

Neophobia and Yearning

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Chapter 1 of 1

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"Let it not be said that Fenrir doesn't have good taste!" jeered the dark haired, heavy-eyed witch, heavily panting.

Flashing around to the raucous, gathered group, she screamed, "Leave me to deal with the filthy beast!"

She turned around staring down at the vulnerable, collapsed form, bruised and bleeding before her and gloated, "The Dark Lord gave him to me to get information out of... the Order won't recognise him when I'm finished!"

There were snickers and grunts, affirmatively goading her on.

In a deadly quiet voice, Bellatrix hissed menacingly, "Unless you want to be next – leave my presence!" Abruptly, she shrieked, "Now!"

As the other Death Eaters hastily Apparated one-by-one, Bellatrix, delirious in wild excitement, paced around in the open-roofed room of the dilapidated ruin, shrieking sporadically and trembling beyond her control. Briskly, she lunged at the mildewed, ivy-covered stonewall and sunk her claws in it, whimpering, gasping for breath.

She slowly turned, chest heaving, and looked down at the Stunned, crumpled form of Remus Lupin, lying broken and unconscious before her. Bellatrix raised her wand to invigorate his stupored corpus, but at the last second, cocked her head, and a wild urge took over her.

She halted, mesmerised. Thrusting out her lips, sulking, she raised a thoughtful eyebrow.

Bella was curious. And her curiosity always got the better of her. Mercilessly so.

She stepped toward him, and a deranged grin spread wildly over her features. As a whimsical thought caused her full lips to purse tighter, she swirled her wand fluidly over his form, and his shabby clothing fell to his side, leaving his bare form for her to appraise. She moistened her aching lips with her excited tongue, and threw her head back cackling with amusement. Then, she stopped. A sad, pouting look struck, and she dug her fingernails into her fisted hands.

Biting her lower lip, she knelt beside Lupin's naked body.

In a rare moment of calm peace, she laid her wand down beside her and wistfully, gently, reached out and began tracing the mosaic of scars and wounds marking his sinewy, sculpted body. Her lips formed an appreciative 'O' as she allowed her fingertips to trace down the soft tufts of hair reaching his sandy-haired pubic ones, lightly cushioning his lovely cock. She delicately traced its warm, firm form, and continued on feeling over his muscular, defined thighs and back again to his notable manhood.

Bellatrix inhaled sharply and turned, keenly looking at the half-breed's face. Angst and longing, hatred and desire battled through her veins.

Unforeseen, a moment of sanity came over her. Her dark form bent over him.

He's like the autumn... so golden brown, crisp and amber formed..

Her fingertips outlined his rugged jaw-line. She lowered herself to taste his lips.

So musky, salty and...

A sacred pain of an unwanted sensation seared through her. New. Unbearable. She snatched her wand and whipped up in a trembling, offensive stance.

The stars were twinkling intensely above her.

She arched her head backwards and stared defiantly at them before she heard herself mewl out from the overwhelming fear of the unknown encompassing her. Drowning her.

All at once, a withering, vitriolic burning retaliated and scorched within. Her eyes widened madly, and she gripped her wand to the bone.

"You filthy half-blood! You filthy beast! How dare you?" screeched the outraged, pureblood witch. "How dare you? How dare you? How dare you?" repeated the yearning sorceress, deliriously, while a single tear rolled down her red, blotchy cheek.

The excruciating sight of his forbidden landscape of a body impaled any lingering, soft whim.

The Torture curse soaring from her wand's end assured that her temptation would awaken with enmity and odium for her.

That would certainly not be new. It would give her the greatest comfort.

Familial, over a familiar.

For if Bellatrix was anything, she was misoneistic. The beast would pay for tempting her to consider otherwise.

A/N: "Bella secretly lusts after Remus": prompt by amita for the Saturday Night Drabbles.