

Friday Hate, Monday Love

by Juli_Min

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Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: This is an answer to Nocturnus' Abuse Challenge. It explores the different dimensions of abusive patterns in relationships.

Disclaimer: I do not own any of the characters in this story. I do not get any money out of it either.

Friday Hate and Monday Love

I hate Mondays. I hate the cold and empty feeling in the pit of my stomach when you're gone.

We spent the weekend together, locked in my rooms. The world around us didn't matter then.

You are still around during the week – of course you are – there is nowhere for you to go. Our positions do not permit interaction on a personal level. We are teacher and student. If anyone finds out, it will cost my future and your job.

I dread walking down the long corridors that take me to your classroom on Mondays. The easy chat of my friends cannot stem the nervousness that seeps into every cell of my being.

You fling the door open and bark a harsh command. We shuffle in and take our seats. I often stumble because my knees are weak from fear of what is to come. You just sneer a comment.

I love you, and I do what you request of me.

You are cruel to me in class. You tell me it is necessary to keep up appearance. Yet, you were different before we became entangled in this web of lust and unfulfillable hopes.

You mocked my intelligence and ignored my presence, but you were never as personal as you are now. When I raise my hand, you tell me to keep my big mouth shut. When I do not participate, you call me lazy and stupid.

I could take your sarcasm, but this? Every biting remark is like a slap in my face. Do you not care that I love you?

I wonder sometimes if you ever will.

My friends are worried. They tell me to go to McGonagall and tell her how you are treating me. I know you do it to keep us safe; I tell them that you are just like that and that it is my fault for not finding a balance between participation and silence.

By Friday, when I have suffered through two double periods with you, I am convinced that you have given up on me. Though that is my biggest fear, I convince myself in order to keep my sanity.

By Friday evening I hate you.

~o~o~o~

The firm knock comes always shortly after curfew. I know it is you.

I prepare myself for the break up. I need to break it off with you. It is for the best.

I open the door to admit you, taking a step back into the room. You ward the door – and I feel uneasy.

You crush me to your body before I can put more distance between us. I take a deep breath and try to force the words I so fastidiously practised past my lips.

I have no chance to voice more than your name because your lips are devouring mine. Your hands tangle in my hair and stroke my back – it feels so secure.

My resolve crumbles.

You lead me to the bed and urge me to undress. Your tone is soft, coaxing. You tell me how you missed me, how you wanted for the clock to tick faster.

My heart wants to believe.

You push me down onto the mattress, and I comply with little resistance. I know what you want.

I hate the way your touch, so gentle, smoothes over the contours of my body. My body craves your manipulations, craves the delicious fullness you can give – I hate my body for responding like that. I don't even know why – you never leave me unsatisfied. Every thrust, every languid swipe of your tongue makes me want for more. The first time on Fridays is for me.

You whisper your pleasure and professions of love into my ear.

My heart believes you.

~o~o~o~

I do not leave my rooms on weekends anymore – you want me to yourself. I remember the last time I went to Hogsmeade with my friends to share a butterbeer and joke around. You did not like it. So I stay in the castle.

We take all meals in my quarters because you value the silence. The house-elves that serve us have been threatened into secrecy. I protested your abuse of the poor creatures and paid the price for it.

As I sat on the floor holding my cheek and crying, you sank to your knees beside me and promised it would not happen again.

You kept your word on that – you never raised your hand against me again. I never gave you reason to. When it happened, it was my fault after all – I shouldn't have yelled at you.

You are so good to me on the weekend, so I wish you'd allow me to dress. My rooms are chilly this time of the year, and I don't like the goosebumps that erupt all over my skin. You always bring a Pepper Up potion with you – so at least I won't catch a cold. I'm very grateful, you are so considerate.

Before you go, you tell me how much you need me.

You say that you need the memories of my naked body to get you through the week.

You say that the memories of our passion help you through Death Eater meetings.

You say that I keep you sane.

You say that without me you will not survive.

I'm afraid that you'll do something to yourself if I leave you. I know that you love me and that you do not mean the things you say. I'm just a silly girl who does not understand the graveness of the situation.

It is Monday, and I love you.

Challenge Rules:

It is abuse and should not be romanticised.

One or more of the following signs of abuse must be included.

Hermione:

- Feels she can't live without Snape.
- Stops seeing other friends or family, or gives up activities she enjoys because he doesn't like them.
- Is afraid to tell Snape her worries and feelings about the relationship.
- Is often compliant because she is afraid to hurt his feelings; and has the urge to "rescue" Snape when he is troubled.
- Feels that she is the only one who can help Snape and that she should try to "reform" Snape.
- Finds herself apologizing to herself or others for her partner's behaviour when she is treated badly.
- Believes that there is something wrong with her if she doesn't enjoy the sexual things he makes her do.
- Stops expressing opinions if Snape doesn't agree with them.
- Has been kicked, hit, shoved, or had things thrown at her by Snape when he was jealous or angry.

- Believes the critical things he says to make her feel bad about herself.
 - Stays because she feels he will kill himself if she leaves.
 - Believes that his jealousy is a sign of love.
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A/N: A huge thank you to my beta Alexandria, who really is the fastest I've ever worked with.