

Voldemort and Mrs. Snape

by broomclosetravenclaw

Voldemort abducts Hermione and Snape. Which one is the pawn and which one is the key to the final battle? A ficlet inspired by the 'Our Mrs. Snape' Challenge on grangersnape100.

Chapter 1.

Chapter 1 of 2

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Written in drabble format, 100 words at a time.

Thanks to droxy for encouraging me.

They were separated the moment they were grabbed. Each heard a simultaneous *CRACK* as the forced Apparition tore them apart.

Hermione could feel the tall man next to her, leading through the darkness. She detected a faint spell as they came to a door. The door opened into an average-size room with wool rugs on the floor and a fire in the hearth. Furniture was sparse, but Hermione could make out the form of Voldemort sitting in an over-stuffed chair, illuminated by the fire.

"Lucius," he hissed.

The man beside her spoke, "What should we do with our Mrs. Snape?"

"Leave *Mrs. Snape* with me," Voldemort asseverated. "You may go see to *Mr. Snape*, Lucius. I am sure you would enjoy questioning your former confidante. Leave the more, shall we say, delicate matters to me."

Lucius hesitated before releasing Hermione.

Hermione took the opportunity of Malfoy's departure to quickly familiarize herself with her surroundings. Voldemort's snake was not in the room, which she took as a sign of hope; she might live a bit longer. She did, however, worry about Severus' whereabouts.

"Do not worry about your husband." Voldemort's red-eyed gaze turned back to her. "He is with old friends."

The room grew colder as Hermione stood under Voldemort's calculating stare.

She refused to speak first, refused to let him hear the slight tremor of fear in her voice. One wrong word, or thought she realized, could result in the Cruciatus Curse. A shiver seized her spine.

Voldemort appeared patient to wait for her to speak first, to give herself away. She had watched enough wizard chess to know that moving first did not always give the advantage; it could put you on the defensive, and one wrong move could leave you crushed. She wondered if she was a pawn.

Snape was furious when Macnair finally released him. He stalked from one end of the small room to the other, pacing like a caged maniac.

"What is the meaning of this?" he asked his captor.

Macnair's lips curled into a snarl.

Before he could answer, Lucius entered, slamming the door. "You were summoned, and you didn't return. Did you think you could escape your old life so easily?"

"The Dark Lord understands that I am not always in a position to appear when called upon."

"Yes, I am sure he is being very *understanding* with your wife as we speak."

"Your husband has been brought back into the fold," Voldemort sibilated.

It suddenly struck Hermione what he had said to Lucius... "*confidante*"... "*old friends*."

Hermione felt dizzyingly sick. Her swimming head was settling into a headache across the bridge of her forehead. Her stomach felt like it was in her throat. If she did not get some air, she was going to collapse. The voice inside her head said, "*Run!*"

The cool voice of Voldemort settled into her brain. She heard Severus' name and the words, "*Death Eater spy...*"

She felt the bile rise in her throat, and then everything went black.

Snape stepped toward Lucius. "What does Voldemort want with Hermione?"

"It seems our Mrs. Snape may be useful after all. We thought she was the key to Potter, but she seems to be the key to you, my duplicitous friend."

Snape kept his expression composed.

Lucius continued, "I, on the other hand, think that you will be more useful than your Mudblood whore. What would you do to guarantee her safety? Because if he does not find a use for her, I certainly could."

Snape lunged at Malfoy, but was stopped with one word from the blond wizard's lips, "*Crucio!*"

"*Rennervate*." Voldemort pointed his wand at her.

Hermione's mind fought to stay unconscious; it felt safer there.

She was warm, and surrounded by her friends at Hogwarts. She hung onto the happy memories. After the war began, families and friends had worked together. She had even fallen in love with a most unlikely prospect. Because of the war, she had married young, before it was too late, to spend as much time as she could with him, but she did not regret her choice.

She had known that the war could tear them apart, but she did not expect *this*.

Lucius lifted the spell and stood over Snape, his boots the only thing the prone wizard could see. "So, Severus, are you trying to tell me that the Dark Lord approves of this marriage?"

Snape sat up. "After I had to flee Hogwarts, mind you, while also keeping your son safe, the Dark Lord demanded that I find a new means by which to keep apprised of Potter's actions. With Dumbledore gone, that left me with very few options."

"Hence you've lowered yourself to consorting with Mudbloods and blood traitors?"

"Certain aspects have their perks." Snape smirked, thinking of Hermione.

The reality of the acrid air and cold, hard floor beneath her brought Hermione out of her reverie. She was still in the same room, alone with Voldemort. She wanted to curl up into herself, but braced herself instead.

Voldemort stood from his chair, imposingly pacing, slowly circling her.

"So, Mrs. Snape, are you prepared to join your beloved husband as a Death Eater in the fight against The Boy Who Lived, or shall I unburden him?" He raised his wand.

Hermione wanted to scream, "*Never!*" but managed to keep her lip sealed. She knew her thoughts were enough under his unwavering glare.

Lucius raised an eyebrow, eyeing Snape with a questioning gaze.

"You will not enter my mind and question my thoughts, Lucius; I was always the better Occlumens." Snape snidely stared at him. "I returned to the Order because of the Dark Lord. Even he will see the truth in that."

"We will see soon enough," Lucius said as he strode toward the door.

Snape mumbled as Lucius left the room, "We do what we have to do."

Left alone, with Macnair on the other side of the door guarding him, left little for him to do but contemplate his situation.

Chapter 2.

Chapter 2 of 2

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Hermione pushed the word, “Never!” to the forefront of her mind as she sensed Voldemort enter her thoughts.

She still felt sick and shaky.

She had allowed Voldemort to antagonize and incense her, her first mistake, showing too much volatile emotion, letting Voldemort provoke her. She was too overwrought to clear her mind quickly and completely. And since she was upset about Severus, those were the thoughts that were readily available to Voldemort’s sly probing. She hated that Voldemort was seeing her feelings for Severus, tainting them.

But, it was better that than the information she held about Harry Potter.

Severus wasn’t sure how long he sat, absorbed in the silence. He was worried about Hermione.

For once in his life he had let himself be guided by his heart instead of his head, and now he was in this unbearable situation. He was not even sure when his heart had taken over.

After he had to perform the Killing Curse on the only person who had completely trusted him, his first obligation had been to protect Draco. He was not sure why Dumbledore insisted upon this, but he suspected that Draco’s actions had reminded Dumbledore of another young Slytherin.

Snape reflected on Dumbledore’s last wishes. Maybe Dumbledore was right, Draco was behaving a lot like Snape had when he was younger, getting involved with the Death Eaters without truly knowing what it meant until it was too late. But the more he thought about it, he realized that it could still happen, even with age and experience—damn Narcissa and her Unbreakable Vow.

Snape had appeared when summoned and convinced Voldemort that he could continue his spying. He told Voldemort that he knew Harry’s next move.

Snape had thought that this would buy him the time that he needed.

The door opened quietly behind her, the sudden draft making the flames in the hearth flicker. Hermione felt Voldemort leave her mind. She took a deep breath, regaining her bearings.

Lucius had returned. Voldemort seated himself as Lucius knelt in front of him, bowing forward, his long, blond hair brushing the floor.

Hermione could barely make out whispering, but was unable to hear what was being said. She was tempted to stare at them, to bore a hole into the back of Lucius’ head, but she kept her head down, straining, wishing for just one word to reach her ears.

Lucius turned his malevolent sneer towards her. His boots scraped the dusty floor as he crossed the room.

“Up!” hissed Voldemort.

Hermione stood, her body protesting. Lucius looked too eager, like a boy with his first broomstick. She became distracted, watching him remove a stone bowl from a high shelf. She realized it was a Pensieve just as she felt her arms invisibly bound to her sides. Voldemort now had the same look as Lucius on his reptilian face.

Worry sprang up within her again; she knew some Occlumency, but had never been prepared for having her memories forcibly extracted.

Lucius prodded Hermione to the table with his cane and ordered her to sit. The Pensieve sat in front of her, but it was dark and empty.

Lucius stood across from her, hovering. He methodically removed his wand from the silver serpent head, placed the tip to his head, and pulled out a long, silvery strand, which he placed in the basin.

Hermione gave him a quizzical look, which he answered by firmly placing a hand on the back of her head, pulling it forward into the Pensieve.

“What is that Muggle saying? A picture is worth a thousand words.”

The one window of the confining room was so small and high that it offered no more than a faint light, which was now fading. Snape stared blankly at the window, contemplating time, and how it seemed to stop, as if holding its breath; or moved so fast that instinct took over, and replayed slowly in the mind. Memories, just facets of time, seemed tainted with this perplexity also, some seemed a lifetime ago, while others were so close that they hurt.

Snape had spent the last nine months working with the Order, thinking he had Voldemort’s suspicions in hand.

Snape had been giving Voldemort minimal information, agreed upon by the Order. But, after a vicious attack by the Death Eaters, three months ago, on Hogwarts and the Ministry of Magic that he had not been informed of, he began to question his position. When he met with Voldemort after the attack, he felt a tingle on the back of his neck, a forewarning.

Snape gathered that Lucius was the one who was suspicious. Voldemort could be so easily manipulated with the promise of power, and Lucius was well connected. But, where Lucius refused to look, Snape saw an opening.

Snape told Voldemort that he could infiltrate the trust of the Golden Trio.

Truthfully, he was just trying to stay one step ahead of Lucius. As unfathomable as he had believed it was, he had fallen in love, and married. He was now responsible for Hermione's safety as well as his own. He knew that if the Dark Lord found out about his marriage from Lucius, he was as good as dead, and so was Hermione.

His strategy had been to be vague about his plans concerning the Trio, and then go into hiding with Hermione, until the final battle.

Hermione heard Lucius' laughter as the swirling mist in the Pensieve engulfed her. She had been in Dumbledore's Pensieve numerous times while helping Harry research the Horcruxes, but had no idea what to expect from delving into the dark wizard's memories.

She found herself standing in a small room, with one, tiny window and sparse furnishings. As she took in her surroundings, her breath caught in her throat; Severus was on the floor, crouched, and Lucius was standing over him.

"... are you trying to tell me that the Dark Lord approves of this marriage?"

Then, Severus began to speak.