

# Seven Deadly Sins

*by Deathofme*

Gluttony. Sloth. Pride. Wrath. Lust. Envy. Greed.

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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### A/N Challenge: The Seven Deadly Sins

Gluttony

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The war had ended. Half of Hogwarts lay in ruins, but people shouted for joy under a blanket of stars. Hermione opened her arms wide and welcomed the night.

She found Severus in his office. The happy sounds made him flee to the comfort of solitude. He was about to snap at her irritably, but then deflated. Offering her a tumbler full of Firewhisky, they drank in silence. Hermione felt wonderfully lightheaded and giggled when she saw they had already finished a bottle.

"Should we open another?"

"Moderation, Miss Granger."

But he twisted the cap off a second bottle anyway.

Sloth

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"Why are you here, Miss Granger?"

She looked up startled, seeing through a haze of alcohol.

"Pardon?"

"Why aren't you with your fellow Gryffindors? Why aren't you joining in the sickening adulations of Saint Potter?"

Hermione's mouth opened, but was prevented from saying anything because she lurched forward and fell against his chest. He regarded her tipsy behavior with disdain. Her words were slightly slurred.

"No one should be alone tonight."

“Oh *spare me*.”

He snarled, roughly catching her shoulders and helping her sit up straight. He quickly let go and then moodily stared into his tumbler, wallowing in gloom.

Pride

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Hermione's eyes narrowed as she saw his defenses go up. She decided she would not give him the satisfaction. She wasn't sure if it was her stubbornness or the Firewhisky, but she found herself poking his chest.

“You're pathetic.”

He looked up sharply, inhaling with a hiss.

“Wallowing in self-pity... how childish of you.”

His hand clenched around his tumbler and his knuckles turned white. Hermione was not intimidated enough to stop.

“You've helped vanquish Voldemort and you've fought and survived this war. And you're sulking now because Harry's going on the cover of tomorrow's *Prophet*? That's immature.”

His eyes flashed.

Wrath

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The glass tumbler shattered in Severus' hand, causing Hermione to jump. The sound of the breaking glass seemed to lift some of their drunken stupor. Hermione felt fear creeping into her mouth now as Severus' eyes blazed at her with white-hot anger.

“Immature? *Immature*?”

His hands gripped her shoulders painfully, and their faces were mere inches apart. He was seething.

“How dare you accuse me of being immature? Miss Granger, I've endured more horrors than you or Potter will encounter in your lifetimes combined.”

His voice was a syrupy purr, dark and tempestuous.

“Don't... *try... me*.”

Hermione's breath hitched in her throat.

Lust

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“Says you.”

Severus felt a hand on his neck, and Hermione leaned forward to claim his angry mouth. She felt it quirk underneath her lips in puzzlement and then hungrily respond. His hands tangled in her hair and angled her face upwards, his demanding jaw forcing her into submission. When they finally broke for air, his eyes were still burning, but his voice had grown throaty.

“You are *very* impertinent, Miss Granger.”

“One of my charms.”

Her fingers traced along the outline of his eyebrows, and he leaned forward to place butterfly kisses on her throat. Her eyes fluttered closed.

Envy

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Hermione's back arched languorously, and her toes curled in contentment. There was a wonderful gravity she felt in the pit of her stomach, with Severus' lips still roaming the cartography of her face. A chuckle emitted from deep within her throat.

“I wonder what the boys would say...”

The lips grazing her eyelid froze and then drew away. Her eyes opened and her left eyebrow quirked upward. Severus' gaze bored into hers, his lips swollen from kisses.

“Don't think of those slavish boys now, they're not for you. You won't have those pre-pubescent whelps clumsily pawing you...”

“*Oh*? Feeling possessive?”

Greed

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“Very.”

Her smirk deepened into a wicked grin. There was a glint of mischief and expectation in her eyes that sent a frisson through Severus. It was almost as if he had reacted just the way she wanted him to. She had him wrapped around her nimble finger.

“Go on then...”

Her lips brushed against the sensitive velvet of his ear, and he shuddered. It was like there were strings running from his ear to his scalp, singing through each of his fingertips and pulling somewhere behind his groin.

“Take note then that I will have everything. Absolutely everything.”

“Noted.”

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