

Death Eater Heroes

by MuseAmusant

Severus and Lucius team up to save wizarding Britain...

One-Shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: Not mine.

A/N: This drabble is based on a prompt by Beaweasley2. I hope she likes it. The prompt is posted at the end.

"Now that lot is doing a remarkably good job of looking inconspicuous," Lucius scoffed, nodding derisively towards a rather shifty-looking group of wizards in cloaks and hoods heading towards Rosmerta's newly-opened party room at the rear of The Three Broomsticks.

"Definitely *not* Slytherins," Severus remarked dryly, cocking an amused eyebrow at his drinking companion.

"Definitely," agreed Lucius with a small smirk. "Still, something about them is a bit... disquieting, don't you think, Severus?"

Through his thick ebony fringe, Severus eyed a witch who was edging slowly towards the room and nodded thoughtfully. "To be sure."

The pair of former Death Eaters motioned for Rosmerta to bring them another round, surreptitiously watching as a tall, thin, hooded figure in robes much too heavy for the unusually warm spring night made his way towards the rear of the room as well.

Exchanging a grim look, first Severus, then Lucius headed for the men's room. Quickly *Disillusioning* themselves, they slipped back out and followed a pair of prim-looking middle-aged witches into the party.

Just in time, as it happened. The doors were warded shut and affixed with tell-tale jinxes immediately after their entrance.

As the guests occupied themselves selecting food and drinks, Lucius and Severus ducked behind a squashy loveseat and were gratified to discover a wide, velvet-covered window seat behind the curtain. The duo carefully eased themselves into place and pulled their long legs up somewhat awkwardly.

And waited.

Soon, a horrifyingly familiar voice began to speak on the usual subjects of Muggle domination, Pureblood supremacy... and cauldron thicknesses?

Percy Weasley meant to be the next Dark Lord?!

Allowing their *Disillusionment* spells to fade away, Severus and Lucius traded looks of utmost loathing. Not only was the red-headed berk threatening to bring up matters

best left dead and buried but he apparently meant to inflict his particularly odious brand of pompous idiocy on the still-recovering wizarding world.

And that was not to be borne quietly. Not at all.

Shoving the curtains surrounding their hiding place apart, Lucius and Severus whipped out their wands as one at a shocked, speechless Percy Ignatius Weasley.

The room flared with an fiery orange light as brilliant as a setting sun, forcing everyone in the room to shield their eyes for several moments.

When the light finally faded, perched there on the wooden dais from which Percy had been pontificating was a squealing, orange pygmy puff.

Rounding on Percy's erstwhile guests, Severus and Lucius unleashed twin scowls so menacing that the room emptied in a matter of seconds.

"Our work here is done," commented Severus idly.

"Indeed," a smirking Lucius agreed. "Drink?"

"As long as you're still buying."

Prompt by Beaweasley2: Twenty Years after Voldemort there is another wanna be 'great dark lord' that wants to bring wizards out from the shadows, wants to make Muggles cave and bow down to wizards by any means necessary... Lucius and Severus, having had enough of that - twice - take action. What do they do?