A few months had passed since the Battle of Hogwarts, the wizarding community had time to mourn their losses and process damage brought upon by Voldemort’s dark forces. Although the attack on the school was ultimately thwarted, the surviving witches and wizards now needed to round up and capture any remaining Death Eaters and their allies. Many of the Dark Lord’s followers had fled alongside their wretched monsters into the depths of the wilderness to shield their intentions and evade detection. The new heads of the Ministry of Magic have tasked groups of capable fighters to round up these remaining forces and bring them to stand trial for their crimes.

After attending the funerals of Fred Weasley, Remus Lupin and Nymphadora Tonks, Hermione was moved to tears. Lupin and Tonks left behind their son, a young wizard that would grow up orphaned like her best friend Harry, never to know his parents. Deep-seeded anger and frustration bubbled to the surface, overpowering her original thoughts of mourning and sadness. She talked with Harry and Ron but was unable to convince them that their part in the fight wasn’t finished. She could hardly blame them, both men had sacrificed so much to win this war but, for herself, she wasn’t satisfied. She turned next to her friends Ginny and Luna, both who had lost friends and loved ones in the conflict. Luna’s father Xenophilius had been sent to Azkaban by the corrupted Ministry, and Ginny just lost her older brother battling the Death Eaters. Both women had their own reasons to fight upon after the onslaught at Hogwarts and were happy to join Hermione to finish the job.

Little did the three witches know that the hunt for these remaining dark forces would take weeks. The Ministry had tasked them with finding Augustus Rookwood, a Death Eater spy who escaped in the mass chaos during the Battle of Hogwarts. His last known whereabouts were near the Forest of Dean, where Hermione had spent time during her childhood and where she spent time camped out looking for the Horcrux with Ron and Harry. It was a magical place in the western part of Gloucestershire, but was home to the ruins where Death Eaters and Snatchers imprisoned enemies of the Evil Ministry. The ruins were a dark stain on what was truly a beautiful forest.

The three witches set up their magical tent near the lake, close to where Hermione had set it that winter. It was summertime now and the forest was lush and full of life, a sharp contrast to the darkness hidden deep within it. Ginny began to cook dinner as Luna sat in the corner reading a paper. Hermione stood bent over the kitchen table staring at the enchanted maps given to her by the Ministry. She was determined to find answers. The witches had searched the area over and over, using intelligence, charms and spells to aid them. Nothing. The dark forces were too cunning, too well hidden. Pressure and frustration between the witches was mounting, Hermione could feel it. If she didn’t find something soon, she would lose Luna and Ginny’s support, leaving the Death Eaters time to regroup and return to terrorize others. She couldn’t let that happen. Hermione decided that something needed to change.

“Ladies. We are going about this the wrong way. We’ve been at this for weeks and we have found nothing. Nothing! This is ridiculous. All of my plans have failed and these…monsters…are just running loose!” said Hermione. Luna and Ginny exchange awkward eye contact across the room. Ginny decides to act, standing up from around the cauldron she’s cooking in, joining Hermione beside the table.

“Hermione, you’re the most gifted witch I’ve ever known but we’ve done everything we could. We need to leave this to the Ministry. Let someone else find Rookwood. You deserve to rest, we all deserve to rest. We’ve been through so much already,” said Ginny.

Luna chimes in from her couch across the room, “She’s right you know. We are tired and have barely slept. I have felt a presence in this forest, it's….all wrong. We shouldn’t be here.”

“Dammit! This is too important. We can’t just let them get away,” said Hermione with an audible rage. She took a minute to compose herself. “No, Ginny, you’re right…we need help, but I am not leaving. In the morning you two should take the portkey home. Call the ministry and report back to them on the mission. I will wait here and catch them up to speed when they arrive before returning to London.”

After the three witches reached an agreement, they went to sleep. Although reluctant, Luna and Ginny said their goodbyes the next morning and took the portkey back home. Hermione, now alone, changed into more comfortable summer clothes. She put on a gray tank top, jorts, and some running shoes, putting her hair up in a ponytail. She began to tidy up the tent and review the enchantment maps and her mission plan. Not long after starting to go through her notes, Hermione heard a noise outside the tent. Cautiously, she exited the tent with her wand drawn. She surveyed the edge of the forest, searching for any possible source of the sound. Suddenly she spotted it. A shadowy, cloaked figure could be seen at the top of the hill. *Rookwood*. It had to be him, Hermione knew it in her heart. As soon as she saw the figure, it turned around and began to run over the hill. Hermione quickly ran after him, with nearly 100 yards between them it would be hard for her to catch him.

As soon as she made it over the hill, she paused, looking through the wooded area to find where it could have come from. Then, it was clear to her. Through an opening in the trees were the decrepit structures of the Ruins. Abandoned since the fall of Voldemort, the three witches had spent much of the last few weeks searching its grounds. Part of Hermione always knew if a Death Eater was hiding in the area, it would be here. She continued quickly through the forest, trying to catch any glimpse or clue as to where the dark wizard may have gone.

Before she knew it the forest began opening up, revealing a clearing where the ruins stood. This time something was different, something was…off. Hermione put this thought to the back of her mind, chasing the sounds of footsteps from inside the disheveled brick structure. As she approached the building, she entered through the large doorway. The walls had all but completely collapsed, with the roof and much of the top half of the entire structure gone. Large pillars riddled the defunct building, with plenty of collapsed walls and broken stairways to hide in. Hermione slowed herself, careful to not make a misstep. She soon entered the middle of what used to be the main room’s floor, scanning around for any signs of movement.

*Expelliarmus!*

Hermione’s wand soared across the room as the spell flew over her shoulder from behind. Now defenseless, Hermione wasted no time in running towards her wand. She took three steps forwards when the ground beneath her disappeared. Augustus Rookwood stood over the hole, peering down below to see that Hermione had landed into the chamber below. He snickered, almost pitying what was about to happen to the young witch next. He quickly retrieved her wand and continued to watch events transpire below.

Dazed, Hermione awoke face down on the rocky surface some distance below her fall. It had been not but a few moments since the floor disappeared beneath her, but she was clearly knocked unconscious by the impact. Dust was settling around her as it fell from the ceiling with her. Hermione put her hands to the ground and began to push herself up from the cavern’s floor. As she did so, she got to her knees and looked to her left. Across the cavern was a wide staircase made from stone leading to the entrance of an underground temple. On the staircase itself was a creature she could hardly believe was real. From the waist up was a gorgeous woman with caramel skin, black hair with streaks of dark red that sat just above her large exposed breasts. Her eyelashes coated in beautiful black mascara, with ruby eyeshadow causing her chocolate eyes to be even more enchanting. Her lips appeared as though covered in a glossy black lipstick. The woman’s bare chest was adorn with golden jewelry that outlined her breasts as well as her wrists, and forearms. Her fingers were coated in gold, with golden claw-like nails that came to end in a sharp point. In her right hand was a long black whip, coiled within the woman’s grip. Every stunning feature Hermione saw was quickly overshadowed by the rest of the creature. From the waist down, this woman had the body of a giant spider. It was unlike any acromantula Hermione had ever seen. Instead of a hairy brown coat, this creature’s body was a glossy black, adorned with a bright red pattern that streaked across the length of its abdomen. Just like the woman’s breasts, her human vagina still was exposed in contrast to the black spider skin. Its legs, nearly 10 feet long, with a round, bulbous abdomen bigger than Hermione herself. The sheer presence of the drider instantly struck a chill down Hermione’s spine. Worse off, the creature could sense it.

Without hesitation the drider began to rush forward, uncoiling her whip as she approached. Hermione extended her left arm to protect herself, mouth open and petrified. She laid onto her butt while facing the creature, keeping her arm extended and began to pump her legs to propel her away. The female drider was extremely quick, raising up her whip and anticipating the next move. Hermione turned away to get up and run, but even before she could completely turn over the drider had wrapped the tail end of her whip around the witch’s neck. Hermione tried to claw away with all her might but the creature was simply too strong. She knew she was outsized and outmatched, but pure instincts and desperation had taken over. The drider began to smile as she dragged the young woman towards her.

Using one of her front right legs as an anchoring point, she lifted Hermione off her feet and hung her by her neck at eye level. Nearly asphyxiating, Hermione reached out her left hand to pull herself up by the tethered whip while digging her right hand’s fingers between the coiled whip and her neck. The drider put her left index finger to her own face, smiling seductively as her front left leg now positioned itself in front of Hermione’s chest. In a swift movement, the leg tore downward, ripping through Hermione’s top. Pure shock struck the witch’s face as the fabric fell from her body to the rocky surface below. She gritted her teeth and tried to pull away as the drider took her index finger from her face and began to lightly drag her claw from Hermione’s cleavage down the length of her chest. At the same time, the drider placed the tips of her front right legs into each front pocket of Hermione’s shorts, pulling them down to the tip of her knees. The drider smiled as her finger traced slowly down further, reaching Hermione’s hips. The witch let out a faint gasp as the creature’s pointed nails reached her upper thigh. She rubbed her sensitive skin, seemingly teasing her. The spider-woman’s eyes seemed to follow her finger as her face resonated with pure lust. Her front legs pulled the jean shorts from Hermione’s slim figure, removing her socks and shoes in quick succession. The drider’s attention then turned to her spinnerets. With its front legs already near its lower body, the creature began to secrete sticky red sheets, pulling them from its abdomen. The drider forced Hermione’s legs together, its long arachnid legs holding the witch strongly in place. Hermione felt the warm, red latex firmly adhere to the front of her shin. She had no time to experience the oddly pleasant sensations through her own sheer panic. The skintight rubber quickly warmed her now naked body as the sheets were tightly wound around her ankles, creeping up her legs with every rotation. Her mind began to race as her body was rotated, distorting her vision and throwing off her sense of balance. Within seconds the warm, red latex was up to the middle of her thighs, her legs now completely fused to one another forming a single column. The drider paused. Hermione was now facing her assailant, still tugging on the base of the whip in a means to loosen the tension around her neck. She tried to push off the drider’s leg with her other hand, trying to desperately separate herself from what came next. The spider-woman began to grin as she pointed the claw of her index finger back towards the sensitive regions of the young witch. The drider then began to rub Hermione’s clit as her smooth front leg now intruded between her thighs. Hermione made a face of grimace in disgust as she felt the tip of the drider’s leg enter her vagina. She felt completely violated and could do nothing as her body betrayed her, aroused by the physical feelings assaulting her now. The drider used its long reach to pull Hermione closer, bracing the small of her back with its long appendage. The creature pulled another long length of latex from beneath its body, and once the drider was satisfied with arousing its prey, it began to spin the witch once again. Smothering Hermione’s feet in latex, her legs were then covered in a smooth second layer. Round and round she was spun, helpless to do anything but focus her attention towards not passing out. Her mind grew hazy as the red latex reached her hips. The creature covered the front of her body, pulling its sheets as closely as possible to show off her stomach.

Before reaching Hermione’s backside on the same pass, the witch felt her weight pushed forwards as she spun. The force of the movement caught her off guard, and as the latex continued to wind upwards, Hermione’s right arm was trapped behind her back. The drider laughed at Hermione’s new predicament, with the witch being even more helpless as the sticky red coating continued around her body. Round and round Hermione spun until eventually the latex compressed her boobs to her chest. Without the support of her right, Hermione found it harder to brace her neck with one free arm. Unable to provide any relief for herself, her body was turned away from the drider. What came next horrified Hermione. The spider-woman bent her over its still outstretched leg, exposing her ass and vagina towards its face. The creature’s left hand clutched Hermione’s ass with its claw like nails teasingly close to Hermione’s womanhood. The witch let out a heavy gasp and at that very moment the drider-woman pulled on the whip in her right hand, tightening the leather coil around Hermione’s neck. Hermione’s outstretched left arm struggled to brace her body weight on the closest drider leg. The creature smirked as it began to play with the young woman’s vagina. Hermione was helpless as the drider molested and sodomized her. To her horror, her own body betrayed her. Her vagina began to wet, allowing the drider’s fingers to slide in and out of her. Still struggling to breath, she let out an involuntary moan with what little air she had left. Her head began to spin as her face turned a shade of red, with the lack of oxygen making the situation even more hopeless. The witch began to accept her situation, struggling as she could between the creature’s fingers violating her. Fighting for air, Hermione used her free arm to allow for momentary gasps of oxygen as the stale carbon dioxide continued to build up in her lungs. This effort became harder and harder as the drider-woman continued, Hermione’s body became more accepting as it came closer to a building climax. Hermione hated herself for enjoying this, knowing that she could do nothing but survive as the spider-woman had its way with her.

After what felt like the longest minutes of her life, Hermione could feel an orgasm edging closer inside her. Sensing Hermione’s body tensing, the drider began to rhythmically thrust its fingers against the lining of the witch’s vagina, pushing it into her pubic bone. Hermione’s body throbbed as the spider-woman’s thumb rubbed her clit. That was it. Hermione finally gave in as a wave of euphoria swept over her body. The witch’s body spasmed in pleasure as she let out a strangled moan. The drider remained with her fingers inside Hermione before pulling them out upon Hermionie’s body falling limp in exhaustion. The drider licked her fingertips, mockingly sneering at her victim.

Satisfied, the spider-woman lifted her legs and began to secrete more red latex from her spinnerets. With Hermione’s arm already pinned behind her back, the drider covered up the woman’s violated ass and midsection, slowly working back down her legs. Upon reaching her feet once again, sheets were then wrapped from Hermione’s feet around her shoulders and chest. This began to pull the witch’s figure tighter upon itself, forcing her legs to bend closer to her back with each pass. Soon the woman’s cocoon resembled that of a large shiny sack with her feet pressing against the surface. The drider paused the process once again, turning Hermione’s face towards its own. The spider-woman unwrapped the entirety of the whip from around Hermione’s neck up until the last pass. Now gripping each end of the whip with her hands, the drider began pulling the witch’s head towards her own. The creature smiled seductively, quickly to be returned with a painful look of disgust from Hermione. The spider-woman smiled, she then reached down and ripped the sheet latex with her hands, removing a strip in her clutches. The creature then grabbed both sides of Hermione’s head, pressing the sheet against the young beauty’s lips. Hermione let out a scream in panic, ultimately muted by the rubbery gossamer. Her eyes spoke for her. A look of sadness and disbelief creeped over her face as the spider-woman caressed the right side of her face as if it were a lover’s. Then grabbing the roots of Hermione’s hair, the drider pulled the helpless woman into a kiss. Hermione could feel the subtle warmth of the kiss through the layer of latex gagging her, as if it was through a thick veil. The spider-woman laughed then tilted her abdomen upwards, moving onto her hind legs, lowering Hermione at eye level with her spinnerets. Hermione’s eyes grew wide as sticky red latex shot out towards her face, instantly adhering as within a moment it had engulfed her head. The witch’s world had gone entirely black, as the clinging scarlet latex now encapsulated her entire body. With Hermione’s now fully encased, the drider began passing back over the cocoon, compressing the sheets tighter with each pass. In a short time the bindings began forcing the woman into a makeshift hogtie position within the latex sack, with her arms pinned in a boxtie behind the small of her back and her calves pressed to her thighs. The creature then took two strands of latex, suspending Hermione’s cocoon in front of her with its front legs. She pressed her left index finger to her low lip, raving over the latex outline of her new prize.

After fantasizing for a moment while looking over the cocoon, the drider scoped up the encased witch and placed her under its abdomen. The creature retreated back to the top of the stone staircase, traveling through the large doors it had originally perched in front of. Behind the doors was an abandoned great hall, one which once could have been used to entertain large feasts or house nobility, now it resembles more of an empty ruin. Along the back wall was a staircase which led into the lower chamber of the original structure. This underground room led into a labyrinth series of rooms and tunnels making up the dungeon and the crypt. Within the deep back corners of this place, the spider-woman had made her home.

After the short journey, the drider settled on a place to store its new prize. There was a stone archway at the back of the dungeon which allowed adequate space to weave a sizable web. The creature removed the cocooned woman from its abdomen, attaching her to a large string then hanging her upside down from the ceiling. The drider monitored the cocoon from a distance while she built a more permanent home. Hermione felt her weight shift toward her head, gravity began pulling all her blood flow with it. Her eyes felt like they were going to burst as she became more and more light headed by the minute. The drider climbed the nearby archway, straddling the area between its legs. Soon the creature began pulling thin strands of red latex gossamer from its spinnerets, constructing an intricate web spanning across the entire entrance of the arch. Once the spider-woman finished its design, she relieved Hermione from her hanging position, slashing her cocoon down and placing her in the center of the new web. Still stuck in the hogtie position, Hermione’s arms and lower legs were now stuck between her body and the web, leaving the tight latex outline of her figure exposed. The witch had barely retained consciousness throughout the entire process, trying to maintain her breathing as her mind longed for memories of her family and friends.

The drider took a few moments to tie down the witch’s encased form to the web with a few more lengths of latex. After climbing down from the arch, she took another moment to admire her work. She reached out with one of her long spider legs, caressing Hermione’s face through the latex sheeting. She laughed out loud again, giggling with joy, then biting her lip as she plotted what to do with the woman next.