

# Tie Dyed Hamsters and Slytherin Days

*by Griffins Calling*

A comical story about Bellatrix, Lucius, and Narcissa's Hogwarts days.

## Chapter 1

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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I walked down through the corridor to the dungeons for a double class of Potions, heels clicking on the cobblestone path.

Not too bad either, except that it was with the Gryffindors.

Damn do-gooders.

"But you can't just transform something like that into an owl! It's impossible! Just buy a new one!" a girl with brown, coffee-colored hair said to a group of her friends, all dressed in red and gold.

'Not to mention poor,' I thought with disdain.

I sauntered into the dungeon, seating myself next to Narcissa.

"About time you got here," she said, batting her large blue eyes.

I was about to answer as Professor Slughorn walked to the front of the room. I pretended to listen, letting my mind wander.

I felt Cissy's soft leg press against mine, and I glanced at her as she giggled quietly.

I started working on the potions assigned to us as the usual chatter started as soon as Slughorn left the classroom to go back to God-knows-where.

"I heard you got detention, Lucius," said Bellatrix Lestrange, whose dark, somewhat-curly hair and dark eyes were focused on cutting up a small shriveled plant.

"Nope," I answered.

"Did you get out of it by a bribe again Lucius? I hear you and Trelawney have quite a thing going on!" shouted Sirius Black from across the room.

I glanced at Cissy, who was obliviously chopping up her own plant and stirring her cauldron, humming a tune.

"Oh, shut up, you insufferable little --," snapped Bellatrix, "or I'll tell your 'girlfriend' what was really in those Valentine's chocolates."

Sirius paled.

"Need to drug them, eh, Sirius?" I sneered, flipping my long blond hair over my shoulder.

Sirius stared pointedly at his potion, stirring it deliberately.

I bottled my potion and put it on the table at the front of the room as Slughorn walked out of the supply closet.

"First one finished, eh, m'boy?" he said, ignoring two other bottles on the table.

The brown-haired Gryffindor stiffened with her eyes glowering with anger and hate.

"Yes, sir," I answered, throwing a mocking smile in her direction.

"Well then, five points for Slytherin," he said, clapping me on the back.

I settled myself back down to wait for the end of class, throwing a smug look across at the girl.

My classmates trickled up to the table, labeling their bottles and leaving them for grading.

Narcissa walked up, shaking her hips as she walked, and placed her bottle on the table. Slughorn looked at her and then added, "Five points for Slytherin."

Two other people added their bottles for inspection, then we were dismissed.

I grabbed my books and headed out for lunch.

"Not too hard was it, eh, Cissy?" I said, wrapping my hand around her waist.

She giggled and relaxed onto me. "No, not at all."

Bellatrix eyed one of the younger students. "Snape, is it? Go get my books for transfiguration now."

The wide-eyed boy looked like he had been deprived of sun for a bit too long. "Why?"

"Cause it's my next subject," Bellatrix said, her eyes narrowing.

"I'll be late for History—" he began.

"Then run!" shouted Bellatrix.

The boy scampered off, running into the dungeons, and we continued walking.

"Do we have a test today?" asked Cissy.

"No, just a quiz," Bellatrix answered.

"Hey, you too, go get a room!" yelled Sirius from across the hall while his friends giggled.

"Your girlfriend wished you didn't have a room!" I yelled back, sliding my hand off Narcissa and onto my wand.

Sirius grabbed his wand and strode into the middle of the hall, his friends behind him, the nerd, the scraggly one, and the fat one.

"Your girlfriend's too stupid to care!" he yelled, brandishing his wand.

"Your girlfriend was mad yesterday during Arithmancy. Were you lacking... style last night?" I taunted, flinging a curse at him.

He dodged it and was about to fire one at me when he was thrown to the side.

Bellatrix was standing there, looking like she could breathe fire.

"Don't call my sister stupid, ever again!" she said.

She stormed off, grabbing her books from a startled looking Snape.

Cissy walked to my side again and stuck out her tongue at Sirius as we walked away together.

We had Transfiguration with the Ravenclaws. Cissy transfigured her mouse into a small hamster with pink and blue paisleys on it, her small pink tongue stuck out in concentration.

I glanced around the room while Professor McGonagall delivered her speech on transforming living animals. The Ravenclaws were attentive while others in my house were just as bored as I was.

Bella's mouse sat on her desk, cleaning its whiskers. Bellatrix's eyes were dark and calculating as she looked at the rat. Suddenly it squeaked, jumping up as its tail was burned. A small smile lit up Bellatrix's face as she gripped her wand under the table.

Eventually, we were dismissed, and Bellatrix was called up after class.

We waited outside for her, and Narcissa moved to my side.

"Look what I have!" she said, excited.

I drew in breath in anticipation, only to let it out as she reached inside her pocket to show the pink and blue hamster with a sleepy expression on its face.

"I'm going to call it Piggybear, after the kindest, nicest, handsomest wizard here," she whispered. Then our mouths met, and we pulled closer, my hand around her waist, and hers on my shoulder.

"OK, OK, break it up, you two!" shouted Bellatrix, clapping obnoxiously as she walked around us.

"Bella!" said Cissy, exasperated.

"So... detention for setting a mouse on fire?" I asked.

"Of course. I have to look after the stupid things for a week, as well as writing an essay on why mice are alive too," said Bellatrix, smiling.

The small dark boy ran up to Bellatrix and shoved a pile of books into her hands.

"Thank you," said Bellatrix.

"I was late to History. I have detention," the boy said quietly.

"Then you must run faster," growled Bella, her eyes flaring with anger at being called out.

I quietly stepped in front of her, "Now, now, Bella, don't get another detention for yourself. Save your fighting for a Gryffindor."

I looked around for the small boy, but he had already disappeared around the corner. Sighing, I walked over to Narcissa, wrapped my arm around her, and continued down the hall.

"God, Bella, you really need some anger management," I said, shaking my head.

"At least I don't need sex ed.," she snapped.

I smiled at Narcissa, and she snuggled into my arm. This was going to be a very enjoyable year...