

Chapter 4

Truth in a Bottle

Hestia stood across from Monica, who had been instructed to sit in a chair. She'd finally done it, just so they would shut up; mind you, not because she took orders; which she never did, unless it happened to be a notion she liked.

"Are you ready?" Hestia softly asked.

"Yes." Monica firmly answered.

Monica felt it mentally when Hestia cast the spell; it was a sixth sense at work.

Suddenly the woman before her frowned, "I can not penetrate her mind, it's heavily guarded." Hestia looked at Monica calmly, and asked, "Are you an Occulmens?"

Monica nodded sharply, "I am," she replied.

"You're going to have to let down your defenses for this to work," Hestia chided, and Mad Eye scowled deeper, and shook his head.

"We'll have to use Veritaserum; even if she lets you in, Hestia, she could conceal things." his gravelly tones said, and McGonagall nodded grimly, and Hestia shook her head.

"I don't like this, Minerva; I really don't," Hestia in a quiet tone disagreed.

"None of us do, but this is a dark time for the Order, and otherwise extreme measures must be used." McGonagall said, and then added to Monica, "Would you be willing to take a truth potion?"

"Just do it...ma'am." Monica impatiently replied.

McGonagall nodded, "Alastair,"

Moody withdrew the vial, and poured a few drops into a goblet of pumpkin juice.

"Drink it all, girlie." he said.

Monica accepted it, replying, "I'm aware of how it works."

Then she held to goblet to her lips, and drank slowly, until the contents were gone.

Monica gasped deeply, and uncontrollably sunk back in her chair.

“It’s taken effect; let’s begin.” she heard McGonagall say. “Have you ever served Lord Voldemort?” McGonagall asked.

“I served him tea once, when he visited my father,” Monica replied. “That was a long time ago, though, I was five.”

“Do you serve the Dark Lord? Are you a Death Eater, or the like?” Mad Eye questioned.

“No, never, I hate him!” Monica said, in a voice filled with rage. “Him, and my father!”

“Why do you hate your father?” Tonks accidentally blurted.

“Because he is a horrible, prejudiced git!” Monica answered.

“Are you a spy for the Ministry?” Hestia asked, sighing.

“No, they’re gits, too; every one of them; hating half-breeds as they do,” Monica said.

“Are you a half-breed?” Charlie eagerly asked.

“Not in the usual sense. I-.” Monica clenched her teeth, “*Don’t!*” But she’d been given three times the usual amount of truth serum, and thus her efforts were in vain. “I can turn into a werewolf, but I control when, and for how long. I’d do it whenever the others in the village changed, so no one would get suspicious; Father, made me.”

Charlie grinned in victorious glee, “Are you a dark wizard?” he questioned.

“Yes,” Monica answered.

“I knew it! Do you all see know?” Charlie cried, and Mrs. Weasley, although she was shocked managed to scowl at him.

“Charlie, be quiet! We don’t know the full story!” his mother scolded.

“The full story?” Charlie said, blown away by what his mother had said.

“Yes, Charlie. There is always more to things than what they seem,” Hestia said, backing up Molly Weasley’s outburst.

“How long have you been practicing dark magic?” Mad Eye asked.

“I’ve used it in minor doses, a year before I went to Durmstrang, and then heavily, daily really, since I was there.” Monica answered.

The members of the Order looked at one another; eyebrows raised.

“Have you ever performed the killing curse?” Hestia asked.

“Yes,” Monica answered.

“On a human? Elf? Centaur? Goblin?” Hestia continued.

“No,” Monica said; and Mad Eye saw the fire in her eyes, the shame almost, when she said it.

“Who do want to kill?” he asked her.

“Those who hate half breeds, and Lord Voldemort.” she answered.

“How’d you stand living with Fenrir Greyback?” Tonks blurted.

“Day-dreaming, scheming, reading books on the Dark Arts; I did all I could to distract myself, and my mother helped...for a while.” Monica replied.

“What happened to your mother?” McGonagall asked.

“She died, when I was nine.” Monica said.

“What killed her?” Mad Eye asked.

“My father; he became enraged, and he- the wolf part of his nature- he murdered her, and then when he changed into a werewolf the next night...he ate her remains.” Monica said, her eyes fierce; the Order exchanged horrified looks.

“What did you do?” Tonks asked.

“Nothing. What could I do?” Monica asked.

“You mentioned Durmstrang; what are your strong points in magic?” McGonagall asked.

“I’m an excellent Occlumens, and duelist.” Monica answered.

“I see; have you ever used the Imperius, or Crutiatus curses?” McGonagall asked.

“Yes,” Monica replied.

“On whom?” McGonagall asked.

“On anyone who is fool enough to stand in my way,” Monica said, and her features twisted into a malicious grin.

“Why do you want to join the Order?” Hestia asked.

“So that I may hunt down all the Death Eaters, Lord Voldemort, and my father.” Monica firmly said.

“Why do you wish to do that?” Hestia asked.

“To make them suffer! To make them pay for what they have done! I swear I shall send all of them that I can to the Dementors; or any other end that I see fit.” Monica boldly replied.

“You’re not here to spy, or give our secrets up to anyone?” Hestia asked.

“No,” Monica replied.

“That will be all Monica; the Order will consider what you have said, and take it all into accordance; you may wait here until we call for you.” McGonagall said, and the Order left the room as one; leaving Monica alone, and still full of truth potion.

“You all know my decision, so I’ll stay here with *her*, to make sure she doesn’t try to kill us all!” Charlie exclaimed; calling after the other members.

“Charlie-!” Mrs. Weasley started to scold her son, but Mad Eye interrupted.

“The boy’s right, Molly; someone should watch her,” he said, and although Mrs. Weasley’s lips were pressed firmly together in a thin line, she didn’t argue, and followed the rest of the Order out the door.

“So are you here to kill us? Torture us, or harm us in any other way?” Charlie asked, once the door was shut.

“No, the only people I want to harm are Death Eaters, and my father. As well as Voldemort, but I do not count him as a person.” Monica said, and Charlie snorted back laughter.

“I suppose he doesn’t count, does he? How many Dark wizards and witches are you related to?” Charlie asked.

“Quite a lot, I suppose; my many greats over grandmother is Morgan Le Fay; King Arthur’s sister, and so the question of not being a Dark wizard family never arose.” Monica replied.

“You’re related to the Le Fays through your mother’s side?” Charlie asked. “Was she a Dark witch?”

“No; my mother’s family were on the side of the Order, and the Le Fays are on my father’s mother’s side of the family,” Monica said.

“How did Fenrir Greyback manage to fall in love? Let alone with a regular witch?” Charlie questioned.

“He wasn’t always as blood thirsty as he is now; he used to have some control over the wolf in him, but then he slowly started to lose the battle, and the wolf took over more, and more, by now I would be surprised if he manages to even try to regain control,” Monica replied.

“What were you arguing with him about when you came back to the village after graduating from Durmstrang?” Charlie asked.

“He told me to join the Dark Lord, and I told him that he could burn; he knows that I refuse to have anything to do with that fool!” Monica said, and Charlie blinked; he’d never heard someone talk about Voldemort so nonchalantly.

“You really do hate him, don’t you?” he asked.

“With all my heart, and soul; I swear it upon Slytherin’s grave,” Monica answered.

“So you honestly want to join the Order?” Charlie asked.

“Yes; I want to join the fight,” Monica answered.

Charlie started to say something else when McGonagall walk in.

“We have made our decision,” she said. “Come along,” And with that she turned, and started walking down the hall with Monica, and Charlie following behind.