

# First Taste of Love

*by ApollinaV*

Bellatrix develops her first crush, proving love can blossom anywhere. No fluff.  
Promise.

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Disclaimer - I am neither JKR, nor am I profiting from her property.

She sat impatiently tapping her foot against her book bag, her eyes glued to the slowly inching clock, as the hand painfully dragged from 'History of Magic' towards 'Lunch.' Droning on in the background, Binns mumbled to the chalk board, "1168 was also a notable year because Ragnold the Flatulent left the Rhineland, laying waste to Kiel before mustering forces with Blathgaard the Troll King..."

"Excuse me, sir... Professor Binns?"

A timid hand rose next to her, and Bella swore beneath her breath. Fifteen minutes before she was going to get sprung free from this hellhole and *someone* just had to ask a question. Davis. She fucking hated swots. Mudblood Gryffindor swots were the absolute worst. 'Oh, magic is so wonderful,' she mimicked his voice in her head. 'Everything about this world is so great, and there's just soooo much to learn.' Fucking filthy Mudbloods ruined everything with their dumbass questions. Last time Davis did this Binns kept them an additional twenty minutes to elaborate on Goblins eating their offspring. As if anyone bloody cared if there was one less Goblin in the world!

"The Rhineland is quite a long ways away from Kiel," he stuttered. "Kiel is up on the Baltic Sea; that means Ragnold traveled hundreds of Kilometers before he met up with Blathgaard. What happened between then?"

FUCKING HELL! Bella gritted her teeth and nearly split the shaft of her quill clenching it in her fist.

"I'm so glad you asked. It's a very interesting story, young Mister Davis, but first you have to understand the dynamics of Troll logistics. They are truly an amazing civilization. Their wheelbarrows are designed to be pushed as a cart, or pulled behind..."

As Binns rattled on without sign of stopping, the clock moved towards her lunch hour, and the swot squirmed in his seat, eager to ask a fucking follow-up question.

His hand shot up in the air, "Oooh, oooh, oooh," tripping forth from his lips.

Binns turned, his watery eyes falling on the Mudblood, and Bella reached the very limit of her tolerance.

She clenched her abused quill and drove it forcefully into the swot's soft jugular.

Blood, lovely ruby blood - pretty even for a Mudblood - shot out, spraying parchment and tables in a cascading arch. His high-pitched shrieks sounded girly and female. Bellatrix cackled. The Mudblood wasn't even a man.

She stood up and straightened her drenched robes, smoothing the droplets into the fabric of the garment. Her hands came away painted a pretty red. A shade she would

have loved to have as a nail polish. Turning on her heel, Bella was about to flounce out the door and head to lunch, ignoring the pandemonium behind her, when Roddy stood and courteously offered her his arm to escort her.

Bella gave the pretentious Chaser an inscrutable look. She'd always taken him for a pretty boy, the kind that attracted stupid bints, like her sister. But there was something sexy and almost feral about the darkly approving leer he gave her as they exited the classroom together.

Oh, her parents would no doubt hear about the incident, which meant a lecture from her father, but the school couldn't actually do much to her. Bella had inherited the family's nervous condition. It was all very well documented in her school records and characterized by involuntary muscle reflexes. They couldn't very well expel her or punish her for her pure-blooded disability, now could they? And if they dare attempted...

Roddy stopped to open the overly large door to the Great Hall for her and bowed.

"Thank you Bella," he whispered, placing a genteel kiss on her knuckles. His lips were stained crimson, and for the first time in her life Bellatrix Black felt herself fucking swoon. "I'm glad someone shut him up."

Dizzy, as if she were the one who had lost blood, Bella's head swam. Roddy Lestrangle slowly licked the filthy smear from his lower lip, and she knew - she was in love.

A/N:

This really awesome prompt comes from Silverdoe - *Bellatrix has her first crush. Who is it, and how does she catch his attention?* Big thank you!

More big love to Christev20 for beta'ing this - she does more than just lecture me on my haphazard and downright dangerous comma usage.

Thanks for reading, I hope you enjoyed it as much as I did. AV