

## **It's Not a Wonderful Life**

Ron Weasley was shivering as he drunkenly stumbled to the top of the Astronomy Tower. It was Christmas night, and like every year, Hogwarts hosted a party for the survivors of the Battle of Hogwarts. He and his wife, Hermione, went every year ... as did the rest of his family along with Harry Potter. Usually, seeing everyone happy and laughing really put him in the Christmas spirit. Sadly, this year he was hiding a secret that would put a dark cloud over the entire family when they found out.

Just after Christmas the previous year, he heard from a friend who worked for Puddlemere United that the British and Irish Quidditch League were planning on adding three more teams to their Minor League system. No one knew of this just yet because the League hadn't finalized the plans, but Ron's friend assured him that if he wanted in, now was the time to move. Ron, of course, was very eager to get in on the ground floor. It was his dream to somehow be involved in the Quidditch League. Partially owning one of the Minor League teams wasn't as good as owning one of the big names. It wasn't even as good as playing for one of the big-name teams, but it was still really good and would set him up to move further up the ladder in the future. There was only one problem ... cash. More specifically, he didn't have any.

His friend laid out exactly what was expected of him. He had already lined up a decent team to buy into, and once they did, Ron would be expected to take over the coaching duties to help whip them into shape. Of course, Ron's chest swelled with pride when he heard that he was going to be the coach. He did, after all, have one of the greatest Quidditch minds of his generation. Sadly, no one else seemed to recognize his genius. However, his dreams were nearly crushed when he heard that it would take ten thousand galleons from him to buy a fifty percent share in the team. The team needed that money for new equipment and brooms.

His own account was pathetically low, and Hermione was already displeased with him for spending more than he made. He couldn't go to Harry either. Ron already owed him more than he'd like to admit. Besides that, they would probably demand that Harry become the star Seeker, thereby diminishing the spotlight that was supposed to be shining on him. Harry had always been an attention-seeker according to Ron. This time it was his time to shine.

He did have access to the family's savings accounts which were separate from their normal everyday accounts. Since his parents no longer had a million children to support, they had been able to slowly put away a decent amount of gold for their upcoming retirement. Ron quickly decided that he would take that money and put back double when the Quidditch League bought the rights to his team. Unfortunately, there were only around seven thousand galleons in his parent's account. Draining Bill's and Charlie's accounts gave him just enough to cover the costs. He ended up taking a few thousand from George's account as well. The team needed the best gear, after all! Besides, he would pay all of them back with interest, he told himself.

With the money secured, they went ahead and purchased the team. Ron quickly discovered that the team wasn't all it was cracked up to be. They needed a lot of work. A LOT of work! So being

the motivated entrepreneur that he was, he rolled up his sleeves and got to work. He couldn't wait to see the looks on his family's faces when they discovered that he was the next big thing in the Quidditch world.

For most of the following year, he spent his time after work with the team instead of his wife and finally whipped them into shape. His heart nearly burst when the professional Quidditch League announced the expansion of their Minor League in late November. His friend had been correct! A tournament was held for the prospective teams where scouts for the professional league would question each team while trying to decide who was the best fit. It was a complete shock to Ron when his team placed last in the tournament, and when he was questioned by the scouts, his answers were less than ideal. He still remembered the day when the new teams were announced. A sour lump dropped in his gut when his team was not among them. After he spent some time sulking over the loss of his dreams, he suddenly remembered the thousands of galleons that he had borrowed from his family. With no way to pay it back anytime soon, he struggled to figure out a way to tell them the truth.

As the days went by, he failed to tell them. In the end, he decided to figure out a way to pay them back without them having to find out what he had done. He was still trying to figure it out when his parents announced that they would be retiring after New Year's Day.

"Artie and I have decided to sell the Burrow and move to southern France!" Molly declared happily during the Christmas party. Of course, everyone was shocked. His father smiled and put an arm around his wife.

"With the money from the sale along with our savings, we'll be purchasing a small vineyard. Mollywobbles will have a few greenhouses where she will grow potion ingredients to help supplement our income," he proudly told them. Harry whistled in appreciation.

"I've been looking into buying some land in southern France. It's certainly not cheap," Harry said. Bill nodded and turned to his wife, Fleur, who smiled back beautifully at him.

"That's why Fleur and I have decided to move with them. We have some money saved. So we'll be covering some of the costs and moving into a lovely farmhouse that's separate from the main house. It needs a little work, but it's nothing we can't handle," Bill told them.

"Yes ... I wish to be closer to my family, and this is the perfect opportunity," Fleur explained.

"Then I guess congratulations are in order!" Harry smiled as everyone began chatting wildly about upcoming plans. Only Ron sat there quietly staring off into space. It seemed that he had run out of time. Only an hour later, he slipped away from the crowd with a bottle in his hand. He staggered up to the Astronomy Tower and stared off into the night sky.

His body shivered from the howling wind. Putting the bottle to his lips, he drank deeply from it. The whiskey heated his throat and belly as he finished the bottle. Seeing double, his grip

loosened, and he let go of the bottle. It hit the ground and smashed into a thousand small shards. He stumbled from side to side before lurching forward, barely catching himself on the railing. At that moment, he could only think about how miserable his existence was. He had just been fired a few days ago because of all the time he had taken off of work to pursue his dream job. He had no money, his family would soon find out that he was nothing more than a thief that had ruined their plans, and his own wife barely paid attention to him. He had wasted a year of his life ignoring her in order to achieve his own dreams. It was no wonder why she could barely stand to look at him. The worst part was that he saw the way she looked at Harry. 'Perhaps they would be better off together,' he told himself as he pushed himself through the railing and looked down over the edge of the tower. It was a long, dark drop. "And everyone would definitely be better off without me," he said out loud as he closed his eyes.

"Oh, I very much doubt that," a lovely voice said from behind him. Ron gasped and turned around, grabbing the rail to keep himself from falling. Ron's mouth gaped open as he saw a stunningly beautiful woman that he had never seen before. She was standing there in a long, flowing dress, smiling at him.

"D-Doubt what?" Ron asked as his teeth chattered from the bitter cold.

"That everyone would be better off without you," she told him sweetly. Ron snorted as he threw one of his long, gangly legs over the top of the rail and pulled himself back over and away from the ledge.

"Sure," he drunkenly slurred. "Tell me that again in a few days when they find out what I did ..." he said, kicking some broken glass. "It would be better if I had never been born ..." he sulked.

"You don't believe me?" she asked, raising her perfect eyebrow.

"Of course not!" he cried out, leaning against the rail to keep himself from falling over. "How could I?"

"Then I'll have to prove it to you," she said, confidently. "Congratulations ... You've never been born."

Ron cried out as a powerful gust of wind hit him from behind. He stumbled forward and fell flat on his face. After yelping loudly, he quickly quieted down when he realized that he hadn't landed in the pile of broken glass. Standing up, he looked around and saw that there wasn't a single shard of glass on the ground. "What the ..."

That wasn't the only thing. The once fierce wind had died down completely, and the beautiful woman was nowhere to be seen. His head had also suddenly cleared up, and he didn't feel drunk anymore.

“The cold must have sobered me up,” he concluded and rubbed his arms to get warm. He shook his head and went back inside to rejoin the party before he was missed. Only when he got back, there was no party. The room was completely empty. “Where did everyone go?” he asked the empty room. “Probably forgot all about me,” he huffed and made his way down to the entrance. The castle was very quiet with only a few students staying during the holiday break, and all of them were safely tucked into their warm beds. Ron made his way out of the castle and apparated as soon as he was able to.

When he appeared in front of the Burrow, he saw that all of the lights were off. Confused, he tried to open the door but found it locked. He couldn’t even open it with his wand. Trying to apparate inside had him violently tossed onto his back when he slammed into an Anti-Apparation Charm. “What’s going on here?” he hissed, rubbing his sore knee. Getting up, he walked around to the side of the house. Carefully, he levitated himself up and opened the window to his room. Crawling in noisily, Ron stumbled around until he waved his wand and turned on the light. ‘Something is wrong,’ he suddenly thought as he appeared to be in the wrong room. The room looked to have been owned by a young female. When the door to the room opened, Ron turned to ask what the hell was going on. Instead, his mouth hung open as a young girl walked in. They stared at each other for a moment before the girl screamed as loud as possible. Ron stumbled back, startled at the loud noise.

“Whoa, whoa! Little girl! Just please ...” he begged, reaching out to calm her down. Just then, her very angry father joined them.

“Get your damn hands off of her, pervert!” he shouted, brandishing his wand.

“Hey now! Wait just a minute there! You’re in my ... AAAARGH!” he shouted as a Cutting Curse sailed over his head as he ducked. Ron did the smart thing and dove out of the window again, slamming into the ground hard.

“OOOF!” he grunted as he rolled on the cold ground. When a violent spell hit the ground where he had just been and left a fairly deep crater, Ron decided the smart thing was to get the hell out of there immediately. Getting to his feet, Ron ran as fast as he could away from his parent’s house. In fact, his feet didn’t stop until he reached a familiar house that resembled a Rook from a chessboard. Ron was breathing heavily as he stopped in front of the house while trying to catch his breath.

“Are you really a pervert?” came Luna’s voice from above. Ron looked up and saw Luna poking her head out of her bedroom window. “I could hear Mr. Croonwell yelling from all the way over here,” she told him.

“Of course, I’m not a pervert,” Ron huffed. “You know that, Luna.”

“Do I?” she asked, confused.

“Luna, what the hell’s going on? Where are my parents?” he asked desperately.

“Hold on!” she called down and slipped back into her room. It was only a few seconds until she joined Ron out under the plum tree.

“This will shed light on the situation,” Luna explained, dipping an old, dirty sock into a bag of white powder.

“Luna, I ...” Ron started before she smacked him in the face with the sock. A cloud of white powder enveloped his head, making him cough. He barely heard the kooky girl over his own coughing.

“Oh, Spirits of the Night, Keeper of Secrets, I beg of thee, enlighten the unenlightened!” she called out.

“Luna, wha...” he complained, only to get a sock in the face again.

“Ahhh! Yes ... I see!” Luna said, sounding fascinated.

“See what?” Ron asked, very annoyed by then.

“You were visited by a beautiful woman tonight. Am I correct?” Luna asked him. Ron’s eyes went wide.

“How did you know?”

“That’s not important. What is important is that the Spirit of Hogwarts gave you a great gift, Ronald Weasley. She made it so you can see just how important you are to everyone. It’s as though you had never been born!” Luna squealed happily.

“That’s what she said, but I thought she was just being mental,” he said, brushing the powder from his shoulders. “By the way ... where did you get that sock? It smells kinda funny.”

“From underneath my dad’s bed. It’s usually harder and crustier than this for some reason. That reminds me, I better put it back. He gets mad when I wash it,” she said and scampered back into her house, leaving Ron dry-heaving in the bushes. When she came back, he had just finished vomiting his earlier dinner.

“Now that I have a clear understanding of the situation, I think I can help,” Luna told him. She grabbed his hand and Side-Along Apparated him to where his parents were living. Ron’s queasy stomach wasn’t doing much better after the trip. Even so, he looked around and saw what appeared to be a vineyard, only it was too dark to be sure. “Over here,” Luna said, pulling him to a lovely, little house that was all lit up.

"Where are we?" he asked. It was much warmer than back home.

"In the south of France. The Weasleys moved here a few years ago," another voice joined them. "Thank you, Miss Lovegood. I'll take it from here." Ron quickly turned to the side to see the same beautiful woman that he had met on the Astronomy Tower. Luna smiled and nodded. She sent Ron one last pitiful look before going back home. "Well, Ronald? Go ahead and see," the Spirit of Hogwarts smiled and pointed to the window. With shaky hands, Ron slowly made his way to the window.

Inside he saw his mother who appeared much thinner and prettier. She was sitting on his father's lap as they talked happily amongst themselves. The house was very nicely decorated with expensive-looking furniture. "How come she's so thin?"

"Without your enormous appetite to feed, they were able to save much more money, and much faster as well. Your mother had years to prepare for their early retirement. As such, she began working out and is in the best shape of her life."

"I thought you were supposed to be convincing me of my worth?" he angrily glared at her.

"Umm ... Well, I ..." the Spirit of Hogwarts stuttered. She was physically unable to lie to him. "Nevermind that ... I believe your brothers hold the answers you seek," she declared and ushered them away.

Next, Ron appeared in Diagon Alley. He was in front of Weasleys' Wizard Wheezes, only the shop was much bigger. In fact, it spanned over multiple shop fronts. He looked up and saw a light on in the room upstairs where his brothers used to live. He was suddenly hovering outside the window with the Lady at his side. Ron looked in, and his mouth suddenly went dry. "Fred?"

"Since you were never born, you never befriended Harry Potter, and they never fought in the Battle of Hogwarts," she explained.

"But then how do they have the shop?!" Harry had given them the money to start it after all.

"Without you around, the extra money they received in allowance was put toward the shop. They began working on it much sooner and have expanded in size many times since then," she winced at having to tell the truth. "They are doing quite well financially and even send money to your parents on occasion." Ron closed his eyes and sighed. When he opened them, he was standing outside of another small house. He was already afraid to find even more bad news for himself. Peeking in, he saw Ginny looking radiant with a swollen belly.

"She's pregnant?!" he gasped in shock.

“Indeed she is. Without you around to be overly protective, Neville Longbottom gained the courage to ask her out. They’ve been married for three years now and are expecting their first in the next few months.”

“Well, that’s ... just ... great,” he said, pinching the area between his eyes. “Are they at least poor?” The Spirit looked a bit sheepish before answering.

“She’s a hot shot Chaser for Wimbourne ... making six figures a year. Neville owns a chain of industrial greenhouses.”

“Uggg! I feel worse than when we started,” Ron complained, looking around for a place to sit down.

“Nonsense! I’m sure that there’s someone who’s worse off,” the Spirit said before transporting them to their next stop. Ron decided to just go along with it. ‘What does it matter?’ he thought to himself. “HA! Lookie here!” the Spirit of Hogwarts happily ordered, pointing to the window of a decent-sized home. Ron looked through it and saw Bill sitting there alone.

“Without you, he never went to Hogwarts during the Triwizard Tournament and therefore, never met Fleur!” she smiled. Ron looked hopeful for once.

“That’s true! They did meet because of me!” he declared, looking closer. Just then, a tall, gorgeous, black-haired woman walked out of the kitchen holding two steaming cups of tea. She handed one to Bill who kissed her deeply in thanks.

“Goddamnit! She’s just as good-looking as Fleur ... and her boobs are bigger ... and Bill’s face isn’t torn up from the battle.

“Oh yeah ... I forgot that Bill’s not a loser,” Ron heard her tell herself quietly. She didn’t see the glare that he sent her way.

“WAIT! I’ve got just the thing!” she suddenly cried out, and they disappeared. They quickly reappeared in a dark, foggy graveyard. “Behold!” she said, pointing to a darkened gravestone. Ron lit up his wand and pointed it at the stone.

“Severus Snape?” Ron asked. “What happened to him?”

“Since you were never a jerk to Hermione in her first year, she never ran off crying and hid in the bathroom. Harry never had to go find her to keep her safe, and the job of hunting down the troll was carried out by the teachers. Snape was accidentally clubbed in the head and died soon after from a traumatic brain injury. Had you been there, Snape would have lived a much longer life, filling his students’ lives with happiness and cheer.”

“Are we talking about the same guy?” Ron snorted. “Snape was a greasy git, and I’m guessing most of the castle celebrated whenever he bit the big one,” Ron grunted. “Anyway ... Forget about this. Take me to my wife!”

Ron suddenly appeared inside someone’s house. It seemed that he was in a living room that was lavishly decorated with expensive items. Hermione walked through the door looking sexier than Ron had ever seen her. Her normal bushy hair was straight and sleek and fell over her back in loose curls. She was wearing a very, very short, silk nightie that showed off most of her toned thighs. Her perky tits were clearly visible through the light pink material. Ron could see her hard nipples poking through. “Hermione!” he called out and tried to walk to her. Unfortunately, his feet were stuck to the ground.

“She can’t see or hear you,” the Spirit explained as she stood at his side. When someone else walked in, Ron turned to see Harry moving toward his wife. Hermione smiled prettily and stepped up to him. Ron’s mouth hung open as Harry grabbed her ass and lifted her up. Hermione squealed and kissed him passionately while his hands mauled her shapely bottom. As he did, Ron could see that Hermione wasn’t wearing panties underneath. Harry sat down on the couch and put her in his lap. Immediately, his hand moved up the inside of her thigh. Now Ron could see her hairless pussy on full display as she parted her legs, giving his hand more room to play.

“But she’s always had a thick, untamed bush down there,” he said in confusion. Hermione never shaved the wild jungle between her legs.

“She never did for you,” the Spirit corrected him. “Harry, on the other hand, makes her feel sexy. So in turn, she dresses sexy and takes better care of her body. She also has a friend that keeps her motivated ...”

“What friend?” he questioned while furrowing his brows. Just then, another door opened and a completely nude Fleur scampered into the room, her big, beautiful breasts bouncing and swaying merrily. She squealed happily and jumped onto the couch next to Harry. Harry kissed her deeply before Hermione pushed the blonde onto her back. Hermione straddled her belly and leaned down, kissing Fleur just as passionately as she kissed Harry. Ron watched as Harry moved over and lifted up the back of Hermione’s nightie. He wasted no time in burying his face right in her ass. They could hear the licking and slurping as Harry devoured her wet, little pussy.

“EWW!” Ron said in a disgusted voice. “He’s actually licking her down there?!” This time it was the Spirit who pinched the area between her eyes. The young man was starting to give her a headache.

“You know ... some men actually like doing that,” she said, suddenly getting very annoyed. “Some even consider it a privilege.”

“Yeah ... the nutters,” he snorted. “It’s gross and smelly down there.”



"Maybe that's why everyone's better off without you," she told him. "Because you're a jackass!" She crossed her arms as her face pulled an angry look.

"Don't give me any lip, woman! Remember who you're talking to!"

"Let's just go. We're wasting our time," she said heatedly, and they quickly reappeared back on the Astronomy Tower.

"Maybe it's best if you do jump. That other reality looked pretty good. C'mon, I'll even help you," she said, moving him into position on the opposite side of the rail. Down below was a very long drop.

"Hey now! Watchit!" Ron growled, trying to back away from the edge. "No matter what I saw, I know that my family needs me! I'm the glue that holds them together!" Ron argued. "I'll just tell them the truth and wait for them to forgive me!"

The Spirit suddenly disappeared. With no one pushing him in the back, the sudden change in momentum sent him stumbling back against the rail. A sudden gust of wind hit him dead center and sent him tumbling backward over the rail where he landed in the pile of glass. Drunk again and losing some blood, Ron groaned and passed out. Some time passed before anyone went out to look for him.

"Merlin, help me!" Hermione shook her head as she discovered the mess that was her husband. He was bloody and drooling as he lay there snoring. She was at her wit's end with her marriage. The past year had been the worst of it. Not only that, but she, Harry, and Fleur had become closer than ever before. Harry was also talking about moving to southern France along with the Weasleys. He even dropped a few hints that he'd like Hermione to go with him. She was ashamed to say that she was very tempted to say yes. Only her loyalty to her worthless husband kept her from immediately agreeing. "I wonder how my life would be if I wasn't married to him ..." Hermione said out loud, wondering what her life could have been.

"Oh, I'd be more than happy to show you," a voice said from behind. Hermione gasped and turned around quickly, only to see a stunningly beautiful woman standing there with a bit of a twinkle in her eye. Hermione thought that she might have sent Ron a very quick, scathing look before turning her attention back to her. "I'm sure it will be an eye-opening experience," she smiled sweetly.

'Maybe this'll teach that redheaded git some manners,' the Spirit of Hogwarts thought as she whisked Hermione away to show her the world of wonder and pleasure she could have with her best friends.