

I Fell

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Bellatrix submits to Voldemort's will.

Chapter 1 of 1

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Her body consumed with rage, Bellatrix Lestrange strode through the misty night. Her tattered, deep-grey robes billowed behind her, so that from afar she looked less like a woman and more like a wraith. Her face pulled into an oddly symmetrical scowl, she exploded one of the Malfoys' ridiculous gargoyle statues as she approached the front door. A fern caught on fire with the blow and she cackled happily to see it burn. *Let it*, she thought, quietly willing the fire to consume the mansion before her and everyone in it.

Flinging the door open, she began to look for him. She shook from head to foot, livid and desperate to find him. Hurling herself headlong into the grand dining room, she clutched at her bodice, feeling her heaving chest press against its bony confines.

"Bella," he said, reclining in the stately chair at the end of the table.

"Master," she greeted impertinently.

"Where have you been?"

"I should ask you the same."

"What do you mean?"

"I heard that you had...made your mark on my sister."

"Do you believe that, Bella?" he asked quietly, trailing his long index finger across the rim of the glass at his right hand.

"Should I?" she asked, her tone quivering with anger and anticipation.

In an instant he was before her, his chin an inch away from the tip of her nose. Softly, he raised his arms, then seized her shoulders in his strong hands. She heard him inhale, unsure whether he was smelling her or steadying his rage. Her stomach tightened with fear. He leaned into her ear and whispered, slowly, portentously, "You are mine, Bella."

In an instant she was transported, the arousal and fear shot downward from her neck and into her hips and consumed her without gravity's enslaving presence. She was suspended and his...lost in his will...gasping...surrounded by the grip of his hands...his glorious hands...

She opened her eyes, again quivering. They were in the Malfoys' master bedroom. The room was adorned in Slytherin colors. The bed dripped in emerald velvet. She grinned with a deranged pride, looking at the ripped, ravaged, singed curtains, remembering their last romp in this room. She turned to see him watching her, seemingly calculating. She knew he would intimidate her, bring her to the brink of fear and mortality before drawing her back into his arms. She knew she was where he tested his deepest, darkest intentions, and reveled in being so close to his psyche. She needed only to provoke him.

"Well, were you planning on undressing me," she paused for effect, putting on a shrill and mocking coquettish tone, "Tom?"

She blinked and found that she was surrounded by a ring of fire. The heat enclosed her, and she could feel her skin responding to the temperature.

"Tommy?" she shrieked, darting about in the flames and pressing the fear further down in her gut. "Tommy, oh won't you *come* and play?"

He was then behind her, holding her tightly against his body. His fingers dug into her, leaving spindly bruises along her arms then her ribcage.

"What's the matter, Bella," he asked, "can't handle the *heat*?"

"You know very well I can," she spat, turning around saucily to kiss him. Before she could, she was thrown on the ground, her arms outstretched like the Vitruvian Man. He stood above her, stepping at the crest of her legs so that the fabric of her dress was pulled tight. She felt her heartbeat and attempted to squirm against him, but to no avail.

He held up his wand and silently began to slice her dress open. She wasn't wearing a thing under it, and happily smirked, proud that she was still defying him. She began to cackle again, feeling the heat against her naked body, watching the flames crest above her, seeing his tall and demanding form lord over her... *the way it was meant to be*.

"You've been impertinent," he said, walking in a circle around her, eyeing his prey. "You spoke out of turn last night," he flicked his wand and her dress was hurled into the flames, "you undermine me at every turn, you address me as an equal."

"Punish me," she moaned throatily, closing her eyes and arching her back.

He was then horizontal above her, his warm, smooth robes draping over her heaving chest. "That's what you want, isn't it?"

"It's what I want," she said, sitting up on her elbows, trying not to blink from the heat. Her eyes began to water as she held his gaze. "Take me, Master."

"What if I left you here, humiliated, alone...burning and naked," he seemed to be speaking more to himself than to her. "Nagini hasn't eaten in a while..."

"And neither have you," she said, staring at him as she touched her breasts.

Finally he descended on her, running his tongue up her thigh and plunging his fingers into her depths. His other hand held her hip steady as she bucked under the attention of his tongue. Her voice moved from soft exclamations to an unwavering scream. Siren-like, she wailed, so close...

And he was gone again. She knew he could unfailingly gauge the level of her desire. She needed to improve her occlumency. She closed her eyes, impatiently contracting her muscles and writhing, snakelike, beneath him.

And suddenly all was cold as his flames disappeared. A knock had come at the door and he strode towards it.

"Severus!" he said in a tone that came eerily close to jovial, "please come in."

"Hello, there, Snapey," Bellatrix cooed, crawling onto her knees to stretch her haunches like a lioness.

"My Lord," he said, clearing his throat, "shall I come back later?"

"Please," he said, "and do instruct Pettigrew to bring up my *Prophet* in an hour."

"My Lord," Snape said, duty compelling him to stay, "they've captured Potter and his friends. They'll be delivered shortly."

"Excellent," he replied, steepling his fingers momentarily in thought. "How long before they arrive?"

"Under an hour, My Lord," Snape said, stealing glances at Bellatrix's slowly revolving hips. "I'm due back at Hogwarts, however."

"Go."

"Farewell."

"Bella," Voldemort thundered, "get in bed."

"Yes, My Lord," she replied, mimicking Snape's voice.

He advanced on her, a hungry look in his eyes. She felt the air around him resolving into pinnacles of fury...his pupils bore holes in her heart and flesh and she longed to submit to his will, to be utterly serving him, to be doing her duty. He turned her over and her limbs were splayed, white, tender, willing.

"*tom*," she whispered, her communication transcending sound. Their minds and bodies became one and she was consumed in darkness. Feeling his rhythmic possession of her, she could only imagine the look of satisfaction she was able to give him.

...Or perhaps his face was inhabited by uncontrollable rage. Perhaps they were separated by interior flames...of anger and regret and lost years and the failing hunt for Potter. Who was the man...this portion of a man? Who was it that she was rapidly falling in love with? Who was the true source of her repeated, willing violations? What had she given herself over to?

"Bella," he moaned, inhaling sharply. "Bella..."

"yes," she cooed, then a shriek. So full and tense...so ready...bursting. A wave of pleasure until her knees were knocking. Feeling him, being possessed *Take me, Tom. Put your soul in me.*

"BELLA..." His pleasure had become a bellow, crashing against her eardrums, enslaving her, commanding her. He reached around her to fiercely grab her breasts. And then...

empty space and an unfolding kaleidoscope. utterly possessed with fear. loathing. hatred. she thrashed against his hold, each resistance heightening every pinprick of pleasure radiating through her very bones. *possess me. I hate you. I love you. fill me with you. fill me with nothing.*

She lay back to watch him straighten his robes. Running her sweaty fingers through her hair, she pressed the ball of her left foot against his arm. He turned and a surprisingly humane smirk crossed his visage.

"My little slave," he said, roughly holding her chin for a vicious kiss.

He turned to go as she reveled in her nakedness. Before he left he paused in the doorway, listening acutely. "Deal with the girl for me."

Good, Bella thought, *playtime isn't over.*