

# Obliviate!

*by PersephoneVerte*

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## Chapter 1

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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I haven't written this pairing in at least five years. Back when I did write it, I was fourteen and dumb. Hopefully, I've improved since then. Enjoy!

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He has mood swings. Not verbal outbursts or bouts of being surly with her. Just angry little moments inside himself. His eyebrows dart down, his body holds a deep breath, and his hands clench into fists. Then he's still. He never remembers these occurrences, of course. That would cause an awful lot of problems. Sometimes, she slips into his mind to see what he's up to when she has the chance—like now.

He wonders what it would sound like if he just bashed her head against the sidewalk a few times. Would it crack like a glass plate or splat like a thick glob of mud?

He wonders what it would feel like if he wrapped his hands around her neck and strangled her until she convulsed. Would her throat pulsate like her cunt does when he fucks her into oblivion?

He wonders what it would look like if he stabbed her and let the blood pool around her limp body. Would the red clash with the green of her low-cut shirt to form a Christmas miracle?

Fucking Gryffindor Mudblood bitch. She should have died with Potter and Weasley at the Battle of Hogwarts, gasping for breath and writhing in agony. What gave her the right to trap him inside his own mind while she, absolutely bloody bonkers from the war, traipsed along the coast of Australia with the Wilkinses, parading him as her goddamn trophy? 'Oh, yes, my husband comes from old money back in dear England!' He would show her. Tonight when she was asleep, he would Petrify her and shove a pillow over her nose and mou—

Draco blinks hard, forgetting his train of thought. He looks over at his wife and the little girl from next door, the pair of them drawing with chalk. Hermione is flushed and looking at him hard through her fringe. Perhaps she had thought of something dirty to do to him later. He hopes so. He loves her very much.