

Better Than Cruciatus

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Snape has a working vacation that shows him that torture is not just reserved to spells.

One-shot Story

Chapter 1 of 1

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Thanks to my lovely beta, XXX. You know who you are. You may not want to read this while eating, drinking, or operating heavy machinery because you may have an accident.

Severus looked around himself and groaned. This **had** to be a nightmare. There was no other explanation that made sense. Albus *really* couldn't have sent him here, could he? But he pinched himself over and over again until he was certain that he had bruises all over himself.

His mind went back to the conversation that they'd had earlier that day.

"Severus, I have a special assignment for you. Azkaban is getting to be too crowded, so the Ministry is trying something new. They have found a way to temporarily strip known criminals of their powers, and once they are stripped of their powers, they are sent for reconditioning."

Somewhere in the back of the mind, something had told him to ask for more information. He should have. That was his own fault. And now he was paying for it. But he had trusted Albus. Again, a mistake, knowing the man's quirks.

"I need you to go and oversee the project and to report back to me on how things are going. Those who have done commendably and are ready to enter our society again will be rewarded with the return of their powers." Albus studied Severus thoughtfully. "It would do you good to have a holiday anyway, and I believe that you will enjoy this place."

In retrospect, the twinkle in Albus' eyes should have sent warning signals to his brain.

"Oh, and one other thing. You will want to buy some new clothes. The climate of this place is not conducive to black clothing and wool."

Severus looked down at his attire, which he had been assured was 'proper' for the climate. His bony knees hung out of short pants, which left him much too exposed. Even worse was the shirt that he wore – a flowered shirt, which which seemed more like something Albus would wear.

He had plenty of money with him, and Albus had encouraged him to get better acquainted with his surroundings, so he had decided to make the most of it and check out one of the attractions. It had seemed innocent enough at the time, but now all he wanted to do was to Disapparate out of there and *Obliviate* himself to rid himself of the memory.

When he got to the end, he noticed Bellatrix Lestrange standing there, working the controls. Their eyes met, and what he saw in hers was a madness above anything he'd

seen there before.

"Please kill me," she pleaded quietly.

For a moment, Severus considered it. For this was beyond torture. This could drive anyone to madness.

"I will see what I can do about getting you transferred," he promised.

As he exited the boat and walked away, he could still hear the song in his head.

It's a small world after all.

It's a small world after all.

It's a small world after all.

It's a small, small world.

No wonder Bellatrix Lestrange begged for death. This ride was a better punishment than the Cruciatus Curse.

The Ministry was truly full of sick people

I chose Prompt 50. Vacation!Snape! Put him on holiday -- on a beach, on Antarctica, on a plane (or two, or three)! It can be gen, het, or slash, but I would love to see what would happen if he met someone from his past...