

Come to Me

by luvsev

Severus has another nightmare.

▪

Chapter 1 of 1

Severus has another nightmare.

'Come to me...' a voice whispered into his ear.

He felt hot breath on his scar, although no one was lying beside him in his bed. 'What?' His voice was gruff as he called out.

'The forest—come to the forest to meet me,' the voice whispered again.

Severus's long, pyjama-clad legs caught in the twisted, grey sheets. He was groggy from the medicine coursing through his system, but he rose from the bed with only a stumble. 'A moment, if you please.'

'Now! Before the hour grows late,' the voice commanded.

'Not... Not awake yet.'

'Come. Creatures roam the dark, looking for souls to snatch, Severus. Hurry to me before night closes in.'

Severus's eyes shut as he stumbled along the stone path leading to the forest. He shivered as the frigid December air whipped around him, chilling him to the bone. He entered the edge of the wood and saw a sturdy log; he decided to rest his tired body before proceeding further.

'Wise of you to come, Severus.'

Severus jolted awake. 'You! Why are you here? Why did you call me here?'

'Because I have something for you.' The lizard-faced man picked up the covered basket that had been sitting near his feet. He opened the lid, showing Severus the contents. 'Take one,' he bid.

Severus reached into the basket and withdrew what looked to be a multi-coloured mushroom.

'What's this?'

'Don't you remember, Severus? It's your soul. You gave it to me the night you joined me.'

'V-Voldemort?' Severus whimpered.

'Yesss. Took you long enough.' The snakelike wizard waved his hand at the mushroom Severus was holding; it transformed into a snake that began to slither up his arm.

'No! Not again!' Severus screamed.

'Try as you might, servant, you'll never survive. Your soul will always be mine!' Voldemort laughed.

The snake struck his neck, but unlike the last time, he felt nothing. No fangs piercing the delicate skin of his neck, no poison coursing through his veins, racing to still his heart.

'Hush, you idiot!' ordered a woman with a strong, Scottish brogue. 'He's waking up!'

'But, but—'

'I said for you to shut it.'

Severus started to shake, his fingernails digging into his palms, causing them to leave deep-red, crescent-shaped imprints. 'No!' he screamed, his voice echoing in the small, heavily guarded room.

'Severus. Severus!' a girl called to him. 'Wake up now. It's over. It's all over.'

A tear slipped down his cheek, and he opened his eyes. 'It is?'

'Yes. It was only a nightmare. Voldemort's gone, I assure you. Your soul is your own, Severus; it always has been.'

A/N: The following prompt was given by ladyinthecloak: Severus, woodland/mushrooms, basket. Thanks to my super beta, kittylefish.