

Libera Me

by *BulletTimeScully*

"Libera me, Domine, de morte aeterna..."

Now a Petulant Poetess Facebook page Fabulous Friday Admin rec for the week of March 14th, 2014. Thank you!

One

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: I do not own the characters, the universe, or the music. They belong to their respective owners.

Update: March 14th, 2014. From TPP Facebook Page: It's Fabulous Fic Friday! Today's admin rec is for *Libera Me* by BulletTimeScully. Nagandsev says, "Written for GrangerSnape100, a one-shot and gothic gem, everything a vampire/SSHG lover craves--along with the Requiem Mass, this story is hauntingly beautiful as well--love the flow and dynamic depiction of Severus' deliverance at the ministrations of Hermione--lovely, lovely work!"

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Libera me, Domine, de morte aeterna...

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Severus Snape was dying.

He knew it... *had* known it for some time. He just hadn't accepted it until now.

Not until he had literally felt Death's presence felt the eyes of Darkness upon him did he acknowledge it... know it. *fear* it.

And so he waited.

He lay in his small bed in his home in Manchester, his mouth slack, eyes glazed, breath coming in short, rattling gasps. His skin was ashen, his skeletal body covered in a thin, greasy sheen of cold sweat as he struggled to draw just one more breath... just one more... one more... one...

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A wet cough wracked his frail form... Thick, blood-streaked froth sprayed across his chapped lips and unshaven chin. Without the strength to raise his hands, Severus could only turn his head sluggishly to the side and spit weakly. He stayed that way for a long time, breathing rapidly as a thick line of red ran from the corner of his mouth. The dark stain spread slowly across the filthy, sweat-soaked pillowcase.

Suddenly, his labored breathing hitched, and his vision blurred as the darkness rapidly closed in around the edges.

Not yet, he pleaded frantically. *Please, not yet...*

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From the edge of that darkness, a figure watched the dying wizard with ever-growing attentiveness. She had, in fact, watched him for a long time.

He was... unique. *Intriguing*.

And she wanted him.

He moaned pitifully, and her sensitive ears strained to hear any words he might utter, any pleas he might let slip as his body surrendered to the inevitable. Yet he fell back into tortured silence.

She growled low in her throat, frustrated with his stubbornness.

He *had* to speak, or she would be unable to do what she intended; she would be unable to free him, to save him... to have him for her own.

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He moaned again. His damp, threadbare nightshirt rode up his pale legs as they moved weakly atop the sheets, exposing the soft flesh of his inner thighs to her watchful eyes. She could just make out the soft mound of his cock beneath the fabric.

Her lips parted wantonly, and her tongue flicked out to wet them, revealing tiny, sharp incisors.

Say it, she implored him. *Say it, or I can't help you! Say it, Severus...*

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Long minutes passed with neither sound nor movement from the bed, and her impatience grew. Finally, ever so slowly, she crept closer.

If she had not been able to detect the slow beating of his heart, she would have thought him dead already. His eyes stared blankly out of sunken sockets; the line of blood running from his mouth had thickened, and his breathing was so slow and shallow as to be nigh unnoticeable.

Not long now, she thought.

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Severus knew that his time had run out.

If the gods be merciful, he thought, *let my end be swift. Have I not languished long enough in this Hell? Have I not repaid my sins?*

Perhaps he had atoned... perhaps someone would bury him and say the Rites over his grave. Perhaps he would go to Heaven.

But the odds had never been in Severus Snape's favor. *In Death, as in Life*, his dwindling consciousness sneered.

He would probably go to Hell and suffer for eternity.

Or he would lie here and rot until the smell caused someone to investigate.

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Would this really be his end? The victim of some wasting Muggle disease?

No... Gods be damned.

No!

With a shuddering effort, he pulled in one last breath, knowing that it would be his last in this world, and used it to whisper two final words *L'libera me...*

The words ghosted from his bloody lips as his heart trembled in his chest. His eyes went wide in pain, his body convulsed... and then she was there.

Already his light was fading, but that mattered not. He had said the words. She would free him... and he would be hers forever.

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Looking into his dark, dying eyes, she opened her mind to his. Memories washed over him even as his synapses ceased to fire... memories of the young woman she had once been; memories of her own death and Rebirth; memories of *his* life seen through *her* eyes.

She felt his soul tremble.

Smiling, she leaned close, her dark curls brushing his face as she pressed her mouth to his ear. She spoke softly, seductively. "Do you want this, Severus Snape? There is no return..."

It was the smallest of sighs, the feather brush of doves' wings on stone. "Yesss..."

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At his declaration, her lips pulled back without hesitation to reveal her glistening, pointed canines. Without any preamble, she wrapped her hands in his lank hair and drove her fangs into his carotid artery.

He jerked in pain as his body tried to protect itself with the basest of instincts. It was futile. She had him, and would not release him until it was finished.

His hot blood pulsed over her lips and down her throat like molten honey. Even in sickness, the taste and smell of him was intoxicating. Severus moaned; the sound only served to excite her more.

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It had been a long time since she had fed from a willing victim, and never from one she was about to turn. The thought that he would be her first made her dizzy with pleasure, and she sucked even more fiercely, draining his essence with each frail, dying heartbeat.

She drank until she had taken just enough, and then pulled back, slowly licking the trail of blood from his neck. She then slit her own wrist with her teeth. Her black blood ran in rivulets down her pale hand as she pressed the wound gently to his pale lips.

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At first, he drank slowly, hesitantly... weak as a newborn babe. Then she felt him start to suck more forcefully; she hissed in encouragement as she pressed her bloody arm harder against his mouth.

Minutes passed, and when at last he reached for her, another wave of pleasure overcame her. *This* is what she had been waiting for.

He drank greedily, filling himself with her blood, her life essence. She watched as his hair lengthened, the raven locks glistening blue-black in the moonlight; the hollows of his face filled; his atrophied muscles grew strong and lean, flexing with renewed strength.

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Soon he moved to his knees, pressing her arm to his mouth with both hands as he towered over her. He was so close she could feel the heat from his body. To anyone else he would be cold, frigid, but to her... to her he *burned*.

She could feel him against her stomach, painfully hard, and the temptation to take him now, during the Rebirth, was overwhelming... especially when he moaned and thrust against her. Combined with the sight and smell of her blood running down his chin and forearms, mixing with his own... it was almost her undoing.

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Long moments passed, the only sound that of her quickened breathing and the harsh, wet suckling as he took his fill of her. When it was enough, she reached out and touched his face. He pulled back with a gasp, his head thrown back, blood running in a river down his chin and neck, staining his chest and nightshirt red.

She trailed her nails through the redness, and down to his erection. "Do you want this, Severus?" She leaned in close, licking the blood from his chin as she gently cupped him in her hand.

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With a shuddering intake of breath, his bloody hands came slowly to her face, unsure... innocent even in their corruption. When he found no resistance, he slowly pressed his lips to hers and they moved together softly, unhurried.

When they pulled apart, he asked, "Why?"

She told him the truth... that she had always been fascinated by him, and that after she herself had been changed, she had sworn to protect him as he had protected her all those years ago.

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"You haven't been alone since my fourth year, Severus."

He looked at her questioningly.

She smiled softly with blood-stained lips. "I've always kept my eye on you since I realized you were on our side. It wasn't until you lay dying in that boathouse that I realized... I had fallen in love with you. When you recovered, I always kept up with your life; where you were, how you were doing.

"For ten years I followed you, dreading the day that I would see you with another, but it never happened. Then, when I was 29, I had an *accident*."

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"However, in a miraculous stroke of luck, a fellow I had met some years previously offered to help me... and here I am.

"Then, when you became sick, I followed you like a shadow... even though there was nothing I could do for you. Not then, at least. You see, you had to ask me for help. That's how this works. I could have taken you... fed from you... even made love to you... and you would never have known. But you would have died in the end anyway."

"And now?" he asked softly, threading his fingers through her hair.

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"Now you will never again know sickness, loneliness, death. There is only life, and the dark night of the soul; we are a part of it, and it is a part of us. Do you accept that? Accept me?"

"I do."

She smiled again, showing off her fangs. "Then come, my love... for it grows late, and you need to feed."

They vanished, only a swirl of smoke and shadow marking their passage.

Never again did Severus Snape fear death. He had beaten it, become it, embraced it.

And for the first time, he was free.

He never looked back.

~FIN

Latin Translation: "Deliver me, O Lord, from eternal death."

Libera Me is a part of the Requiem Mass of the Roman Catholic Church. If you want to listen, search the *Interview with the Vampire* OST. It's hauntingly beautiful.