

# Life Debt Repaid

by beaweasley2

Severus is a Potions master, quite capable at nonverbal spells, Voldemort's potions brewer... Yet he lays dying in the Shrieking Shack because he is too weak to administer his potions to himself. What a lousy way to go. If only someone knew his whereabouts, someone who could help him.

## Only Chapter

Chapter 1 of 1

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*This was actually written for my beta, Southern\_Witch\_69, as a get well and thank you drabble card. I wrote this little drabble to make her smile as much as her kindness and support has made me smile. Therefore, as they say in all get well cards... I hope you're feeling better soon. :D*

*The Life Debt Repaid*

"Severus."

*Sanguis insum corporalis*

"Minta, my essence of Dittany quickly."

*Dittany? I'm beyond Dittany. Captus Contentum. Smoke. The putrid smell of searing flesh and Dittany. Didn't I just say I was beyond essence of Dittany?*

"Severus, open your eyes; if you can hear me, open your eyes."

*Quiet woman and let me concentrate. Woman? Who would...?*

"Please, Severus, open your eyes, move your fingers, anything. Please give me a sign you can hear me."

*Of course I can hear you, you imbecile. I'm dying – not deaf. I have to stop the bleeding, keep my blood within me. Intus Conceptum... Arteriae Conceptum, Venas Conceptum.*

"Severus, drink."

*Captus Conceptum. I can't! I have to stop the bleeding. I can't cast my spells and drink at the same time. Someone was lifting his head and it hurt. Gods, it hurts... A small amount of potion was poured into his mouth, and he had to swallow it or it would go into his lungs. Pain Potion. Thank you.*

"Severus, please. Don't fight me. Open your mouth."

She was tilting his head back, and the wound on his neck throbbed even more, but he gratefully accepted more of the Pain Potion. *Her voice – do I know that voice? Too soft – can't tell by her whisper. I feel hair brushing my face, long, silky hair that smells slightly of bergamot and roses. I know only one woman that wears that scent... But surely she wouldn't be here. Not in here.*

"Severus, trust me, please. I don't have time. He will call for me and I will have to go. My house-elf here will take you home, but you must live, Severus. I would pay my debt to you."

Narcissa? He couldn't speak; he could barely move. He felt so weak. *Blood loss, it can't be Nagini's venom; I've built up antibodies to the poison in her venom.* "The anti-venom..." *is in my hand, Narcissa...*

"Severus, the anti-venom, where? A pocket?" she asks, concern and worry in her soft whisper.

I open my hand or thought I had. Tiny fingers and small hands pat my pockets. Tiny fingers pry open my fist, and I hear a muffled excited squeak beside me. *The elf?*

"Is this it, Severus, the black vial?" she asks.

Yes. I cannot answer. *Yes, that's the potion.* I cannot nod. I feel her tip my head back again, but the pain in my neck isn't as torturous as before. The gentle fingers try to open my mouth again, and I feel the vial at my lips. I drink as she carefully pours the potion into my mouth. *I will live. I'm going to live.*

The sharp hiss beside tells me that she's been summoned. Her time is up. I hear her rise, and I cannot tell her of my gratitude. I hear her steps just before a tugging sensation pulls at me, crushing and squeezing me as if through a straw.

Then blackness.

"Severus."

*Gods the pain.*

"Severus, open your eyes."

*Narcissa, is that you?*

"Severus, can you feel my hand? Can you squeeze my hand?"

I try to open my eyes, but the light hurts. I try to curl my fingers, but I cannot feel them.

"Good, Severus," she said, and I can hear her smile in her voice.

I try again to open my eyes, and the room comes into focus. Narcissa is sitting on my bed, and the light from the windows makes her look ethereal. I'm in her home. The soft, pale gold bed hangings behind her and the luxurious sheets covering me could be nowhere else. *I'm in Malfoy Manor in one of the guest suites.*

"Welcome, back my friend. Are you hungry?" she asks, smiling warmly at me.

"Famished," I mangle to say, though my voice is scratchy and not like my own.

"Then by all means, feed him, Narcissa," Lucius said, coming into my line of view. "Hello, my friend. Welcome back. Merlin, do we have quite a bit to tell you. But supper first – then we'll talk."

Author's Notes:

As always, my love and gratitude to you, Southern\_Witch\_69. I hope you liked your little get well drabble. Thank you for being there for me.

The Latin Severus says is:

Captus means: to take in, hold, contain, keep in

Contentum means: to hold together, keep together; to connect, join; to keep in

Intus means: within, inside

Conceptum means: to take completely in, absorb; of fluids - to suck in

Arteriae Means: a blood vessel, artery

Venas means: a blood vessel, vein,

The original prompt was: #3. Severus is a Potions master, quite capable at nonverbal spells, Voldemort's potions brewer... Snape had the anti-venom on him. He had used Nagini's venom in many potions, so clever, cunning Snape built up antibodies to the poison. Only he's too weak (blood loss from the bite) to give it to himself... Who finds Snape and helps him?