

Cerise Wigglesworth: Hufflepuff Death Eater

by pyjamapants

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Cerise Wigglesworth crept through the dark, dank alley behind Honeydukes. True, Rabastan Lestrangle hadn't specifically said to patrol *this* part of Hogsmeade, but it wasn't as if Harry Potter and his friends would be skulking about behind Madame Puddifoot's. Besides, her best friend, Gladys Underwood, had said she'd found a case of discarded, slightly substandard Chocoballs behind the shop just two weeks ago. Nothing wrong with indulging a sweet tooth during patrols. No, nothing wrong with that at all.

Cerise fingered the mask in her pocket. Honestly, she wasn't sure why she carried the stupid thing. Half the time she forgot to put it on. The other half of the time... well, the damned thing was so hard to see out of! And it wasn't as if she got sent on missions important enough that she'd be caught or recognized doing anything remotely illegal. There was simply no need for anonymity.

Her mask. Cold. Awkward. Crap for peripheral vision. And yet... she and Gladys had had such fun making them. She could hardly toss the thing out. She traced a finger along the star pattern that decorated the edge of the mask. It was rather a comfort having a reminder of her friend along with her on these dull missions. Or when Rabastan threatened to arrange a meeting with Voldemort for her.

The muffled crunch of snow and the low murmur of voices drifted down the alley.

She froze.

It was several moments before she remembered that she was a Death Eater, by golly, and she was here to patrol the village. She walked to the end of the alley, her footsteps silent except for the crinkle of a stray Honeydukes wrapper that had attached itself to her shoe.

Squinting into the distance, she saw a light flickering from the Shrieking Shack. Oh, Merlin's pants, she hadn't actually expected to find action during her mission. Her wand hand trembled like a new initiate.

She took a cautious step out of the alley, checked to make sure there was no one else in sight, and made her way up the hill towards the shack.

Panting at the end of her climb, both from exhaustion and not a small amount of fear, Cerise finally stood before the building. The building that was firmly shuttered against the outside world. Bigger. Her nerves rattled and creaked, echoing the sounds from the building.

Her lips pursed in concentration, Cerise strained to remember the nifty spells she and Gladys had spent weeks learning so they could see and hear through walls. Curses! She *knew* they'd learned such an incantation, but for the life of her, she couldn't recall it. Her memory was a bit spotty as of late. Perhaps she should consider one of those

Memory Enhancing Potions her mother was always raving about.

Cerise huffed in frustration, then flicked her wand, spouting the first spell that came to mind. Oh, splendid! It seemed her magic remembered, even if she didn't and... Merlin's beard, was that Severus Snape and Hermione Granger? It was! Perhaps he'd caught the obnoxious witch that both Voldemort and the Ministry seemed so intent on capturing themselves.

Her eyes widened as Snape's arm curled around Granger and his lips crashed against hers.

Maybe captured wasn't the right word. Cerise bounced delightedly on her heels. Oh, this juicy titbit of information was a gold mine. Goodbye patrolling Hogsmeade at two in the morning on Tuesdays. Hello, Inner Circle!

Still, it wouldn't hurt to stay and watch. Too bad Gladys wasn't here to see this.

She'd have never pegged the stern, taciturn man as material for a clandestine love affair, but it was quite clear that Granger was enjoying his attentions. Snape's hands rummaged underneath the girl's robes, and she threw her head back in pleasure, her moans drifting through the air, audible courtesy of the spell. Cerise wished they'd turn so that she could get a better look.

Snape's thin, reedy lips sucked on Granger's neck as his hands continued working magic. Before long, Granger was tossing her head from side to side, her arms flung around Snape's neck as she shouted out for him to move his fingers harder and faster. She slumped against him and panted for several moments.

Cerise clutched the front of her robes, thankful for the stiff breeze that seemed to wrap around both sides of the house. Oh, this was not the first time these two had got together. The heat rising between them threatened to set the rickety little house on fire.

Snape's trousers dropped to the grimy floor.

Despite the wind, Cerise fanned herself as Snape hoisted Granger onto a spindly sideboard that seemed to sway with, heavens, every thrust of his hips. Both of them were panting and groaning and moaning, and gosh, wasn't it a shame that she'd have to turn Severus Snape over to the Dark Lord? Although... that could involve letting the Dark Lord view the scenes in her mind. Perhaps she could find a way to spill the beans without kneeling prostrate before that... thing.

She shivered, then cursed to see that her little side trip pondering His Scaliness had meant she'd missed the end of the couple's tryst. Snape was refastening his trousers. They certainly were... efficient.

Cerise was just about to cancel her spell and return to the village when she heard Granger say, "Severus, there's someone outside." Cerise's heart jumped up into her throat. She scrambled to think of a destination for Apparition.

"Again?" A flick of Snape's wand, and Cerise found her feet rooted to the ground, the rest of her body stiff and unmoving.

A pop of Apparition rang out, and Cerise found herself face to face with the horrifying Headmaster of Hogwarts. She was thankful Snape had petrified her. At least this way she wasn't scared stiff. Fortunately, Snape's charm also kept her knees from knocking together.

"Cerise Wigglesworth. Of course. It was either you or Underwood." Snape rattled on as she frantically attempted to figure out what he meant. Snape's temper was legendary, and she shuddered well, would have shuddered if she'd been able to to think what punishment the man would inflict at having his secret discovered.

"One would think your magic would resist regular bombardment with Memory Charms. Still, I suppose it's lucky for me that Lestrage sends you on Tuesdays and Underwood on Thursday."

Cerise gasped. Surely Gladys hadn't withheld information about Snape. They shared everything! How dare Gladys keep something so juicy to herself!

Snape's withering glare silenced further, well, gasps.

"Oh, I suppose we should just get this over with."

Cerise wondered if she had gasped her last gasp.

"*Oblivate. Finite.*"

She blinked and stared at Severus Snape in confusion. "I... what am I doing here?"

Snape snorted. "Well, according to Lestrage, you're here to patrol the village, but it certainly doesn't appear as if you're doing anything of value for the Dark Lord. Be careful, Miss Wigglesworth. You wouldn't want your lack of attention to make it back to your superior."

Cerise's face paled. "No. No, I wouldn't. I... I'd better go patrol the village."

She turned and began the downhill journey towards Hogsmeade.

Snape sighed. "Wigglesworth."

Freezing midstep, she called back timidly, "Yes?"

"Remove the sweet wrapper from your shoe."

Cerise reached down, her face bright red with embarrassment, and plucked off the piece of foil. When she glanced behind her, Snape was gone.

A/N: Many thanks to dreamy_dragon73 for the beta!

This tale was inspired by morethansirius's costume at the Hogsmeade Witches Weekend last year in Chicago. To quote MoreThanSirius herself:

After playing with the LEGO meme, I have found it [the costume]. Hufflepuff Death Eater... (snip) I checked [Ebay] and they had one with a bright yellow satin lining up for auction. I got it for a pittance and it's really long and swoopy with a big drooping hood! When ordering a birthday present for a friend I decided to check out the site's clearance section. Lo and behold they had a WB approved rubber Death Eater mask just like the one in my LEGO Hufflepuff Death Eater and at less than \$10. I took it as a sign! With those two items in hand I figure I can wear black and stow them in the messenger bag. Now I'm looking into mocking up a copy of Dark Arts for Dummies to carry as well. I don't plan on wearing the mask as it would be way too hot and I'm supposed to be a naive Death Eater anyway, so not having the mask on all the time works. So I'll be playing at the museum in Chicago!"

Thanks so very much for all you to do make the fandom such a fantastic place to hang out! I consider myself preeetty dang lucky to have you close by! *hugs*