

Chapter 10

As Amelia walked past Susan's bedroom, she caught sight of her niece packing her trunk for her return to Hogwarts the next day. Pausing, she leaned against the door frame and watched the young woman. In the last few weeks, she'd felt like the rift that had grown between them since Susan had first left for Hogwarts had been healed. Smiling, Amelia raised her hand and knocked.

"Oh, hi, auntie," Susan said with a happy smile.

"Do you have a minute?" Amelia asked.

"Sure," Susan said.

Walking into the room, Amelia sat down on the bed next to Susan.

"Listen, there's something I wanted to talk to you about," Amelia said, feeling slightly nervous. "How would you feel if I started dating?"

"Really?" Susan asked in surprise. "I mean, of course. Whatever makes you happy. But what brought this on? You've always said you don't have time for dating."

"Honestly, seeing how happy you and Harry are together," Amelia admitted with a smile. "It just got me thinking that it might be time to give it a try."

"Do you have someone in mind?" Susan asked.

"Maybe," Amelia said teasingly. "I'll let you know if something happens."

Smiling, Susan hugged her tightly. Unfortunately, the moment was ruined when they heard the sound of an explosion followed by the loud crack and crash of a tree falling to the ground.

“Sorry!” Harry yelled faintly in the distance.

“He’s training with Tonks again, isn’t he?” Amelia asked with a sigh.

Susan giggled and nodded.

“I swear he’s too powerful for his own good,” Amelia said, shaking her head. “Let’s go down and check on him before he destroys the house.”

Smiling, the two of them walked downstairs. They walked outside to find whatever spell Harry had used had completely blown apart the trunk of a large tree on the edge of the woods surrounding the house. Tonks laughed heartily as he tried and failed to fix it with a Repairing Charm.

“Do I want to know what happened?” Amelia asked.

“I was teaching him to tear down wards, in case he ever needs to,” Tonks said with a grin.

“You might want to use a stronger ward next time,” Amelia said wryly.

“That was the strongest ward I can cast,” Tonks told her. “He tore through the weaker ones.”

Amelia raised an eyebrow. While Tonks wasn’t an expert at wards, to see a Hogwarts student rip through them with enough power to shatter a tree a hundred yards away was shocking. Harry turned back and walked back from the wood line with a sheepish look on his face.

“Sorry,” he said.

Amelia shook her head fondly.

“Don’t worry about it,” she told him, then turned thoughtful. “How about you two show me what you can do?”

Harry and Tonks exchanged a look before Tonks shrugged. Amelia and Susan backed up as the two readied their wands and faced each other. Tonks moved first, sending out a simple Stunning Hex that Harry dodged with a simple twist of his torso while returning a Stunning Hex of his own. Tonks blocked it with a simple shield, only to stumble when a second, more powerful spell slammed into it an instant later. In a rather ungraceful spin, where Tonks narrowly missed being hit by an Incarcerous Jinx, she replied with a Knockback Jinx that forced Harry to duck.

One thing Amelia noticed immediately was the level of comfort and awareness Harry showed in a duel. He was able to move just far enough out of the way for a spell to skim within centimeters of hitting him without taking his attention away from Tonks. It was a high-risk technique that she’d never seen anyone use outside of showing off for one reason or another, but Harry made it work with shocking effectiveness. Without the need to constantly shield, he cast relentlessly, forcing Tonks to work much harder to protect herself, especially considering their weak spells.

“Step is up, Tonks!” Amelia barked.

Tonks immediately started casting more dangerous spells. Stunning Hexes and Knockback Jinxes were traded for Cutting and Bone-Breaking Curses. Harry’s eyes went wide, and he faltered momentarily in surprise, throwing up a shield for the first time.

“Auntie?” Susan asked worriedly.

“Just watch,” Amelia told her.

Fixing his jaw resolutely, Harry's eyes glinted determinedly as he settled back into a rhythm. With fluid, unerring accuracy, he danced between the vast majority of spells while sending back a barrage of his own. At times, a turn of his head was the only thing that separated him from a painful, fight-ending hit. Amelia licked her lips as she watched him stand toe to toe with one of her best Aurors. Tonks increasingly grew frustrated as Harry slipped her curses before hitting her hastily erected shield with enough force to rattle her bones, causing her to grimace with each punishing impact.

"What's going on?" Hermione asked as she rushed up from behind them.

"I'm testing Harry to see how much he's improved," Amelia answered, her eyes never leaving the duel.

"Isn't that dangerous?" she asked nervously.

"They know what they're doing. Nothing they're casting is lethal," Amelia assured her.

Where Harry continued his direct, focused attack, Tonks began throwing in unorthodox spells and techniques to try and gain the advantage. Smartly, she tried to limit his movement by entangling his feet by animating the grass, but Harry dispelled it with a negligent wave of his wand. Next, Tonks started using powerful jets of water and even fire that affected a wider area. While Harry had rarely used his shields before, they were more than strong enough to stop anything she could throw at him.

Growing exhausted, Tonks used a Choking Hex out of desperation. A non-lethal variant of the Asphyxiation Hex that cut off the flow of blood rather than air, Harry reached up to his neck when he felt it take effect. Amelia instantly knew he was in trouble when he tried to dispel it with a standard Cancellation Charm. Tonks tried to finish the duel quickly, but Harry continued to fight even as his face began to turn red.

His body began to weaken from the lack of blood to his brain, yet he refused to quit. Suddenly, he jabbed his wand forward while dropping to his knees, a bright, scarlet Stunning Hex

rocketing from his wand. Tonks' eyes went wide in surprise as she threw up a shield. Just as Harry collapsed onto his face, the Choking Hex dispelling itself as he fell unconscious, his spell ripped through Tonks' shield like it was parchment and sent her flying backwards, where she landed in an ungrateful heap with a groan.

"Harry!" Hermione yelled worriedly as she and Susan sprinted over to him.

Knowing he would be fine, Amelia walked over to check on Tonks.

"Bloody hell," she groaned, sitting up with a dazed look.

"Reennervate," Amelia incanted, her wand aimed at Tonks' chest.

Immediately, the young woman jolted fully awake and shook her head.

"Please don't tell me I just lost to a teenager," she said, laying back on the grass exhaustedly.

"I'd call it a draw, though if you had waited a split second longer to get that shield up, it wouldn't be," Amelia told her with a smirk. "If it makes you feel better, he doesn't fight like a teenager."

"You're tellin' me," Tonks sighed heavily. "He hits harder than Moody. My arms feel like noodles, and my hand stings like hell."

Smiling, Amelia held out her hand and helped Tonks to her feet.

"You okay, Tonks?" Harry asked as he walked over.

"I'm good," she assured him.

Harry sighed in relief and then grinned brightly.

“That was brilliant!” he said excitedly. “Can we do that again when we get back to Hogwarts?”

Hermione rolled her eyes at him while Susan shook her head.

“Sure, as soon as I can lift my arms again,” Tonks replied. “You did great, by the way, better than some of the Aurors I work with.”

“I’m not that good,” Harry said modestly.

“She right,” Amelia told him. “You did excellently, but you need to work on your spell knowledge, and I’m sure how I feel about your style. Dodging like that is effective, but it’s also extremely risky. All it takes is getting caught once.”

“I know, but every style runs that risk,” Harry said with a shrug. “From my experiences, it’s better to end a duel quickly, and I can do that better if I focus more on casting instead of defending.”

“We can talk more about that later. Why don’t we go inside and have lunch?” Amelia offered.

As Susan and Hermione led Harry back up to the house, she pulled tonks back until they were out of earshot.

“I want you to work with him on his dueling while you’re guarding him,” Amelia said. “With the amount of trouble he gets into, it might save his life one day.”

“Sure, boss,” Tonks said.



Harry heard Tonks groan and looked up from his book with a grin. She was face down on the couch, with Susan straddling her hips and massaging her back. Both of them were completely naked, giving him a rather distracting view as he tried to read up on the Hex Tonks had used on him.

“Having fun?” he asked teasingly.

“Mh hmm,” Tonks hummed, turning her head to face him. “How about you? You’re looking a little *stiff*.”

Reaching over, she ran her hand over the bulge in his jeans with a smirk.

“Do you two talk about anything other than sex?” Hermione asked.

“Not if I can help it,” Tonks said, then groaned when Susan dug her thumbs into the muscles on either side of her spine. “Mhh, that feels good.”

Closing her eyes, Tonks opened his pants and reached in to pull out his hardening erection. She caressed his length absently as she enjoyed the massage from Susan. Harry set his book down and looked at his girlfriend’s heavy bust wobble enticingly with her movements as she rubbed her mound against Tonks’ firm bum. Glancing over at Hermione, he caught her peeking over the top of her book at the hand slowly gliding up and down his shaft.

“You know, I’m really going to miss seeing this when you head back to school,” Amelia said from the doorway.

Smiling almost sadly, she shrugged off her robe, revealing her naked, voluptuous figure underneath. Walking over to Harry, Amelia dropped to her knee and pushed Tonks' hand out of the way before replacing it with her own.

"I'll miss you, too," Harry said, smiling as he ran a hand through her auburn hair.

Amelia smiled up at him and then kissed the head of his cock tenderly. Parting her lips, she took the tip in her hot, wet mouth while slathering his shaft with her tongue. Once he was wet, she started bobbing her head, pushing him all the way to the back of her mouth. Harry tilted his head back and groaned as she sucked hard, drawing more blood to his already engorged head.

"Since this is our last night here, I really should be doing something nice for you, not the other way around," Harry said.

Pulling her mouth off of him, Amelia smiled as she looked up at him.

"Do you still have that rope?" she asked.

Raising an eyebrow, Harry pulled out his wand and gave it a flick. A moment later, four lengths of black rope flew down the stairs and landed perfectly in his hand.

"Good," Amelia said, taking them from him.

Setting three of them aside, she kept one in her. As it came to life, it began snaking around her body. First, her hands were bound behind her back before the ends looped around her breasts and pulled tight, causing the heavy mounds to redden and become firmer. Finally, the two ends wrapped around her neck gently and tied themselves together.

"You can make love to me later," Amelia said at his questioning look. "Right now, I want you to fuck me."

Staring up at him, she used her tongue to feed the head of his cock back between her lips. Harry smiled down at her before taking her head in his hands and moving her up and down his length.

“You girls are too good to me,” Harry said.

“And don’t you forget it,” Tonks told him.

Looking over at her with a smile, he paused when he spotted a pillow sitting on the arm of the couch. Grabbing it, he leaned forward and stuck it between Amelia’s legs so that it rubbed against her folds. With her lips still wrapped around him, she looked up at him curiously. Harry smirked, held her head in place with his hand, and then tapped the pillow with his wand.

Amelia’s eyes went wide, and she squealed around him when it began to vibrate intensely. Grinning, Harry started moving her head up and down on his length, his hips bucking up slightly. Setting down her book, Hermione began stripping out of her clothes. When she got down to just her panties, a yelp of surprise left her lips when one of the ropes bound her wrists behind her back.

“Harry!” she exclaimed as the ends wrapped around her ankles and then tightened, forcing her knees to bend.

Smiling mischievously, he aimed his wand at her panties and cast a spell. Hermione tensed for a moment, then relaxed slightly when nothing happened.

“Who wants control?” Harry asked.

“What did you do?” Hermione asked nervously.

“Is that the spell you used on Amelia?” Tonks asked excitedly.

Harry nodded, and Tonks grinned widely.

“Give me your hand,” Harry said.

Tonks held out her hand, and Harry tapped his wand against her palm while Hermione watched on intently. Smirking at Hermione, Tonks rested her hand flat on the couch cushion.

“What spell was that?” Hermione asked.

In response, Tonks pressed her fingers into the cushion, and Hermione gasped when she felt the same sensation through the gusset of her panties. Susan giggled at the surprised, wide-eyed look on her face. Grinning, Tonks reached back and tapped Susan on the leg, causing Hermione to whimper from the feeling.

“Sit up for a sec,” Tonks said.

When Susan did, Tonks rolled over onto her back. Reaching between Susan’s legs, she ran her fingers through Susan’s folds, causing both her and Hermione to gasp. Harry smiled as he watched his girlfriend lean forward to kiss Tonks before turning back to Amelia, who had continued bobbing on his length.

Tightening his grip on her head, he pulled her down further, causing her to gag loudly on around his shaft. Thrusting his hips up and drawing loud squelches from her abused throat for several seconds, Harry eventually pulled her up before standing. As Amelia caught her breath, he stripped off his shirt and stepped out of his pants.

Bending down, Harry kissed her heatedly before cupping her bum and lifting her up. Sitting back down in his chair, he pulled Amelia into his lap. Her jutting breasts, incredibly firm and dark red, rubbed against his chest as he lined himself up with her smoldering entrance. Amelia pulled her lips away from his with a gasp, followed by a moan when he sank into her sweltering depths. Harry bent down and sucked on one of her engorged nipples while pulling her down until he was buried to the hilt.

As she began bouncing up and down on his lap, Harry leaned back and cupped her breasts, his thumbs rubbing her protruding nipples. Amelia moaned and trembled in his lap, her hot, tight folds grasping at his length.

Hearing a moan next to them, they both looked over at Hermione. Laying on her back with her limbs practically hogtied, her perky breasts jiggled as she bucked her hips into the air. Harry looked over to the other couch to see Tonks teasing Susan with her fingers as they kissed heatedly.

Grinning, Harry wrapped his arms around Amelia and stood up. Carrying her over to the couch Hermione was on, he laid her down on her back. Thrusting hard, Amelia moaned loudly, causing Hermione to lift her head and look up.

Biting her lip, Hermione squirmed around before managing to roll over onto her stomach. Scooting backwards, she was able to place her panty-clad mount right over Amelia's face. The redhead smiled and lifted her head to kiss directly over Hermione's clit. With a gasp, Hermione widened her legs, pressing herself against Amelia's face.

Pausing in his thrusts, Harry groped Hermione's firm cheeks before grabbing her panties and ripping them off. He'd expected Hermione to complain, but her only response was to gasp and then moan as Amelia's tongue attacked her clit.

Harry began thrusting into Amelia with deep, powerful strokes, causing her bound, reddened breasts to bounce alluringly on her chest. As her tongue continued to lap at Hermione, Harry reached forward with his right hand and sank two fingers into her depths.

"Ohh," Hermione moaned, rocking her hips back.

Grinning, Harry pumped his hand in time with his thrusts into Amelia. Hitting a particularly sensitive spot, he caused her to gasp loudly. When he pressed his fingers harder, she let out a wanton, sensual moan that had him throbbing in excitement. Moving his hand rapidly, Hermione went absolutely quiet for several seconds before crying out so loudly that it startled

him. A moment later, Harry pulled his hand back as Hermione showered Amelia's chest in her arousal.

Rolling over, Hermione slipped off the couch and sat on the floor, her eyes unfocused as she panted heavily. Harry had never seen Hermione react like that before, and the sight of it drove him to pound into Amelia roughly. Moaning, she looked up at him with a burning gaze as her legs began to tremble. When he grabbed one of her breasts and squeezed her nipple roughly, she threw her head back with a loud cry as she came. With a groan, Harry reached his peak a moment later, burying his cock in her depths before emptying himself into her core.

"Have fun, boss?" Tonks asked with a smirk.

Looking over, Amelia raised an eyebrow as the rope loosened around her. Pushing Harry off of her, she stood up and marched over to the other couch.

"Let's do something useful with that smart mouth of yours," Amelia said.

Climbing onto the couch, she straddled Tonks' face and pressed her leaking folds to her lips. Giggling, Susan stood up and walked over to cuddle with Harry. Reaching down, she stroked his softened length gently.

"Do you still have some energy for me?" she asked with an adorable pout.

Smiling, Harry leaned down and kissed her lovingly.

"Always," he said.