

Glory Days

by cmwinters

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This story was written for the HP Death Eater Spring Smutathon on LiveJournal, and written for CrazyLittleMe, who wanted Snape/Narcissa, lush, eerie, macabre, mindfuck, non-con, darkfic, exhibitionism and Bellatrix/sister femmeslash.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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This story contains dub-con, mindfuck, non-con, mindfuck, exhibitionism, mindfuck, voyeurism, slightly dark, slight movie-ish setting, consensual rough/violent sex, a hint at one sided incesty femmeslash, and have I mentioned, mindfuck?

With a soft crack and a slightly softer pop, two tall, cloaked figures appeared suddenly in a field behind a run-down manor house. Turning sharply as one, they headed in-step to the group of other cloaked figures gathered at what appeared to be the gate of an abandoned family cemetery. When they reached the gate, the crowd parted, and the two figures ... one masked, one not ... went to the center and sank gracefully to their knees almost in unison.

"Did he do it?" hissed an inhuman looking figure who was clearly the leader.

"With no hesitation, my Lord," replied the masked man. "I would not have brought him back here otherwise ... at least not alive."

"Very well, Lucius. This small victory will be taken into consideration after your failures of late," the Dark Lord hissed angrily. "Make sure he is accommodated in every way," he concluded then turned to the other man.

"Your mask, Severus," he said with a flick of his wand, then Disapparated.

"You are most gracious, my Lord," said the dark-haired man silkily, rising from the ground.

"Come," Lucius commanded as the others started to disperse, assuming they were dismissed.

Severus glanced at him curiously.

"Inductions are always celebrated at the Manor. Since I sponsored you it would be ludicrous for you not to attend."

Snape nodded, conceding the point, and followed his friend to the Disapparition point.

They arrived in Wiltshire and made their way across an old, hand-constructed bridge and through the lavish, torch lit gardens, through the gaps in which random gatherings of people could be seen. Melancholy orchestral music wafted across the gardens in waves, accompanied by the rich, heady scent of flowers in bloom.

The party was already in full swing by the time they arrived in the entrance hall of the Manor, the crowd parting as the man of the house made his way to his wife, who was waiting proudly, flanked by two anxious house-elves, one bearing a tray of *hors d'oeuvres* and the other bearing a tray nearly overloaded with flutes of champagne. Lucius swooped down on the quavering elf bearing the beverages, who squeaked and recoiled in terror, very nearly spilling the surely expensive liquid in the process. When Lucius simply swept two of the flutes from the creature, it nearly fainted in relief.

With grace born of years of practice, Lucius spun on his heel and handed a hand-carved crystal flute of the sweet champagne to Severus and raised a toast.

"The Dark Lord!"

A deafening cacophony of wild cheers erupted all around them, and Severus had to steel himself against wincing against the noise. When the racket subsided, he was somewhat surprised to see Lucius raise his glass again.

"My dear brothers and sisters," he began with an elaborate air. "Tonight we welcome a new and deserving member into our midst. I bid you all make him welcome in our ranks for he is chosen of the Dark Lord and has much to offer all of us in the years to come!"

"WELCOME!" called the crowd in unison, then went back to their mingling. Lucius leaned down to whisper something to his wife who smirked in response, then he tossed his cloak unceremoniously on top of the unsuspecting house-elf who squealed as the champagne flooded the folds of the expensive silk as the creature fought its way out from under the voluminous folds in a panic. Snape was quite certain the flailing would have earned a carefully placed kick by Narcissa had he not distracted her by whipping his own cloak off with a flourish and stepping in front of her line of sight at a critical moment.

"Madam Malfoy, you are most gracious for welcoming me into your home," he said smoothly, bending to kiss the back of her hand delicately. "Lucius speaks most highly of you ... do let me know post-haste if there is anything I may do for you at any time."

He even managed to say this without making himself feel slimy, but missed the gleam in Narcissa's eyes as he turned to greet the other guests.

He made his way through the crowd ... a handshake here, a pat on the back there, a falsely warm greeting everywhere he turned. Never a terribly social creature, he grew tired of the insincere platitudes quickly and retreated to a dark corner. He was much happier observing than participating.

He was silently making note of who was schmoozing up to whom when he felt a tap on his shoulder. He turned around to see the ice-blue eyes of his hostess smiling warmly at him. He turned to face her head on, and bowed his head in greeting.

"Lady Malfoy, how may I be of service? Should you prefer one of these imbeciles evicted in a particularly embarrassing manner?" he asked her genially, brandishing his wand with a pseudo-threatening flourish.

She smiled at his humour, and shook her head slightly. "No ... but I would like your assistance with something. Would you please follow me?"

He nodded and padded down the hall after her, his soft-soled boots not making a sound on the inlaid floor. He noted, with no small discomfiture, the sway of her hips and thin line of the zip as it traveled from the base of her hair to the top of the swell of her shapely buttocks. She led him up a broad, winding staircase, and the back part of his mind wondered what on earth he would have to look at in the living quarters, but decided to keep his concerns to himself.

At the end of a long hallway, where the chatter of the party was but a distant memory, she opened a heavy oaken door and swept into the room. It was lit only by flickering candlelight instead of the heavy torches that lit the halls and some of the larger rooms. Unlike the larger rooms, however, the walls of this room were lined with several nasty looking instruments, including a ornately carved axe with a nastily curved and pointed blade that looked to still have dried blood on it.

Severus stepped in after her, somewhat surprised by the heavy velvet curtains in such a deep purple they resembled the blackish hue of clotted blood, which not only adorned the windows, but were also hanging from the ceiling around what was quite unmistakably a bed. The bed itself was flanked by a heavy, wrought-iron headboard and heavy, wrought-iron posts at all four corners.

Over the bed hung a moving portrait of a Muggle on a rack, surrounded by laughing wizards. The portrait had apparently had a silencing charm cast over it, as the writhing Muggle's screams could not be heard. Across from the bed stood a chest of drawers topped by an ornately carved mirror. Snape quirked an eyebrow in question at her and glanced about the room, wondering if he could figure out what it was she needed his assistance with, in a bedroom of all places. He was, after all, only nineteen and Narcissa an uncommonly beautiful, influential and rich woman, but the pragmatic part of his brain argued that such a beautiful, influential and rich woman ... especially one married to such an attractive, rich, powerful and influential man such as Lucius Malfoy ... could not possibly have brought him here for anything resembling the randy fantasy now running rampant through his brain.

She had made purposefully for the sideboard, explaining that the room had once been Lucius' sadistic great-great-aunt Avidia's, and that she delighted in Muggle torture. She returned, carrying two delicate crystal goblets full of a thick, heavy liquid in a deep blood-red. She handed one to him and made to tip hers to her lips. "It's wine, Severus, and elf-made."

He nodded and raised his glass toward her formally. "The Dark Lord," he offered and clinked his glass to hers, and tasted the wine.

He was overwhelmed by the fullness of the taste. Not normally a wine drinker, he found this deep and rich with flavour, without the cloying, fermented sweetness he normally found irritating about wine. He took another sip, and rolled the wine around on his tongue.

"This is quite good," he said after a moment's pause.

"Indeed. We have several cases of this vintage ... more that we could ever possibly consume. We shall have to give you a case as a gift for being welcomed into the fold."

He frowned, not normally liking to take handouts, but not really seeing as he could refuse. He was struck by the incongruity of drinking wine that likely cost more than his entire family's belongings in a bedroom with Narcissa Malfoy.

In an attempt to cover his discomfiture, he withdrew his wand gallantly. She grinned slyly and whispered to him "Oh, you won't be needing that" as she tucked it back into his sleeve. "It's not the wand made by Ollivander that I'm after."

Severus tried to make sense of that in any way other than a blatantly suggestive one. And failed. He was certainly not helped by Narcissa grabbing his elbow and trailing the tips of her fingernails down the inside of his forearm to his wrist. He gasped as the sensation shot jolts of pleasure straight to his now painfully erect cock. That simple action nearly made his knees buckle, and he suddenly greatly regretted not having brought a libido dampening potion.

He shook his head, trying to clear it. "Missus . . ." he began lamely, but his hostess silenced him with a finger lightly to his lips. When he ceased protesting, she ran it lightly around his mouth.

Don't suck on her finger, DON'T suck on her finger!

"Narcissa," she corrected in a voice his mind insisted was seductive. "You are, after all, among friends . . ."

He closed his eyes and clenched his teeth, ineffectively trying to will some of the blood that had fled to the lower half of his torso back into his brain. He took a great, shuddering breath and opened his eyes to look at her. "Narcissa," he began anew, desperately hoping he could remain calm and not make a flaming fool of himself. "I am . . . uncertain . . . as to why you have brought me here. Pray tell me what need you have of me, so I can dispatch my task quickly, lest Lucius come and ascertain that I am conducting illicit business with his wife behind closed doors."

"Ha! Lucius!" Narcissa snorted dismissively, "has his dalliances, as do I mine. We have an understanding between us," she said, moving in for what appeared to Snape's mind to be a kiss.

"But Mis ... Narcissa ... " he said, backing away from her, "you are his wife, and I am his friend. Surely such a thing is not permitted!" he protested feebly.

He was privately quite proud of himself for putting up this much of a struggle when he could barely think, even if he had to concentrate on thinking enough to concentrate to say it.

"Did not the Dark Lord tell Lucius to ensure you were accommodated in all ways?" Narcissa breathed against his lips.

Snape felt his objections flee in advance of the Dark Lord's presumed fury for disobedience. "He did . . ." he practically whimpered. He didn't even realise that Narcissa could not possibly have known this unless someone else told her.

"Then I am accommodating you," she said almost inaudibly, her lips moving against his. "You are chosen of the Dark Lord, Severus. Anything you desire shall be yours."

The next few minutes were a jumbled loss of heated kisses and soft words as she maneuvered them deliberately over to the bed with the leading graceful steps of a dancer long used to making it appear that the man had the lead. However, Severus remained unconvinced that he would escape with his life, or at the very least a great deal of incredibly painful torture, if Lucius were to walk in and Snape tried to claim to have been shagging the man's wife on the Dark Lord's orders. He was just about to pull away for one last valiant attempt at a protest when she reached her hand between them and rubbed him, and he found himself needing to grip her arms hard enough to leave a bruise just to remain standing.

He knew once he reclined on that bed, all would be lost. He pulled away, took a deep breath and tried once more. "But Lucius . . ."

He was cut off. "I am his wife, not his property, Severus, but if it makes you feel any better, I shall tell him you fought me tooth and nail."

"Tell him?" he whispered, privately glad it hadn't come out in a squeak. "You're planning to tell him?"

"Of course I'm planning to tell him, Severus. He's going to ask. He is, after all, the one who told me the Dark Lord wanted you accommodated. I wasn't at the meeting," she explained, sinking to the bed and pulling him on top of her.

"Ah . . ." Snape began, realising there was no way he was going to get out of bedding Lucius wife. Damn my luck . . . he thought sarcastically to himself, only just managing to stop himself from rolling his eyes at his internal thought processes. He sat beside her.

As he suspected, the feel of her soft curves cuddled pliant next him was his undoing. All thoughts of Lucius, of the Dark Lord, of potential repercussions vanished as she pulled his head down to meet hers. Where he was cautious ... exploring, tasting, testing the softness of her lips, the sweetness of her mouth, she was demanding, her teeth nipping him, her movements calculated and determined.

And reality crashed into him with a vengeance. This was a beautiful married woman born of a family of near-royalty, married to a powerful and influential man several years his senior. Although not normally prone to such vanity, he suddenly feared very strongly for his performance.

He pulled his head back from her, vaguely wondering how they'd ended up lying on the bed. Lightly stroking her face and grinding his hips into hers, he hedged his bets and spoke softly. "Narcissa ... I have no wish to destroy this beautiful gown of yours, but I fear I cannot properly unfasten it at this angle. I don't wish to use magic, as doing so would deprive me of the sensual pleasure of using my hands," he breathed seductively, then rolled onto his back, tugging her with him.

Her eyes glittered with amusement and she straddled him. Though his vision was fogged by his lust, he drank in the beautiful sight of her and ran his hands from the tops of her thighs and up her torso. He used the leverage of her weight upon him to rise up and slide his hands to the back of her neck, kissing her sensuously as he lowered the zip of the gown. He trailed the very tips of his fingers up to her neck, caressing her almost imperceptibly and lowering the gown from her shoulders at the same time. As the pale blue brocade lace sagged open in the front, he directed the attention of his lips and tongue to newly exposed flesh, but was suddenly stopped by an unexpectedly hard and thick fabric.

He lowered her gown, a slight frown on his face, and then fell back to the bed with a groan. "Oh GOD," he grunted, his eyes nearly rolling in the back of his head as he gasped wantonly.

Narcissa cast him a curious look, and the raw lust in eyes as he pried them half-open quieted her concerns that he'd ejaculated in his trousers. "Hm?" she asked calmly.

He looked at her, considering his next move and next words, very carefully. Should he say something she found offensive, it could be used as ammunition against him. However, if she found such a thing truly upsetting, she'd probably not be attired or behaving as such. He caved.

"I have always ... always, since I knew such things existed ... wanted to be ridden by a woman in a corset," he confessed.

She smirked at him, but then tilted her head at him. "It makes it a bit difficult to breathe, you know," she said, waving her hand at her torso. "I'm afraid you won't enjoy it as much as if I were not trussed up so."

He groaned again. "This isn't about me, Narcissa. It's about you, and you using me for your pleasure. Do whatever you need to enjoy yourself. I'll worry about myself later."

She smiled and leaned down at him, grinding against him in the process. "Fine. If this is about me getting my pleasure from you, then I agree. But first, I want to feel your tongue on me," she breathed, then rocked away from him onto her back.

His mouth watered and he swallowed hard. "As milady wishes," he said with a feral growl.

But in the fleeting second it took for Narcissa to rise off him, he caught a flicker of movement out of the corner of his eye. Long years of taunting at the hands of Potter and Black had made his reflexes lightning-quick, and he cast a Full-Body Bind on who he assumed was Lucius before even realising his wand was in his hand.

Narcissa, arranging herself onto her back, didn't notice, and as Severus spared a glance, he realised it wasn't Lucius he'd debilitated.

In fact, their visitor wasn't even male.

It was Bellatrix Lestrange, glowering at him with fury and hatred, standing in front of the mirrored dresser. The gods only knew how she'd managed to get there ... Snape knew she hadn't been there before.

A predatory gleam flickered across his eyes, and he had to suppress a snort of glee. He shifted on the bed, and hovered over Narcissa. "One moment, milady ... I wish to secure the door so we are not unduly interrupted." She seemed satisfied with this and smiled at him languidly, and he rose from the bed, making a show of looking carefully out the hallway and casting an elaborate enchantment that would secure their relative privacy.

He walked back toward the bed, deliberately walking around the long side, and with cobra-like reflexes, shot his wand out at Bellatrix the second his wand hand was hidden from Narcissa's view by his body, and cast a non-verbal Disillusionment Charm on her.

You wanted to watch, you elitist bitch? Hope you enjoy the show!

Once arrived at the side of the bed, Snape doffed his outer robe and settled between the milky white thighs of Narcissa Malfoy, who had remained utterly oblivious to her sister's presence. He lowered his mouth toward the juncture of her thighs, his eyes riveted upon her. "Two more things, Narcissa: I am profoundly aroused by having my head wrenched about, and," *LEGILIMENS!* "I like to watch, and I like being watched. Move your head to the foot of the bed ... I can watch in the mirror."

Her eyes widened as his meaning dawned. She nodded almost imperceptibly and moved as he'd requested.

He flicked his glance just above Narcissa's head, where he knew Bellatrix stood, glaring at him, and repeated the incantation non-verbally.

This was going to take some concentration. The Ministry, in all its infinite wisdom, had declared both Sex Magic and Mind Magic to be Dark Magic ... as a result, the only ones who were adept at either of the former were also the ones adept at the latter. He knew that if he did this properly, not only would he know what Narcissa was feeling ... but so would Bellatrix. And Bella would also have the added torment of feeling what he himself was feeling.

Which is most likely why it had been declared Dark Magic to start with ... the use of either could lead to someone's loss of control of their free will, to say nothing of their privacy.

Just as he was now attempting to do with Bellatrix.

That should teach her to barge in on a private moment!

However, aptitude or not, it was still going to be difficult to maintain a connection with two people at once, much less while keeping Narcissa oblivious to it while simultaneously feeding sensation from her and himself into Bellatrix.

Fortunately, he could use the power generated from foreplay and sex both to help generate and maintain the mental links. At least, that was the theory.

Unblinkingly, Severus continued lowering his head until Narcissa's sweet flesh was in contact with his lips, and at that moment he lost all control. Abandoning all pretense of decorum, he groaned and buried his face in her cunt, savouring her tangy taste and her musky scent. He was consumed with the need to pleasure her, to lick and suckle her clit, flicking and nibbling it until she sobbed and writhed helplessly beneath him. He looked at Narcissa and slowed the rotation of his tongue to a gentle, casual circular motion. When she tensed, he varied his technique slightly, adding more pressure, moving faster. When her head fell back in ecstasy, eyes closed, Severus could feel waves of helpless rage buffeting him from across the room. He poured all his pent up frustration into making Bellatrix feel not only the delicious sensation of his tongue laving Narcissa's clit, but also in redirecting the waves of pleasure Narcissa was feeling to Bellatrix.

He knew from this moment forward, he'd have to watch his back around her, but it was going to be oh-so-worth every minute of it.

His eyes glittered with dark satisfaction as he snaked his hand up Narcissa's quivering leg and slid first one, then two long and slender fingers into her. She gasped and writhed with pleasure and he felt the tension and power building in the room as she wrestled his head into the exact position she wanted it. He responded by relentlessly stimulating her, suckling lightly on the swollen nub as he flicked it with the tip of his tongue. When she screamed out her release, he backed away, licking her juices off his lips lasciviously with a self-satisfied smirk in Bellatrix's general direction.

That's right, Bella ... this filthy half-breed just sucked your purest of blood sister off ... and she enjoyed it. And there's plenty more where that came from ... the night is still very young, and so am I.

He sat back on his heels, palms flat on his thighs as he watched her recover. "My turn," she gasped presently.

"Hm?" he queried with a quirked eyebrow.

"I'd like to reciprocate the favour," she said, rising shakily to her knees. "But lay with your head over the edge of the bed. It will ... well, just trust me."

He grinned. "All right," he agreed, banishing his shirt and trousers to the side of the bed with his robes.

Hanging his head over the bed, of course, gave him the perfect angle to look Bellatrix right in her Disillusioned eyes, and he was quite delightedly looking forward to warping her twisted little mind even further by making her feel exactly how good it felt to have his cock sucked. Being as she was not so endowed, he vaguely wondered how the sensation would feel.

Narcissa lowered her head to his cock as he lowered his head over the edge of the bed. He immediately recognised the sensation of blood rushing to his head and forced his eyes open by sheer force of will. He stared, unblinkingly, at the spot in which he knew Bellatrix stood, as Narcissa's tongue laved his cock. She massaged his balls expertly and generally drove him to a nearly insensate mass. He lost track of why it was even important to keep his eyes open, only knowing it was crucial to do so, as her hand tugged the sensitive skin of his rigid shaft and pleasure rolled over him in waves.

"Oh, Narcissa!" he gasped, fisting his hand in the duvet to keep from forcing her head down on him. She responded by escalating her ministrations, and he yelped, which only encouraged her further.

He ground his teeth and groaned, and she responded by massaging that sweet spot between his balls and arse, bringing forth another tortured moan. But it was when she very lightly danced the very tip of her finger across his arsehole that he truly felt at risk of losing control. "Nononono - stop stop stop stop!" he cried. As desperately as he wanted to come in her sweet mouth, he wanted his first orgasm to be deep inside her. If he got another opportunity later, well then, he'd pursue that particular fantasy then.

She obligingly stopped with a lascivious smirk on her face, giving her a dark look that reminded him unsettling of her sister when Bellatrix was torturing a Muggle child. This, in turn, reminded him to check the Legilimantic connections he was maintaining with the two of them. He was reassured they were intact, particularly when murderous hate slammed back into him. Bella felt it, all right ... and was not in the least bit happy about the circumstances. He chuckled softly to himself, deep in his chest.

At that moment, Narcissa began lowering herself onto his engorged cock, and he sucked a lungful of air in between his teeth, letting it out in a shuddering hiss as she ground and rocked on him. "Oh . . . yesssss . . ." he breathed, resisting the temptation to thrust up against her, which would thereby spoil his fantasy.

She smiled slightly and adjusted her position slightly. Her head fell back and she groaned ... he dragged his nails sharply up the insides of her thighs leaving vicious red welts in their wake, and her breath caught. He grabbed her wrists roughly, and placing her left hand firmly in the center of his chest, forced her to shift her weight forward. She pulled back slightly when she realised how much of her weight she had shifted to his chest, and he pulled her toward him again. "Use me, Narcissa, use all of me," he coaxed. As she relaxed into the new position, he put her right hand at the juncture of her thighs. "Pleasure yourself," he commanded hoarsely.

She began rubbing her clit in soft, rhythmic circles and moaned in pleasure. In turn, he whimpered ... this was his fantasy come to life. He opened his mind to what she was feeling, and nearly overwhelmed by waves of pure pleasure. Lest he ruin his own fantasy by climaxing before it was complete, he concentrated on flooding Bellatrix with the sensation. Her mental shriek of outrage made him wince, but undeterred he sent his own sensation at her, too. Concentrating on that distracted him enough that, even with feeling Narcissa's pleasure, he was able to maintain control of himself even as she built to a bucking, gasping climax, his hands on her hips.

He chuckled as she sagged bonelessly above him, supported solely by the corset and his hands on her waist. "Are you quite all right?" he asked, and she forced her eyes open. They widened when she saw the raw power of his lust threatening to consume her where she sat and she was suddenly reminded that she'd climaxed twice, and he hadn't yet at all.

"I need to lie down," she said weakly, trying very hard to regulate her breathing.

"What a coincidence," he said seductively, "I need to fuck you, Narcissa, until you scream my name so loud the people downstairs will wonder that I am killing you."

The corners of her mouth twitched at the dark promise, and she collapsed onto the bed beside him.

"Would you prefer to finish this on your knees, or on your back, Narcissa?" he asked rising up to tower over her.

"I like both," she gasped, "but I don't think I could reliably support myself in this getup," she gestured.

"On your back it is, then. Unless, that is, you'd prefer I untruss you?"

Her eyes flew open in alarm. "No! That gown ... no ... I won't be able to get back in it. Custom-made, for me in a corset. It just ... it just makes me a little light-headed, although I admit I kind of like it," she gasped.

His painfully throbbing cock screamed in protest at his next words, but he knew that it was nothing to how his whole body would be screaming if he ignored what he knew needed to be said. He could always take care of his own needs in private, if necessary, and Cruciatus or death was not something he cared to endure for failing to consider that.

"Narcissa, if you are unwell, perhaps . . . we should stop?"

Her answering glare left no room for argument. "The hell you say! The Black women don't leave their partners unsatisfied! We are not teases, Severus!"

He snickered, probably more than only her words strictly warranted, and licked his lips. With a knowing glance toward the mirror in front of which Bellatrix stood, he smirked, but turned his attention back to Narcissa immediately after reinforcing the body-bind spell.

He leant down over the blonde lying spread legged in front of him. "I have no wish to take you by force, Narcissa," he said silkily, licking the side of her neck.

"And you are doing no such thing. But if you even think about leaving this room, I assure you, I have no such qualms about you, Severus . . ."

"Ah, but Narcissa," he said, trailing the very tip of his tongue down and across her neck to her other earlobe. "You cannot rape the willing," he purred, and slid his rock-hard cock up and down her slick wetness to illustrate that he was, in fact, willing.

He found a rhythm that was nearly hypnotic, smearing the evidence of her earlier orgasms all over his cock and rubbing the tip of it against her clit, when she growled at him. "So help me god, Severus, if you don't stick that in me and fuck me proper, I'm going to rip it off you and mount it, to use at my leisure!"

He thrust into her hard at that, and she gasped. He withdrew slowly, nearly all the way, and slammed back into her again. "Better?" he asked impertinently.

"Yes!" she gasped, her breath catching as he did it again.

He gazed down at her, realising that for all he was grateful for her indulging his fantasy earlier, he really did regret having paid only cursory attention to her breasts. He leaned down and licked the shelf that was created by her being bound in the corset, wishing he could take her nipple in his mouth.

He shifted, and she whimpered. "Ow!"

He backed away from her immediately, and she pulled him back to her with a look of slight pain on her face. "Don't lie on me like that ... I think my ribs are going to be bruised in the morning as it is ... but otherwise, don't stop what you were doing!"

It occurred to him that he could ... in fact, should ... use Legilimency both ways, and rolled his tongue in his mouth much like he would on her nipple, were he able to take it in his mouth. Her answering moan of pleasure assured him it was appreciated. She writhed as he continued thrusting into her, panting alternately. "More. Harder!" He finally braced himself on his forearms and increased both his rhythm and his force.

"Do you like to be scratched?" she whispered at him a few moments later, after realising her hands were on his shoulders.

"Yes," he breathed, and she dragged her nails lightly down his back.

"Harder!" he commanded, and she complied, but not nearly hard enough for his tastes. He lowered his mouth to her neck and whispered to her demandingly. "Harder, Narcissa ... leave marks." He thrust into her forcefully as if to illustrate his point, and she dug her nails deep into his back. He felt his flesh tearing, felt rivulets of blood running down his sides and slammed into Narcissa for all he was worth. "Yesssss!" he hissed. "Like that!"

He shifted his weight forward, trying to replicate the angle she'd found most pleasurable when she was on top. She squealed beneath him, her hands involuntarily closing into fists at the base of his latissimus muscles, a gesture that was sure to leave matching bruises as well as scars ... he could feel the torn shreds of his skin gathering in irregular fans under her fingernails. The white hot sensation of sweat running into the newly opened wounds stung sharply and further fanned his passion.

Some years previously, a Muggle had told him he had a very seductive voice. Although he found it a ridiculous thing to say at the time, he'd since learned to cultivate it. He dropped his voice to its most silken purr, knowing that with the mental connection he maintained, Bellatrix would hear every word.

Not that it mattered, as she'd soon find out what he had in mind anyway.

He whispered in Narcissa's ear. "Do you see that mirror behind you?" She nodded. "Remember I said I like to watch, and to be watched?" She nodded again. "I want you to look at the top of it, at the apex of it, and keep your eyes open. I will do the same. Meet my gaze in the mirror."

She complied, and he began thrusting into her in earnest. The mattress springs creaked in protest beneath their pounding bodies as the bed began inching nearly imperceptibly toward the dresser and mirror, scraping across the expensive marble floor in the process, surely scarring it beyond repair.

Inside his mind, Bellatrix was howling and thrashing. She was positively incensed, and it only increased his ardour. He knew that, petrified as she was, she had no choice but to watch them; knew that she could do nothing to avert her eyes from her sister's lust-filled gaze ... nor his. The knowledge fueled his passion as nothing ever had and he slammed into Narcissa with wild abandon. The tension in the room, already built to a nearly unbearable peak by their open-eyed fucking, was soon matched by the tension in their bodies and with a final erratic thrust, he spent himself inside her with a grunt, his sole climax pushing her into her third.

Her breath came in short gasps as the wet silken heat of her pulsed around him, and he collapsed in a heap, only just remembering to avert himself from her, to fall onto his side. She lay next to him, gasping shallowly. He peered at her in some concern, and as soon as he thought he was able, propped himself up on his elbow.

"Narcissa, are you quite certain you're all right?"

"I'll be fine," she nodded. "Really."

Unconvinced, he frowned, and sat upright. "Is there anything I can get you?"

"Water?" she asked weakly, and he summoned one of the goblets, filled it from his wand and handed it to her. She smiled, braced herself and rolled over to her side to push herself to a sitting position.

He scowled. "It distresses me to see you uncomfortable. Is there nothing I can do?"

She took as deep a breath as she could, and looked at him. "No ... really. But ... I do like it. I'll have bruises tomorrow, I'll feel it for days, but it will be the reminder of a delicious evening, and every time I inhale, I'll mentally ... perhaps even physically ... replay the activities that made me sore. I chose to dress that way, after all."

His cock twitched at the thought that in the coming days she'd not only think about but possibly pleasure herself to thoughts of their encounter. His eyes glittered with dark amusement.

"But," she conceded, "if you could help me get dressed again, that would be good."

"Of course!" he said, leaping to his feet. He brandished his wand, and showed it to her. "Cleaning spell?" he offered, and when she nodded, he waved his wand over both of them.

He righted her gown and helped her into it. "Are you going to be able to walk?" he asked incredulously at the wince she gave when she raised her arms.

"My legs haven't been bound. It's everything above them that's the trouble."

He shook his head, wondering why a woman would put herself through such ridiculous difficulty. But at that moment she unintentionally said something which made him feel foolish.

"I believe your back is bleeding," she said, looking speculatively at his heel, an eyebrow quirked.

"Hm?" he asked, looking downward, and seeing a rivulet of blood that headed somewhere beyond the back of his thigh.

She turned to look at the comforter, and saw a smear of blood there as well. "Would you like me to heal you?"

"No," he grinned. "Leave it. Battle scars ... well earned, I hope."

"Indeed," she said with a grin and turned. "Zip?" she asked commandingly.

He complied, and she stepped carefully away from him and into her shoes, then turned back to kiss him.

"Thank you for a wonderful time. However, I really must get back to my guests. You should make an appearance soon yourself," she pointed out.

"Of course; as soon as I get dressed. However, I, ah, think that we should not necessarily appear in the same room in such public company."

She nodded and smiled at him. "Maybe after some of the others leave . . ." she smirked, then turned on her heel and pranced away from him in short steps. "In fact ... don't drink too heavily. Lucius may ask to see a repeat performance," she said with a grin.

"Your wish shall be my command, milady," he promised gallantly.

He took a very long time about getting dressed, then went to the mirror and combed his fingers through his hair. This close to Bellatrix, he could feel her body heat pulsing into him, and when he was as satisfied with his appearance as he expected to be, he removed the Disillusionment spell he'd placed on her earlier.

Her face was purple with indignation. "Hope you enjoyed the show, Bella dearest," he snarked, knowing his use of the Dark Lord's pet name for her would only vex her further. "*If* I see Rodolphus," he offered, with unnecessary stress on the "if", "I'll send him up here looking for you."

And at that, he swept from the room.

Author's Notes:

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