

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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Chapter 21: Sisters

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Astoria hummed softly to herself as she worked, her voice weaving between the high-energy rhythm of the latest Weird Sisterz song crackling from the wireless across the room. The lively beat did wonders to break up the tedium of her usual chores. Around her, feather dusters and oil cloths floated through the air, working in tandem alongside her to dust and polish the countless shelves within the old Black family library. Normally, she wasn't permitted to use magic for cleaning—but the sheer number of cursed tomes and soul-rending grimoires lurking on these shelves made physical contact a dangerous gamble. It was prudent that she didn't actually *touch* anything herself lest she wish for a very painful death.

Fortunately, she'd come to know the Black library well over the months. She could now navigate its lethal little nooks with confidence, recognising which books were safe to clean near and which were best left to slumber undisturbed under a thick layer of dust and wards. She's even taken to perusing the various tomes herself from time to time as well.

Already there was a neat stack of books placed upon a nearby table that she had put aside to read later. Nothing academic of course. She wasn't a bookworm like her sister,

or Merlin forbid, *Granger*. These were purely fictional novels that caught her eye. Ones that may or may not have once belonged to the late Cassiopea Black's smut collection. Regardless of their origin, Astoria was pleased with her bounty she's collected thus far and very much indeed looking forward to reading each and every one while submerged in a scalding hot bath with a glass of wine. Maybe, if she were lucky, she could even persuade her lord to join her afterwards. Her choice of reading material did always leave her far too hot and bothered for her toys alone to satisfy—a problem she never had an issue with in Harry's bed.

No, she never left her lord's room anything less than leg-shakingly satisfied. It would certainly make the perfect end to the evening she had planned.

Just the thought alone made Astoria's steps lighter and her humming take on a more cheerful tune. Maybe she could convince him to reenact one of the scenes in her books. The one she skimmed through earlier—about the innocent maiden ensnared by the dark temptations of the mysterious and handsome demon lord—certainly had some *interesting* material. Harry could certainly pull off the dark and brooding yet charismatic attitude of the demon lord, and she could act like the sweet innocent maiden in need of 'teaching' if it meant Harry would take her in some of the positions the book mentioned. Astoria had to steady herself for a moment. A tingle of excitement raced up her spine at the scenes playing out in her head. It wouldn't do to get distracted now and find herself falling behind in her chores. Pansy would never let her hear the end of it.

With a breath, Astoria pushed the lewder corners of her imagination firmly to the back of her mind and turned her focus back to the task at hand. In almost no time at all, she

was nearly done, the work flying by without her even really breaking a sweat. Just another reason for her more upbeat attitude as of late.

Just a few weeks ago, the same workload would've left her aching and bone-tired, dragging herself to bed with the weight of exhaustion pressing down on every inch of her. But now? It was practically effortless. Since the blood curse had been lifted, she felt as though someone had refilled her body with light. No more throbbing headaches. No more joints that felt fused by fatigue or bones that dragged beneath her skin like lead. In a sense, Astoria felt *reborn*.

Daphne had taken her out to celebrate the night after Nott had broken the curse—on Harry's orders, of all people. It hadn't been anything extravagant, just a few hours dancing and drinking with her sister and a handful of friends at a nearby Muggle club. But for Astoria, it had been everything. The first time in what felt like a lifetime that she'd felt alive rather than simply enduring.

A gentle knock pulled her from her thoughts just as she vanished the last traces of dust from the ancient shelves.

"Hey, you," came Daphne's voice, warm and teasing. Her sister leaned against the doorframe with the kind of effortless grace that always seemed slightly at odds with her razor-sharp cunning.

Astoria gave a lazy wave, taking a final glance around to ensure everything was sufficiently spotless before turning to face her sister.

"To what do I owe the pleasure?" she asked, flicking her wand to vanish the last of her cleaning supplies.

Daphne shrugged, a casual gesture that would've made their mother gasp and declare them both *wholly uncivilised*.

"I merely came to check on you. You rarely make time for your poor, forgotten sister anymore."

Astoria snorted, a sound that surely would've made their mother faint dead away. "Or maybe my *poor, forgotten sister* is always too busy scheming or getting her brains shagged out to spare a moment for me."

Daphne gave an unbothered hum of acknowledgement. "Touché. Though I'm pretty sure I've been all but barred from scheming for the time being."

"Is that so?" Astoria raised a brow in disbelief. "What? Did Narcissa find out about your plans to dethrone her as the favoured concubine?" she teased.

Daphne huffed out a laugh. Shaking her head, the blonde took a seat in a nearby reading chair...which just so happened to be right next to Astoria's stack of illicit reading material.

"Thankfully no, those plans are still well underway." Astoria nearly let out a groan of dread as Daphne's eyes studied the books that sat beside her. She knew the moment when their true contents registered in her sister's brain as a Cheshire-like smile found its way spreading across the blonde's lips.

"What's this?" Daphne grinned, picking up a book from the top of the stack. "Is my little sister a closeted erotica fan?" Flipping open a random page, Daphne's eyes widened as she read the first words upon the parchment. "Morgana above, is it even physically *possible* to bend like that?"

Cheeks stained red, Astoria quickly snatched the book from her sister's hands, ignoring the teasing smirk on her face.

"If you are finished! You were telling me the reason for why you've been unofficially barred from your usual scheming?" she asked with a huff.

"I suppose I haven't actually been told *not* to," Daphne explained. Sighing, her sister tapped her fingers anxiously against the arm of her chair. "We—Harry, Narcissa, and I, that is—got into a fight after the ball. Harry had made a decision without including us, one that could put him in danger, and we...had objections."

Ah. So that's what this was about.

Astoria knew her sister better than perhaps anyone else in the entire world. They hadn't always agreed or gotten along very well, but they had always been a team. They had to depend on one another to survive the weight of their parents' expectations. With that comes a level of intimate knowledge of the other's mind that no one else can claim to possess. Astoria knew Daphne better than her sister knew herself.

Which is why it was so very easy to see what Daphne could not.

Her sister was a vain witch. She would object to the idea of course, but at the end of the day, Daphne was every bit of a spoiled princess as Astoria was, only a bit more skilled at hiding it.

She had little doubt that whatever decision Harry made was a dangerous one. He had a reputation after all. She had even less doubt that Daphne objected because she genuinely cared for Harry's well-being. The honourable fool had a way of worming his way into your heart like that. What she did not doubt whatsoever, however, was that

Daphne was *also* more than a bit upset purely because Harry hadn't made the decision *she* wanted him to, and thus, in her mind, the decision was flawed.

Daphne was cunning—more than cunning. Daphne was *brilliant*. She was a predator, a snake in the grass lying in wait for the perfect time to strike. Every move she made was calculated. Every word weighed heavily before being spoken. Every smile practised and refined like the sharpest weapon. Guile, her sister had in droves, patience a virtue long since learned, but humility? Deference? These were obstacles not even the Ice Queen of Slytherin could hope to overcome.

And the worst part? She didn't even know it. Her sister still believed herself in the right, and perhaps she was, but from what Astoria has gleaned thus far, it was not her decision to make.

Harry's choices were his own. Her sister needed to learn that. Could she disagree? Of course, but she also needed to trust that Harry knew what he was doing. Slytherin guile can achieve many things, but as the war has taught many, including Astoria herself, it is not the *only* way.

Harry was a man grown—tempered through war and strife that the likes of her and Daphne could never hope to comprehend. What's more is that Harry emerged from the other side, not only alive, but *victorious*. Could Daphne say the same?

Astoria studied her sister for a moment with a frown. What could she say that would make Daphne understand? Astoria did not know, but she would try nonetheless.

“Did I ever tell you why I was going to marry Draco?”

Daphne blinked, confusion overtaking her features for a moment before she shook her head.

“It was one of your more bewildering choices after the war, I must admit. You never saw fit to explain yourself either.”

Astoria hummed, recalling many of Daphne’s attempts to change her mind after she first came home with an engagement ring adorning her finger.

“A simple answer would be because of his money or power, but we both know the Malfoy name carried very little of either after the war,” she began, a laugh escaping from her lips with a disparaging huff. “Things are never simple though.”

Astoria took a breath, emotions welling up in her chest as she drew forth the words she swore never to speak since the night she left the ring and Draco both behind.

“I loved Draco, or perhaps the idea of him I created in my head, but father did not raise us to choose a suitor for silly little notions such as love,” she sighed, smoothing out a few wrinkles in her uniform before continuing. “I chose Draco because he was malleable. The end of the war tore his family to pieces, but where others saw a broken and desolate house, I saw potential to rebuild something according to my own vision. It was the potential I was marrying, not the man.”

“The potential?” Daphne raised a single manicured brow in an expression of disbelief.

“Draco suffered from many things, little sister, but an excess of potential was not one of them. I think you experienced that first hand,” she said, gesturing to Astoria’s bare ring finger.

“True,” Astoria nodded. “How things ended between us was...disappointing to say the least, but how our relationship ended is not why I speak of this. It’s how it *began*.”

Stepping forward, Astoria knelt down before her sister and laced their hands together.

“Mine and Draco’s relationship was *built* upon ulterior motives and whispered schemes.

Can you truly say you want that for you and Harry?”

She watched as Daphne worried the inside of her cheek, deep in thought. Finally, after a few silent moments, her sister sighed and gave a nod.

“I see what you’re trying to say ‘Stori, but everything I’ve done, I’ve done *for* Harry. I’m not trying to use him, I’m trying to help him.”

“And yet you don’t *trust* him.”

“Of course I do!”

Astoria shook her head. “You trust him to be sweet and loving. You trust him to be the noble prat he is and to sweep you off your feet with his kindness and dashing smile. You trust him to always *need* you and rely upon your advice, but you do not, dear sister, trust him to be the one thing he already is.”

She leaned forward, her eyes boring into Daphne’s own as she whispered.

“Himself.”

Daphne blinked, her features twisting into a look of confusion.

“Himself?”

Astoria nodded, leaning back with a teasing smile. “Harry Potter may be a noble hero who is far too gracious and kind for his own good, but he’s also stubborn to a fault, unyielding in his beliefs, and far more ruthless than most give him credit for. Trust him to be all these things, sister, and I promise you’ll never be disappointed. Who knows, he may even surprise you.”

With that, Astoria stood and collected her pilfered books, shooting Daphne a small smile as she walked away, humming along to the wireless once more.

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Bellatrix would not call herself a patient witch. In fact, there was perhaps not a single person alive or dead who would call her patient.

Terrible? Yes.

A crazed fiend? Most certainly.

But patient? Never.

Even before her less-than-willing psychotic break, Bella had never had much patience, especially when it came to dealing with her sisters.

When they were young, her sisters were the definition of a pain in Bella's arse. Whether that be Andromeda and her penchant for stealing her eyeliner, or Cissy and her incessant moaning about boy troubles. Now that they were older, she could at least say not once has Andy stolen any of her makeup (nor has she spoken a single word to Bellatrix either, but there was still hope). Narcissa, on the other hand...

"—And he just walked away! As if he hadn't just told me he agreed to fight one of the most dangerous deulist in the world!" The click of her heels against the stone floor as she continued to pace grated against Bellatrix's nerves.

She suppressed a groan and tried, in vain, to turn her focus back onto her work. Yet Narcissa's rant was far from over.

"Honestly! Is it too much to ask for him to at least talk to me before he does something this reckless?! It's as if he doesn't realise that there are genuine consequences to his actions, or perhaps he simply doesn't care!" Narcissa seethed.

Bella couldn't hold back a snort of disbelief as she digested her sister's words.

“Seriously?” she asked, sending a unimpressed look back towards Cissy. “You think he’s the one who doesn’t care about consequences?”

“He doesn’t!” Narcissa huffed, finally halting her annoying pacing to level Bellatrix with a glare.

Bella rolled her eyes and turned back to the chalkboard of equations in front of her.

“Tch. Whatever,” she replied with a click of her tongue. “Maybe he does think of the consequences, but maybe he also realises that there’s going to be consequences regardless and decides that he’d much rather act than hide behind the guise of choosing some fucking lesser evil.”

Narcissa scoffed at her words. “Unbelievable! You agree with him?”

Bellatrix slammed her chalk down with a snarl. Fuck this, she was done.

“I don’t agree with either of you! Gods Cissy, you’re fucking acting like he’s your Hogsmeade date that stood you up at Honeydukes or something!” Bellatrix cried. “He made a decision you didn’t agree with. So what? How many choices of Lucius’s were you happy enough to sit back and allow to be made?! How many deaths could you have prevented if you’d put up as much of a fight then as you are now? For Merlin’s sake, at least Harry’s trying to fucking help people!”

Narcissa reeled back as if she’d been struck, hurt painted over her features.

Bellatrix sighed, forcing her emotions to cool as she fought down the well of guilt forming in the pit of her stomach.

“Fuck—I’m sorry, alright? I didn’t mean to say that. But you’ve got to get over this Cissy.

Do I think challenging an extremely dangerous deulist was the smartest choice? Of

course not. But I do agree with his reasoning. This might be your best bet in taking the wind right out of Notts' little rebellion before it can truly go anywhere.”

“It just feels too direct! As if we’re playing right into their hands.” Narcissa said with a shake of her head.

“Maybe,” Bella shrugged. “But then again, sometimes a direct show of force can work wonders. Take it from someone who’s actually duelled him before—Harry’s gonna kick Voss’s *arse*.”

Narcissa sighed, her expression troubled yet contemplative.

“It’s still a huge risk.”

Bellatrix smirked. “From what I hear, risky situations is where our lord shines.”

Narcissa laughed and nodded. “Indeed. I suppose this means I should probably go and talk with him. Properly this time.”

“Probably,” Bellatrix shrugged. “Where is he anyhow?”

At this, Narcissa rolled her eyes. “Isabella has been ‘attending’ to him all morning. She practically pounced on him the moment he stepped out of the shower.”

“Ah...Lucky bitch.”

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Isabella gasped, feeling her lungs burn as her lord's hips collided with her arse and his cock drove deep inside of her again and again. Her arse jiggled and her breasts bounced with every thrust of his hips, the power behind his thrusts pounding her deeper into the mattress below.

Though she’d never voice it, it always amazed her how he could continue to go on even after hours of ruthless fucking. It was taking its toll on her already, and she was no

stranger to rough, dominating sex. She'd long lost count of how many times she'd cum. Her mind felt cloudy and her thoughts sluggish as she gripped the sheets harder and fought down another wailing scream.

She was fucking *exhausted*.

Her legs were shaky and sore, her arse stung from the rough spanking he'd subjected her to not half an hour ago, and she could still feel the sticky wetness of his cum clinging to her hair from when he shot his second load all over her face. Still, Isabella would push through. She'd *persevere*.

Not only because it felt *fucking fantastic*. The way his cock stretched her, filled her pussy entirely, was euphoric. His power as well never ceased to turn her into a whimpering mess within moments—from the coiled muscles beneath his flesh to the sheer domination subjected her to. She fought back, of course. Isabella Zabini was not one to back down without a fight, but oh, did she ever so *love* to be put into her place. Again, not that she'd ever voice such things.

But it wasn't for the pleasure of either his cock or power that she needed to keep her wits about her. No, she needed to keep going purely so she could rub it in that smug bitch, Narcissa's face.

She knew all about her and their lord's argument, of course, and Isabella was taking full advantage of it. While Narcissa sulked off, she'd be the one reaping all the rewards of their lord's attention.

She just had to survive the morning first.

This time around was actually fairly vanilla in terms of kink, especially compared to some of the things they'd already done. He wasn't yanking her hair, roughly fucking her

face or doing anything of the sort that they'd mixed in throughout the morning. That didn't change the fact that Isabella was bone tired, though.

Harry didn't need, as she's come to learn, to get exotic or kinky in order to dominate a woman. He could break a woman down through nothing other than his natural stamina, lust and enthusiasm. She'd initiated the more erotic methods nearly as often as he had, but she was wearing down now after who knows how many hours now of being relentlessly fucked.

She could feel her sore muscles protesting as Harry pounded her from behind. Her arse rippled with every smack of his hips against her backside. His hands explored her body freely, from squeezing and slapping her bum to dancing up and around her ribs to roughly knead her breasts. Isabella allowed it happily, knowing the more he got to enjoy her body, the sweeter her reward would be.

Speaking of rewards...

She let out a quiet little grunt as his hips slammed forward and he stilled, a low groan escaping his lips as he finished inside her, his hands squeezing her arse as he deposited even more seed into her well-used cunt. Isabella moaned with every pulse of his cock inside her. The warmth of his cum inside her felt strangely fulfilling in a way, but Isabella was not done yet.

As he pulled out of her depths, the bronze-skinned beauty pushed herself up and rolled over. Much to her delight, Harry was already moving, his knees on either side of her torso while his cock hovered inches from her face.

Without a word, she wrapped her lips around the head of his cock and began to slowly work him deeper into her mouth. Her talents with her mouth were nothing to scoff at,

and she was making sure Harry got to experience every bit of her expertise she had to give.

She looked up at him with a mouthful of cock, brown eyes boring into his emerald green as she began to bob her head back and forth. Above her, Harry groaned loudly, his eyes locked onto her while his fingers threaded themselves through her hair. Isabella focused on precision and efficiency, bobbing her head smoothly along him, playing with his sensitive balls with one hand and using the other to stroke any part of his cock that didn't happen to be in her mouth at that moment. In other circumstances, she might have varied her pacing and technique, and perhaps intermittently pulled him out of her mouth entirely to sloppily run her tongue over his cockhead or rub him against her cheek. She didn't have the patience for those sorts of games now, though. Her strength was waning fast.

With a slurp, she pulled off his cock. It shone with a thick layer of her saliva—perfect for what she had planned next.

Smirking up at him, Isabella guided his cock down between her two mountainous tits. The pillowy flesh *engulfed* him completely, wrapping him in the soft plush embrace of her breasts.

“Yes~” she cooed. “How does that feel my lord? Does this please you?” She spoke, using her hands to press her tits firmly together as she began to rock them up and down his length.

“Fuck yes,” he replied with a gasp.

Isabella's smile widened victoriously. Keeping their eyes locked, the Italian witch took things a step further and dipped her head down to engulf his spongy cockhead with her lips.

She bobbed her head as fast as he could, rocking her breasts in time with her sucks as she fucked him with her tits. He was rapidly approaching his end once more. She could feel his cock twitching between her lips, feel his fingers tighten their grip in her hair and hear the steady deepness of his moan become broken and hitched.

His groan was a rumble in his throat as he finally released. Isabella moaned as the creamy expulsion landed against her tongue. Releasing her breasts, the buxom witch took him as deep as possible down her throat, very much enjoying the way he gasped and pulsed inside her mouth as his climax continued.

Finally, after coating her tongue and even parts of her chin and left cheek, he pulled away, collapsing into the mattress beside her with a tired groan.

"I suppose that was your way of asking for another raise to your allowance," he said after a few moments.

Isabella hummed tiredly. "I'll never say no to more gold of course, but no, I had something else in mind this time."

"And that would be...?"

Isabella smiled.

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Author's Note

A little of a Daphne and Narcissa-focused chapter, next we'll get to see their 'talk' and maybe even what Isabella was after with her little stunt ;)

Thanks for reading!