

Brandy for Bellatrix

by janis

As a member of B.E.G. (Bellatrix Eradication Group), I felt the need to write a suitable story to humiliate and punish her for the vile acts she has committed. These characters, of course, belong to JK Rowling and I am just borrowing them.

The Circle of Death Eaters

Chapter 1 of 1

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The circle of Death Eaters stood silent. The Dark Lord had promised them a night of entertainment before sending them into battle. Would they torture Muggles? Toss them into the air? Or perhaps this would be a new form of entertainment. The Dark Lord was known for his exotic sexual tastes.

There was a shudder from some and a smile from many as they recalled the last time the Dark Lord had called for an evening of entertainment. On that occasion, Tom Riddle had had a large vat of brandy into which he dipped his cock. Then, each Death eater had to come forward to "share a brandy" with him. With each "kiss" Riddle seemed to grow increasingly confident in his power. Riddle returned each time to dip his cock into the brandy before plunging it between the waiting lips of his followers. By the time he came to the only female Death eater in his inner circle, the Dark Lord was more than ready to come. It was evident to all. She had sucked his cock, and he rewarded her by coming into her mouth. She was able to ingest a part of the Dark Lord, making her feel more connected to him than ever. Bellatrix Black LeStrange had gloried in giving pleasure to her Lord.

Now, seventeen years later, this night would return to the glory of the brandy sharing. Though the Death Eaters were fewer in number, those who were there recalled the ceremony of sharing the brandy. Barty Crouch would have been the first, followed by Karkaroff. But Crouch had died after Fudge brought the blasted Dementor to Hogwarts to aid in the interrogation. And Karkaroff had run off and been killed by some of the Dark Lord's followers. Lucius was in prison. That left Snape to begin the ceremony.

"My fellow Death Eaters, loyal followers of the Dark Lord! Tonight we share a drink to toast the success of our upcoming battle with the supporters of that Mudblood-loving Dumbledore. Join me as we did seventeen years ago, seventeen years before that unfortunate event that removed our Master from our midst for so long."

With a knowing glance, Snape watched as the Dark Lord dipped his cock into the small vat of brandy. After kissing the Dark Lord's hand, Snape knelt and leaned forward, taking the Dark Lord's cock into his mouth. He sucked its length, taking care to use his tongue around the ridge. After a minute, the Dark Lord patted Snape on the head.

"Thank you, Severus. Your loyalty is without question."

Snape returned to the circle as the next wizard moved forward. Each in turn took the Dark Lord's cock into his mouth. And each in turn received a "Thank you" and a reassurance that the Dark Lord accepted his loyalty.

Finally, each wizard had serviced his Master. It was time for the witch. Bellatrix came forward, knelt, and kissed the Dark Lord's hand. Voldemort dipped his cock in the brandy and she lifted her face to look at him. She was his most faithful servant and would be honored to swallow his come. It would be her reward for serving him so well.

"Bella, you kneel before me and claim to be my most faithful servant. I shall give you the opportunity to prove to me that you are!"

"My Lord, I am truly your most faithful servant. I would do anything for you. Did I not go to Azkaban and suffer the torment of the Dementors? I am yours to command." Bellatrix moved her mouth forward to take his cock deep into her mouth.

"That is not what I want from you. Remove your robes so that I might see you."

Bellatrix dared not hesitate. She didn't want the circle to see her naked, but she had no choice but to obey her Lord. He had never asked her to strip before...always content for her to suck him off...even after the disaster at the Ministry. But this evening, things were different.

The Dark Lord had finally forgiven Bellatrix for her part in the destruction of the prophecy. It took some convincing and she had had to suck his cock repeatedly to get him to accept her back into the Inner Circle. But she would do anything for the power she felt from being with the Dark Lord.

Seventeen years ago it had been quite enjoyable to suck Riddle off. The Death Eaters would gather and would enjoy a few drinks, toasting Riddle and affirming their devotion to him. Then, she and Rodolphus would take turns servicing him. Sometimes, she would suck Riddle while her husband entered her pussy from behind. As Rodolphus pumped away, she could sense that the Dark Lord could feel what he was feeling. The Dark Mark burned slightly on both men and the look on the Dark Lord's face suggested that he was enjoying every moment.

The two men always came at the same time, her husband ejaculating in her deep pussy and the Dark Lord in her mouth. Bellatrix was never sure if it was her husband's cock inside her when he fucked her while she sucked the Dark Lord or if Riddle had found a way to live the experience through him. She guessed that the Dark Lord could feel the sexual pleasure experienced by the Death Eaters through some connection forged by the Dark Mark.

As she thought about the reborn Dark Lord again, Bellatrix felt repulsed. She dared not show her revulsion of this figure who commanded her. She had sucked him over and over again to get him to forgive her, but she needed to use her best Occlumency skills to prevent him from reading the revulsion she felt at his physical form.

Riddle had been handsome and it had been a joy to take his cock deep inside her mouth and pleasure him. She could do it for hours just to prolong his enjoyment. She was proud that he had chosen her to service him and secretly longed for him to fuck her. Yet, now, it was hard for her to disguise her disgust for the physical form that remained. His cock was ugly, wrinkled, and pencil thin. It no longer resembled the mighty snake it had once been and was now more like a flobberworm. Yet, she knew that the Dark Lord took a special potion...had taken it tonight...to make his cock look as mighty as the magic he commanded. In fact, just this morning, she had shared that information with Severus Snape, only to learn that he was the brewer of the potion. She should have known better.

"Turn around and show yourself to my followers."

Bellatrix had once been beautiful. Her dark eyes were framed with long black hair, now streaked with the odd wisp of gray. Twelve years in Azkaban had taken their toll on her. Yet, she had an air of superiority about her...feeling herself superior to even the other Death Eaters. She had no friends there. Snape was the only one who could match her intellect.

Rodolphus barely tolerated her. After a stint in Azkaban during which his wife had traded sexual favors in exchange for information about the Dark Lord, her husband was thoroughly disgusted with her. And who knew that the Dementors could enjoy sex? Or at least enjoy sex by causing her to orgasm, only to suck the pleasure of the orgasm out of her. It was bizarre and her husband was incensed that she would do something so vile just to get information.

Bellatrix slowly turned to face the Death Eaters, showing her ample breasts and shaven pussy to the circle. If being an exhibitionist would please the Dark Lord, then she would do it. Walking around the circle, rubbing her hands over her thighs and breasts, Bella smiled at the thought of the pleasure she would give the Dark Lord. The Death Eaters licked their lips in anticipation. Perhaps they would be rewarded this evening.

"Cocks out!" Voldemort wanted to see their reaction to her show. The Death Eaters adjusted their robes and their cocks came springing out. The Dark Lord was pleased to see their enjoyment. It would make the evening's entertainment even better. It gave him great pleasure to watch their lust and to have the power to control it. Sex was power and power was sex. And the Dark Lord considered himself a very powerful wizard.

"Come here, Bella. I want you." Bella approached and faced him. He touched her pussy with long, spidery fingers. With his gentle caress, Bella began to relax. Perhaps the Dark Lord would finally fuck her. She was tired of oral sex. The only reward for doing that was knowing that she served her Lord. It wasn't much for a frustrated pussy...after all, she wasn't getting any dick these days. Rodolphus had become strangely impotent. She suspected a curse from the Dark Lord had been the cause.

The long fingers reached around and turned her away from him. Rodolphus had always fucked her from behind, so she wasn't surprised. The Dark Lord's fingers caressed her cheeks and as he massaged them, she moaned.

"Fuck me, my Lord! I want your long, hard cock in my pussy! Please, my Lord. Take me now!"

With a laugh, the Dark Lord bent her over. She could feel the head of his cock at the wet folds of her nether regions. Yes! He was going to fuck her. And the Death Eaters would see that she was his most faithful servant. Who else would submit to him? Who else would he choose to have such an intimate connection with? Bella's pride was evident from the fiercely proud look on her face. She would feel the power of the Dark Lord inside her in the most intimate of ways.

It was not to be. The Dark Lord dipped his cock into the brandy once again.

"Some lubrication for your comfort, Bella. From now on, you will service me in this special way. The Dark Lord is merciful."

With that, the Dark Lord plunged his cock into her ass. Bellatrix was in shock. She had hoped he would enter her waiting pussy, but he had violated her ass in the roughest way possible. She was sure there was some blood from the penetration. Brandy is not a lubricant. It burns when it touches cuts, and Bellatrix's ass burned.

Voldemort had taken a double dose of Snape's potion and his cock was thick, long, and hard. She dared not scream or he would be displeased. It was better to bear the insult, bear the pain. Yet the pain was no worse than the Cruciatus Curse. She had suffered the Dark Lord's displeasure before, but what had she done to merit this?

"You claim to be my most faithful servant. Yet you have failed me yet again. You let the prophecy be destroyed. I forgave you for that. And now you have shown that I cannot trust you with the smallest of confidences."

"In what way, my Lord? You can always trust me. I am your most faithful follower."

"Silence, witch! Your sense of superiority has betrayed you."

Voldemort continued to pump his cock into her ass. With a nod to the Death Eaters, he encouraged them to play with their own cocks. Her discomfort at the situation was evident.

"You know what you have done. Your loose tongue must be controlled. How dare you besmirch my name by discussing me with another! It is Severus who has proven his loyalty. He is the one who has made my potion and the one who has kept my secrets. How dare you divulge the intimate details of my transformed body!"

The wrath of the Dark Lord was evident in the way he fucked her without mercy. She realized that she had been wrong to tell Severus what she knew to be a secret. He obviously knew the truth and had reported her gossip to the Dark Lord.

"*Phallio pietrus!*"

He had cast the spell that would make the head of his cock develop a rocky texture. Voldemort continued his rough thrusts inside her ass. First shallow, then deep. Then, slightly upward and then downward. His cock's head scraped her, making her writhe in pain. He was deep inside her ass, and her pussy complained of the emptiness. She longed to play with her clitoris or have another Death eater lick her while the Dark Lord fucked her. Despite the pain, she wanted release.

The Death Eaters cheered him on. Their enjoyment at the haughty Bellatrix's humiliation was evident. She had been taken brutally and without warning. After this, she would be a bit more humble in their ranks. It was no less than she deserved.

"Come, my friends, my Death Eaters! And I do mean, 'Come'".

The circle tightened and the Death Eaters began to ejaculate, spilling their hot come onto her face and back. In a perverse way, Bellatrix began to enjoy herself. More than twenty wizards had just ejaculated on her. Her own climax was drawing nearer. Just then, Lord Voldemort laughed a sinister laugh.

"Desensato clitoris!"

"No!" cried Bellatrix.

Voldemort had cast the spell that would prevent her from having an orgasm. She could feel only the anticipation, but the release would never come.

With a final plunge, Voldemort's cock spurted his hot seed into her ass. He had taught her a lesson. She would keep her mouth shut and not tell his secrets to anyone. She would respect him. And, she would receive his cock in her ass whenever he wanted to be pleased.

Maybe one day Voldemort would remove the Desensitizing Curse that now prevented her from achieving orgasm. Until then, she would have some of the Dark Lord's brandy again and again.