

# *Obliviate*

Alice Sampaio

She felt as if a knife had gone through her heart every time they smiled at her. Their laughing and grins and even their physical presence was overwhelming. Knowing everything was over and they could go back home intact with peace in their hearts and souls. She could only stare at them and try to fake her joy, because she was the only one with sorrow in her heart. It felt like her surroundings were turning to dust and her insides were being swept away, leaving an empty shell.

Carried by Ron, with her arm draped over his, they made their way down the streets of Diagon Alley. He waved at old school mates and newly acquired friends and everyone smiled when they saw the two of them walking along the shops. Sometimes she wished she could clear her mind completely like Ron. And sometimes she wished she could tell him everything about that night.

She wanted to dig a hole through to the other side of the planet every time she thought of it. And if she didn't stop thinking, she would begin to cry again. To remember his touch on her skin, the smell of her blood mixed with the sweat on his body. To hear her own screams in her head when he craved her, the way he had bruised her and refused to let her heal. Her wounds would linger with her forever because he wouldn't disappear in her vision or her memory.

Inside her mind she could relive it. The way she was quietly sobbing beside an old tree in the forest, during a cold night with no stars. She couldn't find anyone, anything. The war was almost over and she was alone and defenceless, craving for someone – anyone she recognised – that would come to her side. She felt so lost, feeling the dusty roots of the tree hurting her cheekbones and dirtying her lips. She had just decided to stand and regain some courage when he appeared.

The coward took advantage of her weak moment to approach her in the darkness. But in the shadows he was yet to be discovered by her. Suddenly, he pushed her up against the tree, her back faced to him. He touched her where she didn't want, whispered words of madness in her ears, fed on her crying and thrived on the blood that flowed down her thighs. She tried to fight him, struggled to scream in despair. But he wouldn't let her pull away from his claws, dragging her in a tumult of anguish and hope that it wasn't real. After a while she started to believe those events were happening far away, that these were someone else screeches, that this pain wasn't true in reality. That it was all a nightmare.

She didn't notice when it ended. Her heart wasn't pounding, and her eyes were dry. She didn't know when he left. She only remembered his last words:

"I was the only one to come to you," he whispered, the words penetrating distantly into her sanity.

Sometimes, she thought that it sounded familiar. Sometimes it sounded correct. It pained her to memorize that his words were the truth.

No one ever knew. They would blame themselves, and they were already so happy; so happy that they *almost* got her to be like a turmoil of secret desires, the desire her mind would fade and delete her never-ending nightmares. She shook her head, it wasn't

worth it. Her memories faded away as she and Ron entered the bar to meet Harry and Ginny. The fake blissful hand waved continuously at the pair.

“I need to go to the loo,” she said, “Go and meet them, I’ll be back soon.” She walked slowly in the washroom’s direction, opening the door quietly, so not to grab anyone’s attention.

She was washing her hands, unsuccessfully trying to wipe away sobs, her unwilling spilling tears. When she was about to leave, Hermione saw the door partly open and wondered what if anyone had entered. Suddenly someone grabbed her from behind and pushed her against the wall, lifting her chin with his hand. She immediately recognised the tall man facing her. Draco Malfoy.

“I noticed that you were crying,” he said, keeping her from reaching her wand. “Why is that?”

“It’s none of your business!” She wasn’t going to scream, she wasn’t going to give him the satisfaction.

“Is it because of what happened in the forest?”

She froze, her head spinning like a hurricane. He was the one who had broken her, the one who made her lose herself and something he couldn’t bring back. She retrieved her senses trying to punch him, knowing it wouldn’t bring him any pain. It was impossible to inflict him the same amount of grief he had given her.

“Why?” she asked. She didn’t have the strength to fight him any longer, in any possible way.

“I wanted you,” he replied quite suddenly, “And I still do, but you could never know.”

“What are you going to do?” she asked, helpless, furious he had never told her he was the one that stole everything from her. But she was so weak and exposed that she cared more about finding the truth than protecting herself. Either way the bar was filled with people, including the Boy-Who-Lived.

“I’m going to make you forget.” When he noticed she tried to struggle again to withdraw from him he pushed her harder, making her moan. “I don’t want to hurt you. Please stop.”

“You already hurt me enough! You bastard!” Might as well, she thought, say it all since she was going to be Obliviated.

“I don’t regret it. It was all I ever wanted,” he said with a weak tone.

“To rape me?” she asked, her eyes bewildered with shock.

“To have you.”

“You will never have me! You never had!” she countered furiously.

“I know,” he sighed, “that’s why I need to do this.”

And just before his wand was next to her head, just before she heard the spell that would ease her pain forever, she saw a tear falling from his grey eyes to his dark lips that touched hers gently, as if he was afraid he could never part from her again.