

Cleaning House

by blue artemis

Something has caused the men of Wizarding Britain to lose themselves. What is it?

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Chapter 1 of 1

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I've just about managed to get even with all of them. It wasn't easy. But I had to do it; you understand, don't you? I hated being shoved into the shadows.

Hermione is smarter, well, than anyone. But when she discovered me in bed with Ron, she got so angry at him there was a flare of accidental magic, and he is not much more than a Squib. He is currently working as an assistant coach for a second-rate football team. It was more than I hoped for. I didn't even need the potion that would make him impotent. That would have been good, but what happened was so much better.

Astoria thought she was going to be just so happy with Draco. She didn't care about what happened in the war; she really did like him, and the fact that the Malfoys kept their fortune was just icing on the cake. When she found me in bed with him, well, the shrieking could be heard all the way to Hogsmeade. The Manor is where it has always been, in Wiltshire. She pestered him so much before, during and after the wedding that he turned to drink. Rare is the day you find Draco sober. It is delicious.

There were a few more, you know. Neville said he was going on a world-wide search for rare plants. But really, Hannah didn't like seeing him in bed with me. Who else? Oh, Seamus, Justin, Theo, Blaise, Ernie and Charlie. Yes, Weasley. No, I never slept with Percy. Uptight prat.

But the cherry on my sundae of revenge was Harry Potter. He should have just eaten those chocolates back in his sixth year. None of this would have happened if he had. When Ginny caught him in bed with me, she chased him up and down the staircases in his house, swinging his Firebolt at him wildly. He's currently living in a cave somewhere in upper Finland.

What did you say? Did you really ask me why I had to ruin their lives? I thought you understood. Not one of those men paid any attention to me. I'm not ugly or stupid or gold-digging or a stalker. Not one of those things that they said was true.

I really fell for Harry. Harry himself, not the stories of Harry Potter like that crazy Ginny. But everyone thought I was insane, just because as a child I thought that lacing a few candies with love-potion was a good idea. It wasn't; I know that now. But I just wanted to be noticed. Why did all these other girls find love, or at least get attention? I'm just as pretty as they are.

I didn't catch that, I'm sorry. Remorse? Why would I feel remorse? Those men all got what they deserved. Not one of them was willing to take me seriously, even though they loved watching me dance, and they certainly loved to fuck me.

The women? Why would I feel sorry for them? Hermione ended up with Viktor. She actually told me she thinks she's happier now than she would have ever been with Ron, magic or no. Ginny and Luna ended up together. I'm not sure how that works, but they seem happy. All of the women that were with men that I slept with are all better off, so no, I don't feel sorry for them.

How can I be certain? I just know. And if one of those men had ever thought of treating me with respect, just once, then maybe I wouldn't have had to hurt any of them. Yes, I understand that setting them up so that their significant others found them in their own beds with an exotic dancer--no, I was never a prostitute, I never accepted

payment--was hurtful. But they all hurt me, treating me like an object; I had to get even.

I can go now? Free? Oh, back to my cell. Well, are you ever going to let me out? When I've served my time? All right, then. Will you come talk to me again? Oh, good. You ask a lot of questions, but I think you understand me. It is nice to talk to someone who understands me.

My recommendation to the parole board is that Miss Romilda Vane continue to serve her sentence. Also, we must look into the possible murders of Hannah Abbott, Pansy Parkinson, and whoever was seeing Seamus Finnegan, Justin Finch-Fletchey, Theodore Nott, Ernie MacMillan and Charlie Weasley. Yes, yes, I know, she isn't sane, but she certainly isn't safe. She believes all those women she killed are still alive and living a better life after she was found in bed with their spouses.

We can revisit her case in another twenty-five years or so. Maybe she will have left her fantasy world by then.

Many thanks to Janus for the beta!

Prompt from kyriaofdelphi: Nine years post-war. Draco Malfoy has become a drunk. Ron Weasley has left the Wizarding world. Harry Potter has become a hermit in Upper Finland. Which witch is responsible? (NOT Hermione.)