

# Essence

by Aling

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## Chapter 1

Chapter 1 of 1

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A rivulet of blood cascaded down her chin, complemented by the ribbons of red gushing from the wound in her abdomen, her mouth slack and her eyes disbelieving.

She had come to say goodbye, to tell him that she was breaking off whatever semblance of a relationship they had and that it had gone on much longer than necessary. So far, so good. Of course, her resolution to leave only held so long as he kept his distance. But when he barricaded her against the wall, pinning her arms and bruising them with his unrelenting grip, and he lowered his mouth to hers—all heat and punishment and *passion*—she forgot exactly why this was such a bad idea.

They quickly shed their clothes, and when he thrust into her without pretense, his grunts and her whimpers and their pants were all that broke the thick silence. It was not a gentle or loving fuck; it was primal and selfish, laced with hurt and loathing. Neither cared much about the other's pleasure, both striving for their own singular completion.

Eyes shut tight, focused on her self-stimulation of the small bundle of nerves—*oh gods yes right there*—she never noticed when her partner reached out towards the nearest side table and grasped the silver hilt laying on the edge, tempting him, saying *I'm right here, use me*

Nor did she realize that when she finally came with a cry, all clichéd blinding light, he drew back his arm in preparation. He shortly followed her release with his own, piercing her repeatedly with both knife and cock, foregoing his wand for the sheer brutality and artistry of it all.

Her breath hitched, eyes snapping open. As he came down from his high, he withdrew from her cunt, still tensed and clenching uselessly in a pain-induced haze, releasing his hold on the stiletto. He impassively watched his semen trickle down her thighs and her life-force escape its confines.

She slid to the floor, her already bloodied back scratching against the rough stone wall, grasping the knife protruding from her stomach in shock. Gasping in agony, Hermione looked beseechingly at the man whom she thought had—not loved, never love—felt *something* for her. *Why*, her honeyed eyes, now filling with tears, seemed to ask him. *Why?*

As Hermione's pulse slowed down to a treacherous crawl, those once vibrant lips losing all color, he didn't deign to give her a response.