

Staring at herself in the mirror, Bellatrix was pleased with the changes that had come over the summer. Her violet eyes were no longer sunken, deep and hollow within their sockets. Her skin, which would always be naturally pale, had a healthy glow to it again. Her dark hair was no longer raggedy and twisted, instead it had a lustrous shine to it. And her body, which had decayed and atrophied from years of poor nutrition and dementor exposure had returned to its previously magnificent appearance. *Magic is a wonderful thing.*

In this case it'd taken dozens of potions over weeks to finally see her to rights. But finally, as her hand skimmed down the side of her breast, along the curve of her ribs and against the gentle angles of her belly all the way down to the neatly trimmed patch of course hair on her pussy mound, she really was happy with what she saw. If there was one blemish she could still see, it was the ghastly mark on her right forearm. *A problem for another time. I'll get rid of it someday though, even if I must cut my own arm off.*

One would be reasonable in assuming that these changes had been made with her master in mind, but they would be sorely mistaken. Since the start of the summer, the eldest daughter of the House of Black thought of him as nothing but a snake-faced monster. *I'd kill him myself if I thought it was possible. Him, and Rabastan, and Lucius and all the rest.* For the first time in a long time, she had something to thank her parents for, because if not for them, she wouldn't have the formidable Occlumency defenses necessary to hide those emotions.

It was fair to wonder why the sudden change from the Dark Lord's most fervent supporter, a woman who'd tortured and killed in Voldemort's name with glee. Unlike the likes of the Lestrangle brothers, and her brother-in-law, her actions were not done willingly but the spells that bound her weren't removed as easily as an Imperius.

No, the magic that ensnared her required equal, or greater magic, to break and no one thought to check. *Because of course a daughter of House Black would be a muggle-hating, dark-arts practicing, raving lunatic, that wanted nothing more than to see only purebloods rise.*

Bellatrix snorted to herself at the very thought. While she had no love for muggles, she was happy enough to leave them alone. And even Voldemort had made it clear over the years that what he truly respected was power. Pureblood ideology was just a way of getting the most politically influential people in their society onto his side. *That's why he has no problem welcoming werewolves and half-bloods and even muggleborns if they have enough skill and use to him.*

Just thinking of what had caused this massive shift had Bellatrix's fingers dipping lower to the glistening lips of her moist slit. *How many times have I done this in the last two months, waiting for the right opportunity. But no more, after tonight, I'll have everything I've desired. I'll repay him properly for freeing me from my own torment.*

Going to her wardrobe, she pulled on a pair of violet stockings, lacey knickers, and a sheer bra. The last garment didn't have to do all that much work to hold up her already wonderfully perky bosom. Gooseflesh bloomed on her long, lithe legs as she pulled the silky stockings up her legs, imagining them wrapped around a pert, young bum. Shaking herself, she pulled on a set of dark robes. Even when she'd first been Bellatrix Black, she preferred dark colors and she doubted anything would change that fact.

There was one more thing she needed to retrieve before she was free from this place permanently. With a wave of her wand, a hidden compartment in the wall opened that no one knew of but her. Sitting there was the golden cup of Helga Hufflepuff with its badger emblazoned on the front. Proud as she was to be a Slytherin, the founders all deserved the respect of the witches and wizards of Britain. It was horrible to see such a precious relic bastardized so horribly by the pursuits of one monstrous wizard.

She didn't know if it was the mark or something else, but despite her ill intentions for it, it didn't attack her in any way. Though, she could feel the press of his evil on the walls of her Occlumency shields. It was very early in the morning. The sun had yet to break the horizon as she made her way out of her rooms.

No one stopped her as she made her way through the halls of the manor. She did cross paths with one or two of Voldemort's nameless, ill-mannered henchmen but her reputation alone was more than enough to keep them from bothering her. She left through one of the many side rooms, not wanting to risk heading through the main doors, lest the Dark Lord become aware of her exit. Luck was on her side as she managed to leave the manor and get outside the wards without any problem.

When she felt the magic wash over her skin, she breathed a sigh of relief. But she only reveled in that feeling for a moment as with a pop, she disappeared from the spot. With another pop, she arrived at her destination. She looked around at the muggle neighborhood with a scrunch of her nose. *How horribly... uniform. Barely a hint of personality between them.*

With a shake of her head, she made her way down the clean, quiet streets of Surrey toward Number Four, Privet Drive. It hadn't been hard to find out where Harry spent his summers, the harder part was determining how to get past Dumbledore's protections to actually get to him. It was something that had caused the Dark Lord no small amount of frustration. *Luckily, it shouldn't be a problem for me.*

It was only a short walk before she stood outside another incredibly similar home. Pulling her wand from her robes, she cast a silent *Homenum Revelio* and found that there was a guard in the hedge on the other side of the street. *If you can call Mundungus Fletcher a guard.* Comfortable in the knowledge that she wasn't going to be stopped by any of Dumbledore's men, she strode to the door of Number Four and sent a silent prayer to every god and goddess she could think of.

The magic of the blood wards was palpable in the moist air of that early summer morning as she approached. *Powerful, that's the only way I can describe them.* Whatever she thought of the Headmaster, the man was incredibly skilled. *And the blood wards are tied to someone very powerful. Though I already knew that.* They washed over her skin, and she waited for any pain or worse death, but it didn't come.

With a shaky breath she moved to the door, unlocking it with a silent wave of her wand. Like the outside, the inside of the house was painstakingly neat in a way that could easily be described as obsessive. She wasn't there to examine the house though. Casting another detection spell, every person in the house was upstairs, though she couldn't say whether they were sleeping or not.

Going to the bedroom with two signatures first, she was surprised by the incredible whalishness of the man beside what was a very spindly looking woman. But she couldn't care less about the two muggles so long as they didn't disturb her. The spell she cast would keep them in a deep sleep for hours, more than long enough for her purposes there. The next room she came to contained a young man, but not

the one she was looking for. Another sleep spell and she was on her way to the last room and the first one that she'd passed.

Opening the door silently, she peeked her head in only to have to dodge downward. The spell she avoided left a horrible burn on the wood of the door that she now hid behind. *That will send the muggles into fits when they see it, I'm sure.*

Throwing the door open, Bellatrix fired off a series of spells that she was impressed to see the young wizard avoided or stopped outright without much trouble. Despite the situation, she couldn't help but notice that he was in nothing more than a pair of tight briefs. He was popping up from behind the other side of his bed to fire at her.

They exchanged spellfire twice more, and Bellatrix was impressed that it seemed a sixth year had developed non-verbal casting skills because she didn't hear him utter a word. *And some of those spells would have done some serious damage had they met the mark.* Pulling the door closed one more time, she put a barrier between the two of them. *I could've handled this better.*

"I'm not here to hurt you... Harry." There was a snort of derision from the other side of the door, and she couldn't say that she blamed him. Shaking her head, she tried reasoning with him, "How did I make it past the blood wards if I was here to hurt you? None of the spells I used would have done more than incapacitate you."

There was no response for a few breathless seconds before she heard his voice, deep and gravely from sleep, "Put your hand through the door, and drop your wand." She wasn't there to fight, far from it. So, without any complaint she did as he asked.

Wandless, she opened the door again, the faint glow from the moon outside was the only light in the room. Harry's emerald eyes widened as he watched her in the doorway. Her appearance was drastically different from their last encounter, when he'd altered the course of her life by chance, and she could understand how he wouldn't have recognized her in the heat of the moment. He certainly recognized her now, as the grip on his wand tightened, "Bellatrix?"

It took a great deal more willpower than she would like to admit to keep her eyes on his, but she nodded her head, "Harry."

A muscle in his jaw ticked as he warred with himself about what to do next. She was pleased to see that he decided against any more violence, "How are you here? Bloody fucking hell... why are you here?"

"The first is quite simple," she took a step further into the room, but stopped as he pointed his wand aggressively toward her. *Not the wand I would like either,* "Since I mean you no harm, the wards around this house had no reason to stop me. It was as simple as walking through the front door."

Harry rubbed his eyes in frustration, "Let's ignore the dozens of questions that raises and get onto the why?"

"Because... well...it's not the easiest thing to explain." She was wringing her hands nervously, something she hadn't done since she was a teenager, "But in short, you saved me."

"What?" That confession certainly surprised him.

“At the ministry.”

“How could I have saved **you?**” The shock of the revelation caused him to lower his wand, and she took the opportunity to step closer to him, eyes drifting down to his bare, muscled chest, “The total of our interactions that night was me saving my godfather from falling through the Veil of Death thanks to **your** spell.”

“No, we both know that’s not true. You chased” She was very close to him now, just on the other side of the bed. His beautiful eyes were on her every move, taking her in and she hid a little smile at that fact. Sitting down on the surprisingly lumpy mattress, she continued, “Because in your righteous fury, you wanted to punish me for nearly taking someone you loved. Only you, me, and the Dark Lord know what you did when you caught me.”

Swallowing, he stood and dropped his wand fully, “I remember. Much as I wouldn’t like to.” She didn’t know if it was that he trusted the wards or that he was just that kind by nature, but she was glad to see that he was no longer openly hostile. With him standing though, she had to fight down a blush as she glanced down at his pants. *That looks... promising.*

“You cast the *Cruciatus* on me.” He flinched slightly at the memory, but she certainly didn’t regret it, “and in doing so, saved me.”

His eyes snapped to hers, and she gave him a soft smile. He shook his head in disbelief, “That’s... mad.”

Bellatrix could only giggle at the dumbfounded look on his face, “I understand how it would seem that way. But for years, I suffered under Voldemort’s magic and the magic of the LeStrange family, forced to do things I never would have otherwise.”

“So, are you trying to say you didn’t join him willingly?”

“No,” she wasn’t going to lie to him, “but when I first met the Dark Lord, his goals and methods, weren’t so... extreme. When I... disagreed with these changes, he ensured my loyalty. I was too valuable to lose.”

Her hand went to his bare thigh and rubbed gently. He didn’t jump but his gaze went straight to the intimate contact. With a bit of strain in his voice, he asked, “And I broke Voldemort’s magic?” He didn’t sound convinced.

“I’ve grown accustomed to the pain of the *Cruciatus* over the years...” It was a sad truth, but true all the same, “So while your spell lit up every nerve in my body, that isn’t what I felt. Your magic... is bright... and pure... and powerful.” Just the memory of it had her a little breathless, “And as you held me under your spell, the sheer strength of your magic destroyed the magic I’d been held under for so long... and there’s nothing I can do to thank you enough for it.” *Though that doesn’t mean I’m not going to try... repeatedly if I have anything to say about it. And hopefully, starting tonight.*

The frown on his face as he looked at her gave her no small amount of worry. Her eagerness for this moment hadn’t allowed her to consider what would happen if he didn’t believe her. He breathed out heavily through his nose, “You do seem... different.” His eyes ran down her body, and the feel of his gaze left a warm tingle everywhere it went, “And certainly saner than the last time I saw you. Between the

baby voice and the violence, you seemed more like a petulant child than anything. An extremely dangerous child, but a child.”

A blush came to her cheeks as she was reminded of her induced insanity, but even that couldn't stop the excitement in her voice, “You believe me?”

Her excitement caused him to smile, if only slightly, “I do. That probably makes me barmy, but I do.” He ran a hand through his messy hair, and Bellatrix wanted nothing more than to replace it with her own, “We'll have to tell Sirius and the Or...”

Whatever else he was going to say was cut off as she leaned up into him and captured his lips. For months now, she'd been dreaming of this moment and now that it was here she just couldn't help herself. Months of lusting after this handsome young man... *my handsome savior*... his magic and the encompassing beauty of it, made it impossible for her to stop herself. Every night, she'd touched herself to the memory of what it felt like to have his magic within her, and the fantasy of actually having him within her. And now she meant to make it a reality.

His lips were soft and pliable, and she found herself biting and nipping at his lower lip. Her hands found his bare chest, and she loved the feel of his muscle beneath her fingers as she pushed against him. He didn't fight her as she forced his back against the mattress. All the while, her lips never left his.

Jumping in surprise, she felt his hand come up to cup her bum through her robes. His hands were big and firm, and he filled them with the curve of her arse. Moaning into the kiss, she dropped her hips hard against his own and grinded against his growing manhood.

Pulling back, she looked down at him through hooded eyes. She reveled in the way he flushed, the way his captivating emerald eyes were dark with desire. Her voice was low and throaty, “I said I'd never be able to thank you enough. Consider this a start.” She pushed back so that she was sitting on his thighs, his covered length just in front of her.

Hooking her fingers beneath the waistband of his pants she pulled them down. His half-hard cock rested heavy against his thigh, and she moaned low in her throat at the sight of it. *Puts my miserable husband to shame.* She grabbed him with both hands, it twitched and pulsed as it continued filling with blood. *There's still room for at least one more and he's not even completely hard yet.*

The crown of his cock glistened with slick, crystal-clear precum that she gathered with her thumb and started working into his shaft, “So... big... how are you so big?” It was like stroking a beater's bat, though with the slightest of curves to it. One that was alive and throbbing... both soft and hard... and so incredibly sexy. It was better than she could have imagined, and years of solitude had left her with quite the imagination.

Harry threw his head back against the mattress, eyes turning to the ceiling at the pleasure, he told her breathily. “Just... lucky I guess.”

Bellatrix hummed as she worked her hands in tandem along the inviting flesh of his protruding pillar, “No... not just lucky... but powerful.” Slick and slippery, she glided her hands along the object of her desire. Squeezing with one hand, just below the crown she rubbed with her thumb at that sensitive spot while her other hand continued to stroke quickly at his shaft. His hips popped off the bed as he tried to fuck up into her fist.

Fixated as she was on the incredible specimen of manhood in her grasp, she didn't notice as he reached for his wand. However, she became very much aware of it, as suddenly, she was divested of her robes and left in just her undergarments, "Naughty boy," she gave his cock a particularly hard squeeze that made him whimper, "I wanted to strip those off for you."

"Only seemed fair, you were getting to see all of me." He replied through gritted teeth, his eyes roaming every inch of newly exposed skin, "You're... fucking gorgeous." Without warning he pushed himself up and captured her lips. He grabbed her bum in both of his calloused hands, and she squeaked as he forced her covered, soaked pussy against the base of his cock. One of her hands continued stroking at his desperate prick, while the other went to his shoulder.

When he pulled back, her breath caught in her throat at the look of sheer wanton desire in his eyes. She'd never seen anything so singularly sexy in her entire life, and it sent a pulse of need straight to her core. Looking down between them, she pressed his cock against her stomach and whimpered at the sight of him against her bellybutton, "I... I need you inside."

Pushing herself up, her big bouncy tits were in his face as she positioned him at her entrance. He reached up and pulled the cup of her bra down and sucked on one of her pale, erect nipples, "Oh... so good."

His glands slipped between her puffy, desperate lips. Without a moment's hesitation, she started sliding down his length. She was a woman that had been married for more than twenty years, though she hadn't been touched in years. So, she felt like a virgin as her pristine little sheath stretched to accommodate his beautiful prick.

Harry's lips never left her nipple as she dropped her weight onto his body, but his hand wrapped around her back to steady her as her legs started shaking from the bliss that was emanating from her womanhood. She didn't know how long it took her to take him all the way, but her eyes rolled to the back of her head when she felt him pressing at the deepest parts of her womb and his bollocks resting against her bum, "Oh... fuck... so deep. We're doing this... every chance we get. I need... to feel you... in me like this... always."

Eyes, closed he spoke in soft pants as he pulled away from her nipple and rested his cheek against the pillowy flesh of her breast, "Sounds like... a good plan to me. So tight..." He wrapped his hands around her waist and started pulling her up his shaft. When she was maybe halfway, he forced her back down, and filled her with his enormous cock again.

Bellatrix didn't have any intention of letting him do that sort of work, so despite the shakiness in her legs, she pushed herself up and started bouncing her arse on his cock like her life depended on it. And in her lust-addled mind, it really did.

Clap. Clap. Clap. The room was filled with the sounds of their incessant rutting. With every drop of her weight, pleasure shot down her spine and through every nerve of her body. The sun started peaking through the window as she fucked against him through one orgasm and then another. Her girl-cum stained every vein of his cock, and with each new plunge of her pussy, she covered more of his groin with her essence.

“Cum for me...” she begged, pressing his face into the crook of her neck with what strength was left in her arms, “I want to feel it... to feel your magic again... please... please... cum for me...” His grip on her hips became impossible to fight through and he forced his cock as deep into her tunnel as it could possibly go.

Shaking like a leaf, she came with him. His cum filling her womb was utterly rapturous. Every second of the sex leading up to it had been brilliant, but she wasn't lying... she could actually feel his magic again as he filled her. It was pure, and bright and brilliant... and she saw stars as that warmth filled her deep in her belly. It seemed impossible but he just kept cumming, more and more of his seed filling her ravenous, desperate little hole. As the last of his peak finally passed, she felt weightless and airy like she'd never experienced before.

Running her fingers through his messy hair, she kissed his temple, “Thank you... for everything.”

Giving her a tired smile, “Anytime you want to thank me like that... you're more than welcome.”

Bellatrix giggled like a schoolgirl as he pulled her from his cock. A bit of his seed and her juices leaked from her used hole, but she quickly covered it with her hand. *I don't want to spill one bit of him.*

Harry went to his trunk and retrieved a mirror, he kept it close to his face so as not show his state of undress, “Sirius Black.”

“Harry?” Her cousin sounded tired, as though he'd just been woken from sleep, “Is everything alright?”

“Yes, I had quite the... interesting night.” He shot her a little smile, “I had an unexpected visitor that you're going to want to talk to.”

Bellatrix stood and went to Harry's side. He was even more careful not to let his godfather see anything more of her. From the way that the other mirror fell to the floor, it was safe to assume that Sirius fainted. *Drama Queen.*