

# Confessions of a Death Eater

*by Perselus*

A retrospect of a love story through the eyes of a true Death Eater. A dark and evil Severus Snape.

## One-shot

*Chapter 1 of 1*

A retrospect of a love story through the eyes of a true Death Eater. A dark and evil Severus Snape.

**This story was entered in the Sycophant Hex: Spring Faire Festival under the General Story: Severus Snape: A true Death Eater?**

The criteria is below:

Summary: Write a story that assumes that Severus Snape is truly evil and has never given up working for Voldemort. The requirements for this entry are:

Rules:

1. The story must be from Snape's point of view showing his inner psychology and reasoning.
2. Develop a storyline that illustrates how Snape has never left Voldemort's service.
3. Include at least one original action that hints at Snape's true motive, but that can be interpreted by others in more than one way. (One classic example from canon is Snape threatening Quirrell while invisible Harry observes.)
4. Show a canon character assigning Snape a good or benign motive; show Snape gloating in private afterwards.
5. Include at least one reference to any canon incident showing Snape as a relatively good guy; have Snape recall the incident from his perspective, then describe his true, evil feelings and "real" motivation.
6. Show Snape's true thoughts on at least two major canon characters, and explain why he feels as he does about them.
7. Include the words "sycophant" and "hex" at least once within the challenge entry.
8. Show at least one incident of Snape carefully deceiving his romantic partner to maintain his cover (either Hermione in Ashwinder, or another canon character or the author's OFC in Occlumency).
9. Mention at least one hope or desire (again, from Snape's perspective) that he directly hopes to accomplish by making the choice for evil.
10. Show how Snape precisely hopes to get away with it all (i.e. what exactly are his plans?)

Notes:

1. Whether or not Snape gets away with it is up to the authors' discretion.
2. How his partner feels about his actions, if he does get exposed either through Voldemort winning, or being discovered by the Light, is up to the author.
3. All standard SH rules and posting guidelines apply.

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- CONFESSIONS OF A DEATH EATER

By: PERSELUS

A/N: I'm not really sure if I could call this fic dark, but it is definitely the first time I have done anything like this. It's probably as dark as I can go, but it's still a romance. Hope you all enjoy it! ;-)

PROLOGUE

The perception of the world and its inhabitants varies from one to another in many ways, shape and colors, or lack thereof. Is it a coincidence that this particular set of eyes sees the world as the latter? Black as its own color?

Black is the lack of any light, and it's how I, Severus Snape, see the world. It is the color of my soul: it consumes and embraces; it becomes me.

For some it's about evil and sadness. For me it's comfort, security and power.

Oh, I have heard it many times from Order members and from the Headmaster: *'Appearances are deceiving!'; 'Don't judge a book by its cover...';* or how Hagrid so eloquently put it, *"Professor Snape ain't what yeh think, good man, he is!"*

If they only knew that with me: what you see is what you get! But then again, I have worked hard to earn their trust. I had to grovel and beg, sometimes even accept the old fool's demands to save Potter's skin, when all I wanted was to end the little sod's arrogant existence. It would have been so easy... many times I had the chance to crush him without effort, knowing how unprepared and naive the boy was.

I knew better, though. I was told to wait, to let them feel confident and strong, to feed them wrong information. And so I waited, patiently. Not even when the Dark Lord was first defeated, did I lose hope or despair in any way. I knew it would just be a matter of time until my Master found his way back and then, only then, my time would come.

The power I so much longed to acquire, the possibilities to explore dark and new realms of magic, no limits, no holdbacks. There was so much that could be done without silly rules and useless morality; so many potions ingredients and Dark spells I had in mind to put to good use, and all we needed was to win this war.

The Dark Lord wanted to control the Ministry and make his own laws, laws that would only be able to exist in a world without Muggles.

I knew it was all beautiful in theory but, mad as the Dark Lord was, he wasn't aware of the impossibility of that happening. Looking at it realistically, we could use the Muggles to our advantage. It would be so much easier to enslave them. But, until that came about, we would indulge the Master by torturing and killing some of them. That was what Revels were all about. They were messy and disturbing at times, but I had to admit that, although useless, they proved to be great stress relievers. Just to see the fear in their eyes, and know that their lives were in my hands... at that moment I had the chance to control life, and it was exhilarating. It was powerful.

It was all part of being stronger and that was only a taste of what I could have, should we succeed.

Who cared how many would die in the process? I certainly didn't.

It had been too long since I cared for any life other than my own. Hell, I didn't even care if Muggle-borns lived or died! I never gave a rat's arse to the pure-blood rubbish!

Thank Merlin for my abilities at Occlumency. My Lord never discovered my true feelings regarding his cause. What mattered was that I wanted: power, recognition, and to be feared. I wanted to be respected the way I deserved. I would never be treated like that in a world where people like Dumbledore and Potter walked free.

That world never accepted me. I was born into a world of rejection and humiliation. This was all I knew from the beginning, and the only way I would feel worthy would be in a place where my darkness was accepted. The Dark Lord accepted me; he saw potential in me that no one else saw, not even my own family.

Yes, I was being used. I'm an intelligent man and knew that I was only a tool for the Dark Lord because I had more talent and abilities than others were aware of.

My Lord could see it where no one else had, and for that I will always be grateful; for that reason alone, I felt important. And, I would take all the advantage I could from this situation. I would do everything in my power to make certain my Lord would win this war.

What in the event of defeat? I had a plan ready. I would quietly play the dark and unappreciated hero, the one who made it possible for the boy who lived to succeed. I would be far from pleased, but I wouldn't go to Azkaban.

After all, in the end it was my skin I would ultimately save... above all else.

Pity that I learned later that there is no point in planning your life. There's always something in the way that will muck things up, and it can either be your undoing or the thing that will save your life.

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~ TEMPTATION ~

I caught myself watching her when she wasn't looking. If I had tried to analyze it back then, I would simply have attributed it to too much time without sex. The Revels did not always involve rape and to be honest, rape never gave me the same satisfaction as a willing partner.

The thought of trying to have an orgasm while a woman thrashes and screams like a banshee is not my idea of a good time. That would be Lucius' department. Even using the Imperius Curse wasn't that arousing. But it would do on a day like that, where the mere glimpse of a girl's calf would leave me harder than a rock.

Looking back, I know it wasn't the reason I was watching her, but I would never believe otherwise. Not then.

She was moving about, gathering her things. Too many books. The girl was always left behind after class ended and it gave me time to watch her arse flaunting, while she placed her books carefully in her bag. I asked myself numerous times if that was really her intention. Could the pride and joy of Gryffindor House be this cunning?

After that, I always had to relieve myself in my office, thinking of my cock buried deeply inside her. Mudblood bitch! She was nothing more than a distraction. Or so I thought.

That day, though, I had things to do in the library. There was a specific book I needed from the Restricted Section - all part of the research Dumbledore wanted me to do for their plan to enhance Potter's powers. I had a good idea of how I would go about it. It had taken me more than a year of research, and it would take more time and hard work to develop. Of course, in the end, I would expertly administer the wrong elixir to the boy, while the true potion would be hidden and eventually delivered to the Dark

Lord. No one would think of testing it or even contesting the validity of it. What Potter would drink would be no more than a Wit-Sharpening potion with the flavor modified to make it believable. And for that favor, my Lord would highly reward me.

As soon as she left, I went to my lab to prepare the cauldron and necessary ingredients for testing. That task took longer than I had anticipated, for I found my stock to be short in a couple of ingredients. After a trip to the Forbidden Forest, I made my way to the library. I assumed it was about dinnertime, a blessing to browse through the library without students around.

To my dismay, not all students were in the Great Hall. In a dark corner of the Restricted Section, I found her surrounded by tomes, completely unaware of my presence. She was so entranced with her reading that even if I had walked in front of her, she wouldn't have noticed me.

My long neglected hormones started to surface and I was suddenly overwhelmed with the feeling of her so near, alone in an empty library. I could take her right then and there and no one would ever know. An easily cast Memory Charm afterwards and have my needs would be sated. I debated on doing it for some seconds but gave up at the thought of Weasley and Potter walking in on us; it would ruin the trust I had such trouble building up, and it wouldn't be that easy to modify all their memories at once.

The damn girl was never alone for too long. In any case, I wouldn't make my presence known, not just yet. As if on cue, I heard the familiar voices of the boys, and had time only to hide behind a bookcase beside the Granger girl.

"Oi, Hermione! Are you still here?"

She gave out a long suffering sigh and stood up to make herself known to the two idiots. "You don't have to yell, Ron, this is a library!"

They followed the sound of her voice, into the Restricted Section. "There is no one here but you, Hermione. Even Pince had the common sense to leave for the night!" Weasley said.

"You know you shouldn't be here; you're not allowed in the Restricted Section. If any of the teachers find you here, I'll lose my Head Girl's privileges!" She had the hands on her hips in that bossy insufferable way of hers. "What do you want?"

"We were just worried about you; you never came to dinner," Potter said.

"I told you I had some studying to do here, I just lost track of time. Besides, I'm not hungry."

"Well, we didn't know that, did we? The last time I saw you, you were in Potions class. How do we know Snape didn't attack you and sucked all your blood or something?" the idiot Weasley said, waving his arms.

From the point where I was standing, I could only see her back and the two boys, but somehow I knew she was rolling her eyes. "I'm all right, alive and well, so go back to the common room and I'll be there in a while," she said shoving the boys out. "Aren't you two ever going to see Professor Snape as the brilliant man he is?"

"Let me see... no!" Potter joked.

"Harry, he's working on a potion to save you from being killed, risking his life in those godforsaken Death Eater meetings and you just can't see beyond the classroom, can you?"

"I don't trust him, and there's nothing you can say that will change my mind," Potter replied.

"Dumbledore trusts him! That's enough for me!"

"Oh there we go again, let's go Harry, before she starts defending You-Know-Who as a misunderstood man who can't discern what's right or wrong anymore!" Weasley had the back of his hand on his forehead, looking up dramatically, before Granger slapped his arm. The two sniggering boys left the library.

I could almost laugh out loud at her heated speech in my defense. Had I not enough self-control, I would have done so. The girl actually believed I was some sort of hero! I had no idea, and the irony of it all was that Weasley and Potter were right.

Dumbledore trusted me. That was enough reason for the naive silly girl to argue with her own friends over me. Indeed. The old fool believed that after I was treated like nothing more than a house-elf, while Black, Potter and Lupin got away with everything, even murder, I was going to come back to him and join his side willingly. Ha!

I will never forget the day I was almost attacked by that bloody werewolf; the horrible fear and desolation I felt will never leave my thoughts. No one even cared to ask me how I felt about what happened. All I wanted was to be hugged and protected. I was only a teenager, and even after going through a traumatic situation, no one thought I needed help. They were worried about poor little Sirius Black not being expelled.

I begged the Headmaster to do it, and all he told me was to keep quiet about the whole thing. They were never punished. Never. They were never punished after the humiliations I had to go through by the hands of the beloved Golden Gryffindors.

The old man was too self-centered and arrogant, typical Gryffindor, to see what the 'minority' in the school was going through. And that mistake enabled me to pretend I wanted to be on his side. After all, he would never know how much resentment I held within me, resentment that made it impossible for me to change.

Nothing would make me happier than to watch James Potter's son fall and along with him all the hypocrites that surround him, all the arrogant, selfish bastards that call themselves good and noble.

Oh, Granger... I could use her to my advantage in so many ways. It was tempting.

I watched as she came back to her books. She took her robes off and sat only clad in her skirt and white shirt. I could see as the skirt lift slightly, revealing her creamy white thighs. She wasn't muscular or too firm, not being much inclined to sportive activities. She was soft and round on the right places, not a gorgeous vision, but strangely attractive.

Before I could think, my hand was inside my pants, rubbing my length absently while I watched her round arse touching the back of the wooden chair. The sides of her thighs were being squeezed in between the slim slats of wood that lined the chair. She arched her back stretching her arms up, showing the curve of her back and exposing the form of her small breasts.

She reached one hand to pin her hair up without stopping her reading. I almost moaned as I saw her exposed neck, curly tendrils of brown hair falling wildly around it. My eyes never left her until I came, startling myself with my own climax, almost as if my body was working on its own accord, apart from my mind.

It was then that I knew I wanted her; that I needed to have her. It was a decision more than a realization. I would have her and, like everything else in my life, I would play the part to get it.

If I were to analyze it back then, I would be mortified at what I would find. That's probably why I didn't.

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~ POSSESSION ~

As I began working on the potion, I realized that I couldn't balance classes, grading, rounds and the research, to top it all. And I knew just what to do, although I wouldn't ask the Headmaster. I would do what I always do: I would make him think he was suggesting it.

"Severus, you are being too hard on the students lately." The old coot was idly stuffing himself with sugar coated lemon drops.

"That's hardly news, Albus!" The man was so easy to manipulate.

"Minerva is not happy with the points you take daily from her students, and this last week, I'm afraid, you are overdoing yourself, my boy."

"You know I'm under a lot of pressure... the meetings, the classes and the research take most of my time. The incompetent children do not help by melting cauldrons and endangering our lives with explosions!" I chose this moment to start pacing. I knew this would be a nice touch to show my tension with the situation.

"Perhaps you are in need of an assistant," Dumbledore said with his expected twinkling.

"Absolutely not! I will not have some dunderhead jeopardizing such an important project!"

The old man played with his beard deep in thought. "Not if the student excels in Potions, and not only is extremely competent, she is technically almost a member of the Order..."

"She?" I looked suspiciously at him, but smiling inwardly.

"Hermione Granger. She would be glad to help and, dare I say, maybe even improve what you have there." The smug smile on the Headmaster's face was disgusting.

I snorted. "Potter's little sidekick? You must be mad, Albus, I refuse to..."

The old man lifted one hand interrupting my outburst. "I advise you to look for her in the library. She will be ecstatic to learn the good news."

He smiled at me and nodded, putting an end to the conversation. As I left his office, I had a satisfying feeling. It was so easy; it almost hurt.

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And there she was, in the same spot I had found her that night.

It was Saturday and she was wearing her Muggle clothes. The pants hugged her body snugly, leaving very little to the imagination. I unconsciously licked my lips before I approached her.

She looked up at me a little surprised. I saw a spark of fear and uncertainty in her eyes, but I could read something else, as well. I was sure that if she had held her gaze longer, I would have known then what it was. But she looked down, awkwardly trying to look impassive at my scrutiny.

"Miss Granger, the Headmaster wanted me to inform you that you should start aiding me in the potion research I'm currently working on." I paused, hearing her gasp. Her emotions were confusing and difficult to sort, but I could tell she was a little elated to be the one chosen to work with me.

"Thank you, Professor Snape. I would be honored to help, is it 'the' potion?" she immediately asked.

"Don't mention things where you can be heard, silly girl!" I scowled at her and could see her flinch. "I certainly did not have a say in this, otherwise I would prefer to work alone without your inane questions. However, the Headmaster seems to think I need your help!"

"I am sorry, sir. I..."

"Spare me from your babbling," I said, waving my hand in dismissal. "Be in my office this afternoon at two o'clock. Do not waste my time by being late."

I left before she could utter a word.

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As the weeks went by, she managed to get around my lab as if she had used it for years. She learned quickly and performed the tasks efficiently. To my surprise, the incessant questioning never happened. She worked quietly and when asked her opinion, she gave it. I was quite impressed with her wit and intelligence, even if intimately I already knew that.

But, what I found more surprising was to discover she harbored more feelings other than admiration toward me. It would be so easy to seduce her. I even saw her watching me, many times, when she thought I wasn't looking.

Every chance she got, she would touch my arm or brush her fingers through mine. All I wanted was to throw her on the worktable and have her. But, I knew I had to be patient. She wasn't just any shag; she had more value than was good for her.

It was really a pity, she was a Mudblood and Potter's friend. Her company was agreeable, which for someone like me, said a lot. But it wouldn't do to keep her around. Not with the chances of her finding out where my loyalties lie.

That's why I would get into her knickers and gently let her go; of course, after I had used her abilities for my Lord's cause.

That night, she was cleaning the rest of the items in my lab when I felt the Dark Mark burn in my arm. She saw my reaction, and the concern that washed over her face was really touching. I instructed her to finish cleaning and close the lab before leaving.

She nodded and it seemed she wanted to say something, but nothing came out. I got my cloak and mask and left.

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I bowed and proceeded to the Dark Lord's side at his command.

The meetings were taking place in a huge manor. I had no idea who it belonged to, but it was a much more comfortable place to meet, especially on cool nights. It was very secluded, surrounded by the woods, with no road or path leading to the house.

"Severus, I was told you have Potter's Mudblood as an assistant?"

I didn't need to think hard to know who had informed him of Granger. Young Malfoy was clearly fazed that I had not asked him to assist me.

"Yes, my Lord, it was Dumbledore's idea."

"I see... this could be positive, after all. Keep her at arms length; she could be very useful in the future."

"Certainly, Master."

This was a new development, and I couldn't help but feel thankful for it. I wouldn't have to get rid of her for a long time, and I couldn't argue with that.

The meeting proceeded with the usual questioning on the Order's plans and plotting of new forms of attack. Before I could Apparate, Lucius accosted me outside the house.

"Severus, old boy, going already?"

"I see no reason to remain here when the meeting is over."

"Now, now, why so unsociable? Why don't you stay for the night? I miss our encounters..." Lucius pinned me to the wall as one hand slid down to cup me.

I grabbed his hand and shoved it aside. "Not today."

"Maybe you have more appetizing things back at Hogwarts. Are you fucking the Mudblood? How low can you sink?" the sneer was present in his voice.

I was used to Lucius' provocations and it never got to me as it did that night. The impending rage almost got the better of me; it would have been hard to explain why I had to hex a fellow Death Eater for calling Potter's sidekick a Mudblood. Truth be told, I wasn't even sure why myself.

Instead, I turned him against the wall, standing so close I could feel his raging erection on my leg. I held his arms up by the wrists and pressed my body on his, grinding slowly and firmly over his crotch. I could feel his breath hitch and get heavier. "Is this what you want, Lucius?"

The blonde man closed his eyes and panted. "Yes."

I lowered my face to his and captured his lips in a hard, aggressive kiss, letting go of his wrists. His hand immediately went to my buttocks, kneading them almost desperately. I looked at his face, his eyes opened to meet mine, glazed with desire and... CRACK!

I Apparated back to Hogwarts' grounds. I wish I could have seen his face. The problem was that my little revenge on Lucius left me with a need for release, and I would have to resort to my own company for that.

I dropped the wards to my chambers and decided that a bath would be a good idea, when I saw the light coming from my lab. It was odd. Granger never left any light or anything out of place.

I went inside to check, thinking she must have been really worried to forget to extinguish the lights, and then I saw it.

A mass of unruly brown hair was spread over the table, and her sleeping form rose up and down slowly in steady breathing. Her head was resting over her crossed arms, and her back was curved over the table. Such an uncomfortable position...

She had been waiting for me and fell asleep in the process.

I observed her for a while. "Miss Granger!"

She jumped and almost fell out of the stool. I laughed at her startled eyes, which only served to grow them even bigger.

"What are you still doing here, Miss Granger? I thought I had made myself clear..."

My words were interrupted by the air being knocked out of me, being crushed in a tight embrace.

"I'm so glad you're back; I was so worried, and I couldn't go before I knew you were all right." Her words came out rushed.

That was all it took for me to lose it: my throbbing erection, her sweet smell, her arms around my waist... The next thing I knew, I was acting on my more basic instincts.

My lips came crashing down on hers, dipping my tongue possessively inside her mouth. I felt as if I couldn't taste her enough. I needed to go deeper and more thoroughly. I had no idea if she was responding or not, and I really didn't care. All I wanted was to fulfill my needs at that moment. Everything was so fast that I found myself on the hard stone floor, tearing her clothes off with a passion.

All along, my mouth never left her body, kissing, biting and licking every bit of her. I was aware of her little cries, but I wasn't sure if they were cries of pain or desire. They sound so alike in the midst of it all. I plunged into her without ceremony and she cried; I could feel hot tears wetting my face as I sucked on her earlobe.

Her cries became more subdued, although they were there; they changed as the rhythm of my strokes increased. Interestingly enough, I could feel the spasm of her walls squeezing my length in a very distinct rhythm, becoming stronger and faster as my strokes. I came, feeling the sensation of her coming. She was enjoying it; I could not remember the last time I felt a woman squeezing me and joining me with so much passion.

As I slid off of her, I could see the blood coating my semi-hard cock. She looked spent and unsure of what to do next. She was a virgin and, judging by the way I took her, it was really surprising to think she enjoyed it.

After I steadied my breathing, I took one look at her. She was touching the streak of semen that was slowly sliding on the inside of her thigh. She felt the texture on her finger than brought it to her nose, sniffing. I could see her mind working overtime, analyzing it, and millions of questions seemed to be forming already.

She then brought the finger into her mouth, tasting it. Her eyes closed as she licked it. It was the most arousing scene I had ever had the chance to witness! I felt my cock begin to harden again, but it wouldn't do to take her again tonight. I did not want her to think I intended more than a simple shag. Or did I?

The confusion in my head was patent. I always had a calculated view of things, and I clearly defined every thought and feeling. I would not let it interfere with my plans, but my self control was starting to drain where this girl was concerned. It awed me to find that she wanted this, that she wasn't repulsed by it or myself. She hadn't screamed, or fought off my advances... she had not tried to run once I was done with her.

I would probably not need to Obliviate her, and that was unsettling. I felt safe and in control when I could predict one's reaction to me, and I was used to that pattern; it was something I could deal with. This Mudblood... I couldn't deal with that. I sneered, disgusted with my weakness and finally broke the silence.

"Are you in pain, Miss Granger?"

She looked at me shyly, averting my eyes. "A little sore, I suppose. I read that's normal in the first time."

"I'm sure you did." I stood up and went to my private storeroom, trying not to admit the admiration on her strength creeping in my mind.

I placed a phial with some healing potion on the table and, without a look back, I said, "Drink this and leave."

I went to my chambers and tried to push back the unknown feeling that was rising in me, like bile caught in my throat.

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~ REALIZATION ~

The days that followed that episode only served to confuse me even further. Instead of being afraid of me, the girl worked quietly and was clearly more relaxed in my presence. I could not fathom why she would enjoy spending her time with a man who had practically raped her without so much as word to her.

And more confusing was my longing for those moments, as well. She would sometimes talk of her ideas to improve the potion and, although they were good, I responded to her tersely. She didn't seem to mind; I could see the corners of her mouth turn slightly up.

Now I realize she must have been more sure of what was going through my mind than I was. It was almost like she could sense everything I felt without so much as an ounce of effort. It was most disturbing, and I vowed to never let her take over my life. I could not afford being found out.

At the end of each night, she would quietly finish her chores and undress with a swish of her wand, bravely showing her nude body to me. The few traces of the shy girl were gone. She was curious and analytical, not refusing to experiment and many times initiating things, commenting on something she'd read. I would laugh at her attitude, treating everything as a study project.

Those little things angered me in a way. I remembered a part of myself, a part that was once naive and expectant of the world. That part of me was dead long ago, and I couldn't stand the idea of it. I had to stop it, to make her see the world as it was: unfair and painful.

That's why I never was gentle; I did not care for her pain, and I didn't want her to care for mine. Her adoring eyes and the worry she expressed every time she thought I'd be endangered only served to bring more rage into my being. She was a reminder of the paths I did not choose; a reminder of feelings I didn't dare have for anyone, ever again.

But she wouldn't budge to my scathing comments or my roughness in sex. She would welcome all of me, unconditionally, with the conviction of a true Gryffindor. I would dismiss her every night, treating her like a whore. And she would go without question.

I used to destroy every object I found in front of me after she left, but the feelings that consumed me wouldn't go away.

At the revels, the Dark Lord was pleased to see my thirst for blood increasing. I would kill and even rape and do it repeatedly and mercilessly, almost desperately. And I still couldn't suppress the growing uneasiness in my heart.

At some point, I'm not sure when, I started to care: care for her thoughts of me; care if she left; care if she got hurt. I hated it and I hated her! She was weakness; she was a nuisance. She was nothing more than a Mudblood who had no idea of the magic she could possess if she joined the Dark Side.

Yet, her brilliant mind and her talents were too great to be spoiled like that. I wanted her to know what the darkness meant to me; I wanted her to be mine. Not only sexually. I wanted her to be part of my life as the darkness was. She was part of my comfort; she was natural to my being; and, when I realized that, it was too late to turn back.

If there was the possibility of love in the emptiness of what my life had become, she was the reason for it and, if I couldn't stop it, I would bring her down with me.

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The year came to an end, and Hermione moved in with me. We broke the news to the Headmaster right after she graduated.

He didn't seem surprised, but that was how he reacted to most everything. Like me, he had the ability to school his features to not show his true feelings. That gave the impression of omnipotence. It was his way to impose his authority with a smile, making sure we got the message that he knew everything.

But he didn't; there was so much he did not see under his own nose.

The Order meetings now had Potter, Weasley and Hermione present as full members. Hermione was enthusiastic, and her strategic ideas were a great asset; pity we couldn't use her for the Dark Lord's purposes, if only, of course, indirectly.

There were many times when I found myself wishing to tell her how wonderful things could be if the Dark Lord were to rule our world. But I knew her convictions were too strong and her loyalty to her friends was never going to change.

I only hoped that by the time this was all over, and my Lord won this war, she would accept my protection, under the idea I was a dual agent pretending to be on my Lord's side to save our lives. She would soon get used to our ways, and she would become one of us. I'm sure the Dark Lord would concede me this favor, sparing her life for my services to him.

My reverie was interrupted by Moody's rough voice. "Corrupting more young ones, Snape?"

"I'm not sure I know what you mean."

"You never fooled me and never will; I have both my eyes on you. Remember that, Snape," he spat. "I can see how perfect it would be for you to use a young girl like Hermione to your Lord's advantages. She's Harry Potter's best friend!"

"Now, Moody, you have to stop harassing Severus, here." Lupin cut in, placing one hand on my shoulder. "He's been risking a lot for us."

"All I know is that Sirius was right about you sucking up to Malfoy like his lap dog!"

"The only dog here got himself killed for plain stupidity!" I said calmly.

"You Sycophant bastard! You will always be on both sides, pleasing two masters; whoever wins gets your loyalty, isn't that right?" Moody lifted his wand in my direction, making me hold on mine simultaneously. Lupin saw the row about to start and squeezed my shoulder, gently pulling me back.

I took a step back, ridding myself from the touch of the Werewolf's hand. They started discussing my usefulness; I barely watched the two idiots, not paying much attention to what they were saying. I couldn't wait to kill both of them. Many times I imagined the day I would torture the Auror to death, slowly and painfully.

It was scum like him that made our world the shameful place it was. I had a very different opinion about what tainted the magical world. It wasn't the Muggle-borns or half-bloods. My Lord was the most powerful wizard to ever grace our lives and he was a half-blood. It goes without saying that this subject, as well as my own vision of it all, should never be mentioned.

Ideally, if we could all choose, of course we would prefer to be surrounded by pure-bloods, but magic didn't depend on blood; it was all about talent, strength and attitude. The Dark Lord was living proof of that. It was pure-bloods like Moody and abominations like Lupin that made this world a mockery of what Wizardry should really be. They, in my opinion, were the ones to be exterminated and, if it were left up to me, they would be.

In my view of things, it was all a question of choice. I see flaws on both sides, but I chose the side that would bring me more advantages. If Hermione could apply her logical sense to this subject, without being a Gryffindor and mixing her emotions into the big picture, she would clearly see why it makes sense to support the Dark Lord.

I won't deny our differences regarding violence and life. I can kill and destroy as much as I can love and care. I do not have a conscience when it comes to achieving my goals. That's who I am. She is not as selfish and ambitious as I am, but I can see where that would turn out to work in my favor in the end. Her loyalty would always be useful.

By that time, my patience was growing considerably short. I heard bits of their comments as I walked through the crowd of Order members.

*"I think it's sick, if you ask me. He's old enough to be her father..."*

Indeed I am, and I find it highly erotic, the idea of a young woman who was a child not long ago, aching with desire while I plunge into her. There's nothing more arousing.

*"Hermione knows what she wants; I'm sure she can make her own decisions..."*

Even if she couldn't, I'm sure I would persuade her and, like Moody likes to say, corrupt her.

I needed to leave, and she was the only thing keeping me there. Our eyes met; it never ceased to amaze me the way those eyes lit up every time they saw me. Would she look at me the same way if she knew the truth?

I avoided that thought as much as I could, not because I was ashamed of my true nature, but because I feared that it would drive her away. Did she realize how she was ruining everything I had idealized for myself?

=====

~ DECEPTION ~

The potion was done.

It had been almost another year, and the day when this would be all over was drawing near. I checked the clear blue liquid simmering slowly and almost ready for bottling.

Hermione couldn't be more pleased that we were responsible for what would save the world. In my opinion it would and for the better, but she didn't need to know, she need never know.

Her arms embraced me from behind; I had long ago changed my attitude toward her. I was still impatient and sarcastic. I still loved to have sex in the heat of the moment, passionately and mindlessly, but what had changed was that I did care if she was enjoying it; I wanted her to feel what I felt. And I considered myself lucky that she matched the raw passion that consumed me. Who would have thought an inexperienced girl like her would be able to accept my version of love and pleasure? She never once complained and, to the others, she seemed like a quiet and collected young woman. Had it been my fault? Had I corrupted her?

We probably will never know who corrupted whom. We had fused our minds and bodies into acceptance. There was never a fight for wills or a disagreement when it came to our intimacy.

I pushed her on the work table; she fell lying on her stomach, while I lifted her robes up and we fucked heatedly. We both had worked the entire night and morning on that potion and we needed it. It was blissful. Who could know that in just a few days, things would get so complicated?

=====

Diagon Alley was overflowing with wizards and witches preparing for the Christmas season. Hermione had a long list of gifts, which proved to be longer than I had thought. Seeing how that would take a long time, I decided to go get provisions for my storeroom, and run some errands at Knockturn Alley. We agreed to meet at Florean Fortescue's at the end of the afternoon.

After leaving the apothecary and making sure they would owl the packages to Hogwarts, I quickly made my way to Knockturn Alley for a little check on a very rare item I had ordered. The thing was, the owner of the store knew why and where we would be using it, although there was not another way to get it, and I had been told to eliminate any chance of the careless idiot babbling about Death Eaters' activities.

The way I'd do it didn't matter. The Dark Lord wanted it done.

*"Be creative, Severus. I'm sure you can have some fun while working."*

I chuckled bringing some odd looks from passersby. Yes, fun I would have.

The owner was about my age, long hazel hair and dark blue eyes. It would be a shame to have him gone; he looked like a great fuck. I wondered if there was enough time...

"Welcome back, Mr. Snape. I have something for you." The man smirked, showing the way to the back of the store.

"Do you?" I said silkily to his ear as I passed him, quickly entering the back door.

The Amulet in question was very valuable, but its use would vary from owner to owner. The Dark Lord had his eye on it for a long time, and it wouldn't do to have any of the Order members receiving word that the Dark Lord owned it.

The hazel-haired man held it dangling from a leather cord. I closed my hand over his, taking the amulet, but let one finger linger over his palm.

"Perhaps we can discuss the price, now..." I said, pushing a strand of his hair over one shoulder.

"What do you suggest?" The man asked closing the gap between our bodies.

I pulled him even closer and, while I slid the amulet in one pocket of my robes, he kissed me. It was a lingering deep kiss, not as demanding as Lucius' or other men I had tasted. He was almost as subtle as a woman. The thought made smile, but I soon forgot it, giving way to the feeling his tongue was causing me. Without a word, the man dropped on his knees and swallowed my cock, eagerly; I closed my eyes, grinding absent-mindedly, enjoying the rapid build up that he was giving me. Little did he know that he was really helping me get rid of him sooner.

I growled as I felt my cock pulsating, begging for release. I wanted to fuck him, it was a matter of being in control; I wanted him at my mercy, that's what I needed to see. With that in mind, I pulled him up by the hair and kissed him thoroughly. I could still taste myself in his mouth and I turned him around, much the same way I had done with Hermione on the worktable, and lowering his trousers, I buried my length hard and fast inside him.

My release was almost immediate, spilling into him. Bending over to reach his ear, I said, "I was right, you are a great fuck."

He smirked, still panting under my body. And in the same position, I whispered, *"Avada Kedavra!"*

My wand touched his forehead and the green light enveloped his body as I pulled my member out of him. He still had that smirk on his face. I would have laughed at the idiot's expression if it wasn't for the distinct noise of a door opening.

"Severus? Are you in there?" Hermione's voice was coming from the front of the shop, but I could hear her footsteps approaching the back.

I only just had time to stand in the doorway, blocking her vision of the body behind me.

"What are you doing here? I saw you coming this way and I called out, but you didn't hear me. Once I entered Knockturn Alley, I lost sight of you. I had to go from shop to shop..." She frowned at my hard breathing. "Are you all right? Why did you come this way?"

I did my best to look annoyed. "Will you quit with the inquiry? I'll tell you all about it once we leave this place."

I put my arms around her and we quickly left the store, Apparating back to my family's Manor.

Hermione loved my house, and it was a good way to distract her. "Why don't we go to the library; we can ask the house-elves for some tea and..."

"You are not going to distract me with books, Severus." She crossed her arms and waited for an explanation.

So much for living with a brilliant woman. "I didn't want to frighten you with these matters, you seemed to be having such a joyous day," I said, kissing her and steering her to a nearby chair.

"What could you possibly need from that place? Harry said..."

"Potter doesn't know anything! And if you insist, I was following a Death Eater. I wanted to know what he was up to. I lost track of him once I got in that shop. I think he must have noticed and Apparated somewhere."

"I see, and why didn't you say it in the first place? We have to tell Dumbledore." She was standing up when I stopped her.

"We have nothing, I can't bother the Headmaster every time I see something suspicious. I will need to investigate further!" She furrowed her eyebrows and finally nodded.

It was a close one, and I can't say it ended there. It seems to me that once you let something slip, things just go downhill from there.

=====

That night, when the Dark Mark burned, I already knew the Dark Lord was aware I had Amulet and wanted to see me. I kissed Hermione's sleeping form and left her a note in case she woke up.

My Lord was very pleased with the way I'd handled things, and I was able to leave early. Before going, I followed Bellatrix to her chambers at the manor. Her bedroom was close enough to the Dark Lord's in case he needed her services.

"Do we need to go over the plan once more?" I asked watching as she disrobed.

"No need; I know exactly what to do and you'll be there to help me, won't you?"

I watched as she climbed the bed and spread her legs invitingly.

"Care for a taste, love?"

"You know I can never refuse you, my dear." By the time I finished my sentence, I was burying my face in her folds. Bella was always delectable; not quite as good as Hermione, I now realized, but she always managed to give us all a good time. Although it's beyond me how she could manage to bed the Dark Lord, it was a good thing she never felt disgusted by anything.

After I left her chambers, feeling visibly relaxed, I passed the main room where the other Death Eaters were lazing around. They had brought a family of Muggles in and were about to torture the woman. I debated if I should stay and join them, but the thought of still having to report to the Headmaster made me decide to return.

Hermione was waiting for me in the sitting room when I returned to the Manor.

"Thank Merlin, Severus! I will never get used to this!"

"Hopefully it will be over soon," I answered ridding myself of the cloak.

"Are you going to report to Albus?"

"Yes, but I won't be long. Go to bed; you look tired." She kissed me softly and made her way to the bedroom.

I took that opportunity to get my Pensieve in the library and get rid of some of the memories of the day. Dumbledore trusted me, but it was always good to keep any memory out of the old man's reach.

As I placed my Pensieve back in its hidden place, I heard a noise by the library's entrance. I quickly checked, but there was nothing there. Looking in the bedroom, I found Hermione already asleep. I thought nothing more of it; after all, I wanted to get this meeting with Dumbledore over with.

The night seemed to be dragging slowly, making me eager to get back to Hermione and sleep. Pity, that sleeping would be the last thing I would do for the remainder of the weekend.

The vision that met my eyes as I walked out the fireplace was one of a pale faced Hermione sitting behind a bowl of silvery light.

=====

I should have known. Hermione was too smart to be deceived. I knew she would be suspicious, and yet I had not trusted my instincts. She had been watching me as I placed my memories in the Pensieve. And she had seen them, as well as memories that I had long ago left there. Old ones, meaningful ones. Everything that I had done and could incriminate me as a traitor was there.

I failed again. Potter had caught my weakness first hand, and I went and commit the most unforgivable mistake a spy could do. I left information, lying around, unwarded.

It's funny how they say that the truth will set you free. It certainly wouldn't in my case, but it was a relief at the same time. She knew who I really was, and I wondered what she felt as she watched the real Severus Snape as a young man, laughing out loud at the corpse of James. Kicking his lifeless body while the Dark Lord got rid of Lily and Harry upstairs.

The way the real me cried real tears at the sight of my Lord dead, having to hide from the Aurors and other Order members as they arrived. To go stand near Dumbledore and pretend I was happy with the victory of the Light.

Was she disappointed when she saw me giving the sign for Lucius and the others to go to the Ministry wait for Potter? Then wait longer than necessary to let the Order members find out, when it was too late.

What went through her mind when she watched me having fits of laughter at Bellatrix's story on how she killed Sirius Black?

Did she cry when I was torturing mere teenagers and rejoicing at their pain and agony? I wonder if she could still desire me after seeing me raping and indulging in orgies with women and men. What would be her thoughts after watching me and Lucius and further more, the guy I had just killed earlier that day?

Could she understand how a man like me could hardly smile at anything yet show so much mirth at the suffering of others?

Did she realize I wasn't some misguided soul in need of love and attention; that I have enjoyed it all, and given the chance, I would do it all over again?

I'm afraid I will never know. I can guess her feelings, her internal turmoil, but I will never hear it from her. I don't think I want to, either.

Her voice was cold and strangely calm. "Why?"

"I don't know how to answer that, Hermione."

She simply nodded. The silence was finally broken by the ruffle of her nightgown as she stood up and went directly to the fireplace. When she reached for a handful of flu



powder, I held her wrist. She stilled her movements but didn't look back at me. "Hermione, I won't stop you from doing whatever you have in mind. I can only say that I did what I had to do and this is who I am. That can not change.

"I've come to care about you despite our different beliefs, and while I can't ask you to conceal this information, I will tell you that I will fight for what I believe regardless of what you do, as I'm sure you will for your own. I can promise one thing, and that's the only thing I'm sure of. I will never hurt you."

She snorted, shaking her head. "There are several ways to inflict pain, Severus. I am not bleeding or visibly abused, but I can't begin to describe how much you have hurt me today."

She yanked her arm away and disappeared into the green flames.

=====

~ SURPRISE ~

The days before the battle were quiet ones. She did not attempt to talk to me nor did anyone give any indication of knowing about my true loyalty. I have to concede her that. Her Gryffindor nobility was appallingly strong.

On Christmas morning, I let Bellatrix in through the dungeons and she performed her task as planned. Ginny Weasley was kidnapped from her bed and taken to the Manor that was now the Dark Lord's headquarters. An owl arrived exactly at eight o'clock with a note to Potter.

It was simple and efficient. The boy's love interest would be enough to lure him to the right place. The Aurors and Order members would follow Potter in what, hopefully, would be his death.

I would use my double cover to remain hidden and indefinite as to who I was supporting. I tried to catch a glimpse of Hermione and wished she would be out of it, but it wasn't long before I saw her join Weasley and Potter.

I can't really tell what happened during the hours that followed. I was doing my best to eliminate any Auror I could find, and I almost had Lupin in my line of vision. As I rounded to the back, through the woods, I caught a glimpse of Moody trying to sneak through a window. He was probably trying to get to the Weasley girl while the others were fighting upstairs.

With my wand at the ready, I called out to him. "Going somewhere?"

With his magical eye, the old Auror did not need to turn to see who I was. "Lower that wand, Snape!"

I barked a laugh and in a mocking tone, I said, "Oh and why do you think I would do that?"

"I knew you were on their side all along, you despicable bat!" he turned back to me, triumph and anger clearly written on his ugly face.

"Indeed. That may have been the only thing you got right in your life. Pity. I don't think I have much time to torture as I wanted." I saw him look sideways for a means of escape as his hand squeezed his wand, ready to attack.

Before he could open his mouth I was yelling the Killing Curse, only lowering my wand as his body found the ground.

"*Expelliarmus!*" a familiar voice exclaimed behind. My wand immediately flew to her hand. "Turn around, Snape!"

I found myself staring at Tonks in all her pink glory.

"If someone had told me, I would never have believed it. You... I-we all trusted you!"

"Why don't you kill me, then?" I heard my voice saying in resignation. I knew there was no escape for me this time. She had my wand; it was hopeless. My eyes searched the ground for any sign of Moody's wand but it was nowhere to be found.

"No, I will bring you to justice; you will be sent to Azkaban and everyone will know who you are!"

I shook my head. "I would rather kill myself and that's what I will do." I attempted to run.

"I'll make sure you won't. *Locomotor Mortis!*" My legs were bound and I fell on my back. My chances of running and being hit with a fatal curse were gone.

She yelled. "Kingsley! I need back up!"

And then it happened. Her lips parted to call out Kingsley again but stopped, her expression frozen.

"*Avada Kedavra!*" The green light surrounded Tonk's pink hair and time seemed to go in slow motion as her body fell to the ground, revealing Hermione right behind her, her hands shaking as she dropped the wand on the ground. Moody's wand.

The girl had the presence of mind not to use her own wand with an Unforgivable.

I had lost the ability to speak by then. She dropped to her knees and buried her face in her hands, crying helplessly. I wanted to reach for her but I couldn't get up.

Kingsley arrived at the scene. After he released the spell on my legs, I told him how two Death Eaters attacked Tonks and Moody as they were trying to unbind Hermione and myself. When they heard the others coming, they ran into the woods. The story was even more convincing with the sight of Hermione crying over Tonks' body.

I tried to get Hermione up but she wouldn't let me touch her. Screaming was heard and I could hear the voices of other Aurors yelling the words: "Victory!"

"Potter killed him!"

"We're free!"

In the middle of the confusion, no one noticed Hermione's retreating form, leaving everyone to their celebration.

Again we had something in common. Neither of us was in the mood to celebrate.

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## EPILOGUE

I went back to my sad excuse for life as a Potions master at Hogwarts. To say I was disappointed with the outcome was an understatement. I was prepared for any outcome, deep down, I despised the feeling of defeat as much as I despised Potter.

Potter won the war. The Dark Lord was vanquished despite the use of the amulet and the potion. His body did not accept the enhancing powers both items combined could bring. My guess was that because he wasn't alive to begin with, the life magic ceased to exist as it came in contact with his inhuman body and the cold blood running

through his veins.

Lucius and most Death Eaters were killed at the battle. While the rest were sent to Azkaban and sentenced with the Kiss.

Hermione and I were each awarded an Order of Merlin, Second Class, for working indirectly to defeat the Dark Lord. She wasn't present at the ceremony with the excuse of health reasons. By now I knew exactly how her mind worked. She didn't think herself worthy of any award and neither did I, but as I said before, I never had a conscience.

I was glad to be alive and at least maintain my freedom. Would I ever enjoy my actual situation and those around me? Of course I would not. There was very little that could please me nowadays. I missed the Revels and the feeling that I could do anything I wanted. The promise of unlimited control... But, I had to do whatever was necessary to ensure my survival.

What really bothered me, though, was that I missed her. It was a hateful feeling, a powerful one but hateful. And those two months after the war was over were the hardest ones I ever had to endure. Not because I felt guilty or regretful. I just couldn't stand the lack of her! I was not well equipped for such emotion, and there were moments I wished I could go out on a killing rage, even if I knew that it would no longer bring the satisfaction I was craving.

No, it wasn't just the sex. I ... enjoyed her company.

Closing the book I wasn't reading, I murmured a quiet Nox to extinguish the lights and lay in bed, trying to welcome some much-needed sleep, but it was something rare these days. After a long hour, I heard soft footsteps on my rug. I went for my wand and whispered, "*Lumos.*"

And there she was, naked, standing in my chambers doorway. I thought I was having some pathetic dream but, as she came closer, she looked very real. I lifted the covers, welcoming her in my bed. She climbed in and snuggled her head under my chin. She never said a word and for the first time in two months, I slept like a baby.

=====

Things went back to normalcy in our lives. I still haunted the dungeons, Hermione started working as the new Arithmancy teacher, and it was like nothing had ever happened. She never talked about the events leading to the war or after, and the fear I had of never seeing those adoring eyes again was gone. I still could see her eyes light up as I walked into a room and the smile I grew so fond of.

I wonder at times if she thinks of those things, or even if she still feels guilty about her actions, but if she does, she never shows it. In some instances, I've caught her staring in the distance with an unreadable expression, but once she sees me it goes away, making me question if it was even there. I believe that for her, if she pretends things aren't there, they can't really bother her.

I can say that in this particular department of my life, I am a happy man, not happy as many define the word, but happy in my own terms. She accepts me, the whole package, no questions asked. I accept her more than I could accept anyone in my life.

You may ask yourself: Is a Death Eater capable of love?

Yes.

Can a Death Eater be loved?

Unbelievably, yes. Hermione proved that possible.

Can a Death Eater ever change?

No.

THE END

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A/N: I want to thank everyone for reading. Although I had fun writing evil Snape, I want to make it clear that I do NOT believe he is evil.

Thanks to Nakhsh for beta-reading.

Susan for her always helpful advices and honest opinion ;-)

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