

Chapter 6

Harry led Bellatrix straight up to the seventh floor using secret passages to avoid professors and prefects who were just starting their nightly patrols. Telling her to wait next to the portrait of Barnabas the Barmy, he paced in front of the Room of Requirement three times. Bellatrix watched him closely, her eyes hooded with excitement.

As soon as the door appeared, he waved her over. She wasn't the least bit curious as to how Harry knew so much about the castle. Her only concern seemed to be to follow him, no matter where he went.

The room was nothing fancy. Just a small cozy room with a fireplace and a bed in it. Harry barely gave it a glance before closing the door behind Bellatrix and pinning her against it. He stood a good four inches taller than her as she looked up at him, her violet eyes sparkling excitedly while she panted lightly with anticipation.

Reaching up, Harry tucked a stray ringlet of hair behind her ear, then traced his fingers along her jaw and the side of her neck. Suddenly, he gripped her slender neck firmly, though not tightly enough to restrict her breathing. He could feel each trembling, excited breath she took through the palm of his hand, and her racing pulse pounded against the pad of his thumb where it rested on the side of her throat.

Leaning forward slowly, Harry paused with his lips a hair's breadth away from hers. Bellatrix, her eyes closed in anticipation, thrust her chin forward, trying to meet him even though his hand held her in place. Smiling, Harry closed the remaining distance and kissed her firmly. As their lips opened so their tongues could meet, he pressed his body firmly against hers. Bellatrix's soft curves gave way to his hard muscle, her breasts flattening against his chest as he pinned her between him and the door.

Pulling his lips back from hers breathlessly, Harry let go of her neck and trailed his hand down to her shirt. Grabbing the front with both hands, he jerked them apart, ripping her shirt open and sending buttons flying across the room with a clatter.

Without any hesitation, he gripped and squeezed her large, full tits through her thin, lacy black bra. Bellatrix bit her lip and looked up at him with a hooded, lustful gaze as she arched her back against the door and slipped her arms out of her shirt. It dangled from her skirt as she reached back to unclasp her bra.

Harry yanked it off of her, exposing her perky mounds and puffy, light pink nipples to his hungry stare. Squeezing the firm orbs roughly, he leaned forward and kissed Bellatrix heatedly. His mouth devoured hers as his fingers pinched and rolled her small, engorged nipples. Moaning into his mouth, she scrambled with impatient movements to pull off his tie and unbutton his shirt.

Feeling his own patience reach the breaking point, Harry pulled back and snapped his fingers. Both of their clothes were torn from their bodies and flung across the room by his wild magic. Bellatrix gasped at the display of power, her nails digging into his skin as she pulled him closer with a hungry stare.

As their lips met, Harry grabbed her bum and lifted her up. Bellatrix wrapped her arms and legs around him tightly as he carried her over to the bed. Her wet folds dragged along his shaft, leaving a glistening trail along his length as he set her down on the soft mattress. Standing at the foot of the bed, Harry lined himself up with her dripping entrance. Without any preamble, he gripped her shoulders and buried himself to the hilt in a single, powerful thrust.

Bellatrix's eye rolled into the back of her head while arching her back. A long, low moan left escaped her lips as Harry pounded into her with short, sharp thrusts. With her legs bent and dangling in the air, her jutting tits bounced wildly on her chest. As Bellatrix gasped and panted, Harry grabbed her breasts tightly and bent down to wrap his lips around one of her pink nipples.

"Yes," Bellatrix hissed as Harry teeth scraped over her swollen nub.

Smirking against her breast, he straightened up. Pinching both her nipples between his thumbs and forefingers, Harry pulled up sharply, distending her globes as they continued to bounce from his merciless pounding. Bellatrix's face screwed up in a mixture of pain and pleasure until a gasp left her lips when the light pink flesh slipped free from his grip.

“More,” Bellatrix begged breathily as her depths fluttered around him and her back ached.

Harry took the opportunity to squeeze one of her tits roughly while slapping the other, the pale globe turning pink where his hand connected. His hips snapped forwards brutally, thighs slapping loudly against her ass as her legs tightened around him. Bellatrix cried out as she squirmed under him, her hips bucking as she leaked around his thrusting length.

Feeling her nearing her peak, Harry reached up and stroked her cheek.

“Cum for me,” he said commandingly.

Bellatrix panted heavily, her nails leaving fiery lines across the back of his shoulders and her eyes closed as her face scrunched up. A second later, her eyes flew back open, and a gasp left her lips. Harry chose that moment to grab her throat and squeezed tightly, cutting off her air just as she tipped over the edge. Bellatrix opened her mouth in a silent scream as she writhed wildly under him. Her depths gasped his still hammering cock in a death grip while her eyes rolled into the back of her head.

Harry grunted from the incredible feeling but still wasn't close to his own end because of his earlier releases with both Narcissa and Bellatrix. Clawing at the sheets, Bellatrix had a wild look in her eyes as her orgasm just kept going. When her face turned red, he finally let go of her throat. She sucked in a desperate breath before throwing her head back and screaming out her pleasure to the room. Even as she collapsed to the bed exhaustedly, a light sheen of sweat covering her flawless skin, her walls still fluttered spasmodically around him.

Pulling out of her, Harry rolled her over on to her stomach and crawled onto the bed before lifting her up by the waist and dragging her fully onto the bed. Bellatrix started to push herself up onto her hands and knees, but he stopped her by putting his weight onto her. With her legs together, Harry used his hand to pull apart her lush cheeks to find her entrance.

As he pushed back into her, he wasn't able to go as deep in this position, but she felt impossibly tight. Sinking into her, Bellatrix suddenly gasped when the head of his cock bumped into the

small bundle of nerves along the top of her soft, hot folds. Harry groped her ass as he began to move, each pump of his hip drawing a deep, pleasure filled moan from her lips.

Watching his thick length saw in and out of her tight lips, he raised his right hand and then brought it down on the pale globe of her ass. Bellatrix grunted from the hard spank and her folds tightened around him.

With his left hand, Harry reached up and grabbed a handful of her thick, curly black hair. Tugging her hair, her neck arched back, allowing him to hear her pleasure filled cries as he smacked her ass hard, alternating between cheeks.

It didn't take long for Harry to become frustrated at not being able to thrusts properly from the slightly awkward position. Leaning forward, he stretched his legs out behind him and laid his weight down on top of her. Bellatrix groaned as his length sank slightly deeper into her tight depths and his body pinned her to the mattress. With his hand still in her hair, Harry pulled her head back to kiss and suck at the side of her neck as he began driving his throbbing cock down into her.

While he worked on leaving a large, purple love bite on her delicate skin, his hips pummeled Bellatrix's bum from his powerful thrusts. Each time he entered her; Harry used his weight to drive into her depths. His thick head battered against her walls, drawing little grunts from her when he hit that sensitive bundle of nerves deep in her core.

Slipping one hand under her body, he reached across her chest to palm her breast as he increased his pace. Despite her recent climax, Bellatrix moaned as the constant stimulation of her G-spot was quickly pushing her towards another.

"You're mine, Bella," Harry said possessively.

Turning her head, Bellatrix looked at him with the same look expression of complete and utter devotion he'd seen in his time when she spoke of Voldemort.

“All yours,” she panted.

A moment later, she closed her eyes and gave a short scream as she tipped over the edge. Harry smiled and kissed her lips, chin, and neck as her muscles trembled and she drenched his cock in her arousal.

“What would you do for me?” Harry asked, his lips brushing her ear.

“Anything,” Bellatrix said instantly.

“Would you fuck your sister?” he asked, his cock swelling at the thought.

“Yes,” she hissed, causing Harry to smile at the lust filled tone in her breathy voice. “We’ve experimented with each other before.”

“Really?” Harry asked, fucking her harder and drawing a whine from her throat. “You haven’t been experimenting with any men, have you?”

Bellatrix’s eyes sprang open.

“Never,” she panted pleadingly.

“Good,” he praised her.

Harry stroked her cheek, the tender gesture in complete contrast to the brutal pounding he was giving her. Still, Bellatrix closed her eyes and leaned into his touch.

Feeling his peak starting to build, he stopped talking and focus on reaching his own climax. Under him, Bellatrix rolled from one orgasm into the next as he used her body for his own

pleasure. With just a few more thrusts, he buried himself as deep as possible as he came hard. Bellatrix moaned deeply when she felt him explode within her depths. Gripping the sheets tightly, she shook as he flexed his hips with each pulse of his cock.

When Harry finally pulled out of her a minute later, he looked down and watched as his cum slowly dripped out of her flooded core. As he rolled over onto his back, Bellatrix followed him despite her exhaustion and curled up against his chest.

As much as he would have like to stay in the Room of Requirement with her all night, he knew they couldn't. After just an hour of rest, Harry and Bellatrix got dressed, and he used his invisibility cloak to walk her back do to the Slytherin dorms.

"I want you to protect your sister," Harry told her as they stood just outside the entrance. "Make sure Malfoy and his friends don't cause her any problems. If they do, tell me as soon as you can."

"I will," Bellatrix assured him.

Still under the cloak, Harry smiled as he pulled her close and kissed her heatedly.

"Don't tell her anything about tonight until I've had a chance to talk to her tomorrow. And don't tell anyone else about us just yet," he said, then leaned in so his lips were next to her ear. "I want to keep you as my little secret."

Bellatrix smiled excitedly as she stared up at him worshipfully, nodding her head.

"Good girl," Harry said, stroking her cheek. "I'll talk to you tomorrow."

From the glare Narcissa gave Harry at breakfast the next morning, he guessed that someone, probably Malfoy or one of his friends, told her about him and Narcissa. He sighed tiredly as he tried to think of what he was going to do. He still felt like he owed her from lying to Voldemort

for him. It was hard to forget the argument he overheard when he was a prisoner at Malfoy manor, where Narcissa had told Lucius how much she hated her life with him.

At the time, Harry had bigger concerns to worry about. Perhaps that was still true even now, but he still felt the need to help her. Hopefully, she would at least give him a chance to explain.

“Did something happen between you and Narcissa?” Alice asked, pulling him from his thoughts.

“Er, I’m not sure,” Harry said.

“What do you mean? You don’t know?” she asked curiously.

“Well, she’s obviously mad at me, I just don’t know why,” Harry lied.

“Do you two have a row?” Alice asked.

“No,” Harry said honestly.

Lily was watching them closely, her eyes bouncing between them like she was watching a tennis match. Harry had the sudden feeling that he was missing something, a feeling he was familiar with after being friends with Hermione for so long. Of course, just thinking about his best friend made him miss her awfully.

“So, are you two dating?” Alice asked.

“Sorry, is who dating?” Harry asked, having lost track of the conversation.

“You can Narcissa,” Alice said. “Are you dating?”

“Oh, no. No, we’re just friends,” Harry told her.

Alice smiled happily and shared a look with Lily. Harry finally caught on to what was happening and swallowed nervously.

Neville’s mum fancies me, brilliant he thought to himself sarcastically.

There was too much going on for him to even try and think about how to deal with that right now. Finishing his breakfast quickly, Harry made an excuse about forgetting his books and left the Great Hall. Instead of going back to Gryffindor Tower like he said he was, he wrapped himself up in his invisibility cloak and waited in the Entrance Hall.

Thankfully, Narcissa left not long after he did, and before most of the students left for class. Taking off his cloak, Harry walked up behind her.

“We should talk,” Harry said quietly.

Narcissa glared at him but allowed him to steer her into an empty classroom.

“You slept with my sister,” she said accusingly as soon as the door was closed.

“I can explain,” Harry said, holding his hand up in surrender.

“You. Slept. With. My. Sister,” Narcissa growled through gritted teeth as she punctuated each word with a smack on the shoulder.

“Look,” Harry said, “you know your sister can get quite obsessive, especially when it comes to someone who’s powerful, right?”

“So?” Narcissa asked angrily.

“So, wouldn’t you rather her become obsessed with someone like me, rather than someone like Voldemort?” Harry asked.

Narcissa folded her arms and eyed him suspiciously. Before she could say anything, the door opened, and Bellatrix walked in with a grin on her face.

“Have you two kissed and made up yet?” she asked.

“No,” Narcissa said angrily. “How did you even find us?”

“I saw you leave after Harry, so I followed you,” Bellatrix said unrepentantly.

“Haven’t you caused enough problems already?” Narcissa spat.

Bellatrix rolled her eyes.

“Stop being such a little princess, Cissy. There’s no reason we can’t share,” Bellatrix said.

“I don’t want to share!” Narcissa yelled petulantly.

“You didn’t mind sharing when I bought that dildo from the Muggle shop,” Bellatrix said with a salacious grin.

Narcissa blushed heavily and resolutely avoided meeting Harry’s eyes.

“That’s different,” she said.

“Don’t be so selfish,” Bellatrix said. “Besides, you said you weren’t dating him, why does it matter?”

“That’s only because mother and father are set on selling us to someone like Malfoy or Lestrangle,” Narcissa said bitterly.

Cautiously, Harry wrapped his arm around her waist. Surprisingly, she leaned into his embrace and hugged herself to his side.

“Why can’t we just be like everyone else and date who we want?” she asked miserably.

Harry felt horrible for her, and even Bellatrix patted her shoulder sympathetically.

“Don’t they consider the Potters Purebloods?” Harry asked.

“Yes, but not *proper* Purebloods,” Narcissa sneered mockingly. “They think of any family that’s married Muggleborns as Blood Traitors.”

“What if I told them I was from a line of the Potters that stayed pure?” Harry asked.

“I didn’t know the Potters had a pure line,” Bellatrix said.

“They don’t,” Harry said with a grin. “But your parents don’t need to know that.”

Bellatrix smiled as her violet eyes sparkled and Narcissa snorted in laughter.

“I don’t think they’d fall for that,” Narcissa said doubtfully.

"It's a try thought, isn't it?" Harry asked.

"You're really willing to talk to them?" Narcissa asked in return, looking quite vulnerable as she looked up at him.

"For you? Of course," Harry told her.

Smiling brightly, she hugged him around the middle and buried her face in the crook of his neck.

"Are you okay now?" Harry asked.

"Yes," she said, then pulled back and looked at her sister. "I'm sorry, Bella."

"It's alright," Bellatrix said.

Pulling away from Harry, Narcissa hugged her tightly. Harry smiled in relief that things had worked out.

The bell for the start of classes rang, and they left the classroom to join the crowded halls. After parting with Narcissa at Charms, Harry and Bellatrix continued to their own class. As they reached the Transfigurations class, she pulled him off to the side in a little alcove.

"Did Bella do good?" she asked coyly.

Harry smiled down at her.

"Bella did very good," he told her.

Kissing her hard, he gave her breasts a quick squeeze before they broke apart and headed to class.

After dinner, Harry showed Lily to an abandoned classroom to teach her the Patronus Charm. She nearly skipped through the halls in her excitement to learn a new spell and it made Harry smile to see that.

With how proficient she was at Charms in general, it wasn't surprising that she got a thick mist on her first try. From there, she struggled the same as everyone Harry had ever taught. Quickly, her frustration started to get the best of her.

"It takes a while to get a feel for it, but once you get it, it's a lot easier," Harry told her.

"I just don't understand what I'm doing wrong," Lily said, then blew out a breath loudly.

"It's all about finding the right thought to hold in your mind. One that makes you happier than you've ever been," Harry said.

"I thought it had to be a memory," Lily said, her brow furrowed.

"Not necessarily," Harry said slowly as he thought of the best way to word his explanation. "It just has to be something that makes you feel happy. Memories work best, because you've already experienced it and the feelings are stronger."

"What memory do you use?" Lily asked curiously.

"My mum," Harry said softly. "Dementors make me remember the night she was killed. It the only memory I have of her voice. Just hearing it, and knowing she loved me enough to sacrifice her life for mine, it makes for a powerful memory. Of course, that's part of what took me so long to get the charm to work properly. Even though it was a horrible moment, I liked hearing

her voice, so a part of me didn't want it to work. That's a big part of it as well, you really have to want the charm to work to be able to cast it."

"I'm sorry," Lily said, reaching out to hold and squeeze his hand.

"It's alright," Harry said with a smile.

He looked over at Lily, and once again, it was almost impossible for him to see her as the woman who would one day be the mother that gave her life for his.

Lily practiced for another hour before they finally called it a night and headed back to the common room, talking and laughing as if they'd know each other for years.