

One of Them

by Keppiehed

A gift!fic featuring Dark!Snape and Ron. But Voldemort sneaked in there, too, that scene-grabber!

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: This all belongs to J.K. Rowling.

Warnings: torture, character death, implied sexual situation, gross misuse of alliteration

Prompts: Ron, Dark!Snape, "The clatter of the storm drowns out his protest."

A/N: This was written as a prize for Starstruck1986 for winning Mod's Choice Award over at DeathEaterDrabs from her list of prompts. I hope that I did justice to your subject. I have a hard time with the dark stuff (which is very sad, considering the community!), so I guess you got that short straw with me as your author. But I hope that you are able to enjoy this anyway. I think Voldemort tried to take it over, though! *glares at the Dark Lord. Congrats on your win, and enjoy your spoils!

"You'll never guess why I've summoned you, Severus."

The words, though spoken in amusement, held a clear tone of challenge. Severus kept his head bowed. He was not oblivious to the test, nor to the eyes of the others on him to see if he would fail. Patience was his virtue, in this and all things. He did not rise to the bait.

"Of course, time will stop before you can bring yourself to hazard a simple guess. One would think you were trying to kill me with boredom—or stupidity."

Severus' head snapped up as laughter rang out in the hall. Dark eyes met red. Voldemort paused a moment before a feral grin lit his face. "Come now, Severus. I jest, because I am in a rare mood. I offer you a gift."

Severus knew better than to let his relief—or suspicion—show. "My Lord?"

Voldemort leaned forward, the greedy glint in his eye of a fanatic who wanted to share his mania. "We have procured someone most precious to that ... boy. It is time to show him the extent of our malice."

"Sir?"

"Bring forth the prisoner," Voldemort called.

Snape watched as a hooded figure was brought into the chamber. He was bound in chains, but still struggling against his captors.

Snape schooled his features into impassivity. "What has this to do with me?"

"You will crush the life from him, do you understand me?" Voldemort narrowed his eyes, the red disappearing behind slitted snakeskin lids. "You will make his last moments as painful as possible. I have need of your skills, Potionmaster. You have the ways and means to shatter him. And I want it to leave marks, so that when we return what's left of him to his precious Potter, the boy will break under the force of my will!"

As Voldemort's words hissed forth, the mood in the room changed from indulged insouciance to energized enmity—a spark set to dry tinder. The sharks scented blood in the water, and they hungered for a spectacle. They got it when the hood was whipped free of the prisoner's head.

Red. Severus recognized that shade of red. The only question would have been which Weasley, but if he were to torture someone close to Harry Potter, even that question was answered for him. Severus nodded in wooden approval.

"I see you agree with our methods." Voldemort slid from his throne. He approached Severus and leaned in. "I'm pleased to see that. There were rumors that you were getting ... soft."

"I am here to do your bidding, Lord. Command me as you see fit." Severus didn't recognize his own voice. It sounded deeper, darker than usual. He wouldn't flinch from his task. To keep Potter safe, he would do this.

"I command you to torture Ronald Weasley to death." Voldemort's sibilants spilled out over the assemblage. Distant thunder cracked, a perfect foil to his proclamation. There was a palpable prick of excitement. "I demand that you do it in the presence of this congregation."

Severus felt his gorge rise. There was no way out of this. He looked to young Ron. The boy's freckles stood out like inkstains on the parchment. He understood, of course. How could he not? His eyes were full of all of the rage that his young life could pour into them: twin orbs of blue, they had never seemed as full of life as they did right now. All of the regrets swirling in Severus' gut, all of the things he saw burning in Weasley's eyes didn't change what he knew. He had to do this heinous deed.

It was with a self-condemnation he could never show that he faced the red-haired boy and began his deeds. His anguish was made worse by the fact that he had to perform such vile acts with a mask of delight. The sight of the blood would never fade from his eyes, the screams would always haunt his ears. He would carry the sight of his hand wielding the instruments of torment until the end of his days.

A voice in his ear, when the blood was running in ruinous rivulets and the sharp, bitter tang of it was acrid in the air: "I can see you, Severus. Let go. Don't deny yourself the pleasure." Voldemort, in his ear, a spidery hand cupping his crotch where he had suddenly gotten hard. The death of it was the moment of his undoing. "I always knew you belonged here."

The surety in his tone. Sickening.

True.

Later, alone in his quarters, he cried. The clatter of the storm drowned out his protests, but he would always know his shame.