

Escape From Azkaban

by savine_snape

Written for the GS100 challenge - Azkaban.

Freedom

Chapter 1 of 1

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Severus Snape sat shivering on the low-lying cot, which served a dual purpose of being both a bed and somewhere to sit to eat his parsimonious meals. His grey prison uniform rubbed against his skin, causing sores to appear in some places.

This cell in Azkaban was where he belonged. After all, he was a renowned Death Eater and the executioner of Albus Dumbledore. He had failed his childhood friend: it didn't matter that he had saved Granger. He deserved to decay and expire in the hell-hole that was Azkaban.

The place had not improved with the departure of the Dementors.

SS/HG

Snape's days revolved around a strangely comforting routine. Breakfast was served at 6am, lunch arrived at 12pm and tea would arrive at around 6pm. He had few visitors, which was to his liking: he was not a sociable creature.

One visitor could brighten his day, though. He looked forward to her visits. They became as important to him as the air he breathed. Her smiling face would brighten his cell; her scent was multi-layered, a complex mix of Neroli and Jasmine, and affected his olfactory sense like no other.

Hermione had been assigned his case as soon as she qualified.

SS/HG

Hermione spent practically every hour of every day preparing his defence against the charges against him. She sought to collect as many pertinent memories from those who had known him the longest. He did not deserve to spend the rest of his life in the hell-hole of the North Sea prison.

Severus did not resent her actions, he just wasn't that cooperative when she asked him questions. He listened to her prattle on about Weasley and the Boy-who-lived half-heartedly. His interest was piqued when she divulged personal information and snippets about her plan to end his unreasonable incarceration.

SS/HG

Hermione brought him a dark, charcoal-grey Gucci suit on the morning of his second trial, along with a Muggle razor and toiletries to sharpen his appearance. He failed to see how they would help, but complied with her request.

She was dynamic in her defence of his actions, calling numerous witnesses and asking the Minister of Magic to witness both Dumbledore's and his reluctantly surrendered memories of the incident atop the Astronomy Tower.

After prolonged deliberation, the Wizengamot cleared Severus Snape of all charges and presented him with an Order of Merlin, Second Class.

He was, at last, free.

SS/HG

They spent his first night of freedom reacquainting him with the world outside Azkaban.

Hermione took him to her favourite Muggle restaurant, where they feasted on the finest cuisine the establishment had to offer. He savoured each taste and texture he experienced, taking his time to devour each dish put before him. The food surpassed the slop of Azkaban and was like ambrosia to his battered and splintered soul.

When they retired to her flat, she insisted on drawing a bath for him. When they retired to her bed, Snape spent hours worshipping the divine body of his personal redeemer.

Author's Notes: I do not own the Potterverse; it all belongs to JK Rowling and others too numerous to mention.

Many thanks to little_beloved and sc010f for beta reading this. Ladies, you rock!