

Introspection

by rosewood

Ron reflects upon his darkest secret.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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The Potions master's lip twitched slightly in amusement as he watched the youngest Weasley boy fawn silently over the half-Veela throughout dinner following the Order meeting. *Oh, this is going to be much too easy.*

"I do believe you've heard the Siren's call," Severus murmured over his drink.

Ron flushed at the thought of being caught ogling his brother's fiancée.

"I don't know what the hell you're talking about," Ron replied nervously.

"Oh, I think you do," Severus silkily replied. "It doesn't take a Legilimens to realize you're smitten when it's so plainly revealed upon your face."

Ron remained silent, shifted awkwardly in his seat and looked away.

"Don't worry, it's hardly your fault," Severus continued. "You do realize that a Veela has the ability to selectively attract only those whom she finds interesting, don't you?"

Ron looked at the Professor, clearly intrigued.

"While most men would agree she is certainly pleasant to behold and perhaps indulge a private fantasy or two, hardly any one of them will have the urge to act upon their most... primal instinct," Severus drawled. "In fact, I dare say it is only you and your brother who seem to have any active interest in her at all. Is it a coincidence? I think not."

"What do you mean?" Ron asked.

"Don't be daft, boy. This is a classic example of... sexual manipulation."

The seed of treachery planted, Snape rose and walked out of the room, leaving Ron to his thoughts.

Later at the Burrow, he watched covetously as his brother placed his arm around her waist and kissed her temple. A moment later, Fred and George whisked Bill away for some nonsense or another. Alone, Fleur sighed and walked outside to the garden behind the shed to gaze at the stars, not realizing that Ron had followed closely behind.

She wants me.

Snape had alluded as much, and when he thought about it, it made perfect sense.

Ron had believed him. He would believe anything, if only it was impressed upon him deeply enough. Obviously, in this case, it had.

The question that would often befuddle him in the years to come, when sleep betrayed him and his thoughts would wander, was simply this *Why?*

He could close his eyes and still see her. Feel her. Taste her. He had wanted her. Every tear she cried. Every breath she gasped. Every struggle she made. Every silent scream that he retched from her battered body before she had finally lain still.

She had wanted him.

Hadn't she?

That was what was mystifying, the doubt. That was the nightmare.

Only Ron knew what truly resided in the dark recesses of his heart. He knew just how easy a choice it had been to take her life, to understand the utter possession that far exceeded any need of lust and desire. This singular moment of insanity that left a residual feeling of loathing and resentment. And through it all there was a lingering, seductive murmur inside his mind. It was a dark whisper that, once heard, could never be forgotten.

Do it again.

Her death had been blamed on Death Eaters. After his brother had killed himself in grief, Ron realized that there was no forgiveness to be had. No redemption to be made. But the little voice remained.

Do it again.

And, he did. He had finally succumbed to his darkest desire. Time and time again.

He was living in his own private Hell. This was what it truly meant to be damned.

A/N: Originally written for the LJ Death Eater Drabs "Evil!Weasleys" challenge.