

Act Of Contrition

by Darkrivertempest

Severus loves her most on bended knee.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Written for the 'confessions challenge' on GS100. Many thanks to Toblass for this quick beta, and that she didn't need holy water to cleanse her eyes afterwards. AU/non-magical. **WARNING:** This drabble is highly sacrilegious! I can't say it enough. In fact, I think this is the clincher that I'm going to Hell in a hand basket. There really were no warnings that applied to this sorry excuse to play with my Severus Priest!kink. Ahem.

Father Severus Snape nearly nodded off during the last confession.

Bless me Father, for I have sinned... it has been two hours since I last had a lustful thought.

Severus rubbed his temple, feeling a headache coming on. The prepubescent teen wouldn't know what a lustful thought was until he'd denied himself any pleasure. When that happened, then the boy could talk to him about lustful thoughts.

He was about to turn off the light that indicated he was in to hear confessions when the door to his left opened and closed softly. Sighing, he pushed the sliding screen aside.

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Usually, the guilt-ridden person on the other side couldn't wait to share their burden, but the soul in the other compartment was silent, though Severus could hear breathing. After continued silence, he cleared his throat and spoke gently.

"How can I help you, child?"

The pads of tiny fingers poked through the lattice separating the compartments, each tipped with a rounded nail.

Severus frowned at the odd gesture. Normally, he wasn't supposed to know who was on the other side, but he could tell these were a woman's fingers. He swallowed the urge to touch those fingers with his own.

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Still no answer.

"I cannot help you if you do not speak."

The fingers flexed, the tips turning white as they dug into the lattice, looking as if they would rip away the barrier.

Perhaps if he could 'guess' the transgression, the woman on the other side would be more apt to tell him. "Is it a very great sin?"

He didn't think she would answer until he heard a hesitant whisper. "Yes."

Finally. He moved closer to the divider. So that he may hear her better, he argued with himself. That's when he smelled it: a most enticing scent.

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Yellow Mandarin essence from Italy, if he was not mistaken. Also, Damask Rose and Neroli oil, converging in precise harmony. Severus inhaled deeply and closed his eyes to relish the memory...

... of one Hermione Granger.

"Forgive me, Father," her familiar voice asked. "For I will sin."

Severus licked his lips and laid his head against the lattice where her fingers poked through. "How so, my child?"

Her nails scraped his scalp tenderly. "I will sin most greatly by loving you."

By the cross, Severus had missed this girl—no, a woman, most definitely. She must be twenty-two by now.

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His desire for her at such a young age prompted him to join the clergy, convinced that his licentious thoughts would soon turn into deeds against a youth not ready for such things. He felt lips press against his hair, and he nearly whimpered with repressed longing.

"Let me see you," she pleaded.

Unable to help himself, he exited the confessional and entered her compartment, locking the door behind him.

She was just as he remembered: tall, curves in all the right places, bushy mane of wild hair. But now, her eyes spoke volumes, all of it directed towards him.

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With a sensual smile, Hermione slowly lowered herself onto the kneeler and pressed her forehead against his stomach. He gasped, knowing she could very well feel the erection encased within his black trousers. Unbidden, his hand tangled in her curls.

"Bless me Father, for I have sinned," she murmured, then nuzzled his hardness.

He didn't stop her questing fingers from lowering the zip, nor did he say anything when she unbuckled the clasp. He could only whimper when she wrapped her dainty digits around his rigid shaft, and he had to stifle the welling cry when she licked the tip.

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He dared a glance down at the siren before him. Her cheeks were rosy, and her eyes glazed over with an emotion he suspected might mirror his own.

"I have sinned," Hermione repeated, and ran her tongue around the head, delving into his slit. When she drew back, she let a line of pre-come trail from his penis to her mouth. "And I'm about to do it again."

She repeated her actions and then sucked him down to the root.

This time, he did cry out. "Christ!"

She chuckled lightly and released his cock. "Well, we are in a church."

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"I confess that I had an unholy love for you," Severus admitted, running his fingers through her hair.

She leaned into his affectionate caress. "I confess I would have indulged you in that love." Her pink tongue slipped between her lips to touch his cock again. "And if I had, you would not be here now."

"No, I would've been in jail." He hissed when she skimmed her teeth along his shaft.

She gave him a wicked smile. "Give me your rosary."

Instead of thoughts of sacrilege, his thoughts turned quite depraved. "What do you have in mind, little minx?"

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She took the necklace of prayer beads and cross, then wrapped them around the base of his penis. "Now every time I take you into my mouth, I will have the blessing of Christ."

Severus nearly buckled to his knees, so he propped each of his hands on the walls of the confessional, letting her do as she pleased. On the first few sucks, he had to grit his teeth to not explode in her mouth like a green youth. When she added the twist of her tongue, he had to bite his lip to keep from screaming his pleasure.

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Hermione set up a rhythm, tightening the coil of beads with each downward motion. Soon, Severus could hear the slight jingle of the cross as it slapped against his bollocks, and it became too much.

"Hermione, I..."

She pulled back, snagged the rosary beads on her last stroke, and rubbed them over Severus' throbbing cock.

Severus stuffed his fist in his mouth, muffling the cry at the sensory overload. Ropes of white come splattered on Hermione's face and outstretched tongue as she continued to stroke, pulling from him all that he was worth.

He tried to capture his stolen breath.

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When she had cleaned her face, Hermione rose. "I confess that I regret I'd not come sooner to find you. Please absolve me of my desire to be with you now."

Severus cupped her face and brought her forward for a kiss. "We should give thanks to the Lord that I am not a bishop or cardinal, and merely a lowly parish priest. It would be much harder to break from the church if that were the case," he whispered against her lips.

"Have I led you astray, Father?"

His wide hands grasped her waist. "Down the crooked path, indeed."