

Loyalty

by peppermint

If only she'd known what loyalty really was.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Charming little Alice. Precious little Alice. I warned her.

I did. Over and over and over again. I told her when she tried to break it off with me if she got involved with Longbottom, there would be trouble. She turned her back on me. She not only got involved with that pasty-faced Auror, she married him. She had a baaaaaaby. Sweet, ickle, round-headed Neville.

It's not like she didn't know; she just chose to ignore me. She ought to have known; I always get my way. It didn't matter that I was betrothed to Rodolphus by then. We do what we must to keep up appearances. It doesn't, shouldn't, change our loyalties.

When Snape told the Dark Lord about the prophecy, the Dark Lord wanted to go after the Potter boy himself. He sent Roddy, Rabastan, and me, along with Barty, to deal with the Longbottoms. I knew they'd been on his list. I'd hoped to be chosen. I deserved to deal with Alice. Personally.

I'd warned her to not turn against me. I would have given her everything. Everything.

Instead, I had to curse her. *Crucio!* And again! Didn't want to kill her. No, no, no. Insanity is worse than death. It's much worse.

Now she's locked up at St Mungo's, doesn't know who she is. And I'm locked up in Azkaban. But someday, the Dark Lord will come for me. He'll come for his loyal servants.

Too bad sweet Alice didn't understand what loyalty was.

2nd place, final week of September's Femmeslash challenges at dynodrabbles on LiveJournal.

Thanks to pyjamapants for the beta :)