



Bellatrix Lestrange

The healing classroom was different after hours.

Hermione noticed it the moment she pushed through the heavy door at seven o'clock. During regular lessons, the room was full of anxious students and their breathing dummies, the tension thick enough to give her a headache. Now, with the corridor empty and the enchanted candles reduced to a soft amber glow along the windowsills, the space felt private. Intimate, even. The usual antiseptic smell was fainter, tempered by the cedar shelves and the stack of old leather-bound texts Andromeda had arranged at one workstation alongside anatomical diagrams and a single practice dummy.

Andromeda stood by the far window, her wand tracing a slow arc as she adjusted the lighting in the corner where they'd be working. She'd worn plum robes tonight, less formal than her classroom attire. Her dark hair was gathered in a loose twist that left the silver threads at her temples catching the candlelight, and Hermione caught herself staring before she could stop.

"Miss Granger. Punctual as promised."

"I try not to waste anyone's time," Hermione said, setting her bag on the nearest workstation and tearing her eyes away. "Especially when they're giving theirs freely."

"Healing is never a waste of time." Andromeda turned from the window with a warm but controlled expression, the kind that invited questions but discouraged anything beyond them. "Did you manage the reading?"

"Chapters four and five. And the supplementary essay on magical bone density in post-adolescent development, which wasn't assigned but seemed relevant."

Something flickered at the corner of Andromeda's mouth. "Overachiever."

"Thorough," Hermione corrected mildly.

Andromeda gestured to the workstation she'd prepared. The anatomical diagrams showed skeletal structures in cross-section, mapping the way magical energy flowed through bone marrow and the resonance points where healing spells found purchase. Hermione's eyes swept over them hungrily. She'd read about all of this, but seeing the diagrams up close was different. Better.

"Tonight we're working on bone-setting. The theory is in Smethwyck, but the practice requires something the textbook can't give you." Andromeda paused. "Understanding how magic interacts with living bone. Not simulated bone. The dummy is useful for repetition, but the initial calibration needs to be done on a living subject."

Hermione's pulse quickened. "Meaning?"

"Meaning I'll need to demonstrate on you." Andromeda said it casually. "Your arm, specifically. The radius and ulna are ideal teaching bones, accessible, well-documented resonance patterns, and if I accidentally fracture something in the demonstration, easily mended." A faint, dry smile crossed her lips. "I won't accidentally fracture anything."

"I trust you," Hermione said, and held out her left arm.

Andromeda stepped closer. Her fingers were cool as they circled Hermione's wrist, turning her arm so the inner forearm faced upward. The touch was precise. Clinical. Completely clinical.

Hermione's heart hammered anyway. Heat crept up her neck and into her cheeks, and she felt her pulse stammer against those elegant fingertips. She

kept her expression carefully neutral, grateful that Andromeda was looking at her arm and not her face.

"Here," Andromeda said, pressing two fingers against the bone just below Hermione's wrist. "The distal radius. You can feel the density, living bone has a particular resistance that simulated material never quite captures. Press your own fingers here, opposite mine."

Hermione obeyed, pressing her fingers to the opposite side of her forearm.

"Now. When you cast Episkey on a fracture, the spell needs a target, a resonance point where the magical energy can anchor and begin repair. For superficial breaks, intent alone guides the spell. But for a clean fracture through dense bone, you need to understand the architecture. Feel how the bone curves here?" Andromeda's thumb traced a slow line along Hermione's forearm, following the radius toward the elbow. "That curvature isn't incidental. It's structural. The spell follows the bone's natural shape when healing, if you cast against the grain, the mend is weaker."

"What determines the grain?" Hermione asked. "Is it consistent across individuals, or does it vary with magical core strength?"

Andromeda looked up. Their faces were suddenly much closer than they should have been, and Hermione's breath hitched.

"Excellent question. It varies. Which is exactly why bone-setting on a living subject requires this-" She pressed slightly harder along the bone, demonstrating. "-diagnostic touch. You're reading the individual architecture before you cast. Every person's bones have a slightly different resonance."

"How long did it take you to develop that sensitivity? At St. Mungo's."

Andromeda's face changed, and for the first time, there was a brief moment of coldness in her eyes. She released Hermione's arm and stepped back to retrieve her wand.

"Years. Though necessity accelerated things. Wartime tends to compress learning curves rather dramatically." Andromeda picked up her wand and held it in both hands, turning it between her fingers without purpose. "I spent most of my first year setting bones after people had been through... unpleasant encounters. You learn quickly when the alternative is someone living with a badly healed fracture."

"That sounds lonely," Hermione said. "Learning under that kind of pressure, with that kind of weight."

She hadn't planned to say it. The words just came out, following the thread of Andromeda's voice into a place the professor hadn't explicitly opened. Hermione tensed, half-expecting to be rebuffed.

But Andromeda didn't rebuff her. Her hands went still around her wand.

"It was, sometimes," Andromeda said. "Healing is... collaborative by nature. The best Healers work in teams, support one another, debrief after difficult cases. I didn't always have that. I don't always have that now, if I'm honest."

Silence settled between them, and Hermione chose her next words carefully.

"Well," Hermione said quietly. "You have a student who's quite eager to learn. For whatever that's worth in terms of company."

Andromeda's eyes came up. She looked at Hermione for a long moment, the way she had at the end of their first class when she'd said *you remind me of*

someone. That same slight frown of recognition crossed her face, as though she were trying to place a memory that wouldn't quite come into focus.

Hermione held her gaze and waited.

"You have a particular intensity when you're focused," Andromeda said. "It's quite striking."

Hermione's heart skipped. She could have deflected. Could have blushed and looked away and let the moment pass. But something braver won out.

"Is that a professional observation, or a personal one?"

Hermione held Andromeda's gaze steadily, keeping her expression open and calm even as her pulse raced.

One second. Two.

"Both, I suppose." Andromeda set her wand down on the workstation and took a measured step back. "You'll make an exceptional Healer, Miss Granger. Now, shall we practice the technique on the dummy?"

"Of course, Professor."

The remainder of the session was productive. Hermione's first bone-setting attempt on the dummy produced a clean mend. It wasn't perfect. The simulated X-ray showed a faint line where the fracture had been, but the bone integrity held when Andromeda tested it with a diagnostic pulse. Her second attempt was better. Her third drew a genuine nod of approval, and Hermione couldn't help the small surge of pride that warmed her chest.

"Thursday," Andromeda said as Hermione collected her bag. "Seven o'clock again. We'll be covering internal trauma assessment, which requires diagnostic touch on living subjects, determining injury severity through magical palpation. I'll need either a volunteer from the infirmary patients, or..." She paused, and it was so brief that Hermione almost missed it. "We can practice on each other. Controlled, obviously. But the technique is more easily learned with immediate feedback."

"I'll look forward to it," Hermione said with warmth in her voice.

Andromeda's expression didn't change. "Goodnight, Miss Granger."

"Goodnight, Professor Tonks."

Hermione walked to the library. She sat down with Smethwyck's chapter on internal trauma assessment and read, absorbing the information and taking notes in her precise hand. The memory of Andromeda's fingers tracing her forearm bone lingered at the back of her mind, warm and persistent, but she didn't let herself dwell on it.

She studied until half ten, returned to the dormitory, and climbed into bed.

Tomorrow

The Synesthetic Snapdragons were being difficult.

Hermione had been working on the third variant for twenty minutes, carefully extracting pollen samples with a pair of enchanted tweezers while the plant's petals shifted through a spectrum of irritated colours. The trick was timing. When the petals flushed deep violet, the pollen was receptive to magical imprinting. When they shifted toward orange, the window had closed and you had to wait another cycle.

Across the workbench, Mirabel was bent over her own specimen, murmuring encouragement to a Snapdragon whose petals had gone a sulky grey-green.

"Come on, darling," Mirabel said to the plant. "Don't be dramatic. I'm only taking a little."

"Does talking to them actually help?" Hermione asked, not looking up from her own extraction. Violet was approaching. Three seconds, maybe four.

"Honestly? I have no empirical evidence whatsoever. But they seem calmer when I do it, and I refuse to believe that's coincidence." Mirabel glanced up from her plant, then quickly back down. Then up again, her gaze catching on Hermione's hands as they moved the tweezers with precise, steady pressure.

Hermione noticed.

The petals hit violet. She extracted the pollen and deposited it into the waiting glass vial. The Snapdragon's colours cycled back to a contented blue.

"Beautifully done," Mirabel said, and there was something slightly breathless about it that had nothing to do with pollen extraction technique. She cleared her throat. "Your timing is getting better. Last week you were half a second late on the cycle."

"I've been practising the rhythm. Counting helps." Hermione sealed the vial and labelled it with a quick charm. "Though I think you might be right about the talking. Mine seems to respond when I hum."

"What do you hum?"

"Debussy, mostly. Claire de Lune."

"A Muggle composer." Mirabel's smile was warm with surprise. "I don't know the piece."

"I could play it for you sometime. There's a piano in the Room of..." Hermione caught herself, smiled. "Well. There's a piano somewhere in the castle, I'm sure."

Mirabel laughed, and three of the seedlings on the shelf behind her tilted perceptibly in her direction. Hermione watched this happen with quiet satisfaction and said nothing about it.

They worked in companionable silence for several minutes. The greenhouse was warm and slightly humid, the afternoon light filtering through glass panels smudged with condensation. Outside, October was stripping the trees on the castle grounds. Inside, everything was green and growing and alive.

"Can I ask you something?" Mirabel said eventually, not looking up from where she was noting observations in her research journal.

"Always."

"Do you ever feel like you're the only person in a room who's actually paying attention to what's happening? Not in a conceited way, I don't mean that. I mean..." She set her quill down and leaned back against the workbench, crossing her arms in that way she did, the way that pressed her breasts together beneath the cream-coloured blouse she'd worn today. "I spend all day surrounded by people. Students, colleagues, portraits that won't stop offering unsolicited opinions about my soil pH. But the conversations I actually look forward to are these ones. Wednesday afternoons. And that feels..." She searched for the word.

"Lonely?" Hermione offered.

Mirabel looked at her. "Yes. A bit. Is that pathetic?"

"No."

"My colleagues have robes older than I am. My students are a decade younger than I am." She laughed. "You're the closest thing I have to a peer conversation, which is probably inappropriate to say to a student."

Hermione set down her tweezers and turned to face Mirabel fully. "I won't tell anyone if you won't."

Mirabel giggled beautifully. She looked at Hermione with something that wasn't quite professional.

"You're very easy to talk to," Mirabel said. "Has anyone told you that?"

"People usually say the opposite, actually. That I'm intimidating."

"You? Intimidating?"

"Apparently I have a tendency to make people feel stupid. Unintentionally."

"You don't make me feel stupid." Mirabel tilted her head, considering. "You make me feel like I have to be cleverer than I usually bother being. Which is different. Which is nice, actually. I got lazy at the Academy because nobody challenged me on anything. Here I have you quoting research papers I haven't read yet and asking questions I haven't thought to ask, and it's..." She smiled. "It's good for me."

"I'm glad," Hermione said. "For what it's worth, you're the only professor who's ever treated me like a colleague rather than a student who needs managing. That means more than you probably realise."

The greenhouse was very quiet. Water dripped somewhere.

Mirabel uncrossed her arms and moved closer to Hermione's workstation, ostensibly to examine the sealed pollen vial. She picked it up, turned it in the light, and her shoulder brushed Hermione's as she leaned in.

"The clarity on this sample is remarkable," she said, holding the vial between them. Her voice had dropped. "You can see the luminescent threads. When they're this defined, the imprinting potential is significantly higher."

"Show me," Hermione said, and shifted closer rather than taking the vial. Their arms pressed together from shoulder to elbow. Mirabel's skin was warm through the thin fabric of her blouse.

Mirabel angled the vial so the light caught the tiny threads of bioluminescence within the pollen. Her hand was steady but her breathing had changed.

"There," Mirabel murmured, pointing with her free hand. "Those golden filaments. That's the component that interacts with the receptor's sensory processing. When we isolate those, we can begin the communication trials with the merpeople."

"Beautiful," Hermione said. She was not looking at the vial.

Mirabel turned her head and found Hermione's face much closer than expected. Their noses were perhaps four inches apart. Hermione could see the amber flecks in Mirabel's green eyes, could count the faint freckles across the bridge of her nose, could smell her.

Mirabel's lips parted. Her gaze dropped to Hermione's mouth before returning to her eyes.

The distance between them began to close.

Three inches. Two.

The greenhouse door banged open.

"Professor Garlick!" Neville's voice preceded him by approximately half a second. "The AngryRoots are doing the thing again, the one where they try to strangle each other, and I can't get them to stop because I think they're actually enjoying it this time and that seems like a different problem entirely."

Mirabel stepped back. By the time Neville appeared around the corner of the shelf, she was holding the pollen vial at a perfectly professional distance and Hermione was examining her own notes with studious attention.

"Right," Mirabel said, slightly too brightly. "Masochistic AngryRoots. That's new. I'll be right there, Neville."

She set the vial down on the workbench, not quite looking at Hermione. "We'll pick this up next Wednesday?"

"Same time," Hermione said. She gathered her things, tucked her research journal into her bag, and shouldered it. At the door, she turned back. Mirabel was watching her, one hand still resting on the workbench where the vial sat. Her cheeks were flushed, and she looked like someone trying very hard to remember what professionalism felt like.

"Enjoy the AngryRoots," Hermione said with a smile.

She walked to the castle. The October air was cold and clean against her face and she breathed it in slowly.

Patience. She was warming. Don't push. Let her come to you.

It was the opposite of everything she'd done with Narcissa, where every encounter had been Hermione pushing, Hermione pursuing, Hermione demanding. With Narcissa, she'd been the tide throwing itself against a cliff. With Mirabel, she was the warmth making the snow melt.

Different women required different strategies. And Hermione Granger, for all her faults, had always been an exceptionally fast learner.

Bellatrix Lestrange

Bellatrix Lestrange had killed three people this week, and she still couldn't sleep.

She sat on the edge of her bed in the safe house, silk nightgown clinging to her skin with the damp residue of another dream. The fourth dream. The fourth time in two weeks she'd woken with her thighs slick, her pulse hammering, and the phantom taste of Hermione Granger's cock on her tongue.

"Fuck," she said to the empty room.

The portrait of Salazar Slytherin on the far wall regarded her with painted disdain. She'd turned him to face the wall after the second dream, but the bastard kept rotating himself back. Nosy dead men. The whole lot of them.

She stood. The nightgown was ruined, soaked through at the front where her large breasts strained against the thin silk and lower where she refused to look. She stripped it off and threw it at the hamper, missing by several feet because her hands were shaking. The cool air hit her bare skin and raised gooseflesh across her chest, her nipples tightening in a way that had

everything to do with the temperature and absolutely nothing to do with the memory of dream-Granger's hand fisting in her hair and the words *mine, mine, mine* whispered against her throat while she—

"FUCK."

Slytherin's portrait cleared its painted throat. "Language, Madam Lestranger."

"Shut up or I'll burn you."

"You said that last Tuesday. I remain unconsumed."

Bellatrix grabbed the first robe she could find, a heavy black velvet thing that swallowed her frame, and yanked it closed over her naked body. Her breasts ached. Everything ached. Two weeks of this. Two weeks of throwing herself into the Dark Lord's work with a ferocity that had made even Dolohov step back during their last interrogation session, and still, every single night, the moment she closed her eyes: brown curls, brown eyes, that insufferable smirk, and a cock that couldn't possibly be real because sixteen-year-old Mudblood girls did not have an amazing nine-inch cocks, that was not a thing that existed in nature.

Unless it was.

She paced the length of the bedroom. Six steps wall to wall. Cold stone underfoot. The safe house was adequate for hiding but miserable for living: two rooms, one fireplace, enough protective wards to stop a small army, and exactly zero distractions from the inside of her own skull.

The dreams were getting worse. More vivid. More specific. The first one had been the oral, the one that started everything, the one where she'd swallowed

and said thank you like some desperate common whore. Bad enough. Survivable, perhaps, as a single aberration.

But then came the second: Granger bending her over a desk, entering her from behind in one brutal stroke, and the word "good girl" spoken into her ear with the authority of someone who expected obedience. Bellatrix had woken from that one with her face buried in the mattress, her hips grinding against bunched sheets, and an orgasm still rolling through her in waves.

The third was worse. The Dark Lord's throne room, the high-backed chair at Malfoy Manor where He sat during meetings. Granger on the throne instead, fully clothed, legs spread, cock out, and Bellatrix naked on her knees in front of everyone. Dolohov watching. Lucius watching. Narcissa watching. And Bellatrix worshipping that cock like it was the only altar she'd ever believed in, moaning loud enough for the whole room to hear, because in the dream she wanted them to hear, wanted them to know-

She punched the wall. Her knuckles split against the stone and the pain was grounding, real, a tether back to the waking world where she was Bellatrix Lestrange, the Dark Lord's most faithful, most feared, most devoted servant, and she did not kneel for Mudblood children.

The fourth dream. Last night. Granger holding her down by the wrists, weight pressing her into the mattress, hips driving forward in a relentless rhythm, and that voice, that calm commanding voice saying "I'm going to fill you up, Bella, I'm going to breed you, and you're going to thank me for it." Bellatrix had woken mid-orgasm. Screaming. The pillow had muffled most of it but the portrait had heard, and Slytherin's expression this morning had been one of deeply uncomfortable awareness.

She looked at her bleeding knuckles. The pain was fading already, barely a distraction.

"Two weeks," she said aloud. "Two weeks and it's getting stronger."

She'd tried everything rational. Occlumency before sleep: the dreams punched through it like parchment. Dreamless Sleep Potion: worked once, then her body developed a tolerance so fast it suggested magical interference. Exhaustion: she'd duelled Greyback for two hours last Friday until they were both bleeding, and she'd still dreamed of Granger that night. Violence: the three kills this week had been unnecessary, chosen specifically because she thought the act of ending life might reassert her identity as predator rather than prey.

It hadn't worked. If anything, the last kill had made it worse, because the man had brown eyes and curly hair and when the light left his face she'd felt a stab of something that horrified her far more than the murder itself.

Bellatrix lowered herself into the room's single armchair and pressed her bleeding hand against her thigh. The velvet robe fell open at the chest but she was alone, so it hardly mattered. Her breasts were heavy, flushed with blood, nipples still hard against the cool air. She could feel the arousal between her legs.

"You are the most powerful witch in Britain," she told herself. "You broke out of Azkaban. You killed your own cousin without flinching. You have served the Dark Lord since you were eighteen years old and you have never wavered. You do not become a whimpering mess because of a child."

Slytherin's portrait said, "Talking to oneself is the first sign of—"

"If you finish that sentence, I will find the original canvas you're linked to and I will set it alight with Fiendfyre. Test me."

He went silent.

She needed to think. Properly think, the way she'd been trained, the way she'd survived fourteen years in Azkaban with her mind intact when everyone else's shattered. Analytical. Cold. Strategic.

Facts. The Granger girl was sixteen. Muggle-born. Potter's pet intellectual. Bushy hair, brown eyes, unremarkable in every visible respect. Top of her year academically. Fought at the Ministry last June with reasonable competence for a child. Nothing in that profile explained why Bellatrix's subconscious had fixated on her.

The cock. That was the crux of it. If the cock was real, if Granger actually possessed male genitalia alongside her female body, that was a genuine magical anomaly. Rare. Powerful. In old pureblood families, a child born with dual sex characteristics was considered either blessed or cursed depending on the era. The magic required to sustain such a body was considerable; it implied a core strength well beyond average.

If the cock was imaginary, if Bellatrix's own mind had invented it, then the problem was internal, and internal problems were harder to solve because you couldn't kill them.

She needed to know which it was.

And then there was Narcissa.

Bellatrix leaned her head back against the chair and stared at the ceiling. Months ago. A family dinner at the Manor before Lucius went and got himself captured like the incompetent peacock he'd always been. Draco had mentioned it in passing: "Mother was quite disturbed after running into the Granger girl at the Ministry. Something about the encounter unsettled her."

At the time, Bellatrix had assumed Narcissa was simply offended by proximity to Mudblood filth. Narcissa was delicate like that. Sheltered. She'd married money and position and had spent twenty years arranging flowers and managing house-elves while Bellatrix fought and bled and suffered for the cause.

But what if it was the same thing? What if Narcissa had felt this same inexplicable pull? Two Black sisters, two separate encounters with the same Mudblood girl, two reactions that went beyond what the situation warranted.

That meant something.

"A curse," Bellatrix murmured. "Some kind of magical resonance. Something in her that interacts with our bloodline." She sat up straighter, her mind clicking into the cold focus that had made her the Dark Lord's most effective operative. "Something in Black family magic that responds to whatever she is."

This theory was better. This theory made it external, a phenomenon to be studied and countered rather than a personal weakness to be ashamed of. If Granger possessed some innate magical quality that specifically affected women of the House of Black, that was intelligence. That was actionable.

The alternative explanation, that Bellatrix simply wanted to be fucked by a teenage Muggle-born girl because something fundamental in her needed to submit to someone who saw her as a woman rather than a weapon, someone who called her Bella and meant it, someone whose dominance came from desire rather than ideology...

She stood up so fast the chair scraped backward.

"The Dark Lord's mission," she said to the empty room, her voice clipped and cold. "Draco's mission at Hogwarts. He's sixteen. He's clearly struggling. Any reasonable aunt would offer assistance."

She moved to the small writing desk beneath the window. Parchment, quill, ink. Her bleeding hand left faint red smears on the desk's edge but she ignored them. Healed knuckles could wait. This could not wait. She'd spent two weeks trying to sleep her way out of this problem. Action was the cure. It always had been, for everything.

She dipped the quill and began to write.

Cissy,

How is our darling nephew managing? The Dark Lord mentions his assignment with less patience than last month. I worry. You know how I worry.

She paused. Worry was a strong word for Bellatrix. Accurate, in this case, but strong.

I may come to check on the boy myself. Family obligation and all that. Hogwarts in winter is dreary, but sacrifice is what we do.

On another matter entirely: has the Mudblood problem gotten worse this year? Potter's little friends. Any of them showing unusual abilities? Anything that seems beyond standard schoolchild capacity? I ask purely for strategic reasons. One must know one's enemy.

She read this back. "Purely for strategic reasons" was a bit much. She scratched it out and rewrote: *I have my reasons for asking.*

Better. Narcissa knew not to push when Bellatrix claimed reasons.

Write back promptly. I grow bored in this hovel and boredom makes me creative, which we both know ends badly for furniture.

*Your loving sister,
Bella*

She sealed the letter with a tap of her wand, black wax spreading in the shape of a serpent. The house's owl, a miserable grey creature with one milky eye, accepted the letter with a resigned hoot and disappeared through the window into the cold October dark.

Bellatrix watched it go. Then she looked down and realised her robe had fallen completely open during the writing, her full breasts bare to the firelight, and that her free hand was resting on her inner thigh, fingertips tracing absent circles against the sensitive skin there, inching higher with each rotation.

She snatched her hand away.

"Observation," she said firmly. "Assessment. Then elimination."

She tied the robe shut with a vicious yank of the sash and climbed back into bed. The sheets were fresh, she'd changed them after the dream. She pulled them to her chin, pressed her thighs together against the insistent heat that wouldn't leave, and stared at the ceiling.

"Granger," she whispered.

The sound of it in her own voice made her stomach clench. Made her pulse jump. Made her thighs press tighter together because the alternative was letting them fall open and she knew exactly where that led.

"I am going to kill that girl," Bellatrix said to the dark ceiling. "Slowly. Personally. And I am going to enjoy it."

She closed her eyes. Behind them, brown curls and a self-satisfied smirk waited with the patience of someone who knew she'd come back eventually.

She always came back.

Sleep, when it finally took her, was not dreamless.

The dream began in Narcissa's private study.

Bellatrix recognised it immediately: the floor-to-ceiling bookshelves, the stone fireplace, the absurd silk curtains Narcissa had imported from France at three hundred Galleons a panel. She was on her knees. This was becoming familiar. The cold marble floor pressed against her bare shins because she was naked, of course she was naked, the dreams always stripped her bare while Granger remained clothed and composed and utterly in control.

But tonight there was something new.

Narcissa knelt beside her.

Her sister wore nothing but a thin silver chain around her throat, platinum hair spilling over bare shoulders, pale breasts rising and falling with shallow, eager breaths. Her eyes were glassy with the same desperate hunger that Bellatrix could feel twisting in her own chest. They were shoulder to shoulder, both of them on their knees, both of them looking up.

Hermione Granger sat in Narcissa's favourite armchair with her legs spread and her school skirt pushed up around her hips. Her cock stood thick and hard against her stomach, flushed dark, a bead of moisture gathering at the tip.

She looked down at both Black sisters with the expression of someone surveying a meal they intended to take their time with.

"Together," Granger said. One word. A command that allowed no interpretation.

Narcissa moved first. She leaned forward and pressed her lips to the base of Granger's shaft. A long, slow kiss, open-mouthed, tongue dragging upward along the underside.

Bellatrix watched her sister worship this Mudblood's cock and felt something rupture in her chest. Jealousy. Raw and irrational and so intense it burned.

"Bella." Granger's hand found her hair, tangled in the wild curls, and pulled her forward. "Don't make me wait."

She went. Her mouth found the tip while Narcissa worked the shaft, and their lips met around Granger's cock in a kiss. Narcissa's tongue slid against hers, and Bellatrix moaned because it was obscene, it was depraved, it was two daughters of the Noble and Most Ancient House of Black sharing a Mudblood's cock like common whores and she loved it, she loved every second of it with a ferocity that terrified her.

"Good girls," Granger murmured above them. "Both of you. My good girls."

Narcissa whimpered. Bellatrix felt the sound vibrate through the flesh between them and her own hips rolled forward against nothing, seeking friction that the dream refused to provide.

They took turns. Narcissa swallowed the length whole, throat working, while Bellatrix mouthed at whatever she could reach, pressing her face against the shaft, licking where Narcissa's lips stretched around the girth. Then they

switched, Bellatrix taking the cock deep while Narcissa kissed along her sister's jaw, both of them serving, both of them hungry, neither of them willing to yield their place.

"Look at each other," Granger commanded.

Bellatrix pulled back enough to meet Narcissa's eyes. Blue, blown wide, a mirror of everything Bellatrix felt. Narcissa's mouth was swollen, wet, a string of saliva connecting her lower lip to the tip of Granger's cock.

"You're beautiful when you stop pretending," Granger said. Her hand stroked through Bellatrix's hair with a tenderness that hurt worse than Cruciatus. "Both of you. The last of the Noble and Most Ancient House of Black, on your knees for me. Where you belong."

"Yes," Narcissa breathed.

"Yes," Bellatrix heard herself say, and the word tasted like the end of everything she'd ever been.

Granger's hand tightened in her hair. "Open. Both of you. I want to finish on those pretty pureblood faces."