

Tales of a Desperate Pure-blood Wife

by *apisa_b*

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer:

My deepest apologies to Mrs. Wille-Gut, whose description of her life as a millionaire's wife I transitioned into Mrs. Rowling's wonderful Wizarding world. So I own nothing here.

My name is Galatea Mockridge, nee Malfoy, and today I have decided to start a journal.

My robes are hand tailored, of course, and when I host cocktail parties, blinis with caviar and veal involtini with risotto grated with white truffles are served. The estate I live in is one of those Regency-era manors in Kent, which are unplottable by Muggles and can only be inherited, never purchased. Only privileged pure-bloods are accepted in our set, and we like to keep to ourselves. The poorer classes, or those with even half-blood heritage, seldom mix in our circles.

It's customary for us to own an army of house-elves and to have an occasional half-blood or Squib in our employ. But don't think our lives are devoid of problems. There's the matter of complaining house-elves, for instance. Oh, why do they have to punish themselves? It must surely be to avoid working they're using their self-inflicted injuries to shirk their duties. Incompetent foremen and matrons (Squibs, mostly), or gnomes getting out of hand in the park, are grating on my nerves, as well. All the money I possess eases my existence, somewhat, but it can't prevent my children from being sorted into the wrong house at school, or cellulite from spreading in my body, or my husband from peering deep into the cleavage of pretty shop girls. But overall, we lead orderly and secure lives. Our estates are cultivated and well-warded, and our heirs-to-come were home schooled before they were accepted at Hogwarts.

And, by the way, I do love my new Firebolt. If any of my friends endorse a broom, it's this one; they are quite secure, with strong protective fields, and are highly receptive to Cushioning Charms and charms to ensure a smooth ride through unpredictable air currents. But honestly, while showing off our extravagant brooms, we can feel as important as we please. The unfounded notion that the airstreams our Firebolts leave behind can cause those old Cleansweeps to become unstable, amuses my best friend Dilys and me to no end. We could play professional Quidditch on our brooms, but we only use them to reach the nearest Apparition points, so we can Apparate to Diagon Alley or Hogsmeade. We love to shop for accessories we can flaunt at the next dinner party, and to meet with our private seer, who consults her crystal ball on our behalf and reads our cards. She is always very compassionate (she'd better be, with the amount of money she charges) and helps us deal with the depression from which most of us suffer. She also encourages me to keep a journal, so I can analyze the reasons for my frustrations, and track the accuracy of her predictions. But heaven forbid it should fall into the wrong hands -- it would cause me social ruin.

I'm quite amused by the fact that *Witch Weekly* actually has a section which focuses on our daily lives. Of course, I'm not reading the articles; nobody in my circles does. What I can't comprehend is what could be interesting or enjoyable in reading about stressed full-time mothers and landladies. For more than twenty years now, I have

been responsible for keeping up the good appearance of my home, my park, my children, and myself, to ensure we fit the ideal of the wealthy and intact pure-blood family. Well, the role model in pure-blood families hasn't changed at all over the last 200 years or so.

A good education is absolutely essential, and, superior NEWT results add to the prestige. But the most aristocratic pure-blood women are seldom in a position in which they have to rely on them to obtain a prestigious job. I passed my NEWTs on my second attempt, and decided upon an apprenticeship which wouldn't require much effort -- Charms. I found it to be quite entertaining for a year, but then I began working as a model at Madam Malkin's the best way to find eligible pure-blood bachelors -- and I visited some of the wizarding communities of Europe. It's different for the pure-blood males, because they will have to earn a living befitting to their station.

Some pure-blood children go through a phase in their teens in which they dream of escaping the bounds of our society, but this nonsense is soon forgotten. Most of them eventually follow in their parents' footsteps. Oh, I still remember the pains Mrs. Black went through when her son had left for good. What the poor woman had to suffer, with everyone pointing fingers at her.

I've always deemed it as very important to marry someone of my same circle. I come from wealth, and I am convinced that partners originating from the same milieu complement each other the best. Their values are similar, so there should be no fear of arguing about whether one partner is overspending. To be honest, I couldn't endure a paltry existence living only in a cottage, perhaps having to shop secondhand. The thought makes shivers run up and down my spine.

My husband's name is Everard. We have two children, a boy and a girl. Pity there is no possibility of returning our offspring. Children can be a royal pain in the neck, just like their fathers. But they are, as a rule, very busy and thankfully, seldom at home.

Some wizards have a tendency to be pedantic and display authoritarian behavior. For example, when we were at Dilys', and the candlesticks were in the wrong place and the lamb tenderloin was cooked three seconds too long, her lord and master showed his disapproval with a narrowing of his eyes. That's harsher than outspoken criticism. He let her know without words that she had failed at her job. When she let slip something of her frustration, he inquired in front of all the guests at the dinner party, "What the deuce is so bad about an allowance of 1000 Galleons per month and enough time to actually spend it?" Dilys blushed profusely and sought her revenge by buying a new set of dress robes at Madam Malkin's, with matching jewelry.

With me, it's quite the opposite. Household chores, children, my personal grooming -- I want everything to be perfect. The tiniest mistakes throw me into a fit of the sullen. Snails in the garden, or an owl from school concerning the behavior of my offspring both would cause me sleepless nights. Everard isn't as concerned. "They're only snails!" or "They're only children!" I suppose he's right -- both *can* be handled. We feign sympathy and solidarity with each other, but as soon as we are apart, we utilize every opportunity to extract what we need from the other. Shamelessly.

Concerning our marriages, we pure-blood wives can pocket a lot. We have fewer divorces than other factions of wizarding society. Only in deep marriage crises, do we consider financial independence often with disastrous results. For one set of my favorite dress robes, I would have to work at least two weeks - I calculated that years ago. Given a choice between a forty hour job and living in a small flat, and living in a manor house and owning beautiful robes, the golden cage, which I needn't clean myself, looks pretty good. Therefore, when my husband returns home, he finds the house cleaned and devoid of dust, the tablecloth starched and ironed, and a sumptuous dinner waiting for him. Twice a week my reward is social outings.

Every Sunday morning, I am my husband's obliging lover. On Monday mornings, I sometimes feel trapped, but I press on. I indulge in a hot bath, enjoying the sunlight dimmed through linen curtains as it casts its patterns on my extensive perfume collection. These are the times when I want nothing more than to curl up in bed, but I force myself to take a particular effort in my appearance. I never appear uncombed or in my nightgown at breakfast that is a sign of weakness. Appearance is exceedingly important, so I invest a good deal of time in visits to the spa.

Every family member has a full schedule with the notable exception of me. During the day, it's silent at the manor, Except for Maria, the Squib matron, and Pedro, her husband and gardener, no human beings are to be found. Like most pure-blood wives, I only oversee the work being done in the house and garden. But I take credit for the outcome be it the perfect polished silver or the newly grown maze in the park. However, all the praise I receive for the wonderful mansion and park can't compensate for the boredom of my existence.

Taking a lover would help, but even if I found a suitable candidate, and thought of a way to keep my liaison secret, it would be futile. My dear husband had the foresight to include a Fidelity Charm in our mating rites. So instead of investing time and effort in circumventing the charm, I resigned myself to redecorating the dining room. It proved much less complicated, but elevated my mood just as effectively. And, when suffering from severe frustration, frequent trips to Honeydukes help which have resulted in my gaining three pounds in the last month.

My dissatisfaction was never great enough to try to escape. Plans for my future? I don't think I will ever pursue a career in the Ministry. But who knows what the future holds? Currently, I am planning a short holiday to Tuscany, where we own a small vineyard near Florence. I always forge ahead bravely, taking one step after the other.

A/N: Kudos to vocalion for kindly accepting to beta-read this little piece. But, to be honest, she should rather be called a co-author than a beta.