

# The Black Sister Tango

*by Fairfield*

Fire and ice with two Black sisters.

## Entrapment

*Chapter 1 of 4*

Fire and ice with two Black sisters.

### Chapter 1: Entrapment

"My sister thinks you don't like her."

"My dear lady, that's perfectly absurd. We were at her house just last week. I complimented her on the pot roast and helped Teddy put together a jigsaw puzzle."

"She thought you were making fun of her when you told her the carrots were scrumptious."

"But they were scrumptious. I do enjoy a perfectly cooked carrot."

"The manly thing to do is comment on the cut of brisket."

Lucius admitted his wife was correct, but pleaded extenuating circumstances. Dinner with Andromeda was always tense since in the recent past, his cohorts had killed her loved ones, and the anxiety had stripped away his usual sangfroid causing the inner Lucius to rhapsodize over a vegetable. On the other hand, Cissy was not one to fuss over a carrot faux pas, and this must be leading up to something, some appropriate act of contrition.

"And what do you want me to do for Andromeda in recompense?" he asked.

Cissy replied that he was getting ahead of the conversation. She had several more of his lapses to relate. She had thought this through and had prepared a solid argument that he should help her sister. Lucius agreed that his social skills appeared to be in a slump, but be that as it may, what did they want from him?

"Andy feels uneasy, feels as if she's being watched at work."

"A shy admirer," suggested Lucius. "She need only identify someone who acts awkwardly in her presence and approach him if he interests her."

Cissy replied that her sister thought it more serious than that and it was several people watching her. Lucius wondered why anyone would monitor a grandmother and asked what Andromeda was doing to attract attention. Cissy replied that Andy was completely occupied with her job in the Historic Artifacts Division of the Ministry and with taking care of Teddy. Not to be deterred, Lucius asked with whom she was associating. The answer was Hermione Granger, Luna Lovegood, and Ginevra Weasley.

"Oh, la voche."

"That bad?" asked Cissy.

Lucius replied that having memorized the official history, they were probably asking if anything happened before 1000AD, and that they had probably come to the

conclusion that there were wizard schools and fortifications built long before the current one. It made sense. Wizards wouldn't suffer through two thousand years of warring chieftains before deciding they needed a refuge and someplace safe to teach their young. The Four Founders had to come from somewhere, and they hadn't accidentally met in a mead hall one evening and decided after half a barrel of good stuff that building a secret castle was a neat idea.

To Cissy's puzzled look, Lucius added that the wizard community most likely had not transferred everything to the new castle. They would leave behind important documents and powerful artifacts in case the castle was less secure than they hoped, and because there had been a falling out among them, there was a chance they had been too preoccupied to retrieve the abandoned stash.

"Treasure troves," said Cissy.

Lucius was less enthusiastic. He thought the old stashes were likely hazardous and treacherous. If the wizards had been forced to retreat to the old fortifications, they would want potent weapons for defense. What if these fell into the wrong hands? The old sites might be guarded by puissant spells. Did anyone in their right mind want to face a sentinel conjured by the Founders? The documents might contain secret, scandalous history. What if Helga and Rowena were the ones who had advocated a pureblood policy? Some things were best left alone. He would never participate in any such harebrained expedition.

Thus it was that two weeks later, Lucius was meeting with Andromeda, Hermione, Luna, and Ginevra to plan the expedition. He had brought topographical maps of the areas they considered likely. He demonstrated the reconnaissance broom he had designed. It was equipped with a sensor that triggered a camera whenever it detected signs of magic, and it would autonomously fly a search pattern. They could use it at night.

The three girls poured over the maps and examined the broom. When they asked how he got such a marvelous idea, Lucius held up an issue of *Aviation Week* which he had been perusing for investment opportunities.

Ginevra wondered if there was some way the broom could mark the location in addition to taking a picture. Luna thought it would have to be done carefully in case the old sites had guardians that could be alerted. Hermione suggested a miniature broom that copied the reconnaissance broom's movement on a topographical map and marked the map. Ginevra said they would have to experiment to get it right and determine the range. Luna stated the broom would have to protect itself from birds who would regard it as an intruder or prey. They all agreed it would have to broadcast, "*Go away. I bite. I'm poisonous. I don't taste good.*"

Andromeda, who was sitting close to Lucius, took his hand and whispered, "Thank you. We all knew you were the wizard we needed."

Lucius was wondering why the witches were willing to trust him. They were asking if they could use a Malfoy orchard to test the brooms. Lucius was wondering why this felt good even though he was certain he was leading them all into mortal peril.

It was dinner time when Debby the house elf sensed the return of Lucius. She waited until he had washed and dressed for dinner before carrying in the first course, but when she entered the dining room, she saw Cissy wrap herself around the man who was helping her sister. Debby heard Cissy moan as Lucius undid her blouse. Cissy's deep kisses as his hands moved up her skirt. Her shining eyes as he pulled her knickers down and pushed her legs apart. A glimpse of her ladyship's furry slit. Her sloppy wetness. Her throaty groans and muscular thighs.

When Cissy's love reek reached her, Debby felt weak in the knees. When the tang of Cissy's orgasm reached her, Debby nearly fainted. When the sea-weed aroma of jizz squirting into Cissy's quim reached her, Debby collapsed on the floor. By the time the couple had put themselves back together and straightened the table cloth, Debby had recovered enough to levitate the soup to the table. Debby stumbled back into the kitchen where she leaned against the wall while she caught her breath.

## Expedition

*Chapter 2 of 4*

Adventure time

### Chapter 2: Expedition

"Whee."

"Last one in is a rotten egg."

"Woohoo."

Lucius looked up to see three girls clad in their undies emerge from their tent and race each other to the cold mountain stream. He went back to tending the breakfast fire.

"I'm impressed by your adult attitude," said Andromeda.

*If you're impressed by my adult attitude, thought Lucius, you should see my adult fantasies.*

Andromeda looked at Lucius as the three girls in wet lingerie ran from the stream to the improvised bath enclosure where a kettle of hot water awaited them.

"Are you disappointed they're only wearing white cotton?" asked Andromeda.

"That's a strange question," said Lucius.

"They're quite virginal, you know," said Andromeda. "Can't you tell from their conversation? And it's not just because of the war although they're having a postponed childhood on this trip."

"They have their girlish moments," agreed Lucius, "but they're mature enough about the mission."

"Speaking of mission," said Andromeda, "what do you think their mission is? Do you think their running in front of you in wet underwear is some thoughtless act?"

"Well, yes."

"How thick are you? Don't you recognize desperate women when you see them? We've concluded we're not buxom enough for you."

"Desperate? We?" asked Lucius.

Andromeda snorted in derision and headed to the bathing enclosure. Later, four scrubbed witches took bread, tomatoes, eggs, and sausages out of stasis and had a fry up. It was the fifth day, and they had searched two promising areas with no success. They would move to the next location today, and begin covering the next site that night. They had chosen early autumn as likely to be a quiet time in the mountainous wilds before the weather became too severe.

As they were making their way to the next site, the four women noticed that Lucius was deep in thought. They assumed he was reviewing the reconnaissance-broom design for flaws, and they seamlessly took over the tasks of navigation and lookout. In actuality, he was reviewing himself for flaws. Ginevra was ambitious and loaded with talent; Luna was independent minded and freakishly intelligent; Hermione was gifted and determined; and Andromeda was highly competent and self-possessed. He had assumed that made the four women sought after since Cissy was all of the above and he thought her desirable to the point that he was certain everyone else did. It had never occurred to him that those qualities might deter some wizards.

His thoughts drifted to their non-buxomness. He hadn't thought about it that way. He considered them athletic, blessed with physiques that would last their entire lives, but that was mere frosting on the cake of companionship they could offer, although Andromeda claimed the three younger ones hadn't had a chance to demonstrate their caring nature. He also thought that white cotton, wet or not, was perfect for the younger three while royal purple would suit Andromeda, who, he realized, now that he reflected on it, exuded sexuality even when modestly dressed. They would be tigresses in bed. Finally, he concluded that it would have been better if he had not had these revelations. This expedition was potentially dangerous, and he had to adhere to the high road even though it meant that the women would decide he was cold, heartless, and didn't like them. Curse Andromeda and her taunting him. Now, all he could do was try not to ogle them and obsess about getting in their pants.

That night the reconnaissance clone pinged. They were all up and staring at the ink spot on the map before convincing each other it would be better to get some rest and make plans in the morning. But the next morning saw no plans, just a dash to the ancient enclave where, despite Lucius's warnings, the four witches swarmed over the ruins. Luna called Hermione over when she found preserved scrolls. They were transferring them to a carrying case as Andromeda unearthed a box of silver bars. They heard Ginevra say, "Come look at what I found," and they all arrived in time to hear Ginevra scream and see her fly back to land on her bum where she looked at her burned hands. Andromeda waved her wand to apply healing spells.

"It's a wizard's staff," said Lucius, levitating it and placing it in stasis. "They're primed with hexes too powerful to carry in one's head. I didn't know any still existed. If we're lucky, the scrolls will tell us how to control it."

A more cautious search found more scrolls, some preserved wheat and honey, and a rack of wands which Lucius placed in stasis without touching them. They decided this site was a minor outpost, and they returned to camp to have a late breakfast, properly pack their find, and rest.

"There may be numerous small outposts," said Luna as they were sipping tea and contemplating the clear blue sky. "This land is barren, and people would have to disperse."

Hermione couldn't figure out the storerooms. They were large, but mostly empty. Everyone admitted it was a puzzle. Had the occupation of this region ended with a siege that had depleted their supplies?

That night there were two pings, and in the morning, there was a discussion about who would explore and who would guard the camp. Lucius advocated staying together for safety, and the witches finally agreed they would check out the new sites together and risk leaving what they had already found unguarded. The clinching argument was that one of the new sites might be a major one containing much more than the minor site of yesterday. Acting on Luna's insight about scattered settlements, they took the reconnaissance-broom with them for a quick search for nearby sites.

The first new site looked minor, and they proceeded to the other, but as they left the first, they thought they heard the faint beating of a drum. The second site looked like a major fortification in ruins. There was an enclosure surrounding a cave. Lucius approached the cave opening, but backed away declaring it dangerous. They could hear the drum beat reverberating through the hills.

Andromeda stood guard as the others frantically searched. Ginevra found a room of scrolls, miniaturized them, placed them in stasis, and packed them in a bag. Hermione opened a storeroom to find only a few urns of wheat and several moldy cheeses. Luna moved some timbers to reveal a shelf of strangely shaped objects. Without touching them, she levitated them into a box.

Lucius was casting about for precious metals when the drums stopped and he heard Andromeda's warning. He reached her as a deft movement of her wand decapitated an oncoming demon. He heard the girls scream. He dashed to the other side of the enclosure to find them surrounded. He dispatched a demon, but two more grabbed his ankles from behind and were dragging him away when Andromeda appeared and his captors' heads exploded. As the other demons were running away, the young witches sent hexes flying after them. The drums began again.

"We can't leave with just museum pieces," declared Lucius.

Hermione volunteered to return with him to the cliff overhang where he thought his wand had sensed valuables. They dug up two boxes heavy with metal bars and returned to the others who were contemplating their situation.

"The demons are out there waiting for us."

"They're going to ambush us when we move."

"We're vulnerable in the open, but we can't stay here."

"It would help if we knew where they were."

"We have the scouting broom," said Lucius.

He had it airborne and flying in expanding circles around the ancient enclosure.

"It's flying too low," said Hermione

"It's okay, and I'm getting a reading," said Lucius. "They're behind those big rocks on the slope."

A flurry of stones, clubs, and axes knocked the broom out of the sky. There were the sounds of a broom being demolished.

"I think we found them," said Ginevra.

The four told Lucius they thought it would be foolhardy to attack the demons' position. What did he think? Lucius agreed. The women declared the best plan was to lure them into the open by hurling insults at them.

"Listen up, you mongrel pack," shouted Andromeda. "We've got something to say to you."

*Insults?* thought Lucius.

"You can't tell your wife's arse from a burnt biscuit," began Hermione.

"You're uglier than the backside of bad luck," added Ginevra.

"The best part of you dribbled down your father's pant leg," chimed Luna.

Oh, thought Lucius.

Andromeda stood atop the fallen wall and bellowed. "You Redneck Peckerwoods!"

Nine demons boiled out of hiding.

While the others braced themselves for the onslaught, Andromeda tore open her shirt to reveal bare breasts. Before the demons could recover from the force of her witchcraft, she was among them, performing a wand kata. Arms, legs, and heads flew. Andromeda stood in the midst of demon parts. The other members of the expedition regarded Grandma Tonks.

"Well," said Lucius as Andromeda buttoned her shirt, "we've lost our reconnaissance broom, located all the artifacts we can carry, and alerted the neighborhood. We should pack as quickly as we can and head home."

The others nodded in agreement.

"It doesn't make sense," said Luna as they were packing. "The local ecology couldn't support the number of demons we encountered."

Andromeda thought the drums may have called them from a great distance. Ginevra wondered if the demons were responsible for the depleted storerooms. Hermione didn't think the storerooms were large enough to support the demons for a thousand years. Lucius suggested the demons had begun raiding the storerooms only recently. It may have taken a long time for the magic he had experienced in front of the cave to subside in which case the large number of demons was temporary. Andromeda concluded that they had arrived at a critical moment, between the time that the repellant magic was too strong and the time when the magic was gone and the demons had moved into the sites and despoiled what the ancient wizards had left behind.

"We can hide what we've found at Lovegood Tower, and we'll have time to sort it out there," said Luna. "My father and some German wizards are trying to photograph the Black Forest werewolves this month. He told me to be a good girl while he was gone."

They made it to the lowlands by late afternoon where they had to halt from exhaustion. A passing shepherd invited them to share his hut and fire for the evening meal, but they declined.

"He looks beady eyed," said Ginevra.

That gave them pause. They realized their acquired treasure had made them suspicious of others.

Luna spoke first. "My father and I are going to squabble. He will want to revive the magazine. I will want him to invest for his old age because he deserves a comfortable retirement after he's devoted myself to serving wizardkind, but he will ask how could he retire with peace of mind knowing he could have done more if he hadn't been selfish,"

There was silence for a space.

"I know why you're all looking at me," said Ginevra. "I face a large family who have suffered years of humiliating poverty." Ginevra sighed. "All the important things we mean to each other will be destroyed."

"We will have to keep an important part of our lives secret from those we know," said Hermione.

"I had a privileged childhood followed by a hard-scrabble adult life," said Andromeda. "This will unbalance me."

"There is a saying," said Lucius. "'I've been rich and I've been poor. Rich is better.' All of you are strong enough to come out of this well."

Andromeda looked around the group. "We have each other."

They made the last leg of the trip to the Lovegood Tower in deep secrecy. Andromeda made a quick round trip to her in-laws where she picked up Teddy and dropped him at her house before returning and telling Lucius that he was a tattered mess from being dragged by demons. There was no way she could allow him to return to his wife in such a state. And he needed a bath. Luna, Hermione, and Ginevra announced they were perfectly capable of maintaining a vigil.

## Return

*Chapter 3 of 4*

Lucius takes the plunge.

### Chapter 3: Return

Andromeda ushered Lucius into her home in a lavish manner. Teddy was puzzled by the wizard's torn clothes, but he decided his grandmother and Lucius had had fun playing some rough game. Teddy ran to the closet and returned with a jigsaw puzzle, his favorite one, the best thing to offer to his grandmother's friend. Teddy and Lucius turned the pieces face up while Teddy explained the picture on the box.

"Boys don't mind being dirty," said Andromeda, "but I do."

She looked at Lucius. "You can play a little longer, but then you'll have to take a bath too."

"Do we have to?" wailed Teddy.

A freshly scrubbed Andromeda reappeared in a house coat halfway through the second puzzle.

"We have to finish it," asserted Teddy.

"Okay," said Lucius, "but I need a tub."

"You want to take a bath?" asked Teddy.

"I want to soak my bones and ease my aching muscles while sipping my favorite beverage," said Lucius.

"I wish you hadn't said that," said Andromeda.

"Chocolate milk!" exclaimed Teddy.

Later, after the two males had washed their hair and were soaking in a tub of warm water, there was a knock on the door and a query about their being decent. Andromeda swept in with a tray with two mugs of dark elixir. She set it beside the tub and smirked. "Your beverage of choice, messieurs."

Lucius lifted his Tony the Friendly Bear Mug, inhaled the bouquet, took a sip, swirled it around in his mouth, and declared it to be almost as good a vintage as the hostess. Teddy, observing the performance, inhaled, sipped, swirled, and declared it acceptable.

Later, after Teddy was tucked in, Andromeda glided into the front parlor and saw Lucius in the overstuffed chair. She was in his lap and her fingers were combing his locks, but he seemed pensive.

"Are you going to be a bad boy?" she asked.

"That would be convenient," said Lucius. "It would provide a cover for everything, a cover that everyone would accept: the immoral aristocrat that everyone envies, envies for good reason given the beauty of the Black sisters."

"I would be the virtuous lady swept away by the moment," said Andromeda, "my sense of decency decimated by my harrowing experience with the demons, an innocent seeking solace, but my hero revealing himself to be a beast."

She whispered in his ear. "The spiciness as you begin to slide into me, my sigh, my mild protest, your sliding in deeper, my sigh, my weaker protest, your pulling part of the way out, your sliding back in, feeling my warm slickness caress you, my murmur that I'm your wife's sister, your looking into my eyes as you mount me, the stillness before I begin to move for you."

Lucius replied, "That would be a high point in my life, but I am badder than that."

"How do you mean?" asked Andromeda. "How would that be possible?"

"The comfort your company gives me," said Lucius. "You as a person. Wanting you as part of my life."

"You don't have to say such things, Lucius," said Andromeda. "It might be better if you didn't say such things. There's no reason for dishonesty. You don't have to fill me with flowery promises. I'm not a schoolgirl."

"There's no dishonesty," said Lucius. "There's only ineptness: my speaking poorly and with poor timing. And foolishness: my wanting too much, not a mere fling."

Andromeda was standing. "If you're sincere, it's worse. You have no idea what a monster I am."

She took a deep breath. "I was glad the demons appeared. I wanted there to be more of them. When the two were dragging you off, I was torn between saving you and hurting the other demons."

"But you did save me."

"It was disappointing. I wanted you to be angry at what they did to you. I wanted you to insist we chase the others right then and there. I almost lost it when all you did was make rational plans."

Andromeda radiated intensity. "And after we hunted them down, I wanted you to sate your bloodlust in me - up against a boulder, knickers down, pounding into me. Wild, animal sex."

"Well," said Lucius, "I never believed you were all sweetness and light."

Andromeda flung herself into a chair. "You don't know how long I've been raging, raging for years, trying to keep it hidden."

Andromeda gave Lucius a hard look. "And now you tempt me with romance; you unbalance me; you make me expose myself, my inner darkness. You're cruel. I'll never forgive you."

Lucius stood. "I regret having said things that caused you distress, but I also believe you have no reason to think poorly of yourself. You inherited the dark current that flows through all the Black family, but your keeping it under control is a testament to your character. I even accept that you have reason to blame me and my family for your losses, but you have behaved as a loving sister to Cissy. You have brightened her days in these dark times. You may never forgive me, may never forgive me for many things, but I now think more of you rather than less."

Lucius paused. "I will take my leave."

Andromeda stood. "Your clothes are still in tatters, and you have not eaten after a long day. Allow me to be a worthy hostess."

*Mercurial*, thought Lucius.

She bustled into the kitchen declaring that mushroom omelets would be quick and they were almost out of chocolate milk and would he mind sherry instead. They ate on the sofa, and every time she refreshed his goblet, she moved closer. The distance between them vanished with the omelets.

"Did you mean the things you said to me?" asked Andromeda.

When Lucius nodded yes, her heart lightened. Followed by a twinge of fear. How easily he could hurt her. How easily he could take away the light by leaving. But he took her hand and guided her to his lap. Her heart soared. Soared over a deep and dark chasm. Her lying broken and rejected at the bottom. He was holding her hand. His stillness at the pleasure of her company. The deep and dark chasm receding into the distance. To the horizon. But still there. Hovering.

"I can't take a meaningful relationship, Lucius. I'm scared."

"We could take our time about this," he said.

"I don't want to wait. I want you now," she said, "but I don't know if I have the courage to face this rationally."

She leaped to her feet in inspiration. "We'll have a duel. It will get our blood up, and we'll go at it without thought of consequences."

"One of your hexes could demolish this house," protested Lucius.

"What kind of wimp are you? Do you want to use prophylactics on our wands?" asked Andromeda.

*Do they make them for wands?* wondered Lucius.

"It's a matter of your trusting me to be restrained," said Andromeda. "If you don't trust me, how can you expect me to agree to a relationship with you?"

"Very well," said Lucius, "en garde."

"You're too calm," said Andromeda. "I will begin by insulting you until your cooeth breaketh."

"Thou art ruthless," she began.

"Nay, dedicated."

"Thou art killer," she continued.

"Nay, protector."

"Thou killeth dreams."

"Nay, nightmares."

"Thou longeth for Blonde."

"Nay, seek Black."

"Thou wisheth soft."

"Nay, desire fire."

"Thou canst take me."

"Nay, win you."

"Thou blood refuseth to boileth, but thou reasonableneth will not saveth thee," declared Andromeda as a flurry of hexes caught Lucius off guard, lifted him in the air, and dropped him behind the couch.

"Stop hiding behind my sofa, you lowlife. It won't save you. I swear by all that's holy I'll shred my aunt's favorite couch to get you. Show yourself. Are you a true man, a true wizard, or a piece of alien slime?"

Lucius popped up from behind a chair. "I come in peace for all mankind."

That bit of diplomacy was met by another flurry of hexes. "You will not come in this piece of mankind."

But Lucius merely held his walking stick in front of him. It deflected the hexes as he walked slowly toward her, Andromeda backing up until she was against the wall. He took her the wrists and held her hands above her head. His lip met hers softly. He was drinking in her eyes. Her lips met his eagerly. Her arms were around him, pulling him close.

"It's crazy," he said. "I would do anything to have you."

An urge was stirring beneath her navel. She heard him whisper, "I will be in you. Deep in you. I will stir your darkness."

No, she thought. *My darkness is my own*, but the urge was growing and she was pressing herself against him and weaving and moaning and she was sagging against him and her feet were dragging on the floor as he waltzed her to the couch and she was pushing and twisting to get her knickers down and her fingers were fumbling with his buttons and she was guiding him into her and moaning as he slid deep in her, deeper than she could imagine, and he was stirring her center and turning her darkness into froth and the froth was engulfing her and primal need was taking her. It was more than Andromeda could bear and she was about to scream when her world shattered.

Awareness was returning and Lucius was holding her.

She recovered enough to say they should rinse off and go to bed. She snuggled around him and fell asleep. Lucius woke the next morning to find a chipper Andromeda offering him tea and announcing that breakfast was ready.

*A morning person*, he thought. *Heaven help me.*

Teddy was happy that Lucius was at breakfast, but disappointed he had to leave.

They were in the bedroom, gathering and packing his things, and Andromeda was in her business suit when Lucius grabbed her. His lips were on hers. Her arms were around him and her tongue pushing into him when she broke apart and asked, "Now? While I'm dressed for work?"

For an answer, he dropped her on the edge of the bed. "What a classy lady you are."

"Oh, that's your weakness: elegant women. What a pervert," said Andromeda, but as he nibbled his way up smooth thighs, the accusations faded into pleasurable sighs and her legs opened in invitation. She was pushing her knickers down and her last rational act was to ruck her skirt around her waist. He was pounding gloriously into her and she was moving for him and she smiling with the pleasure of it and it was becoming more than pleasurable and her face was contorting. He was looking in her eyes as he took her and her darkness and enjoyed her intimate ripples. Then, his cock was squirting into his wife's sister and he was filling Andromeda's quim with his jizz.

A glowing Andromeda would drop Teddy off at his grandparents and go to the Lovegoods to help the younger witches sort through the spoils. She would send Lucius home to her sister covered in her love reek.

## Homecoming

Chapter 4 of 4

Lucius and the consequences.

## Chapter 4: Homecoming

Later that morning, Cissy, with aloof amusement, was greeting Lucius.

"It would be more sophisticated to not ask, but how was my sister?"

"Sophistication has its uses, but direct inquiry lets us make more progress. I'm happy to say that your sister is lovely with a type of beauty that makes you even more beautiful."

"I suppose your next remark will be that I'm lovely with a type of beauty that makes my sister even more beautiful."

"Your prescience is daunting, but it's part of what makes living with you an adventure."

Cissy said her prescience was informing her that a hero's welcome typically precedes enquiries, but now the celebration could proceed with an underlying solid base of drama instead of the edgy quality of uncertainty. Speaking of uncertainty, it was Andromeda who sent the message yesterday that all had returned, but you were bruised and battered, and it was Andromeda who sent the message this morning that you had recovered and that she was going to join the other witches at the Lovegoods. Clearly, someone was already acting as his better half.

"Are you telling me," asked Lucius, "that with all your prescience, with all your pushing me into her company, that you did not foresee this?"

When Cissy hesitated, Lucius pressed on. "It's rationality versus passion. We could have proceeded on the rational basis that Andromeda should not be left out in the cold, but finding a partner for her would be a problem because she's a grandmother taking care of a grandson. Forming a threesome on that basis would have avoided some conflict, but it would have left her feeling that she was a second-rate member of the household. We can assume that she would gradually come to realize otherwise, but it would have taken years, and that outcome is not guaranteed. Now, as things stand, any arrangement is built on passion. Conflict is inevitable, but everyone feels cherished, and we can hope for rationality. It's equally risky, but I'll choose two women who know they are wanted."

"That's a better defense than I thought you'd be able to come up with," said Cissy, "but there's a possibility that you are speaking honestly. In which case, what you are saying makes sense."

Lucius knew better than to say he had hoped she would see reason. Cissy would see it however she wanted and call it reasonable.

"I'm being a poor hostess," said Cissy.

"Hostess?" said Lucius. "You're my wife."

"We shall see," said Cissy. "At any rate, you've been on the trail eating camp food, and I can't imagine Andromeda providing you an adequate breakfast. Besides, I haven't eaten anything this morning and hardly anything all last week out of worrying about you."

Lucius decided to sit silently through the implied, wifely rebuke *I've been worrying about you and fretting about you; you don't write; you don't call; and you've been seducing my sister* as Cissy bustled about, returning with two plates and declaring that while champagne was appropriate, they both needed something to fortify themselves. She downed a large glass of sherry, whereupon, looking more chipper, she poured herself another one and tucked into a sausage. A bit later, a bit flushed, she delicately dabbed her lips with the napkin and enquired about the expedition. "Did the broom work? Perhaps we could use it to look for less perilous treasure."

"The broom worked brilliantly, but alas, it's no more."

"Is that how you got bruised and battered?" she asked. "Did you try to ride it and your commands interfered with its autonomous directives?"

"The broom was lost locating a demon ambush, and I was rescuing the younger witches when two demons snuck up behind me and begin dragging me away."

"Oh, now I hear about demons. I'm certain any little squabble with them is hardly worth mentioning. And who rescued you?"

"Andromeda."

"She wanted you for herself," declared Cissy. "What about the others?"

"All the witches were brave and competent," said Lucius, "especially your sister, you'll be glad to hear." *Or not*, he thought.

"What did my sister do that was so terrific?"

"Erm," went Lucius, hesitant to talk about Andromeda amidst the pile of demon parts, "she insulted the demons and lured them out of their ambush."

"By herself?" accused Cissy.

"Well," admitted Lucius, "the other witches helped."

Cissy was looking at him quizzically. "I guess you had to be there," she finally said.

A lady-like sip of sherry brought a moment of clarity to Cissy, and she said, "There're things you're not telling me. The younger witches are combat-tested veterans, but they ain't nothin' compared to Andromeda."

"What?" asked Lucius.

"All the Black daughters have a core of darkness. Andromeda and I are Bellatrix with a facade." Cissy sighed. "Andromeda hid it the best."

"It's more than a façade," said Lucius. "You've learned to control it and use it. You hide it because it doesn't fit conventional standards, but certainly you know that there are those who appreciate it, nay, crave it."

Meanwhile, Lucius was wondering if Andromeda's marriage was part of her attempt to hide her true nature.

"I knew it. I knew it," said Cissy. "Andromeda went apeshit on the demons. Is that when you banged her, behind a bush, her knickers down, pounding into her, with the younger witches awe-struck at your being brave enough to approach her?"

"The girls took Andromeda in stride, and the reasonable thing to do was pack what we had and leave."

Cissy was telling him that his levelheadedness had located a lot of treasure and had brought the party back safely, but it had deprived him of Andromeda. He had to strike while the sister was hot.

Lucius, stung by the insinuation that he lacked manliness, blurted out, "I plumbed the depths of your sister and stirred her darkness."

Trying to recover from a heedless confession, he said, "I want to be deep in you. I want to stir your darkness and take your beauty."

Both assertions fell on deaf ears. Cissy was telling him he was speaking nonsense. A daughter of the Black family would never forgive the transgression of not seizing the moment. An Andromeda grown cold was cold indeed and there was no way to thaw her. His talk of nailing her was so much macho bullshit.

"We had a duel," he said.

Cissy replied that a duel as foreplay was the most preposterous thing she had ever heard and asked if she should believe anything he said, let alone his claim that she and her sister enhanced each other.

"You doubt? Pull out my cock and inhale your sister's love reek."

She said she would call his bluff, but when she did and inhaled, she felt weak in the knees.

"Look, and see the dried flakes of her love juice."

That did it. She grabbed him by the lapels. "I am not going to look at the dried flakes of my sister's love juice, and I'm not going to let you wander around reeking of Andromeda!"

She pushed him back on the sofa and straddled him. "Let's see if you were being honest. Let's see if my sister's affections really did make me more desirable." She opened her blouse and saw his eyes gleam. "I wore your favorite color." She hiked her skirt up around her waist and watched his eyes travel up her thighs and dwell on his favorite color of silk filled with her round softness. "Want what's in them?" she asked.

There was the struggle of Cissy getting her knickers off without abandoning her advantageous position. She unbuttoned his trousers and pulled out his cock. "My, my, it's ready to go. This better be for me, buster. In it goes, dried flakes and all."

She engulfed him in wet heat. When he moaned as he had never moaned before, a thrill she had never felt before surged through her. She wanted him as she had never wanted him before. She was a lady in inspired coupling with her wizard. It was building. It was good. It was building and building. It was too good. She wanted it to go on and on, but it crashed over her. She cried out and collapsed on top of him, wracked with spasms.

She slowly became aware that he was moving in and out of her. Gently. She was softly moaning. He was gentle. She was moaning with the sweet pleasure of it. Weaving with the pleasure of it. He was gently plumbing her. Slowly in deep and out. She wanted more. But he was holding her hips. Gently sliding into her depths and out. Her need growing. She was desperate to wiggle. Holding her hips firmly, driving her mad with his feather touch. Her whole body flexing with unbearable pleasure. Still, he held her tight and lightly stroked her intimate self. Bliss close to agony overwhelmed her. Cissy felt it pierce her brain. A remote corner of her mind knew her whole body was clenching him.

She was looking up at him. Her feet were waving in the air as he caressed her entire self. She pulled him closer. She was kissing him and reveling in the affection. *He's making love to me. He's making love to me. It's my gentle sister. It's my sister's influence. She did this to him.* She felt as though his sweet prick had come home and she was welcoming him. As she reached a plateau where everything began to fall comfortably into place, she realized Andromeda would soon feel like this: his sweet prick would come home and she would welcome it. Cissy was moving imperceptibly into a higher plateau as Lucius stirred the darkness and took all of her. She was smiling at him and then he was enjoying a Black sister in passion the undulating body, the primitive noise, the clenching thighs until her toes crinkled and her contorted face turned ethereal at the sweetness of his homecoming.

He was looking in her eyes. He would let her see the exhilaration of having her. She knew when it happened. His cock throbbed inside Andromeda's sister as he filled Cissy's quim with his jizz.

In the hallway just outside the door, Debby swooned. They almost tripped over her on the way to the hot tub, but managed to revive her with some vintage sherry. They made her comfortable and proceeded to their relaxing soak.

Lucius was sipping a well-deserved brandy in front of the fireplace when his wife informed him that a letter from Andromeda had arrived. The four witches at Lovegood Tower were exhausted and frazzled and they needed him. Noticing his reluctance to leave his comfortable spot, Cissy had to smirk. He had two ladies to care for now. He had brought this upon himself.

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