

Noble and Most Ancient First Year

by christev

Even Bellatrix Black had a first crush...

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Bellatrix Black looked down her nose at the other children clamoring aboard the Hogwarts Express. She'd been waiting impatiently these last several weeks, and today was finally the day she would begin her academic career at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry.

As the oldest of her cousins, she knew she was expected to set an example of the quality of children produced by the Noble and Most Ancient House of Black. She knew, for instance, not to drag her robes on the floor of the dusty train corridors; to avoid the plebeian Trolley food in favor of the imported French cuisine in her satchel; and for Merlin's sake, only to associate with children from other Slytherin families. Children whose homes she'd visited on numerous occasions for dinners, parties and balls. Children whose company was appropriate and whose families could form strong allegiances with the Blacks. Bella and her sisters knew that family pride and loyalty were of utmost importance.

Bellatrix, her head held high, stalked down the train's corridor, finally finding an empty car. She claimed the window seat for her own. Her aloof attitude and natural poise belied her racing heart. Glad for the privacy, she curled her legs under her and leaned her head against the window, watching as the countryside raced by.

With a start, Bella awoke to the noise of a soft thump.

"Oh, sorry about that, didn't mean to wake you." A serious looking boy was the only other occupant of the car, seated opposite her. He had a number of open books beside him, one of which had just slid off the seat to the floor.

Bella gave him a vague nod of her head and turned toward the window again, now and then casting surreptitious glances at the boy. He appeared to be studious enough, judging by the attention he paid his books. His face was plain and guileless, but not bad looking. Bella wondered about his family. She'd never seen him before – did that mean he didn't have proper connections? She stared out the window as her thoughts wandered.

"So you're a first year, right? I'm beginning my second year. I didn't get much chance to look through my books yet; Mum and Dad just took me to get them last week. My name's Arthur, what's yours?"

Bellatrix's head snapped back to face the boy, who was now holding a hand out, as if to shake hers. His expression was so open, the smile on his face so welcoming, before she knew it, she was allowing him to give her hand a little shake as she said, "Bellatrix. I'm – my name is Miss Bellatrix Black."

Arthur smiled again, releasing her hand. "Well, Miss Bellatrix Black, do you mind if I call you Bella? That suits you, you know? I mean, because 'bella' means 'beautiful.'"

"Yes – I mean, no – I mean, it means 'powerful.' I mean, thank you." Bellatrix never was at a loss for words. As the oldest of the cousins, she was always the one in control, leading the others in their playtimes. This boy somehow unnerved her with his simple openness.

"Gosh, that's great. You know, my name can mean 'bear,' or it can kind of refer to King Arthur, but," his face flushed quite brilliantly, "I think my parents just chose it because they liked how it sounded with Weasley. That's my last name. Arthur Weasley. Um, but you can call me Artie if you'd like. That's mostly what my friends call me."

Arthur turned his pale blue gaze on her, and Bellatrix saw her own dark brown eyes reflected in the lenses of his small round glasses.

Friends with this boy? Bella shifted in her seat and began pulling her lunch from her satchel.

Arthur continued to talk, and Bella responded to his eager chatter with quiet replies. She watched his animated features as he told about his first time on the Hogwarts Express just last year and how mesmerizing that first glimpse of the castle had been.

Bella let herself be drawn in as Arthur regaled her with tales of his first year of studies. She'd never met anyone quite like him before. She laughed at his jokes, smiled at his stories, and realized that she liked this interesting, gentle, fun-loving redhead. Bella wondered if they'd be able to see much of each other, perhaps at mealtimes, or in their common room in the evenings. A warm feeling spread in her chest, and caused her cheeks to pink up as she listened to his talk about Quidditch games, and the great rivalries among the House teams.

The train lurched as it slowed into the Hogsmeade station.

"Merlin's nightshirt!" Arthur cried, "I've got to get ready!" He frantically stuffed books, quills and parchments into his trunk, yanking out a wrinkled set of robes at the same time. Bella smiled as she watched, having worn her new robes onto the train.

"Right – here we are, then," Arthur said as he latched his trunk, pulled the robes over his head, and began tying a red and gold tie around his neck.

"Remember, don't worry about the squid. He always splashes the boats a little. Just keep your eyes peeled for the castle. I'll see you at the Sorting. Bye for now, Bella!" Waving, Arthur jogged out of the car and into line with the other returning students.

Bella didn't return his wave as he exited, a scowl on her face. She would not dwell on the fact that as a Gryffindor, Arthur was obviously not appropriate company for her to keep. She would not cry – where anyone could see her – at the loss of a newly found friend. And if she felt a longing for a certain open-hearted, blue-eyed redhead, no one would be the wiser.

She was Miss Bellatrix Black, of the Noble and Most Ancient House of Black.

Gathering her robes around her, and lifting her chin high, Bella set off toward the line of first years.

A/N: Excluding notes, this fic is exactly 1000 words.

I wrote this during Saturday night drabbles several weeks ago, using the same prompt that [ApollinaV](#) used to write her hilarious piece, [First Taste of Love](#). While I don't think my offering is all that tremendous, I do think it's very funny to compare the two stories, which are about as different as fics could be.

The original prompt was given by Silverdoe: *Bellatrix has her first crush. Who is it, and how does she catch his attention?*

Finally, thank you to my friend and makeshift beta Sarah, who loves HP, but is not part of the online community, and also to Karelia, who advises me, encourages me, and helps me get stories presentable for posting.