

Becoming My Sisters' Enemy

by AngelEyez3954

Andromeda Black had it all: great sisters, a name that was respected (and feared), and wealth beyond belief, but she gave it all up for love. This is a coming of age story about a Pureblood, who wasn't concerned with a person's blood status. Follow Andromeda as she struggles to break free from the Noble and Most Ancient House of Black, and becomes an enemy to her sisters. *Formally known as "A Raven In A Family Of Snakes" - re-written and revised!*

The Sisters Black

Chapter 1 of 3

Andromeda Black had it all: great sisters, a name that was respected (and feared), and wealth beyond belief, but she gave it all up for love. This is a coming of age story about a Pureblood, who wasn't concerned with a person's blood status. Follow Andromeda as she struggles to break free from the Noble and Most Ancient House of Black, and becomes an enemy to her sisters. *Formally known as "A Raven In A Family Of Snakes" - re-written and revised!*

Disclaimer: All the characters and the plot that you recognize belong to J.K. Rowling. Anything you do not recognize is my own...

A/N: Well, I am back! I am in the process of revising the chapters I had previously written under the title "A Raven In A Family Of Snakes," and there will be some major changes! I want to thank Hermystwin, my beta!! She has been great :) Anyways, please read and review and let me know what you think!

~~~~~

## Chapter One: The Sisters Black

To say that my childhood was not enjoyable would be an entirely incorrect statement. Yes, my parents were harsh and unyielding in their beliefs, but I truly did not know any better. My sisters and I were very close and kept each other in check. We did almost everything together, and I can't think of very many moments when I was ever truly unhappy.

I was born Andromeda Persephone Black on the night of February 28, 1953. It was a cold winter evening, but beautiful nonetheless or so my mother once said. As was tradition, I was named after a constellation. Although I was too young to remember it, I've seen the photographs of the night I was born, and while I wasn't the male heir that my parents desired, they were still happy when I was born. Even if it was never shown to me as I grew up, my parents did truly love me.

My earliest memory takes place about two and a half months after my second birthday, when my younger sister, Narcissa, was born. When Mother and Father explained to my older sister, Bellatrix, and I that we were going to soon have a little brother or sister, we both prayed and prayed for a little sister. After all, Bella and I, at ages four and two respectively, were already extremely close, and we didn't want a little brother to ruin what we had.

On the morning that Narcissa was born, Bella and I danced round and round when the house-elf told us we had a little sister. However, neither of us understood why Mother sobbed hysterically for days, or why Father, when he wasn't locked in his study, was in such a foul mood. It wasn't until years later that I learned why they had reacted in this way. Mother had had such a hard time delivering Narcissa that the Healer had told her that she would not be able to bear more children. This had been their

Regardless, our childhood was decent. The three of us were a collective front against our parents and the house-elves. We were raised from the very beginning to be "proper young ladies" and to be proper members of "The Noble and Most Ancient House of Black." We had to uphold the pureblood standards and do nothing to disgrace the family name.

Narcissa, or Cissy, as she became known to us, was practically the polar opposite of Bella. She was much more feminine than either of us, and she could easily charm not only Father, but even other grown men, from an early age. The drawback to this was that she became very narcissistic and vain, a vice we too often indulged. She didn't care too much for reading or learning, as she felt she could rely on her looks to get her through life. Cissy was often regarded by our peers as a bit of an airhead, but to those of us that knew her well, she was someone not to cross. She could stand up for herself, if she truly wanted to, but more often than not, she preferred to allow others to look out for her. Cissy's looks came from the Rosier side of our family, with her blonde hair that was so light that it sometimes looked white, cascading down her back in perfect curls, and her crystal clear blue eyes. Her smile was perfect with straight teeth and her face never became blemished, even throughout her teen years.

However, it wasn't only my looks that worried Mother and Father; it was my love for reading and my thirst for knowledge. To them, this was a trait that should be crushed out of me at an early age. Women in the Black family had no need for jobs, as they would marry into other rich pureblood families. At the time, this was what I believed their reason was for wanting to change me, but later, as I grew older, I learned they feared that eventually, I would become learned enough to reject the family beliefs and values. Little did I know at the time that their worries would eventually turn into reality.

Mainly, though, we were left to our own devices. The years all seemed to fly by, each day running into the next. As it would not be appropriate to attend a Muggle school, we were taught how to read, write, and even speak foreign languages by our tutor, Ingrid. She was a pureblood witch, who had been met with an unfortunate divorce, leaving her penniless. However, as she was of a good pureblood family, our parents believed her fit to teach us.

~~~~~

Although her voice was muffled, I heard her say, "Why are none of my dresses grown up?"

Standing up and trying not to step on Cissy, I waded through the dresses and finally found the one I was looking for. It was the first dress that Bella had tried on, and it was by far the least frilly of her dresses. It was a plain mint green dress with short sleeves and a skirt that fell just to Bella's knees. Mint green was by no means Bella's colour, but Mother constantly bought the three of us dresses befitting of proper young girls, even if they looked horrid on us.

Holding it out, I said, trying to sound sincere, "Bella, this one isn't so bad."

Bella lifted her head and grimaced, but reluctantly stood and pulled the dress back on. Looking at her reflection in the mirror, she shook her head but made no attempt to pull it off and didn't say another word about it. Sitting back down on the couch, I resumed my braiding of Cissy's hair, adding pink ribbons in to match her dress. Finally, Bella broke the silence, saying, "Andie, you and Cissy should go get ready. You know Mother will want to inspect us before Auntie and Uncle get here."

I finished the braid and tied it off with a piece of pink thread. Standing up, I stretched, took Cissy by the hand, and quickly gave Bella a hug, allowing her to give me a kiss on the forehead. Pulling Cissy out of the room with me, I called out, "Elf!" and walked towards Cissy's room. Finally, Tillie appeared in front of us with a loud pop and said, "Yes, Miss Andromeda?"

I didn't smile at the small creature, as all three of us had learned from a very young age that house-elves were servants and should not be treated with respect. "Make sure that Narcissa gets dressed appropriately in a pink dress for dinner," I barked as sternly as my nine-year-old self could manage.

The house-elf nodded her head and shoosed Cissy into her room. Our parents expected us to be fully independent by the age of eight, so at nine years old, I was almost able to do everything without help, but Cissy was still a month shy of seven and still relied on us to help her out. I walked down the hall to my room, which was across the hall from Cissy's but next to Bella's. My room was the size of what most would consider a small cottage. It was painted a dark blue, and along with a king size bed with a canopy and two walk-in closets, I had two couches, a large desk, and a beautiful dark brown bureau with a matching armoire and full-length mirror.

Walking into the closet to the right of my bed, I was confronted with possibly hundreds of choices for dresses. Knowing that this was Bella's dinner, I picked out a very simple light blue dress that almost reached my ankles. I brushed my hair carefully and decided to wear it down naturally. Throwing on a simple pair of flats...proper young ladies were not allowed to wear heels until their thirteenth birthday, and they were never allowed to wear sandals...I looked in the mirror one more time then walked down the hall to collect Cissy. I found her on her window seat, staring at the birds flying outside. I walked up to her and gave her a hug from behind.

She smiled and looked up at me just as Mother called from downstairs, "Girls, time to come down now, your Aunt and Uncle will be here any moment." I rolled my eyes and helped Cissy down from her perch. We walked into the hallway just as Bella came out of her room, looking like a queen. In a way, she was just that for this evening.

Mother, who looked us up and down as she met us at the bottom of the stairs, said nothing, but gave us a curt nod. We took this to mean we looked passable, and we went

Bella, Cissy and I had been raised with the idea that children, especially girls, were to be seen and not heard. So, dinner was a relatively quiet affair, even with our three-year-old cousin, Sirius, constantly getting into mischief and his younger brother, Regulus, who was only eight months old, constantly dropping his silverware and food on the floor. Aunt Walburga, of course, did not seem to be affected by the stress of the two children. We all knew that their house-elves, Kreacher and Mosley, were raising them just as we had been raised by ours.

Of course, in the abstract, I knew what a Mudblood was, although I had never met one and I half expected them to bleed mud. Even though we rarely left the manor, Mother and Father had, on more than one occasion, spoken to the three of us about the importance of our blood. We were not to associate with anyone that was not a pureblood of good repute, meaning that they were not a so-called "blood traitor," siding with the Mudbloods. Our parents even had their doubts about sending us to Hogwarts, as the Headmaster, Albus Dumbledore, was what I once heard Father refer to as, "a Muggle-crazy blood traitor." They also worried about the situation in Slytherin, where no doubt all three of us would be sorted into...the consequences were unthinkable if we didn't end up in Slytherin...as the Head of Slytherin, Horace Slughorn, seemed to have no qualms about teaching and helping to advance Mudbloods.

After Auntie and Uncle left, our parents just looked over at us and Father said, "Go on, then, get to bed." We walked rather quickly up the stairs...proper young ladies were not allowed to run...and Bella walked into her bedroom, while I took Cissy into her room and helped her change.

I walked into my room and quickly changed into my nightgown and braided my hair. Walking down the hall to Bella's room, I found her and Cissy already lying on her bed. Taking my place on Cissy's right, so that she was in the middle, I smiled sadly over her head at Bella. Bella seemed to know what I was thinking and shook her head slightly, murmuring, "It's fine, Andie." I knew that she didn't want to discuss the fact she was leaving yet, and she definitely did not want to upset Cissy. As we fell asleep all together, I prayed that no matter what Bella's first year would bring, once she came home, things would be perfect again.

Bellatrix goes off for her first two years at Hogwarts and Andie receives her Hogwarts letter.

~~~~~

August thirty-first arrived rather quickly and found Cissy and I sitting on Bella's bed, watching Bella unpack and repack her trunk. I had watched three times now as she had stacked all her schoolbooks and had folded her uniforms, as well as her other clothes, into her trunk. A week ago, Mother had taken Bella into Diagon Alley to get her school supplies. Cissy and I had tried unsuccessfully to keep ourselves occupied, but we couldn't wait for Bella to come home. We had sat on her bed while she tried on everything and told us all about the stores and people she had seen and met.

I giggled and said, "Yes, Bella, but how will you get him to notice you? He's already a third year..."

I grimaced at this thought; I still believed in true love and did not like the idea of an arranged marriage. In one of our many lessons in decorum, Mother had explained the notion of betrothal and arranged marriages to us. On our sixteenth birthday, each of us would have a debut ball, in which all eligible pureblood males and their families would attend, and we would dance with each one in turn. During the year following this ball, our parents would speak with other pureblood families to find a "perfect match." Basically, they would marry us into the richest and purest family...it was a bonus if we were related. The betrothal would be announced on our seventeenth birthday, and the marriage would take place within a year.

Suddenly, she jumped up from the bed and started tossing things out of the trunk, muttering, "No, no, no, no!" Finally, she sat back on her heels and sighed in relief, having found whatever she was looking for. She then began the careful task of reorganizing her trunk for the fourth time. Cissy and I laughed at her and waited for her to finish.

I looked up at Bella and remained quiet while Bella seemed to be searching for a response. Finally, she answered gently, "Well, Cissy, it's going to be a bit longer than that."

Cissy thought this through and even counted it out on her fingers. Looking up at Bella, she said, "But that's almost four months away." Her lower lip started quivering and Bella quickly came over and scooped her up.

Bella swung Cissy around and then deposited her in my lap. She sat down next to us and put her arms around us both. "Everything will be just fine," she whispered. However, I couldn't tell if she was trying to convince herself or us.

The next morning, Girvan found us all asleep on Bella's bed. We had stayed up most of the night talking, and finally we had just passed out from sheer exhaustion. He woke us up with desperate cries of, "Miss Bellatrix, Miss Andromeda, Miss Narcissa." I was the first to wake up and carefully disentangled myself from my sisters to look at Girvan.

Trying hard not to wake Cissy up yet, I shook Bella until she finally smacked my hand away. Growling, she sat up and gave me a deathly stare. "Andie, what do you want?" she said, looking ready to attack me.

"Bella, relax. Girvan is running a bath and I'll find some clothes for you," I said, trying to calm her down.

I was surprised. We never spoke of things like love, and although I did love my sisters, I never told them that. I smiled at her, trying to convey the same feeling, which she acknowledged with a nod. She hugged Cissy and then took each of our hands. "I'll write every day, I promise, and I'll be home before you know it," she said.

True to her word, Bella sent an owl every day. She wrote to us that she had been sorted into Slytherin; and she told us all about her classes, friends and the other students in her year. Occasionally, she would make mention how Rodolphus had smiled at her or waved to her, which would send Cissy and I into a fit of giggles.

But when Bella came home for Christmas during her second year, things were really starting to change. She was beginning to dabble in the Dark Arts, as I would soon find out. It was three days after Christmas when I walked into Bella's room without knocking, which was a regular occurrence. I found Bella holding a small dagger over her left palm, and she had a book open in front of her. I rushed over, calling "Bella," as I went. She turned towards me with a look of pure hatred, making me stop dead about three feet from her. I watched, eyes wide with terror, as she made a gash on her palm and whispered a spell. Unsurprisingly nothing happened and Bella threw the dagger in frustration.

I received a new skirt and blouse from Mother, as well as a cloak with the Slytherin crest already embroidered on it from my Father. It was very strongly believed I would follow in the footsteps of the rest of my family into Slytherin. After receiving my gift from Auntie and Uncle ... one hundred Galleons ... Uncle Alphard took me into the drawing room and brought forth a beautiful necklace. It was an amethyst, my birthstone, in the shape of a heart with tiny little diamonds surrounding it. After promising to take good care of it, I gave him a hug and went up to show my sisters. The necklace was a matching one to the one he had sent to Bella for her eleventh birthday, with the only difference being that hers was a bloodstone.

Diagon Alley was even more amazing than I had imagined it. It was amazing to be in such a bustling area, where all the other students were preparing for school as well. Before leaving our manor, Mother had lectured the two of us about not speaking to anyone without her permission and not to stray off from her. After arriving, Bella and I walked a short distance behind Mother, with Bella giving me a running commentary about other students that we saw.

We next went into Flourish and Blott's, where Mother stood off to the side, holding her nose up in the air, glaring around at all those she believed were not worthy to

Mother smiled kindly and said, "Hello, Elizabeth. How are you today?" Then, remembering we were with her, she nodded toward Bella and me and said, "These are my oldest daughters. Bella is starting her third year at Hogwarts, and Andromeda is starting her first year."

We both smiled and gave small curtsies, saying, "M'am." Madame Lestrange smiled back at us and nodded to her boys. "I'm sure you remember my sons, Rodolphus and Rabastan," she said to Mother. "Rodolphus has been appointed as a Prefect, and Rabastan, here, is also starting his first year."

The younger boy, Rabastan, smiled shyly at me, and I smiled back. Good looks did indeed run in the Lestrange family. Bella was staring so hard at Rodolphus that I was surprised he never looked her way. Instead, he smiled politely at Mother.

"Well, we must be on our way," Mother said. "We shall have to get together for tea soon, Elizabeth." Then, she turned towards us, saying, "Come along, girls." We nodded our goodbyes and walked down the street back to the Leaky Cauldron.

Stopping suddenly just before we arrived at the pub, she turned around and stared down at us. "Now, that is the type of friends you should be keeping at that school of yours. You need to uphold the family name and ignore all those that are not of our status, do you understand me?" she asked.

I said, "Yes, Mother," as did Bella, but she frightened me a bit with the look in her eyes. I still didn't realize how very few pureblood families would be attending Hogwarts that were of good enough standard for our parents, and I worried that somehow, I would make friends with the wrong person.

Mother turned around on her heel, and we followed her quietly to the fireplace inside of the pub. Mother hated traveling by Floo powder, but as we were not old enough to Apparate, she had very little choice.

When we arrived home, Bella and I found Cissy in her room, looking miserable. She refused to talk to us or even look at us, and this made both Bella and I feel terrible. For the next two years, Cissy would be all alone, while Bella and I were to leave and enjoy school without her.

By the next day, Cissy was almost back to herself, but the tension and sadness were still hanging over the three of us. However, by the evening of August thirty-first, things were at a breaking point in the Manor. I had already packed my trunk, so Cissy and I sat on Bella's bed, and as usual we watched Bella pack and repack her trunk.

Suddenly, Cissy burst out into a fit of tears, and Bella and I looked at her in shock. Bella came and sat down on the other side of her, and the two of us held her close. Eventually, she cried herself to sleep. Due to nerves and Cissy's disappointment, I did not sleep soundly that night. Instead, I tossed and I turned, unable to fall asleep for hours. I worried about what the next day would bring, and I worried I would be a disappointment to my family. Finally, with only a couple hours in the night left, I fell asleep.

I made my way to the stool and took a seat while Professor McGonagall placed the hat upon my head. I looked over at Bella, who was watching nonchalantly; she, no

doubt, believed as I did that I would automatically be in Slytherin. Then, I heard a voice in my head.

"Ah, another Black. However, you're not like your sister or your parents; indeed, you are very similar to your Uncle Alphard."

This thought scared me, as I knew Uncle Alphard had been in Ravenclaw and was not looked upon too kindly by the family. I shut my eyes tight and thought, 'Please, Slytherin.'

"You do have some ambition, but I do not see you fitting well into Slytherin," the voice responded.

'Look, I need to be in Slytherin, my parents and sister would never forgive me if I wasn't. I am a member of one of the oldest and purest families, and I must be placed in Slytherin,' I thought more forcefully.

"Alright, if you insist, though I do not think you will find acceptance for your differing beliefs there," the Hat responded, and I barely had time to whisper, "Differing beliefs?" before the Hat shouted to the whole hall, "SLYTHERIN!!"

I sighed in relief and stood to remove the Sorting Hat. It was very quiet in the Great Hall all of a sudden, and there was no clapping as I made my way to the Slytherin table. I took a seat next to Bella and looked around, wondering why everyone was staring at me. I looked over at Bella, who was shooting glares around the table. I nudged her and whispered nervously, "Why is everyone staring, Bella?"

Bella looked puzzled, but replied, "Well, Andie, you were up there for what seemed like a lifetime."

I blushed and turned my head down, and after just another moment, Professor McGonagall called the next name on the list, Bones, Amelia, who became a Ravenclaw. I kept my head down and focused on my empty plate until the last person, Yaxley, Paul, became a Slytherin. After the Sorting ended, Professor Dumbledore stood and spoke very briefly about banned objects and out of bounds areas, but I wasn't paying much attention, and instead I was looking around at my new classmates.

Once Dumbledore finished his speech, the food appeared on the table, and we very quickly filled our plates. I don't remember much of that first dinner, as I was trying to determine what the Sorting Hat had meant when it said I had differing beliefs. I didn't understand what it meant; I agreed with all of the beliefs that my parents had about blood purity. The only thing I did not agree with was my sister's obvious fascination for the Dark Arts, but that was not that big of a deal, and we would work through it. I was so lost in thought that Bella had to snap her fingers in front of my eyes in order to catch my attention. I glanced around and noticed that everyone was starting to leave the Great Hall. I stood up quickly, glancing to Bella to see where I was going. She just gave me a push towards the rest of the first years, and left the Hall.

All of the other first years were gathered around the fifth-year prefects, Rodolphus and Julia. They waited until the Great Hall was cleared before telling us to sit back down. We all looked around in confusion before sitting back down at the end of the table.

After we were all seated, Julia shook her blonde curls out of her face and began to speak, "Welcome to the Noble House of Slytherin. It is a great honor to be Sorted here, and as such, there are some guidelines that need to be followed." Her brown eyes made eye contact with each one of us in turn before she resumed her speech, "The most important rule of Slytherin is that we must always present a united front to the rest of the school. You may have petty fights amongst yourselves, but you are not to let the other Houses see this, is that understood?" she asked in a harsh voice.

We all nodded collectively, and I had a shiver run down my back. Rodolphus stepped forward and took over for Julia. "You must make sure to do nothing that will cause Slytherin to lose House Points. If you do something, do not get caught," he cautioned us. "Slytherin has won the House Cup for the last three years, and trust me, if a group of first years screws it up this year, you will all greatly regret it." His voice was deep and soothing, and with his looks it was not hard to see why Bella fancied him.

He nodded to Julia, and she once again began to speak. "As we," she indicated to Rodolphus and herself, "are in our fifth year, we will need to focus on our OWL examinations; therefore you will be paired up and assigned a third-year or fourth-year mentor. In addition, the sixth-year prefects, Robert Finley and Sophie Pucey, will be available should you need help. Please come to Rodolphus and myself as a last resort, is that understood?" she concluded.

We all nodded, and she asked briefly, "Are there any questions?"

When no one spoke, Rodolphus nodded and commanded, "Let's go," before turning on his heel and leaving the Great Hall with Julia. We all hurried to get out of our seats and follow behind them. They led us to the left and down a set of stairs into the dungeon. They led us through a maze of hallways until stopping in front of a stretch of empty wall.

"Salazar," Julia spoke, and at once the wall parted, and we followed the two prefects into the common room.

The first thing I noticed upon entering the common room was the low ceiling and many skull decorations. The room was tastefully decorated in green and black with silver trimmings. However, it did not seem very cozy and instead reminded me of Grimmauld Place, which was so dark and creepy. I looked around for Bella; however she was nowhere to be found, and so I let a soft sigh from my lips. The blonde girl next to me turned her brown eyes questioningly to me, but just then Julia spoke up.

"Girls, come with me; boys, follow Rodolphus," she stated simply, leading us to the right and down a spiral staircase until we reached the bottom landing where a single door held a silver plaque that read 'First Years.'

Julia opened the door for us, saying, "Be in the common room by 7:00 sharp tomorrow morning, if you would like guidance on finding your way to the Great Hall. Good night," and with that she turned away and left us.

I followed the other girls into our room and found my trunk at the foot of the bed directly on my left after entering the room. We were all very quiet while we unpacked until the girl to the right of me spoke, "Well, who else hates awkward silences?"

We all giggled and turned around to face one another in order to introduce ourselves. The girl who had broken the silence had shoulder-length black hair that fell in perfect ringlets down her back. "I'm Danielle Wenlock," she said, "but only my mom calls me Danielle when I am in trouble, so please call me Ellie." Her smile was genuine, so that it reached her green eyes. "My twin brother is also here, his name is Damien. I'm sure you'll all meet him in the morning," she concluded.

To my left was the girl who I had noticed in the common room. She was rather plain-looking and had short blonde hair that reached her chin, and wore glasses that were too large for her face. "I'm Isadora Harden," she said. "I'm the first in my family to be placed in Slytherin." She shrugged, as if to say, 'that's fine with me.'

I spoke up next, "I'm Andromeda Black, but please call me Andie." I saw the look of recognition in the other girls' faces and smiled inwardly. "My older sister, Bella, is a third year, and I have another sister who will be here in two years," I said, missing Cissy very much at that moment.

The last girl in our room was a somewhat chubby girl with strawberry blonde hair pulled back into a severe bun that made her round face look even rounder. However, her smile was very friendly, albeit a bit shy. "I'm Aimee Pucey," she said quietly, "My sister is the sixth-year prefect, and um, well hi," she concluded rather awkwardly.

We all continued to get to know each other until Aimee began to yawn, and we realized we should probably get some sleep. I changed in my nightgown and got into my bed, pulling the curtains around me. I smiled and felt like I belonged. My last thought as I drifted off to sleep was that the Sorting Hat was wrong; I wasn't so different from my family. I was right where I belonged in Slytherin.