

Hermione's Reward

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AU: Hermione is a pureblood, Slytherin. After her days of Hogwarts, she becomes a death eater and joins Voldemort's army. Draco, is a muggle-born, Gryffindor. Harry Potter was defeated by Voldemort. Now, the wizarding world is being stripped of its muggle-borns by Voldemort and his followers. Hermione has wanted to get rid of Draco since their days at Hogwarts. Now, she finally has her chance. *For Future Author's new year contest!*

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Hermione stood in front of the slimy haired muggle-born, whimpering in front of her, and bound to a chair with ropes. Dried blood covered his forehead and his lip was swollen; he had clearly put up a fight.

“Hermione, please. We went to school together remember?” he pleaded.

She laughed harshly in his face, drawing her wand from her robes. Hermione approached the muggle-born, and pressed her wand to his temple. She saw his expression falter; fear filling his eyes. He didn’t doubt that she would do it; they were alone, and he was at her mercy. Besides, his wand had been confiscated, and he was tied to this chair. The tension in the air was making Malfoy sweat, and he could feel his heart pounding out of his chest.

“You can’t do this.” He spoke again, drawing confidence from the core of his body. “Remember the trips to Hogsmeade? Our nights in the library? All the times I snuck you in to my dormitory?” his voice was cracking, and the tears started to flow. “You love me!” he sounded so pathetic, crying to her, begging for his life.

“Don’t you understand by now?” She spoke, her voice like poison to his ears now. The words she spoke were no longer loving, and sweet, but heart-breaking and angry. “I fooled you. I don’t love you. You love me; I made you love me, the way it was supposed to be. Your love for me brought you here. And now you’re going to die.” She smiled as she spoke the last words, and Malfoy could no longer look at her. “Those who love are foolish, Malfoy. Look at where you are now.” She circled around him, and Malfoy thought he might have a heart attack, he was so nervous. Two words was all she had to utter, and her wand was still pointed at his temple.

“You’re filthy, Malfoy. Muggle-born filthy blood. I’m surprised you’ve made it this far.” Her voice was airy, yet harsh at the same time. She knelt down in front of him, and stared into his scared, gray eyes. His heart ached as he stared at her back. The warm brown eyes he had known merely months before, were now cold, and almost black. This wasn’t the girl he had fallen in love with, but he desperately wanted her back.

Malfoy bowed his head, trying his best to ignore the pain that was crawling its way up his chest. The ropes were rubbing his wrists raw, and the sweat was mixing with the dried blood on his forehead. He could plead with her, beg her to spare his life, but that hadn’t worked so far. He spoke his only choice. “Do it then.” The words came out so quietly, Hermione barely caught them.

Hermione rose, her chest rising and falling; a fire burning in her eyes; she was absolutely delighted. The moment she had been dreaming about for so long was finally here. She had begged the Dark Lord for months to do this, but he had refused, up until a month ago. But by then, Malfoy had heard and fled. The search began, and snatchers had found him this morning.

After Harry Potter had been defeated, the Dark Lord wanted to rid their world of mudbloods. Hermione had been eager to see Draco Malfoy go since their days at Hogwarts; a mere two months ago. But she knew she must be patient, if she was patient, she would be rewarded. Now, her reward was sitting right in front of her, facing his death.

Hermione's Reward

She raised his wand, and pointed it at Malfoy's chest. His eyes were wide with terror, and the beads of sweat that had been on his forehead, were now dripping down his face. His normal pale skin now looked ghostly white. He looked once more at the beautiful woman he had fallen in love with this past year. They had kept it a secret, and what a beautiful secret it had been. Her laugh used to be his favorite sound, now it made his blood curdle. Her love had been an act, yet it seemed so real. He recalled the night she had told him she loved him for the first time.

Hermione lay beside Draco in her bed; their clothes strewn on her floor. The dormitory was lit by candles on the stone walls, and green and silver drapes hung from each four-poster bed. They were in her dormitory for a change. The warmth of Draco's body radiated on to Hermione's skin, and she lay her head on his sweaty chest.

â That was wonderful.â She whispered, drawing circles with her finger around his nipples.

She heard him sigh, and he kissed the top of her head. â It's always wonderful.â He replied.

Hermione nodded in agreement. Butterflies filled her stomach as she recalled how he felt inside her, their bodies working together to produce such pleasure. Their pants and groans was her favorite soundtrack, and the sweat was glue between their bodies. He ran his hand down her arm; her skin soft as silk.

â I love you.â She said as she kissed his stomach. Draco sat up, and took Hermione's hands in his. They made eye contact, and he studied her face. Her cheeks were still slightly pink, and her pupils were dilated. Her hair resembled a bird's nest, but he didn't care. She looked so beautiful, and pure and true.

â I love you too.â He breathed; astounded that she had spoken the words first. It was out of character for her to speak of her feelings unless Draco pried her. He leaned forward and planted a soft kiss on her cheek before lying back down.

Hermione returned to her spot on his chest, and the innocent smile she had been wearing but a minute ago, slowly twisted into an evil, mischievous smile.

Malfoy shook his head, willing his brain to rid of the memory. It was too painful to think about now. Their love had transformed into nothing so quickly, he still hadn't quite wrapped his brain around it.

Hermione still had her wand pointed at him; her arm slightly shaking. He thought he saw a flicker of guilt cross her face, but the more he stared he realized it was probably just a trick of the light. She repositioned herself; straightening her back, and shoulders. The fire was dancing in her eyes, and her pink lips parted slowly. Draco stared back at her, trying to show no emotion. He wasn't going to die with fear etched on his face.

â Avada Kedavra!â Draco squeezed his eyes shut, his hearing suddenly stopped working as Hermione yelled the curse that was going to kill him; green light filled the room.

Seconds had passed, yet he was not dead. Unless he died, and this was his spirit thinking. Could they do that? What if he still was alive? Dare he open his eyes? Was he even able to? He heard footsteps approaching him, how was that possible if he was dead? Deciding that opening his eyes was necessary, he did so, but slowly.

Hermione's Reward

The moment he did, he wished he hadn't.

The green light that filled the room had not been cast by Hermione's wand. Hermione didn't cast the curse; someone else did. Her body lay on the floor at Draco's feet, her arms sprawled out at her sides. He noticed her wand inches away from her lifeless finger tips. He knew it was wrong, but he began to cry. He shouldn't be crying, he had nearly died because of her. But she was Hermione Jean Granger; the love of his life; despite the horrible things she had done.

Malfoy felt rough, big hands untie the ropes and he could move again. Though he was curious to know who had saved his life, he was still drawn to the fact that Hermione lay dead in front of him. He slowly got up from the chair, and approached her body. He knelt down, grasping one of her hands in his. There was a tiny trace of warmth left in her skin, and it practically tore his heart in two.

Draco glanced at her face and saw that trace of guilt he thought he had seen earlier. He bowed his head to her stomach, letting out a choked sob. She did terrible things, but he still loved her with all his heart. The same rough hands tried to help him off the floor, but he refused.

"No!" he shouted in protest, shoving the hands off of him. "I am not leaving her!"

He looked back to her face, focusing on her eyes. He remembered when they were filled with love; they had resembled freshly melted chocolate. Malfoy used to stare into her eyes for hours, getting lost in the sea of chocolate. As he glanced at them now, he saw no sea of chocolate; no love. The last trace of fire in her eyes extinguished; she was gone.

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