

The Kiss

by Helena Rickman

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Author's Notes: lena1987, thank you so very much for your beta work on this. Thanks also go out to for providing a prompt so delicious I couldn't pass it up! It made a huge difference. An optional supplementary prompt was included for H26: *If you've seen that scene in Jessica Jones where Killgrave licks her face, well... ahem.* I wasn't familiar with it, and if you aren't, it can be found at this link: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=j_XL7GWq5w0.

Watch, then read.

The halls were silent and dark as Severus Snape stalked in the shadows, fulfilling the Wednesday night rota for patrol on the fourth, fifth and sixth floors of the castle. Most students were careful to be in their common rooms at least fifteen minutes prior to curfew, heeding warnings from their mums that came daily via owl post with breakfast each morning.

The time is drawing nigh. His task was an order he dreaded filling, for to do so would damn his soul to the light, and endanger his life to the dark. He was truly cursed in every way.

The nightly patrols came close to being his mantra, step after step, thought after thought, repeat and rehash in the quiet of the corridors. The cadence of his motions relieved his pent-up energy whilst carrying him closer to the fulfillment of his obsession.

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During the past six months, the Dark Lord had become demanding. His fury over the loss of the prophecy was tempered by his excitement over the success or failure of Draco's task. Snape's arm burned at least once per week, and he was now called to his other master as frequently as Nott or Lestrange.

So much time with Riddle infected his blood. Dumbledore saw this, *felt* this, and understood his spy was battling inner demons that no decent person should wrestle with. It was no surprise that after Slughorn's Christmas party, Snape came to him confessing of an unhealthy obsession, begging his favored master for help.

The Headmaster knew that his Potions master had never been attracted to students - and the dark magic that flowed from his mark to his heart was a necessary evil to end the war. It was during a debriefing that the conversation took place. In tones and manner as banal as reciting the inventory of his supply cabinet, Snape reported his shame.

"... and as of late, I find myself preoccupied with Miss Granger."

"Preoccupied? In what way, Severus?"

"It seems the Dark Lord saw her image in my memories from Slughorn's party. He mistook my notice of her to mean more than it did. Now it seems the Dark Lord is also

bemused with her, and his attentions bled into me."

"Does the Dark Lord know of Miss Granger's friendship with Harry? Did you tell him anything?"

"It seems Draco already made him aware of their relationship. The Dark Lord asked me nothing - he only noted I saw her, and because she wasn't wearing school robes, I briefly thought she no longer looked a child. My attention immediately went back to finding Potter, and I thought no more of it. But he did."

"Severus... how is the preoccupation manifesting itself?"

The sharp sound of scraping wood punctuated Snape's quick movement as he forcibly stood from his chair. His stride carried him to Fawkes' stand, and he reached up, halting his action before actually touching the familiar. His words were labored. "Headmaster, I find that I now possess... an unhealthy attraction to her, in a lustful and inappropriate manner. My attention is being compromised. I am asking you for help. If the Dark Lord has his way, he would have me molesting the girl."

Dumbledore sat back in his chair and clasped his hands in his lap. He pondered Snape as brass instruments whirled in the corner.

In one swift and graceful move that belied his great age, Dumbledore rose from his seat and looked up towards his predecessors.

"Headmaster Dippet, what type of counsel do you have to offer?"

The oiled face smiled and replied, "Albus, my counsel would be if you are to combat dark magic, you should ask a different colleague. Elizabeth, perhaps?"

"Headmistress Burke, do you have any wisdom to impart?"

A regal face dressed in Elizabethan fashion looked down her nose with a haughty demeanor. "I find it repulsive that one Slytherin would compel another to seek congress with a Mudblood. I would put a stop to this compulsion immediately with a well-delivered *in aeternum non tangere* charm. That will ensure your professor won't touch her."

Both Dumbledore and Snape cringed at Headmistress Burke's casual use of the profanity. Albus, however, found the suggestion to be quite agreeable.

"You understand, Severus, that if I place this charm on you, you will never be able to lay a hand on Miss Granger, no matter how badly you wish. The charm will do nothing to diminish the coercion placed upon you."

"Headmaster, I shall find a way to control my thoughts. If you help me control my hands in this matter, I can be assured I will not harm her physically."

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Two months passed. Severus found himself on the brink of distraction each Gryffindor Slytherin Double Potions Class. From the moment he burst through the door until the time vials were placed before him, he struggled to focus on the curriculum, safety, and progress of the other students.

Thoughts of Hermione permeated his psyche. Her hair, once an angry bristle of coarse tangles, was now curly layers of silk begging to be released, to be breathed in, until her scent wrapped around him. Those teeth, no longer a source of ridicule, would nip her lower lip. He imagined the smooth enamel dragging across his glans.

She smelled like the heaven itself, sweet, floral nectar floating through the dungeon.

Skin as smooth and creamy as the richest butter to be found.

He might not have been able to touch her, but he could touch himself. Tuesday and Friday nights were now relegated to furious strokes, bringing relief the only way possible.

~*~

The burdens placed upon the Potions master throughout the year were more than any one wizard could bear.

The Unbreakable Vow was a curse. Draco seemed no closer to completing whatever task he had been assigned and his nervousness spread like a disease through all of Slytherin House. Potter was snappish and short, willing to pull his wand and instigate a duel at any moment. Dumbledore reminded him weekly of his duty to kill him. Granger's knees showed beneath her uniform skirt.

If only, just once, he could taste her sweetness, he might allay his stress.

In the end, Voldemort's obsession with Miss Granger became the straw that broke the proverbial camel's back.

~*~

On his life went. Step after step, thought after thought.

One, two, three, four. Fuck Albus Dumbledore. Five, six, seven, eight. Hermione Granger I will sate.

The juvenile mantra played over and over, each word keeping time with his steps on patrol.

When the rhyme first sparked in his imagination, he attempted to dismiss it, but for the past fortnight Snape found it to be a cheerful comfort in the cool dark halls.

It was almost eleven o'clock, and he had one area left to inspect for his rounds to be complete.

As soon as he entered the library, the fragrance he had come to crave filled his senses. She must have been here just before curfew.

As he entered, the stacks a soft breath, almost a sigh, escaped some unseen inhabitant on a rhythmic basis.

He disillusioned himself and drew his wand.

Severus carefully moved through the aisles, knowing she must still be here.

He found her in the furthest corner, tomes stacked on either side of her as she sat at the table, her head on her folded arms and nestled in Morpheus' embrace.

Hermione Granger's deep breaths while sleeping were music to his ears, a symphony for a single patron to enjoy. He watched her eyes, closed shut but perfectly still. She had passed the stage of R.E.M. sleep and now was enjoying a deep slumber, difficult to awaken. A tight plait pulled her hair back, exposing her long neck.

He silently reached into his robes and slid his hand beneath his waistband.

She wants me, his traitorous thoughts said. *She wants me and she will be mine.*

His thumb brushed the slit of his tip and spread moisture over his head.

The Dark Lord will give her to me. She will be my boon and fortune. I can save her if the Order fails, and I will fuck her every day. She will be mine.

He clasped his shaft and slowly stroked.

Hermione slept on.

STOP!

Severus found a way to grasp his self-control. He knew this wasn't the way to win a war, and his weakness *must* be brought under his command.

The temptation, though, was inescapable.

His pulse throbbed through his Dark Mark and the decision was taken from him. *If only I could touch her...*

Without thought, his body acted of its own accord.

He stepped forward and looked down upon her angelic face. While holding his lank hair back with one hand, he placed his other hand on the back of her chair.

Severus bent towards her and slowly inhaled her toxic sweetness.

The pores on her skin were waiting to be counted. The soft, fine hair at her ear curled tightly as it attempted to break free from the plait.

He opened his mouth, and before conscious thought could register, he dragged his tongue from her chin to her ear.

Granger's breath pulled in at a swift gasp, and she snapped up so quickly her forehead knocked into his disillusioned nose.

Her wand was at the ready but her nonverbal Lumos revealed nothing.

"Who is there?" she demanded. Her free hand touched her cheek, recognizing the slightly damp residue left behind.

Snape was already in the corridor and on the path to his quarters by the time Hermione's breathing slowed back down.