

A Death Eater

by Aestril

Severus Snape and his fellow Death Eaters welcome a new member.
Heaps of thanks to RickmansGirl and warren61889 for Beta work. Any remaining mistakes are mine.

Please review!!!!

One

Chapter 1 of 1

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Severus bolted awake with a sharp hiss, cradling his left forearm, the Dark Mark there writhing and burning.

The bloody Dark Lord *did* enjoy calling his followers to him in the dead of night. Severus had often wondered if Voldemort did so just to torment him. Due to the fact that he was spying for the Dark Lord and pretending to be spying for the Order of the Phoenix and that old fool Dumbledore, he could not be given prior notice of Death Eater gatherings. Severus didn't mind, though. It thrilled him to be unexpectedly summoned to a Revel. It was like they'd thrown it as a surprise just for him.

Stretching, he left the warm, silky confines of his opulent bed. The icy flagstone floor sent shivers from his feet up his legs and through his back as he crossed to the fireplace. "*Accio wand.*" His ebony wand responded, flying to his outstretched hand. He touched the tip of the wand to his right temple and pulled it away again, a silvery thread of thought dangling from it. He dropped the swirling, ethereal thread onto the last stone of the mantle and watched as it disappeared into it. Then he aimed his wand into the fireplace and muttered, "*Incendio.*" Silver flames leapt up, roaring in the cold hearth. With a wicked grin, Severus stepped into the flames and vanished.

Mere moments later, Severus Snape emerged from the silver flames into the sitting room of Number 12, Grimmauld Place. The room was empty, as he knew it would be. The Potter brat refused to stay here since that mutt Sirius had died, and with the others having jobs of their own, their headquarters was usually empty at night.

Severus strode to the foyer and pulled a long, black silk cord. The curtains drew apart. Severus inclined his head and purred, "Good evening, Mrs. Black."

The portrait of Sirius' mother smiled at him.

"Forgive me for waking you in the middle of the night," he drawled silkily.

The woman in the portrait deepened her smile.

"I have often wondered what it would be like to wake to that voice of yours, Severus." She raked her gaze over him lasciviously, then sighed deeply. "I suppose you'd like your clothes?" She cocked a single eyebrow at him.

He reciprocated in kind, a single dark eyebrow climbing his forehead.

She closed her eyes and breathed, "Touch me."

Severus reached out to her and placed one slender, pale finger in the crux of the frame. He dragged his finger slowly along the bottom of the portrait, crossing the older woman's collarbone and shoulders.

"Merlin, I wish I could feel that," she moaned as her portrait swung away from the wall to reveal a small wooden door.

Snape opened the door and pulled out a black bundle. He shook out the silk robe and swung it around his shoulders, thrusting his arms through the sleeves and clasping the robe at the neck with a fat emerald retrieved from the cupboard. He reached back in to retrieve his silver Death Eater mask which he settled to perch on his prominent nose, then swung the portrait closed.

Mrs. Black shivered at the sight of him.

"Good night," he whispered. With a loud crack, he was gone.

When Severus Apparated into his place in the circle, most of the other Death Eaters were already gathered. He knew most of them, however hard they tried to conceal their identities from one another. Their numbers were shrinking. Voldemort was growing ever more furious that The-Brat-Who-Still-Lived had not only continued to evade him, but had personally taken down several Death Eaters. Dumbledore's precious order members had killed a few as well, and even those fumbling Aurors at the Ministry had managed to capture one. Not that she stayed captured for long. Bellatrix had somehow managed to get one of those ministry louts to throw an Avada Kedavra at her. The last Severus had heard, the man was on trial for "assisting" her. Bella always did like to make grand exits.

Bellatrix had been the last witch among the Death Eaters, and her absence was felt among her male counterparts. True, these Revels did offer the enjoyment of Muggle women, even the occasional witch who had let her guard down, but nothing quite compared to a willing bedmate.

Wizards continued to pop into their places in the circle, but a large space to Severus's left stayed open. That was where the Dark Lord would stand. Severus lifted his chin with the pride of being Voldemort's right hand man. A man Apparated on the far side of the place their master would stand. He inclined his head toward his friend.

"Lucius."

Lucius' long blonde hair swung forward as he nodded back.

"Severus."

A final crack resounded as Voldemort appeared, clutching his wand in his fist.

"My Death Eaters," he intoned. "Tonight we welcome a new member to our circle!" Cheers broke out all around. The Dark Lord sneered.

"I begin the ceremony required to place the Dark Mark." Voldemort grabbed Lucius' arm, jabbing his slim wand into the tender flesh that bore the burning Mark. Each in the circle bared his own Mark and placed his wand to the Mark of the man to his left. Severus did not touch another with his wand. Their power would pool in him. He would be the one to draw the Mark on his new companion.

Voldemort nodded to Severus. Severus raised his wand to the sky and roared, *'MORSMORDRE!'* Green light and smoke shot from his wand and slithered into the sky to form the Dark Mark. Severus felt a rush of power through his body as he did each time he conjured the symbol of his master. His eyes slid closed in ecstasy. The man to his right removed his wand from Severus's arm, as did the others in the circle. The sound of light footsteps in the grass and dead leaves called his attention back to the matter at hand. Severus had a role to perform in this. A small figure in black robes and a crimson mask stood several paces behind the Dark Lord. A woman. A wicked grin split Severus's face. "One comes who wishes to serve our Great Lord." All of the other Death Eaters inclined their heads toward Voldemort. "If you will join us, enter the circle." Severus chuckled inwardly. If anyone ever chose not to join at this point, Severus was required to apply the Cruciatus, and even the Imperius. Sometimes he wished that more people got cold feet.

The witch glided into the circle, occupying the empty spot between Severus and Voldemort. She was so small. Her head came no higher than Severus's collar bone, even in the black stilettoes he spotted as she walked. Severus didn't know how women were able to walk in those, but he was glad that they did. Fiercely he grabbed her left arm and moved it in front of his body. Her glossy brown hair hung in long, soft waves down her back, and the violent jerk caused a lock of it to slip over her shoulder and hang between her breasts. Coffee coloured eyes glittered behind the blood red of the mask, locking with his own obsidian orbs. His eyes widened in recognition. Her lower lip was stained to match the crimson of her mask so well that he didn't even notice it until her pink tongue darted across it. She recognized him, too.

Lightly, he traced the shape of the Dark Mark onto the pale skin of her forearm with the tip of his wand. As he finished the serpentine shape and lifted his wand from her arm, he suddenly felt his own left arm begin to burn anew. Muted gasps told him that the other men felt the same thing. One step remained.

"You are His." He leaned in close to her and whispered into her ear. *You are mine.* He thrust his wand into the soft flesh of her arm sharply. She collapsed screaming and tried to pull her wrist from his grip. His long fingers held her firmly, though, and he watched in delight as the Mark slowly burned into her flesh, following the path he had traced with his wand.

When the Mark was finally complete, he dropped her arm. She cradled it close to her chest for a moment until Voldemort stepped forward and, grabbing her by her chestnut hair, pulled her to her feet. She looked even smaller next to the serpentine man, but held her head high. The Dark Lord sneered at her and tossed her into the middle of the circle.

"Welcome, Death Eater." Then he Disapparated. Snape had wondered in the past why Voldemort never stuck around for the Revels, but tonight he didn't waste time with the thought. He reached down and clamped his hand around her wrist, then dragged her to her feet. Smiling wickedly at the men around him, he wrapped his arm around her and Disapparated.

With a crack the two appeared in the sitting room of Number 12, Grimmauld Place. Snape approached Mrs. Black who was sleeping, her head drooping onto her chest. She mumbled in her sleep as Severus ran his finger along the frame once again. The portrait swung open, and Severus quickly conjured a suit under his robes. The robes came off, were folded and returned to the cupboard. The emerald followed. Finally he removed his mask and set it on top of the pile. He then turned to face the witch.

Her eyes twinkled behind the mask.

"Severus," she teased. "You keep it here? Right under their noses?" She laughed softly. A laugh rumbled deep in his chest, and his trademark eyebrow rose.

"You may keep yours here as well if you would like." He stretched a hand out toward her. She removed her robe, folded it and handed it to him along with the pin that held them closed. The pin was shaped like a feather... no, wait. He examined it more closely. It was a tiny quill. It suited her. He placed her things into the cupboard and turned to her once again. She lifted her hand to remove her mask, but his hand shot out to stop her.

"Normally, a new initiate to the Death Eaters is given quite a public and unpleasant welcome by each of the other members. You, however, I claimed as my own during the ceremony. It is something that has not been done since Lucius claimed Narcissa when he applied her Mark. It binds you to me. No other Death Eater may have you now."

Her eyes widened in surprise, then squinted in disbelief.

He grabbed her arm and turned it so they could clearly see the new Mark. He touched a small, vaguely star-shaped spot that was detached from the rest of the Mark.

"This spot is unique to your Mark. No other Death Eater has it included in theirs. It means that you are mine..." He pulled her toward him to hiss in her ear. "...Misssss Granger."

He pulled away from her, taking her mask with him. He placed her crimson mask atop his silver one and swung Mrs. Black back into place.

Hermione scowled at her former professor.

"I knew what would be required of me when I joined. I have not been a child, nor your student, for months. I do not need you to protect me."

"You think I am doing this to keep poor little Hermione safe? Quite the contrary, my dear. I claimed you because none of those sods deserves to look at you, let alone touch you. I claimed you to keep you to myself." He inched toward her face. "You are *not* safe with me, Miss Granger." She shivered at his words.

He pulled her roughly toward the fireplace where he drew the thin thread of a memory from his temple and let it sink into the end stone of the mantle. The silver flames roared to life, and he pulled her into them.

He released her wrist as they stepped out of the fireplace of his bedroom in the bowels of Hogwarts.

He watched as she studied the room. She went to the bookshelves and traced her fingers lightly along the spines, inhaling deeply the smell of old parchment, ink and leather. She noticed the bed and sauntered toward it, whispering, "I always knew it would be this way..."

His famous eyebrow rose again. She looked over her shoulder at him and smiled a small smile.

"Your room, Severus. When I was a student, I often imagined it just like this, smelling of books..." she inhaled deeply again, turning from him. "And the sheets. *knew* you were a silk sheet man..." She kicked off her heels and slowly lowered herself to sit on the silk-clad mattress. Her fingertips traced random patterns onto the sheets.

"I imagine most Death Eaters are." She looked up at him through her thick lashes. Severus knew that sometimes students fantasized about their teachers. Several Slytherins had approached him with propositions. He'd even bedded a few. But this was Hermione Granger, Hogwarts' Golden Girl, Potter's confidante, McGonagall's pet... Severus' fantasy. Whenever she opened her smart little mouth in his class, he wanted to cover it with his own, force his tongue into her mouth, hear her words melt into moans and whimpers. He had wanted her for seven years. And now here she sat, on his bed, admitting that she'd thought about him too. The Dark Mark stood out clearly on her light skin. Momentarily, he wondered what had driven her to become a Death Eater, but did not ask. He didn't really care.

A/N: Thank you to all who've reviewed my story. I have been asked for more of this story, and have been fiddling with the idea for a while now, but I've decided to leave "A Death Eater" a one-shot as I wrote it. Perhaps my muse will inspire me again soon, and a sequel will be written.