

# Burnt Offerings

*by Ladymage Samiko*

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

Hermione accompanies Snape to a very important—and very personal—ceremony.

She pushes his levi-chair swiftly and steadily across the lawn; he's still barely mobile, and it would have been impossible for him to come so far on his own. Both are silent even as they reach their destination: a distant corner of St. Mungo's grounds, whereupon is constructed an enormous stack of wood, almost a pyre. She circles around, standing before him and *looks* her question; he nods once, and she conjures a beautiful bluebell flame.

The bonfire kindles and flames shoot upward, massive, searing. He watches her hair dance in the heat for the moment before she steps aside.

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He hurls the silver object in his hand with all the strength pain and hatred can give him. Immediately, it begins to sizzle and melt, its material dripping down the faggots like water. The black bundle in his lap, he rolls as small and tight as his tremorous hands can manage, and that, too, joins the flames, scorching and flaring with almost spiteful anger.

Hermione, once again behind him, wraps her arms lightly around Severus's shoulders and kisses the top of his head as they watch his Death Eater regalia become no more than molten metal and plain grey ash.

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ANs: This was for the GS100 'robes on fire' challenge. The final image came to me, and it had to be let out, never mind that it got to be 3(4?) in the morning. (^\_^;) As always, please deposit a token in the little box below if possible...