

# It's a Dirty Job

by sunny33

The threat of a new Dark Lord rising spurs Severus and Lucius into action.

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## Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: They are not mine. And if they were, I wouldn't be sharing.

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"Oh, for fuck's sake! Not again!" Severus Snape threw down the *Daily Prophet* in disgust, rising to pace before the fireplace.

"What's crawled up your prodigious appendage, Severus?" drawled Lucius Malfoy, peering up from the Times he was holding at arm's length.

"Have you read this?" Snape shoved the *Prophet* under his blond friend's nose.

"Hold it back a bit, will you? It's far too close."

"How many times do I have to tell you to wear the damned reading glasses? Now, read the article."

"All right, all right." Lucius picked up the expensive spectacles he had obtained the month before and perched them on his nose. "See, they ruin my..." His peevish complaint turned to sawdust in his mouth as he focussed on the report in question. "Oh, fuck!"

*An emergency meeting has been called at the Ministry of Magic after several suspicious incidents in Muggle areas were reported to the Department of Magical Law Enforcement. A number of deaths from suspicious causes have occurred, including one entire family, with eye-witness reports of a strange cloud shaped like a broken pair of glasses seen above each site. The very real possibility of a new Dark Lord emerging has the Ministry in a state of disarray and conflicting statements being issued by those supposedly protecting us.*

*Head Auror Harry Potter's office offered no comment when asked whether Potter felt the similarity of the new Dark Mark to his own eyewear was significant. His aides claimed he was too busy supporting his new Muggle wife, whose family was among the victims. The ex-Mrs Potter was also unavailable for an interview, having supposedly moved to Wales to set up a support group for spurned women.*

*The incumbent Minister of Magic, Arthur Weasley, promised efficient and effective action as soon as a subcommittee to investigate these incidents has been selected and briefed. "It is not inconceivable that a decision will be made on how to proceed within two months," he told this reporter. "This Ministry will not bury its head in the sand as was done twenty-three years ago when Tom Riddle was brought back to life."*

*Mundungus Fletcher, whose deep-cover role as an Unspeakable was revealed when he became Head of the Department, has assured a reporter the matter is well in hand.*

*More information will be forthcoming in tomorrow's edition.*

Malfoy joined his companion in his pacing, both circling the hearthrug while using the full range of their vocabulary to berate the new Dark Lord, the Ministry, and anyone else who had ever offended them. In Snape's case, the list was extensive.

Pouring generous measures of Firewhiskey into two glasses, Lucius turned to the still-pacing dark wizard. "So, who is it? You've taught most of the wizarding population in Britain under the age of fifty-five; surely you must have some idea."

"I know exactly who it must be, Lucius, and it's *allyour* fault!"

"Me? What have I done? You know I've been a paragon of virtue in the last twenty years, even the Wizengamot has commended me."

"You do remember a certain incident with a diary and a young girl, Lucius?" Snape snarled.

"Oh. Yes. But that was twenty-five years ago. Surely Miss Weasley would have shown some sign before now."

"The taint from Riddle never left the girl. She remained quick to anger and slow to forgive, as if a seed of malcontent had remained within her mind. You must know her mother died after an accident involving a Muggle driver, and Arthur has spent her entire life obsessed with Muggles and Muggle technology, often ignoring his children. The final straw must have been last year when Mr Potter left her for a Muggle half her age." Severus spoke almost to himself as he added up the evidence.

"Which explains the spectacle-shaped Dark mark, broken as if ground into the earth. But why hasn't anyone else made the connection?" asked Lucius.

"I do not believe anyone but myself witnessed the change in her countenance at her mother's funeral. For one brief moment as the coffin was lowered into the ground, a flash of red shone from her eyes, and her face twisted into a rather ugly expression. At the time, I assumed it was merely a reflection from the setting sun, but now... Damn! I should have foreseen this! I refuse to live through this again. We need to take action. Now!" Snape slammed his glass down onto the mantel.

Lucius, wincing, removed his precious crystal from harm before daring to ask, "We? Why not allow the Ministry to do their job?"

"Because those overpaid, pea-brained idiots will spend the next few months debating the issue while Weasley... Potter... or whatever her name is now gathers her forces and does irreparable damage. Someone needs to act, and it might as well be us."

"But..."

"But nothing, Lucius. If you hadn't given her that diary, she would have no doubt remained the sweet, innocent young thing she was, and if I had acted sooner, things would never have become this bad. And neither of us are above acting outside of the law." Snape was adamant. This was *not* going to happen again.

"Very well, so what do you propose? A quick trip to Wales for a quiet word in her ear about the error of her ways?" The blond really did not want to get his hands dirty once again.

"Do you think that would have worked against our previous master? 'Look here, old boy, this really isn't on. You should just pull your head in and take a nice quiet clerical job.' Won't work. She needs to go."

"Oh, bugger. I quite fancied her, you know. I was planning to ask her out once a decent time had elapsed after her divorce. Perhaps I could break out the Malfoy charm?"

"I'd rather break out the C4," muttered Snape.

"C4? Is that some new potion?"

"No, just a rather ironic method of disposing of incipient Dark Lords. We should have thought of it thirty years ago, blown the bastard to smithereens. Would have been rather satisfying."

"Sounds like it would have made a mess of my carpets," grumbled Malfoy.

"I'm sure Narcissa would have welcomed an excuse to redecorate... again. No doubt your Gringotts balance has benefited from your divorce despite the large settlement she won. However, the state of your carpets is irrelevant. We need to go to Wales and deal with Ms Ginevra Weasley. Come along, Lucius."

With a sigh, the richest wizard in Britain took off his reading glasses, straightened his cravat, took a firm grip on his cane, and left his peaceful life behind. Five minutes later, with a loud crack, the Dynamic Duo Disapparated to deal with one petite, red-haired menace.

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A/N: Saturday Night Drabble for beaweasley2 who suggested: Twenty years after Voldemort there is another wannabe 'Great Dark Lord' who wants to bring wizards out from the shadows and 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?

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