

... As Newts

by quaffswinegaily

Severus and Remus save the day.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: JKR, I will never make any money with these guys; you can have them back.

Wands raised and ready for action, Remus Lupin and Severus Snape swept down flights of stone stairs and through disorientating, narrow passageways below the castle. Lurching through the Dungeon's labyrinthine corridors, they were dimly aware that soft lights magically flickered on as they approached. The groaning of ghosts echoed down the hallway as they headed towards where they could hear cries and piercing screams. The pair flinched as a macabre figure sprang from the wall.

Clutching their wands tighter, they hurried forward. Suddenly, they were surrounded by a horde of school children, screaming and running in the opposite direction. Panicked young faces streamed past them.

At the end of the dark corridor, they crept into a room filled with a sickly green glow. Voldemort stood tall and stiff in the middle of the room.

Working together, Lupin and Snape attacked fiercely. Hexes flew wildly around the room until eventually they saw Voldemort's waxen features melting into his cloak.

At last, with relief, they staggered from the darkened corridors, out into the light, and down into the gardens below the castle.

Spinning out of their Apparition, they stumbled up the short flight of stairs to the terraced flat. Remus slumped against the door jamb. Severus tripped on the top stair and, fighting the spinning sensation and a wave of nausea, sank to his knees and laid his cheek on the cool, smooth stone doorstep.

"Hermione!" groaned Snape.

Opening the door to her flat, the witch nearly tripped on the two wizards as they fell in through her doorway.

"Remus! Severus! Whatever possessed you?"

"Hermione. Help us," slurred Severus.

"Whatever possessed you two to think it would be a good idea to visit the Dungeon waxworks after a pub crawl from Edinburgh Castle down the Royal Mile?"

"Should have seen Voldies's face."

"Love you, My-knee!"

The inebriated pair giggled.

"Pissed as newts!" muttered Hermione. "Next school holidays you are going to stay at the Burrow instead of visiting me in Edinburgh."

"What could be worse?" grumbled Snape.

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"I could think of a lot worse," sneered a tall, cloaked figure watching them from the shadows across the street. Turning to the elegant, blond woman at his side, he hissed. "They didn't think you'd let them kill me so easily, did they?"

"Never, my Lord Voldemort," replied Ms Rowling.

A/N: To Sunny33, my beta and accomplice, thanks for leading me astray when I really should be working.

I don't know if the Edinburgh Dungeon has a waxwork of Voldemort, but I really think they should.