

The Surrogate

Harry felt a strange lack of emotion as he watched the Dursley's back out of the driveway of Number 4 Privet Drive for the last time. There were no goodbyes, no memorable last words or mending of fences. Still, as he watched the car disappear around the corner, he couldn't help but feel like a weight had been lifted from his shoulders, despite what was happening in the Wizarding world. Turning around, he looked at the bare, empty living room and his eyes landed on the open door to the cupboard under the stairs.

Walking over, he crouched down and looked inside for the first time in nearly seven years. He ran his hand over the faded crayon marks spelling out his name in crooked letter on the back wall. He remembered that he had written that after the first day of school, the day he learned that his first name was Harry, and not Boy. As his eyes continued to drift around the empty cupboard, he saw something in the corner.

Reaching inside, he picked it up and brought it out into the light. It was a small, worn plastic figurine of a knight, its sword resting point down between its feet. Harry smiled to himself, remembering when he stole it from Dudley during his eighth birthday party while everyone else was distracted eating cake. Dudley had complained so much about it being missing that Vernon had rushed out to get him another one. He wondered to himself what had happened to that one.

Probably flushed it down the toilet or something, Harry thought.

Standing up, he put the knight in his pocket and closed the door to the cupboard, locking it shut. He stood, staring at the door for a long time, remembering all the time he had spent in there as a child. Suddenly, his foot lashed out, kicking the door again and again. The door rattled and cracked with each impact until, finally, after several hard kicks, the hinges gave way and the door hung at an awkward angle. Panting, Harry gave it one last kick, his hardest yet, and sent the broken remains of the door clattering to the floor inside the cupboard.

Letting out an explosive sigh, Harry made to go into the kitchen when there was a knock at the front door. Pulling out his wand, he hid it behind his body as he walked over to the door.

“Who is it?” he asked loudly.

“It’s me, Tonks.” came the muffled reply.

Curious as to why she was there, Harry unlocked the door and cracked it open, placing his foot behind it so that it couldn’t be pushed open any further. Standing outside, smiling and wearing a purple pixie cut, was Tonks.

“Hey, Harry.” she said brightly. “I heard some banging. Everything alright?”

Her infectious attitude had him smiling back at her, even as he looked behind her to make sure there wasn’t anyone else out there.

“Yeah, everything’s fine.” he told her. “Are you on guard duty?”

“Yup.” she said, still smiling widely. “And it’s right boring, too. Mind if I come in for a bit now that the circus has left town.”

Harry snorted at her description of the Dursley’s and was about to move so she could come in but stopped at the last second.

“What did you get me for Christmas two years ago?” he asked, gripping his wand a bit tighter.

“A model Firebolt.” she answered easily.

Harry relaxed and moved aside, opening the door wider so she could enter.

“What’s going on with the Order?” he asked the moment he had closed the door.

“Kingsley, McGonagall and Arthur are in charge now.” she said, looking around the empty house curiously. “We’re not really doing much at the moment. Guarding you is the only thing anyone can really agree on.”

Harry nodded and motioned for her to follow him as he led the way up the stairs and into his room, the only room that still had any furniture.

“What about the Ministry?” he asked.

“Useless as ever.” she answered. “Scrimgeour still won’t let us go after any real Death Eaters. All we’re doing is patrolling places like Hogsmeade and Diagon Alley. It feels like everyone in the Ministry is just waiting for the Death Eaters to walk in and take over.”

Tonks plopped down onto the bed, and it creaked loudly under her in protest. Harry took a seat on the chair next to his small, worn desk, turning it to face her. Running a hand through his hair, he wondered how he was supposed to accomplish anything with the Order and Ministry in such disarray.

“Harry.” Tonks said, getting his attention. “I know that whatever Dumbledore had planned has something to do with you. If there’s anything I can do to help, you just let me know, alright?”

“Thanks, Tonks.” he said, smiling at her.

As much as he wanted to just dump the problem of Voldemort and his Horcruxes on the Order and let them deal with it, he knew he couldn’t. This was something that he had to do himself.

“So,” Tonks said, drawing out the word. “We’ll be getting you out of here on your Birthday. Not sure exactly how yet, but I’ll let you know once we figure it out. So, you’ll have the house to yourself for a couple of weeks.”

“Can’t we just Apparate, or take a Portkey out of here?” he asked curiously.

“The Ministry can track Apparition and Portkeys. There’s too much chance of a Death Eater spy finding out where you’re going. We have to find some other way of getting you to the Burrow.” she said.

Harry leaned back in his chair with a sigh, wondering why things couldn’t be easy for once.

“Don’t worry, we’ll figure something out.” she told him.

“I know.” he said with a small smile.

“Listen, Harry, there’s something I wanted to talk to you about.” she began tentatively after a brief, companionable silence. “Remus and I have been talking about starting a family.”

“That’s great!” Harry said excitedly, genuinely happy.

Tonks smiled briefly, but he could tell that something was bothering her.

“Thanks.” she said. “So, Remus and I want to start a family, but he’s afraid of having children because he thinks they might end up being Werewolves, like him.”

Harry nodded in understanding.

“Well, we talked about it, and we decided to find someone to be a surrogate father for us.”

“Remus is okay with that?” Harry asked, surprised that he would agree to that.

“Yeah.” she answered. “Obviously, we would both prefer if he could be the father, but since he can’t, this is the only way we can have kids.”

Harry could see that this was obviously bothering her from the way she was fidgeting with her hands. Standing up, he walked over to the bed and leaned down to give her a hug. Tonks squeezed him tightly, resting her chin on his shoulder. Letting go, he sat down on the bed next to her.

“I’m really happy for you two.” he told her, wrapping an arm around her shoulders. “It might not be ideal, but at least you can have the family you want, and I’m sure you’ll make great parents.”

“Thank you.” Tonks said, her voice full of emotion as she leaned against him.

“Have you decided who you’re going to ask to be the father? Not that you have to tell me if you don’t want to.” he said quickly, wondering if he was asking something too personal.

“Actually, that’s what I wanted to talk to you about.” she said, pulling away from him slightly to look at him.

Harry looked at her curiously, wondering how he was supposed to help. Reaching out, Tonks took one of his hands in both of hers, looking at him nervously as she bit her lip.

“I was hoping you would be the father.” she told him.

“Me!” Harry exclaimed in shock.

“I know it’s a lot to ask.” she said, squeezing his hand. “But you’re one of the few people Remus and I both trust, and I think you’d make a great godfather. All you need to do is get me pregnant, Remus and I will take care of the rest.”

“I, I don’t know, Tonks.” he said, still in shock that she was asking him. “How would this even work. I mean, is there a spell for this or...”

Tonks smiled at him as if amused by the question.

“There is, but it’s really expensive and we can’t afford it. We’ll just have to do it the old-fashioned way.” She said, giggling at the wide-eyed look on his face.

Harry opened and closed his mouth several times, not sure what to say.

“Look.” Tonks said, her expression turning serious. “I’m fine with it, and Remus is fine with it. We would really appreciate it if you would do this for us, but we understand if you don’t want to.”

Just then, the silvery blur of a Patronus streaked into the room and settled in the form of a kneazle in front of them.

“Dementor attack in Durham, come quickly.” Came the deep, authoritative voice of Kingsley Shacklebolt.

“Shit!” Tonks cursed, jumping to her feet. “Just think about it, okay. I’ll see you tomorrow, Harry.”

Taking off at a run, she left the room, stomping down the stairs and slamming the front door shut behind her. Harry collapsed back onto the bed, wishing Sirius was still around to give him advice.

For most of the night, he tossed and turned in bed, debating on what he should do. He wanted to help Tonks, and, if he was honest with himself, the thought of having sex with her was quite appealing. He’d always had a bit of a crush on her. It was still a big decision though, and he didn’t know if he was ready to have children, even if they were going to be raised by someone else. He wondered what advice Sirius and his parents would give him and wished there was someone he could talk to. In the end, there was one thought that plagued him most throughout the night. He was unlikely to survive long enough to get another chance to have kids of his own.

With nothing but his books and his thoughts to keep him occupied, the wait for Tonks to return was long and torturous. He couldn't even turn to Hedwig, as she was still gone, delivering a letter to Hermione. It was late in the afternoon when he finally heard a knock at the door. Harry jerked up from his desk the moment he heard it, bashing his knee painfully against the leg of the desk as he rushed out the door, limping slightly. Taking the stairs two at a time, he dashed to the front door, fumbling with the lock for a moment before he wrenched it open. Tonks stood on the front porch, smiling at him as he held the door open for her.

"Hey." he said, panting lightly from his run. "C'mon in."

"Hey, Harry. Miss me?" she asked, giving him a playful wink.

Despite the turmoil he had been in all day, he couldn't help but smile as she walked into the house, and he closed the door behind her.

"Sorry it took me so long to get here." She said, grabbing him by the hand and leading him up the stairs. "I had a couple of reports I had to finish."

"It's fine." Harry assured her.

Pulling him into the bedroom, Tonks sat down on the bed, and he sat down next to her. There was a long, uncomfortable silence as they both sat there, before Harry decided he needed to address the Hippogriff in the room.

"I'll do it." Harry said abruptly.

"Really?" she asked in surprise.

Harry nodded. "I thought about it a lot last night, and I know you and Remus will be good parents. Besides, chances are I won't survive long enough to have kids of my own so--"

“Don’t talk like that!” Tonks scolded him, smacking him in the shoulder.

“Ow!” Harry yelled, rubbing his shoulder.

“You’re going to make it through this war. You’re going to get married and have kids and your own family one day. And don’t you dare say otherwise.” She told him, glaring angrily.

“Alright, alright.” Harry said, raising his hands in surrender.

“Are you sure about this, Harry?” she asked, looking at him hopefully.

“Yeah, I’m sure.” he said.

Tonks smiled brilliantly at him, her eyes glistening with tears of joy as she threw her arms around him and hugged him tightly.

“Thank you.” she said, her voice thick with emotion.

Harry hugged her back for several moments until she pulled back, wiping her eyes while smiling at him happily.

“So, when do you want to, um...” Harry trailed off awkwardly.

“Eager to get started, are we?” Tonks asked, her smile turning from happy to teasing.

“What? No, I was just-” he started, only to be cut off by Tonks putting her hand on his shoulder and laughing at him.

“I’m just teasing, Harry. Relax, you’re acting like this is your first time.”

“Sorry.” Harry said, smiling and making a conscious effort to relax. “I guess I’m just a little nervous. I mean, is there anything you don’t want me to do, or...” He shrugged, trailing off awkwardly.

“I think the best way to do this is to just forget about everything else, otherwise things will feel awkward.” she told him. “Forget that I’m married and forget that you’re trying to get me pregnant. We’re just two friends having fun together for a week. I mean, if we’re gonna do this, we might as well enjoy it, right?”

“A week?” he asked in surprise.

“Most women don’t get pregnant on the first try.” she said, giving him a sexy smile. “I figure if I spend the night here, with you, every night for the next week, we have a good chance of getting me pregnant by then. If not, we can try again the next week, until you get moved to the Burrow.”

“And Remus is alright with that?” he asked in concern.

While he wasn’t as close to Remus as he had been with Sirius, he didn’t want to fall out the last surviving Marauder. Nor did he want to cause problems with their marriage. He was pretty surprised that Remus would agree to something like this, he didn’t think he would be able to stomach knowing his wife was sleeping with another man.

“Obviously he wishes things were different, but he’s okay with it.” she assured him. “This actually works out pretty well. He left this morning to go talk with the Werewolf packs and won’t be back ‘til next week. Hopefully, by then I’ll be pregnant, and everything can go back to normal.”

“Well, as long as he’s okay with it.” Harry said with a shrug.

“Good.”

Grabbing his hand, Tonks stood up, pulling him to his feet. She wrapped her arms around his neck and Harry’s hands unconsciously moved to her hips. Slowly, she leaned forward and pressed her lips to his. Their lips moved slowly and hesitantly against each other at first, but quickly they become more comfortable, and the kiss grew more heated. Soon, they were kissing aggressively, and Harry’s hands moved from her hips to grab her ass roughly, nearly lifting her off the ground as he pulled her tightly against him. Tonks moaned into his mouth, sucking on his bottom lip as she pulled back.

Stepping back slightly, Tonks grabbed the hem of her t-shirt and pulled it over her head, her large, full tits bouncing as they were released, as she wasn’t wearing a bra. Without pausing, she grabbed Harry’s shirt and pulled it off of him, and then began to undo his pants. Once she had them open, she dropped to her knees and tugged them down, his half hard cock looking impressively large as it hung between his legs. Tonks looked up at him with a smile as she grabbed his cock and stroked it.

“Oh, I’m definitely gonna have some fun with this.” She said, looking at his rapidly hardening cock hungrily.

Once he was fully hard, Tonks licked the head, then opened her mouth and wrapped her lips around the top half of his cock. With her lips stretched wide around his girth, she bobbed her head up and down, stroking the bottom half of his length with her hand. Suddenly, she let go with her hand and plunged her head down, taking the entire length of his cock into her mouth and down her throat. She seemed completely unfazed having his large, wide cock jammed down her throat as Harry looked down at her in shock. Looking up at him, she stuck out her tongue, which seemed unnaturally long, and used it to caress his balls.

“Holy shit.” Harry said, groaning in pleasure.

Tonks pulled back, taking her mouth off of his cock, leaving it covered in her spit. She smiled at him with a deservedly smug expression and stood up.

“I promise to give you a proper blow job later.” She said, taking off her heavy boots and torn jeans. “But right now, I really need you to fuck me.”

Turning around, she bent over and grabbed the waist band of her blue panties, pushing them down her long muscular legs. Putting her hands on the desk, she stuck her round, bubbly ass out at him and shook it invitingly. Harry stumbled as he tried to walk and take off his pants at the same time, hopping awkwardly on one foot as he pulled the last pant leg off his foot, his rigid cock bouncing in front of him. When he finished undressing, he stood behind Tonks, running his hand over the smooth skin of her plump ass as he lined himself up with her entrance.

Grabbing her cheeks, Harry spread them apart, watching raptly as the head of his cock split apart her glistening pink lips as he sank his thick cock into her hot, tight depths.

“Fuck!” Tonks exclaimed, slamming her ass back with a moan. “That feels so good.”

Moving his hands up to grab her wide hips, Harry started to slowly thrust his hips, sliding his cock in and out of her smooth, slick cunt. Tonks moaned wantonly, bucking her ass back onto his cock quickly.

“Oh God, Harry. Please, don't go slow.” she begged desperately. “I need it so bad, right now. Just fuck me!”

Tightening his grip on her hips, Harry started slamming his hips forward, fucking her at a hard, steady pace. Tonks let out a long moan that changed pitch every time his hips slapped against her ass. The cheap, battered desk creaked under her as her body jerked forward from the force of his thrusts. Harry grunted in effort and the feeling of her tight, hot walls hugging the length of his cock.

“Yes.” Tonks hissed in pleasure. “Fuck me, baby. Harder. Pound me.”

Harry leaned over her, one hand supporting his weight on the desk next to her head, the other grabbed a handful of her pink hair, pulling her head back roughly. Slamming his hips forward brutally, he fucked her harder than he had ever fucked anyone before. Pulling her hair roughly, Tonks only moaned in bliss while he drove his cock as deep and as hard into her as he could. The desk groaned in protest as it smacked into the wall with a rhythmic *thud*.

Harry could feel her pussy tighten around him while her hands scrabbled to get a grip on the desk, sending books and parchment flying with her wild movement. Tonks came with a scream, the walls of her pussy grasping his cock tightly as she soaked his shaft and balls with her arousal.

Crack!

Another shriek left her throat, this time in surprise as two of the desk legs snapped under the strain. Letting go of her hair, he braced his hand on the wall and his free arm wrapped around her chest, keeping her from falling to the floor. With her legs wobbling from the intense climax, he wasn't able to stop her head from bumping into the wall with a dull *thud*. Getting his feet back under him, Harry wrapped both arms around her to hold her up as she continued to shake in his arms. Once her orgasm had subsided, Tonks burst out laughing while rubbing her forehead, and Harry laughed along with her.

When they calmed, Tonks moved forward so that his cock fell out of her, turned around, and wrapped her arms around his neck. Her breasts brushed against his chest, her hard nipples dragging across his toned pecs as she looked at him with an amused twinkle in her eyes.

"You, okay?" he asked, gently brushing her hair out of the way to see a small, red mark on her forehead where it hit the wall.

"I'm great." she said, smiling. "But I think we might have to find something a *bit* more sturdy for you to fuck me against next time."

They both laughed for a moment.

“I have an idea.” Harry said brightly.

Grabbing her by the ass, he lifted her off the ground. With a squeal and a giggle, Tonks tightened her arms around his neck and wrapped her legs around his waist. He carried her over next to the broken desk and pressed her back against the wall. Giving him a naughty smile, she reached down, grabbed his rock-hard cock, and guided it to her entrance. Tonks moaned loudly as he sank his shaft back into her clutching depths.

“Fuck, Harry.” She moaned. “If I knew you were this big, I’d have fucked you two years ago.”

Harry felt a swell of masculine pride as he watched the look of ecstasy on her face as he pulled his cock out and slammed back in, a cute grunt leaving her lips as their thighs slapped together. As he continued to fuck her at a steady pace, Tonks pulled his head forward and kissed him hungrily. There was a muffled thump every time Harry pushed into her as her ass bounced off the wall from the power of his thrusts. Holding her up the way he was, he couldn’t get the same speed as before, so he made up for it by driving into her hard. After several thrusts, Tonks tore her lips away from his, tilting her head back against the wall as she gasped and moaned in pleasure.

As fun as it was to fuck her against the wall, Harry could feel the muscles in his arms starting to burn from the effort of holding her up. Lifting her away from the wall, Harry carried her over to the bed and laid her down on her back with her ass on the edge of the mattress. Standing up, Harry slammed his hips forward and Tonks arched her back, thrusting her breasts into the air with a pleased gasp. He leaned over her, supporting his weight on one hand while the other grabbed one of her full, perky tits in his hand, squeezing it roughly.

Tonks reached up and grabbed his shoulders, her nails digging into the skin as he started thrusting into her at a much faster pace than before. There was a loud, wet slapping sound as he fucked her dripping cunt at a brutal pace, her tits bouncing wildly on her chest. Tonks let go of his shoulders and grabbed the sheets in a white knuckled grip, a constant stream of moans, groans, and squeaks leaving her open mouth as her body was jerked back and forth by his powerful thrusts.

Harry could feel his climax quickly rising as Tonks tightened around his shaft again, her back arched impressively as her body went taught. She climaxed hard and her mouth opened in a silent scream as he continued to plow into her spasming pussy. As he rapidly approached his end, Tonks writhed wildly under him as his rapid, hard thrusting prolonged her orgasm. Her eyes rolled up into the back of her head and her hair changed color rapidly.

Hitting his peak, Harry slammed deep into her spasming cunt as his cock jerked, spraying his cum deep inside of her. Harry closed his eyes and groaned as he experienced the longest orgasm of his life, filling Tonks with more cum than he thought it was possible to produce. It felt as if his climax would never end as he shot jet after jet of hot, white cum against her walls. Looking down, he could see a small, white river leaking out around the base of his cock as he overfilled her fluttering cunt.

Finally, his orgasm came to an end, and he collapsed forward, resting his head in the crook of her neck as he panted heavily. Tonks ran her hand up and down his back soothingly, kissing his neck and shoulders softly. They stayed like that for a couple of minutes as they caught their breath and recovered.

“Get on the bed and come cuddle with me.” Tonks whispered tiredly into his ear.

Pushing himself upright, Harry pulled his softened cock out of her, releasing a flood of excess cum from her pussy. Tonks scooted back on the bed and Harry crawled after her. When he rested his head on the pillows, she curled up against his side, resting her head on his shoulder.

“Thank you, Harry.” she said sincerely. “I really needed that.”

“Really?” he asked, curious about what she meant.

“Don’t get me wrong, I love Remus.” she told him. “But he’s always so gentle with me. He’s constantly afraid of hurting me. It can be so frustrating. Sometimes, I just want a good, hard fuck, you know?”

“Well, you two haven’t been together that long right? I’m sure things will get better.” he tried to reassure her.

“I hope so.” she said, though she didn’t sound very hopeful.

“It’ll be fine Tonks, maybe you just need to talk to him about it.” he told her. “Besides, I’m your boy toy for the next week. Any time you want a good, hard fuck, you just let me know.”

Tonks giggled and sat up, kissing him affectionately on the lips.

“I’m definitely gonna have to take you up on that.”

Chapter 2

Harry was in a cramped broom cupboard, seated across from Rita Skeeter. She gave him a predatory smile before sucking on her acid green quill provocatively. Releasing it, the quill hovered in the air over her note pad, poised to write.

“So, Harry, what’s it like being the Chosen One?” she asked in a seductive purr, her knee brushing against his.

Harry gave a derisive snort. “Like I’m going to tell you anything after the lies you wrote about me and my friends last time.”

“Oh, come now, Harry. We’re old friends, aren’t we?” she asked, batting her long, dark eyelashes at him.

He glared at her and crossed his arms over his chest, remaining silent.

“I can make it worth your while.” she said promisingly.

Resting her hand on his knee, she slid it up his thigh until it brushed over the crotch of his pants. Despite his dislike of the woman, he could help but grow hard as she continued to rub him. Clearing his throat, he tried to at least appear unaffected.

“You’re going to have to do better than that Rita.” he told her.

With a smirk, she slid down to her knees and pushed his legs apart, shuffling between them. Tracing her finger over his fly, his pants unbuttoned and unzipped themselves, folding open to reveal his swollen bulge underneath. Pulling the front of his boxers down, she pulled out his rapidly hardening length and pushed it against his stomach. With her eyes locked on his, she bent down and licked the underside of his shaft from bottom to top. Harry swallowed thickly as she parted her dark red lips and swallowed his entire length in one motion, her thick lipstick leaving smudges around the base of his shaft. Closing his eyes, he let out a deep, rumbling groan as her throat convulsed around him.

Harry’s eyes fluttered up and he woke back in his room on Privet Drive. Oddly, he still felt the pleasure of his dream and looked down to seeing a head of pink hair bobbing up and down on his shaft, and a pair of feet swaying in the air behind her. Smiling down at Tonks, he ran a hand through her short hair, massaging her scalp. She glanced up at him, somehow managing to smile while her lips were stretched wide around his girth. Descending down his length, she swallowed his entire cock, closed her eyes and moaned. Her throat vibrated around him, drawing a pleased groan from his lips. Sucking hard, she dragged her lips up his shaft until his swollen, throbbing head popped free from her tightly sealed lips.

“Told you I’d give you a proper blowjob later.” she said with a smirk.

Harry smiled at her, stroking her hair affectionately as she opened her mouth and took him back into her mouth. She moved at a leisurely pace, as if she was savoring something she truly enjoyed doing, rather than an obligation. Laying back on his pillows, he continued to run his fingers through her hair, letting her dictate the pace and enjoying the feeling of his cock being encased in her hot, wet cavern. Bobbing up and down, with her tongue rubbing firmly along the

underside of his shaft, she moved slowly on the top half of his length. At varying times, she took him deep in her throat, pressing her nose into his groin, swallowing and humming around him.

It took a long time for Harry's climax to build, and just as he was about to warn her that he was getting close, as if sensing how he felt, she backed off. With a mischievous smile, Tonks held his length straight up and tilted her head sideways to kiss his shaft lightly. He let out a frustrated groan and gave her a playful glare as she peppered his length with light kiss. Seeing his look, she chuckled before taking his head back into her sweltering mouth. Her tongue grew unnaturally long and wrapped around his shaft twice, spiraling down his cock as it ungulated. It wasn't the most pleasurable sensation he had ever felt, but it was certainly unique. That is, until she moved up to the head of his cock and he was treated to the wonderful yet odd feeling of having the tip of his cock enveloped her writhing appendage.

"Bloody hell." he groaned.

Unwrapping her tongue from around him and shrinking it back down to a normal size, Tonks smirked before she back to sucking his cock. Harry sighed pleurably and ran his fingers through her hair again as she started bobbing unhurriedly on his rigid length. After sucking on the head of his cock for a few seconds, she descended all the way down his shaft and throted his cock effortlessly before dragging her lips back up to the tip at an agonizingly slow pace and starting the process all over again. Again, she slowly built him towards a climax, but stopped just short of him reaching his peak.

Harry glared down at her a little less playfully.

"Tonks." he growled, drawing out her name.

Her eyes sparkled as she looked up at him and kissed his shaft teasingly. She gave him time to calm before starting again, plunging him into her throat before slowly sucking back up to the tip. Gradually, she built him up to the edge of climax once again, and Harry's hands tightened in her hair unconsciously. Locking her eyes with his, Tonks held his throbbing head between her stretched lips, sucking and swirling her tongue around it as his hips bucked needily. With no other stimulation, his climb to the peak was agonizingly slow and almost painfully pleasurable.

Harry's body tensed and he took his hands off her head and clenched the sheets in a white knuckled grip as he finally tipped over the edge with a mindless groan.

Thanks to all of her edging, his climax was incredibly intense, his cock lurching and pulsating against her tongue as he flooded her mouth with streams of cum. His orgasm seemed to go on forever, filling her mouth with more cum than he thought was possible for him to hold. Through it all, Tonks kept eye contact with him, her throat working as she swallowed to keep her mouth from being overfilled. When his climax finally waned, Harry went limp, his body collapsing listlessly on the mattress as he panted. A loud groan left his throat when Tonks gave his hypersensitive head one last suck, drawing out the last dregs of cum from his deflating shaft before she let him slip from between her lips. As he looked at her, she opened her mouth to show him a large pool of thick white seed covering her tongue. With an impish look, she closed her lips and swallowed audibly, her pink tongue peeking out to lick her lips salaciously. Harry could only let out another groan and drop his head back onto his pillow, resting the back of his forearm on his forehead.

With a predatory smirk, Tonks crawled over him on all fours, her large breasts swaying as they dangled under her. Kneeling down on his waist, she leaned over him, her breasts brushing across his chest as she kissed him on the lips. Harry kissed her back, his hands coming up to cup and caress her smooth, firm mounds, his thumbs rubbing back and forth over her stiff nipples. Moaning into his mouth, Tonks kissed him deeply and slowly for a couple of minutes before she pulled back and smiled at him.

"As much as I love to stay in bed with you all day, I have to go to work." she told him apologetically.

Swinging her leg over him, she climbed to her feet, her breasts bouncing enticingly. Raising her arms over her head and standing on the tips of her toes, she stretched with a groan, her back letting off a light *pop*.

"I don't suppose you could call in sick?" he asked, his eyes locked on her full, luscious breasts.

"Nope, sorry." she said, eyes scanning the floor as she searched for her clothes. "I won't be gone long though. It's not like they have us doing anything useful. "

Harry laid on his side, head propped up on his elbow as he watched her gather her clothes and dress. As she finished putting on her leather jacket, she walked over to him and leaned down to give him a peck on the lips.

"I'll see you later tonight, I'm going to stop by my place and pick up some clothes. If you need anything, there's a guard stationed at Mrs. Figgs house." she told him.

"Okay." he said, standing up to pull her close and give her another kiss. "Stay safe."

Tonks smiled at him affectionately.

"I'll be fine. The only thing I have to worry about is boredom and papercuts." she said, rolling her eyes.

With that, Tonks turned and left, giving him one last wave as she closed the door behind her. Harry laid back on the bed and drifted off into a light doze, a smile etched on his lips.

A little over an hour later, he woke up and finally got out of bed for the day. After fixing himself lunch, consisting of stale bread, ham and cheese, along with a bruised apple, Harry went back up to his room to write a couple of letters and read up on some defensive magic. When he put his books down a couple of hours later, he pulled out a small black book, magically locked to only open with a drop of his blood. Inside, were all of his notes and plans for finding and destroying Voldemort and his Horcruxes. His notes were regrettably short, only a few pages of scribbles and speculations. It was a long, boring few hours wait for Tonks to get back. In that time, the question he kept asking himself was if he should tell Tonks.

Four hours later, Tonks stumbled in the front door, a worn, tired expression on her face and her hair dull and limp.

"Rough day?" Harry asked, taking the suitcase she carried with her.

“You have no idea.” she muttered. “Dawlish and I arrested two wizards for selling fake protective amulets today, and Scrimgeour, in his infinite wisdom, decided they must be Death Eaters and sent them to Azkaban.”

“I read about them doing to same thing to Stan Shunpike. He’s no more a Death Eater than I am.” Harry growled angrily as he led her up to his bedroom.

“I know.” she said with a sigh, plopping down on the bed with a loud creak. “It’s ridiculous, we’re arresting petty criminals and they’re calling them Death Eaters just so it looks like their doing something. In the meantime, they refuse to let us go after any of the people who know are Death Eaters. We have no idea how many have infiltrated the Ministry, and even if we did, we have no way to stop them because of fucking politics.”

Tonks flopped back on the bed and dug the heels of her palms into her eyes. Harry walked over and sat down next to her to run his fingers soothingly through her hair. She let out a contented sigh and closed her eyes, leaning her head into his hand.

“Honestly, I’ve been thinking about quitting. It just doesn’t feel like I can do any good there anymore.” she admitted. “Remus and Kingsley think I should stay to keep gathering information, but I don’t see the point now that the Order’s fallen apart.”

Tonks opened her eyes and turned her head slightly to look up at him, her eyes conveying how lost she felt.

“What do you think?” she asked.

“I think,” Harry said slowly, coming to a decision. “You need to know what’s really going on.”

She looked at him curiously as he got up from the bed and grabbed his black notebook. Sitting back down, he pressed his thumb against a small indentation in the cover just as Tonks sat up to watch him. He felt a slight prick as it tested his blood and a moment later the lock popped

open. Looking at her intently, he handed it to her and started the long explanation of everything he knew about Voldemort.

It took over an hour from him to tell her everything and answer all of her questions. When he was done, her hair was a limp, mousey brown and her face looked a few shades paler. Harry sat silently, giving her time to wrap her head around everything. He knew better than anyone how much of a mind fuck it was to be told nothing for so long and then have everything dumped on you at once.

“Why didn’t he tell us?” she asked, more to herself than him.

“He wanted to keep it as secret as possible.” he told her with a shrug.

“But he expected you to do this *alone!* That’s mad, he could have told someone, anyone that could help you!” she ranted angrily, her hair turning red and lifting up.

“It gets worse.” he said quietly.

“Worse!? How could it possibly get worse?” she asked agitatedly.

Harry sighed and looked at her intently, his sharp green eyes boring into her light blue orbs. This was something he hadn’t even told Ron and Hermione yet. With the way they had acted the year before, refusing to believe him about Malfoy and pretending that everything had gone back to normal. It had hurt that they lost their trust in him, but with how things turned out at the Ministry, he couldn’t blame them. He didn’t even fault them for wanting to pretend everything was nice and normal when they returned to Hogwarts. If he could, he would have done the same, and that was the only reason he hadn’t called them out on it. With everything they had been through because of him, they deserved to have as much of a normal life as possible. Now though, he knew he needed help, more than just what Ron and Hermione could give him.

“I lost a lot of trust in Dumbledore after what happened at the Ministry. If he had just told me what was happening, even just part of it, maybe...”

“It wasn’t your fault, Harry.” Tonks said earnestly, taking his hand in hers.

“I know.” he said softly, giving her a brief smile. “Anyways, I got sick of him hiding things from me, so I placed a listening device in his office.”

He paused, waiting for her reaction, and was relieved when he merely smiled at him.

“Ballsy.”

Harry smiled at her gratefully and gave her hand a small squeeze. Pulling out his wand, he tapped it against the notebook in her hand.

“I solemnly swear to beat Voldemort.” he said.

Black ink slowly faded into view on the blank pages, filling most of the book with his messy scrawl. Now, the book contained every word said in the Headmaster’s office over the last year. Most of it was useless, but a few sections were marked off and had notes scribbled in the margins.

“He planned it, all of it.” Harry said. “He knew he was dying and had Snape kill him to protect Malfoy.”

Tonks looked at him sharply.

“He put the whole school at risk just to save that little twat?” Tonks asked angrily.

"Yeah." he said, nodding. "He nearly killed Katie and Ron, and we're lucky the Death Eaters that broke in didn't kill anyone else."

"What the fuck was he thinking?" she growled, flipping through the pages forcefully.

"I wish I knew."

Harry leaned on his side, thinking quietly as Tonks read through his notebook, muttering angrily now and then.

"Harry?" she called out in a shaky voice a couple of minutes later.

"Hmm?"

"Is this true?" she asked, pointing to a passage marked with numerous scribbled and crossed out notes.

He knew without reading it what it said.

"Yes, I'm a Horcrux." he answered. "As long as I'm alive, Voldemort can't die."

"No! That can't--"

"It's true." Harry said firmly, giving her a sympathetic look. "There's more to it though. Dumbledore thinks that if Voldemort hits me with a Killing Curse while I willingly sacrifice myself, it will kill the Horcrux, but I'll survive."

"That's insane!" she growled in frustration. "There has to be another way."

“There isn’t.” he said, shaking his head. “Look, I know it sounds crazy, and I lost a lot of trust for Dumbledore, but he knew more about this than anyone and he spent years looking for an answer. I hate to admit it, but this is probably my best chance at surviving.”

There was a long silence as Tonks flipped through his notes some more, but not really reading what was there. With an explosive sigh, she set the book down and looked at him closely.

“Are you okay?” she asked, her tone laced with concern.

“No.” he admitted. “It hurts that after everything I did, he still didn’t trust me.”

Tonks scooted closer to him and wrapped her arms around him in a gentle hug. They sat like that for moment until her stomach growled loudly. They both chuckled and pulled back.

“Come on.” Harry said, climbing off the bed and helping her to her feet. “Let’s go get some food.”

Hand in hand, Harry led her out of the house and down the street in companionable silence.

“How are you so calm about all this?” Tonks asked suddenly.

“I’ve had a lot more time to think about it.” Harry told her with a smile.

Soon, they neared a small shopping center where he knew there was a couple of restaurants, but he had never been to them before.

“There’s an Italian place on the corner, Indian two doors down that way,” he said, pointing to his right. “And I think there’s a steakhouse close by.”

Tonks shrugged. "Italian sounds good."

Nodding, Harry led her over to the small, family run business and they were quickly seated in a secluded corner booth by a pretty, dark haired waitress. After they ordered, the silence between them started to grow awkward before Tonks finally spoke up.

"So, how come you and Ginny broke up?" she asked out of the blue.

Harry sat back and sighed. "Honestly, it just didn't feel right. It felt like I was pretending to be something I wasn't, like I was trying too hard to be normal."

"I think I get it." she said.

He looked at her with a raised eyebrow questioningly.

"I haven't had the best luck with relationships." she admitted. "With my ability to change, sometimes it felt like I was trying to be who they wanted me to be, rather than just being myself. Not that I don't mind changing for a bit of fun, but it felt like I was pretending to be someone I wasn't all the time."

"Is that what attracted you to Remus?" he asked curiously.

He had wondered why she chose Remus. To him, they didn't seem like a good match, but then again, he didn't exactly have a wealth of knowledge when it came to relationships.

"Partly. I knew a war was coming and I was looking for someone I could have a long-term relationship with. When I met Remus, I was just drawn to him. He's had such a hard life and I felt like I could make him happy. It's just-"

Tonks cut off when their waitress showed up with their food. Harry thanked her and waited until she was gone to talk again.

“It’s just what?” he asked.

Tonks hesitated and picked at her food, making him wonder if he was pushing her too far.

“You don’t have to talk about it if you don’t want to.” he assured her.

“No, it’s fine.” she said, giving him a small smile. “It’s just, it seems like I care about him a lot more than he cares about me.”

Tonks sighed and her shoulders sagged, giving him the impression that this was something that had bothered her for a while, and this was the first time she voiced it out loud.

“Don’t get me wrong, I know he loves me. I just wish he would show me once in a while.” she finished sadly, her hair wilting slightly. “I don’t know, maybe I’m being stupid. What do you think?”

Harry shrugged and swallowed his mouthful of manicotti before answering.

“I’m not good with relationships or feelings, but I suppose the most important thing is, does he make you happy?”

Tonks lapsed into silence as they ate. Tired of all the heavy talk, Harry changed the subject and started asking her about what kind of music she liked and what she did for fun. Quickly, their conversation grew more relaxed and livelier as they talked, joked and laughed. After they finished eating, they walked to a nearby grocery store and picked up enough food for the next few days. Slipping behind the store, she shrunk the bags and stowed them in her pocket before they made the short trek back to Privet Drive. Tonks noticed one of his neighbors he recognized as Mrs. Polkiss, Pierce Polkiss’ mother, watching them from between her curtains. She gave her

a cheery wave before she turned to Harry. Grabbing the back of his head, she kissed him aggressively. Several long seconds later, when she pulled back, she turned back to Mrs. Polkiss and gave the scandalized woman a wink.

They broke into laughter when she slammed her curtains closed and continued their walk back to Number Four. When they stepped inside, Tonks quickly threw the groceries in the refrigerator and took him by the hand. With a sultry look, she led him up the stairs to his room, her hips swaying provocatively in front of him. As soon as he pulled the door to his room closed, Tonks pushed him up against it and kissed him hard, her large breasts squashed flat against his muscular chest. Harry slid his hands up her side and around her back, gently caressing her. Biting his bottom lip, she pulled back, stretching it out until it slipped free, her teeth scraping across the skin.

“You can make love to me later.” Tonks said softly.

Harry raised an eyebrow at her, a little confused at what she was trying to get at.

“Right now, I need you to fuck me.” she said seductively.

Smiling at her crookedly, he slid his hands down her back and grabbed her full, round ass, lifting her up. With a predatory grin, she wrapped her arms and legs around him tightly as he carried her over to the bed. Setting her down on the edge of the mattress, he grabbed the bottom of her Weird Sisters t-shirt and pulled it up over her head, revealing her black bra underneath. As soon as he tossed it to the floor, she hurriedly yanked his shirt over his head before reaching back to unclasp her bra and free her perky tits. Quickly, Harry opened her pants and pulled them off, leaving her in only a pair of simple black panties before pulling off his pants and underwear. His mostly hard cock hung down inches from her face as she stared at his member with a hungry gaze, her pink tongue peeking out to lick her lips.

Harry shoved her back on the bed and attacked her tits, gripping them roughly as he sucked and nipped at her full, pale orbs. Tonks arched her back, hissing as his teeth scraped over her puffy areola and stiff nipple. Her breasts suddenly grew larger in his hands by a full cup size, smooth, pale flesh bulging out from between his fingers. Letting go of her tits, he grabbed her panties

and yanked them off of her hurriedly, only to stop suddenly when he saw a tuft of pink hair above her mound in the shape of a lightning bolt.

“I thought I'd redecorate. Whacha think?” she asked playfully.

Harry chuckled and shook his head. Reaching forward, he ran his fingers through the short, curly hair softly before gripping a patch suddenly and giving it a firm tug. Tonks bit her lip and moaned, bucking her hips upwards. Smirking at her, he grabbed his rigid cock at the base and slapped it down on her damp slit several times, drawing a desperate whine from her throat.

“For Merlin’s sake, stop teasing me and fuck me already!” she yelled at him.

Wedging his engorged head between her tight pink lips, he held himself poised at her entrance and leaned over her. With a single, brutal thrust, Harry drove his entire length into her hot, wet core. Tonks threw her head back and screamed out in satisfaction, her face a rictus of pleasure. Drawing his cock out slowly, until only his head remained trapped between her lips, he gave a second brutal thrust. Her breasts rocked on her chest, the soft flesh rippling and jiggling from the force of the impact as another pleased yell tore from her throat.

“Faster.” she begged breathily, her nails digging into his back.

Sliding his arms under her shoulders, Harry lifted her up in an impressive show of strength and crawled onto the bed, laying her down in the middle. Pushing himself up on his toes, he drew half his hard length out of her before slamming back in at a much faster pace. Like a jackhammer, he pulled halfway out before plowing back in over and over rapidly, his thighs clapping against hers. Below him, Tonks continued to moan and yelp in pleasure, her fat tits flopping back and forth on her chest and nearly slapping her chin. Grabbing the back of his head, she pulled him down for a fierce kiss, their lips separating regularly so they could pant for air.

Tensing under him, her body quivered as she moaned into his mouth as her walls spasmed around his shaft. Her climax continued to build for several long moments before she finally

reached her peak with a scream. With her nails digging painfully into his skin as her pussy gripped down on his length, her fluttering walls hugging his length tightly.

“Oh fuck, yes!” she hissed, bucking her hips.

Collapsing limply on the bed, she let go of him enough that he was able to move. Pulling his cock out of her dripping slit, he grabbed her hips and rolled her over onto her front and pulled her up onto her hands and knees. Spreading her cheeks apart, he ran his thumb over her wrinkled hole, and she surprised him by letting out a wanton moan.

“Harry?” she said nervously.

“Well, you said you wanted it rough.” Harry said.

Grabbing his cock, he guided it to her wet pussy and sank into her. Pulling back a moment later, he lined himself up with her puckered hole and pushed firmly until her ring gave way and his bloated head forced its way into her tight hole. Tonks fell to her elbows with a loud groan, clutching tightly at the bedding.

“Holy shit!”

Raising his hand, Harry smacked her ass lightly, causing Tonks to jerk in surprise and unintentionally drive him deeper into herself with a moan. Gripping her hips tightly, he started sawing back and forth gently, slowly sinking more and more of his shaft into her depths. Gradually, Tonks relaxed, and Harry was able to move faster and deeper. As she relaxed, her moans grew louder, and she started pushing herself back against him.

“Oh fuck! That feels so good.” she moaned. “I should have tried this years ago.”

“You’ve never tried anal before?” he asked, slowing his thrusts.

“Un uh.”

“Well, I’ll have to give you a proper buggering, then.” he said just as he bottomed out for the first time.

Pulling back so only his head remained lodged in her tight ring. Tonks panted in anticipation as he paused there from a breath before driving back in, filling and stretching her tight rear with his wide cock. Letting out a long, low moan, her passage spasmed around him wildly. Pumping his hips back and forth at a steady pace, he pushed her to a thunderous climax after just a few thrusts. Clawing at the sheets, she let out a short, high-pitched squeal that was cut off when her breath caught on her throat. Harry was forced to nearly stop his movements when her passage clamped down on his length tightly. Stroking her back soothingly, she relaxed after a few moments, giving him the opportunity to move again. Desperate for his own climax, he let loose and slammed his throbbing cock into her with savage thrusts.

Harry huffed from the exertion, sweat dripping down his damp fringe as her round cheeks rippled when his hips clapped loudly against her ass. Tonks was reduced to a moaning, screaming mess under him, her voice becoming increasingly hoarse. Gripping her hips tightly enough hard enough to leave marks behind, he pulled her back each time he drove forward, her passage spasming wildly around him. It didn’t take long for Harry to feel his climax quickly approach, his balls churning with the need to fill her. At the last second, he remembered the whole point of this was to get her pregnant. With a supreme force of will, he pulled out of her ass and slammed into her drooling core desperately. As he did, Tonks screamed out her third orgasm from the sudden, unexpected intrusion.

As her walls spasmed around him, massaging his length, Harry came with a bestial roar. Streams of hot cum rocketed out of his throbbing, pulsing cock, splattering against her convulsing walls and filling her core. Bending over to lay across her back, he bit and sucked at the side of her neck, turning her delicate skin red as he continued to pump her full. When his climax waned, he fell to the side, taking her with him and letting his spent member to slip out of her. Wrapping his arm around her, cupping one of her breasts, he pulled her to his chest. Tonks, still trembling from her latest orgasm, moaned contentedly and snuggled back into him.

“Thank you.” she whispered.

Harry wasn't quite sure what she was thanking him for, but he got the distinct feeling her words carried more meaning than he understood.

"Anytime." he said, kissing her neck softly.

He laid awake for a few more minutes as she drifted off to sleep, wondering how he was going to be able to let her go when their week was up.

Chapter 3

"I'm bored." Tonks said as she hung her head off the side of his bed, a copy of Witch Weekly sitting on her stomach. "Let's go somewhere."

"Where?" Harry asked while he finished tying a letter to Hermione onto Hedwig's leg.

Lifting his arm, Hedwig flapped her wings and took flight through the window just as Tonks sat up with a smile on her face.

"I have an idea, come on." she said, grabbing his hand.

Pulling him out of the room, she led him down the stairs and out the front door. Hand in hand, they walked down the quiet street in the direction of the park. As they walked in silence, he looked over at Tonks and smiled at the look of excitement on her face. She was only going to be staying with him for a few more days, and he was really going to miss her when she left. A small, selfish part of him wanted to ask her to leave Remus and stay with him, to tell her that he would never take her for granted, but his conscience wouldn't let him. He would just have to watch her go and hope she was happy.

When they reached the park, she pulled him into the alley where he had encountered the Dementors the summer before his fifth year. Tightening her grip on his hand, Tonks twisted,

and he felt the squeezing sensation of Disapparating. A moment later, with a loud pop, they reappeared in a completely different alley.

“Where are we?” Harry asked.

“Devon. This is where I grew up.” she told him with a smile “Well, partially. We used to live in Essex, but when I was eight, I accidentally changed my hair color and made a girl’s hair fall out in the middle of a school play. The Obliviators did what they could, but people still looked at me funny after that, so we ended up moving.”

“You made a girl’s hair fall out?” Harry asked humorously as she pulled him out of the alley and onto a street lined with shops.

“She took the character I wanted to be in the play.” she said with a shrug. “This way.”

Still holding his hand, she led him down the street. Harry saw a few interesting shops, but Tonks seemed to know exactly where she wanted to go. Taking a left at the end of the street, they walked a little further before she turned again and pulled him into what was unmistakably a sex shop. Out front, the shop windows were covered with thick black curtains with only purple neon signs advertising what was inside. On the inside, the store was much more well-lit than he expected.

Directly in front of them was the counter, manned by a bored looking young woman who appeared to be in twenties. She had black hair with the tips dyed red, and a number of piercings on her ears, nose, and lip. She glanced up from her cell phone as they walked in but went back to it a moment later.

“Lookin’ for anything?” the girl asked while staring at her phone.

“Just browsing.” Tonks said as she pulled him deeper into the shop.

They walked past an isle full of dildos of all shapes, sizes, and colors on one side, and whips, harnesses, and restraints hanging from the wall on the other side. Harry felt entirely out of place and was glad no one else was in the store. Tonks led him past all of that and took him to the back of the shop where the clothes racks were, although, call them clothes was being generous. Most of the items on the rack were very revealing outfits in a mixture of silk, cotton, leather, and what looked like rubber. Browsing through the racks, Tonks picked out a few different sets of lingerie, including one that involved a bustier.

“Have a seat while I try these on.” she told him with a bright grin on her face.

Stepping into a small changing booth with a body length mirror on one wall and a tiny bench on the other, she slid the black curtain closed. Harry sat down in the chair next to the changing room and looked around as he waited for her to change. A couple of minutes later, he was just starting to get bored when the curtain slid open, and Tonks stepped out.

His eyes widened and his jaw dropped at the skimpy lingerie she was wearing. His eyes traveled up her toned, smooth legs to the pair of black, lacy panties that sat high on her hips. The material covering her crotch was so thin he could see the strip of pink, lightning bolt shaped hair above her mound. Continuing up, he gazed at her thin, athletic stomach to the thin, black see-through bra that covered her fantastic breasts.

“What do you think?” she asked with a smirk.

“Uh, wow!” Harry breathed.

Tonks chuckled at the look on his face and turned around to back into the changing room. As she turned, Harry got an excellent view of her barely covered ass before the curtain slid closed. Blowing out a hard breath, he was glad he was sitting, which made it easier to hide his erection.

Tonks tried on three more outfits. The first of which was a red set that, while not as see-through as the first, had a thong that he greatly enjoyed seeing on her incredible bum. The second was black and red set with a bustier top that pushed her breasts up and together fantastically. The third was a dark blue pair of lingerie that came with a garter belt and stocks

that really set off her legs. After she turned and went back into the changing room, giving him another great view of her fantastic ass, he waited anxiously to see what she would come out in next.

“Harry, can you come help me for a sec?” she asked after a couple of minutes.

Glancing around to make sure he was still alone; Harry stood and took a second to adjust his erection into a more comfortable position. Pulling the curtain open, he quickly slipped inside and closed it behind him before turning around. Tonks had her back to him, wearing a set of dark purple panties and another bustier. She turned her head and looked over her shoulder at him.

“Can you get the clasp at the top? I can’t reach it.” she said.

“Sure.” he said.

Reaching forward, he did up the top two clasps at the back bustier that were still undone. With how small the changing room was, he ended up pressed against her back, with his erection rubbing against her cheeks. As soon as he was done, Tonks turned around with a smirk on her lips, her eyes sparkling mischievously.

The bustier she was wearing had no cup, leaving her bare breasts exposed. He swore they looked bigger than she normally kept them as she bent her arms over her head and posed for him. She laughed at the gob smacked look on his face and wrapped her arms around his neck, her bare breasts flattening against his chest.

“You like?” she asked, her violet eyes sparkling.

Instead of answering with words, Harry pulled her to him tightly and kissed her passionately. She moaned into his mouth as his slid from her hips to her full, toned ass, squeezing it firmly. Taking his bottom lip between her teeth, Tonks pulled back until it slipped free and smiled up at him.

“Ready to go home?” she asked.

She giggled as he nodded quickly and stared at him lustfully. Giving him another brief kiss, she slid her hands down to his chest and then, with a shove, pushed him out of the changing room. Smiling in anticipation, Harry sat back down and waited for her to change.

A couple of minutes of later, Tonks came back out wearing her original clothes, the pile of lingerie hung over her arms. As he stood up to follow her to the register, she grabbed a pair of handcuffs off the wall and threw them on top. The girl at the front rang up their purchases with a bored expression and stuffed them into a bag. After Tonks paid with cash, she pulled him back outside and they retraced their path.

On the way, they passed a tattoo parlor just as a young woman came out with her friends, showing off a new tattoo just above the waistband of her tight jeans. Next to him, Tonks sighed wistfully.

“I really wish I could get a tattoo.” she said.

“Why can’t you?” Harry asked curiously.

“Because I’m a Metamorphmagus, it would just disappear after I changed. Something about my skin changing too much.” she told him.

Harry squeezed her hand, wishing there was something he could do to help. A moment later, a thought sprang to mind.

“Hey, Tonks. You can change the color of your skin, can’t you?” he asked.

“Yeah. Why, you have something in mind?” she asked, wiggling her eyebrows at him.

Harry snorted and shook his head.

“Not like that.” he said with a smile. “I was just thinking, if you can change the color of your skin, couldn’t you, I don’t know, morph yourself a tattoo?”

Tonks’ eye went wide and sparkled with excitement. Gripping his hand tightly, she rushed forward, quickly pulled him into an empty alley, and Disapparated. With a louder than normal *pop*, they ended up back at the park near Privet Drive. Stumbling slightly, Tonks dragged him back to Number Four, nearly jogging in her excitement.

When they got to the house, she let go of his hand and rushed up the stairs to the bathroom. Smiling and shaking his head, Harry picked up the bag she dropped and took it up to his room. Just as he set it on the bed, he heard a squeal from the bathroom. With the sound of running footsteps, Tonks came running into the room wearing only a white bra and tackled him onto the bed with a massive grin on her face.

“Look!” she told him excitedly as she sat up on his waist.

Propping himself up on his elbows, Harry looked at her stomach, just below her belly button, where there was now a black tattoo of the Hufflepuff crest. Smiling, her reached out and ran his fingers over it.

“I can even change it, look.” she said.

Scrunching her face up in concentration, the tattoo seemed to come alive and move on her skin as it changed to read, ‘Property of Harry Potter’, with an arrow pointing down below the waist of her jeans.

“You are brilliant.” she said, radiating happiness. “Although, my mum won’t be too happy with you. She was pretty relieved when she found out I couldn’t get tattoos.”

Laughing at the thought, Tonks leaned down to kiss him deeply and slowly, her tongue caressing every inch of his mouth. When she pulled back a few moments later, she ground herself down onto his protruding erection and giggled when he groaned.

“You mind if we try something a bit different tonight?” she asked, her smile turning mischievous.

“Like what?” Harry asked.

“I was thinking we could do a bit of roleplaying.” she said as she wiggled in his lap.

“Okay.” he said with a shrug, running his hands up and down her bare sides.

Smiling, she leaned down and kissed him briefly before sitting up and scooting back off the bed. He watched her face go from sultry to wide eyed surprise as she suddenly let out a squeal and fell below his line of sight to land on the floor with a *thud*. Harry covered his mouth, doing his best to stifle a laugh as she popped back up to her feet.

“Shut it.” she said as she glared and pointed at him threateningly, all while a smile tugged at her lips.

Harry raised his hands in surrender, but could hold back a silent chuckle, his stomach twitching under his shirt.

Tonks lost the battle and broke out in laughter. Harry sat up and put his hands on her hips.

“You okay?” he asked smiling.

“I hurt my bum.” she pouted playfully.

“Aw. You want me to kiss it better?” he asked as he slid his hand around to her ass and caressed her cheeks softly.

She laughed as he pulled her forward and, because she was standing, her breasts ended up right in his face. Burying his face between her soft, pillowy mounds, he kissed the exposed part of her breasts.

“I said my bum, not my breasts.” she teased.

“Better safe than sorry.” he said, his voice muffled by her chest.

Her laugh turned into a squeak as he suddenly stood up, picking her up as he did, and tossed her onto the bed on her back. Grabbing her hips, he rolled her over onto her stomach as she giggled. Running his hands up her jean clad bum, he bent down and peppered both of her cheeks with kisses.

“Feel better.” he asked.

“Mh hm.” she murmured.

“Good.” he said.

Sitting up, Harry smacked her ass lightly. Tonks squealed and jumped off the bed. Sticking her tongue out at him, she grabbed her bag of clothes from the store, along with some other clothes from the wardrobe, and headed for the door.

“I’m going to go get changed, just play along when I get back.” she said with a wink as she closed the door behind her.

Leaning back on the bed, Harry smiled as he watched her leave. He was *really* going to miss her when she left, he thought. Climbing to his feet, he fixed the rumpled blankets on the bed and picked up some of the stray clothes on the floor while he waited for her to get back. A few minutes later, the door banged open, startling him, and Tonks strode in wearing her Auror uniform. His hand reached for his wand in his pocket, worried something was happening.

Before he could say anything, Tonks raised her wand and disarmed him. He watched in surprise as his wand sailed across the room, where she caught it deftly. A moment later, thick ropes snaked out of her wand and wrapped tightly around his arms and chest.

“Harry Potter. By order of the Ministry, you’re under arrest.” she said officiously.

It took him a second to realize this was part of whatever game she wanted to play, and he relaxed. Feeling a bit foolish, he played along.

“What for?” he asked.

“For failing to provide critical information to a Ministry official.” she said.

Walking into the room, Tonks kicked the door closed behind her. With a flick of her wand, the chair behind him slid forward until the seat hit him in the back of the knees, sending him falling into the seat with a grunt.

“You’re going to tell me everything Dumbledore told you about You-Know-Who.” Tonks said as she stood over him.

“I’m not telling you anything.” Harry said.

Tonks smiled darkly and bent down to lean her face close to his with her hands on the back of the chair. The front of her robes fell forward, giving him a teasing glimpse at her cleavage.

"I have ways of making you talk." she whispered huskily.

Harry continued to look at her defiantly as she straightened up and moved around behind him. Grabbing his hands, she cuffed them around the back of the chair and vanished the ropes holding him. He struggled against the cuffs briefly, testing their strength and finding they were solidly built. Trailing her hand along his shoulder, she walked back around in front of him and leaned her face close to his again, her hands resting on her knees.

"How is You-Know-Who still alive? What is he planning?" she asked, her minty breath washing over his face.

"I don't know." he told her.

"Oh, come on, Harry. I know Dumbledore told you something." she said, leaning forward until her lips were a hair's breadth away from his. "I can make it worth your while if you tell me."

Harry fought the urge to lean forward and press his lips to hers. He found this game of hers much more exciting than he thought it would be, and he anxious to see where she would take it.

"No?" she asked, pulling back a couple of inches. "Maybe you need a little more persuasion."

Taking her right hand off the arm of the chair, she placed it on his knee and slowly inched up towards the growing bulge in his trousers. Her fingers traced along his rapidly hardening shaft of his erection, lightly following the outline it made in his jeans.

"Mmh, that feels promising." she murmured.

Dropping to her knees, Tonks nimbly unbuckled his belt and opened his fly. Reaching in with her hand, she grasped his erection and pulled it out into the open. She stroked him casually, her hand running up and down his length lightly, until he reached peak hardness.

“Well now, that is impressive. Much bigger than the last guy I interrogated.” she said before looking up at him. “Are you ready to tell me what I want to know?”

“I don’t know anything.” he told her breathlessly.

“Oh, I doubt that.” she said with a smirk.

Leaning forward, Tonks stuck out her tongue and licked him from base to tip. His length pulsed eagerly against her tongue, a drop of excitement leaking from the tip. She licked it up while staring at him, her violet eyes dancing with arousal and playfulness. Licking all around his shaft, she coated it lightly in her saliva before opening her lips and wrapping her mouth around his head. Harry closed his eyes and groaned as her hot, wet mouth enveloped his tip, her tongue swirling around his engorged head.

Tonks began bobbing her head up and down, gradually taking more and more of his length with each descent. When she reached halfway down his shaft, she paused to look up at him before slowly pulling back up to the head. Harry couldn’t help but buck his hips, desperately trying to drive his cock back into her warm, welcoming mouth. Holding his hips to keep him in place, Tonks suddenly dove down, burying his entire length in her throat and pressing her nose against his groin. Harry gasped and groaned as her throat worked around him and her tongue wriggled along the base of his shaft.

After several excruciatingly pleasurable seconds, she pulled back while sucking hard until her lips came off of his head with a *pop*.

“Are you ready to talk?” she asked, wiping a string of spit off of her chin.

“I told you, I don’t know anything.” he told her.

“Are you sure?” she asked as she stroked him. “I’ll let you come wherever you want, my face, my tits, I’ll even swallow your whole load if you want.”

“Dumbledore never told me anything.” he said, his cock throbbing in her hand.

“I’m sure you know something.” she said, turning her head to kiss his shaft. “All you have to do is tell me and I’ll do anything you want.”

Before he could say anything, she dove back onto his cock and bobbed her head rapidly. Over and over again, she took him to the base, her nose bouncing off of his groin as thick strands of spit covered his length. Harry felt himself rapidly being driven to a climax as she brutally fucked him with her own throat. Though he knew she could easily swallow him, Tonks intentionally made loud, wet gagging sounds each time she deepthroated him, further pushing him towards his peak. Just as his balls clenched, preparing to unload their contents directly into her stomach, she pulled off of him completely, causing him to groan in frustration. His cock bobbed in front of him, the head a swollen and angry red.

“Tell me what I want to know.” Tonks said as she stroked him, keeping him just on the edge. “Tell me and I’ll let you cum anywhere you want.”

“I don’t know anything.” Harry bit out through gritted teeth.

“You really are impressive, you know that, Harry.” she said with a smile. “Most of the guys I deal with would have given up a long time ago.”

Letting go of his aching cock, she stood up and leaned over him again with a smirk on her face. Harry could tell by her look she had something planned, and he was really curious as to what she would do next.

“I’m really going to enjoy breaking you.” she whispered seductively.

Kissing him softly, Tonks stood back up and undid the clasps of her robe. Sliding it off her shoulders, it dropped to the floor to reveal she was wearing her dark blue underwear with garter belt and stocking underneath. As his eyes trailed down her incredible body, he noticed

something very different to what she had tried on in the store. The panties she wore this time were completely crotchless, leaving her tight, wet slit on display.

Sauntering up to him, she straddled the chair and sat down on his lap facing him. Trapping his cock between his stomach and her mound, she rolled her hips, grinding herself on his length. She grabbed his hair roughly and yanked his head back before kissing him hard, her tongue invading his mouth. As they kissed, she continued rolling her hips, coating his already spit soaked cock in her arousal. Pulling back to break the kiss, she lifted herself up and reached down with one hand to line him up with her entrance. Wedging his head between her lips, she paused and looked at him as she wrapped her arms around his neck.

“I love this part.” she said.

Suddenly, Tonks dropped her full weight down on him, spearing his cock into her depths. Both of them gasped at the sensation while she fluttered around him from the sudden, harsh invasion. After taking a moment to adjust to his size, she started rolling her hips back and forth with him buried to the hilt in her tight, hot pussy. Reaching for her bra, she pulled the cups down under her breasts, making them look even more perky than usual as they jiggled with her movements.

“Will you tell me now, Harry?” she asked as she started bouncing lightly on his cock.

Harry shook his head, barely able to think about the question from the pleasure he was feeling.

Tonks grabbed his hair roughly again and pulled his head back while gradually riding him harder and faster. She kissed along his jaw, moving back to his ear.

“Tell me and I'll let you go.” she whispered with a moan. “You can do anything you want to me. I'll let you fuck me with your big, hard cock for as long as you want.”

Harry nearly gave in just to have his hands free so he could grab her big, bouncing tits. His pride, however, held him back and he managed to stay quiet. Tonks took that as a no and

started riding him even faster, her breasts bouncing deliciously as she practically jumped up and down on his cock. She moaned and panted into his ear while sucking and biting at his neck, undoubtedly leaving red marks behind.

With how close he had been before, it didn't take long for him to climb back near his peak. His hips bucked as he raced towards his climax, desperate to finally finish. Tonks sensed he was close and stopped riding him abruptly. Instead, she sat down on his lap and ground herself on him as she rolled her hips. She whined and moaned as her clit ground against his groin and quickly climbed to her peak. Her movement weren't enough to get him off though, so Harry could only groan in frustration while trying to buck up into her.

"Tell me what you know, and you can come with me, Harry." she whispered while panting and moaning lewdly into his ear. "Please, I'd would love to feel you filling me with all of your hot cum."

Harry growled at her teasing and desperately wished he could get the damned hand cuffs off so he could teach her a lesson. Surprisingly, as if his magic was listening, he felt the cuff pop open just as Tonks reached her climax. Smirking, Harry slipped his hands out of the cuff while she trembled in his lap and her walls fluttered wildly around him. Wrapping his arms around her to grab her ass, he stood up, lifting her with him and smiled at the shocked look on her face. Carrying her over to the wall, he pinned her against it and started slamming into her furiously before her climax had even ended. Tonks gasped and arched her back, thrusting her breasts up at him.

"Harry!" she gasped between breaths, her nails digging into his shoulder.

"Now it's my turn you little slut." Harry growled as he pounded her hard enough to shake the wall behind her.

"Wait, you can't cum in me. I'll get pregnant." she said before letting out a long moan while quivering in his arms, a second climax crashing over her.

“Good.” he grunted, solely focused on finally reaching his peak as he hammered her against the wall.

“I’m married.” she gasped even as she held him tightly and bucked his hips in time with his thrusts.

“You’re mine now.” he growled possessively, turning his head to bite her neck lightly.

It only took a few more thrusts to send him tumbling over the edge. His cock swelled and pulsed as he buried himself as deep into her pussy as possible. With each pulse of his cock, his ass flexed, driving him that much deeper into her clutching depths with every jet of cum that leapt from his tip.

“Harry.” Tonks whined as she reached her third climax in as many minutes, her eyes rolling into the back of her head.

His orgasm seemed to go on minutes, filling her to the point that his own cum leaking out around his shaft. Collapsing against her, his climax finally came to an end, leaving his head in a cloud of ecstasy. Tonks continued to shake and moan as he lifted her off the wall and carried her over to the bed. Laying her down on her back, he pulled his softening length out of her and watched as a flood of white cum leaked from between her lips.

If she wasn’t pregnant before, she definitely is now, he thought.

Digging through her robe, he pulled out her wand and used it to clean them both before he crawled onto the bed next to her. Tonks latched onto his side and cuddled up to him. Lifting her head, she kissed him softly on the lips before resting her head on his chest.

“Thank you.” she said tiredly.

“That was a lot more fun than I thought it would be.” Harry admitted.

“Mhh, I have a lot more ideas we can try later.” she said, smiling.

Suddenly, Tonks sat up, took off her bra, and rubbed her breasts.

“As good as that makes the girls look, it really starts to hurt after a while.” she said before laying back down on his chest.

“Want me to massage them for you?” he asked, reaching up to cup one of her breasts.

“Knock yourself out. I'm gonna take a nap.” she murmured.

Harry smiled and kissed the top of her head while gently caressing her breast. As she drifted off to sleep, he wondered what ideas she would come up with next.