

Stumbling Into Ecstasy

by Snapekat

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Inspired by dear, naughty "Proto," my own unfortunate clumsy experience, and a bit of Sarah McLachlan (again).

They were completely inappropriate. Outlandishly insensible. Shockingly expensive. And rather uncomfortable, though she was loath to admit it. But they were fabulous. She stuck her leg out to admire the almost knee-length, black boot. The soft leather clung to her calf like a second skin. However, her toes felt crammed into the severely pointed end, and her arches were aching from the three inch, pencil-thin heel.

She let her robes fall back over the boots. Half a month's salary had been wasted on them, and they were hardly part of the appropriate dress code for teachers, even at Hogwarts. But she was still young and fanciful; pretty things still attracted her eye and dissolved her common sense. Even the sound of the boots was beautiful. A sharp, tight "clack" of a hard, small heel against stone. So she hobbled proudly down the stairs, ignoring the pain in her feet and concentrating on the beauty of her foot as it reached down for the next step.

Suddenly, she found herself falling forward. She tried to reach for a handrail but found none and instead twisted about sideways, then backwards. Her feet would simply not go back under her. Finally, she landed on the last stair on her backside, her legs still several steps above and the hem of her robe over her shoulders.

The pain of her tailbone was the first thing to register. Next the ache in her ankle became vivid. Only when she heard a voice did she think about the position of her skirt and frantically try to remember if she was wearing decent knickers.

"Would walking down the stairs not have been quick enough for you?" a cool, derisive voice asked.

She looked up to find Professor Snape standing over her. Amused repugnance curled the corner of his lip as he gazed down his hooked nose at her.

"And since there are still children about, it might be appropriate to lower your skirt to somewhere below your waist," he added with a mocking twitch of his eyebrow.

Snorting with indignant fury she scrambled to rise, adjusting her robe as she went. "Thank you for your concern, Professor Snape," she snapped in reply to him. "I am fine and don't require any of your comments or assistance."

He had made no move to help her, and she knew it. But she hoped her biting words might give him some guilt. By all appearances, it didn't.

She started to walk away but found the aching ankle would no longer support her weight, and she reached for the wall to stabilize herself. Surprisingly, a strong hand closed around her arm and pulled her upright.

"You should go see Madam Pomfrey," he announced and began to drag her in the other direction.

"No," she replied firmly and jerked her arm free. "I am FINE. I will simply go to my chambers and get off my feet."

This time when she started off, her back gave an uncomfortable spasm, making her wince.

"Oh, for Merlin's sake," he growled and once again took her arm in his grip and dragged her in a different direction altogether.

Despite her protests of being fine and the rising anger of humiliation, he ignored her attempts to break free. Before she knew it, she was thrust inside his dungeon office. The door was slammed closed, and he pointed her to a chair by his desk. Not breaking his stride, he went directly to a shelf and retrieved a small bottle.

She eased her battered body into the semi-soft and worn cushions with a quiet groan. The bottle was shoved in front of her face and the order to "drink it" was pronounced. Figuring it was easier to obey than to argue at that point, she did as she was told. Within seconds, the aches and pains began to ease.

"That ankle could be broken," he said, kneeling down at her feet.

Before she could stop him, he had her hem pulled up and was examining the beautiful but lethal boots on her feet. His black eyes look up at her through the curtains of hair that had fallen in front of his face.

"It's a wonder you didn't break your neck," he sneered. "These are hardly appropriate footwear. Especially for someone who tends to be as clumsy as you under normal conditions."

A deluge of furious insults began to form at her mouth, but all that came out were stuttering, sputtering half words. She tried to rise out of the chair and flee from the room, but a firm hand shoved her back down with a sharp bark to "sit!"

"You cannot insult and order me around like I am one of your students," she said hotly. "And your attempts at sympathy and compassion are pathetic. I'd rather crawl back to my chambers than sit here and be criticized and humiliated!"

He looked for a moment as though he would allow her to do just that. His black eyes narrowed contemptuously at her, but he didn't rise.

"Just let me see if your ankle is broken; then, you can storm from my office with as much indignation as you like," Snape said quietly through obviously gritted teeth.

Resisting the urge to drive the pointed toe of her lovely boot into his mocking face, she allowed him to examine her leg. His hands slowly ran from the top of her boot down to her ankle then back again.

"Does this hurt?" he asked as he pulled and pushed at her foot.

She said it didn't.

The sound of the zipper being drawn down caught her ear, and she looked to find him pulling the boot from her foot. Before she could say anything, he had also removed her stocking with one quick motion. Her leg and foot looked pale as marble even in the dim light of the dungeon. The chilly, damp air made the skin on her legs prickle.

Surprisingly, the touch of his fingers upon her bare foot was very gentle, almost seductive. Both of his hands caressed her in firm long strokes. She watched him gaze intensely at her foot, examining every inch after his hands made their path over them.

"What about here? Does this hurt?" His voice was quiet and silky as he ran his palm over the bottom of her foot, flexing it up.

"No," she replied, feeling a little breathless and uncertain.

"It doesn't appear to be broken. Perhaps simply twisted," he went on. "I suggest rest and something more sensible than stiletto heels in the future." Again he gave her a waspish look, but his eyes quickly returned to her foot still in his hands. "Perhaps, some careful manipulation might ease some of the tenderness," he offered in a quiet voice.

She had to admit his strong hands on her sore feet did feel very good. "That does seem to be helping," she said nervously.

His fingers continued to rub her ankle and stroke the top of her foot. Gently and slowly, he tugged at each toe and ground his knuckles into the arch of her foot.

A groan of pleasure escaped her before she could stop it. The sound seemed to spur him on, and he massaged her feet in stronger, longer strokes.

"Your feet are really much too delicate for such unrefined boots," he murmured, his sharp nose hardly inches from her foot. "Very fine-boned and pale. Slender and soft." The mellifluous drone had dropped to barely a whisper.

She watched him gaze at her toes almost lovingly. His tongue moved slowly over his lips, and she wondered for a moment if he might actually kiss the foot he seemed so enamored with.

"You know, my other foot got a good knock too, as I came down those stairs," she said in an unusually high voice. "Perhaps you should look at it also."

Snape's black eyes snapped up at her with startled realization.

"Yes, of course," he uttered as he reluctantly eased her leg back to the ground and with deft, quick fingers, freed her other foot from the boot and stocking.

If she wasn't mistaken, she heard him moan slightly as he grasped her newly stripped foot in his hands and began a slow caress.

Having both of her feet free of the constricting boots and experiencing such skillful attention was quite pleasurable. She sighed and flexed her toes, feeling her whole body ache to stretch and relax.

"I suppose it has been a long day on my feet," she said lazily, her eyes closing to savor the sensation. "Professor, you are very good at this."

"You like having your feet touched?" he asked softly.

"Very much. Though I don't recall ever having such a wonderful massage before."

She opened her eyes to find him looking at her curiously. His eyes then returned to her foot he still stroked. The sound of his swallow before he spoke again was audible.

"What else do you like to have done to your feet?"

The question startled her, and for a moment she wasn't sure what he was implying. She looked into his dark, probing eyes for a cue as to what he meant.

"Well," she began, her mouth feeling dry and her heart fluttering. "What else might you like to do?"

"There is... much that can be done that can be very pleasurable to us both." His eyebrow twitched slightly at his words, though he spoke carefully.

"Whatever you like," the breathy reply came from her.

A glint caught in his eye, and one corner of his lip twitched into what she could only assume was a smile, though it was laced with lascivious greed.

He bent his greasy head down until the tip of his nose touched the top of her foot. The sound and feel of his breath against her skin made her quiver. Softly, his lips

pressed to her flesh, first one spot, then moving on to another. Such loving, gentle kisses it made her sigh.

Never had she thought that this hard, cold, emotionless man could possess such delicate yet intense passion. The mere fact was almost as arousing as the sensations his touch inspired.

After she had again closed her eyes to let the pleasure flow through her uninterrupted, she felt a warm, slick wetness she knew had to be his tongue. It darted out to leave moist trails from her ankle to her toes.

All of a sudden, she felt her entire toe engulfed in that wet heat. She gasped loudly. He, in turn, moaned, and the vibration sent a jolt from her foot up directly between her legs. It made her writhe in the chair and shove her fist against the throbbing ache that had begun.

His tongue slid between her toes before he moved on to suck firmly on the next. Inside his mouth, his tongue stroked and caressed against the digit, causing her breath to catch.

As much as she loved the attention that was focused totally on her, she wished to participate in the exchange but felt unable to. Her body was weak with ecstasy, and her submissive position in the chair made it impossible to even touch him. But her other foot was free!

Forcing her quivering body to obey, she lifted her leg and slid her foot along Snape's thigh. His hand encouraged her strokes as he returned the touch up her leg and back down again. Finally, she found her goal. Her foot pushed against the hard bulge at his groin, making him moan louder, sending more waves of pleasure through her.

Rhythmically, she squeezed her toes around the swelling form, his hand guiding her exercise. His mouth worked with frenzied exuberance as he bit the soft fleshy pads of her toes. Saliva ran down the bottom of her foot in rivulets, which he would then massage into her arch and heel.

His hips moved ever so slightly against her foot, and she found herself wishing for a way to release her own building need. Perhaps he wouldn't notice if her fingers disappeared beneath the folds of her robes. But he missed nothing. The slight action caught his eye and only added to the intensity between them.

Snape moved her foot away only long enough to unbutton his trousers and free his hard shaft. Though she wasn't sure how to proceed, he guided her foot back against him, his member rubbing between her toes.

Together they stroked each other and themselves, building a strange circular yet independent connection between them.

His tongue moved faster between her toes, and his bites became more forceful. Her own hand knew exactly where to take her as her foot found the rhythm he conducted.

When his moans quickened and his breath became shallow, she knew they had neared the edge. She allowed herself to orgasm and cried out liberally at the release. Not even a second after her sounds died out did she feel a sharp stab of his teeth and then a warm gush flood over the foot at his cock. He made surprisingly little noise, but his face twitched in intense concentration as he shut off everything around him except the feel of his release.

Spent, he slumped against her knee. Both of their breaths ran ragged and deep. Reaching out, she brushed her hand through his hair. It was rather oily and unclean feeling, but that didn't seem to matter to her anymore. He finally looked up at her, his black eyes now glazed and empty of scorn.

From somewhere deep inside she found the power to speak. She was relieved when her words brought what appeared to be the first genuine smile she had ever seen upon his face.

"I'd kiss you, but you really must brush your teeth first."