

## Chapter 6

Harry stepped out of the Floo into the Ministry Atrium and followed Amelia as she walked towards the elevators. Several people stopped to stare at him as he passed, some leaning over to whisper to the person next to them. He noticed that the fountain Dumbledore had animated during his duel with Voldemort months earlier was still destroyed and roped off with red tape. As they reached the check-in desk, Amelia skipped past the line and flashed her badge to the guard as they walked past.

Stepping into one of the golden elevators, she pressed a button and the doors closed. Harry was glad they had the elevator to themselves and sighed in relief. He hated the way people stared and whispered about him.

"I'm sorry you have to deal with that." Amelia said, reaching up to squeeze his shoulder with a smile.

Harry gave a small smile back just as the bell rang and the doors opened. Amelia stepped out and led him down the hall to a set of doors labeled 'Auror Offices'. Pushing the door open, they walked into a large room packed with dozens of cramped cubicles. The office was buzzing with activity as Aurors in dark blue robes moved about the room, talking and doing their work. Above his head, several paper airplanes flew back and forth just below the ceiling.

"Connie!" Amelia called out over the din.

A witch who looked to be in her mid-thirties with piercing blue eyes and short blonde hair looked up.

"Grab a camera and a Dicta-Quill and meet me in my office." Amelia said.

Connie nodded and began digging around in her desk as Amelia continued to the back of the room and led him into a private office. A name plate on the door marked it as hers. Her office was quite large, with several filing cabinets along one wall, a couch against the other, and a

desk in the middle. As she sat down behind the desk, and Harry sat down across from her, the door opened and Connie came with an old camera hanging from her neck.

“Come in and close the door.” Amelia said as she arranged things on her desk. “Harry, this is lead investigator Connie Hammer, she’s in charge of all criminal investigations. Connie, Harry Potter.”

“Hello.” Harry said, holding out his hand.

“Nice to meet you, Harry.” she said, shaking his hand with a pretty smile.

“Do you have the Dicta-Quill?” Amelia asked.

Nodding, Connie pulled a brown quill out of her pocket and handed it to her. Amelia set it down on a blank scroll of parchment and tapped it with her wand. The quill sprang to life and hovered over the parchment as Connie took a seat next to Harry.

“This is Head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement, Amelia Bones and lead investigator Connie Hammer interviewing Harry James Potter in regards to a complaint against Delores Jane Umbridge, Senior Undersecretary to the Minister for Magic. The date is the twentieth of December nineteen-ninety-six at nine forty-seven AM.” Amelia said, the quill racing across the parchment as she spoke.

She watched the quill as it wrote, ensuring that it was accurate. Nodding to herself, she looked up at Harry and leaned back in her chair.

“Alright Harry, just explain to us what happened.” she told him.

“Well, Umbridge gave me detention for speaking out in class a couple of weeks into the school year. When I went to her office, she handed me this black quill and told me to write ‘I must not tell lies.’ I told her she hadn’t given me any ink, and she said I didn’t need it. When I asked her

how many times she wanted me to write lines, she said, 'until it sinks in.' I wrote the lines a couple times before I felt this really sharp pain in the back of my hand. When I looked down at it, I could see the words being scratched into my skin." Harry told her.

"How many times did she make you write lines on that occasion?" Amelia asked in a clinical tone.

"I don't know the number." he told her. "She just made me keep writing until my hand started to bleed."

"Was that the only time she made you write lines with that specific quill?" she asked.

"No, she made me do that every time I had detention with her." he said.

"And how often would you say that was?" she asked, making separate notes on another piece of parchment.

"Quite a lot." Harry admitted. "Probably thirty or forty times. It got worse after Dumbledore left."

"Do you know if she used that quill on anyone else?"

"No, just me." he said after a moment's thought.

"You mentioned Umbridge using Veritaserum on students." Amelia said, glancing up at him.

"Yeah. She'd give me a cup of tea during my detentions, and she admitted to putting it in there." he said.

“When did that happen?”

“At the end of the year, the same day I came to the Ministry” Harry said. “We broke into her office to use the Floo because I thought a friend was in trouble and she caught us. She thought we were trying to talk to Dumbledore, so she called Snape and asked him for Veritaserum. He told her she had used up his entire stock. When he left, she threatened to use the Cruciatus Curse to ‘loosen my tongue.’”

Next to him, Connie gasped and looked at him sharply.

“Did she use it on you?” she asked.

“No. Hermione tricked her into thinking we knew where Dumbledore was keeping a weapon.” he said with a smile. “Umbridge pissed off the Centaurs and they dragged her off into the forest.”

Connie sighed in relief and gave him a small smile in return.

“What about the attack on Professor McGonagall?” Amelia asked, drawing his attention back to her.

“During my Astronomy OWL, four Aurors tried to force Hagrid to leave the school. McGonagall tried to stop them, but they all hit her with Stunners and she ended up having to go to St. Mungo’s. She didn’t even have her wand out.” Harry said, his hands clenching in anger at the memory.

“Did you recognize any of the Aurors?”

“Just Dawlish, I don’t know any of the others.” he said.

Nodding, Amelia made a few more notes on her parchment.

“Is there anything else you’d like to add?” she asked.

Harry thought back, trying to remember if Umbridge had done anything else illegal. He nearly smacked himself in the forehead when he realized he’d forgotten to tell her about the Dementors.

“I almost forgot, Umbridge told me she was the one that sent the Dementors after me last summer.” he said.

Both women’s eyes widened as they stared at him. Harry scratched the back of his head and smiled sheepishly at their incredulous looks.

“People try to kill me a lot.” he said defensively.

“When did this happen?” Amelia asked, shaking her head.

“When she caught us in her office.” he said.

“Any other attempts on your life that you’ve forgotten to add?” she asked with a raised eyebrow.

Connie’s mouth dropped open slightly when he actually had to take the time to think about it.

“No, that’s everything.” he said after a few seconds.

“Alright. Connie, can you document the marks on the back of his hand please?” Amelia asked as she pulled a form out of her drawer and began to fill it out.

“Can you place your hand flat on the desk for me?” Connie asked.

While Harry did as she asked, Connie stood up and took several pictures of his hand. As she turned his hand for a better angle, she stared down at the words carved into his skin with a sad look on her face. She ran her thumb over the rough scars gently before pulling her hand back, clearing her throat and taking a few more pictures. Harry smiled and glanced at her sideways as he checked her out.

Connie was a pretty witch with high cheekbones, an angular nose, and striking blue eyes. Though she wore thick robes, he could at least tell she was thin with wide hips and grapefruit sized breasts that sat high on her chest. Harry was pulled out of his lecherous gazing when Amelia cleared her throat loudly and eyed him with a knowing look. He gave her an unrepentant grin and shrugged his shoulder. Giving her head a tiny shake, she grabbed the form off her desk and held it out to Connie.

“I want Umbridge brought in for questioning and her office searched. Try to keep things quiet but bring her in any way you need to.” she said.

“Yes, ma’am.” Connie said as she took the form.

Giving Harry a smile, she patted him on the shoulder and left the office.

“I need to go talk to Dawlish. I’ll be back in a few minutes. Can you stay out of trouble that long?” she asked with a raised eyebrow and a twitch of her lips.

“I can’t make any promises.” Harry said with a grin.

“Try.” she told him with a smile.

Walking around the desk, Amelia left the office, leaving the door open. Harry stood and walked over to stand in the doorway to look out at the Auror offices. As he watched witches and wizards walking around, chatting with their co-workers, and slaving over mounds of paperwork, he wondered if he might end up working here one day. Suddenly, he spotted someone that looked both familiar and unfamiliar at the same time.

The brown-haired witch staring at her desk morosely was definitely Tonks, but she looked completely different without her bright hair and playful smile.

Pushing his back off the doorframe, he made his way over to her cubicle, dodging a wizard carrying a stack of boxes full of belching shoes on the way. Seeing that she wasn't paying attention to anything around her, he smiled mischievously as he snuck up right behind her.

"Wotcher, Tonks." he whispered less than an inch from her ear.

Tonks gave a short shriek and jumped in her seat, her hair turning bright white and standing on end as she spun around in her seat. Harry leaning against the wall of her cubicle as he laughed at the comical wide-eyed look on her face.

"Harry!?" she gasped. "You scared the shit out of me! What are you doing here?"

"I'm staying with Amelia and Susan for the holidays." he said as he calmed. "She's helping me file a complaint against Umbridge."

"Really?" she asked while her hair slowly reverted to a limp, mousey brown.

"Yeah." he said, sticking his hands in his pockets as he leaned against the wall of her cubicle. "So, what's got you so down in the dumps?"

"What do you mean, I'm fine?" she said, avoiding his eyes as she straightened the papers on her desk.

"I mope enough to know what it looks like." he told her with a smile. "Besides, your mood hair gives you away."

Grabbing a lock of her hair, Tonks pulled it in front of her eyes and then blew it away in annoyance.

"Stupid hair." she grumbled.

"So, what's bothering you?" he asked.

"It's Remus." she said quietly. "He turned me down again."

"Ah." Harry said.

"I just don't know what to do. He says he likes me but refuses to even take me on a date. It's so frustrating." she growled before sighing sadly and tossing her quill. "I don't suppose you have any advice?"

"You want my advice?" he asked incredulously with raised eyebrows.

"Yeah, things seem to be going well with you and Susan if you're staying at her place for winter break." she said.

Harry sighed and crossed his arms over his chest as he looked down at her.

"Honestly?" he asked a bit hesitantly.

Tonks nodded and motioned for him to get on with it.



"I think you can do better." he told her.

Tonks frowned at him and folded her arms over her chest.

"You sound like my mother." she grouched. "I don't care if he's older than me, or about his furry little problem-"

"It's not that." Harry interrupted her as she grew angrier. "It's because he doesn't make you happy."

"What do you mean?" Tonks asked as she furrowed her brow. "I-"

"You're miserable." he interrupted again. "Look at you, Tonks. You're sitting here, moping around and pining for a guy who I've not seen once put a smile on your face."

Frowning, she bit her lip and looked down thoughtfully.

"Tonks, you're beautiful, smart, funny; hell, you're a bad ass Auror, for Merlin's sake. Whoever you're with should be willing to fight to keep you around, not pushing you away because they can't get over themselves. You deserve better than that." he told her.

As Tonks thought about what he's said, her hair slowly turned pink. When she looked up at him a few seconds later, it was with tears shimmering in her eyes. Harry panicked, wondering what he had done to make her cry, when she stood up quickly and threw her arms around him.

"Thank you." she said thickly as she hugged him tightly.

Harry smiled and hugged her back, relieved she wasn't upset with him.

“Get your hands off of me!”

Harry and Tonks broke apart and turned at the shout. The whole Auror office came to a stand still and heads peeked over the top of cubicles. Connie and a large, squat wizard had Umbridge by the arms as they quite literally dragging her into the office.

“I’ll have your job for this!” Umbridge shouted furiously.

“Take her to the interrogation room.” Amelia barked as she reappeared out of a door on the other side of the office.

“You!” Umbridge growled, her eyes glittering maliciously as she spotted Harry. “You’ll pay for this you disgusting little Half-Blood. I’ll have you kissed!”

“Get her out of here!” Amelia yelled as Connie and the burly wizard struggled with the squat witch.

“Wait until the Minister hears about this.” Umbridge hissed at Amelia as she was dragged past.

“Madam Bones.” Hestia Jones called out as she entered the Auror office.

“Jones, I thought you were searching Umbridge’s office. Is there a problem?” she asked.

“No, ma’am. We found this.” Hestia said as she held out a paper bag held closed with red tape.

Amelia took the bag and tapped it with her wand to open it. Looking in, a surprisingly vicious smirk stretched her lips as she reached in and pulled out a familiar looking black quill.

“Kingsley is still searching the rest of her office, but he thought you’d want to see that right away.” Hestia said. “It definitely a Blood Quill, but we need a sample of Mr. Potter’s blood to test against the blood on the quill.”

“Anything you need.” Harry said as he walked over, Tonks following a few steps behind.

“Excellent work, Jones. Can you get a blood sample from Harry?” Amelia asked.

Nodding, Hestia walked over to a desk and pulled out an empty vial before walking over to Harry with a smile.

“I just need to get a couple drops of blood. Can I see your hand?” she asked.

Harry held out his hand to her.

“This might hurt a little bit, but I’ll heal it as soon as I’m done.” Hestia told him as she uncorked the vial.

Taking out her wand, she pressed the tip against his finger. Harry felt a short, sharp sting before she pulled it away. Grabbing his hand, Hestia held it over the vial and squeezed his finger until several drops of blood fell into it. Letting go of his hand, she capped the vial and used her wand to heal his finger and wipe away the blood.

“What the hell is going on in here?” a loud voice barked.

Again, the whole office stopped and looked to the door as Rufus Scrimgeour, followed by two Aurors that Harry had seen before, entered the room.

“Amelia, you’d better have a damn good explanation for having Delores arrested.” he growled as he stopped in front of her.

“She’s been accused of misuse of power, torture, and attempted murder.” Amelia said.

“By who?” he asked, his brow furrowing angrily under his wild mane of hair.

“By me.” Harry said, crossing his arms defiantly.

“And what proof, besides Mr. Potter’s word, is there?” Scrimgeour asked.

“Calling me a liar didn’t work out too well for you last time.” he said angrily.

“Harry.” Amelia said warningly, causing Scrimgeour to look at her speculatively. “We were just about to find out. Jones.”

Hestia took the quill out of the bag and set it on the desk next to the vial of his blood. Tapping the quill, pink smoke began to rise from the tip. Next, she tapped the vial, causing pink smoke to rise from that too. Hestia stepped back as everyone strained to watch. The two trails of smoke hovered in the air for a moment, before the started moving towards each other until they connected. Unsure what that meant, Harry looked up and caught Hestia’s eye.

“It’s a match.” she said to the room while looking at Harry.

“There’s your proof.” Amelia said, nodding at the quill. “Umbridge forced Harry to write lines with that Blood Quill while she was teaching at Hogwarts, and he has the scars to prove it. Jones, put that into evidence and then go help Shackbolt finish searching her office.”

“Yes, ma’am.” she said, collecting the quill and vial before leaving the office.

“Amelia, this isn’t the time for us to be going after each other. Delores is a crucial member of my staff. We need to be united.” Scrimgeour said as if he was making some kind of speech.

“You want to keep her around?” Harry asked incredulously, stepping up until he was right in front of the Minister. “She tortured me, she tried to kill me!”

Amelia looked at him warningly, but Harry ignored her. He was not going to sit back and let Scrimgeour sweep this under the rug.

“I’ll tell you what, Potter.” Scrimgeour said, giving Harry a calculating look. “If you agree to help the Ministry by doing a few interviews, I won’t stop this investigation.”

Harry gave him an incredulous look while Amelia bristled silently and glared at the Minister beside him.

“You want me to work with *you*?” Harry asked incredulously.

“The people need hope, Mr. Potter. With you working hand in hand with the Ministry, we can give that to them.” Scrimgeour said.

Harry snorted derisively.

“You mean the same false hope you’ve been giving them by arresting innocent people and petty criminals and calling them Death Eaters?” he asked.

“We’ve arrested dozens of witches and wizards in league with You-Know-Who.” Scrimgeour said, his temper flaring.

“Like who, Stan Shunpike? The only Death Eaters you’ve arrested me, and my friends handed to you on a silver platter.” Harry said.

“You listen to me, Potter.” Scrimgeour growled as he leaned forward and pressed the tip of his wand against Harry chest. “I’m the best chance this country has at winning this war, not you. I don’t care what delusions Dumbledore has been putting in your head. Now, you’re either with me, or you’re against me.”

“Go fuck yourself.” Harry growled, as they glared at each other.

“Minister.” Amelia said. “Your wand.”

Scrimgeour glanced down and yanked his wand back when he realized the tip of his wand had scorched a hole through Harry’s shirt and burned his chest. Stepping back, he straightened his robes, looking startled at both his loss of control and the fact that Harry hadn’t reacted to the searing pain in his chest. He looked around to gauge the room and finally noticed many of the Aurors looking at him with unsettled or disgusted expressions.

“If you don’t start arresting real Death Eaters, especially the ones in the Ministry, you have no hope of stopping Voldemort.” Harry said.

“There are no Death Eaters in my Ministry.” Scrimgeour said with an angry glare.

“Really?” Harry asked with a raised eyebrow.

in a blur of movement, Harry drew his wand and stunned the two Aurors standing on either side of the Minister. He had the satisfaction of watching the man flinch as his spells zipped past his head. By the time the other Aurors in the room drew their wands, Harry already had his hands raised in surrender.

“Arrest that boy!” Scrimgeour barked, while pointing at him.

“Wands down!” Amelia shouted before turning to him with an angry look. “Harry, explain?”

“They’re Death Eaters, I say them in the graveyard when Voldemort got his body back.” he explained.

The Aurors in the room began whispering to each other furiously, unsure where to point their wands. To his relief, most of them decided to point them at the Aurors on the floor, rather than at him.

“That’s ridiculous. I hand picked these bodyguards for their loyalty. Auror Tonks, arrest Potter, that’s an order!” the Minister barked.

Harry kept his hands up as Tonks approached him from behind, and then walked right past him.

“What are you doing? I gave you an or-“

Scrimgeour’s words cut off in his throat as Tonks lifted the sleeve of one of the unconscious Aurors to reveal the writhing snake and skull branded on his arm. Walking over to the other Auror, she lifted his sleeve to show he too was marked. Scrimgeour stared at the two men on the floor in shock as every wand in the room was turned on them. Harry finally lowered his arms.

“Wilkins, Grady, get these two to a cell.” Amelia barked.

Two of the Aurors watching nearby stepped forward to bind the men on the floor angrily and levitated them out of the room.

“You might want to see if any of the Minister’s other *highly trusted* guards are marked.” Harry said snidely.

At his words, Scrimgeour jerked to life.

“You four.” he said, pointing to a group of Aurors standing off to the side. “With me. We need to check on my family.”

Without a backwards glance, the Minister walked swiftly out of the room, his robe billowing out behind him.

“Alright, everyone, shows over. Get back to work.” Amelia yelled.

The room was filled with the buzz of chatter as the Aurors moved off while talking to each other.

“I think it’s time for you to head home.” Amelia said.

Putting her hand on his shoulder, she led him out of the office.

“See ya later, Tonks.” he said as he passed her.

Tonks gave him a smile and a wave, looking much more like her usual self as he left. Together, he and Amelia stepped into another empty elevator.

“Sorry about losing my temper.” Harry said.

“Don’t be. If he wasn’t my boss, I’d have done the same thing.” Amelia said with a smile. “It’s about time someone gave him a dose of reality.”

Blowing out a breath in relief, Harry smiled.

“Thanks for arresting Umbridge. I hated thinking she was going to get away with everything.” he said gratefully.



“It was my pleasure. I can’t stand that woman” Amelia said.

Feeling a bit giddy at the realization of his success hit him, Harry grabbed Amelia by the hips and pushed her against the side of the elevator.

“Harry, what-“

Amelia’s question was cut off as Harry pressed his lips to hers and kissed her heatedly while pressing himself against her voluptuous body. Amelia moaned into his mouth and threaded her fingers through his hair. His hands moved up her body to roughly grope and knead her breasts as they kissed. He cursed her heavy Auror robes in his mind, wishing he could rip them off and have his way with her.

Far too soon, the elevator bell rang, and they were forced to break apart. Both of them were breathing heavily and Amelia’s cheeks were flushed a delicate pink as she straightened her robes.

“If we ever get caught, I’m telling everyone you potioned me.” she whispered to him just as the doors opened.

Harry snorted and smiled while Amelia led the way over to the Floo.

“Tell Susan I’ll probably be working late.” Amelia said.

“Ok.” Harry said, stepping into the Floo. “I’ll work out how to give you a proper thank you when you get home.”

She shook her head, but he could see the smile twitching at her lips just before he was engulfed in emerald flames.

Back at Bones Manor, Harry told Susan about what happened at the Ministry. After that, they spent the rest of the day lounging around the house and occasionally fooling around. It was a couple of hours after dinner that Amelia finally stepped out of the Floo.

“Hello Auntie.” Susan said as she skipped over to her, her braless breasts jiggling enticingly under her tight yellow turtleneck jumper.

“Hello, Susie.” Amelia said tiredly, giving her niece a hug.

“How did things go at work?” Harry asked as he walked up to her and gave her a kiss.

“Everything is going fine with the Umbridge case, but I have a bit of bad news.” she told him.

Harry looked at her curiously just as the Floo flared to life and Tonks stumbled out with a bag slung over her shoulder.

“Hey guys.” she said with a perky smile and a wave.

“Not that I mind see you again, Tonks, but what’s going on?” Harry asked.

“Why don’t we all sit down, and I can explain?” Amelia said.

Exchanging a curious look with Susan, they all took seats in the living room. Harry and Susan sat next to each other on the couch, while Amelia and Tonks took seats in armchairs facing them.

“It turns out, all but two of the Aurors guarding the Minister and his family were marked Death Eaters.” Amelia told him.

Harry massaged the bridge of his nose and closed his eyes. He knew things were bad, but he didn't understand how Scrimgeour could let that many Death Eaters get so close to his family.

"He pulled me into his office after you left." Tonks said. "He thinks you have a way of getting information about what the Death Eaters are doing. He's using the Death Eaters getting close to his family as an excuse to assign you a full-time bodyguard."

"What?" Harry said, his anger growing. "You mean even at Hogwarts?"

"Yes, but it's not as bad as it sounds." Amelia said placatingly before nodding at Tonks to continue.

"Because I'm a Metamorphmagus, he asked me to be your bodyguard and spy on you. Bastard even offered me a promotion if I did." Tonks said angrily. "I was going to tell him when he could stuff it, but I realized he would just get someone else to do it. So, I decided to play along and went straight to Bones."

"This is ridiculous." Harry said. "Can we use this to get him replaced or something?"

"No, unfortunately. Technically, he hasn't done anything illegal, just immoral." Amelia said. "Besides, even if we could, it's too dangerous right now. The Death Eaters have penetrated the Ministry far deeper than any of us thought. If it comes down to a vote, there's a good chance You-Know-Who could get one of his followers elected."

"You don't want me around?" Tonks asked, giving him a doe eyed look as she pouted and sniffled.

Harry rolled his eyes but couldn't stop from smiling.

"You know that's not it." he said. "I just don't like the Ministry interfering in my life."

That, and he didn't want it to interfere with the time he spent with Susan and Amelia. Susan wouldn't care so much, but he doubted Amelia would want to risk Tonks telling someone and the public finding out about them sleeping together. Unless...

"Well, as long as Tonks is my only bodyguard, I guess that's fine." he said, a plan forming in his mind.

"Really?" Amelia asked, surprised at his quick acceptance.

"Tonks is a close friend. I'd trust her with anything, even my life." Harry said, giving Amelia a pointed look.

Tonks smiled at him brightly and unconsciously lifted her chin proudly at his declaration. Amelia caught on to what he meant, but a reluctant look crossed her face. He really couldn't blame her. Amelia was a consummate professional and her position in the Ministry depended on her reputation. Any sign of perceived impropriety would see her ousted in a heartbeat. He would just have to prove to her Tonks was trustworthy.

"Well, at least that's settled." Amelia said after a moment. "Come on, Tonks. I'll show you to your room."

As Tonks and Amelia left, Susan curled up against Harry's side and rested her head on his shoulder.

"You want to seduce her, don't you?" she asked, and Harry could hear the smile in her voice.

"If it's alright with you." he said, turning to look at her.

Susan smiled up at, her brown eyes sparkling with excitement and arousal.

“You know I don’t mind.” she said. “Do you think we can talk Auntie into joining us?”

Harry chuckled and bent down to kiss her tenderly.

“I love you.” he said softly with an affectionate smile.

“I love you, too.” she replied smiling.

After throwing together a late dinner for Amelia and Tonks, Amelia decided to call it a night. Harry, Susan, and Tonks stayed up for another couple of hours before they decided to go to bed. Harry made no secret about where he was staying when he bid Tonks goodnight and followed Susan into her room.

With Tonks’ room right next to Susan’s, and Amelia in another wing of the house, Harry intentionally neglected to use a silencing charm. For the next hour, he fucked Susan as hard as he could. He used every trick he knew to draw out the loudest screams possible. He wanted to leave Tonks with no doubt as to what he was capable of. Susan was a limp, sweat and cum covered mess by the time he was done with her. He would have felt bad, if he didn’t know she loved every second of it.

Harry’s plan to seduce Tonks and then convince Amelia she was trustworthy enough for them to continue having sex, like most of the plans he made, was left in tatters shortly after being put into action.

The next morning, Amelia pulled him aside while Tonks and Susan sat down to breakfast.

“Do you really trust Tonks as much as you said last night?” she asked.

“Absolutely.” Harry said with certainty. “I’d trust her with anything. Why?”

“Because I’ve gone nearly twenty years without a man in my life and now that I have one again, I’m not too willing to give that up. Especially since I had to listen to you absolutely destroy my poor niece last night.” she said with a mock glare.

“You could hear us?” he asked, surprise the sound had traveled that far.

“I think the whole of Hertfordshire heard her. Now, you’re sure she won’t say anything?” she asked nervously.

“I’m sure. Tonks wouldn’t do anything to risk your job.” he assured her.

“I’m not too worried about that anymore. With the way things are going at the Ministry, I may have to leave soon. I will not work for Death Eaters.” she said vehemently. “I’m more concerned about my reputation, and Susan’s.”

“She’s trustworthy.” Harry said.

“Good.” Amelia said.

Wrapping her arms around his neck, she grabbed the back of his head and kissed him passionately. He could feel her desperation as she pressed and rubbed her body against his while they kissed. Harry was just starting to get hard when she pulled back, flushed and breathless.

“We’ll finish this when I get home.” she whispered sultrily.

Nodding, Harry adjusted himself and followed her into the kitchen. Taking a seat next to Susan and across from Tonks and Amelia, they all chatted normally as they ate.

“So, what did the three of you get up to after I went to bed?” Amelia asked when they were finishing up.

“We just talked for a little while before I went to bed. Harry and Susan stayed up longer than I did.” she said, giving Harry a teasing smirk.

She completely missed the mischievous look Amelia gave her.

“I heard. I don’t know how many times I’ve told them to use silencing charms if they aren’t going to invite me.” Amelia said.

Tonks’ jaw dropped comically as she stared at her in shock. Now, it was Harry turn to smirk at the look on her face.

“Well, I should get to work.” Amelia said as she wiped her mouth and stood.

Walking around the table, she gave Susan a peck on the forehead before stopping next to Harry.

“You three have fun, but you,” she said, pointing at him. “save some energy for me.”

“Yes, ma’am.” he said with a smirk.

Leaning down, Amelia claimed his lips in a searing kiss. Her hand ran down his chest to his crotch, where cupped his partially erect cock and gave it a teasing rub. Harry reached up and caressed one of her hanging breasts just before she stood up with a smile. With a wave, and another smirk at Tonks, she left the kitchen. A moment later they heard her Floo to the Ministry.

“Harry, you’re...” Tonks said, trailing off.

“Fucking your boss?” he asked with a smirk.

“And you’re...” she said, turning to Susan.

“Perfectly fine with it.” Susan finished with a nod.

“Wow.” Tonks muttered.

“Please don’t say anything. It took a lot for me to convince Amelia you’re trustworthy.” Harry said.

“Of course.” Tonks said, jolting out of her shock. “I’m just surprised. I mean, I knew you were sleeping with Susan, but bloody hell. How did you end up sleeping with Bones too?”

“Why don’t you tell her, Susan?” Harry asked with a smirk.

“Well, Auntie walked in on us having sex in the living room.” Susan said, a light blush starting at her cheeks and moving down her neck. “I like being watched, so I asked her to stay. But I really like watching Harry with other women too, and I knew Auntie hadn’t been with anyone in a long time. One thing led to another and...”

Susan trailed off with a shrug, her cheeks flaming red. It amazed him that after everything they had done, alone and with other women, she was still capable of blushing at anything.

“You like watching Harry have sex with other women?” Tonks asked curiously.

“Yeah.” Harry said. “We keep it to close friends that we trust though. Susie might not seem like it, but she’s a kinky little slut and I love her for it.”



Susan smiled brightly through her blush as Harry leaned over and kissed her on the cheek. Across from them, Tonks bit her lip as she looked at them contemplatively.

“So, if I wanted to go over there and shag Harry’s brains out?” she asked.

“That’s fine with me.” Susan said.

Even though her tone was quiet and shy, her eyes glittered excitedly as she subtly rubbed her thighs together.

“Seriously?” Tonks asked with raised eyebrows. “You’d be fine with it if Harry just bent me over the table and fucked me right now?”

Biting her lip, Susan rubbed her legs together harder and nodded her head. Raising an eyebrow challengingly, Tonks stood and walked around the table. Wearing nothing but a pair of tight black shorts, and a Weird Sisters t-shirt, she straddled Harry’s chair and sat down in his lap while facing him. Harry smiled at her and cupped her toned ass in his hands as she rested her arms on the back of his chair. She wiggled in his lap with a teasing smile on her lips and a playful glint in her eyes. It was so quintessentially Tonks that it brought an affectionate smile to his face. Both of them leaned slowly forward until their lips met.

Tonks moaned and scooted forward in his lap, pressing her body more tightly against his. Harry squeezed her ass, grinding the erection Amelia had left him with into her as they kissed. When she pulled back a few seconds later, Tonks grinned and wiggled her hips again.

“That feels promising.” she said. “No wonder Susan was so loud last night.”

As she said her name, Tonks turned to look over at Susan. Harry followed her gaze to find his girlfriend flushed and panting with excitement as she rubbed her thighs together.

“Why don’t we take this into the living room?” Harry asked.

Tonks climbed off of his lap and all of them got to their feet. Tonks grabbed his hand and made to pull him towards the living room, but Harry pulled her to a stop with a mischievous smile on his lips.

“One second.” he said.

Reaching into the pocket of his pajama pants, he pulled out two lengths of the charmed black rope he had used with Susan before. He’d originally brought them to use on her while Tonks was watching in the hope it would entice her into joining them. He didn’t need to use them for that anymore, but now, he had other ideas.

Dropping one to the floor, it slithered like a snake over to Susan and then leapt at her. Wrapping around her wrists, it tightened and bound her hands behind her back. Holding one end of the other rope, the other end shot forward, the rope lengthening as it wrapped loosely around Susan neck, forming a rudimentary collar and leash.

“Come on, Susie” Harry said with a smirk while giving a tug on the rope.

Blushing brightly, Susan bit her lip and stared down at her feet as Harry led her into the living room. Tonks, still holding his hand, followed next to him while looking back at Susan with raised eyebrows.

“Wow. I had no idea you were into this sort of thing, Harry” she said.

“There’s a lot you don’t know about me.” he said with a smile.

As he asked, he took out his wand and banished Susan’s clothes from her body. Dropping the leash end of the rope, he used a sticking charm to attach it to the carpet. With a thought, the

rope shortened and pulled Susan down onto her knees. Susan let out a small, excited whimper as she looked up at him.

“Merlin, that’s hot.” Tonks said, staring down at Susan.

Harry smiled and wrapped his arms around her from behind. Sliding his hands under her shirt, he trailed his hands up her toned stomach to cup her breasts. Perky, yet soft, they more than filled his hands as he gently squeezed and played with her mounds. Tonks moaned and leaned back against him while his lips kissed and sucked at her neck.

“Is there anything special you want to do, Tonks?” he asked.

“Mhh, I want you to do to me what you did to Susan last night.” Tonks said, wiggling her ass against the bulge in his pants.

“Are you sure?” Harry asked. “She likes it pretty rough.”

“If you can make me scream like she did, you can get as rough as you want.” Tonks said.

“I don’t know. You sure you don’t want to wait around incase Remus changes his mind?” Harry asked with a smirk.

Grabbing the hem of her shirt, Tonks pulled it up and over her head and tossed it to the floor, her full, pert tits bouncing free. Spinning around in his arms, she sank down to her knees.

“Fuck Remus.” she said while looking up at him. “You were right. If he doesn’t want me, I’ll find someone who does.”

Grabbing his pajama pants and boxers, she pulled them down in one swift yank. Harry cock leapt free and bobbed in front of her face, the red, swollen head an inch from her glistening

pink lips. Her hand came up and lightly caressed his thick, rigid shaft as she looked up at him with wide, innocent eye.

“You want me, don’t you, Harry?” Tonks asked in a sweet, innocent tone.

His cock throbbed with arousal as he growled in the back of his throat. Yanking his t-shirt over his head, Harry bent down and lifted her off the ground. Tonks gasped at the surprising show of strength and wrapped her arms and legs around him as he carried her over to the couch. Laying her down, he grabbed the waistband of her tight shorts and pink panties, and practically ripped them off of her as he pulled them down her legs. The smell of her arousal drifted to his nose and hit him like an aphrodisiac.

Grabbing her waist, Harry pulled her into his lap with her back pressed against his chest. Holding out his hand, the end of the black rope attached to the floor came free and flew into his hand. As he commanded the rope to shorten, it pulled at Susan’s neck and forced her to crawl over to them, her huge tits swaying under her. When she reached the couch, he tugged the rope sharply and moved her over until she was kneeling between Tonks’ spread legs.

“Get her ready for me, Susie.” Harry said, his voice deep and lustful.

Tonks inhaled sharply and panted excitedly as she watched Susan lower her lips to her damp slit. A low moan left her parted lips when Susan started to kiss and lick her pussy. Harry grabbed a handful of her short purple hair and pulled her head back roughly. As his lips attacked her neck, sucking hard on the smooth pale skin, his other hand squeezed her pert breast. His fingers sank into the soft flesh, her thick, dark red nipple digging into his palm. Tonks groaned and trembled in his lap. He could feel her arousal dripping down onto his shaft where it was trapped under her fantastic ass.

“I’m going to fucking ruin you, Dora.” Harry growled into her ear.

Tonks gasped but said nothing about the name. Grinning, Harry gave her nipple a pinch before letting go and sliding his hand down to her mound. While Susan licked and kissed at her taut pink lips, he rubbed his fingers around her clit. Tonks moaned and bucked her hips, her breath

coming in gasping pants. Pressing his fingers down firmly above her clit, he shook his hand back and forth rapidly.

It only took them a couple of minutes before they had her teetering on the edge. Harry suddenly removed his hand and reached out to grab a handful of Susan's dark red hair. Yanking her up, he pressed her lips to Tonks' clit. His beautiful, kinky girlfriend knew exactly what he wanted. Wrapping her lips around the delicate, sensitive nub, Susan sucked hard as her tongue lashed at it furiously.

sucking in a deep breath, Tonks' body tensed and shivered for a second before she threw her head back and howled. Her hand reached down and clenched in Susan's hair, pulling her forward as she bucked and ground her pussy against her lips. With her hands still tied behind her back, Susan had no choice but to allow Tonks for use her face.

After nearly a minute of screaming, moaned, and quivering in his lap, Tonks relaxed and collapsed against him. When her grip loosened, Susan pulled her head back and sucked in a breath, her face from the nose down drenched in Tonks' fluids.

As Tonks closed her eyes and panted from her climax, Harry grabbed her hips and lifted her up. Without any warning, he lined his engorged head up with her dripping entrance and dropped her on his cock.

"Oh *fuck!*" Tonks exclaimed, her eyes going wide.

Smirking, Harry wrapped his arms around her waist and bounced her on him length while thrusting up into her from below. As he speared in and out of her hot, slick depths, he reached up with his free hand and groped one of her bouncing breasts. Her walls fluttered around him, grasping and massaging his length as she moaned and gasped.

Feeling bold, Harry let go of her waist and spread her legs wide. Sliding his arms under her legs, he reached up and locked his hands behind her neck, locking her in a full nelson. Slouching back on the couch, he started hammering his cock into her at a brutal pace. Tonks squealed from the

pounding, her dangling legs flailing from the force of his thrusts. In front of them, Susan's chest heaved with arousal as she watched his cock impale the purple haired Auror.

Feeling a bit bad for her, he mentally released the ropes binding her hands. The instant she was free, Susan buried two fingers into her slick core, fingering herself vigorously. Her eyes were riveted to the sight of his massive pole stretching Tonks' tight lips and filling her depths with all the brutality of a Hippogriff in heat.

"Oh Merlin." Tonks gasped as another climax built up rapidly. "Harry!"

Tonks screamed again as she came, her legs shaking uncontrollably. Harry grunted as she tightened around him, her arousal leaking out around his shaft and running down onto his balls. Fighting back his own climax, he stopped thrusting into her, the muscles in his arms burning from holding her up. Even though he had stopped moving, the spasms from her walls still threatened to send him over the edge. Lifting her off of his cock, he let her collapse sideways onto the couch, her body still trembling as she moaned from her orgasm.

After giving himself a short rest so he was no longer on edge, he rolled Tonks over so that she was laying on her back. She let out a groan as he climbed between her legs and hovered over her while he slipped his cock back into her smooth, sweltering depths.

"No wonder Susan's so willing to share you if this is what you put her through." Tonks said with a groan.

"Do you want me to stop, Dora?" Harry asked with a smirk.

"No." Tonks said as she wrapped her legs around him, trapping him in place.

Chuckling, Harry pulled his cock back until only the head was left trapped between her hugging lips, and then sank back into her slowly.

“Oh, fuck.” Tonks moaned, her nails digging into his shoulders. “Merlin, I love this.”

Smiling, Harry leaned down to kiss her as he started thrusting. Tonks moaned into his mouth as he fucked her, her heels digging into his ass while her nails left fiery trails down his back. Hearing a moan next to them, Harry and Tonks broke their kiss to look over. Susan was fingering herself roughly with her eyes closed, her other hand mauling her breast roughly as she came. When she calmed and opened her eyes, she blushed brightly at being watched.

“Come here, Susan.” Harry said.

As she walked on her knees over to the couch, Harry pushed himself up on his arms while still thrusting into Tonks and turned his head to kiss her. When they broke apart a few seconds later, Susan turned to Tonks and bit her lip. Nervously, she slowly bent down and kissed her tentatively. In short order, their nervous, hesitant kiss turned heated, their tongues dueling between their lips.

Harry’s cock jerked excitedly inside Tonks as he watched her reach up and grope his girlfriend’s massive tits. No matter how many times he saw Susan with another witch, he never got tired of it. Picking up his pace, he started slamming into Tonks hard, hammering his cock into her clutching depths and driving her into the couch cushions. Rapidly, he felt his climax built and this time, he had no intention of holding back.

Tonks moaned into Susan’s mouth while she bucked her hips up at him. Susan reached up and squeezed one of her jiggling breasts, pinching and pulling at the stiff, red nipple. With a gasp, Tonks ripped her mouth away from Susan’s and arched her back.

“I’m cumming again! I’m cumming all over your boyfriend’s big cock!” she gasped.

Harry grunted as she clenched around him, her walls fluttering along his length. With a loud grunt, he tipped over the edge. His cock lurched inside of her as massive jets of hot cum spewed from his tip, soaking her walls and filling her core. Leaning down, he claimed Tonks’ lips in a fierce kiss as he filled her, before pulling back and turning his head to kiss Susan. When his

climax finally ended, he collapsed on top of Tonks and buried his head in the crook of her neck, panting heavily.

A couple of minutes later, once he had caught his breath, he sat up and pulled out of her. A small stream of thick cum leaked out from between her lips. As he sat up, Susan knelt down in front of him and took his cock into her mouth, sucking and licking him clean. Harry hissed from the feeling, the head of his cock still hypersensitive. As soon as she was done cleaning him, Susan climbed onto the couch and buried her face between Tonks' legs with her thick ass sticking up into the air.

Tonks moaned pitifully as Susan licked up the cum leaking out of her. Despite his recent orgasm, Harry grew hard within only a couple of minutes as he watched. Gazing at his girlfriend's fantastic ass and drooling lips, he climbed up behind her and smirked as he lined his head up with her entrance.

Several hours later, Amelia stepped out of the Floo to find Harry, Tonks, and Susan lounging naked on the couch. The room reeked of sex, and she could see wet stains littering the brown fabric.

"Auntie." Susan greeted her with a smile.

Jumping off the couch, Susan ran over to her, her breasts bouncing and flopping shamelessly, and hugged her tightly. Amelia hugged her back with a smile, her arousal rapidly growing.

"Hello, Susan. I see you three had fun while I was gone." she said wryly.

Susan stepped back and gave a shy smile as she shrugged her shoulders.

"Hey, boss." Tonks said a little awkwardly.



As she nodded a greeting to the young, purple haired Auror, Harry stood and walked up to her with a smile. Wrapping his arms around her waist, he leaned in and gave her a searing kiss. Any awkwardness Amelia felt at being around her naked niece and one of her employees disappeared at his touch. The need to feel him inside of her again outweighed everything else.

“Did you save some energy for me?” she asked as they separated.

“I always have energy for you.” Harry told her sweetly.

Amelia couldn't help but smile at the handsome young man as he leaned in to kiss her again. His hands went to her robes and began stripping her.

“You really don't mind Harry sleeping with your aunt?” Tonks asked as she watched him strip her surprisingly stacked superior.

Auror robes really did hide a lot, she thought as she caught a glimpse of Amelia's huge, bra covered breasts. Looking down at her own perky, yet comparatively smaller tits, she decided to increase them a couple of cup sizes.

“Nope.” Susan said while watching Tonks experimentally bounce and shake her newly enlarged breasts in fascination. “I really do like watching Harry with other witches. The fact that she's my aunt just makes it hotter. Besides, Auntie's given up a lot so she can raise me and do her job. She must have been so lonely without anyone besides me for the last twenty years.”

“I suppose that makes sense.” Tonks said as she turned back to watch Harry and Amelia.

Amelia was completely naked now and had herself wrapped around him as they kissed. Tonks bit her lip as she eyed her thick, luscious figure. While she preferred men, she was just as attracted to women. Besides, if she was going to be around Harry and Susan, she was probably going to spend a lot of time around beautiful, naked women, she thought with a smile.

Curious, she glanced over to see her reaction. The girl was already teasing herself as she watched Harry grope at her aunt's impressive curves. She really did like watching Harry manhandle other women, even her aunt. Tonks wondered how she would feel seeing Harry with her relatives. While he certainly didn't want to see him with her mom, and not only because she was married to her dad, seeing him with her aunt wouldn't be so bad. A smirk crossed her face as she imagined Harry making Narcissa Malfoy scream like a Knockturn Alley whore or breaking the already insane Bellatrix Lestrange with his huge cock. They might be horrible people, but they were undoubtedly beautiful, and watching him make them his cock hungry little sluts would definitely be hot.

Tonks was broken out of her incestuous thoughts when Harry brought Amelia over to the couch and knocked her backwards by pushing Amelia on top of her. The Metamorphmagus blinked to suddenly find herself pinned under her boss as Harry sank into her from behind. Amelia's eyes glazed over in pleasure as she let out a long moan. Her massive tits sway back and forth in time with his thrust in a nearly hypnotic way that unconsciously drew her gaze. Unsure if Amelia would appreciate it, Tonks nervously reached up and gently cupped her breasts, marveling at the enormous globes as they filled her hands.

Immediately, Amelia's gaze sharpened, and she stared down at her with an intense look. Tonks froze and gulped, wondering if she had overstepped her bounds. Nervously, she let go of her breasts.

"Don't stop Auror Tonks, that's an order." Amelia in a deep, sultry voice.

Sighing in relief, Tonks grabbed her tits, kneading them while rubbing her light pink nipples with her thumbs.

"Yes, ma'am." she said with a cheeky smile.

With a particularly hard thrust that caused her body to lurch, Amelia closed her eyes and moaned before suddenly leaning down and claiming her lips. Tonks moaned in shock, her eyes widening for a moment before they slowly closed, and she kissed her back.

Best assignment ever, Tonks thought.