

# Excerpts from the Inner Eye

by nagandsev

Umbridge and Fudge get a few eye-openers from reading 'Reflections of the Inner Eye'...

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Her porcelain teacup cracked against its matching porcelain saucer.

'Cornelius!'

Thunderstruck, Umbridge's doughy, pale face quivered in outrage. Thrusting the printed obscenity into his portly chest, she shrieked, 'Read this! This... this outrage... this \_\_\_'

Cornelius began to read where her stubby fingers poked.

(Excerpts from 'The Aftermath of the Final Battle: Reflections of the Inner Eye,' Chapter Five: The Torrid Battle of the Loins of Dolores Umbridge.)

*(...) Umbridge's loins longed for the gorgeous centaur, Firenze. Her longing led her to the Forbidden Forest where, her heart fluttering giddy with expectation, she awaited until she could wait no more. Having gone berserk with passion, she rolled around on the dewy, dark moss, panting and groaning, delirious in her unbridled heat for the horse to appear...*

Fudge hooted, a pleasurable cry of glee. Skimming further, Cornelius' eyes caught*(...)Delirium setting in, Umbridge imagined the dobbie thrusting away, the centaur knowing just how to make the ministerial witch come—this was made undeniably clear by Second Sight of the former Grand Inquisitor's tea leaves (...)*

Dolores cleared her throat sharply, demanding Cornelius' undivided attention. Unsuccessfully.

Chortling away, absorbed, Fudge didn't hear her.

Casting a look full of gall and wormwood at the chuckling man, Dolores suddenly smiled sweetly, inspired.

'Amusing, is it, Cornelius? Perhaps this will tickle your fancy as well...'. Snatching the slanderous rag and finding another passage, Umbridge jabbed him again with the printed defamation.

*Chapter Six: A Conspiracy Revealed – Leather Thongs or Silk Thongs: The Fudge and Rookwood Years.*

*(...) working from within to bring down the Ministry through mandated rough-sex foreplay, allocated approved funding by former Minister Cornelius Fudge, it was disclosed that an astronomical amount of Galleons were spent on Bondage and Discipline toys (...)*

Fudge frowned thoughtfully. *Hmm... wonder who the mole is?*

'Cornelius?'

'Uh, yes, my dear?'

'Until you take action to shut them down, until this is resolved—no more nookie for you.'

*Thank Merlin for small favours...*

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At their work table, Xenophilus and Sybill gazed reverently at the very first copy of their very first edition printed by the newly established Quibbler, Inc. publishing house. The best-seller laid in the centre, surrounded by the mounting pile of affidavits owls had been delivering from the Ministry.

Full of portent, Sybill wistfully took one, waving her hands over it. 'I divine there is a restless outcry against the revelations of the all-knowing, all-seeing Inner Eye.'

'*Vis absoluta absolute corruptit*,' mumbled Lovegood. 'Protesting against the divine truth is to be expected, my dear, especially when Wrackspurts abound uncontrollably. It comes with the territory.'

He wrapped her shawl around her shoulders snugly. 'More sugar for your Gurdyroot?'

'Just the sherry, dearest Xenophilus. Just the sherry.'

Pouring a generous amount of the deep purple brew, Xenophilus handed a cup to her and gave her frizzy hair a kiss. Xeno then proceeded down to the stream to catch more Freshwater Plimpies for their supper.

Life was good: the truth was out.

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A/N: The one and only beta, lyn\_f. Thank you for everything!

Prompt: Someone takes creative liberties when writing their memoirs, royally ticking off the other "characters" in the story.