

Be Careful What You Wish For

by *BulletTimeScully*

Be careful what you wish for... it might not turn out like you expect.

One

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: Nothing recognizable is mine.

This is my response to a challenge at the Dark Arts LDWS page on LJ.

Thank you, Toby, for all your help!

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Severus had once thought the elder Black sister beautiful. He had certainly desired her from afar, Lily be damned.

As his reward for receiving the Dark Mark, Bella had taken him to her bed. He had grinned like a Cheshire, thinking he was special... that bravery and loyalty had hooked this dark, voluptuous siren.

She had stripped him of his clothes, revealing his pale, skinny, too-tall body to her heavy-lidded eyes. He had fought against the urge to cover himself, his arousal obvious, and had stood tall, drinking her in as she removed her own clothes and stepped towards him.

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"My, my, Severus..." she purred, taking him in her hand.

He gasped, thrusting against her cool palm and causing her to chuckle.

"Patience..." She trailed her long, red nails up the underside of his cock. "All in good time."

He had lain on the rich, black duvet and watched as she slithered towards him. Her breasts swayed enticingly, and he wanted nothing more than to suck them until he came from that alone.

Bella watched him, her eyes narrowed dangerously. Severus should have known then that nothing was as it seemed.

He should have known then what she would do.

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Severus had gotten what he wanted that night—to fuck the beautiful Bella—but he also received more than he bargained for. When she had brought him to a shuddering

climax after only ten minutes, she rolled out from under him, leaving him panting and sweat-drenched on her bed.

The moment he relaxed, the very second his mind started to slip into that grey slumber of post-coital bliss, she struck.

The first curse wasn't strong, but he screamed anyway. She cackled at the look of horror on his face.

"Can't have pleasure without pain now, can we, Severus?"

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That was the only time the foul bitch had caught him by surprise. He had been a young, hormone-driven, egotistical little bastard; he had deserved to be tortured for ever wanting to fuck such a creature as Bellatrix Black. He had paid the price for his foolishness.

But soon, *she* would pay.

For every indignity since that first time... *especially* for that first time; for every time he had pissed himself, or worse, while under her wand; for every sleepless night, every drop of blood, every piece of skin and fragment of bone... he would take payment from her flesh.

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Severus had pleased the Dark Lord this week, and he had been granted a rare boon: anything he desired.

Instantly, the memory of a particularly nasty Crucio that had left him partially paralyzed for a week came to the forefront of his mind. He almost wished he could take it back, but then the Dark Lord smiled... and gestured for Bella to come forward.

Severus was not known for his participation in most Death Eater meetings, so now, with the Dark Lord's favorite kneeling at his feet, the Potions master held the attention of the entire room.

They were waiting... anticipating.

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Severus paced erratically around the kneeling witch, and the bitch had the gall to sneer at him.

Insane harpy...

He tried to focus on something good, something pure... something that would keep his rage from taking over and causing him to kill her outright.

But when he could find nothing in the presence of so much concentrated evil—so much hatred, loathing, and spite—he did the only thing he knew how: He pulled raw power from that hatred—that lust for revenge that he had snatched at so desperately as a boy—pointed his wand... and made Bella scream.

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