

Nightshade

"You called for me, my Lord," Bellatrix Lestrange asked as she entered Voldemort's throne room. The Dark Lord was sat on a black obsidian throne, surrounded by his Inner Circle of Death Eaters.

"Bellatrix," Voldemort hissed slowly. "I have a job for you."

"Anything, my Lord," Bella said, dropping to her knees in front of Voldemort.

"My favourite Death Eater," Voldemort whispered, in a voice that came close to being caring. "The others can learn a lot from you."

"I live but to serve you, my Lord."

"I know, my dear Bella, I know. I want you to play with the prisoner for me."

Bella's eyes lit up in unholy glee. "I have just the thing to make him scream for the rest of his life," she promised fervently.

"Bella, Bella, Bella," Voldemort said reproachfully. "I expect more from you. It's not enough to destroy his body, the boy is a Gryffindor, he expects that, no, we have to destroy his mind."

"I'm sorry, my Lord," Bella grovelled, appalled that she had said the wrong thing.

"I want his mind broken. I want you to pretend that your on his side, that you're going to help him. Befriend him, and then seduce him."

"Seduce him?" Bella whispered, going slightly pale. "My Lord..."

"Are you questioning me?" Voldemort asked softly, the fondness disappearing from his voice, leaving her quaking in fear.

"No, my Lord. Never, but, my husband..."

"Ahh yes, how foolish of me," Voldemort hissed. "My apologies."

"My... my... Lord?" Bella asked, trembling in fear.

"Rudolphus," Voldemort called silkily.

"My Lord?" her husband asked.

"Do you have any objections to my plan?"

"Of course not, my Lord," Rudolphus said, grovelling on the floor.

"See, Bella," Voldemort said. "But then I do know how much a vow means to you."

Bella nodded, unsure what to do.

"*Avada Kedavra* ," Voldemort called, pointing at Rudolphus.

Bellatrix blinked as she watched her now ex-husband fall to the ground, dead.

"Consider that a divorce," Voldemort said.

"Th-th-thank you, my lord," she whispered gratefully. She crawled forward and kissed the hem of his robes.

"Now," Voldemort said, as if he hadn't just killed one of his Inner Circle. "I want you to seduce him, give him pleasure the naive brat has never experienced, and then, you're going to betray and humiliate him - you are going to crush his mind and spirit."

"Yes, my Lord," Bella replied softly. "It shall be as you desire."

"Excellent," Voldemort hissed. "You may leave."

Bella got to her feet, and turned, walking out of the hall.

"Oh, Bellatrix," Voldemort called.

Bella turned.

"*Crucio* ," Voldemort whispered. "Do not ever question me again!"

Bellatrix Black crawled into the throne room, she could never remember being as afraid as she was at the moment.

"Ahh, Bellatrix, back so soon?" Voldemort sneered. "My favourite Death Eater. How is my plan going?"

"My Lord," Bellatrix grovelled, "can you please enter my mind and see for yourself?"

Voldemort seemed to freeze, before looking at her slowly. "An excellent idea," he said slowly. "I will be able to see everything," he mused. "Not just your words but your intentions as well. Very well, I will, and if it goes well, I shall obtain all my reports this way."

She could feel the other Death Eaters glare at her in horror for suggesting it. What did she care? She had to save her own skin if she was going to continue to serve him properly.

"Legilimens," Voldemort hissed, and she felt his mind invade hers, and gave into the memory.

Bellatrix walked into her bedroom and sat in front of the mirror and reached for her wand. She might not be quite as attractive as she once was, but she was still a good looking woman - and she was a woman, more so than that flat-chested red-haired bitch or the ugly haired mudblood he hung around with. It shouldn't be hard to seduce the little boy - and besides, it might be fun. She'd never had a puppy to play with - her darling ex-husband preferred to get his kicks from the Muggle bitches before he killed them, and hadn't exactly been attentive.

If she worked hard, she might even be able to get him to love the pain she would inflict, the blood that she would draw from him, the beatings she would give him.

And then, when he was hooked, she would force him to crawl through Hogsmeade, naked and cold, and then pleasure her, as all his ickle school friends looked on - and then, then, she would do as her Lord commanded and humiliate him in front of them, then abandon him.

She shivered in pleasure and looked in her wardrobe.

"Patience, Bella," she whispered to herself. She let her hand skip over some of her more interesting leather outfits, she knew that she had to be careful, he would never believe that she 'loved' him if she dressed how she wanted to, and she had to follow her Lord's plan, nothing else at all was even worth thinking about.

She sighed as she looked at her wardrobe and realised that she had nothing suitable at all. She walked over to her Floo, and called "Malfoy Manor" as she vanished.

"Bella?"

"Narcissa," Bellatrix sneered slightly. She shook her head sadly. "I need a dress of yours."

"What?" Narcissa demanded.

"A dress," Bellatrix said. "Something pretty and young looking."

"Why?"

"Are you questioning me?" Bellatrix asked dangerously, prowling up to her sister. "Lucius might accept your lack of loyalty, but I don't. I'd love to give you to our Lord as a present for your betrayal."

"I had to protect him," Narcissa whispered.

Bellatrix's hand shot out, catching Narcissa on the jaw. "You had to protect our Lord, not your

snivelling coward of a son. If he'd done his job, I wouldn't have to do this one - but unlike you, I will succeed and I will prove that our Lord can trust at least one member of this family."

"What do you have to do?" Narcissa asked from the floor.

"Seduce the boy," Bellatrix replied. "Break his mind and his body."

"But what about Rudolphus?"

"Our Lord arranged a divorce," she said cheerfully.

"A... a... divorce?"

"Our Lord killed him," Bellatrix replied.

Narcissa looked up and shook her head. "C-c-can I help?" she asked.

"What?"

"I-I-I want t-to help."

Bella looked down at her sister and frowned. "You want Lucius dead?"

"Look what he's done to my beautiful baby," Narcissa said. "He's not a Black, he's a... he's a..."

"Coward?"

Narcissa slumped down.

"No," Bella said firmly. "This is my mission, and I don't share."

"Bella, please," Narcissa begged.

"Our Lord gave me very strict instructions," she said, feeling a small amount of regret. "However, my dear Cissa, when I succeed, I will beg our Lord for you, that you might be given the next assignment."

"Thank you," Narcissa Malfoy whispered, standing and embracing her sister. "Now, you are seducing the boy, right?"

Bella nodded.

"And your wardrobe is far to depressing for seducing an immature teenager."

"Right."

"Come, Bella," Narcissa said, turning on her heel.

Forty five minutes of the most agonising torture she had ever imagined, she was ready. Her hair had been styled for the first time since she had escaped Azkaban, she was wearing makeup to hide the gauntness, and her clothes... her clothes... they looked like instruments of torture.

She was wearing a dress. A dress. And it had flowers on it. Flowers! Her legs were bare (and shaved) and she was wearing heels. Heels? How one was supposed to murder and torture in these things she didn't know.

She wobbled unsteadily back toward the floo, and back to Voldemort's secret lair.

"Looking good, Bella," one of the Death Eaters snickered.

"*Accio* , Death Eater," she snarled, her wand in her hand. As the Death Eater flew toward her, she paused, timing her moment, before letting loose a punch that smashed the Death Eater mask and broke the nose of the Nott.

"*Crucio* ," she hissed, pointing her wand down.

Nott screamed and started to writhe in pain.

"Ahh," Bella taunted. "Poor Notty not likey playing with the big girls?" She looked up. "Anyone else want to make a comment about my attire?" she hissed.

The other Death Eaters all seemed to back away from her.

Smiling cheerfully she relaxed against the wall and kept the *Cruciatus* on Nott until he was unconscious. For good measure, she kicked him in the groin a few times, pulled out his knife, opened his robes and carved her name into his chest nice and deeply.

"Thank you," she said to the unconscious Death Eater and kissed him gently.

She felt the spell leave her mind, and she looked up to see Voldemort looking at her with an expression she'd never seen before. It took a second for her to realise that he was laughing softly.

"My Lord?" she asked, grovelling.

"Nott?" he called.

"My Lord?" he asked, crawling forward.

"Show me your chest."

Without hesitation, Nott pulled off his Death Eater robes.

Voldemort peered at him and looked disappointed. "I see you managed to remove the scar."

"Yes, my Lord," Nott whimpered.

Voldemort waved his wand, and a knife appeared in front of Nott. In her handwriting, it carved her name back in his chest, before another spell hit the writing, and Nott fainted.

"An adequate warning not to interfere with Bella when she is on a mission for me," he said idly, surveying the other Death Eaters.

"Legilimens."

Bella bounced along the corridor in a much better mood. A nice bit of torture always cheered her up.

She took a deep breath and entered his cell slowly.

He was hanging from the wall, wearing only a pair of trousers. What impressed her was that he wasn't the little boy she expected. There were some distinct muscles. This was going to be even more fun that she imagined. Especially when she broke him for her Lord.

She pulled out her wand and created a cup of water, and mentally tried to pull herself into the right frame of mind.

"Harry," she called softly.

He raised his head and looked at her, before sending her a trademark grin.

"The Wicked Witch of the West," he greeted her. "I wondered when you'd be around. I'd say you were looking lovely, but I'm afraid that you look like a dressed up hag trying to pretend she was still attractive."

It took every ounce of her will power not to strike him and then curse him into madness, and then back into sanity.

"I've brought you some water," she mumbled.

"Oh, how nice," he laughed. "I'm just going to spit in your face, so lets save both of us the embarrassment."

She flushed and tried to remember her Lord's plan.

"I didn't mean to kill Sirius," she said, looking down, trying to remember how to feel ashamed of her actions.

It was true, she hadn't meant to kill him. She wanted to capture him, take him home, and carve her name over every inch of his skin.

"Oh," Harry said. "In that case, all is forgiven. Hey, I've got a crazy idea. Why don't you let me down, and we can go somewhere and have a lot of sex."

She blinked at him, as that had pretty much been her plan.

"Well," he continued. "I'm sorry, but I'm not into necrophilia, and even though you might look alive, your soul is quite definitely dead, and well, you look like a corpse."

"Oh, please," she replied, using her baby voice. "Little Harrykins scared of a real woman."

"Well, your sister's hot," Harry mused. "Of course, the fact that she's also a corpse is a downside for her."

"Don't talk about Cissa like that."

"Cissa?" Harry laughed. "And you're Bella? How... nauseatingly cute."

Bella opened her mouth and shut it again, completely perplexed. This wasn't how it was supposed to go.

"Oh, Harry," she sighed seductively, and moved against him, lightly licking his neck, grimacing internally as she did so.

"You might want to move back," Harry said. "I'm about to vomit."

Bella jumped back and then scowled as he laughed at her.

"I did tell you," he pointed out. "I'm not interested in getting near anyone who looks like a walking corpse."

She growled under her breath, this was no a matter of pride. She would get him to admit that he did find her attractive, before she cursed him into oblivion.

She undid the top buttons of her dress.

"No," Harry yelled. "Anything but that. Please, I'll confess - anything you want, I'll do it."

"What!?"

"Just don't show me those sagging, wrinkled excuse for breasts," he begged. "I'll be scarred for life."

Her wand was in her hand before she could react, and it was only her loyalty to her Lord that stopped her from cursing him.

He snickered at her.

She slinked forward and pressed herself against him. She knew that he had never had much female contact, and was now determined to at least get an automatic reaction out of him. She plastered her body to his side, and slid her hand over his chest as slowly and seductively as she could.

He smiled, and she felt a thrill of pleasure shoot through her at his capitulation. Her Lord would be pleased.

She slid her hand down, into his ill-fitting trousers and cupped him. He was only the second male she had touched intimately, and the first for far more years than she wanted to remember.

"I'm going to need the Cruciatus after this," he remarked casually.

"What?"

"Well, it's the only way I'm going to feel clean again after being molested by your diseased paw."

She twisted and slapped him across the mouth as hard as she could.

"Can you take your hand out of my trousers?" he asked.

She squeezed him a little, trying to remember how her ex-husband had liked to be touched, but found that she couldn't. Their love making had always been... disappointing. And infrequent.

She bent down and licked his chest, sucking on his nipple.

Nothing.

She undid the top of her dress and pushed against him.

Apart from a shudder of disgust, nothing.

With only one thing left that she could think off, she dropped to her knees in front of him and pulled down his trousers and shorts. Trying to keep the abject horror and disgust from showing on her face, she looked up and lent forward, taking his... his... thing in her mouth.

She smiled as seductively as she could as she met his eyes.

It was the pity in his eyes that did it. She spat him out and jumped to her feet. "What the hell is wrong with you?" she demanded.

"I don't do dead people," Harry replied cheerfully. "And frankly, your far too old, too ugly, your mind is a diseased and twisted place, and I find your nephew more attractive - and considering that I'm completely straight, that's saying something."

She gaped at him.

He shook his head, "Bella, Bella, Bella," he mocked. "Sex is more than two people doing it like

monkeys."

"How the hell would you know that, you virgin," she spat.

He looked at her for a second and then shrugged against the chains holding his arms up. "After Ginny and I broke up," he started, "I was upset, but at the start of the year, she started to date someone else, so I started to pay more attention as well, and found that I was quite popular. Boy-Who-Voldemort-Can't-Kill and all that."

She took two steps forward and punched him in the face. "Don't you dare despoil his name, you filth."

"Interesting chat up line," he smirked at her, his tongue flicking out to catch the blood that was oozing out of his lip -- causing her to blush.

"Anyway, long story short, all your information is out of date, but then, with your darling nephew out of the way, and the other wannabes out of action, you had no way of knowing, did you?"

"Who was she?" she demanded.

He laughed at her. "They, actually," Harry corrected fastidiously. "One at a time, obviously, and they ended with mutual consent - and while I'm grateful and fond of them, we all knew we were just having some fun. So even if you were to find out who they were, it would be the same as grabbing any other member of the school."

She growled in frustration and turned.

"Oh, Bella," his mocking voice called.

She paused.

"Do your dress up, there's a good lunatic. I wouldn't wish your chest on even my most hated enemies."

"*Crucio* ," she yelled, pointing her wand at him.

He shook in pain, but his eyes never left hers, and he didn't make a sound.

"Thanks," he gasped when she had finished. "I needed that."

She did up her dress and paused, before walking over and pulling his trousers back up.

She walked out and into the hallway, she ran to her room and pulled on her Death Eater robes, she had to tell her Lord. She really hoped he wouldn't be too disappointed in her.

Almost shaking in fear that she had let him down, she made her way back to his throne room, not noticing as Harry slumped down against his bounds.

Voldemort lent back on his throne and looked at her.

"Interesting," he hissed.

"M-my Lord," she quivered.

"I thank you, Bella," he said.

"But-but-but my Lord, I failed you."

She could hear the other Death Eaters inhale as they waited for her punishment.

"You did," Voldemort agreed. "But you didn't."

"My Lord?"

"None of my other loyal servants," his voice was mocking, "have ever willingly let me into their minds. I wonder how many others would do so." There seemed to be no reaction from the other Death Eaters.

"As I thought," he hissed softly. "You did fail," he whispered. "But it was my fault."

"My Lord!" she protested, shocked to the core at the very idea.

"Shhh, Bella," he whispered. "You did what you could, and your loyalty to me was exemplary - even at the end, you were only scared that you had disappointed me, and not that you had failed. How many of the others can claim that."

There was silence again.

"It was partly my fault," Voldemort continued thoughtfully, "because I did not give you the tools needed to do the job." He paused. "Narcissa."

"Yes, my Lord?"

"Do you wish to regain favour with me?"

"More than anything, my Lord," she said, her robes trembling visibly.

"And you meant what you said to your sister?"

"Yes, my Lord," she said firmly.

"It was my intention to kill you," Voldemort said softly. "But something you said made me realise that I had overlooked something. Legilimens."

Bella watched as her Lord examined her sister's mind, wondering what he was looking for.

"As I thought," he whispered. "Lucius?"

"Yes, my Lord?" Lucius asked from his position at Voldemort's right hand.

"Why is your son a sniveling powerless coward, incapable of casting the Killing Curse?"

Lucius trembled, but didn't say anything.

"Did I not tell you to bring him up to serve me?" Voldemort demanded.

"Y-y-yes, my Lord."

"And yet he was incapable of killing Dumbledore, meaning my spy had to do it for him, " Voldemort continued softly.

"I-i-it was my wife's fault," Lucius said.

Bella kept her snort to herself.

"Fool," Voldemort roared. "You dare to blame Narcissa when I have looked into her mind and seen the truth?"

"M-m-my Lord?" he quivered.

"You have failed me, Lucius, in the single most important task I gave you."

"I'm sorry, My Lord," he said, falling to his knees and grovelling.

"I'm sure you are," Voldemort said dismissively. "*Avada Kedavra* ."

The green light flew into Lucius, who dropped to the floor.

"Your divorce," Voldemort smirked to Narcissa.

She crawled forward and kissed the hems of his robes. "My Lord," she said gratefully.

He waited until she had crawled back.

"Snape!"

"My Lord?" Snape asked, dropping to his knees next to Narcissa.

"*Crucio* !" Voldemort snarled.

Snape yelled in agony, and writhed on the floor.

"That," Voldemort said coldly. "Was for being a weak minded fool and agreeing to an unbreakable vow."

"T-t-thank you, My Lord," Snape whimpered.

"*Crucio* !" Voldemort said again, catching Narcissa this time.

She screamed in agony, curling up into a ball.

Voldemort released the curse a lot faster than he had Snape. "That," he whispered, "was for interfering with my plans for your son!"

Cissa crawled slowly up to him and kissed his robes again.

"Snape," Voldemort said slowly. "You will go to your potions laboratory, and brew two doses of the elixir of youth."

"My Lord?" Snape asked.

"Potter," Voldemort spat the name like it was a curse, "believes that Bellatrix is past her prime."

"I'm sorry, my Lord," Bellatrix mumbled.

Voldemort looked at her. "Such loyalty," he mumbled. "Snape," he continued, looking back at him. "Will make the potion so that they will be the same age physical age as the annoying brat - I can hardly expect him to fall for their... wiles, when you are old enough to be his mother."

"Thank you, my Lord," Bellatrix said, touching her forehead to the floor in front of her.

"And me, my Lord?" Narcissa asked quietly.

"You wished to help," Voldemort smirked evilly, "and I have granted your wish. I'm sure that even Potter will fall for the Black sisters. Potter has described you as 'hot'" the description sounded foreign coming from his snake-like lips, "And while I presume this means you would be more succesful, I am not as sure as to your loyalty as I am Bella's, so you will work with your sister and you will fulfil my plan!"

"Yes, my Lord," Narcissa replied fervently.

"My Lord?" Wormtail said, his voice quaking in fear.

"What?" Voldemort demanded.

"Forgive me, my Lord, but would it not be better to just kill him?"

"Idiot," Voldemort screamed. "*Crucio* !"

The sounds of Wormtail's screams echoed for five minutes.

"It is not enough to kill him, you idiot, it will make him a martyr for their cause. No, we must use him, break him, twist him, humiliate him, and turn him into a laughing stock - only then, will I kill him, and with him, the World will break!"

"My Lord," Bella whispered in awe.

"Crabbe, Goyle," Voldemort said. "Continue to torture Potter - and keep it light. Nothing to scar him or hurt permanently. Snape, the potion, take the ingredients from my store."

"Yes, My Lord," the three said, and after paying their respects, they walked out to get back to work.

"Narcissa, Bellatrix, prepare what ever you need for the boy."

Bella climbed to her feet, stood next to her sister, bowed deeply, and turned.

"Bellatrix," Voldemort called.

"My Lord?"

"Fail again, and I will not be forgiving," he whispered.

"I swear I will not fail you, my Lord," Bellatrix promised.

"See that you don't," Voldemort nodded.