

The Wages of Sin

by rosewood

This is a series of drabbles based on the Seven Deadly Sins that was originally written for the LJ "Snape Last Drabble Writer Standing" competition. Each chapter is meant to be a stand-alone snapshot.

Wrath

Chapter 1 of 3

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The Seven Deadly Sins: Wrath

Rage

The man stumbled fearfully through the underbrush surrounding the vacant industrial warehouse, clutching his fractured arm close to his body. Out of breath, he dropped to his knees.

He cringed as a long, dark shadow loomed menacingly above him.

"The Dark Lord shall hear of this," Pettigrew whimpered.

"Oh, I don't think so."

In a desperate bid, he turned to flee only to be shoved hard in the shoulder and slammed face first into the ground. The dark man delivered a swift kick to Pettigrew's crotch, and he cried out in pain. As he fell, he was pummeled with several deft blows to his ribcage. Now half curled on his stomach, he made a feeble attempt to crawl away. A crimson stream of blood flowed from his broken nose down to his chin and pooled under his face into the ground.

This wasn't the stylized, surreal violence that surrounded most dark revels. There wasn't anything remotely dreamlike about it. It had the gritty, unmistakable feel of cold, harsh reality. The glint of a steel blade shone briefly in the moonlight before it was plunged deep within the side of the prostrate man. This was death.

As his anger slowly dissipated, he whispered a single word into the silent night.

"Lily."

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Sloth

Chapter 2 of 3

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The Seven Deadly Sins: Sloth

Epitome

The Potions master swirled the tea in his cup as Dumbledore happily chattered by his side at the Head Table. He glanced toward the Gryffindor area and watched the dynamics unfold between Boy Wonder and his two cohorts. An ever-indulgent cynic, he often contemplated how in the hell that particular rag-tag trio of youthful blunder would manage to somehow defeat the Dark Lord. It was no small wonder they had managed to survive thus far – despite their careless antics and unwavering need to foolishly rush headlong into any fray without forethought. Merlin only knew he rescued their ungrateful hides more times than he could count.

Despite his misgivings he had to admit that at least Potter made an effort to prepare for the task ahead. It was a good thing he managed to befriend the school's resident know-it-all or he would surely be lost. At least she had a decent head upon her shoulders and could steer him in the proper direction lest he wander astray. He needed to remain focused, and she would undoubtedly play a vital part in his success.

Then there was Weasley. The boy was nothing more than a nuisance. There was no doubt that his approach to life was half-arsed at best. If he would only make the effort to apply himself – even a fraction as much as he expended in pursuit of Quidditch or skirt chasing – he might actually become an asset to the Light. As it was he was an indolent, slovenly and borderline imbecilic petty little whelp.

Dunderhead.

"I do believe your confidence in Potter's choice of companions is sorely overrated, Albus," Severus stated nonchalantly. "Take Weasley, for instance. He's much like a worn quill – shabby, unreliable and utterly pointless."

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Gluttony

Chapter 3 of 3

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The Seven Deadly Sins: Gluttony

Comfort

Thin. He is much too thin.

The aged house-elf took pity upon the small, wretched boy with dark, lank hair and midnight eyes sobbing at his grandmother's kitchen table. She knew deep in her heart he craved love and affection, but it was not her place to give. Instead she insisted on cooking him huge meals: cottage pies, raspberry crumble, roast beef with Yorkshire puddings and all manner of nourishing soups. She plied him with fresh milk and juice. She smothered him with scones and jam. Each dish was a kindness. Every bite was a caress. As he nibbled and chewed his tears would slowly subside. Soon the pain from his loneliness became dull. He ate until he couldn't eat another bite. Then he would eat a little more because he knew it brought her a measure of joy.

Eat up, child! We mustn't let our food get cold.

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