

Summary: An ancient law founded long before the time of Merlin awakens after Harry strikes down Voldemort. Now the oaths of all the Death Eaters transfer to him. Bound to his service, the war criminals must now hand over their fealty, wealth, and even their wives and daughters to satisfy the ancient rite.

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Settling In

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“You missed a spot.”

Isabella growled in annoyance as she moved to scrub at the small patch of grime. Across from her, Astoria Greengrass was in much the same position as her. On her hands and knees while they scrubbed the tiled kitchen floor diligently. It would have been a breeze with magic, sadly her and Astoria had yet to earn that privilege, their wands stowed away somewhere under lock and key.

Astoria at least got hers back when she left. Isabella had yet to see her's again since she arrived here two days ago.

“And there.”

Isabella growled out again, curses flinging from her mouth as she obeyed their ‘baby-sitter’s’ commands. Pansy sat at the counter, lazily flicking through a Witch Weekly magazine while sipping on a small espresso.

“Maybe this would go quicker if you fucking helped?!” Isabella screeched. Pansy paid her not even a glance as she continued to peruse her magazine.

“No thanks, Madame Narcissa made it very clear that I was to supervise only. We wouldn’t want to disobey the mistress of the house now would we?” The brunette smirked.

The older witch glared back before diving her head back down with an angry mutter. She tried to ease the ache in her fingers after so many hours of cleaning but it was no use. Her porcelain body was just not meant for this sort of... peasant work!

Irritably she tugged at the collar on her neck, the thin leather band serving as a reminder of her bond. Not for the first time did she curse her own foolishness for getting herself into this. She should’ve just signed the damn parchment and stuck to her vices. Even if he had taken away her money, there were always more old fools out there she could swindle out of their fortunes... and their lives.

But no, she just had to try and kill the bloody Man-Who-Won. Of-fucking-course he was immune to all manner of poisons because why the hell wouldn’t he be?!?

“Another one- bloody hell you’re worse than that half-demented house elf! At least he could clean the bloody floors properly!” Pansy exclaimed.

Isabella threw down her scrubber angrily. “This is demeaning! It should be the Malfoy bitch scrubbing these floors, not us!”

Pansy snorted. “Don’t let Harry hear you say that. Insulting Narcissa is the fastest way to piss him off. Trust me I know from experience. My bum was sore for weeks afterwards...” She muttered.

“Where is our oh-so-special mistress then? What, too good to bestow us lowly maids with her presence?!” Isabella chittered. Pansy merely smirked back at the woman.

“She’s a little tied up right now.”

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“Don’t you dare fucking stop!” Narcissa cried. A moan was ripped from her lips as her body shook in climax. Behind her, Harry pounded relentlessly into her folds as she howled in pleasure.

Her legs were spread wide as she lay flat on her stomach. Thick ropes tied her arms and legs to each corner of the bed and a leather leash pulled taut on her collar. Harry held the other end of the leash, tugging on it harshly as he fucked her with all his might.

Every now and then he would pull harshly on the leash, constricting her airflow and sending her pleasure to new heights. Already the bed was soaked through from their rough fucking and Harry was well on his way from causing another gush of juices to fly free from her pussy. Her hands tugged uselessly at her bonds, her body spasming intensely as her legs shook in orgasm.

A sharp spank to her rippling ass had her crying out once more. Curses flew from her mouth incoherently as the sound of wet fleshy slaps echoed off the walls. She could feel his hand roughly caressing her supple flesh and she knew what would come next. Sure enough, Harry moved his thumb until it pressed against her crinkled back door. Without a word he pressed forward, sinking his digit into her sweltering asshole. Narcissa grunted from the intrusion, biting her lip hard as her pussy clamped down around him.

“D-do you like that m-master?” She gasped. “Do you want to fuck m-my tight asshole?”

Narcissa whimpered as his hips slammed forward harder from her words. She’d take that as a yes.

“T-then what are you waiting for? It’s yours my love- FUCK I’M ALL YOURS!!” She cried as his cock left her soaking folds and slammed into her tight backdoor. A gush of girl-cum splashed down her leg as her body shook with intense pleasure once more. Fuck did she love when he used her ass roughly.

She whimpered in pleasure as Harry relentlessly slammed into her ass. His deep grunts filled her ears with every thrust. Her ass always drove him over the edge the fastest. Soon enough he would fill her with his hot seed and she found herself shaking with need. With as much strength as she could, she began rocking her ass back into him. Her asshole worked overtime to milk out his orgasm and it was soon rewarded.

With a groan into her ear, Harry erupted into her sweltering backdoor. She moaned as his molten hot cum splashed against her anal walls. Even after every drop was spilled inside her, Harry stayed on top of her, gulping down breath for his fluttering lungs.

“So... tell me why you wanted to record this again?” He gasped.

Narcissa moaned as he shifted on top of her. Her hips unconsciously moved back, trying to get the wonderful fullness of his cock back. It was not to be however, as he finally rolled off of her and began untying her limbs. She groaned as the rough rope came undone, rubbing her wrists in relief.

“You said that Bellatrix’s latest findings were promising and that you were toying with the idea of giving her a reward. This recording will be just that!” She said happily, summoning her wand and flicking it at the crystal ball hovering over the bed. The glowing green light within the ball blinked out and the device fell into her awaiting arms.

Harry laughed as he began to redress. “I meant something along the lines of some new books, bottle of wine maybe? Why would your sister want a recording of us having sex?”

Narcissa stopped her examination of the ball and stared at him. “You’re kidding right? Love she practically begs you to fuck her raw every time you go down to check up on her! Hell she moans about it incessantly every time I go visit her. Whines about how it’s not fair I get to ‘howl like a bitch in heat’ every night while she’s stuck down there with just her wand and fingers for company!”

“Seriously?” Harry asked wide eyed.

“Sweetheart you practically own her. She expected you to use her body as you pleased since day one. Honestly she’s more frustrated that you haven’t than she is at being locked up in a basement.” Narcissa explained.

Harry shook his head in bewilderment. “Guess I just never noticed.” He shrugged, continuing to dress.

The nude blonde hummed as she levitated the ball onto their nightstand. “Maybe you should. Would go a long way in shutting up her crying about not getting any.”

Harry eyed her. “Are you advocating for me to have sex with your sister?”

Narcissa shrugged as she sat up and stretched, smirking as her large jutting breasts drew his eye. "I've been helping you fuck every girl in this house. Well almost every girl, but I give it maybe a few days until you have Isabella screaming in your bed." The woman stood up and wrapped her arms around his neck. She leaned in and placed a searing kiss upon his lips. "Why don't you see this for what it's for? Your prize. After all the pain you experienced since before the war, you deserve some happiness. So I say enjoy your reward."

She placed another quick kiss upon his lips before making her way towards the bathroom. "I'm going to take a shower and you're not allowed to join me so you'll have to find someone else to take care of that." She gestured to the growing tent in his boxers.

Harry grumbled before pulling his pants on quickly. Making his way downstairs, he decided to check in on the girls first. He walked into the kitchen just as Astoria and Isabella were finishing up, pulling off their gloves while standing and rubbing at their reddened knees.

"All done?" He asked cheekily.

The glare from Isabella made the small jab worth it. Astoria just nodded silently as she moved to wash her hands. The girl finished quickly before walking up to him with her eyes cast downward.

"Will that be all my lord?" She asked quietly. Harry's brow knit together in confusion at her meek tone. The Astoria he knew was anything but.

"Yes... are you okay 'Tori?" He looked her over quickly, looking for any sign of illness or injury. However, the girl just nodded quickly.

“I’m... fine. If that is all I shall collect my wand and be on my way. Have a good night sir, Pansy.” She curtsied before leaving. Harry watched as she left and turned his gaze to Pansy in question. The other brunette shrugged, looking just as confused as he was. He turned his gaze to the only other occupant in the room and glared.

“What did you say to her?” He demanded angrily. The woman turned her nose up with a sneer.

“I didn’t say a word to the little bitch! She was quiet as a mouse all day.”

He narrowed his eyes once more before nodding. “If I catch you saying one word out of turn...”

“Yes yes you’ll hang me in the dungeons by my nipple piercings, I know the drill. Now may I go as well? It’s been two days and I refuse to wear the same pair of knickers any longer.” The woman whined.

“Fine... but take Pansy with you. You’ll go collect your clothes and any other essentials then it’s straight back here. Understand?” Harry glared. Isabella huffed but nodded. Pansy led her away to retrieve her wand with Astoria, leaving him alone in the kitchen.

The silence was disorienting if he were being honest. It’s been almost six months since the law was initiated and since then he’s always had someone around. He was only ever alone when he went out and even then there were always other people out in public. His body began to move on its own, not caring for the silence and searching for another soul to be around.

His feet brought him down the stairs to the dungeon and before he knew it, the thick brass door of Bellatrix’s cell

creaked open. The ebony haired woman was sat hunched over a large stone as she carved precise runes into its surface. Her work was meticulous and required the greatest care. Which is why her face was one of great annoyance as he entered.

“Please come it! Not like I was working on anything important or something.” She scoffed, setting her instruments down.

Harry shot her a small glare. “It’s my house.” He muttered childishly.

Bellatrix rolled her eyes. “Yes well this is my lab and right now I need to be very careful to not blow this place sky high. So!... What do you want?” She said in exasperation.

Harry wracked his brain for anything to say. In truth he had only even come here because his mind was still reeling from Narcissa’s earlier words. In a way he just wanted to see if her observations were true.

“I- uh- came to see if you made anymore discoveries.” He stammered.

“Discoveries? You mean like the one I gave you a full report on yesterday? The one that took me a full month of research just get a proper theory lined out and am now actively trying to experiment to see if it even has a chance of working? Discoveries like that?” She question irritably.

“I suppose... not...” He said with a wince. “What are you doing?”

Bellatrix sighed before waving him forward. “Why don’t you just come in and I’ll show you? It’ll be much easier than trying to explain.” Harry did as he was bid and stepped

through into her inner cell. The bars melted away as he passed and reformed behind him. Walking up, he was greeted with a closer look at the coffee table size ward stone she was carving into. The dark grey material was covered in tiny intricate runes all woven together into a large round sigil.

“The quick and dirty version is that I’m making a ward to completely negate certain spells. The spells cannot be changed after the rune stone is carved as their Arithmancy equation is woven into three runes, meaning the spell list can’t be tampered with by some half-decent ward breaker.” She gestured to a chain of runes that were repeated several times throughout the sigil. “This is the equation for the Imperious. I wanted to start with the killing curse but for the first prototype I believe that’s just a teensy bit dangerous. So Imperious it is. As of right now I have no way to do multiple spells per ward but that’s a kink I’m hoping to work out once I get the first stone working.”

Harry nodded as he inspected the large stone. The sheer intricacy of the carvings made his head spin and she wasn’t even done yet! Surely if she had been left to rot in that prison it would have been a waste to the wizarding world. Was this what Voldemort saw in her? This level of brilliance that he could twist into what he wanted? It was... disturbing to think about.

Shaking away the morbid thoughts, Harry reached forward to ask about a small cluster he recognized. “Is this to stabilize the array?” Unintentionally, his arm grazed against Bellatrix’s as he did so. The purple eyed woman’s arm jerked away at the contact. Was it just his eyes playing tricks or was she blushing?

“Ah- Uh yes. Yes it is. Anyway! There’s still a lot more to do so...” She trailed off.

Harry nodded, taking the not-so-subtle hint to leave. Before he could however, something gave him pause and he found himself staring back down at the dark haired woman. Bellatrix felt his gaze upon her and slower turned to face him.

“Was there something else my lord?” She asked.

“Well since your latest findings were so promising, I decided that you deserved a reward of a sort.” He said slowly.

“A reward?”

“Yes... Unless you’d rather not accept it?” He questioned.

Bellatrix looked at him curiously. “May I ask what it is first?” He didn’t miss the way her eyes quickly flicked down to his crotch.

Harry wracked his brain for an idea. He hadn’t got that far honestly and unless he wanted to go grab the sex tape Narcissa had just filmed of them then he didn’t have very many options. What could a woman locked up in a basement prison want anyway? Freedom was obvious but he couldn’t exactly give that to her... or could he? At least a supervised version of it in which she never left Grimmauld. Technically she wouldn’t even be breaking the agreement he had with the ministry then as she would still be on the property.

He made up his mind with a click of his fingers. The glowing runes crisscrossing the walls and cell bars suddenly dimmed and the iron forged cell disappeared around them.

“Follow me and find out.” He smirked.

Bellatrix could only nod slowly with wide eyes as she stood. Her legs shook under her in nervous anticipation as she followed him over the threshold of her cell and out the large creaky door. She held her breath as she crossed the giant bronze doorframe, half expecting to be violently obliterated by the security wards. Yet nothing came and she let out a shaky laugh as she trudged unhindered up the basement stairs.

“You’ll get one hour a week to spend upstairs without any restraints. You’ll be supervised of course, either by me or someone else within the house and you’re not allowed your wand at all while up here.” He paused and pointedly held out his hand. Not daring to argue and ruin her good luck, she quickly pressed the thin wooden stick into his palm. He nodded in satisfaction before continuing on. “The wards around your cell are dormant but the ones covering the house are still very much active. Should you step even a toe outside, the wards will trigger and you will die very painfully.”

They reached the top step and he gently opened up the door. Her heart fluttered as the light of the kitchen filtered in and she actually found herself choking back a sob. Even if it was just another set of rooms contained within the same prison it was a change to the monotony she desperately wanted.

“Any questions?” He asked. The woman stared past him, wishing more than anything he’d just get out the bloody way.

“Why?” Her voice croaked out without her meaning to.

Harry smiled at her. "You did a good thing that'll save so many lives. Even a prisoner deserves to be rewarded for that." Without another word he stepped to the side. She numbly stepped past him and into the kitchen. That was when the shouting started.

"Why the bloody hell is my living room covered in junk?!" A voice screeched.

"Junk?! This happens to be a mink rug that hails back to the 17th century! It probably costs more than this wretched house!" Another replied.

Bellatrix snapped her head back at him in confusion. Harry just sighed as he marched past her and into the living room. Dozens of suitcases, boxes, and random furniture greeted him as he stepped into the now very full room. Piles of clothes and gaudy art pieces were thrown everywhere and at the center of it all stood a very snooty looking Isabella Zabini. Harry turned his gaze briefly to the other side of the room where an extremely irate Narcissa Black stood.

Before he could say a word, the black fur rug currently in Isabella's grasp suddenly burst into flames, prompting a cry of horror from the caramel skinned woman. Narcissa smirked evilly at the flaming fur bundle, her eyes scanning the room for her next target.

"YOU BITCH!" Isabella screeched. She raised her wand suddenly with a curse upon her lips but before she could utter a syllable, Harry summoned her wand to his open palm.

"That's enough!" He shouted. Isabella whirled around at him but backed down the second her brain realized who she was about to start shouting at. "Isabella I specifically told

you to grab only essentials, not everything in your house that wasn't nailed down!"

The Italian woman huffed. "This is essential!"

"It's clutter, get rid of it or I'll let Narcissa do it for you." He ordered. She made to argue once more.

Suddenly a voice from behind Harry interrupted. "By the look on Cissy's face I think she'd quite enjoy that. So why don't you shut the fuck up and do as your lord says. Or perhaps you'd rather him punish you further? You would look so good tied up with a belt cracking against that fat ass of yours." Bellatrix grinned maniacally beside him.

"L-Les-Lestrange?" Isabella gasped.

Bellatrix hummed as she stepped further into the room, uncaring of the priceless art pieces she was shoving out of her way. "Black actually. Now chop chop! Or shall I get the belt?"

The Zabini matriarch gulped loudly in fear before she quickly began to sort through her mess. Bellatrix smirked at the simpering woman as she bent over to collect a few items from the ground. Harry could already tell what she was planning as she stared down at the woman's shapely rear. A loud 'CRACK!' echoed out through the house followed by a sudden scream.

"That was for talking back to him. Be a good bitch and remember your place!" Bellatrix growled into the whimpering woman's ear. Narcissa smirked as Isabella hastily nodded while rubbing her now aching rear.

"Nice work sister." The blonde smiled. "Perhaps now the harlot will remember who she answers to."

Bellatrix snorted as she walked over and gave her sister a tight hug. Narcissa hugged back just as tightly. "How long?" She murmured into her dark ringlets.

"An hour or so, but Harry did say I can come up once a week as part of my reward." Bella whispered back. Narcissa flicked her gaze over to Harry as he leaned on the kitchen doorframe. Oh how she was so gonna rock his world later for this. Now however, she'd enjoy every minute with her sister without the presence of chains and bars.

"Come then." She said pulling back. "I'll have Pansy make us some tea. Perhaps even a light lunch, you are really quite too thin Bella."

Bellatrix groaned as she followed her sister. "Not this again! You're even worse than mother!"

Harry watched them go with a small smile on his face. As much as he was still wary about Bellatrix, it was always great to see Cissy smile so genuinely. As they walked around the corner and their back and forth teasing faded, his gaze soon turned to the only other occupant in the room. Isabella huffed as she slowly began to shrink the more obtuse items in the room. Honestly, who even needed a 90 kilo centaur statue? Ridiculous.

The woman felt his gaze apparently as she turned to glance back at him. "What now? I'm cleaning it up!" She huffed.

Harry said nothing as she turned away while muttering under her breath. After a few minutes she finally had about half the items downsized and loaded into a box by the fireplace. There was still more to clean but most of everything else he'd allow her to keep in her room, even if

the painting of two vampires riding a tandem bicycle weirded him out a little bit.

“This attitude needs to stop and it will soon. I’ll not have you terrorizing everyone in this house.” He said finally.

She shot a small glare his way as she levitated a suitcase into the hall for her to take up to her room later. “Well excuse me my lord for being a little bit upset about my new servant status.”

“You think your new position unfair?” He growled. “You tried to kill me. I should’ve taken your life in return for even trying, yet instead here you are alive and well. The way I see it, this is far more than you deserve. I’d suggest you try quickly to deserve it before I change my mind.”

Isabella turned and faced him, crossing her arms in defiance. “How? What should I open my legs like all the other whores?! Apparently a quick fuck is all it takes for you to forgive even a bloody psychopathic murderer!” The woman suddenly pulled the front of her robes open and let her large jutting tits spill free. “How about these?! What will a peek at these puppies get me?!” She snarled.

Harry stalked forward with a fiery scowl. “Mind. Your. Tone.” He ground out through clenched teeth.

“Oh forgive me my lord!” The dark haired witch threw her hands up in exclamation, not even bothering to hide her breasts. “How dare I speak to the all powerful Harry Potter this way! Shall I suck your cock in apology?!” She spat sarcastically.

His hand shot forth of its own volition, tangling itself in her mess of chocolate colored locks. He yanked harshly on the silky hair, forcing her face upwards to face his own. The

woman grunted in pain, her own hands flashing up to claw at his as tears sprung up in her eyes, yet the glare persisted.

“Did I make the big bad chosen one mad?” She grimaced. “What are you going to do now then hmm? Fuck me? Bend me over that couch and pound me like a savage animal? You know you want to, I can see it in your eyes. One look at my tits and all you want to do is use my body like your own personal toy.” She hissed out as he pulled on her hair harder, daring her to continue speaking. She did not disappoint.

“Well go on then! You want to act like the big strong overlord then act like it! Fuck me good and hard, unless you’re too scared?” She challenged.

She was suddenly thrown back, her body colliding with the plush loveseat behind her. Brown eyes snapped upwards and met two blazing green inferno’s of anger and lust. Isabella had but just a few moments to regret her words before a pair of strong hands surged forward and tore off her loosened robe with a mighty ‘RIIIIPPPPP’.

A gasp left her as her legs were suddenly pushed back into her chest and cool air hit her bare womanhood. Harry reached down and placed a sharp little slap onto her cunt, the hiss she let out in return was more of a pleasurable one than she’d care to admit.

“Such big words and yet you’re already wet. Is the high and mighty Isabella Zabini just another cock hungry slut?” He growled.

She glared up at him defiantly, a look that lost much of its bite considering her bare ass and pussy was currently pushed up towards him. “I highly doubt your pathetic cock

can satiate any witch's hunger." It was a lie and they both knew it. Her first night there she had bore witness to a rather intense fucking session between him, Astoria, and Pansy. Needless to say, somewhere between the first or second hour of pounding the two former Slytherins' brains out, Isabella realized just how effective he was in bed.

A hefty weight suddenly slapped against her lower lips and Isabella had to stop herself from sucking in a sharp breath when she realized just what it was. Having wandlessly removed his own clothes, her lord's thick cock now rest comfortably upon her folds. She bit her lip in anticipation as he slowly rubbed the underside of his length against her moist slit. However, he was taking too long for her liking. She was not some simpering virgin, foreplay was all well and good but when she wanted to be fucked she wanted it then and now.

"Lost your nerve already my lord?" She sneered. "Can't say I blame you. Being faced with a REAL woman's pussy is not someth- OH FUCK!"

A cry ripped from her throat as he suddenly slammed into her cunt with full force. Her inner walls were stretched beyond belief and a part of her feared she'd be split in two. Smooth caramel legs spasmed as he pulled out and hammered into her again. Already her breaths were ragged as his powerful thrusts and thick cock reshaped her womanhood.

"I-is that all y-you go-got?" She panted while desperately trying to hold back the loud moans of pleasure she could feel bumping in her chest.

Harry's only response was to push her thighs further into her chest and drive his hips forward harder. Loud claps of

skin hitting skin echoed off the walls. Isabella clawed at the soft upholstery under her in an effort to ground herself while her pussy quivered from the intense abuse. Just as she thought she could hold on, a hand suddenly came down and harshly pinched one of her stiff nipples. She couldn't contain the wail of pleasure that tore from her throat nor the intense shaking of her legs as she came hard around the thick cock plundering her depths. Her screams of ecstasy were joined in by Harry's own grunts as his member twitched pleasurable within her tightening walls.

Even as her orgasm began to ebb away, Harry refused to relent. Hiking his leg up onto the couch, he grasped her porcelain neck for leverage as he began to drive downwards into her soaking pussy as hard as he could. Isabella thrashed under him wildly. Her nails found purchase in the smooth flesh of his back and carved small gouges into it. All the while his grip around her throat tightened with every thrust of his cock. The woman's next scream was silenced by his tight hold and juices quietly squirted from her cunt.

Isabella began to panic slightly as her airway constricted from his tightening grasp. She could feel the blood pooling to her face as the circulation was hindered and before long the sides of her vision began to darken. Desperately she slapped at his arm to alert him of her plight. At first he seemed either to not notice or not care but finally he released his hold just as another whorish moan flew from her lips. Her third orgasm and already she could feel her legs becoming numb.

With her mind frazzled from pleasure and the brief lack of oxygen, the woman barely noticed as Harry pulled free from her cunt and repositioned himself. It was only when the couch shifted and a weight settled on her chest did she look up. Lying softly on her breasts and just a few inches from

her face was his hefty cock, glistening with her juices. Her eyes widened slightly as she realized what his intentions were.

“Don’t you dare-” Her hiss was cut off as the tip of his cock was popped into her mouth and two strong hands roughly pressed her large tits together. The fleshy globes easily encompassed even his giant cock, their sheer velvety volume surrounding the hot shaft like a pillow. Isabella didn’t have much time to feel smug about this as without warning, Harry began to thrust forward. She glared up at him harshly, a look that lost its intensity as the tip of his cock invaded her pouty lips.

‘Fine!’ She growled in her mind. ‘He wants a tit-job? I’ll show him a bloody tit-job!’

Mustering all her strength, she pushed forward and twisted them around till he was sat upon the loveseat and she was nestled between his legs. She wasted no time in dripping a huge glob of spit upon his shaft before wrapping it snug between her breasts. Throwing caution to the wind, Isabella began to work his cock furiously with her plush tits. All the while she stared intensely into his eyes.

“This is what you wanted huh? A real woman’s tits around your cock! Can’t say I blame you, after all it’s not like those other two sluts have anything to show off!” She smirked. Tilting her head down she began to lash her tongue against the tip every time it popped out from the valley of her breasts. “Tell me, is Mistress Black too much of a prude in bed? Is that why you need to fuck every slut who walks through that door. Or perhaps they’re all dead fish between the sheets and that’s why you needed some proper cunt so badly!”

Harry glared down at her. Just as she made to flick her tongue across his tip once more, a hand suddenly flashed out and forced her head deeper upon his cock. She gagged loudly as the head of his member slammed into the back of her throat yet the strong grasp on the back of her skull wouldn't allow her up. The grip tightened in her hair and before she knew it her face was suddenly being used like some toy cock sleeve. Gags and squelches flew from her mouth as Harry roughly bobbed her head upon his length. Her eyes were clenched tightly as his spongy tip rammed the back of her throat. Drool coated his groin and her chest as spit flew from her gaping lips. After what felt like forever, Harry finally pushed her face as far down as he could, until her nose touched his groin.

She tried not to flinch as she felt his cock pulse within her mouth and spray his hot seed down her throat. Spurt after spurt erupted from his tip and Isabella was slightly afraid she'd drown. She could feel the burning white liquid trail down her throat and pool into her stomach until finally the grip on her hair went slack and she was able to pull off his cock with a cough.

"Learned your lesson yet?" He asked while looking down at her.

She rubbed at her throat irritably before leveling him with a challenging gaze. "I don't know, I might need a few more 'lessons' before it sinks in." She bit out.

Harry could only smirk back at the challenge.

Unbeknownst to the two, a pair of grey and a pair of purple eyes both watched in rapt attention from the hallway. Narcissa smirked as she glanced down and saw her sister not so subtly rubbing her thighs together in arousal.

“Harry forgot to mention the second part of your reward.” She whispered. “Come with me. I have a recording to show you.”

Bellatrix narrowed her eyes at her giggling sister but followed anyway, but not before giving one more longing gaze to the hardened pole of meat between her lords legs.

‘Lucky bitch...’ She thought as Isabella lowered herself down on Harry’s large cock.

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Author’s Note

I know I know, no Bellatrix scene yet but I swear it’ll be in the next chapter! The next one will pick up right after where this one left off so keep an eye out!

Thanks for reading!