

## Revolution

Bellatrix Lestrange was not a happy witch. She had spent most of her life doing what was expected of her. She grew up in the much-lauded Black family where she was treated like a pureblood princess. As she grew older, so did her hatred of muggles, just as she was taught. Personally, she didn't even really know why it was important to hate them. She knew nothing about them ... but when in Rome.

She did well at school and eventually, her family arranged a marriage with Rodolphus Lestrange. Bella kept her feelings about that private, but she wasn't surprised to find that he held as much contempt for the marriage as she did. In the end, both lived their lives in any way that they desired, as long as it didn't bring negative attention to them or the family.

Bella spent a great deal of time learning the Dark Arts just like most members of her family. The only difference was that Bella was better than most. In fact, she was so good that the Dark Lord had singled her out. This made Bella very happy. All her hard work had paid off, and she was bringing honor to the family. Of course, Rudy wasn't all that pleased that she was showing him up, but he would never dare to say anything. Bella could curse him three times before he even picked up his wand.

Things weren't all sunshine and daisies though. Anyone proficient in the Dark Arts knew that there was always a price to pay. As Bella practiced, she slowly began losing herself. The Dark Lord was so twisted that he didn't even look human anymore. Bellatrix hadn't reached that level, but she was getting there. It was her mind that twisted instead of her body. She remained beautiful even when her thoughts and personality turned foul. Unfortunately, she was too close to the situation to even realize what was going on. Those around her could easily see it, but no one said a thing. No one was dumb enough to go against the Dark Lord's wishes. What he wished was for her to be his right-hand man, so to speak.

All should have been well for her. She was rapidly moving up the ranks and bringing honor to the Black family. Sadly, their plans hit a bit of a road bump. That road bump was named Harry Potter. Why her lord wanted him dead was beyond her, but she wasn't dumb enough to ask. All she knew was that he wanted the boy dead and that he had to die by his hand. It should have been easy enough.

That's when her world came crashing down. Her lord was defeated by a mere baby, and she was left alone. Eager to find out where her lord was, she took a group of fellow Death Eaters and went to the Longbottom home to find answers. As she was torturing the answers from their filthy mouths, she was defeated and captured by Aurors. At her trial, she refused to say that she was under the Imperius and turn her back on her lord like so many of the traitors in his ranks. By doing so, she earned a life sentence in Azkaban.

The years spent there weren't kind to her. It sapped even more of her sanity and stole her beauty. Thankfully, her loyalty paid off and her lord broke her free. What followed was just like

the old times. She was allowed to wallow in hatred and turn her psychosis on her master's enemies. At least she was until Harry fucking Potter got involved again. The bastard killed her master once and for all. She didn't remember much about the fight, only that she had to watch as her master was brutalized before Potter turned his wand on her and her fellow Death Eaters. When she woke up, she was locked in a cell completely naked and without a wand. She was unable to apparate away, and when she screamed, no one came to check on her.

Bella didn't know how long she was in there. Her food just appeared and disappeared at the same times every day. She suspected that it was a House Elf delivering the food. Finally, after what felt like forever, Potter appeared outside of her cell, looking just as smug as ever. As soon as she saw him, she screamed and made threats against him. However, she was quickly shut up by a very powerful stinging hex on her thigh. She collapsed to the ground wincing while holding her rapidly swelling skin. Bella was so crazy that she didn't even bother hiding her nudity.

"I came here to give you a choice, Bellatrix. You see, I've noticed that there are a growing number of people that have been acting against me. Some in the Ministry, some even claim to be my friend. The number has been rising every year. Now that your old Master is gone, I have a feeling that eventually, someone will decide that I'm no longer required. I've been studying and performing rituals in secret for the last couple of years. I've even gotten quite good at them," he smiled smugly.

She knew that he was telling the truth. She remembered being mind-blown by his skills when he killed her Master. "What does that have to do with me?" she snarled, rubbing her aching leg.

"Maybe nothing will come of it, but maybe someone will come after me. If they do, they'll find themselves in deep shit. I'm building a small but elite army. Over time, I plan on controlling more and more of the wizarding world until it would be insane to try and go against me. But if someone does ..." Harry left it at that. Obviously, she knew what he was talking about.

"And you want me to be a part of it?" she asked. Harry nodded.

"Yes."

"And if I don't?" she asked, curious about her fate.

"The magical community thinks that you're dead. I have no problem making that a reality. You've done more than enough to deserve death," he told her, plain and simple.

Bellatrix huffed. "That's not much of a choice."

"Probably not. But your sister Narcissa jumped at the chance. After I killed her son and husband, she knew that I was serious. She's now living in her manor and pretending that everything is alright," Harry explained.

“Cissy?” Bella asked, shocked that she would join him so quickly. She took a moment to think about it. It was pretty much this or death. At least she would have the opportunity to cause some mayhem at some point in the future. “Fine! I’ll join you.”

Harry smiled and tossed a collar at her. “You have to willingly place it on yourself. Keep in mind that by doing so, you’ll belong to me. You won’t be able to willingly betray me.”

Bella looked at the thick collar in her hands. Sighing, she clasped it around her neck. Immediately, the collar shrunk until it felt like a thin, silk choker. A small vial was tossed to her next. She drank it down and instantly felt drowsy. It was only seconds later that she fell unconscious.

She didn’t know how long that she was out, but when she had woken she found herself in a big, comfy bed. She stretched happily before remembering what had happened. Immediately, she sat up.

“Stand up and come here,” she heard her new master order. Having no choice, she did what she was told. Getting out of bed, she found herself completely nude. Joining his side by a large mirror, she looked at her reflection. Bella gasped.

“You made me young?” she asked, astonished.

“No. I just made you look younger,” he replied. “It took close to a week.”

Bella looked to be in her mid-twenties. Her body was tight and perky again. She turned to the side and saw that her breasts no longer sagged. They were standing out proud and perky. Looking down, she saw that her thick, untrimmed bush was completely gone. Her mound was perfectly smooth as were her lips. She jumped when he pressed against her from behind. Instantly, she felt his hard cock rub against her ass. His hands slid from her hips up to her chest where they cupped her lovely breasts. She could feel his lips against the side of her neck.

“Such pretty nipples. You were certainly a looker in your younger years Bella,” her master said huskily, pinching her nipples and lightly tugging on them. Bella closed her eyes and tried not to make any whorish noises but found it difficult. It had been a very long time since she had any kind of action. Before going to Azkaban, sex wasn’t exactly a top priority for her, and after her escape, her body had been so ravaged by the brutal conditions of prison that no men even looked at her in that way anymore. Now, she was standing here nude while her old master’s killer was rolling her light pink nipples between his fingers while his big cock was nestled snugly between her soft cheeks. As embarrassing as it was, she couldn’t deny that it felt good. He knew it as well.

“My, my! You’re so wet, Bella,” he teased, running a finger up the inside of her thigh and gathering the wetness that was rolling down her leg. He held it up in front of her. She blushed in

embarrassment as she was forced to see evidence of her arousal. Placing the tip against her lips, she had no choice but to suck his finger clean. He moaned as she naughtily wiggled her tongue around his finger while one of his hands dipped down and began massaging her wet lips. When his fingers began toying with her clit, she couldn't help herself. Pulling her lips from his finger, she tilted her head back and moaned loudly, earning a chuckle from her master. A squeak soon left her lips as well when he lifted her up and tossed her on the bed.

Landing on her belly, she tried to crawl only to be grabbed by her wide hips. Her body was pulled toward the brute until his massive cock was resting between her cheeks. Bella was breathing heavily, too worked up by everything that was going on. She felt the tip press against her damp lips before he pushed in. Both gasped and moaned at the sensation of her wet and tight walls hugging his thrusting cock. Harry's strong hands grabbed her cheeks and squeezed and kneaded them while slowly working his cock back and forth.

Bella's front half collapsed onto the bed as his cock repeatedly mashed her g-spot. He was picking up speed, and soon her lily-white ass was rippling from the hard fucking that she was receiving. When his thumb touched her virgin asshole, she gasped loudly and looked over her shoulder in a panic. The bastard just smirked as his thumb slowly massaged her virgin hole. Turning back around, she moaned into the bed from the naughty sensation.

"Fuck! You're creaming on my cock, Bella!" Harry exclaimed, further embarrassing her. She could feel how slick that his cock was and knew it to be true. His cock was pistoning into her so quickly that Bella had to grip the blankets tightly while shuddering violently. His hands slid up her soft, smooth belly before cupping her jiggling breasts. His fingers dancing over her hard nipples finally set her off. Crying out, she came hard on his cock.

Harry moaned as well, pulling out his cock and shooting sticky ropes of cum all over her lovely ass. Bella felt the warmth land on her cheeks and ass as her body shivered and trembled. After a few moments, she felt him tap his cock on her skin to knock out any cum that was left in his cock. He happily rolled over onto his back. She watched as he laid there breathing heavily.

"Not too bad. Your sister loves getting fucked just as much as you. She tries to hide it as well," Harry laughed.

She was about to say something snarky when he decided that she needed to clean him off with her mouth. She spent the next half hour sucking him off until he came all over her face. She hoped that there would be more to her life than being a fuck toy for her new master. He claimed that he would bring Cissy over and explain further, but she would have to wait and see.