf and witch disappeared in a loud crack.

The remaining group stood in an awkward silence.

Hermione having a enough of the awkwardness, stepped forward "Greyback and Mr Lestrange, to be able to trust you, you both will take an unbreakable vow if you break it you forfeit your life" Lucius raised his brow at her extreme condition.

"Alright love" the dominating werewolf advanced on the little witch "tell me and I shall repeat".

Hermione cringed at how close the revolting creature was but she fought the urge to retreat instead she handed him a sheet of parchment.

"I Fenrir Greyback vow on my very life to keep the secrets of the haven, I shall not return to Tom
Marvolo Riddle and I shall no longer participate in the war" He wolfishly grinned at me.

"So Mote it be" Lucius, Severus and Draco sealed the vow.

Golden threads weaved around Greyback and into Narcissa and Hermione.

Rabastan nervously stepped forward and recited the vow "I Rabastan Lestrange vow on my very life to protect the secrets of the safe haven, I shall help bring Tom Marvolo Riddle to his death and I shall protect Hermione Granger and Narcissa Malfoy from any harm".

Draco was confused by the different vow but so was everyone else present.

The three wizards again sealing it as the golden threads appeared for the second time.

"Don't think I don't see you there Dolohov" Narcissa silky called out to the hulking figure hiding in the shadows.

Antonin Dolohov loomed from his spot "can't blame me really blondie" he spoke in broken English, his Russian accent slipping though.

Hermione meekly passed the dangerous wizard, that nearly murdered her in the past, the parchment "Spasibo gryaznny shylukha".

Severus narrowed his dark eyes at the Russian "I can still under you Dolohov" his wand appearing in his hand.

"No fun Severus" he rolled his green eyes at his former brother before returning his attention to the parchment.

"I Antonin Dolohov vow on my very life to keep the secrets of the haven, I shall not return to Tom Marvolo Riddle, I shall no longer participate in this war for either side and I swear on my magic not to cause harm towards Hermione Granger and anyone inside the safe haven".

Hermione was gobsmacked at the additional clause.

Lucius nudged Draco and Severus "So Mote it be".

The golden threads appeared a third time weaving from Dolohov to Hermione and Narcissa.

"I vow to protect Antonin Dolohov, Rabastan Lestrange and Fenrir Greyback from both sides of the war and when the time comes that I will keep them free from any punishment".

"So Mote it be" Narcissa added.

The golden threads linked the three death eaters to Narcissa and Hermione one last time.

Draco spoke up "Why was Rabastans vow different?" He eyed his uncle with suspicion.

"Because I have asked for my freedom if I help kill him" Rabastan replied watching his nephew.

Hermione left the group to show the three new additions to their chambers on the third floor, she decided to return to the library, a place where she felt safe when she wasn't with her blonde witch.

"This is where you got too my love" the brunette tripped over the crinkled rug, colliding into a firm body, both landing on the floor with Hermione on top by the now crackling fire.
She leant down, glancing into her witches blue stunning orbs, her lips just millimetres from the blondes "It seems we are alone" Hermione grinded her pelvis into Narcissas.

A delicate gasp escaping from her ruby red lips, lust clouding her eyes. Hermiones magical hand snuck under the blondes robes, tugging them open to reveal her pale skin, her other hand grazing her inner thighs, digging her nails in.

Narcissa squirmed under the younger witches rough touch, she moaned as strong fingers feather touched her wet panties soaked in her arousal. "Oh Morgana" she breathily whispered opening her legs wider as Hermiones fingers slipped past the thin fabric.

The brunette playfully smirked as she used her free hand to unclasp the elegant witches lacy bra, pulling the material away, Hermione kissed Narcissa on the lips while pinching her pert nipples. Draco squeauked at the sight before him "bloody fuck".

Narcissa tore her face away from Hermiones, looking up into very familiar grey eyes of her shocked son.

Hermione hadn't heard the intrusion was busy feasting on the most delectable breasts she had ever seen. Her teeth grazing her sensitive nipples before engulfing as much boob in her mouth as possible.

A hand came to her head trying to push her away, not understanding the issue, Hermione brought her head up to notice three leering wizards or in Dracos case mortified. She grabbed the blondes robes to cover her exposure.

"Can we help you gentlemen?" Narcissa calmly asked her husband and friend, unable to meet her sons eye again.

Lucius tried to cover his very telling arousal with his cane "Minerva wants to know when we are due back" his grey orbs latching onto Hermiones uncovered cleavage.

"Go ahead we are nowhere near finished" Narcissa huskily retorted staring at Hermiones breasts, waving the men away as the library door swung shut on them.

"Now where were we?" Hermione pulled Narcissa into a deep kiss, both their robes disappearing.
**Doubts**

Hermione nodded her agreement to the plan but she had her doubts. Can the men be trusted to return in one piece? Will she lose any of them? Can she stand by and leave her one time friend to fight the villain alone? Can she leave her love behind?.

Throwing back her shot, wincing at the burning liquor rushing down the back of her throat, she turned to her dark brooding companion who was lost in his thoughts staring intently at his untouched glass "earth to Rabastan" kicking him hard in his shin.

His grey eyes narrowing at Hermione "was that really called for?" Rubbing his aching shin, grumbling about uncouth females.

"I will be coming with you!" Signalling to the bartender for another two shots "I can't sit by hidden in a castle while people are dying trying to end this damn forsaken war" slamming her fist down causing the drunken Dolohov to jump from his semi unconscious sleep, drool pooling under his chin and onto the bar.

Who would of thought I would be sitting in a pub drinking with two former death eaters and one that nearly killed me not that long ago.

It's been five weeks since the refuge was opened to their charges and plans had been drawn up from both sides of the war, rumours have circled them that Tom Riddle was preparing for a last stand with Potter on all hallows eve, the same date his parents were murdered, on the grounds surrounding the school. Lucius and Severus announced that they would be joining the Headmistress to protect the castle and students along with Rabastan while Dolohov and Greyback who protect the haven alongside Draco, Hermione and Narcissa. These where the plans Hermione wanted to argue on but to save herself from a major headache she gave them the response they wanted unaware of her own.

Rabastan snorted "like blondie will allow you to gallop off into the sunset to potentially die. You're needed at the house to make sure the students make it there safely" taking a long sip of his whiskey.

Hermione rolled her eyes at the youngest Lestrange brother, slumping back into her chair "fine you win. I shall be a good girl and stay behind while you big boys go out and play" rolling her aching shoulders "well we best get back before a search party is sent out" pulling a very heavy death eater up from his seat "wakey wakey Dolohov".

The enormous man sway unsteadily on his feet as Hermione and Rabastan propped himself up between them and disapparated away.

Hermione dropped fully clothed onto hers and Narcissa's bed allowing the consuming darkness to pull her in.

The morning came with the bright sunlight drifting through the curtains assaulting the grumbling muggleborn witches red ringed eyes. Throwing herself out of bed and stumbling down the stairs mindful of the steps.

"Morning sunshine" Draco grinned as Hermione plunked herself in the dining chair beside him, her previous days robes wrinkled and stained with Dolohov sick from the night before.
Grumbling rudely at the blonde wizard Hermione grabbed his coffee cup much to his dismay "get yourself another one then" childishly sticking her tongue out at the pouting boy.

The few minutes of blissful silence was broken by the ravenous occupants barging into the dining hall and seating themselves up at the tables smiling politely to both the hogwarts students before summoning their morning meal. Small quiet conversations took place around Hermione but she had no interest in joining in instead she laid her throbbing head upon her arms on the table.

"My love it's incredibly impolite to display such uncouth manners at the table" Narcissa whispered into Hermiones ear before placing a deep lingering kiss onto her coffee stained lips.

Hermione returned the kiss with passion until Draco pulled them apart declaring "please behind shut and preferably locked and warded doors. We have guests it's incredibly impolite to display such uncouth manners at the table" mimicking his mother earning himself a sharp slap to his head.

"Can I?" Greyback grinned swaggering into the room with Rabastan both helping themselves to the buffet breakfast before tearing into the food like caged starved animals. Two months. Hermione excused herself not long after Lucius and Severus arrived, to shower and change. Two months Shit. She curled up into a ball underneath the showers hot spray not caring an ounce as the pelting drops scorched her flesh. Her stomach was threatening to bring back up her breakfast, her head was spinning and her body refused to cooperate. How am I going to tell Cissy?
Watching intensely from above on the lone balcony sheltered by the gathering darkness as the herd of students suddenly appeared by portkeys and broomsticks looking around confused, shivering on the grounds in small frightened groups with the youngest being protected by the seventh years and as if on cue the older women came flogging out the manor to safely escort the children into the haven and make sure none where injured. She grimaced at the sight of the Gryffindors and redheads trampling over the

"You called?" Hermione sighed, glancing one last time at the dwindling group before turning to face her friend who casually made himself at home on her bed.

Starting to pace the length of the balcony. "Protect your mother. Promise me". Cinnamon eyes met blue as Draco furrowed his brow in confusion, realisation dawning when he noticed the lone broom resting against the stone rail and taking in his friends duelling robes.

Jumping from the bed and advancing on Hermione. "Absolutely not, mother will not allow you to fight".

"Sorry Draco but I must help end this once and for all". She swiftly disarmed him, conjuring robes to hold him tight to the bed post, bending down to Draco's eye level and placing her hand under his chin. "I must do this for I can't live in a world where Voldemort wins and I made a promise a long time ago and I don't intend on breaking it now. You are going to be a big brother Draco" she whispered the last part.

Straightening up and taking the broom in hand before jumping over the balcony, the blonde wizards terrified screams taunted her all through her reckless flight to Hogwarts. The time she made it to the castle bright colourful flashes lit up the darkened sky, the dark lord was already there with his death eaters frustratingly trying to destroy the castles protective bubble that thankfully allowed her through safely.

"You shouldn't of came" Hermione dismounted her broom, ditching it by Hagrid's hut before turning gracefully to her guardian. His grim determination set hard on his sallow face, his black orbs narrowing at his charges complete disregard for her safety.

She brushed past him and into the great hall where the order and Hogwarts staff gathered with Lucius leaning up against the brick wall a bored sneer plastered on his haughty features, a fine brow raised when he noticed Hermione strolling in with Severus.

"What a foolish girl you are Miss Granger. I have hoped you would of stayed away for Narcissa's sake but once a Gryffindor always a bleeding heart Gryffindor I supoose" Lucius pushed way from the wall eyeing Hermione with slight admiration.

"Miss Granger I wasn't expecting you to come" professor McGonagall's scottish lilt echoed around the great hall.

Before Hermione could speak a loud commotion caught everyone's undivided attention from outside the grounds. The order members made their way to the main entrance fear taking hold as the protective ward came crashing around them and the first wave of death eaters advanced on the light with frightening speed of black smoke.

The light side broke up throwing curse after curse at the grinning followers of their greatest enemy
pushing them back from the castle.

Hermione sprinted across the wet grass keeping a protective hand over her small bump terror gripping her heart as dozens of Hagrid's beloved human eating Acromantulas invaded the school grounds attacking everyone in the large venomous predators path not caring who the unfortunate fool fought for.

Voldemort was the last to breach the wards with his inner circle at his side and the fierce battle began as the dark charged at the light.

Hermione continued to fight her way through the battlefield, dodging and weaving around the stray curses trying her hardest to find her former bespectacled friend all while ducking under the gaint feet of trolls and just barely missing the spiders.

Unfortunately Bellatrix noticed that the muggleborn witch was fighting alone, taking the advantage to end the mudblood once and for all, the dark insane witch advanced on the little witch. "My my muddy. Just us girly's now" she cackled, slashing her wand at the girls mud caked cheek, grinning with joy as blood beaded up from the shallow wound.

Hermione felt dead on her feet, her wand dropped somewhere behind Bellatrix who jumped about like a child on Christmas morning as her face was slashed, ribbons of blood dripping down her robes.

A famaliar angelic voice shouted out in fear from behind her. "NO". She regretted turning her back on the deranged dark witch.

"CRUCIO".

The unforgivable curse slammed into her back, her body convulsing, her blood boiling dangerously through her veins as her bones creaked under torture. please stop not our... Her vision swam.

The curse unexpectedly stopped, she sucked in a deep agonising breath, laying still unsure what the insane witch was up to but as the seconds ticked by, Hermione braved pushing herself up onto shaky legs, her cinnamon eyes widened to see Narcissa in her tight black robes, her blonde hair scraped up, standing in front of her, wand aimed at the sudden unnatural colour of Bellatrix's skin before her leather clad body imploded into dust.

Narcissa couldn't believe that she killed her sister, her wand arm shook just as Hermione pulled her in to her comforting warmth.

"HOW COULD YOU LEAVE ME?" The blonde shouted, pulling back from the brunette. "I thought I lost you" her voice shook at her admittance, her beautiful blue eyes shining with unshed tears.

Hermione grimly smiled at her concern. "You found Draco then".

Narcissa grabbed her witch passionately by her robes, their lips colliding together in a frantic longing. I love you forever and always.

A scream pulled them reluctantly apart, a loud deathly explosion threw both helpless witches back, Hermione's head smacking against hard stone unaware of reality as darkness pulled her under.

Loud unmistakable shouts of fear was heard around the once loved school now turned battlefield. Hermione carefully rose from the ground her vision blurred, her body swaying under the sudden stomach churning dizziness of the concussion she no doubt received from the blow to the back of her
The darkness obscured her view she hers fumbled around in front of her desperate to found Narcissa her feet stumbled underneath her

"Stay with me, don't fall asleep to soon.. the Angels can wait.. for the moment" she softly sang as tears fell down her bruised and bloodied cheeks, the tears splashing onto the blonde's deathly pale face, her head cradled in Hermione's lap.

She ignored their approaching audience as she desperately clutched Narcissa tightly to her. Her heart slammed against her chest with despair and regret unable to stop the gut wrenching sobs taking control of her petite form.

"Stay with me my love" kissing her cold forehead smearing blood on her perfect skin. Hermione was shaking so forcefully that her vision started to blur again and her hearing started to buzz but she still refused to release her love, refused to believe the unforgivable.

Minerva was the first to see a huddled form on the ground by the destroyed groundskeepers hut, she took off to investigate, attracting many curious and concerned survivors as they followed behind. Upon reaching the burnt mess the stern witch couldn't stop the painful gasp from escaping her lips at recognising her distraught beloved cub rocking the lifeless body of her young friend Narcissa. Oh no lass please don't be...

"What's going on? Is there more death eaters?" Tonks spoke up, clumsily pushing her way through the small crowd. Merlin no. She grabbed on to the professor for support as the scene came clear.

The gathered survivors looked on with heartfelt sadness and in the assembled order members regret. Regret that they couldn't see past their bigoted views of the blonde and giving her the chance she deserved. Regret that they believed the lies of Albus Dumbledore for so many years, how many others died after being turned away from their protection that the very same man preached that help would be given to those that needed it. Regret and sorrow.

A singular tear slipped down Minerva's flushed cheek as Hermione's haunting sobs grew louder echoing around the battlefield like a ghostly cry.

Hermione's distress attracted the attention of the rest of the Hogwarts occupants who came out to see what was happening.

"Where's Hermione and mother?" The deputy head spun on her heel clutching the young wizards robes trying to stop him from seeing the devastating truth.

"Get off me where's my mother?" Draco cried out desperately trying to escape from her deathly grip, hearing the heart gripping sobs coming from behind the older witch. "Let me go" his voice took on a childlike whimper at the realisation that his mother or Hermione was gone. No No No please Salazar no. His frantic determination won out as he shrugged out the robes and ran past them, stumbling onto the worst moment of his life, one he would never forget.

He dropped to the ground, his knees taking the full impact but in that single moment he couldn't feel them absorbing the pain, all he could feel was his heart trying to escape his chest, his grey orbs filling with forbidden tears, his lip quivering as he pounded the dirt with his fists. "Mama no. Not her take me. Take me" he looked up in to the dark sky allowing the tears to flow.

Lucius holding onto his injured brother in arms, helping him to the gathered crowd, the familiar faces parting to allow them through, he saw the grief and sadness on their features as he caught their eye,
some patted him gently on the shoulder as he went past. Please don't let Draco be..

Severus pushed himself away from his friend, ignoring the burning agony of his bloodied chest as he stood slightly swaying next to Minerva, the ice that caked his heart started to shatter at his godsons breakdown. Forcing himself to move past Draco, the dark wizard choked on a sob as he finally took in his charge crying into Narcissa's dead body. My one true friend oh Cissa.

"Stay with me, don't fall asleep to soon.. You're going to be a mother again my love" Hermione whispered to her, peppering her face with wet bloodied kisses. "I need you".

Severus heard the brunettes strangled whisper, he wiped at his eyes quickly hiding his emotional state, knowing he was of no use he turned and collapsed before darkness took him under. I'm sorry I failed you both was his last thought.

Lucius and Remus immobilised the unconscious wizard. "Your son needs you. I will take good care of Severus I promise" the werewolf stated with no room to argue, he walked away with the wizard floating gently in front of him. Get well my friend. We will be needing you now more so than ever.

He swallowed down the rising bile, he gripped his wand in his fist unable to stop the tear from running down his emotionless mask.

"Lass it's time" Minerva softly spoke kneeling down in front of Hermione. "You need to be treated. I promise Narcissa will be looked after" she nodded to the four advancing wizards and Tonks who with reluctancy grabbed her young friend from behind.

Hermione fought with her low reserves of energy but her jailer held tight. "No don't you touch her. She's alive I know she is" she screamed at the men who manhandled her love. "She has to be". Her tears hit the arm that circled her waist.

She didn't go easy, her legs dragged on the floor digging her heels into the ground as best she could, her magical arm clawing at any flesh she could get hold of.

Tonks winced at her body being abused by the feisty witch but she didn't back down so she was extremely relieved once they entered the infirmary where Remus and Sirius took over and strapping Hermione to the bed in the same private room that she used during the summer.

She groggily opened her exhausted eyes, slamming them shut as the flickering lights abused her vision. Hermione was sore all over, she tried to move but found her arms and legs strapped down. Quiet whispers drifted though her ears, turning her head she spotted Lucius talking to professor McGonagall both looking worse for wear. That's when the haunting scene of night came back to her, she struggled and thrashed to free herself. The binds dug uncomfortably into her flesh, tightening every time she fought back.

"Miss Granger you need to calm down. You are causing your unborn child unnecessary stress" the matron sternly snapped, stepping into the bound witches view. "I will release you when I am sure you are completely calm". Her eyes gave away her concern. "I can't give you a calming draught due to your pregnancy but you can take a very low dose of dreamless sleep". Her heart went out to her patient. You my dear have had it rough this past year.

Hermione let the tears fall once again. I love you forever and always.

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