

Seduction Into Death

by ancientgirl

Ten years after the final battle, Severus is visited by his former lover.

One

Chapter 1 of 1

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All canon characters belong to JKR.

I was bored a few days ago at work, and needed something to get my mind off of what I was doing. This short story is the result.

Thank you to June for getting this back to me so fast and for all of her help.

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Seduction Into Death

He sat staring into the fire, its heat warming his cold skin as the flames fed his memories. Severus thought of her constantly, and it was moments like these, as he stared into the fire, that he would see her face smiling back at him.

It had ended so long ago. Then again, it was not that long ago, now that he thought about it. It just seemed like a lifetime ago when he was alone like this. She was the only one who cared, apart from Albus and Minerva.

The war against Voldemort had been won, but the cost was many lives, including Hermione's. That was over ten years ago, and still he grieved for her, still was haunted by her.

There was a rustling sound behind him. He closed his eyes, knowing who it was.

"What is it that you want of me?" he asked wearily, knowing what she would say. For the past nine years she came to him on this night, the anniversary of the final battle.

"You know what I want, Severus. It is what I have wanted these past nine years. Ever since I saw you again that night in Diagon Alley."

"I will tell you once more, as I have told you these past years, I cannot go with you. I have had my fill of death." He countered, "Knowing what you know of me, how can you ask me to come with you?"

"It is *because* I know you that I ask this of you. There are ways to live this existence I offer you, without anyone's death on your hands."

"I saw you die, Hermione. I grieved for you, I still do. Can you not allow me to live my life in peace?"

Hermione stepped closer to him, finally into the light so that he could see her face as he always remembered it, as he always saw it in his dreams.

"Living? You call this living, you call this peace?" She looked around the dark room that had not been cleaned in months.

After the war, Severus became a recluse. While the truth had been told about the fateful night atop the Astronomy Tower, in the eyes of many he was still the murderer of Albus Dumbledore. Society tolerated him, because of his role in defeating the Dark Lord, but they also kept him at bay, never allowing him to feel comfortable in wizarding circles.

"And I suppose this is what you call peace – spending eternity as a vampire?" he spat. "I have not killed enough people in my lifetime as a Death Eater, so you ask me to now take more innocent lives to quench a never-ending thirst?"

Before she could say anything, he held up his hand and stopped her by shaking his head. "There is no potion that can sufficiently satisfy a vampire's thirst for blood, Hermione." Severus stood and walked towards the window. He looked out into the falling snow, hoping to wake up from the nightmare he was sure he was having.

"You loved me once, you love me still; I know you do." Hermione approached him, and gently laid her hand on his shoulder. As her cold hand trailed its way to his face, he leaned his cheek against it. "If I promise you that there will be no deaths on your conscience, will you come with me?"

Severus took a deep breath. He'd heard of the run-down houses, where the living sought out vampires and allowed themselves to be used to quench the thirst of the undead. When he was still a loyal Death Eater, before he turned his back on Voldemort, he'd raided several of those domiciles; he was sickened by the sight of the bedraggled donors and the living corpses feeding off of them.

Knowing what he was thinking, she moved closer to him, her soft body now against his thin frame.

"It will not be like that. Ginny and I..."

Severus turned quickly and grabbed her wrists. "Ginny Weasley? I saw her not six months ago, alive and well." He shook his head in disbelief as he now let go of her wrists. "Hermione, what have you done?"

Hermione smiled gently. "No, Severus, I did nothing to her. Ginny is not alive, but very well regardless." She leaned close to him and whispered in his ear, "Ginny and I are of the same master," her smile fading as she continued, "a master who is no more."

Her last words held a dark quality that Severus had never heard coming from her, not even in the nine years she had been coming to him.

"We have his home, we have his wealth, and we have his followers. But we need a leader, a new master." Hermione looked into his dark eyes. She knew his resolve was crumbling quickly.

"Followers?" he asked.

"They give themselves freely to us, Severus. They are wizards, witches, even Muggles in the highest positions of society, asking nothing of us but protection from their enemies now and then. Surely you can see that it is *we* who are doing *them* a service. And they are happy, not bedraggled; free to leave at any time, not prisoners. Come see for yourself."

Hermione took her wand and opened the door.

Severus turned to look at the newcomer.

"Will you come with us, Professor?" asked Ginny as she held out her hand.

Slowly Severus felt himself being pulled towards her by Hermione, until both women held onto him. He hesitated slightly as they drew him out of the house, then he stopped and turned to look at his living room one last time.

It was dark, and dirty. He wondered how long it had been since he'd actually cleaned his home. More so, he wondered how long it had been since he'd even been part of the world in general.

"No more death," he said.

Hermione and Ginny smiled. "No more death," they agreed.

Severus Snape disappeared that night. Many thought he'd taken his own life, and others thought he had just gone off to live as a hermit.

It was around the same time that a legend began to form – a legend of a powerful master vampire and his two brides. They lived in a mansion in the darkest forest of Romania. There, they were said to entertain a lucky few that fed their need for blood, in exchange for riches and favors. No one outside of those few ever knew who they were, but every now and then sightings of Severus Snape and two ex-pupils would be reported around the world. Nothing, however, was ever confirmed.

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I hope you enjoyed this. Thanks for reading.