

Lolita - Page 197

by Deathofme

An adaptation of page 197 from Nabokov's "Lolita"

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Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N **Bolded** text is from the book.

I should never have brought her to this place, of that I am sure. In the moment in which I was forced to prove my loyalty to the Dark lord, however, I took the coward's way.

She was brought to Malfoy Manor, paraded and ravaged at the Dark revel and forced to stay ever since. I sought absolution in the delusions that I would save her once the war ended... but that's all they were, delusions.

Damn Lucius.

I suspected the bastard would have concocted a spiteful scheme like this.

What I never expected was for her to change.

Damn me.

Hermione sat on the bed, scuffing her heel against the floor in a show of nonchalance. She didn't fool me; her collar was crooked and she smelled of sex.

"Who?"

She sat with a diabolical glow that had no relation to me whatever.

"I have no idea what you're talking about."

There were dark circles under her eyes and bite marks all over her skin. She did not fight anymore, though she was angry. She blamed me for her existence, but she did not search for an escape. She no longer hated being here. This is what truly disturbed me.

"**You've been out.**"

"I just got up," she replied and added upon intercepting my downward glance. There was a long blonde hair on her shirt, which she casually plucked away. I felt my knees go weak.

"You keep going to him."

She stared back with **those muddy, moony eyes** of hers, devoid of anything that was vaguely like the girl I remembered. She shrugged, looking slyly at me from under hooded lids. She knew I knew.

"I went out for a sec. Wanted to see if you were coming back."

She was toying with me. What happened to you, Hermione?

"You're playing a dangerous game."

"It's *your* game, just my rules."

I squeezed my eyes shut; **this frankness irritated me** and was also what I couldn't stomach.

"I will get you out—"

"Of course."

She leaned back, breasts pushed up into the air. I wanted to tell her she didn't have to play the vixen, that I would not revel in her coquettish manners. It didn't matter. She'd been conditioned to play the whore too well.

"I know you go to them, even when they don't call for you. Stop. You already have my attention, little good it does you."

I turned to leave her room.

"Where are you going?"

I halted by the doorway. She'd come up behind me. Her hand traveled down my waist, so small. My hand enveloped it completely, stopping it from moving further.

"You've never had me yet, Severus."

The horrible laughter in her voice made me turn, crush her hand until she whimpered.

"When will you take this seriously again?"

I saw a flicker of something I knew on her face.

"Why would you ask that of me?"

I said nothing. I pushed her softness back into the room and went in after her.

She lay down on the bed a dozen had already taken her on. **I ripped her shirt off.** It was this desire that had ruined her and damned me. My hands shook as I gazed upon what I never would have had in a proper world, and what I was afraid to take in a perverted reality.

I unzipped the rest of her. Wildly, I pursued the shadow of her infidelity; but the scent I traveled upon was so slight as to be practically indistinguishable from a madman's fancy.

"It's not perfect, Severus, but it will do."

Truer words, Hermione.

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