

Anger Issues

"I don't want to drag them into this any more than we already have, Hermione," argued Harry.

"I know you don't, but we can't exactly trust Griphook, now, can we?" asked Hermione. "Bill's worked at Gringotts for years. We need all the help we can get if we're going to do this."

Harry sighed and looked out at the sea from where they sat on the beach, not too far from Dobby's grave. As much as he hated to admit it, he knew she was right. Breaking into Gringotts was no small feat. Especially if they wanted to break back out as well.

"Fine," Harry sighed. "But we don't tell them what we're stealing or why, just that it's important, and he's not coming with us."

Hermione bit her lips in thought as she too looked out at the waves. After a long moment of silence, she nodded in agreement and leaned her head against his shoulder. Harry rested his cheek on the top of her head, inhaling the comfortingly familiar scent of flowery shampoo. Wrapping his arm around Hermione's waist, he pulled her against him lightly and savored the companionship.

A couple of hours later, once Bill and Fleur arrived home from work, Harry, Hermione, and Ron sat them down in the kitchen. Luna, without having to be asked, went for a walk along the beach to give them some privacy. Harry smiled at her gratefully as she left, closing the door behind her. Perhaps he was being overly cautious, but he locked the door, and silenced the room, just in case.

"So, what's this about Harry?" Bill asked as he sat down next to Fleur, across the table from the three fugitives.

"We need to break in Gringotts," Harry told him.

Bill chuckled and took a sip of his butterbeer. Seeing the trio of deadly serious faces staring back at him, he swallowed thickly and set his bottle down harshly.

"You can't be serious!" he exclaimed incredulously. "It's never been done before, it's impossible."

"We have a plan," Hermione said. "We just need you to tell us about the bank's security and the lay out."

"Hermione, it's impossible," Bill said. "What's there that you need so badly, anyways?"

"I'm sorry Bill, I can't tell you, but you know I wouldn't be asking if it wasn't absolutely necessary," Harry said sincerely.

"Whatever's in there you're trying to steal, trust me, it's not worth it," said Bill vehemently.

"Ees eet about You-Know-Oo?" Fleur asked.

Harry glanced over at Hermione, who gave him the tiniest of nods, before he turned back to Fleur and nodded. She turned to Bill and gave him a pleading look. Though he tried to remain stoic, after just a couple of seconds, he sighed.

"Can you at least tell me where you need to go?" Bill asked. "The bank isn't small, you know."

Ron shrugged unhelpfully, and Harry and Hermione exchanged a brief look. After a short, silent conversation, Harry tilted his head, telling her to go ahead.

"We need something from Bellatrix Lestrange's vault," she told him. "I have a hair from when we were prisoners at Malfoy Manor, and her wand. I'm going to brew Polyjuice, go in as her,

and sneak back out. Griphook has agreed to help us. By the time they figure out I was an imposter, we'll be long gone."

"You made a deal with Griphook?" asked Bill, aghast. "Hermione, Goblins don't think like wizards. Their ideas of ownership, payment, and repayment are different than ours. You need to be very careful, and very precise, about any agreement you make with him. Please, tell me you haven't made a deal already."

"No," Hermione said, squirming like a scolded schoolgirl in her seat, "we wanted to talk to you first."

"Good," Bill said with a sigh of relief before looking at Harry intently. "I need to know as much as you can tell me if I'm going to help you."

"Bellatrix has something that belongs to Vol- You-Know-Who in her vault. Something important. It has to be destroyed," Harry said.

"Do you know what it looks like?" Bill asked.

Before Harry could answer, Hermione dug around in her pocket and pulled out her leather-bound notebook. Flipping the pages, she found what she was looking for and set it on the table facing Bill and Fleur.

"The Goblet of Helga Hufflepuff?" Bill asked, raising his brow. "Well, at least we can make a forgery to replace the real thing."

"So, you'll help?" Hermione asked anxiously.

"Of course, we weel," Fleur said as if it should be obvious.

Bill shook his head in defeat and Ron snickered.

“Right, Harry, you and I will go talk to Griphook. See if we can make a deal,” he said as he stood.

“I’ll get started on the potion,” Hermione said.

“I’ll ‘elp,” Fleur volunteered.

Everyone turned to Ron and waited.

“I’ll, er, go check on Luna,” he said before bolting out of his seat.

Unfortunately, Ron had forgotten the door was locked, and ran into it headfirst. Everyone fought back a laugh except for Bill, who guffawed loudly as Ron rubbed the growing, red lump on his forehead. His ears a flaming red, Ron unlocked the door and fled from the room. The moment of levity was brief, as Bill and Harry resumed the walk upstairs to the room Griphook and Ollivander were staying in.

It took weeks of preparation, not just to brew the potion, but to also strike a deal with Griphook. In that time, Harry felt his connection to Voldemort becoming more and more unstable. Throughout the day he would see flashes of images, or feel emotions that weren’t his. He did his best to practice his Occlumency, but it seemed to have little effect. Fortunately, Voldemort’s emotions affected him much less than they had in the past. It made Harry wonder if they were somehow weakening Voldemort each time they destroyed a Horcrux.

Throughout the long wait, Harry couldn’t help but feel a sense of guilt. Every day, more people were suffering and dying while they relaxed at the beach. Still, he knew he didn’t have any other choice. This was the only way to get the Horcrux.

To make matters worse, things between the trio were- odd. Not bad, exactly, but the dynamic had certainly changed. Before Ron took off, even Harry, as admittedly clueless as he could be at times, could see how close Ron and Hermione were getting. In fact, he had thought that if it wasn’t for the war, they would have already begun dating. Now, even though he had returned,

and Hermione had forgiven him, things were different. Ron was certainly still interested in Hermione, but it seemed, to Harry at least, she no longer felt the same. Several times, Harry had thought of asking her about it, but, in the end, decided it was none of his business.

The only other event of note had been Remus' latest visit. It still galled him to think Remus would just up and abandon his wife and newborn son. Honestly, how could Remus have imagined Harry, an orphan, would agree with him a deserting his family, Harry thought. Fleur had gone to visit not long after their argument to talk to Tonks. He was relieved to find out Remus was still with her, though Tonks was quite put out with him, for obvious reasons.

Finally, a little over a month after they'd hatched their plan, the potion was ready. Hermione had made a much larger batch than she had in second year. With so much at stake, she wanted to practice acting like Bellatrix to get everything just right. While Harry was anxious to get going, this was one instance where he agreed with her perfectionism. Now, it was time to test the potion.

Harry sat in the living room with Ron, waiting for Hermione to come downstairs. Fleur was upstairs helping her get into the proper clothes, while Bill was still at work. Hearing the staccato *click clack* of high heels on hard wood, they looked up, only to hear her stumble a moment later.

"These shoes are ridiculous," Hermione complained. "Honestly, I don't know how anyone could duel in these."

"Zhere just 'igh 'eels, 'Ermione," said Fleur, a hint on condescension in her tone. "You weel get used to eet."

They heard Hermione sigh a moment before she reached the bottom of the stairs. Harry's hand reflexively went for Draco's wand, and he fought to stamp down his anger. Knowing it was his best friend underneath did little to quell the desire to curse her limb from limb.

"How do I look?" Hermione asked nervously.

“That’s freaky, that is,” Ron said, staring at her wide eyed.

“Harry?” she asked in concern.

It wasn’t until she said his name that Harry realized the unfamiliar hawthorn and unicorn hair wand in his hand was clutched in a white knuckled grip, and he was practically seething in his seat. Jerking himself up to his feet, he turned and left the room as quickly as possible, before he could do something he’d regret.

Over the next few days, Hermione took the potion dozens of times. Ron and Fleur spent large stretches of time with her, helping her to talk and act more like Bellatrix. Harry stayed well clear of her when she was Polyjuiced, barely able to stand the sight of the woman who had murdered the only real family he had left. Instead, he focused on learning everything he could about the bank, its layout, and security from Griphook and Bill. Soon, Fleur proclaimed Hermione’s acting adequate, and the final preparations were made to leave in three days' time.

That night, long after everyone else had gone to bed, Harry heard a soft tap at his door. An instant later, the door inched open and Hermione poked her head inside.

“Hey,” said Hermione softly, biting her lips nervously. “Can I come in?”

“Of course,” Harry told her.

Slipping into the room, Hermione locked the door and silenced the room. Pacing back and forth, she wrung her hands and chewed her lip in thought.

“Nervous?” Harry asked in sympathy.

“A little,” she admitted. “That’s not what I want to talk to you about though.”

“Okay,” he said, furrowing his brow questioningly. “What is it then?”

“Just hear me out, okay?” asked Hermione in slight trepidation. “I know you hate seeing me look like Bellatrix, and you have every reason to, but you have to look past it. You could give us away if you keep glaring at me the way you do.”

“I’ll be fine, Hermione,” he told her. “I’ll be under the cloak the whole time, no one will even see me.”

“That’s not good enough,” she argued, crossing her arms over her chest. “We need to make sure you’re focusing on the mission and not daydreaming about turning my head inside out.”

Reaching into her pocket, Hermione pulled out a vial of Polyjuice potion.

“I’m going to turn into Bellatrix,” she told him. “The room is silenced, so you can yell, scream, call me anything you want to. Just- do whatever you have to, to get it out of your system.”

“Hermione, no!” Harry barked, jumping off the bed. “This is a really bad idea. I don’t know if I can control myself around... *her*.”

“Which is exactly why we need to do this now,” Hermione insisted, as if he’d just proven her point. “I trust you not to actually hurt me.”

“You shouldn’t,” Harry told her.

Ignoring him and taking a breath, Hermione downed the potion with a gag and a grimace. After a brief pause, her skin began to bubble, she grew taller, her hair darkened to a pitch black, and her warm, brown eyes took on a violet hue. In seconds, Bellatrix Lestrange stood in front of him. Unconsciously, his hands clenched into fists, and his eyes gleamed hatefully.

“Well, go on then, Potter,” Hermione said, her voice a good imitation of Bellatrix’s.

“This is a really bad idea,” he told her, consciously unclenching his jaw.

“Aw, is ickle baby Potter afwaid of wittle old Bellatwix?” she asked in a sing song tone.

“Hermione, don’t,” Harry told her seriously.

“And I thought you Gryffindor's were supposed to be brave,” she said. “But, then again, you weren’t very brave when you faced my Master, were you?”

Losing his temper, Harry rushed forward, grabbed her biceps, and pinned her to the wall. Hermione’s eyes widened in surprise as he seethed, his face centimeters from hers.

“I’ve already got a Dark Lord mucking around inside my head, I don’t need you fucking with me too,” Harry growled furiously. “I’m not going to be able to control myself if you keep pushing me like this. “

Hermione chewed her lips thoughtfully for several seconds, and he began to think he had finally got through to her. His eyes narrowed, however, when her face took on a look of determination.

“Do your worst, you pathetic little Half-Blood,” she sneered.

“Fuck you, you stupid cunt!” Harry growled darkly, not sure who he was really yelling at.

“Is that the best you can do? How disappointing,” she drawled.

All of the dark thoughts he'd been holding back from Voldemort; the anger and hatred towards Voldemort, Dumbledore, Snape, Malfoy, the Ministry, the cowards hiding in their homes and waiting from him to fix everything; everything that he had repressed, all of it came boiling to the surface. His mind barely registered that fact that the woman standing in front of him was his best friend and not who she appeared to be as he reached up and wrapped his hand firmly around her throat.

Only a small, niggling spark of reason shining through the dark thoughts clouding his mind kept him from tightening his grip and cutting off her air.

"Safe word," Harry growled.

"What?" Hermione asked, her violet eyes full of an emotion he couldn't recognize.

"Give me a safe word so I know when you need me to stop," he said, breathing harshly.

"Uh- Nargles," she blurted.

"Last chance to back out, Hermione," he told her on a knife's edge of losing control.

"Do your worst, wittle boy," she sang mockingly.

Harry's grip on her throat tightened, her trachea pushing against his palm with each breath. It felt like he was a passenger in his own body as his free hand reached up and tore the buttons of her pajama shirt open with a vicious yank. Bellatrix's tits tumbled free, bouncing as they settled. They were surprisingly firm, with small, dark areolas and long, thick nipples. Gripping one between his thumb and forefinger firmly, Harry pulled back his hand, stretching her breast away from her chest until her fat nipple finally slipped from his grasp. A gasp reminded him who he was doing this to, and he looked up at Hermione for her reaction.

She looked slightly stunned, but the moment their eyes met, she fell back into character with an arrogant sneer. Her violet eyes glittered, not with insanity, but with something he couldn't quite name.

"My Master is going to kill you for this," she hissed at him.

"Not if I kill him first," said Harry, letting go of her through to grab both her tits in a crushing grip. "But, before I do, I'm going to make him watch as I ruin you. Let's see how he likes having something precious taken from him."

Harry watched as Bellatrix squirmed and moaned as he squeezed hard. Letting go, he swung his hand and slapped the side of her breasts harshly: first one, then the other. Hearing her squeal, his thoughts grew darker.

What was the worst thing he could do to Bellatrix that would hurt Voldemort as well, he wondered. Then, it came to him. He was going to take her from him. He was going to turn Bellatrix into his bitch. She would call him Master.

"Wunning out of ideas alweady, Hawwy?" Bellatrix asked.

"Shut up," Harry growled.

Grabbing a handful of her wild black hair, he pushed her down until she landed harshly on her knees. He smirked when her eyes widened as she came face to face with the large bulge straining against the front of his pants.

"Let's do something useful with that mouth of yours. I'm sick of hearing you talk." he sneered.

Holding her head in place with one hand, he pulled down his shorts with the other. Harry's raging erection bobbed in front of her shocked face, his swollen head just millimeters from her moist pink lips. Smirking, he grabbed himself by the base and began rubbing his cock all over

her face. Bellatrix closed her eyes as he lifted his shaft and then slapped it down on her upturned face over and over.

Tightening his grip on her hair, Bellatrix opened her mouth to yelp. As soon as she did, Harry thrust half of his considerable length deep into her mouth. She choked and gagged around him, spittle coating his length and dripping down her chin. Grabbing her hair with both hands, Harry started thrusting his hips back and forth in slow powerful movements, forcefully driving more and more of his cock into her spasming throat.

“What would your master think now?” Harry asked. “His most loyal follower, on her knees, choking all over Harry Potter’s cock!”

Driving the full length of his cock into her abused throat, long, thick strings of saliva dripping down his shaft, he held her there for several long seconds. Bellatrix began to squirm from the lack of air, and her hands came up to beat on his thighs. Still, Harry held her there for a few seconds longer before finally pulling her up. She sucked in a desperate, gasping breath through her heavy coughing.

Grabbing his cock at the base, he started slapping his wet, slimy length all over her face as she continued to pant. When he was done making a mess of her, Harry pushed his head back between her lips. Obediently, Bellatrix opened her mouth and braced herself for another pounding.

GAK GAK GAK

The sound of Harry’s fat head assaulting her abused throat echoed off the walls of the small room. His hips moved so fast his balls slapped painfully against her chin each time he hilted himself in her gullet. Harry ignored the slight pain, instead watching as her dark eyes watered and her pale neck bulged from his girth being sheathed in her throat. Saliva rained down Bellatrix’s chin and down to her chest, covering her wildly jiggling tits and causing them to glisten.

“What would your precious Dark Lord think of you now?” asked Harry as he huffed. “On your knees like a useless whore.”

Bellatrix moaned around his cock, or tried, as it came out as a strangled gurgle. Harry smirked as he continued pummeling her throat.

“By the time I’m done with you, you’ll be begging *me* to be your master,” he said with a groan.

As he pulled out of her mouth to let her breath, Bellatrix gasped and hacked while glaring up at him.

“Do your worst, Potter!” she spat.

Lifting her up by her hair, he forced Bellatrix to her feet. Dragging her over to the bed, he threw her onto it face first. Harry grabbed the remains of her shirt and pulled it off of her, before yanking down her shorts and knickers. Bellatrix tried to roll over, but Harry stopped her by laying on top of her, his aching cock buried between her plump cheeks. The hair from the thick, curly bush tickled the head of his cock as he nudged her entrance.

Without being able to see her face, a brief ray of reality shone through the dark thoughts and fantasies clouding his mind. Did he really want to do this to his best friend, he wondered to himself. Was she really willing to go this far?

“What’s the problem Potter,” she spat. “Too much of a coward to finish what you started?”

Harry smirked. Sometimes, he really wondered if Hermione could read his mind.

“You know, it almost sounds like you *want* to be fucked by a Half-Blood,” he commented.

Before she could respond, Harry surged forward and buried his entire length into her depths with a single, brutal thrust. Bellatrix shrieked, and at first, he panicked thinking it was from pain, but the shower of arousal splattering his groin, along with the desperate moans that followed, told him otherwise.

“That’s it, cum all over my cock you psychotic whore!” Harry yelled.

Bellatrix’s feet kicked against the mattress as he lifted himself up, pulling the majority of his cock out of her, before hammering back down. Harry’s thighs slapped loudly against her ass, a wet *schlick*-ing sound coming from her drenched core each time his thick cock battered her depths. As she came down from her thunderous climax, Bellatrix began to grunt with each thrust, her body heaving from the force.

Sitting up on his knees, he started raining hard, stinging spanks on her cheeks, turning the pale globes a bright pink. Growing bored of staring at the back of her head, he yanked his cock out of Bellatrix and flipped her over before driving back into her slick core. Her wild hair played out around her head in a dark halo as she gazed up at him lustfully. Slapping her tits roughly, Harry fucked her even harder, his muscles burning from the exertion. He was determined to see that look of blind, loving devotion she had for Voldemort aimed at him.

With each hammering of his hips, with each slap of her breast or pinch of a nipple, Bellatrix moaned, groaned, and arched her back. Her walls fluttered around him, her breathing came faster, and her violet eyes glittered brightly, showing him just how close she was to another peak.

Smirking maliciously, Harry slowed down, moving just enough to keep her on edge.

“You bastard!” she yelled, desperately trying to buck her hips.

“Tell me you want it,” he demanded.

“Let me cum damn it!” Bellatrix shouted.

Shaking his head, Harry took her thick, swollen nipple and twisted it harshly. She hissed in a combination of pain and pleasure and jerked her hips.

"You can do better than that," Harry told her.

"Please let me cum!" she begged, her breath coming in gasps and pants.

"Please let me cum, what?" he asked.

"Harry!" she whined, falling out of character.

Still, Harry was determined to get what he wanted from her. His hand came down in a flash, slapping her breast and sending the soft mound jiggling.

"Come on, Bellatrix, what am I to you?" Harry asked demanding.

Her violet eyes locked with his and, in a moment of realization, lit up. Bellatrix gazed up at him in adoration.

"Please, my Lord," she begged desperately. "Please, let your worthless whore cum all over your wonderful cock, Master."

"Yes!" Harry hissed in triumph.

With all the strength he had left, he fucked her as deep and as hard as he could. Bellatrix writhed and screamed through an earth-shattering climax, her eyes rolling into the back of her head. Reaching up, he wrapped his hand around her throat possessively, though not quite enough to cut off her air. The clutching and spasming of her walls, along with the sight of

Britain's most hated and feared witch losing herself on his cock drove him over the edge. Harry growled and jerked his hips as he came, flooding her clutching depths with a torrent of cum.

As she continued to climax, her skin began to shift, her hair lightened to a deep brown, and Harry found himself staring down at Hermione Granger. While she continued to pant and tremble on the bed, he took the time to really look at his best friend. She was absolutely gorgeous, her body was incredible, and he couldn't believe he had never noticed before.

"Hermione," he called out quietly.

Opening her deep brown eyes, she gazed up at him with flushed cheeks. Unable to find the words to express himself, he simply bent forward and kissed her on the lips. As opposed to the savage rutting only moments ago, the kiss was tender and full of emotion. When Harry pulled back, he stroked her cheek softly and stared down at her. Running his fingers gently over the marks he'd left on her skin, the guilt began to set in.

"Hermione, I-"

"Don't," she said firmly, pressing a finger to his lips. "In case you've forgotten, I could have told you to stop anytime I wanted."

"Oh, er- right," said Harry, smiling sheepishly.

As he shifted slightly, he realized he was still mostly hard inside of her. Looking at her with a lopsided grin, he pulled back slightly before thrusting back in gently.

Hermione gasped in surprise and looked at him questioningly.

"You didn't say stop," he said, grinning.

Giggling, she ran her hands through his hair and pulled him down for a kiss. Suddenly, and with surprising strength, Hermione bucked her hips and rolled them over, so she was on top. She smiled down at him as she wiggled her hips, her perky tits jiggling.

“Now, it’s your turn to be *my* bitch,” Hermione said lustfully as she began to bounce on top of him.

“It’s always the quiet ones,” Harry murmured.