

# A Present for Peter

*by MuseAmusant*

Voldemort has a gift for his faithful servant...

## One

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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This is my very first HP fanfiction. Please be gentle. Constructive criticism accepted gratefully.

"Ahhhh Wormtail, my faithful ssservant," hissed Voldemort, "pleassse come forward!"

Pettigrew trembled, but quickly stepped into the smoky, incense-filled room and approached his master, head lowered deferentially, trying desperately not to sneeze.

"Yes, Master?" sniveled the remarkably rat-like little man.

Voldemort gave the cowering man a surprisingly gentle smile. "Wormtail, you have pleasssed me greatly. You sssuccessssfully brought me back to my current form, you have done as your brothers have bid... and Ssseverus tells me you have obeyed him ass well. And I am feeling generouss, my ssservant. I have a gift for you."

Wormtail licked his lips in eager anticipation. He had seen the pretty little Mudblood, Hermione Granger, brought in the previous night. The petite witch had fully blossomed into lush womanhood, and many a Death Eater had lustfully admired her comely form. His master had indicated that she would be given as a gift to one of his most loyal servants, but he never imagined he would be so lucky!

"Master, you are too kind," squeaked Wormtail, his beady eyes alight with excitement. Finally, after so many years, he would have a lovely witch in his bed to do with as he pleased, and he literally quivered in anticipation.

"Severusss," hissed Voldemort, "pleassse fetch our Wormtail his gift."

The tall, dark Death Eater inclined his head. "As you wish, Master," he intoned, turning to a small side door and stepping inside. Moments later, he emerged, guiding a smallish figure cloaked in an exquisite green satin robe, her face shrouded completely with a veil of heavy black lace.

Wormtail quivered excitedly and almost peed himself with sheer eagerness. It was true, the Granger Mudblood was to be his!

Snape came forward, sneering slightly, leading the witch to him and gave her delicate hand over to the smaller man's sweaty grasp.

Voldemort raised his arms, indicating that his minions should draw in closer. Then he withdrew his wand and cast a series of nonverbal spells over Wormtail and the petite woman at his side. Silvery bands of light formed around their respective wrists, then the bands joined together and disappeared in a shower of bright white sparks.

Then Voldemort clapped his hands and smiled again.

"My Death Eaters, I believe a celebration is in order for the handfasting of our dear friend and brother. Wormtail, you may kiss your blushing bride."

"Of course, Master!" Wormtail grinned, puckered his lips and quickly lifted the heavy black veil. And quickly stumbled back, eyes bulging in shock.

Voldemort raised an eyebrow at his servant. "You are... dissspleased with your gift, Wormtail?"

"Wormtail tore his eyes away from his bride and stammered, "No, Master! I... I... she isn't... the Mudblood?"

Voldemort threw back his head, his hissing serpentine cackles filling the room. Seconds later, his Death Eaters joined him in raucous laughter, including Severus Snape, who leaned against the door from which Pettigrew's bride had emerged, chuckling richly.

Snape raised a raven-black eyebrow at the smaller man. "I take it you thought Miss Granger was your prize? Pity. No, Wormtail, Miss Granger was my gift. And I do not share." Then the dark wizard indicated the green-robed witch who stared at her new husband forlornly. "I believe your bride is still waiting for her kiss?"

Pettigrew swallowed hard in disappointment, then stared up beseechingly at his Dark Lord. "Master, surely..."

Suddenly, Wormtail's bride had had enough and cleared her throat with a distinctive "Hem, hem!"

As the Voldemort and his fellow Death Eaters burst out laughing, Wormtail transformed into his Animagus form and fled for his life.

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