Rubiate

by SofterSoftest

Summary

Olaf and Violet suffer together during a confrontation in the arboretum. One-shot. Rated E for smut and dubcon.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

“Take what you want and pay for it says God.” - old Spanish proverb

In wake of the islanders’ departure, Olaf loots the arboretum.

Violet watches him go, sees him stalk inland, the wind kicking up sand and spray behind him like footprints, his clothes sunbleached and briney, a wild hunch to his shoulders. She knows he’ll be searching for a viable exit, another boat to get himself off the island, to leave them rotting or, she thinks, at worst, to take one of them with him in order to collect their fortune.
Violet and Klaus help a distraught, heaving Kit Snicket to the beach from her raft of books. She collapses onto the sand, hands clutching her swollen belly.

“Watch over Kit.” Violet says, meeting her brother’s wide, terrified eyes. “I’m going to the arboretum to see what I can find. Olaf’s headed there too. If I can beat him I might be able to find a way to get off this island and to the city. She needs a hospital. Have you read anything on delivering a baby?”

“Once.” Klaus says, a bitter, doubtful twist to his mouth, but Violet knows it’s enough.

“Good. You can do it.” She says, already turning. “I’ll be back soon.”

Feet uneasy on the sand, Violet races to the treeline and follows a small path, worn down by many nights of Ishmael’s clay feet, and stops before a large apple tree. Golden light glows faintly from its mess of roots. Violet shakes her head, knowing she is being foolish for entering a small, confined space with Olaf without a weapon of any kind.

Fear and self-preservation make her hesitate.

Then, from beneath the ground, a heavy thud follows a muffled shout.

She descends into the tangle of roots in an instant, slipping into the deep alcove with a clatter of dirt and popping roots, sliding straight into the den. It looks much the same as she had last seen it— the large, open space alive with books and furniture, the gleaming refrigerator still humming.

At her sudden entrance, Olaf whirls around from where he examines Ishmael’s wall of weapons, and picks up a harpoon gun at his feet. He aims it at her with a malicious sort of glee, a wide, welcome grin on his face.

“Oh, Violet.” He croons. “Come to fight me for the very last canoe? Well too bad. It’s mine.”

When she glances around, she sees the canoe laid out before the large reading chairs, already stocked with spare clothes and cans of food and the large, bulbous diving helmet which cradles the Medusoid Mycelium.

“There must be another.” She insists, eyeing the gleaming tip of the spear pointed straight to her chest. “All kinds of things wash up on this beach.”

“Unfortunately, another canoe was not a part of Ishmael’s hoarded contraband. You’re out of luck, my dear.” He says, still aiming the gun at her as he saunters over to an armchair and takes a seat like a patron preparing for a show. “But, believe it or not, your presence comes as a sort of blessing. I had so hoped we’d have a moment alone together before everything fell apart. Now is as good a time as any, don’t you think?”

The predatory look on his face has Violet considering exit strategies. She knows there is no other doorway beyond the small kitchen, knows her only way out is up among the tangle of roots. There would be no time to climb, no time to be free from the aim of the gun. Intuition and long-term exposure to Olaf’s many schemes has her sure that, in his state, he would not hesitate to shoot her.

“Why?” Violet asks, sharp, venomous with sarcasm. “Want a chance to apologize?”

“Not at all.” He says airily, as if the thought has never occurred to him. His eyes find hers, pinning her in place. “You have some explaining to do, Violet.”

The words ignite reckless shame like a physical shock. A humiliated blush swamps her face so fast
and hot her eyes water. Panic jolts through her body, electric and desperate, buzzing in her fingertips, in the anxious locking of her knees. Never before has she wanted so badly to flee.

“Ah. Look at you. You’re blushing, my dear. You must know exactly what I’m talking about.” He rises from his seat and makes his way over to her, dragging the harpoon gun behind him, its sharp tip scraping the ground.

She knows there is no point in denying. Her body has already betrayed her.

“I think, after all this time, and after the many nights I have suffered awake in my bed, feverish with desire, thinking about all your little tricks… that you owe me an explanation. What do you think, Violet? Care to offer some insight?” He asks, circling her as if looking for weakness, some soft spot he could use to further break her.

“I think it’s fairly obvious.” She retorts, the harsh quality of her voice undermined by warbling.

“You’d think.” Olaf agrees, nearly cheerful as he makes his way back to his seat. The harpoon gun rests like a threat against the arm of the chair. He crosses his legs at the knees, folds his hands in his lap, and watches her with extreme fascination and scrutiny. “With all your behavior, I’m sure any man would get the hint. When you continuously brushed your little hands up my thigh beneath the dinner table at my home, I thought perhaps you were confused. Trying to manipulate me. But then, later, you slipped your panties beneath my pillow at Monty’s. There’s not much confusion to be had there, hmm? Shall I go on?”

Violet shakes her head, mortified tears pricking her eyes. She cannot bear to look at him, so sure he will be smug and ruthless. Confrontation. Conversation. Responsibility for her actions. She never figured there would be a moment of peace to evaluate these things, a time where she would have to reflect on the twisted crux of her heart.

“No.” She says, shaking her head, nearly begging. Her hands form fists at her sides, balled with suppression. They itch to hide her face, to shelter her tattered dignity.

“Are you sure?” Olaf asks. “But then you might forget all the fun you’ve had torturing me. And we can’t have that. Not when you’ve worked so hard. I saw you, Violet, at Prufrock. How you would hike that little skirt, would move your hips. I saw those panties more than you, I think. Ah, and who could forget later, at the hospital? You let me capture you oh-so easily. Practically fell into my arms, didn’t you?” He asks, then, softer, “Were you relieved?”

“You were trying to kill me.” She hisses, letting herself feel that anger if only to smother the aching self-hatred. “Wanted me gone, did you?”

“Oh, don’t sound so hurt, my dear.” He chides, voice sweet. “I did try to marry you first.”

To that, she has no response. She merely eyes the canoe, the harpoon gun, the gleaming metal of the diving helmet. Olaf watches her with analytical glee.

There is a pause like a moment before a breath. She sees Olaf’s shiny eyes roam her body, calculating.

“Tell me, Violet. To you, your reasoning might seem obvious. But when you spend every waking moment trying to evade me and our every conversation is bitter and hostile, that leaves me asking myself something. Why would this pretty little orphan place her panties in my bed if she so genuinely detests me?” He asks. “Think you could enlighten me?”

Violet shakes her head, refusing. That tattered shred of dignity frays and holds.
Olaf grins as if he had expected that. “No? Not even if I decide to share this roomy canoe of mine?”

The offer gives her pause. She thinks of her siblings, of Kit Snicket suffering on the shoreline. The prospect grants her hope and meaning, a trial of blistering humiliation worth suffering to save the people she loves.

“Maybe then.” She says, suspicious and, she thinks, rightly so. “How do I know you’re not lying?”

“You don’t.” Olaf admits, grinning. “But what other choice do you have?”

“You’re right.” Violet concedes. “What do you want to know?”

“When were you first attracted to me?” He asks. Then, before she can answer, he glances pointedly to the harpoon gun and says, “Don’t. Lie.”

“I thought you were handsome the moment I saw you.” She admits, voice soft.

It’s an easy memory to fall back into, tinted with so much emotion it appears stained—everything neon with panic and sharp to the touch. Wide-eyed, desperate, her siblings at her side like grieving stones in her pockets, Violet (always upright, calm, level-headed-) had led them to the Count’s doorstep, to his waiting open hands.

Grief had hounded her like a credible threat. Despite Olaf’s tattered home and suspicious guardianship, Violet had hoped to find refuge in him, a place to suture her wounds instead of allowing them to fester and warp and scar. She wanted a savior.

Attraction, that budding, fresh, wretched thing, had bloomed in her the moment he opened the door.

“Your personality wrecked it soon after.” Violet says, unwilling to reflect further on the long nights she spent awake, her young siblings sleeping softly, trying to wring her heart out like a wet rag.

“Wrecked you too, hmm?” He smirks.

Violet hates that even now she finds her eyes drawn to him—to the long slopes of his legs, the hard flex of his jaw, those eyes that watch her and keep watching. She cannot bring herself to agree, yet they both recognize the truth in the air like so much brine and brewing storms.

Olaf hums, pleased. “I remember. Three little orphans. And you were the prettiest. Especially then. You don’t seem to notice, Violet, but you’re quite expressive. The moment I opened that door I was struck by the plain, unguarded grief on your face. Your siblings had no clue you were suffering so entirely. But I did. And you looked so beautiful suffering. You always have.”

He waits, watches, sees the full burn of her blush return as she scowls, looks away.

“Don’t act so surprised. It’s no secret that I want you. Have always wanted you.” He takes a deep breath, quick, like he had lost it. “Even now, you’re suffering. And I—”

He stops, winces through a jagged slice of emotion. Violet watches him, feverish, lick his lips. That dart of tongue (rubiate, wet-) makes her feel empty. Something like loss aches in her chest. Despite the sea winds and the coming storm, the arboretum feels humid, sweltering. Cold sweat pricks the back of her neck.

“I have another question.” He says, low and freshly controlled. “What made you decide to put those panties under my pillow?”
“Really got to you, huh?” Violet mutters.

She has dreams about that night still- excusing herself at dinner, Stephano pinned into his disguise by Monty’s watchful eye as she hurries up the stairs and into his room. She slips her panties off and places them, still warm, beneath his pillow. In the dream, she returns to her seat only to find her family gone. In their absence is Olaf, having discarded his disguise, a small pile of panties on the table like an offering. He always grins at her, wild, feral, the limits of his grin expanding into something monstrous as he says, “Offered another pair, have you?”

She wakes humiliated and confused at her surroundings, her mind still so sure she’s back in Monty’s home.

“It was the first time I was sure.” Olaf says, eyes narrowed in suspicion and accusation. “That you wanted me as badly as I have wanted you.”

“I hate you.” Violet says, factual and brutal. The words slip out of her without consideration, like instinct. “I feel like I have to say that. To clarify.”

“No you don’t.” Olaf tilts his head, examines her. In the white glow of the lights, his eyes look bright and wired. “You hate yourself. Because of me.”

Self-disgust, malignant until that very moment, having been hidden from truth, fractures in her chest like heartbreak.

Sudden tears sting her eyes and overflow down her face with an instant, surprising aggressiveness. Realizing he is right, Violet does not know what to say. She cannot even summon enough shame to wipe her tears. She stares at him, freshly decimated.

“Oh, my dear.” Olaf breathes. “You never noticed that, did you? There are other reasons to hate me, surely. But your emotion towards me has always been especially… personal.”

Several moments pass as he watches her cry. Violet, feeling empty and suddenly unfamiliar within the shell of her own body, simply waits.

“Violet.” He says eventually. “I know how to fix this. How to spare you. You need a reason to hate me. A better, more intimate reason.”

Nodding to himself like settling a deal, Olaf reaches down and flips the gun into his arms. The harpoon rattles in its track as he swings it straight at her, arms braced. “I’ll give you what you want. Come here.”

“What?” Violet asks, freezing. The sharp point of the harpoon glimmers, catches her eye. She feels especially helpless with it pointed at her, too aware of every vulnerable bit of her body just waiting for that click of trigger, that sharp propulsion, the snag and sink into skin and meat and muscle.

“What do you-?”

“What do you want, Violet?” Olaf demands again. There is a shred of anticipation in his voice that speaks of deeper hunger, of thinning restraint. Hearing it makes her stomach drop, makes her skin feel suddenly sensate in a way she has never experienced.

Her eyes find his. She makes up her mind in a breath.

Desperation hones her movements, turns her sleek and steady as she leaps, clawing for the tangle of roots, feet snagging in the crumbling dirt.
Without warning, she hears the trigger click, feels a rush of pointed wind as the harpoon slices through the air and nearly hits her, goring the spot her hand almost reached, digging deep into the wall dense with earth and roots.

Terrified, stunned, and bracing for another harpoon, Violet hesitates. That fractional pause is all it takes for Olaf to lunge to his feet, grab a fistful of her dress, and yank her to the floor. She hits the ground hard, her mind rattled, while Olaf slots another harpoon into place.

He points it at her, snarling, his chest heaving. “You’d rather run then let yourself have me?”

He runs the tip of the harpoon up her neck, tracing the cords of muscle at her throat. “You monstrous little tease. Don’t think I won’t shoot you. Hurt you. If that’s what it takes. You did this to me, Violet. Now you’ve got me whether you like it or not.”

Dirty, breathless, and trembling with exertion and failure, Violet rises to her feet. Her hands are braced for a fight, legs bent and ready to run, yet Olaf merely turns his back to her and returns to his seat. He watches her with that same relentless obsession.

“Let’s try again.” He says. “Violet, come here.”

Knowing she has pushed her luck, she follows direction, only stopping once his knees brush her dress. The smile he gives her (pleased, proud, endeared-) almost makes her grimace back.

“Good.” Olaf says, quiet, measured. His eyes roam her threadbare dress, her dirty, trembling hands. “Now. Sit on my lap. Let’s get acquainted, Violet.”

She bites her tongue so sharply she tastes blood, yet still, slowly, begins to turn.

“No-” Olaf says. His hands (strong, startlingly warm-) rise to her waist, halting, spinning. “This way. I want to see that pretty face of yours.”

“Alright.” She shifts onto his lap, knees to either side of his hips, her hands on the arms of the chair. It occurs to her then that they have never been so close for such an extended amount of time. For a moment, perhaps, Olaf leaning down to whisper a threat in disguise, but never has she been able to see herself reflected in miniature across his eyes and be focused enough to notice.

“Like this?” She asks, cursing the tremble in her voice. Olaf’s hands slide along her, grazing her ribcage, her hips. He hums in approval, pushing until she has sat fully atop his knees. The harpoon glimmers at his elbow, an unspoken warning.

“Perfect.” He says. Rough with fervor, his hands glide up her body to run across her breasts, to scrape her collarbone. At this, her breathing spikes and a hot, humiliated blush burns across her cheeks. She sneaks a look at his face, finding him wholly engrossed, nearly rapturous. His hands return to her breasts, rubbing tight circles over her nipples through her clothes.

“Oh, little orphan.” He breathes. “How sweet is it to finally get what you want?”

“I don’t want you.” She almost hisses, knowing it would be an obvious lie, a way to further hide from herself and reality. Instead, unwilling to lie yet unable to voice the truth, she stays silent.

Olaf flicks a button at the chest of her dress, mutters, “Can’t even say it, huh? But you know you want me, Violet.”

Less patient than he wants to appear, Olaf yanks at her collar, sending a spray of buttons to the
Her hands rise of their own volition, gliding up his arms and the smooth muscles of his biceps to wrap around his neck and press their bodies together.

“Yes-” Olaf hisses, so sharp he sounds hurt.

It is this word, hissed as though slipped from teeth worn by repression, that convinces her to kiss him. She likes the pain in it, the way her actions might hurt him as he has hurt her.

Suffer, Violet thinks, hands wild in his hair. Want me so bad it hurts to have me.

Years of shared, twisted attraction mount to fruition. They are frenzied, violent, animalistic with desire.

“You won’t take long.” Olaf hisses, breath hot on her neck between kisses. “You probably came here hoping I would be alone. Hoping I would touch you.”

Without warning, Olaf stands, taking her into his arms like a child, her cheek pressed to his shoulder. For a single moment she lets herself relax against him.

He turns and dumps her into the chair, and already, like a growing habit, Violet reaches for him. Olaf grabs her instead by the ankles, places them on his shoulders. He grinds his hips towards hers, the bulge in his pants hot against her.

“You’ve never seen a cock, have you, Violet?” He asks, smirking, hands soft at her ankles. It is clear by the look on his face, the focussed gleam to his eyes, that he expects an answer.

“Doesn’t matter.” She responds, lifting her hips to further meet his.

Olaf hums, conceding. The metallic scrape of his zipper sounds as he shimmies his trousers low. From her position slumped in the chair, Violet cannot see his cock, can only feel the blunt head of it rub teasingly against her panties.

“Get on with it.” She hisses, frustrated. Despite her pulling, her panties barely move, too stuck to her skin and the leather seat.

“If you insist.” Olaf says. He takes a step back, letting her legs fall to the floor, and returns, hands strong at her waist, to flip her onto her stomach. He peels the panties from her body with fluid, well-practiced ease.

“Another pair for me.” He mutters. Out of the corner of her eye, Violet sees him pocket the pale scrap of fabric with a grin. “Thank you, Violet. You didn’t have to.”

There is a moment where he takes his cock in hand and slides it against her, teasing, that Violet realizes she can reach the harpoon gun. It would only be a few seconds for her to snatch it and turn to point it at him, her finger stiff and ready on the trigger.

Little by little, he presses into her.

Violet lets her chance at salvation slip away in favor of the man gasping behind her, of her own quivering, flushed, delighted body. She gets, ultimately, exactly what she wants.

“Slowly-” She grunts, tight pain following Olaf’s insistant progress.
“I know.” He mutters. Through the bitten, heavy arousal, a touch of tenderness colors his tone. “Need to make this good for you. So good you’ll come back begging again and again and again.”

Violet takes a deep breath and exhales slow as he pushes wholly into her.

“Good-” Olaf hisses. “Saved yourself for me, didn’t you? Spent long nights awake thinking of this very moment.” He pulls out of her, pushes back in smooth and unhindered. “I know you did. Because I did too.”

Olaf’s hands dig into her hips. Her belly sticks to the chair as they move and Violet, having fully surrendered to her own perversity, presses her flushed face to the cool leather seat and lets him have her.

Moans rise out of her throat like song. She feels alive, invigorated, aware of herself in a new, glittering way.

“Olaf-” She pants through a ragged gasp. “Oh! You-you-!”

“Talk to me, orphan.” He says, nasty and arrogant, leaning down to whisper in her ear, his chest pressed to her back. “How does it feel to have my cock in you, Violet? Everything you’ve ever wanted?”

“Shut up.” She hisses, nearly begging.

His hands run over the point of her hip, her stomach. They brush through her scrap of pubic hair, lower, to rub wide, lazy circles over her flesh. She feels the moment he brushes her clit. This small action alone causes Violet’s legs to tremble, threatening collapse. Her eyes slam shut. Breathy moans fall from her lips at every thrust of the man behind her and the wicked work of his fingers.

It does not take long to recognize the the familiar signs of a building orgasm- her mind goes blank, her body coils tight as a spring, and her lungs shrivel in breathless anticipation.

“That’s it.” Olaf croons, breath gusting past her neck. “You can do it, Violet-”

For a breath’s span, she seems to float inside herself, awareness blighted, blinded. She rocks back into her body shuddering, whimpering, the force of her orgasm draining the strength from her legs. Her knees collapse to the floor, the rest of her clinging to the seat, as she (blissfully, near weeping-) rides through it.

Blood races through her body, cottons her ears with its harsh flush. She barely hears the moment Olaf’s breathing piques and he stumbles away from her, panting. She summons the energy to turn her head, to see him standing in the center of the arboretum with his clothes rumpled, the muscles of his chest bunched as he pumps his cock. His shiny eyes see only her, his mouth open, hanging on a gasp.

He comes into his fist so forcefully he bites his tongue, spits the blood to the floor. Once he is through, he wipes his hand on the rug beneath the canoe, and heaves a deep sigh.

They meet eyes. Something has changed in the space between them, some brutality bent and splintered.

Olaf straightens his clothes. “As I said. You look so beautiful suffering.”

Violet stands slowly, body still weak and dull, and once her dress falls down past her knees, she remembers the new resting place of her panties in Olaf’s pocket, stolen like a commemorative prize.
This sparks twisted anger in her more than his words. It reminds her of her own actions, placing her panties in his bed at Monty’s, of her attempt to flee the arboretum, and the harpoon stuck into the earth near the hole to the outside world.

Violet had tried to run. He had threatened her into compliance. She does not think about the fact that she had enjoyed herself, had had the chance to grab the harpoon gun and stop him before he began. In the aftermath of their union, having been blisteringly seduced and pulled to orgasm at the hands of another person, Violet’s body thrums with a new want. Retribution. Retaliation.

She wishes to level their power dynamic, to metaphorically shatter his knees.

When she shifts back into the seat and glances him over, Olaf has fully dressed and begun moving his possessions around in the hollow gut of the canoe.

“You’ve earned your keep, orphan.” He says, eyes distracted as Violet slowly flips the gun into her hands. Hair a mess, face flushed, lips bitten and bruised and swollen, she takes aim, eyeing a spot near his hip. “I suppose I can be generous enough to make room for you in-”

She pulls the trigger.

Olaf leans down to pull the helmet from the canoe.

“No!” Violet shrieks, yet the harpoon, only a small glimmer of light, shatters the glass of the diving helmet and pierces through the other side, goring the man behind it. Wide-eyed with shock, Olaf stumbles, collapses.

By the time Violet leaps across the room, a pool of blood has already bloomed beneath him. It pours out of him so rapidly that it is clear in only a matter of moments that the wound will be fatal.

“Why-?” He mutters, breathless. His face is paler than she has ever seen it and the shock, confusion, and hurt are clear and unfamiliar.

“I wanted to scare you!” She wails, kneeling at his side, examining the harpoon and the mess of shattered glass around the diving helmet pinned into place. Already she can feel a distinct lump in her throat as the Medusoid Mycelium spores take to the air. “I didn’t mean to- to-”

“Eat an apple.” He croaks, eyeing a small bowl sitting atop Ishmael’s kitchen table. Violet races over, tears chunks out of it ragged and swallows them whole, already shoving it towards his mouth before she has even sat beside him.

Olaf winces, shakes his head.

Violet, horrified, desperate, begs. “Here, here. Eat it. Please.”

“Too late.” Olaf grumbles. He tries to gesture to the harpoon, to the blood soaking the dirt floor, but the movement jostles his body, sends more glass falling to the floor. “Ah. God. Fuck.”

He’s very human wounded. Stripped of his ego and anger, he looks at her with only stark familiarity and understanding, as if he recognizes something in her that he himself has long possessed.

“No.” Violet insists, tears streaming so quickly from her eyes she can barely see straight. “There has to be something. Something we can do.”

“One romp and you’re in love?” Olaf snorts, attempting snark even as his lips fade purple and Violet’s dress soaks his blood.
“No. I don’t want to be like you. A murderer. I don’t want to be the reason why my family’s breathing poison spores on the beach.” She insists, yet knows it’s deeper. Violet grabs his hand gone cold amongst the blood and glass. Hatred nearly overwhelms her, and she is disgusted by herself for betraying her family so wholly, yet she knows she will always regret it if she does not say, “I don’t want you dead, Olaf. I didn’t mean to-”

“Blame it on me.” He insist immediately, harsh and demanding. Violet can see blood slick the cavern of his mouth. “I forced you, Violet, didn’t I? Nearly shot you. Would have. You didn’t want me. You had no choice but to- to skewer me. I’d have killed you.”

“You wouldn’t have.” She insists, yet he continues, ignoring her.

“You had one shot. Through the helmet and you took it. My fault.” He grants her the only mercy he can. Allows her to shed her blame, to let it die with him.

Crippled by indecision and uselessness, Violet does not know what to say. Olaf leans his head against the dirt wall, watches her with stricken, weak terror.

“Stay with me.” He rasps. “Let me see that pretty face.”

“I can’t.” Violet forces, standing. “The spores. My siblings. They need to eat the apples. And Kit.”

“Kit.” Olaf repeats. He coughs, sending a spray of blood out his mouth, staining his chin. The harpoon jerks in his abdomen. “Go.”

Violet rises, hurries to the table to dump the apples in the bloody lap of her dress, gathered like a sack. Feet slick and red, she hurries across the room and to the tangle of roots.

“I’ll come back.” She promises, that same teary, begging catch in her voice. “Maybe then we can do something.”

“Go.” Olaf mutters, his eyes closed, his hands limp at his sides. He looks marbled in the low light, pale and grey-veined.

Violet takes one last look at him bleeding out on the floor of the arboretum and goes.

End Notes

The title of this work was inspired by Dana Levin's poem "Fever."

This one-shot was written following a prompt I was given. If you wish for me to write an idea of your own, you can find me on tumblr as s-softersoftest.

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