

Hurt

by expected aberrance

Beauty is the sixteen-year old girl kneeling in front of me, peace is her swallowing my seed and enjoying it.

Hurt

Chapter 1 of 3

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Disclaimer: The title belongs to Trent Reznor, and all identifiable characters to J. K. Rowling.

This is my first experiment in squick. I fully blame AnathdeMalfoy's Lucius/Draco stories for this dark ficlet.

Beauty is the sixteen-year old girl kneeling in front of me, peace is her swallowing my seed and enjoying it.

When I close my eyes, the brave little Gryffindor cupping me, licking me, becomes another, lost to me far too soon. The ring on my left hand grows heavier; it has been years since its mate was worn. I will never remove it. I don't seek this out, but cannot turn it down when offered by one so similar to my beloved.

Pleasure is merely the absence of pain.

I am not sure what my companion gains from this encounter, for it will not be in the way of academic standing in my class. I do not know either if she will be back. We are using each other, but she has lost a great deal as well. We all have to this fratricide of a war.

My father preferred the company of young boys; I did not inherit his predilection in spite of all his efforts. Even throughout my years as an active Death Eater, I did not stoop to such a level, avoiding the young captive Muggles and Muggle-born the others used as meat. Before her, I sent all with the audacity to approach me crying back to their common rooms. I thought that my first time violating one of the children in my care would be all I ever needed; fate disagreed. Not that she seemed a child to me at the time. Her mind was perfect, far beyond all her peers and the vast majority of adults, masking her inexperience. I loved her young flesh all the more for it.

She came to me despite my cruelty, her compassion a unique balm to my soul. I dared dream happiness for myself with her. And I was deliriously happy, for a while.

Guilt, the one constant in my life, cannot comfort me here. I lost her to the Boy-Who-Would-Not-Die through no fault of mine. Her stupid bravery ripped her from me, but I cannot begrudge her that. All of her was precious. I am only alive still because her final words to me requested it. She absolved me of all my sins, but would not allow me to follow her. I abide by her wishes the best I can, but this half life will kill me soon enough.

Truly, I expected her to outlive me and this pointless war. In my more hopeful moments, I imagined a child, our child, growing up in a world free of violence and pain. That dream shattered with her body, broke into a thousand pieces when she dove in front of the curse meant for the alleged savior of the Wizarding World. I suppose I should be grateful that it was not the killing curse, which would have robbed me of hearing her for one last time.

I no longer care for the future. I have paid my dues in blood, mine and that which mattered more to me. Dumbledore can come down from his tower to watch, even, for it concerns me little. This particular sin can only let me ascend several levels of Hell. Cocytus will certainly be my resting place, for I play Judas to two masters.

The ring burns as my testicles tighten. My release is silent as usual, but in my mind I cry out to the better part of my soul.

Hermione.

A quick cleansing charm later, my robes are fastened and my student stands up in front of me.

"You are dismissed, Miss McAdams."

As I turn my attention back to marking papers, she leaves, taking a piece of me with her that I will not get back.

Reviews greatly appreciated.

Lustration

Chapter 2 of 3

Beauty is the sixteen-year old girl kneeling in front of me, peace is her swallowing my seed and enjoying it.

Lustration

As always, none of this is truly mine, and ambiguity is the end of all answers.

Lustration: Lus*tra"tion, n. [L. lustratio: cf. F. lustration.] 1. The act of lustrating or purifying.

2. (Antiq.) A sacrifice, or ceremony, by which cities, fields, armies, or people, defiled by crimes, pestilence, or other cause of uncleanness, were purified.

The man sitting in front of me is a broken husk, hollowed by the abscess where his heart once resided. A figure that had probably always been lean is now skeletal, bones wrapped loosely in a thin layer of flesh. The thinning strands of his greasy hair, grey at the temples, barely frame the gargoyle mask of marble and shadow his face is set in.

This man has chosen his world to end in ice, for there is nothing left in him to burn.

The act itself is no great torture; I've had much worse forced upon me, and I do this by choice. Though he is far from attractive, I don't find him as repulsive as most do. The greater part of Gryffindor would recoil in horror if they knew – fools all, for House loyalties mean naught in a world where family ties are severed with nothing more than the word of a madman or two. They pretend that all this is not self-destruction and drown themselves in points, grades, gossip, Quidditch. Sacrificial lamb that I am, I know this lesson well. Dumbledore preaches it often enough.

Touching him here is not as bad as I thought it would be, either. He is still just a man, no different from all the rest in this respect. This position signifies an imbalance of power older than civilization itself, but curiously, I feel neither inferior nor controlled. If anything, the physical necessity of my presence in his communion with the dead grants me a hold over him; this is a ritual which he cannot refuse, a cleansing he is unable to deny.

His voice tells the most change. Once, or so I'm told, he wielded it with barely checked power, a dark, rich, slithering weapon almost an entity unto itself. It is now dead; flat and rasping, still able to wound, but finding no pleasure in the action. Black ice resides where before flames blazed, and a deceptively placid surface hides pain in plain sight.

I've seen the way he looks at me, though, during class or dinner, that infinitesimal moment in which he sees something, someone through me. His thumb draws across his palm to caress the silver ring on his left hand, and in that half-breath of time, he rejoins humanity.

I want to see that in him again.

I feel him draw closer to completion, feel the flesh beneath my hands and mouth tremble and clench in a pattern that is far too familiar to me. He stares past me, to one long-buried; what he sees there melts the cold glazing his eyes, and all that was dead in him breathes for one short eternity. With one final shudder, he is finished. I see the mask slide back down even before I am done swallowing. He cleans himself and straightens his robes then dismisses me with barely a glance.

He offers nothing in return for my services but that tiny spark, proof of the soul he tries to bury, and I am content.

For though it is but a pale reflection of what will be, I know now how he'll look when I kill him.

Ah, the conceit of author's notes that are almost as long as the fic itself. I hope, kind reader, that though you probably didn't enjoy this fic, it had some impact, good or ill.

Kaddish

Chapter 3 of 3

Beauty is the sixteen-year old girl kneeling in front of me, peace is her swallowing my seed and enjoying it.

Kaddish

Disclaimer: not mine.

Kaddish: a liturgical prayer, consisting of three or six verses, recited at specified points during each of the three daily services and on certain other occasions.

"Yitgaddal v'yitqaddash sh'meh rabba..."

She rides me as a goddess, granting such sweet blasphemy I've never felt ere or since, but I'm held back, hesitant, wretched, undeserving, cowardly bastard that I am. She feels my uncharacteristic reluctance and stills our motions, studying me carefully.

"Severus, let me in."

I of the iron will and disdain of lovesick fools can refuse her nothing. With an unspoken incantation I lay my throat bare. I feel her enter; a bright beacon gently piercing the dark recesses of my consciousness.

The inhabitants of my mind greet her with fear and delight--the chained imp in the corner who would kill her to keep her, the cold man of brittle, black glass who splinters with each sadistic strike to another, the small child who hates himself for crying--the cracked, fractured all and naught of me she holds in her hand, between her thighs. We--I--wait silent and unmoving beneath her.

"It's all right, Severus." Her voice alone is an embrace of its own, her acceptance breaks me; tears wind their way down my face as she moves above me.

I breathe only her--her sweat, her skin, her come fills my lungs. Her hand sears a path down my back, and the muscles in my legs burn numb; pleasure bleeds down my arms and flows back upwards. Her lips burn through my ears, neck, and shoulder. As I pass a thumb over her breast, the hardened peak scrapes through the pad across the bone; my other hand is lost in the lovely gnarls and snares of her hair. Time stretches the pulses of my blood even as the beats chase each other in a mad race to silence, fading under her moans and cries. My muscles pull at my bones, flesh stripped from my frame with every touch, and everything disappears from sight, smell, feeling, hearing, and taste but her. As she comes, she pulls the life of me from cock, to heart, to brain.

I give all to her as ever, and am content for it.

Hermione.

"...hu yaase shalom alenu, v'al kol yisrael, v'imru amen."

He didn't even resist, just smiled--with a nod from one with a lifetime spent walking the thin line between good and evil to another poised to take the same path--as I administered the curse, carefully researched and practiced, a holy prayer turned to a heathen act of pity: swift, undetectable, pragmatically merciful, as brutally effective as the Killing Curse.

His death was beautiful. His eyes were alight with passion as his body's death throes were transformed by the spell into pleasure. Thin, cadaverous flesh brought alive and shaking, the ice of his features melting to an animate human face, he drew a deep, final breath and exhaled, not a death rattle, merely a sigh, and his eyes deadened in truth this last time, his body slackening into his seat. I know not what he dreams in this sleep of death, but for his sake I hope it welcomes him better than the living world has.

My assigned and willing task is complete, and I turn again to thoughts of war.

There. Finished. I promise. I hope it measures up to the previous parts. I got much criticism for this being not a true Snape/Hermione fic, so I hope this satisfies those previously disappointed. Thanks for reading!