

Five Times Moaning Myrtle saw Draco Malfoy

by pokeystar

The first time Moaning Myrtle saw Draco Malfoy, she finally understood what all the fuss was about.

Five Times Moaning Myrtle saw Draco Malfoy

Chapter 1 of 1

The first time Moaning Myrtle saw Draco Malfoy, she finally understood what all the fuss was about.

The first time Moaning Myrtle saw Draco Malfoy, she finally understood what all the fuss was about. Why other girls slipped into her bathroom to whisper and giggle and primp. Why they ran into her bathroom to cry their eyes out over some boy. She'd looked before, sure. She was dead, but she wasn't blind. And none of those other boys had made her insides go squishy when they stepped out of that tub in the prefect's bath.

The second time Moaning Myrtle saw Draco Malfoy, she finally felt sympathy for someone not dead. His tears called to her in a way no one else's ever had, and instead of listing her grievances, she listened as his pain washed away. He shared his deepest fears, his anguished shame at learning his father had been sent to Azkaban, and she realized the living—this boy—had it much harder than she. The worst had already happened to her.

The third time Moaning Myrtle saw Draco Malfoy, she finally became worried for another. She'd had lots of practice at it, so it came as easily to her as a meandering brook when she took in his shaking hands, pinched mouth, pasty white skin and the deep purple circles under his eyes. A girl had been cursed that day, having touched an expensive necklace, and somehow, Myrtle knew Draco was responsible. She could see that whatever path he was on, it led straight to hell. But what could she do? So she watched and she worried.

The fourth time Moaning Myrtle saw Draco Malfoy, she felt utter terror as she watched the blood spill from his body, his life ebbing away in ripples of red water. She stood frozen as a statue, barely hearing a shaky and terrified Potter cry for help. Snape rushed in, and sang a song of healing, but she feared it was far too late.

The fifth time Moaning Myrtle saw Draco Malfoy, he was as gossamer as she, gliding over the tiled bathroom floor to reach her side. They clasped transparent hands, and she finally felt at peace.

~~~\*\*~~~

Originally written as a *trick* for suprockstar at luvlikerocketz Live Journal community.

Prompt: fluffy (if you squint), water