

## The Sin Eater

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# The Sin Eater

by [TeddyRadiator](#)

## Summary

I'm always delighted when my Muse gives me something like this, especially on Halloween. It's so out of the realm of his remit that I know he is indulging some very dark side of me. This is NOT a story for the faint of heart. It is a deep, dark, awful tale dredged from the bottom of my black soul. It all began with a question, or rather, a series of questions that came to me while perusing Wal-mart, as scary a place as anyone would ever want to go:

What happens when a Dementor kisses a wizard who has split his soul with murder? Does the Dementor become his Horcrux? Is the Dementor drained by it? And scarily of all – does the wizard become a kind of Dementor himself?

I suppose I will never know, and neither will Hermione Granger. Happy Halloween, my friends.

Warning: Every one in the book. Creepy!Evil!Severus, Suicidal!Hermione, Major character death, dub-con, necrophilia (if you squint), murder, mayhem, lions and tigers and bears, oh my...

A/N: I do not own these characters and after this fic, I'm sure they are profoundly grateful for that fact.

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He uttered a heartfelt oath when he turned the corner. She was back. Severus barely slowed his stride as he approached her. She had no idea this was the fourth (or fifth, perhaps?) time she had shown up on his doorstep in, what, the last eighteen months? Ten points to Gryffindor for tenacity.

And ten points *from* for not knowing when to quit.

Still, there were only so many times *Obliviate* would work before spell damage set in.

He paused, and they looked at one another solemnly. Perhaps it was truly time.

Perhaps he wouldn't turn her away after all.

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He gave her a puzzled frown. "Miss...Granger, isn't it? Weren't you one of my students?"

"Stuff it, Snape. You know exactly who I am."

He let the silence spin between them like a spider, observing her carefully. Like so many, she didn't hold up well to deadpoint scrutiny. She sniffed, and he realised she had been crying. She had also been standing there for a long time. The last leaves of his maple tree were perched on the tops of her cheap Muggle trainers.

She looked ill; hollow eyes, gaunt, thin face, more sallow even than himself. Was she dying?

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"I'm afraid you've caught me at a bad time, Miss Granger," he said smoothly, walking around her and reaching for his wand. "I'm expecting company, and I must prepare dinner."

She leapt to intercept him. "No. And you're not going to *Obliviate* me again, either. You're going to help me."

He covered his surprise with a scoff. "Why should I help you with anything, Miss Granger? There is a reason I *Obliviated* you. What you are asking for is an abomination, and I am gravely offended you would consider propositioning me in the first place. I. Can. Not. Help. You."

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He closed the door, but she caught it before it could catch. "You can. You have to. Please, Professor, I need your help."

Her pleading voice and desperate eyes were like candy to him, and he fought to close the door. He was only pretending, but fear and desperation were the primary components of his personal Amortensia, and he suppressed a shudder of arousal. He let her fight a little more, then yielded.

“Come in if you must, Miss Granger. I am not going to risk injuring you. But I can assure you, nothing you say will make any difference.”

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The first time she had visited him, he gave her a Calming Draught heavily laced with Veritaserum, and plied her for almost an hour. He knew her entire dreary little story: loss was the common denominator. Loss of love, of self-esteem, of focus, of energy, of the will to keep going.

The youngest Weasley boy had loved and left, her parent were stranded in Australia unable to remember her (he’d found that deliciously ironic), her job, her friends, her self-worth, all lost in the death throes of the war. Her problem was unfeasibly simple.

She no longer wanted to live.

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“You’re a Death Eater.”

“Was, Granger. Last I’d heard, Tom Riddle was taking a dirt nap.”

“You will always be a Death Eater. And now you’re a Sin Eater, aren’t you?”

He couldn’t prevent himself from flinching at that epithet.

He’d been sentenced to receive the Dementor’s kiss for murdering Albus. The guards at Azkaban ran from him, even as he pushed away from the Dementor’s embrace. His soul was free, and the Dementor? Vanished. He’d spent years trying to understand what he’d become: a human Dementor. An abomination.

First, he’d cursed his fate. Soon he grew to relish it.

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“I should erase your memory and half your brain for that insult, girl.”

“I heard what happened, Professor,” she’d said, in that prissy way that used to enrage him as a teacher. “I know about the...the Dementor’s kiss.”

“And what exactly do you know?”

She’d blanched. “That you survived it. And it changed you.”

He’d been tempted to lie, but instead vowed to eviscerate the moron who had talked. He’d been given a full pardon for that by the Ministry, and promised never to be bothered again. He deserved that much.

“Perhaps I had no soul to kiss, Miss Granger.”

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“I don’t care why it happened, Professor,” she’d said, and she took a deep breath. “But if you indeed have no soul, then you have no soul to damage if you kill me.”

It had taken all his will not to kill her then and there. Even though he'd been so tempted, he had erased her memories and sent her on her way.

Incredibly, she had shown up again, and again. The last time he'd almost hurt her; the *Obliviate* was patchy, with ragged edges. Another one would cause brain damage.

Perhaps now was as good a time as any.

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But the idea of letting her go again was almost unbearable. Each time she left, the craving was a little harder to curb, the desire more difficult to distract. He wanted it. There was no point in trying to pretend otherwise.

He had to be sure, though. And more importantly, *she* had to be sure.

He stood, and pointed at the door. "Get out, Granger. And if you come back again, so help me I'll call the Aurors and have you arrested for trespassing. I never want to see your face again, do you understand? Do your own dirty work."

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To his relief, she got down on her knees, and grasped his hand. She kissed it fervently, tears and spit and snot sliming over his knuckles. "Please, please, gods, help me. I can't stand it any longer! Please don't let me go on like this. You're the only one who can help me."

He backed away, until she was crawling, debasing herself. His cock *pulsed*. "Get up. Stop sniveling. For gods' sake, pull yourself together." He made a growling noise, as if deciding against his better judgment. "Alright, Granger. I will help you. Do you hear me? Now, shut up!"

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It had been easy to convince her she had persuaded him. She was fawning in her thanks; she even clumsily offered herself. "Don't flatter yourself, witch. Why would I want to fuck your skinny arse? But if you insist on showing your gratitude, get down on your knees." He'd sneered as he opened his trousers. "Open up."

It was over too soon. He sent her away in tears, with his spunk drying on her face. He refused to allow her to wash it off. Either she would leave him in peace, or provide compensation for calling him a Sin Eater.

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"Do you have your affairs in order?" he asked quietly over tea. It was a month later, and if anything she looked more ill than she had previously.

She nodded. "In exactly a fortnight my Gringott's account will be transferred to one of their European accounts in Switzerland." She gave him the receipt and the keys with a wan smile. "Not that there's all that much left, but—"

"Why don't you do this yourself? Where is the Gryffindor Princess, so full of arrogant intelligence? You don't need me. Why don't you just commit suicide and be done with it?"

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She looked away. “Because, in a long line of failures, I couldn’t bear one more. And I’m a coward.”

He leaned forward. This was the pivotal moment; the moment he prayed for. He was trembling with anticipation. “What are you afraid of, Granger?” he whispered soothingly, sympathetically.

For a moment he thought she wouldn’t answer. She took a breath and released it, then took another. “Of death. I don’t want my death to be painful.”

He took her shaking hands in his; they were ice cold, the hands of a corpse. “I promise you, Hermione. Your death will be painless.”

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He gave her a week to get her affairs in order, a week of torturous anticipation. The moments dragged for him, until she arrived.

She wore the soft white robe he had given her—the very picture of purity. He had also given her explicit instructions to bathe carefully, and wear no undergarments, jewelry or perfume.

Her hair was long and thick and shining; he would play with it later.

He led her down into his basement, and shut the door.

She was shaking so badly he had to hold her arm as she signed away her life to him.

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He was rock hard as she undressed for him. In the end, he decided to fuck her anyway; he was nothing if not a man who hated wasting opportunities. He needed to work off his nervous energy, and she was surprisingly responsive for a woman who had nothing to live for.

When it was over, he pushed himself off her, laughing at her petulance. He had not allowed her to climax, and she glowered at him resentfully.

Her resentment died the moment he bound her spread-eagle to the wall. Outrage turned to panic, then to abject terror. It was beautiful.

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She cried out as the first cut sliced her breast open. Severus hardly noticed. He was concentrating on the depth of cut needed to make her bleed, but not hemorrhage. “This is an exact science,” he explained, making the next cut deeper. “It’s not just hack and slash. It takes a lot of self-control in order to do it properly.”

She wailed in agony as the blood ran. “You promised!” she shrieked, her eyes wild with horror. “You promised it wouldn’t hurt!”

“No, my dear,” he soothed, smiling. “I promised death would be painless.

“I said nothing about the dying.”

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After that, the night was a blur of sweet red blood, terror that had a metallic taste, hopelessness that had the scent of bleach. She stopped cursing him, and cried out for her mother. “Mother isn’t here, my love,” he crooned. “*I’m* here. I won’t leave you.”

The dying began in earnest around three a.m. “Mummy,” she whimpered. “Mummy...”

Severus’ blood slicked hands sealed her wounds. He carried her to his bed, and held her close. “I’m here. Don’t be afraid, my love.” She *was* his love then, dying, perfect. Her soul was sweet with sin. He could taste it.

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The heartbeats slowed, like an unwound clock, and he made love to her until they stopped. “Mummy,” she whispered over and over, in time with his thrusts. “Mummy.”

“Daddy’s home,” he purred lewdly, spilling into her as her final exhale settled her weight into his mattress. He lay over her, feeling her last twitches and spasms and pulsebeats, moaning in ecstasy as her sweet soul eased into him, like pure spring water on a parched land.

“My love, my Hermione,” he groaned, wishing he had been more disciplined, and could have made it last longer.

Perhaps next time, he would.

~FIN~

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