

## Chapter 21

Sitting at the Gryffindor table, Harry looked up as Hedwig swooped in along with the other owls carrying the morning post. Surprisingly, she landed in front of Tonks and held out her leg.

“For me?” Tonks asked.

Hedwig barked and ruffled her feathers impatiently.

“Alright, alright,” Tonks smiled. “No need to get your knickers in a twist.”

Untying the envelope from her leg, Tonks opened it and began to read while Hedwig hopped over to Harry.

“Hey, girl,” Harry said.

Stroking the feathers along her back, he broke off a piece of bacon with the other hand and held it up to her beak. With a happy chirp, Hedwig gobbled it down.

“My mother says hi,” Tonks said. “She wants me to remind you you’re still invited over for Christmas. Oh, this is interesting. Apparently, Sirius has a date with Hestia on Saturday.”

“My mum invited you over for Christmas, too,” Hermione said quietly. “My parents want to meet more of my magical friends.”

“Too bad we can’t just invite everyone over to Grimmauld Place,” Tonks sighed.

“Do you think Dumbledore would let us make a trip out of the castle?” Harry asked thoughtfully.

Tonks looked at him curiously.

“He might, but not without a guard. Why?” she asked.

“I really want to get working on finding a house. If we get it ready soon enough, maybe we could invite everyone over,” Harry said.

“I’ll ask,” Tonks smiled. “I’ll send a letter to Fleur and see if she can find a good agent.”

“I didn’t know you were looking for a house,” Hermione said.

“I want a safe place that I control if things go to hell,” Harry shrugged.

“Are you sure you can afford it?” Hermione asked tentatively.

“I’m sure,” he told her. “When I turned seventeen, I got access to my family vault.”

“Harry’s loaded,” Tonks grinned. “Why else would I put up with him?”

Harry poked her in the side, drawing a squeal from her lips while Hermione shook her head in amusement. Hedwig gave a hoot, stole a rasher of bacon from his plate, and took off into the air.

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It turned out that getting permission to leave the castle was easier than expected. Professor Dumbledore wasn’t even in the castle and wouldn’t be back until after the holidays. Professor McGonagall allowed it since he needed to take care of family business but relaxed considerably when Tonks promised that she and Fleur would be with him the whole time.

That weekend, Harry and Tonks walked to the Front Gate and Apparated to Cambridge. As they walked past the Fitzwilliam Museum, between a restaurant and an antique shop, a building sprouted from the ground between them.

"This must be the place," Tonks said.

"I love magic," Harry grinned, following her to the door.

Walking inside, the place felt more like a well appointed living room than a business. A Kneazle lying on the couch looked up at them and meowed softly, then curled back into a ball with a purr. A moment later, a door to the left opened up, and a pretty blonde walked in, her perfect white teeth gleaming as she smiled. She wore a navy blue business suit with a skirt that ended just below her knees, displaying an hourglass figure. The top three buttons of her blouse were unbuttoned, giving just a hint of the cleavage that lay underneath.

"Hello, you must be Harry," she said brightly, shaking his hand. "I'm Elizabeth Kipswitch. And you are...?"

"Tonks," the pink haired witch replied. "Harry's girlfriend."

"Oh my, you're going to leave a lot of witches heartbroken, you know," Elizabeth smiled. "Have a seat, please."

Harry and Tonks took seats on the couch while Elizabeth sat in a chair to their left. Setting her bag down on the low coffee table, she reached inside and pulled out a book that looked much too big to have fit in there in the first place.

"Now then, I know buying your first house can be intimidating, so we'll take it one step at a time. What size house are you looking for, and what's your expected budget?" she asked.

"I'm looking for something big, maybe ten bedrooms, and my budget is around five hundred thousand Galleons," Harry said.

Elizabeth blinked in surprise, "Dear me, I certainly wasn't expecting that. Not to worry, though. I'm sure we can find something. Let me just have a look..."

Tonks leaned against Harry's shoulder while Elizabeth flipped through her massive book. On the other end of the couch, the Kneazle got up and walked over to Tonks. Climbing into her lap, it laid down and purred as she stroked her fingers through its fur.

"I hope she's not bothering you," Elizabeth said. "Turtle just hates being left at home by himself."

"You named your cat Turtle?" Tonks asked in amusement.

"My daughter did," Elizabeth smiled. "She was two at the time, so letting her pick the name probably wasn't the best decision on my part."

"Does your daughter go to Hogwarts?" Tonks asked.

"Not yet," Elizabeth replied. "She goes to a Muggle school during the day. Ah! Here we go."

Setting the book down on the table, she tapped the page with her wand. An image of a large manor was projected above the book and spun slowly, allowing them to get a good look at it from all angles.

"Here we have a twelve bedroom home, eight baths in Leatherhead, but still in your budget," Elizabeth said, waving her wand.

All but the first floor disappeared, allowing them to see the floor plan with each of the rooms labeled.

“It’s Muggle, of course, but in a good neighborhood. It comes with a game room and a hot tub,” she continued.

“Ooh, a hot tub,” Tonks grinned suggestively. “We could have some fun with that.”

Harry smiled and looked over the manor thoughtfully.

“How close are the neighbors?” he asked.

“It sits on half an acre, and the driveway leads right out onto the main road,” Elizabeth replied, smiling.

“Do you have anything a bit more – isolated?” Harry asked.

“Aw, but what about the hot tub?” Tonks pouted while Elizabeth started flipping through her book.

“Whatever house we get, I’ll buy you a hot tub,” Harry promised.

“Are you saying that to make me happy, or so you can see our friends in bikinis?” she asked teasingly.

“Yes,” Harry answered.

Tonks giggled, and Elizabeth smiled in amusement.

“Here’s another one,” she said a moment later.

When she waved her wand, a large stone manor sitting on a hill appeared over the book.

“This one is fourteen bedrooms in Mold, Wales, and sits on twenty-seven acres. Again, it’s Muggle, but it was originally built by Wizards,” Elizabeth said as she cycled through the floor plan. “I believe the original Ward Stones are still in place, but I’ll have to check, if you’re interested. It includes a garage, game room, library, and a beautiful mountain view. Currently, there’s no pool or hot tub, but those can be added easily enough.”

“I like that one,” Harry said.

“It’s beautiful,” Tonks said.

“Before you get too excited, this one *is* a little over your budget,” Elizabeth admitted. “The owners are asking for three million pounds or just over six hundred thousand Galleons. This one has been on the market for a while, so we might be able to talk them down a bit.”

“Bloody hell,” Tonks whispered.

Harry blinked, nonplussed by the massive number. Then again, compared to what sat in his vault, that much gold was a drop in the bucket.

“I don’t mind going a bit over if it’s what I want,” Harry said.

Elizabeth grinned, “Well, if that’s the case, There’s another one located in Battle...”

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Harry and Tonks spent another hour looking at houses, but in the end, they both decided that the one in Wales would work the best. Elizabeth told them she would contact the seller and set up a viewing while they went out to lunch.

Forty-five minutes later, they Apparated with Elizabeth to a dirt lane not far from the house.

“We’ll have to drive from here,” Elizabeth said. “It’ll look suspicious for someone to be walking all the way out here.”

Reaching into her bag, she pulled out what looked like one of the toy cars Dudley used to throw at him as a kid. A quick Enlargement Charm and they were looking at a full size Ranger Rover. Climbing inside, they drove the rest of the way to the house.

Looking at it from the outside, it was even larger than it looked in the picture. As the older couple that owned the place showed them around, Harry felt like he was walking around a museum rather than a home. It reminded him uncomfortably of living with the Dursleys, where he was always afraid to touch anything outside of his room and the kitchen.

Despite that, he could see the potential. With a bit of work and some new furniture, he could picture it being a great place to get away from everything for a while.

Tonks was just as enthusiastic as he was, grinning widely as she talked about her own ideas.

“We could definitely fit a hot tub and maybe even a pool out back,” she told him quietly. “And Fleur will love the wine cellar.”

“Hermione will enjoy filling up the library,” Harry smiled.

“We might as well put a bed in there and make that her room,” Tonks grinned.

“Don’t say that in front of Hermione,” Harry said. “She might actually do it.”

Tonks giggled as they continued to walk through the house.

By the time they were done with the tour, Harry had made up his mind.

“What do you think?” Elizabeth asked.

Looking over at the owners, Harry took Tonks’ hand in his and smiled.

“We’ll take it,”

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Over an hour later, Harry and Tonks finally returned to the castle with the agreement that the current owners would finish moving by the end of November. After dinner that night, they went to Professor Flitwick’s office, where they talked to him about getting wards set up around the house, including the Fidelus Charm.

“I would certainly be willing to cast it for you. However, that does mean I will know who your secret keeper is,” Flitwick told them. “If you would like, I could teach you the charm so you can cast it yourself.”

“Isn’t it really difficult?” Harry asked.

“Indeed it is,” Flitwick said. “But you’ve been my student for six years now, Mr. Potter, and I’m certain you’re capable of learning it.”



“Do you think I could learn it by Christmas break? That’s when we wanted to move in,” Harry said.

“Hmm. If you work hard at it, I don’t see why you couldn’t,” Flitwick replied.

With a flick of his wand, he summoned a book from one of the shelves along the wall.

“Read chapters six and seven from this book, and then come see me,” he smiled. “If you’re able to learn the charm, I’ll even give you extra credit for it.”

Harry smiled and put the book in his pocket. After talking to Professor Flitwick for a bit longer, he and Tonks left to make their way back to Gryffindor Tower.

“Are you going to let Daphne know you bought a house?” Tonks asked.

“Might as well,” Harry shrugged. “We have a DA meeting tomorrow.”

Tonks quickly looked around to make sure they were alone. Smirking, she changed her face to look like Daphne.

“I guess that means it’s time for another payment,” she sighed. “It’s a good thing you have a nice cock, Potter.”

Harry grinned as Tonks reverted to her normal look. Pulling her to a stop, he pinned her against the wall and kissed her passionately. Tonks moaned into his mouth, her fingers combing through his hair.

“Ahem,”

Harry pulled back sharply and looked behind him. Professor Sinistra was standing behind him, her arms crossed over her chest.

“Evening, professor,” he smiled.

Ever since Tonks had turned into the beautiful, dark skinned Astronomy professor over the Summer – and knowing that Tonks had sent her the pictures of them going at it – Harry didn’t see her as intimidating or untouchable as he used to.

“Wotcher, Aurora,” Tonks grinned.

“Tonks, Mr. Potter,” Sinistra nodded. “You might want to get your boyfriend back to the common room. It’s close to curfew, and Professor McGonagall isn’t as lenient as I am.”

“Right,” Harry said.

“You go ahead,” Tonks said. “I want to talk to Aurora for a minute.”

“Okay,” Harry smiled.

Sneaking in one more kiss, he turned and headed back to the common room. He completely missed the mischievous grin on his girlfriend’s face.

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The next day, after dinner, Harry was back in the Room of Requirement working with the DA. He had the older students working on the Blasting Curse, Confringo, while the younger students worked on the Disarming Hex.

The room was filled with a cacophony of shouted incantation, making it difficult to make out a single voice. Several people had invited their friends since the last meeting, and now their numbers had practically doubled. Thankfully, most of them were students from the upper years, worried about their OWLs and NEWTs after Umbridge's abysmal teaching the year before.

Unfortunately, there were also quite a few new younger students as well. Harry noticed immediately that they tended to take the whole thing like a bit of a game, leaving poor Hermione to keep an eye on them so they didn't get into trouble.

As he watched, she had to rush over and stop a particularly feisty first year Gryffindor, Angelica Cox, from trying to cast the Blasting Curse. Meanwhile, Tonks was working with the older students, mostly seventh years, on an advanced shield that could stop Confringo.

Given the dangers if the shield failed, she had them cast the shield over a dummy while someone else cast the curse. There were a few little cuts and scraps when the odd dummy exploded from a poorly cast shield, but everyone looked to be enjoying themselves.

In fact, Cormac McLaggen looked to be enjoying himself a bit too much as he tried to monopolize Tonks' time. She was putting up with him for the moment, but Harry could see her patience for his leering and clumsy flirting was beginning to wane. Given the comments he'd made about her earlier in the year, he privately hoped she hexed the git.

"Potter!"

Harry spun around and found Daphne waving him over. Walking over to her and her partner for the day, Tracey, he gave her a questioning look.

"Can you take a look at my casting?" she asked.

"Sure," Harry nodded, then gestured to the dummy.

Tracey took half a step back as Daphne raised her wand and twirled it in a corkscrew motion with a sharp jab at the end.

“Confringo!”

A thick, red bolt of magic rocketed from the end of her wand with a *woosh*, and slammed into the dummy’s chest. There was a loud *bang* and a bright flash of red flames. The dummy tipped back slightly before falling back forwards, flames licking at its chest.

“Aguamenti,” Tracey incanted, using a gush of water to put out the flames. “Reparo.”

“Not bad,” Harry said.

Daphne sighed and ran a hand through her long, golden blonde hair.

“It works, but everything I’ve read said it should be more powerful than that,” she said.

“Your wand movements are too soft,” Harry told her. “This spell is violent. Your movements need to mirror that. It helps if you put a bit of emotion into it as well. Try thinking about something that makes you frustrated or angry. Watch.”

Taking out his wand and turning to the target, Harry aggressively spiraled his wand with a sharp, stabbing thrust at the end.

“Confringo!” Harry barked.

Harry’s spell shot forward at nearly twice the speed of Daphne’s, slamming into the dummy with a colossal crash that started the students around him. The top half of the dummy shattered, flinging burning splinters and chunks of wood against the wall.

“Holy shit,” Tracey whispered.

Harry cleared his throat and rubbed the back of his neck as the crowd around them whispered to one another. Flicking his wand, he put out the fires and repaired the dummy. Even when it was completely back together, a large scorch mark remained over the center of its chest.

“Can you show me that wand movement again?” Daphne asked.

Harry nodded and demonstrated it.

“Like this?” she asked, trying to copy what he’d done.

“A bit sharper at the end - like you’re trying to drive a sword through the target,” he told her.

Daphne repeated the movement, but it still wasn’t quite right.

“Here,” Harry said.

Moving behind her, he put his hand over hers and walked her through the motion.

“Could you show me that one more time?” Daphne asked.

Shifting back slightly, she pressed her bum against his groin. Biting his lip to hold back a chuckle, he rested a hand on her hip and led her through the movement again.

“Ahh!”

Harry let go of Daphne and spun around. McLaggen shook his hand and then held it to his chest while Tonks glared at him.

“Keep your hands to yourself, asshole,” she growled, her hair flashing red.

“It was an accident,” Mclaggen grumbled.

Scoffing in disbelief, Tonks turned her back on him and walked over to Harry.

“What happened?” he asked.

“He tried to grab my ass,” she said.

Harry glared over at Mclaggen and unconsciously tightened his grip on his wand.

“Don’t worry, I took care of it,” Tonks told him.

Harry grunted while imagining turning Mclaggen’s head into a turnip. Rolling her eyes, Tonks turned to Daphne with a smirk.

“Having fun teasing my boyfriend?” she asked quietly.

“Is that a problem,” Daphne asked, quirking an eyebrow.

“Nope,” Tonks grinned and leaned close to whisper. “It just means he’ll fuck me harder when I turn into you later.”

“Tonks,” Harry hissed as Daphne blushed.

“You should’ve seen us last night,” Tonks continued whispering. “Harry covered that pretty little face of yours with so much cum.”

Daphne swallowed visibly and glanced over at Harry while Tonks straightened up and winked.

“Have fun, you two,” she said brightly.

Walking over to Tracey, she started instructing her on how to improve her Blasting Curse.

Daphne cleared her throat, “Is she always like that?”

“Pretty much,” Harry said, smiling despite his embarrassment. “By the way, I need to talk to you after the meeting.”

Looking at him curiously, Daphne nodded before turning back to the target.

“Confringo!”

This time, her curse hit with significantly more force, toppling the dummy over and cracking the chest. Smiling proudly, Harry fixed the dummy and encouraged her to try again.

The DA meeting went on for a while longer before they called it a night half an hour before curfew.

“Great job, everyone,” Harry said. “You’re all improving a lot, but it’s getting a bit crowded in here. Starting next week, we going to hold two meetings a week. Fourth years and below will meet on Tuesdays, and the upper years will meet on Thursdays.”

That announcement got a few cheers, and Hermione looked immensely relieved.

“Have a good weekend, everyone. I’ll see you next week,” he said.

“Are you coming, Harry?” Hermione asked.

“I’ll be there in a bit. I need to talk to Daphne,” Harry told her.

“Okay,” Hermione said. “Just don’t forget we have the first patrol tonight.”

Harry nodded and walked over to Tonks as the room emptied. A few minutes later, it was just Harry, Tonks, and Daphne.

“What did you want to talk about?” Daphne asked.

“I wanted to let you know I bought a house,” Harry said. “Professor Flitwick is teaching me the Fidelus Charm, and I should be able to cast it over the break. I’ll let you and your sister in on the secret when I get back.”

“That was fast,” Daphne said. “I didn’t expect anything until Summer.”

“Harry wanted to make sure everyone had a safe place to go,” Tonks said. “We’ll probably have Fleur, my parents, Hermione’s, and possibly the Weasleys living there if things get bad.”

“That’s fine,” Daphne said. “If I talk to my mother over break and convince her to leave my father, can she stay there, too?”

Harry shared a look with Tonks, who shrugged, leaving the decision up to him.



“Sure,” Harry said.

“Just keep in mind that communication with the outside world will be limited,” Tonks told her. “We can’t have a bunch of owls coming and going from the house.”

“I don’t care, as long as it keeps us away from those Death Eaters,” Daphne said. “I’ve seen the way they treat each other.”

Crossing her arms over her chest, Daphne shivered visibly.

Frowning, Tonks wrapped an arm around her shoulder and squeezed.

“Don’t worry. Harry will keep you safe,” she said softly.

Nodding, Daphne cleared her throat and looked at Harry intently.

“I’ll keep an ear out for anything happening in Slytherin, but that’s the most I’ll do,” she said. “I’m sorry, but I don’t want to get dragged into the middle of this war. I just want to make it out with my family intact.”

“That’s fine,” Harry said. “Have you heard anything about Malfoy lately?”

Daphne frowned thoughtfully, “He’s been troubled lately. Like something isn’t going the way he wants it to. Everyone knows he’s up to something, but he refuses to talk about it. All I really know is that he keeps disappearing for hours at a time.”

“Disappearing?” Tonks asked.

“Yeah. He’ll leave the common room alone, and then no one will see him until just before curfew,” Daphne explained. “Pansy complains about it constantly.”

Harry shared a look with Tonks and then checked his watch.

“Thanks, Daphne, but I need to go meet Hermione for our patrol,” Harry said. “Let me know if you hear anything else, yeah?”

“I will,” Daphne said. “And Potter. Thanks.”

“You’re welcome,” Harry smiled.

Grabbing Tonks’ hand, they left the Room of Requirement.

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“Why not?” Hermione asked.

“Because it would be wrong,” Harry said.

“Wrong?” Hermione asked incredulously. “We’re prefects.”

“Hermione, it completely goes against why it was made in the first place,” Harry said.

“Oh, honestly,” Hermione huffed. “You’re just being ridiculous.”

“What are you two arguing about?” Tonks asked amusedly as she came around the corner.

“Harry refuses to use the Marauder’s Map to look for students that are out after curfew,” Hermione huffed.

“My dad made that map to get away from prefects, not help them,” Harry said. “It would just be wrong.”

“He’s got a point,” Tonks said.

Hermione rolled her eyes and checked her watch, but Harry saw a smile twitching at the corners of her lips.

“Our patrol finishes in a couple of minutes. Are you two coming back to the common room?” she asked.

“I think we might stay out for a bit,” Tonks smirked as she wrapped her arms around Harry’s stomach and hugged his back.

“Please try not to get in trouble,” Hermione sighed.

“Night, Hermione,” Harry said.

“Night,” she said, waving over her shoulder as she walked away.

“Where are we going?” Harry asked.

“I have a surprise for you,” Tonks whispered promisingly.

She kissed his neck before grabbing his hand and pulling him down the hall. Leading him to the Astronomy Tower, they walked to the top and stopped just outside a door Harry had never been through before.

“Once we get inside, don’t say anything,” Tonks said, smiling excitedly.

Harry lifted an eyebrow and smiled, anxious to see what his kinky girlfriend had planned for him this time. Opening the door, she pulled him inside someone’s living quarters. Considering where they were, he had a good idea of who they belonged to.

Pulling him past the couch and to a door at the back of the room, Tonks held a finger to her lips and then opened it slowly.

“Tonks? Is that you?” Professor Sinistra’s trembling voice drifted out from the dark room.

“It’s me,” Tonks said.

Opening the door all the way, Tonks slipped inside, pulling Harry in after her and closing the door. It took a moment for his eyes to adjust in the darkness, but he could tell he was in a bedroom. As his vision improved, he saw a figure lying on the bed, their arms and legs splayed out.

Suddenly, several candles flared to life. Once his eyes adjusted to the sudden light, he saw the figure on the bed was Professor Sinistra. She was completely naked, her modest, perky breasts and hard, dark nipples pointed to the ceiling. Red strips of silk bound her wrists and ankles to the posts of the bed, while another strip of silk acted as a blindfold.

As Harry stared at her thin, fit body, Tonks took off her cloak and sat on the edge of the bed. Sinistra’s breathing increased and then hitched when Tonks reached out and caressed her stomach. Giggling, she ran her hand up to her breast and rolled her stiff nipple lightly.

“Tonks,” Sinistra whined.

“You need this bad, don’t you?” Tonks asked softly, her voice almost a whisper. “How long has it actually been since you had sex?”

“Years,” Sinistra breathed.

“Don’t worry,” Tonks smirked, twisting the nipple between her fingers sharply and drawing a hiss from Sinistra’s lips. “We’ll fix that for you.”

Looking up at Harry, her green eyes sparkled excitedly.

“Strip,” she said firmly.

Sinistra inhaled sharply as Harry started taking off his clothes.

“He’s here?” she asked, her voice trembling.

“He is,” Tonks grinned.

Pinching her nipple between her fingers, Tonks pulled up, forcing Sinistra to archer back impressively until the swollen nub slipped from her grip. Giggling as Sinistra moaned and fell back to the mattress, Tonks stood up and started stripping out of her clothes.

Once both of them were as naked as his professor, Tonks grinned before turning back to the bound witch.

“Hmm. Now, what should he do first?” Tonks asked, tapping her finger against her lips.

Smiling, she raised her wand and gave it a wave. Sinistra gasped as silk loosened from the posts and pulled her into the air. Turning her around, they pulled her to the end of the bed. She barely had a moment to get her feet under her before she was bound in place on her feet, facing the head of the bed.

Smiling at Tonks, Harry walked over to his Astronomy professor and stopped just behind her. She must've sensed his presence because her muscles tensed. Harry paused, letting the anticipation build before reaching out and running his hands along her hips. Sinistra inhaled, trembling under his touch as goosebumps appeared on her skin. Reaching around to her stomach, he caressed her smooth skin, slowly moving up to cup the bottom of her breasts.

"Ooh," Sinistra moaned.

Smiling, Tonks walked up to Harry and kissed his neck before placing her lips near his ear.

"Try to remember not to say anything. Aurora wants to be able to pretend she isn't fucking a student," she giggled.

Snorting softly, Harry turned his head and kissed her on the lips. When they broke apart, she reached down and grabbed his erection. After stroking his riding length a couple of times, she shuffled him forward a bit and then slapped it down on Sinistra's thick, round bum.

"You feel that?" Tonks asked, dragging his head between Sinistra's cheeks and then pushing Harry forward so that his full length was trapped between them.

Sinistra panted as Harry hugged himself to her back, his hands roughly caressing her breasts.

"Tonks, please," she begged.

"Maybe you should ask him," Tonks said. "You know who it really is, no matter how much you want to pretend otherwise."

Sinistra groaned and ground back against Harry, rolling her hips sensuously.

"I - I can't," she whined.

Tonks sighed, "You're lucky we're such good friends."

Waving her wand, she caused the silk binding her hands to let go of the posts. Sinistra gasped when they shot forward, forcing her to bend at the waist and tying themselves off to the posts at the head of the bed. Smirking, Harry grabbed her hips and ground his erection against her sweltering, leaking folds. As Sinistra moaned, he squeezed and groped her full, thick cheeks. Raising one hand, he brought it down and gave her right cheek and stinging smack.

Sinistra gasped, arching her back to try and push back against him. Unfortunately, she couldn't put her hands on the bed to give herself the leverage she needed. She was completely at his mercy.

Kissing Harry on the cheek, Tonks climbed onto the bed and then crawled under Sinistra so they were face to face. Lifting her head up, she took one of her hard, thick nipples between her lips and sucked. Sinistra moaned and trembled.

"Dora, please," she begged breathlessly.

"Don't ask me," Tonks smirked.

Sinistra groaned pitifully.

"Please. Please just fuck me already," she said desperately.

Taking mercy on her, Harry pulled back and lined himself up with her entrance. Easing his way forward, Sinistra gasped loudly as his hard, thick length stretched open her depths.

“Oh, Merlin!” Sinistra gasped. “Fuck! It’s so deep!”

“He’s not even all the way in yet,” Tonks laughed.

Smirking, Harry eased back slightly and then bucked forward, burying the last half of his length deep into her clutching depths.

Sinistra screamed loud enough to wake the entire wing of the castle as she came instantly. Harry groaned as her core fluttered around him, massaging his length. Reaching under her, he massaged her clit as she shook and tugged at the silk holding her in place.

Seeing her thrash so much, Tonks released her wrists and let Sinistra collapse onto her chest.

“You okay, babe?” Tonks asked.

“Don’t – stop,” Sinistra panted.

Tonks laughed and rubbed her back soothingly.

“You heard her,” Tonks said. “Give it to her rough. She needs it.”

Smiling, Harry grabbed a handful of Sinistra’s long dark hair and gave it a tug as he bucked his hips. As he gradually increased the pace and force of his thrusts, Tonks leaned up and kissed the front of her throat. Soon, the sound of Harry’s thighs clapping against Sinistra’s round ass, causing her full, dark globes to ripple from the impact. Gripping her thick nipples, Tonks gave them a tug, pulling a long, low moan from her lips.



“Fuck! It’s so big,” Sinistra panted. “Tonks, you’re such a lucky bitch.”

Tonks giggled and stroked her cheek.

“I know,” she smirked.

“Oh shit,” Sinistra panted. “I’m cumming again.”

Letting go of her hips, Harry gripped her wide hips and slammed into her furiously. With a shout, Sinistra tipped over the edge and collapsed on top of Tonks. A trembling moan left her lips as she shook through her climax. Groaning, Harry slowed down, not wanting to finish too soon.

“You know, Aurora likes to take it up the ass, too,” Tonks grinned.

“Dora,” Sinistra whined.

“Tell me you don’t want a good buggering right now,” Tonks said.

Sinistra groaned and dropped her head onto her shoulder, making Tonks laugh. Shimming out from under the sweaty, exhausted witch, Tonks grabbed both of her cheeks and pulled them open. Winking at Harry, she worked her cheeks and then let out a big glob of white spit right onto Sinistra’s puckered hole.

The Astronomy professor gasped, then groaned when Tonks pushed her index finger deep into her rear entrance.

“Slut,” Tonks giggled, then looked up at Harry. “I don’t mind getting buggered once in a while, but she loves it.”

As if to prove her point, Tonks put her index and middle fingers together and pushed them into her depths. Sinistra groaned, and Harry inhaled sharply when he felt her fingers moving next to his length.

“She’s so tight, love,” Tonks said sensually. “Just wait until you get your cock in here.”

Sinistra gripped the sheets and groaned when Tonks inserted a third finger.

“I think she’s ready,” Tonks grinned.

Removing her fingers, she held Sinistra’s cheeks open invitingly. Harry pulled out of his professor’s gripping folds and placed his head at her rear entrance.

“Oh, fuck!” Sinistra gasped as Harry pushed forward gently.

Her depths opened up and swallowed him up voraciously. In no time at all, he was buried to the hilt in her tight bum. Harry had had the pleasure of bugging both his Metamorphmagus girlfriend and Fleur, a Veela. While both of them were incredible women with magical bodies, not even they could accept his length so easily.

Aurora Sinistra was simply built to be bugged.

“Fuck her, Harry,” Tonks said, rubbing her clit frantically. “Ruin that ass.”

“Tonks,” Sinistra groaned.

Harry chuckled as Tonks flushed, realizing she’d said his name.

“Oops,” she said. “Well, I guess there’s no point in pretending anymore.”

Rolling to the side, she grabbed Sinistra's blindfold and pulled it off of her.

"Stay still," Tonks told Harry before laying down to look at Sinistra's face. "Tell Harry what you want, or he's not fucking you."

"Tonks," Sinistra whined.

"Oh, stop it. You already knew who was fucking you," Tonks huffed. "Come on, you know breaking the rules just makes it more fun."

Groaning, Professor Sinistra bit her lip and looked at Harry over her shoulder. He throbbed excitedly as he looked at her face for the first time that night. Just the thought of being inside his beautiful professor was making him want to start thrusting.

"Fuck me," she said softly.

Unsatisfied, Tonks held up a finger, telling him to wait.

"You can do better than that," she teased.

"Fine!" Sinistra huffed. "Potter, fuck my ass, or I'll have you in detention for the rest of the year."

"Yes, ma'am," Harry grinned.

Pulling half of his length out of her bum, he paused and then thrust back in hard. Sinistra moaned loudly as her depths sucked him back in. Harry hissed in pleasure from the incredible feeling. Gripping her hips tightly, he began drilling her into the mattress with long, powerful thrusts.

“Fuck, professor,” he grunted. “You’re ass is fucking amazing.”

Sinistra moaned, her muscles tightening around his length. Tonks giggled as she rolled over onto her back. Reaching up, she squeezed one of her breasts while her fingers delved into her folds.

“Harder,” Sinistra panted.

Pulling back until only the tip remained inside of her, Harry thrust down. Her depths devoured his cock, swallowing it up greedily until his hips clapped loudly against her bum. Harry thrust with such force that Sinistra’s body jolted forward, forcing a grunt from her lips.

“Harry,” she moaned.

The sound of his name from her lips pushed Harry closer to his peak. Growling, he continued hammering his hips back and forth, determined to push her to one more climax before he reached his own. He watched closely as her hands clawed at the sheets, and her body began to tremble.

“Ah, yes,” Sinistera squealed, drawing out the word. “Ah. Ah. Ah.”

She was reduced to letting out only the rhythmic grunts that Harry’s thrusts drove from her lungs. Trembling under him even harder, she started thrashing as her depths fluttered around him. Flexing his muscles, Harry panted as he pounded into her incredible ass, doing everything he could to hold back his climax.

Mercifully, Sinistra reached her peak only a few moments later. Her depths clamped down around him powerfully as her body stiffened. For a long moment, her mouth hung open silently until a scream finally worked its way out. Grunting, Harry buried himself as deep as possible and erupted deep inside her clutching depths.

Leaning down over her back, he hugged her body to his and kissed her neck as he emptied himself.

“I think you broke her,” Tonks giggled.

Sitting up, Harry looked down at Sinistra. She panted heavily with her eyes closed, looking utterly exhausted. Chuckling, he eased out of her abused back door, leaving her gaping and leaking a trail of white cum down her thigh.

“Can you untie her,” Harry asked.

Picking her wand up off the bed, Tonks gave it a wave, and the silk came loose. Rolling Professor Sinistra over, Harry carried her further onto the bed. With a smile, Tonks bent down and kissed her on the lips. Harry had thought she might be asleep, but she responded quickly, moaning as their lips moved together.

“Now, you get to take care of me while we wait for Harry to get hard again,” Tonks grinned.

Swinging her leg over Sinistra’s head, Tonks knelt down and pressed her folds to her lips. With a tired groan, her soft pink tongue poked out and ran along her slit. Harry smiled and laid down on his side to watch, his hand reaching out to caress Sinistra’s breasts.