

The Man With The Golden Wand

by black spot

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: If JKR could possibly publish more often and let the rest of us Muggles have her background notes, we wouldn't have to stoop to such levels of desperate imaginations. Also many apologies to Ian Fleming, who without giving us Bond, I would never, have dreamed up such a shameless idea.

A/N. Spiculum argenteum is the Latin equivalent to martini, according to The Complete Latin for All Occasions. For the purposes of this story Professor McGonagall is head honcho. Oh, and Hogwarts now has a university department for post N.E.W.T studies.

THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN WAND

In a secret wing at Hogwarts, unknown to the body of students attending the school, the Ministry of Magic had installed its top-secret headquarters. Various members of staff had been working covertly for years against Dark Wizards. This department was completely separate from the Auror's department, which was totally unaware of the Hogwarts connection.

"Please do not touch that," yelled Dumbledore, grabbing the pebble from Snape. "If you drop that, it explodes. See?" He tossed it at the head of a cardboard wizard, decapitating it.

Snape picked up a few of the pebbles and surreptitiously placed them carefully in various pockets.

"This is what you want to see," said Dumbledore, beaming. He walked over to a cabinet and opened the doors. Pulling out one of the smaller boxes stashed there, he caressed it before reluctantly placing it on a table near Snape. "It has taken years to perfect this. I'm not sure I should allow you to use it. You are very careless at times, Snape," he said reprovingly, like a father. "Lemon drop?" he asked, offering him a sweet from a brown paper bag.

"What is it?" asked Snape, taking the lemon drop offered, his curiosity whetted. Dumbledore had come up with various ingenious devices over the years, and from his tone, this sounded like one of the best. Sauntering over, Snape lifted the lid. A wand, glinting, lay within, nestled in the tissue paper surrounding it. 'The gold colour,' he thought, 'was a bit bling-bling.' Seeing Dumbledore's blue eyes twinkling, offering him encouragement, Snape picked up the wand.

"Not as heavy as you would expect," simpered Dumbledore. "Look, if you press that button, you can multiply the number of Patroni produced." Blathering on, he continued, "It moulds itself to the user. Takes out that entire 'the wand chooses the wizard' bit. Anyone can use it. Pay attention, Snape. Of course, we have had to modify that a bit. Can't have just anyone using it. We've spliced it to an individual's DNA. Muggle technology." Nearly wetting himself with excitement, he grabbed the wand away from

Snape, twisted the shaft and wafted it at various other cutouts. The scything motion cut them to shreds. "It makes the spell last longer." Looking at Snape, who raise an eyebrow, he said exasperatingly, "You do not have to be that accurate, just wave it in the general direction, and eventually it will hit the target."

"Ingenious," said Snape. "When can I have one?"

"Yours will be ready after your meeting," replied Dumbledore, plucking a hair from Snape's head. "DNA required. And, another thing, you are not allowed to use it in the classroom. If this ever gets out, we'll be inundated with requests. Top Secret. Even the boss doesn't know its full potential. Another little trick is that it will return to you if you will it. You'd best practice that."

"Best see the boss then," said Snape with a smirk.

"Severus," exclaimed Poppy. "How are you? Did you have a pleasant time in China?"

"Madam Pomfrey, I had a wonderful time. I brought you these," Snape said, handing over a pair of jade chopsticks. Away from the hospital wing, Poppy took on a much more appealing look. Snape had always wanted to enjoy her ministrations more, but work constantly interfered.

"Oh, Severus, they're beautiful," Poppy gushed.

"Now, where's that reward you promised me?" Snape leered, as he leant over the desk, wagging his eyebrows. "Quick, before that old fogey calls me in."

"That old fogey is waiting," said a voice from a device situated on the desk.

"Muggle technology," simpered Madam Pomfrey, seeing Snape's surprise. "You are to go straight in. I'll wait." Watching him go through the door, Poppy sighed. She was always waiting, but one day...

"Right then, Snape. We have a lot to get through," said McGonagall. "What do you know about the Death Eaters organisation?"

Relaxing back in his chair, Snape replied, "I understand they are a secret organisation whose goal is world domination. I have come across them occasionally." Understating his work over the last few years was typical of Snape. He was surprised at McGonagall asking him. The Death Eaters had been their main targets recently.

"Correct," snapped McGonagall. "Nox." The lights went out, and a picture of a man was projected on the wall from a Pensieve. "This," said McGonagall, pointing to the picture with her wand, "is their leader, a man called Voldemort."

'Tell me something I don't know,' thought Snape as he yawned. 'Blah, blah, blah. She does so love the sound of her own voice.'

"Terms himself the 'Dark Lord'," McGonagall droned on. "We believe he is planning a major attack on the Wizarding community. He needs to be eliminated. Latest reports put him somewhere in London. That is where you're going. You'll be met at 12 Grimmauld Place by Remus Lupin. He'll be your contact with us. Any further questions?"

"When do I go?" asked Snape smoothly. This looked like it was going to be an easy assignment, and he should finish it in time for the start of Spring Term.

"Tonight," said McGonagall. "And there is one additional fact you should be aware of. Potter is supposed to kill him. Voldemort is obsessed with Potter and is closing in on him. Find him, and Voldemort shouldn't be far behind. And Snape, one final thing, don't mess this up. If you do, you're on your own." She watched Snape get up to leave. 'Sometimes,' she thought, 'that man is more trouble than the original problem. Just look at Madam Pomfrey, totally besotted with the man.' McGonagall couldn't see what the women saw in Snape.

"Next time, Madam Pomfrey," murmured Snape with a grin, winking at Poppy as he left.

Snape was met at the house by a short, hairy man. "Remus Lupin, I presume?" Snape asked. He knew Lupin from old, so the greeting was superfluous. Receiving a wolfish grin, Snape shook Lupin's hand.

"McGonagall owled me that you would want to start right away," said Lupin, leading Snape to a carpet parked in a bay. "Have you ever flown a carpet, Snape?" asked Lupin, removing the keys from his pocket. "We're going to the Phoenix Club. Potter owns it and is usually there, accompanied by his sidekicks."

Snape raised an eyebrow at this. Students didn't normally run a business whilst still at university. He would have to have words with Potter next term. It may be the reason he was falling behind in Potions. "Ah, yes. Ron Weasley and the delectable Hermione Granger," Snape commented. "Is Potter aware that Voldemort is closing in on him?"

"He'd be a fool not to, and the one thing Potter is not, is a fool," returned Lupin, tossing his keys to a waiting parking attendant. Snape snorted at the remark.

Leading Snape into the club in Knockturn Alley, Lupin observed, "I think the women here are more delicious and distracting than at other clubs. I don't know how Potter does it, but grrr..."

"Stop salivating, it's not the full moon," sneered Snape, brushing the drool off the sleeve of his robe.

"Hello," said a dark-haired oriental beauty with a fantastic figure. She sidled up to Snape. "My name is Cho Chang, but please call me Cho." She extended a hand.

Snape quickly took hold of her hand and kissed it. Still holding it, he stared deeply into her eyes and said, "The name is Snape, Severus Snape."

"Ah, Mr Snape, we have been expecting you. Would you like a drink?" At his raised eyebrow, Cho clicked her fingers. A man appeared, holding a tray with a drink on it. "Spiculum argenteum, shaken not stirred."

"Perfect," murmured Snape, taking a sip. "Is Mr Potter present? I was rather hoping to talk to him about a very interesting potion." Lupin, to Snape's amusement, had loped off to the disco in an adjacent room.

"He's been expecting you," Cho replied. "But, he wanted you to enjoy yourself after such a long journey." Standing close to him, she rested her head on his chest.

"What did you have in mind?" asked Snape, busy calculating the distance between Cho and the door marked 'Keep Out'. He bent his head and nibbled an earlobe, moving Cho ever closer to his target. Giving her a lingering kiss on her full lips, with one hand to the doorknob, he muttered, "Another time Cho - shoo." A pat on her bottom and a well-practiced turn saw him through the door, which he shut swiftly behind him.

"Well, old chap. I didn't think you would turn Cho down so fast."

Snape looked through the gloom at the man who had spoken. Harry had grown a pencil moustache during the holidays. Snape barely recognised him. "Mr Potter, I presume?"

"Well deduced, but do call me Harry, I am on holiday. Please take a seat." Harry wafted a hand towards an uncomfortable looking chair. Since it was the only other chair available, Snape sat down on it.

Immediately, a large snake wrapped itself around Snape, pinning him to the chair. As the coils undulated, Snape remarked, "A massage chair? I didn't know you had these here." Before turning completely blue, he tickled the snake's belly with the one finger he could move and felt the snake loosen its grip.

Harry loomed over him. "Enough of the civilities. I don't want you here, Snape, but if you insist, I'm sure I can find a more permanent residence for you. If you know what I mean?" Memories of all those detentions came flooding back it was payback time.

The colour returning to Snape's face should have warned Harry. In a trice, Snape was out of the snake's coils. Harry's head was pushed up against a wall, and both his arms were pinned in a full nelson.

"You may be able to charm the snakes, Potter, but not me," snarled Snape. "I'm here to save your miserable skin, whether you like it or not." Releasing Harry, he stepped back. "I understand Voldemort is in London and coming after 'The Boy Who Lived', to turn you into 'The Boy Who Died'."

"He has already made several attempts to kill me," spat Harry, wiping the brick dust from his mouth. "Each time it has weakened him. When I'm ready I'll attack him. He's mine. Go home, and after I've killed him, I'll let you know."

"Perhaps we can work together. I'll work out how to get to him, and you can dispatch him," said Snape, showing a more diplomatic side. If this young whippersnapper wanted to do his work for him, he didn't mind.

"All right, but you must promise me, he's mine." Harry flexed his arms, lessening the pain Snape had caused. "I want an Unbreakable Vow and then, and only then, will I help you."

"If you insist," replied Snape. He was beginning to get a bit bored by Harry's theatrics. "Bring it on." He stifled a yawn behind his hand.

Harry pressed a button near the door and returned to his seat. He sat glaring at Snape, who smiled back sweetly at him.

Hermione entered and Snape straightened his hair. The leggy female, dressed in a sparkling cat suit, strolled over to Harry's side and patted him on the head. "Has this awful man been troubling you, Harry? Would you like me to blast him out of here?" She produced her wand from her cleavage and turned towards Snape.

'God, I wish she would dress like that at school. No, maybe not. Too distracting,' thought Snape.

"No, Hermione, I just need you to bond an Unbreakable Vow," said Harry. "Would you do the honours?"

Harry extended his arm to meet Snape's, and they were bound. "When do we move?" asked Snape. 'If I have to take this callow youth along and bludgeon Voldemort to death with him, I will,' he thought.

"Tomorrow," replied Harry. "I know where he is currently residing. Take the rest of the night off. Hermione, please show our guest to his room."

Reluctantly, Hermione moved from Harry's side and with a toss of her unruly hair, gestured Snape to follow her. The sight of her backside undulating from side to side made Snape follow behind, enjoying the view.

Stopping at a door and opening it, Hermione turned and faced Snape. "This will be your room. We leave early in the morning. I suggest you get a good night's sleep." Finding herself pinned against the door and Snape slowly kissing her neck, she twisted around until he was pinned against the door. "I have heard about your prowess in certain departments, Professor Snape, but I like to be asked first." With a quick goose of his balls, she turned and shut the door. This time Snape was on the wrong side.

He smiled a wry smile and looked round the room. The round waterbed, with a dressing gown carefully laid over the covers, first took his notice. His case was placed on a chair in one corner, and the contents had been unpacked. The décor was of the finest and his hand stroked the black satin sheets covering the bed. 'Not bad, not too bad,' he thought. 'A vast improvement on my dungeon.'

He undressed quickly and went to the bathroom to take a shower. Whilst lathering the hairs on his chest, a figure slipped into the cubical to join him. "Allow me," a honeyed voice said. Cho took the sponge out of his hands and began to lather Snape all over. "You ran away too quickly. Perhaps you have more time now?" she queried. Her hands moved down and started to soap his nether regions.

Snape shut his eyes and enjoyed the sensations that Cho's ministrations were bringing. "Oh, Severus," she said. "It seems the rumours are true." Wrapping a towel around the pair of them, she led Snape to the bed.

After many hours of writhing about, they eventually fell asleep.

In the early hours, Snape woke to see Cho standing over him, pointing the golden wand at him. "So, Severus, what does it feel like to have your own weapon turned against you?" The Dark Mark was clearly visible on her arm.

"I thought you enjoyed playing with my weapon," he leered. Danger was such an aphrodisiac. He could feel himself getting horny again. "Please, do not press that button. It would be such a waste." Standing up, he showed Cho his *reputation*.

"Why, scared?" asked Cho, pressing the button. She gave a brief scream before turning into dust.

"Oh dear," muttered Snape, picking up a handful of the dust and tossing it into the air. "We were just getting to know each other when you blew away." The booby trap Dumbledore had insisted on was paying dividends. 'Drat, now what am I going to do for the rest of the night?' he thought as he picked up the wand from the floor and returned it to the wardrobe. Voldemort must be scared to send her to kill him. It seems his cover had been blown.

Turning back, he found Hermione lounging on the bed, dressed in a short wrap. "Hi," she said, fingering the tie at her waist. Her eyes opened wide when she saw the size of him. Gulping, she continued, never taking her eyes off him, "It seems you are a companion short."

Snape advanced. Never one to look a gift horse in the mouth, he set himself down next to her. Stroking one of her legs, he murmured, "I wondered how long it would be before your curiosity got the better of you." He began to caress one breast, feeling her nipple harden beneath the cloth of her wrap. Nibbling one ear, his hand began to move down. He knew she had turned twenty-one, so was now a legitimate target for his lust.

"No," she shouted, "I only came to tell you that we will now leave in the afternoon. Harry has some business to attend to first." Her face twisted into an inscrutable expression as she looked hard at Snape. "I apologise for wasting your time." With a quick pop, she Disapparated.

"I think I may very well give up women," snarled Snape, carefully throwing himself down on the bed, mindful of not ruining his reputation.

Snape spent the following morning in Diagon Alley, checking out new books in Flourish & Blotts. He placed a small order from a catalogue. Meeting Lupin at Florean Fortescue's Ice Cream Parlour, Snape ordered a choc-ice for Lupin and a banana split for himself.

"We're going in tonight," said Snape. "I have not yet been told where Voldemort is holed up. But it can't be too far away."

"I'll let McGonagall know. She likes to be kept informed," said Lupin, wiping the chocolate from his chin.

Looking fairly sheepish, Hermione came to fetch him in the afternoon and led him to a large carpet where Harry was waiting.

"Voldemort is hiding in The Serpentine Gallery in Regent's Park," said Harry. "When it begins to get dark, we'll leave. We need to land on the other side of the park where there is plenty of cover. We don't want to alert him to our presence. The gates are locked for the night, and the place should be clear of Muggles."

While they were waiting, Snape tried a bit of small talk. Knowing perfectly well who was sitting opposite him, he asked, "I take it this is Ron Weasley?" Ron looked at Snape suspiciously. Snape had been teaching him for the last so many years. Maybe he was losing it.

Eventually the sun began to set, and they took their places on the carpet. Arriving in the park Ron parked it under a tree and rolled it up. Lifting it up on his shoulder, knowing it showed his impressive array of muscles off, he turned to Hermione. "We best be going then?" Hermione looked up at him adoringly.

'Hmmm. That's where her interest lies,' Snape thought, admiring the torso in front of him, defined in a tight white t-shirt. As he had never heard one intelligent sentence come from Ron's lips, he dismissed him as of no interest.

Snape was dying for a slash and headed towards a bush. Harry, Ron and Hermione had their heads close together, talking in low voices. Snape curled his lips. 'Do they not know I can read their minds, as well as their lips?' Buttoning his trousers up, he rejoined the group.

'If Harry managed to get himself killed first, the Unbreakable Vow would be void,' Snape thought. 'I could kill Harry myself, but they were talking about having to get through a labyrinth. And no, they will not be allowed to lose me.' He looked at Harry. That pencil moustache under that pert nose was ridiculous.

They travelled in a southerly direction before finding a cave that was magically charmed from Muggles spotting it. Wands to the fore, they lit the dark, cavernous void in front of them.

Harry tapped his scar and said, "This way." Ron and Hermione followed without question.

"What's with the scar?" hissed Snape to Hermione. "Is he a homing pigeon or what?"

"If," said Hermione, haughtily, "you had done your research a bit better, you might have found out that Harry can always tell where Voldemort is by his scar." Seeing the scepticism writ large on Snape's face, she sighed. "Since he killed Harry's parents, whenever 'he' is about, the scar sort of tingles. I thought you knew that." She then muttered something about teachers not taking enough interest in their students before walking off towards Ron.

Realising they couldn't lose Snape, Harry, Hermione and Ron became resigned to their unwelcome companion. The twists and turns of the tunnels led them to a vast cavern where a waterfall cascaded down the other side, and trickled into an underground lake.

As they emerged, a door dropped down behind them, shutting off their exit. From nowhere, wizards appeared wearing 'Scream' masks. Snape counted forty-three wands pointed at them. 'Oh, bugger,' he thought.

"Welcome. Welcome, my children," said a man, descending from the ceiling in a wicker basket chair.

'God, he's good looking,' thought the mismatched four. 'Isn't the baddie supposed to be ugly?'

'God, he's sexy,' thought Voldemort, looking at Snape. 'That nose, and those lips. Cor! Why does being the bad one make you so horny? I should have paid better attention to him, and then he wouldn't have turned against me. The girl, she isn't too bad looking either, and boy, look at the muscles on that redhead. That kid with the pencil moustache does nothing for me, but because it hurts to look at him - he must be Potter. Shit.' Not recognising Potter from his previous encounters shook him.

The four soon found themselves in chairs, tethered by leather straps. Ron looked unconcerned, almost comfortable, as he was into bondage. Hermione glared at him.

"Ah, children, children, children..." Voldemort tailed off as he picked up a big, white, fluffy cat. "Well, Lucius, what shall we do with such naughty children? A good spanking? That might be all well and very good, but I think a slow, painful, lingering death is much more my style." Putting the cat down, Voldemort advanced on his captives. His mincing walk made Harry vomit down his robes.

"Mr Weasley, your muscles show such definition, it would be a shame to let all those workouts in the gym go to waste. I'm sure we can preserve you in a picture worthy of your six-pack." It took ten of the Death Eaters to move Ron to a place in front of a preservation vat.

Snape managed to winkle out a pebble from one of his pockets, dropped it onto his foot and kicked it into Ron's captors. The explosion, killing six of them, gave Snape the chance to will the golden wand into his hand. Freeing Harry and Hermione, he dived for cover just in time to see Voldemort's expression change. It now looked as if things were going to turn nasty.

Spraying the Killing Curse around, just missing his fellow companions, Snape jumped up and stared at Voldemort.

"Remember the Vow," shouted Harry before Snape turned and struck him with, "*Stupefy*." Hermione screamed.

"Well, well, well," observed Voldemort. "Missed me." He ducked behind an array of computerised decks covered with lots of flashing lights. Snape threw another couple of pebbles, making smoke stream from the enormous motherboard. Explosions were going off left, right and centre.

"Holy smoke, Snape, did you have to hit Harry?" yelled Hermione over the exploding decks.

Hearing her perfectly, Snape chose to ignore her. Grabbing Harry by the ankles, he advanced on a wandless Voldemort.

Pinned into a corner by debris from the explosions, Voldemort muttered, "Unghh!" before being suffocated to death by Snape who was sitting on the body of an unconscious Harry.

Hermione did not notice whilst being clasped in Snape's arms that were now snaked around her, he tripped Ron up, causing him to fall into the preserving vat. The splash prompted her to say, "Ron could never be more beautiful than he is now." A picture of Ron was soon raised from the bubbling mixture. The various muscle bound poses Ron struck made Hermione giggle.

She screamed when Harry grabbed her ankle. Snape stamped on his hand. "*Langlock*," he muttered, silencing Harry.

The bubbling mixture in the vat took on a more ominous sound. The rumble could now be felt underfoot. 'Incapacitating the computers must have had some bearing on the matter,' thought Snape. Waving his wand, he chanted "*Levicorpus*," to Harry and to Ron's picture. Fixing them with his wand to follow, Snape grabbed Hermione's hand and ran up the stairs that were situated near the waterfall.

Lucius, still transfigured as a cat, stood at the top of the stairs. "Listen you stupid cat, if you don't get out of the way, I'm going to have to blast you," snarled Snape.

The cat hissed, and Hermione kicked it into the vat. "So long, puss," she called after it.

Reaching a window, Snape opened the casement and yelled out, "*Accio Carpet*." When the carpet appeared, he bundled Harry and the portrait of Ron onto it, and instructed the carpet to return to the Phoenix Club. A second shout of "*Accio Broom*," brought a top of the range Hurricane Blitz broom up to window height.

Placing Hermione on it first, Snape quickly mounted the broom and shot over the park. He could see an army of mounted Death Eaters descending upon them. The explosion from the building took most of them out, but there were still a few hardy stragglers gaining on them.

Snape whizzed through the copse of trees, conveniently located nearby. A telltale smirk crossed his face as a number of their pursuers crashed. Holding tightly to Hermione, he headed directly towards a tower block, jerking the broom upwards at the last possible moment.

There were still four Death Eaters on brooms coming after him. Hermione hit a button on the shaft, sending flames out backwards in all directions, annihilating their remaining pursuers. A raised eyebrow from Snape elicited an explanation from her. "We've had the plans of the Hurricane Blitz for some time."

Snape espied a vacant penthouse atop a tower and lowered the broom towards it. It was clean, had a bed and was miles away from McGonagall. Kissing the unresisting Hermione, he gently pushed her onto the bed.

"But, Severus, don't you have reports to make?" she asked before being silenced by being thoroughly kissed.

"I have a reputation to maintain, my dear," he said, slowly undressing her. He brought his golden wand out and started caressing her body. The wand settled between them and certain sensations began to shoot through her.

"Oh, Severus," she moaned, as he took full advantage of her willing body. "Oh..."

"What do you mean you can't locate them? They have to be around there somewhere," shouted McGonagall. Jumping up and down didn't help.

Dumbledore looked at his instruments and grimaced. "They should be around here. He can't hide the homing device in the wand forever. There, I've done it. He's there." He pointed into the Pensieve at a tower block in Canary Wharf. "Perhaps we should give him a while." He twinkled at McGonagall.

"Never mind that," said McGonagall, waving a hand at the Pensieve. "We need to send the Aurors to the park now. As usual, Snape has left quite a mess for them to clean up. That man never finishes what he starts. The Muggles will have a fit if they see the park now."

Looking into the Pensieve, Dumbledore shook his head and smiled, his eyes twinkling. University next term would be interesting.

A/N: The Serpentine Gallery does exist in Regent's Park. I thought it was an appropriately named place for Voldemort to hide out in. That it shows avant-garde art shows and is only one story high is beside the point. Thanks to my beta sheri164 for all her help.