

Chains

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Hermione sure did!

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Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: Prompt: Hermione/Bellatrix, "...the only freedoms we really appreciate are those which cast others into an equivalent state of servitude." Also, many thanks go to my fantastic beta, MystressXOXO

"... the only freedoms we really appreciate are those which cast others into an equivalent state of servitude," Hermione hissed, yanking the chains that held her wrists securely.

Bellatrix laughed and crossed her arms over her chest from a safe distance away. "That's easy for you to say, isn't it? Look at you," she scoffed. "You always were too smart for your own good. And you talk too much. Why don't you just ask for what you want with that mouth, Hermione?"

Hermione clamped her lips together firmly and refused to say another word.

Bellatrix grinned and leaned in. "What's the matter? Cat got your tongue?" Bellatrix traced the tip of her wand up Hermione's throat and over her lips. "Where are your big words now, Granger? Tell me what you want."

Hermione's eyes blazed in defiance, and she shook her head from side to side.

Bellatrix's eyes glittered. "Tsk, ts. Is that a fancy way of saying that misery loves company? Is that what you're trying to say?"

Hermione stared silently.

"Lucky for you, misery *does* love company, love," Bellatrix whispered. "But first she wants to hear you beg for it." With those words, Bellatrix reached down into the lace panties that Hermione was wearing. If they could be called panties. They really weren't more than a scrap of lace designed to tease both the viewer and the wearer. Bellatrix could feel the slick of wetness on her fingers already, and she hadn't even started yet. Bellatrix felt an answering wetness slick her own thighs in response. She licked her lips.

Hermione moaned and rolled her hips, but the chains restrained her from moving too much.

Bellatrix leaned in, but before she let their lips touch, she pulled her hand free and smeared some of the liquid around Hermione's lush lips. "Beg," she commanded.

Hermione was panting, desperate for friction. "Please," she said softly.

"Oh, you'll have to do better than that," Bellatrix admonished and let her head dip down to nuzzle a nipple through the thin fabric of the negligee.

Hermione's breath caught. "Please... touch me."

Bellatrix cocked her head. "You only ever had to ask, love. In plain English." Bellatrix plunged her fingers into Hermione's warmth with no warning, just the way she knew the younger woman liked it. She sank her fingers in up to the wedding band on her left hand and pumped in and out none too gently. Now was not the time for tenderness. Now was the time for fast, punishing... a time to lose themselves in feeling. Forget the sins of the past, find absolution in the joy of the present.

Hermione writhed and twisted against the manacles that held her fast. She struggled every time, but she had never felt so secure as she did these days. She felt her release rushing through her, and she wanted to be nowhere else than chained in freedom to this woman forever.