

# Creation

*by vdemon\_96*

One shot. The creation of Rita Skeeter. True, I changed a few things such as ages so just bear with me ok?

Disclaimer: I don't own, I just borrowed the characters. Thanks JK!

## Green

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Rita carefully charmed her nails to the exact shade of soft pink she wanted. Not that it mattered, she chewed them down to the quick once lessons started anyway. It had become a habit of hers whilst she was thinking, and she could often be seen dipping them in Soothing Solution when she had bitten too far. She arrived in the Great Hall, running her fingers through her mousey brown hair as she sat down at the Ravenclaw table. That was when she saw her. Looking up, her gaze had fallen on the Slytherin table and, more importantly, Bellatrix Lestrange. Rita had loved her since the first time she saw her. Bellatrix was wild. Wild, dangerous, terrifying and exciting. Her black hair framed her pale face perfectly and made her eyes glint with malicious intent. Rita was fascinated by her - wanted her. But she couldn't have her; Bellatrix was always dating some boy or other and she'd been with the current one (Rita didn't even care to remember his name) for six months. She knew she didn't have a chance, but it was still nice to dream. Still nice to pretend.

The table was loud, she sat away from most people and only looked away from Bellatrix when she felt the heavy thump of an overly large owl landing next to her. She took the envelope from its leg, noting its blue-black, immaculate plumage. She opened the letter and found a short note inside.

*Fourth floor girls bathroom tonight. 10pm. Be there.*

X

Rita read the note, utterly confounded as to who could have written it. She returned to the common room that evening still unsure as to whether she should go or not despite thinking about it all day, rewarded with a loss of many house points for not paying attention. At 9:45 she finally made her decision and set off for the bathroom not really knowing why she was going. Curiosity, perhaps. Somehow, she managed to avoid everyone who was usually prowling the corridors, including a rather nasty-smelling ghoul who had taken to hiding behind suits of armour. Rita entered the bathroom quietly, her breath coming in short gasps. She had absolutely no idea why she was so nervous but she was. There was no one in the bathroom, but she was a little early. She waited quietly, leaning against one of the sinks, looking into the dirty mirror at her reflection. Sighing, she pulled a comb out of her pocket and tried to sort out the mess of brown locks. Suddenly she felt a wand point in her back. Stiffening, she looked in the mirror but could see no one behind her.

*"Don't. Say. A. Word."* a voice whispered menacingly.

Rita quivered but stayed where she was. She felt a hand on her wrist, it gripped tightly and spun her around to face the person who had spoken. Bellatrix.

"Surprised?" she asked with a wicked grin.

Not giving Rita a chance to reply, Bellatrix crushed Rita's mouth with hers, kissing her forcefully. Rita moaned and kissed her back, it hurt a little but that was surpassed by

Rita's desire. Bellatrix's hand found its way to Rita's underwear, which made her moan again. Her hand slid under the waistband and touched her. Oh, it felt wonderful. Rita gripped the sink behind her for support as Bellatrix teased her perfectly, knowing exactly what to do. They kept kissing, Rita's lips bruising and bleeding where Bellatrix bit her. Rita's body shuddered, and Bellatrix removed her hand from Rita's knickers, licking her fingers with a smirk. Silently, she turned and left leaving Rita leaning heavily against the sink, her breathing erratic.

This strange arrangement went on for some time, Rita's bruises spreading across her body, one hardly fading before another replaced it. It had to stop, though. Bellatrix was still seeing that boy and Rita knew that Bellatrix only came to her when she had nothing better to do. Somehow, despite knowing all of this, Rita couldn't bring herself to end it. Not yet, she just needed a little more time.

Unfortunately, time was not an option and things got much, much worse. Bellatrix's boyfriend found out what had been happening, though he seemed to have a slightly different account of events to Rita and took it upon himself to make her life a living hell. He was under the impression that Rita had seduced Bellatrix by slipping her a Love Potion and had even used the Imperius Curse on her. Constant charms and curses were thrown her way, tripping her up or singeing her hair, but the worst thing for Rita was the laughter in Bellatrix's eyes and the fact that people actually believed her capable of something so cruel. After a particularly excruciating experience in which she had learnt the boy's name, (he cast a spell which meant she could hear it ringing in her ears for several hours), he decided to take it a step further. After Transfiguration one day, he cornered her in a deserted corridor and, using an effective combination of wandwork and Muggle fighting, put Rita in the hospital wing. She woke several hours later to find Bellatrix looking down on her in mild amusement.

"I wasn't sure if you were going to wake up," she said, sitting on the edge of the bed. Rita sat up, groaning and rubbing her throbbing forehead. "He really got you this time. Took me a while to rile him up that much," she grinned. Rita blinked, sure she must have misheard.

"You mean you...?" she asked quietly. Bellatrix nodded with a grin of pure joy. There was no regret in her eyes, no remorse for what she had done. She was enjoying every moment of Rita's pain, relishing the conflict of her love for Bellatrix with her anguish at what had happened which was obvious in her eyes, the eyes that were brimming with tears. She began to snigger, looking at Rita's warring emotions, at her sitting pathetically in the bed.

That was when something snapped.

Rita's eyes hardened, her jaw clenched and the tears were gone.

"Get out," she whispered coldly. Bellatrix blinked in surprise but nodded, she stood up and kissed Rita hard before leaving, knowing how much that would hurt. She laughed and stalked out of the room, not looking back once. Rita's healing took longer than it should have because of an effective spell which countered Madame Pomfrey's attempts to cure her. During this time, Rita didn't speak once. Not a word. Her eyes stared blankly ahead and her broken heart stopped bleeding. It didn't heal, but now it didn't have to. She would show her. Oh yes, she would make that bitch regret messing with Rita Skeeter.

She would transform herself into someone new. Someone better. Someone wanted. A bombshell. Smiling to herself, she locked herself in the bathroom and began her makeover. To begin with, the hair. No more would it be mousey brown. No more would it be wispy and almost straight. Using the end of her wand she cut it, locks of hair falling on the floor around her. She curled it around her wand, the heat from the contact giving her hair perfect ringlets. She dyed it. Blonde, bleached blonde. Bright and glamorous.

Next, the nails. She transfigured them so that they were long and talon-like. She wouldn't bite them anymore. That was a sign of nerves, of weakness. Her wardrobe would have to change too. Her school robes would obviously remain the same but the rest of her clothes needed to go. Something bright and vibrant. Something that would get attention and make people notice her. She would be attractive, sexy even. Everyone would crave her. And Bellatrix would regret giving her up. Baby pink nails were out of the question, they would be a colour that matched her new wardrobe. The colour was obvious to her.

The colour of poison.

The colour of toxic.

The colour of (though she hated to admit it) envy.

Acid green.