

A Witch Scorned

Chapter 2

A/N Just a brief explanation about some changes to canon. Fleur and Bill haven't had Victorie yet. Tonks and Remus had a brief relationship after the events of The Half-Blood Prince, but it ended shortly after the start of summer. Frankly, I hate the Remus/Tonks pairing and try to pretend it never existed.

Nymphadora Tonks was tired. She had worked the night shift the night before, and then she had been called in at 7 o'clock in the morning by Dawlish, the new Head Auror. There were several files he needed her to take to Harry about some recently captured Death Eaters who had escaped the Battle of Hogwarts. Given the sensitive nature of the files, he didn't want to send them by owl, and she was the only Auror that had access to Harry's house.

She trudged up to the front door and let herself in, grateful that Harry had keyed her into the wards. Walking through the renovated house, she made her way down the hall and up to the stair case. Thankfully, he had managed to get rid of the Troll foot umbrella stand, and Walburga's portrait was now stored in the attic. Despite that, she still managed to stumble as she walked up the stairs. Just as she reached the landing, she heard a door open and sighed in relief that she didn't have to wake Harry this early in the morning. Looking up, she opened her mouth to call out to him, only to stop and stare in shock at what she saw.

Fleur Delacour, half naked and wearing only one of Harry's shirts, was leaving his bedroom, closing the door quietly behind her.

"Fleur!?"

Fleur spun around quickly, her shirt lifting up just long enough to show that she wasn't wearing anything under it. Her eyes widened and her hand clutched at the unbuttoned shirt, trying to hold it closed over her large chest.

“Tonks! What are you doing ‘ere?” She asked in shock.

“Please, tell me you didn’t do what I think you did.” Tonks said, ignoring the question.

Tonks prayed that this was just some weird misunderstanding, and that Fleur wasn't having an affair with Harry. During the war, they had become good friends. Fleur helped her get over her disastrous relationship with Remus, and Tonks had given her support when Molly and Ginny refused to accept her. She didn’t want to think poorly of her friend, but the evidence was pretty damning. And Harry. Well, she was very protective of the young man who had been to hell and back. Being friends wouldn’t stop her from hexing the pretty blonde if she did something that ended up him getting hurt.

“Eet’s not what you theenk.” She said quickly, holding one hand up placatingly. “Please, just, let me explain.”

Tonks nodded and waved for Fleur to follow her, and led her downstairs to the kitchen. Waving her wand, she sent the percolator to the stove and leaned against the counter, arms crossed over her chest as the smell of coffee filled the kitchen.

“Alright, explain.” She ordered.

Twenty minutes and two cups of coffee later, Fleur had finished telling her everything. Tonks, now sat across from her at the kitchen table, shook her head in disbelief.

“I can’t believe that idiot would cheat on you like that.” She said, her hair turning red in anger.

“Ow am I supposed to trust heem again.” Fleur asked, clearly troubled. “E’s gone for weeks at a time, ‘ow do I know ‘e won’t do eet again. Or what eef ‘e’s been cheating on me wiz someone else and I just don’t know about eet.”

"I'm sorry, Fleur. I just don't know." Tonks sighed, her hair drooping and turning brown, sad at not being able to help her troubled friend.

There was a moment of silence as Fleur seemed lost in thought. Tonks waited until she raised the cup of coffee to her lips to ask her next question.

"So, who's better, Bill or Harry?" She asked, smiling impishly and setting her chin in her hands.

Fleur snorted into her cup, spilling some of her coffee down her chin and on to the table.

"Tonks!" Fleur exclaimed, looking scandalized but a smile tugged at the corner of her lips.

"What?" Tonks asked innocently. "You kept saying how great Harry was last night, I was just curious who was better."

They looked at each other for a moment before both of them broke into a fit of giggles. Tonks was glad to see a smile on Fleur's face, but she was actually curious about the answer.

"Well?" Tonks asked, recovering first.

"Arry." Fleur said with a fond smile, staring off into the distance.

"Really?" She asked, surprised. "I didn't think Harry was that experienced."

"I don't theenk 'e is." Fleur said, shaking her head. "Eet wasn't 'is first time, 'e knew what he was doing, but eet didn't feel like 'e had zat much experience."

"So, what made it so special?" She asked curiously, taking a sip of her coffee.

“Arry ees *very* good, but eet wasn’t just zhat.” She explained. “For one zhing, my Allure didn’t bozzer him. Eet’s hard to control eet when I’m having sex, especially when eet’s good. Beel steel loses control eef I don’t control eet, so I can’t enjoy eet as much. Wiz ‘Arry I could just let go. I didn’t ‘ave to worry about him losing control and ‘urting me.”

Tonks frowned. She hadn’t realized it was like that for her. Having to control your magic when it was so closely connected to your emotion would definitely put a damper on things.

“Eet’s ‘ard to explain, but ‘e just,” Fleur broke off, then shrugged, seeming to give up on finding the right words. “‘E made me feel special.”

They sat in silence for a few moments, each lost in their own thoughts. This conversation was making Tonks realize how long it had been since she had a shag. With her work as an Auror, then Order member, then the war, and now the cleanup, she hadn’t had a chance to enjoy herself lately. Fleur’s talk of Harry was giving her ideas she wasn’t sure she should be having.

“So,” she said, “how big is he?”

They continued to talk for another fifteen minutes before Tonks left to go home for some much needed sleep. Fleur let the next day to go to France, both to visit her family and to decide what to do about Bill. For the next week, every time she saw or thought about Harry, her conversation with Fleur in the kitchen came back to her.

Now, she sat in the lounge at Grimmauld Place, sipping drinks with Harry after a long day of testifying against the Death Eaters before the Wizengamot. As Harry complained about how fast the Wizarding government was going back to its corrupt, ineffectual ways, she thought about him. In truth, this wasn’t the first time she had inappropriate thought about the boy wonder. The summer before his last year at Hogwarts, and everything went to hell, she’d thought about spending some private time with the enigmatic young man. After her ill-advised attempt to date Remus, she was hoping to have a bit of fun, and figured if anyone else could use some relaxation, it was Harry.

Of course, that never happened. Those damned Death Eaters decided to crash the wedding and she didn't see him again for nearly a year. Since then, he'd been pretty busy. He went straight from the Battle of Hogwarts to a fight to liberate the Ministry. After they'd taken control, and Shack had been named Minister, he just kept working. First, he became an Auror in record time, then was sent straight out to help capture any remaining Death Eaters they could find. She smiled to herself remembering the start of the trials for the ones they managed to capture.

Harry strode straight into the Wizengamot, no one had the balls to stop him and tell him he wasn't supposed to be there. Then, he proceeded to rip the entire governing body a new asshole for fifteen minutes. Not realizing that the trials were being broadcast over the WWN, he called them out on their past corruption and ineptitude that led to the war in the first place, making him even more of a hero to the people listening. Things started out well, with the Wizengamot actually doing its job right for a change, but now the old grey beards were starting to slip back into their old ways.

Frankly, she thought he looked hot when he was all fire up and had that take charge attitude. She'd always thought he was cute, but in the last couple years he'd really grown into himself. There was a rugged handsomeness to his features now, he'd filled out in all the right places, and there was a new found sureness in his actions, a confidence that he had lacked before. Well, most of the time. There were still moments when he went back to being that cute, slightly awkward, lost young man that she first met. Watching him now, as he lamented the stupidity that infected their government, she made up her mind.

"Hey, Harry." She said, interrupting his rant.

"Yeah?"

"You wanna have sex?" She asked, smiling at the blank, nonplussed look on his face as his eyes blinked rapidly a few times.

"Er, what?" He replied, blankly

"I'm not looking for anything serious." She explained. "Just a bit of fun between friends, y'know."

"Funny." He said after a moment, giving a forced laugh as his cheeks turned slightly pink.

"I'm serious." She assured him. "C'mon, it'll be fun."

He stared at her, as if to gauge her truthfulness, before he swallowed thickly.

"Seriously?" He asked, his voice going an octave higher than usual.

"Mh-hmm." she hummed, nodding her head.

"Oh, er, yeah, I mean, if you want to," he stammered.

"Great!" She said with a bright smile.

Bounding out of her chair, she downed the rest of her drink and she walked over to him and grabbed his hand. Pulling him out of his chair, she set her empty glass down on a table as she dragged him out of the lounge and up the stairs.

"You're actually serious?" He asked again, incredulously.

"Yup." She said, popping her lips at the end as she pulled him down the hall towards his bedroom.

"Bloody hell!" He exclaimed, making her giggle.

She tugged him into the bedroom, kicked the door closed, and, grabbing two fistfuls of his shirt, pushed him up against it roughly. Tilting her head up, her lips crashed against his in a rough hard kiss. For a moment, he seemed frozen in place, but he came around quickly, kissing her back and wrapping his arms around her. He hugged her closer, pressing her body tightly against his, and she moaned into his mouth. Taking his bottom between her teeth, she pulled back, letting them scrape lightly across his lip as it stretched before snapping back into place as she let go.

“I like it when the guy takes charge, so don’t be afraid to be rough.” She told him in a husky voice.

“So, what do you like?” She asked, pushing against his chest and taking a step back from him. “Blonde with big tits?”

Tonks scrunched up her face in concentration, her hair turning blonde and falling down to her shoulder blades. Her breasts expanded, growing to enormous proportions and stretching her shirt until the middle button gave way and shot across the room. She turned to the side, posing with her arm resting over her head, and knee bent, toes pointed. Harry’s eyes widened as he stared at her huge bust, widened hips and protruding bum.

“Or, maybe you like the small, athletic type.”

Concentrating again, she shrank her body down to around five and a half feet tall, her limbs slimmed down, but gained definition. Her breast and butt reduced to a more reasonable size but still looked pronounced on her small frame. Looking at Harry, she saw him gazing at her, more in wonder than in lust, and shook his head to clear his thought.

“You don’t need to change for me, Tonks. I think the way you normally look is beautiful.” He said earnestly.

Tonks rolled her eyes. “C’mon Harry, it’s just a bit of fun. Just tell me whatcha like.”

“Honestly,” He said, “whatever you want to look like is fine with me.”

Tonks smiled mischievously as an idea popped into her head.

“Okay, so, if I wanted to look like this?” She said leadingly.

Closing her eyes, her hair turned grey and scraggly, her limbs became thin and her skin wrinkled. Her ears expanded and sprouted long, grey hairs, her nose became wide and hooked with a large wart on one side. This was a look she named ‘the Hag’, she used to get around Knockturn Alley and listen in to conversations with raising suspicion.

Opening her eyes, she looked at Harry, expecting him to laugh, or to be grossed out by the way she looked. What she didn’t expect, was for him to give her a crooked, affectionate smile as he walked up to her. As he leaned over her, she lost her playful smile, her mouth went dry and her stomach gave a flutter.

“You don’t need to change for me, Tonks?” He whispered.

Tonks gasped when he leaned down and kissed her gently on the lips. She was so shocked that she couldn’t hold the change anymore and shifted back to her normal pink haired look. The kiss was brief and soft, but by no means hesitant. She stared at him in surprise when he pulled back, not sure what to say or do as he smiled at her and held her close. As she was filled with a warm, content feeling that she hadn’t felt for a long time, she realized that this is what Fleur meant when she said Harry made her feel special. Smiling back at him, she wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him on the lips.

“I’m gonna fuck you so hard for that.” She whispered against his lips.

Reaching up, she grabbed his shirt in her fists and wrenched it open, sending buttons clattering to the floor. Harry grunted in surprise and she slipped her tongue into his mouth as her hands traced the muscles of his chest. She wondered when he got so buff as she felt the hard contours of his pecs and abs, feeling them contract under her touch. Placing both hands on his

chest, she pushed him back until his legs hit the bed. With a shove, their lips separated as he landed on the bed, bouncing a couple of times as he settled.

Tonks smirked at him as she dropped to her knees and undid his belt, button, and fly. Grabbing the sides of his pants, she yanked them down as he lifted his hips. Harry's hard erection leapt up the moment it was free and smacked against his stomach loudly. She stopped pulling his pants to stare hungrily at his long, fat cock. She immediately regretted not going after him much, much sooner. Shaking herself out of her thoughts, she finished pulling off his pants, and threw them to the side.

She traced a finger from the top of his cock, down the ridge of the large vein on the bottom of his shaft, all the way to the base, smiling as it throbbed under her touch. Wrapping one hand around the base, she lifted him so that he was standing straight up, and wrapped her other hand around his shaft on top of it. With both of her hands holding him, his purple, swollen head still stuck up above her grip. With a naughty smile, she let go with one hand and stroked him up and down a few times, before leaning down and running her tongue from the base to the tip.

Running her tongue up, down, and around his thick, straight shaft, she made sure to get him nice and wet for what she had planned next. Turing her head sideways, she opened her mouth, kissing and sucking the side of his hard length, drawing a groan from above her. Lengthening her tongue, she swirled it around his shaft, drawing it back into her mouth on occasion to get it wet again. When his entire length was good and wet, she moved up so that her head hovered over his head. Working up a mouthful of saliva, she parted her lips just slightly and left it drip down on to it in a long string. She watched as her spit covered his head and dripped down the sides of his shaft, licking her lips to clean them off. Looking up at him, she locked her violet eyes with his green ones and opened her mouth, hovering just above his cock.

Teasing him, she closed her mouth, pressing her lips together and blew cool air across his tip. He inhaled sharply as his eyes widened, his cock jerking hard in her grasp. Again, she opened her mouth, slowly lowering herself until his head was in her mouth. Harry placed a hand on her head, sliding his fingers through her hair. He didn't try to push her down, but it was clear what he wanted. Looking into his eyes, she winked at him, and swiftly pushed her head down, taking his entire cock to the base in one quick movement.

"Holy Shit!" Harry exclaimed, staring at her in disbelief.

Grinding her nose into his curly hair at the base of his cock, his hand tightened in her hair, pulling it roughly and leaving her head with a light stinging sensation. Closing her eyes, Tonks moaned around his shaft. Moving at an excruciatingly slow pace, she dragged her lips back up the shaft of his throbbing cock, sucking hard once he left her throat. As she pulled up off of him, his hand relaxed and let go of her, and he moved it to grip the sheets tightly. Taking a moment to catch her breath, she reached down and grabbed his hands, placing them on her head. She smirked at his questioning look.

“I like it when the guy takes charge and gets a little rough.” She said reminded him, in husky voice.

Grabbing his shaft again, she put the head back in her mouth and let go of him. Placing her hands in her lap, she looked up at him with the head of his cock held between her lips and raised an eyebrow at him. Getting the message, Harry tightened his hands in her hair, causing her scalp to sting and a thrill to run through her body. Using the grip on her hair, he pushed her slowly all the way down his cock, forcing his considerable length down her throat. He thrust his hips up as she reached the bottom, pressing her nose into his pelvis as he let out a long, loud groan.

“Fuck, Tonks.” He hissed in pleasure.

Pulling sharply on her hair, Tonks moaned and rubbed her thighs together as he yanked her off of his cock and pressed his lips to hers in a demanding kiss. Pulling away, Harry gave her a smoldering look that set her pulse racing as he pushed his cock back between her lips. As he slid his cock back down her throat, faster this time, Tonks reached into her waist band and pulled out her wand. With a wave, her shirt and pants leapt from her body to land on the floor feet away, leaving her in just her purple bra and panties. She could remove them too, but she'd leave them for Harry to take off later.

Reaching a hand between her legs, Tonks rubbed herself over her damp panties as she continued to take his length again and again. Harry was growing more confident, and began to pick up the pace. His hands tightened in her hair even more, just on the verge of painful, and he began to move her head fast, thrusting his hips harder. Drool fell from her mouth and dripped down his shaft and on to his balls. Pulling her off again, and giving her a moment to catch her

breath, he brushed a stray lock of hair behind her ear, and gently caressed her cheek with her thumb.

“I’m getting close.” He told her.

Tonks nodded and continued to take deep breaths, kissing his hand as he stroked her cheek lovingly. Clearing her throat, she smiled at him and placed a kiss on the tip of his cock.

“Give it to me, big boy.” She said playfully.

Threading his finger through her hair again, he pulled her in for one more kiss before moving her head down again. Pressing his head against her lips, she opened her mouth and extended her tongue. Starting off slow, Harry fed his cock down her throat, holding her down at the base for a moment. Tonks closed her eyes and rubbed herself harder as he began to move her head at an increasing pace up and down his throbbing shaft. Soon, his hips began to move in time with her head and he truly started to fuck her throat. He started to grunt with each thrust and she could feel his arms and legs start to twitch. Holding her head in place, he held her halfway down his shaft while he pistoned the rest of his cock in and out of her throat.

Gak Gak Gak

A loud, wet noise left her throat as his thick cock assaulted her throat. Her eyes started to water as her nosed bumped into his pelvis over and over again. Tonks moaned loudly at the depravity of the situation. His hands gripped her hair harshly, his hips thrashed rapidly, and a long groan issued from his throat. She felt him reach his peak, his cock pulsing deep in her throat as he held her firmly at the base of his shaft. Harry grunted with each spasm as he fired his cum straight down her throat.

Tonks pulled up, and Harry’s grip relaxed on her head, allowing her to move. She sucked hard as she drew up the shaft of his cock, and felt the last couple of spurts of hot, salty cum coat her tongue as his orgasm trailed off. Keeping his head in her mouth, she gently nursed the last dregs of cum from his twitching cock as he laid back on the bed, eyes closed and breathing heavily. With one last suck, she drew the rest of the way off his cock, sealing her lips around the

head as she pulled off of him. Tonks gave him a moment to catch his breath before tapping on his leg. When he looked at her, she opened her mouth to show him the cum she had collected there, and made a show of closing her mouth and swallowing it with a moan.

“Oh, bloody hell.” He said, laying back and throwing an arm over his head.

Tonks giggled, got up off of her knees and crawled over him on all fours. Harry opened his eyes when he felt her move, and stared lustfully at her as she hovered over him, his eyes dropping down to stare at the large amount of cleavage on display. Sitting on his hips, she leaned down to kiss him on the lips, her breast pressing into his muscular chest. His arms wrapped around her and she giggled against his lips when she felt his hands go straight for the clasp of her bra. Quickly, he had it undone, and pulled it off of her body. Grasping her large breasts in his hands, he squeezed them roughly, making her moan. She started to grind her hot, wet core against the muscles of his abs as his fingers pinched and pulled at her hard, sensitive nipples.

Pushing her back, Harry sat up with her in his lap, his head dipping down to kiss, bite and suck at the tender skin of her breasts. Her hands threaded his hair, holding him in place as she moaned and writhed on top of him. Twisting sideways, he laid her down on the bed and slowly kissed his way down her body. Reaching her panties, he placed a kiss on the damp center, just over her clit, causing her hips to buck toward his face. Grabbing the waist band of her last remaining piece of clothing, he quickly yanked them off her body and threw them to the side.

“Really?” He asked, a smile twitching at the corners of his mouth.

Tonks giggled as he looked back down at her pubic hair, currently in the shape of a thin, purple lightning bolt, exactly like the scar on his forehead.

“I thought men liked to mark their territory?” She asked, making the hair go through a rainbow of colors before settling back on purple.

“Oh, so you’re mine now, then?” He asked, kissing her bush and starting to make his way down.

“For now, at least.” She teased. “Maybe longer if you’re really good.”

“I don’t know.” He replied, his breath ghosting over his sensitive clit. “After that blow job I might have to kidnap you.”

Her laugh turned into a drawn-out moan as Harry stuck his tongue between her lips and licked her slit from bottom to top, flicking over her clit at the end. With how excited she was, she wasn’t in the mood for being teased. Threading her finger through his unruly hair, she pulled his head up and pressed it directly over her clit. Harry sealed his lips over her slit and sucked hard, lashing her clit with the tip of his tongue. Pulling harder on his hair, she lifted her hips off the bed and whined wantonly. Playing with herself earlier had gotten her close, and now Harry’s tongue was pushing her over the edge rapidly.

Tonks felt a coil of heat grow in her core, each flick of his tongue pushing her closer and closer to release. Her breathing sped up, coming in sharp gasps, and a near constant whine left her lips as the pleasure built. With her hips thrashing, Tonks finally reached her peak, arching her back as her orgasm exploded through her body. The sudden euphoria took her breath away and she felt herself soak Harry’s face, her bucking hips smearing her release all over his face. Her whole body shook and her legs trembled uncontrollably as a loud moan finally left her throat.

Collapsing to the bed limply, her legs continued to tremble as she pushed Harry’s head away from his overly sensitive slit. With eyes closed, she relished the bliss of the first orgasm given to her by another person in three years. As she caught her breath, she felt Harry kissing his way up her stomach, pausing for a few moments at her breasts, then up to her neck, and finally her lips. She could taste herself on him as her tongue caressed his, and he settled himself between her spread legs, his cock already erect, again, and poking at her thigh.

She was grateful that Harry gave her a couple moments to recover from her intense orgasm. For the next couple of minutes, he kissed her neck and chest tenderly as his hands gently caressing her heaving breasts. A low hum left her throat as she bathed in the afterglow, enveloping her in a sense of ecstasy. Gently, her fingers ran through his hair and along the tensed muscles of his shoulders. While he was sucking on the pulse point on her neck, she cupped his cheeks and pulled him up, into a languid, burning kiss. Quickly, the kiss grew heated and she started to feel the need for more building in her again.

Her smooth calves ran up the back of his legs to trap him in place. She moved one hand from where it was threaded through his hair and reached down to grab hold of his excited cock. Her hand ran up and down his shaft, still damp with her saliva, and guided him to her dripping entrance. As she teased him, running the head up and down between her lips, Harry pushed himself up on his arms and hovered over her.

“You said you like it rough, right?” He asked, looking at her with a crooked smile.

Before she could say anything, he slammed his hips forward, driving the entire length of his cock into her sensitive pussy, his hips clapping loudly as they slapped against thighs and ass. Tonks threw her head back, mouth open in a silent scream. Pain and pleasure overwhelmed her senses, his thick cock stretching and filling her.

“Oh, Fuck!” She screamed, her nails raking across his broad shoulders.

Harry pulled back slowly, drawing most of his length out of her. With a grunt of effort, he jerked his hips forward again, hammering his cock deep into her.

“Yes!” She hissed through gritted teeth.

Harry set a slow, brutal pace that sent her head spinning. He continued to draw most of his cock out of her and then slammed back into her, grunting each time. Her body sank into the mattress with every thrust, her breasts bouncing and jiggling wildly with the force of the impact. Raising her head, Tonks looked down at where they were connected. Her lips were stretched around his girth, grasping at his shaft as he pulled out of her, as if trying to keep him inside. Bolts of pleasure shot through her body when he drove his cock back into her needy cunt, making her body tense from the pleasure. Her head rolled back onto the mattress with a groan as he filled and stretched her when he bottomed out.

Harry paused for a moment, moving his arms under her legs, her knees bent over his bulging biceps. He leaned over her, folding her body and spreading her wide, her ass raised up off the mattress. With his arms holding his weight, he now had more leverage to drive into her even harder. Her hands grabbed the sheets, gripping them tightly for something to hang on to as his

pace quickened. The sound of his hips colliding against her ass, his grunting, and her moans fill the room as he hammered into her. Tonks felt her walls quiver around him, her breath coming in short gasps as another climax began to build. Tonks felt her pleasure building fast as his thick, throbbing cock filled her over and over. She just needed a little more to push her over the edge.

“Faster.” She begged.

To her surprise and displeasure, Harry sat up on his knees and pulled out of her. Before she could ask him what he was doing, he grabbed her by the hips and, with an impressive strength she didn't know he possessed, flipped her over onto her stomach. He pulled her up onto her hands and knees, and quickly slid his cock back into her. A gasp left her lips as his hand roughly grabbed a handful of her hair, and shoved her head down against the mattress. She tightened around him at the rough treatment and pushed her ass back against him, desperate from him to start moving again.

With one hand pinning her head to the mattress, the other grabbed a handful of her ass cheek and held her in place. Pulling his cock all the way out of her, he held it poised at her entrance, his head resting against her lips. Tonks let out a needy whine, trying in vain to push herself back on to him. For a long moment, the anticipation build, but nothing happened. She opened her mouth to yell at him, only to let out a shriek instead as he slammed into her brutally. His hips clapped loudly against her ass, and he set a blistering pace. From the moment he entered her, he fucked her fast and hard, gripping her hair and pressing her face into the sheets as his hips jackhammered his cock into her wet pussy.

She had never expected something *this* from Harry. Grunting and moaning into the soft mattress, her body was on the brink of coming undone from the intense pleasure. His hand left its place on her ass, only to return a moment later with a loud *smack*. The sharp sting sent her over the edge, and she screamed out as she came hard, her pussy clenching around his thrusting cock.

“HARRY!” She screamed as she came.

Her hands clawed at the sheets as the intense pleasure overwhelmed her. Harry continued to thrust into her sopping wet pussy as she spasmed around him, his pace quickening even more.

His hand smacked her ass, hard, twice more, the sharp pain mixing with the pleasure and sending her to a new level of ecstasy. Her body quivered as her muscles clenched as the pleasure reached its peak

Tonks went limp as her orgasm ended, her body rocking back and forth with each hard thrust of his hip. Groaning pitifully, she didn't have the strength to move as Harry pounded into her sensitive pussy. His breath came out in great huffs, and he grunted with effort, his hips slapping against her ass at a rapid pace. His muscles flexed and his thrusts became wild. As his cock twitched inside of her, she knew he was close. With just a few more thrusts, Harry buried his cock as deep as he could inside of her. She felt him swell, filling her even more as his cock jerked. She moaned lowly as jets of hot cum splashed against her walls, his hips driving forward with each pulse as he tried to push even deeper into her.

She felt each pulse of his cock as he filled her, and hummed contentedly at the feeling. Finally, his hips jerked one last time and he collapsed against her back. He stayed like that for a minute, pressed against her back, breathing heavily as he recovered. Wrapping an arm around her, he rolled them to the side, pulling her back against his chest, his spent cock slipping out of her. Tonks spun around in his arms, and pushed him onto his back, cuddling up to his chest. Harry kissed the top of her head and threw the covers over their sweaty, rapidly cooling bodies.

"Yeah, definitely gonna have to kidnap you." Harry said after a moment.

It took her brain a second to realize what he was talking about. She chuckled tiredly against his chest as she remembered what he said earlier.

"I suppose I could stick around for a bit." She said, snuggling against him and closing her eyes.