

Pretty Things

by peppermint

Bellatrix goes shopping for pretty things.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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I do not own Bella, Diagon Alley, or Rodolphus. The rest, perhaps.

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Bellatrix made sure to keep a tight hold on her coin purse as she perused the shop windows along Diagon Alley. Usually her father was happy to indulge her whims for “feminine fripperies,” as he called them – but Bella didn’t want her father knowing about her planned purchases for today.

She ducked into the stationer’s to purchase a new quill and some ink. No typical Slytherin green or blood-red for her today, but purple with a subtle shimmer. The shade was the perfect consistency for masking... well, she’d worry about that later. She smiled prettily at the spotty sales clerk with her request to use the shop’s Floo. Anything for Miss, of course.

Thank you. So kind. She waited until the clerk’s back was turned and applied a subtle glamour spell – nothing over the top, just enough to change the shape of her eyes and nose, the color of her hair.

After all, it wouldn’t do to be seen walking into her next destination – not as an unmarried witch with a year of schooling to go – especially with the status her family enjoyed in Wizarding society. There were always the magical catalogues, but returns were such a hassle. Besides, Bella liked to touch. The tactile pleasure of the merchandise under her fingers, the slip and slide of fine silks, the smooth openwork of Brussels lace, even the rough feel of fishnet mesh were all a delicious sensory experience.

She selected several sets of expensive, fancy lingerie. Some were demure; pink satin with black ribbon trim and a nude silk set. Some were a little racier with lace brassiere cups. The final set she selected was a merry-widow with a leaf-green exterior and deeper green accents, knickers and stockings to match. At home, she already had a pair of shoes that would do nicely.

She paid the shop-girl, waving off her nosy questions with a simple explanation of just preparing for the new school term – who didn’t like fancy knickers for confidence?

With the powder she had prepared to go into the shimmering purple ink and the green merry-widow, she’d have no trouble ensnaring Rodolphus into a liaison. Then it would just be the work of a few well-placed tears and rages to ensure she became his wife as soon as she finished her final year at Hogwarts.

Years later, Roddy would always wonder why Bella going out for “something pretty” always filled him with such an unshakeable feeling of dread.

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From ApollinaV’s prompt, “Bella shops for pretty things”