

Chapter 29

“Keeps those wands moving!” Tonks yelled. “Don’t wait to see if your spell hit before casting the next one!”

Harry watched her absently from the back of the Room of Requirement. With one eye on the DA, he kept the other on Hermione, who bit her lip thoughtfully.

“Maybe we could bribe him?” she asked. “You said Riddle gave him crystalized pineapple.”

“I think it’s going to take more than that to get that memory out of him,” Harry said.

“Well, what about confronting him directly?” Hermione asked. “Maybe guilt him into it. Remind him that you’re the Chosen One. Besides, he said your mum was his favorite student.”

“I’m not sure if he really feels that way, or if he just said it to try and collect me,” Harry replied, a hint of disgust in his voice. “And I tried confronting him directly. He kicked me out of his office.”

“Truth serum?” Hermione suggested. “No, never mind. He probably keeps an antidote on him if he knows you want that memory. Wait! What if we use a spell that has a similar effect. I remember reading about a Truth Charm last year while I was doing a essay for Flitwick.”

“Maybe,” Harry said, though he didn’t think that it had a good chance of working. “If that doesn’t work, we could always beat it out of him.”

“Harry!” she exclaimed, slapping his arm. “He’s a professor.”

“A professor who’s deliberately withholding vital information about Voldemort,” Harry countered.

“Yes, well... I’m sure we can find a way without needing to resort to violence,” Hermione said.

“Why is it that when I want to resort to violence it’s bad, but when you do it that’s fine?” Harry asked, his lips quirking up in a teasing smile.

“Because I don’t get caught like you do,” Hermione replied.

Harry chuffed and checked his watch.

“Alright everyone!” he yelled, clapping his hands together. “I think we’ll call it a night. We meet here again on Thursday right after dinner. In the meantime, keep working on your silent casting. Yes, even the lower years. Even knowing how to cast one or two spells silently can make a huge difference in a duel.”

Most of the third and fourth years grumbled about being given homework as people gathered their things and made their way out of the room. Tonks joined Harry and Hermione as they cleaned up the room, picking up the scattered cushions and placing them in a pile in the corner.

“So, you two come up with any good ideas?” Tonks asked.

“Not really,” Harry sighed, running a hand through his hair.

“I’m sure you’ll figure something out,” Tonks smiled, rubbing his shoulder. “Knowing you, you’ll luck your way into a solution.”

Hermione scoffed, “Yeah, and nearly get himself killed half a dozen times in the process.”

“That’s it. Luck!” Harry grinned. “Tonks, you’re a genius!”

Scooping her up in his arms, he lifted her in the air and spun her around. Tonks squealed, giggling when he came to a stop, set her on her feet, and gave her a kiss.

“Not that I’m complaining, but what has you so excited?” she asked.

“Luck,” Harry grinned. “Liquid Luck.”

“Oh, Harry, that’s brilliant!” Hermione said.

“That’s not something I hear often,” Katie teased as she joined them.

“I have my moments,” Harry said.

“Love, our idea of brilliant is very different from yours,” Tonks told him, patting his cheek. “How was your Christmas, Katie?”

“Good,” she replied. “My parents tried to talk me into transferring to Beauxbatons, again.”

“Well, considering what happened to you, I can understand why they’d want you to,” Hermione said.

“I know, but I told them I really don’t want to leave Hogwarts,” Katie told her. “They let me come back, but they said that if the war gets worse, we’re all leaving the country.”

“I hate to admit it, but that’s probably a good idea,” Harry said. “It’s only a matter of time before it gets worse.”

“I know,” Katie sighed. “Which reminds me. Are you still up for teaching me to throw off the Imperius Curse?”

“I’ll try,” Harry told her, scratching the back of his neck. “I’ve never taught anyone how before. I’m not even sure it’s possible.”

“It’s worth a try,” Tonks shrugged. “At the Academy, they cast it on us so we would know what it felt like, but they never tried to teach us to beat it.”

“From what I’ve read on it, it’s more about mental strength than magical,” Hermione added. “Even some Muggles have been known to throw off the Imperius Curse. However, everyone I’ve read about could either do it naturally or spent years under the Curse and built up a tolerance of sorts. But then I didn’t search for other methods. It wasn’t part of the assignment.”

“I’d still like to try if you don’t mind, Harry,” Katie told him hopefully. “I don’t want to ever feel that helpless again.”

“Alright,” Harry said. “But this has to stay just between us. We could get in a lot of trouble if anyone found out.”

“When has that ever stopped you before?” Katie grinned, getting a chuckle from Tonks and a disapproving sigh from Hermione.

“Fair enough,” Harry smiled, drawing his wand. “Ready?”

Katie’s smile dropped as she turned serious, her eyes darting up to his nervously before she nodded. Tonks and Hermione moved off to the side just as Harry raised his wand and aimed it at her chest.

“Imperio,” he said.

Unlike most of the spells he was used to casting, there was no flash of light. Harry felt a rush of power and an odd feeling like he was controlling a puppet through his wand. Katie's eyes went unfocused for a few seconds before he lost the feeling and she shook her head.

"What happened?" she asked, looking around, confused.

"Harry's spell failed," Tonks told her, before turning to him. "You have to want to control her."

"Er, right," Harry said, a sick, sweaty feeling settling over him. "I really don't like casting that spell."

"Most Dark Magic feels like that," Tonks said. "It gives you a rush of power, and then you feel sick. It's why it's so dangerous. The sick feeling goes away after a while, but the feeling of power is always there. When you start enjoying it, that's when you need to worry."

"How much would he need to cast it for that to happen?" Hermione asked worriedly.

"A lot," Tonks replied. "He'll be fine. Harry doesn't really have the personality to go Dark. I'd be a lot more worried about you."

"Me!?" Hermione asked incredulously.

"I love you, Hermione, but you do get lost in your obsessions," Tonks smirked. "Besides, if Harry ever did go Dark, you'd still be there right beside him. Hmm, Dark Lady Hermione. That has a nice ring to it."

Harry and Katie laughed as Hermione sputtered indignantly before recovering.

"And what would you be, Dark Lady Tonks, I suppose?" she asked.

“Nah, I’d much rather be the Dark Court Jester,” Tonks grinned. “Fleur could be the Dark Consort, and Katie could be the Dark Chaser.”

“Dark Chaser?” Katie asked.

Harry smiled and shrugged.

“This is ridiculous!” Hermione exclaimed. “I’m not going to go Dark.”

“I didn’t say you would. I said you’re the most likely to,” Tonks smirked. “Don’t worry, I’m sure a good bugging from Harry would set you back on the straight and narrow.”

She ignored Hermione’s blushing and sputtering as she turned back to Harry with a wink.

“Now, try it again,” she said. “I know you don’t like it, but it’s something you should learn, unfortunately.”

Sighing, Harry turned to Katie.

“Ready to go again?” he asked.

It took four more tries for him to get a feel for the curse. Each time he cast it, he felt a rush of power at first, and then a sick feeling when he released it. Fighting through his own discomfort, he Imperioused Katie several times, forcing her to dance and twirl around the room. He could feel her fighting against him, but it wasn’t very hard for him to exert his will over hers.

“Should it feel that way?” he asked Tonks.

She shrugged, "It's different for everyone. Either you're really strong, or Katie might just be susceptible to it. Let me give it a try. Imperio."

Katie was hit by surprise, but as Harry watched her eyes, he could see the fight in her eyes. She resisted a lot better this time, taking much longer before she started following Tonks' order to dance. Even then, she moved mechanically, instead of the smooth, natural motions she'd used under Harry's control.

"She's fighting pretty good for me," Tonks said. "Looks like you're just too stubborn to let her win."

"Great," Harry muttered unhappily.

"I'll take over for a bit," she told him. "She's got a better chance of beating me, and I'm closer to an average witch or wizard than you are. I just wanted to make sure you could cast the curse if you need to."

Harry nodded, grateful that he didn't have to cast it anymore. Turning back to watch Katie, he missed the mischievous glint in Tonks' eyes. Katie's movements turned less exaggerated and comical and became more teasing. With jerky movements, her hands came up to her chest where she started unbuttoning her blouse.

"Tonks!" Hermione hissed.

"What?" Tonks asked. "She's fighting it, but she needs a bit more of a push to really overcome it. Besides, it's nothing she hasn't done before."

"You should still ask her if it's alright first," Hermione huffed.

"That takes all the fun out of it," Tonks pouted, even as she lifted the curse. "You alright to keep going, Katie?"

"I'm fine," Katie said, wobbling slightly. "Just please don't make me spin anymore."

"Sorry," Tonks smiled.

With a rather unapologetic shrug, she raised her wand. Just as she opened her mouth to cast, she paused with a thoughtful look on her face.

"What?" Katie asked.

"I was just thinking, you're not likely to fight against the Imperious for something you want to do," Tonks said. "You trust me, right?"

"Of course," Katie said, though she glanced nervously at Harry.

He gave her a reassuring smile and turned to Tonks, lifting his brow curiously.

"Imperio," Tonks said.

After a few seconds of fighting, she fell under Tonks' control. With another flick of her wand, a light blue spell streaked across the room and hit Katie in the stomach.

"That spell removes all contraceptives, even the potion," Tonks grinned. "I'm going to make you beg Harry to knock you up. Good luck getting a Quidditch career while raising a kid."

"Tonks, isn't this going a bit too far?" Hermione asked nervously. "She could really get pregnant."

"That's the point," Tonks smiled, shrugging carelessly.

Harry was almost certain they were putting on a show for Katie, but he wasn't entirely sure. Before he could think on it any further, Katie ripped open her blouse and shrugged it from her shoulder. Spinning it above her head, she rolled her hips as she spun in a slow circle. When her back was to him, she let the blouse go, sending it fluttering across the room. Reaching back, she unclasped her white bra and tossed it aside. Arm covering her breasts, she spun back around and stalked towards Harry with a sultry look. Her arm slowly fell, revealing her beautifully perky breasts and hard, pink nipples.

Katie's pale, firm mounds bounced on her chest with each step until she stopped in front of him, her hands resting on his chest. Loosening his tie, she pulled it from around his neck, unbuttoned his shirt, and pushed it from his shoulders. Dropping to her knees, she started working at his belt.

"Please put a baby in me, Harry," Katie begged, her long lashes fluttering over her wide, brown eyes. "I don't want to play Quidditch. I want to spend the rest of my life draining every drop of cum from your massive cock."

"Really?" Hermione deadpanned, looking at Tonks.

"I could make her beg for a good buggering," Tonks smirked teasingly.

Hermione's cheeks went pink, "You're one to talk, you do it too."

"Yeah, but I'm not embarrassed about it," Tonks winked.

Meanwhile, Katie opened Harry's trousers, yanked them down to his knees, and plunged her mouth down on his erection. Despite choking harshly, hot saliva falling from her lips, she bobbed up and down enthusiastically. Loud, wet gags echoed around the room as she battered his head against the entrance of her throat. While spit rained down on her quivering breasts, she skillfully slipped out of her skirt and panties.

Waving her wand, Tonks summoned a pile of cushions to land behind Harry. In the time he took to look back at them, Katie pulled herself off of his length, stood up, and shoved his chest. With his pants around his legs, he windmilled his arms before falling back onto the cushions. Katie pounced on him, her hot folds sliding along his spit-soaked shaft. Lifting herself up, she speared herself onto him, throwing her head back and crying out as he bottomed out.

“Oh, Merlin,” Katie gasped. “You’re so deep I think you’re in my womb.”

“That’s not how anatomy works,” Hermione huffed.

“Will you stop ruining my fun?” Tonks asked.

“It’s just so ridiculous,” Hermione said, shaking her head.

Harry tuned his girlfriends out as Katie rode him hard and fast. She was dripping wet, and he started to wonder if Tonks’ words about getting her pregnant were just making her more excited. Sweat gathered on her forehead as she rose as high on his shaft as she could before dropping back down with her full weight. With each drop, Katie let out an animalistic grunt, her breasts bouncing wildly on her chest.

Kicking off his trousers and boxers, Harry gripped her bum and thrust in time with her riding. Katie’s grunts turned to sharp, pleasure-filled cries. Under Tonks’ control, she never even slowed as she threw her head back with a scream, her depths fluttering around his length from her climax. Harry continued plunging into her while she gasped for breath, their bodies slapping together wetly.

“I’m close,” Harry groaned, the hard, rapid pace quickly pushing him towards the edge.

“If you’re going to beat the curse, now’s the time,” Tonks said. “Harry’s about to fill that tight little pussy of yours and I don’t care if he knocks you up.”

Katie continued driving herself up and down, but her movements stuttered in places. Just as Harry was about to reach his peak, her eyes flew open, a gasp escaped her lips, and she launched herself up and off of him.

“I did it!” Katie cheered, smiling and raising her hands above her head.

Harry was too close to the edge. Jerking his hips, he rubbed against her soft stomach once and erupted. Katie shrieked as the first jet launched straight up between her breasts and hit her in the face. Tonks burst out laughing and Hermione covered a laugh as Katie reached down and gripped his shaft. Jerking him lightly, she looked down and watched as he decorated her body with his climax. By the time he was done, there was a long line of cum from her chin, down between her breasts, and ending at her mound.

“Bloody hell, Harry,” Katie said. “If you had done that in me I’d’ve probably had twins.”

Tonks doubled over in laughter while Hermione managed to get a hold of herself.

“There is no spell that cancels out the potion,” she said through giggles. “The spell Tonks cast is a pain-relieving Charm meant for virgins.”

“Oh,” Katie said, sharing a look with Tonks before they both laughed. “It’s probably a good thing you used it. I’ve never fucked someone that hard before.”

“Fun, though, wasn’t it?” Tonks asked with a grin.

“Fun, but I’ll be sore in the morning,” Katie said, climbing off of Harry.

Once Harry and Katie were cleaned and dressed, they headed back to the common room. A few heads turned, and Ginny gave them a knowing smirk but Katie left to join her friends and Harry, Hermione, and Tonks ducked into their private room.

“So, what was that about Liquid Luck?” Tonks asked.

“Huh? Oh, right,” Harry said, taking a seat on the couch between the girls. “Remember at the beginning of the year, when Hermione won that bottle of Liquid Luck from Slughorn? Well, she thought it would come in handy so she brewed a couple more bottles. I figure if I take half a dose, it should give me enough luck to get that memory.”

“Wait, isn’t Liquid Luck ridiculously hard to brew and deadly if you get it wrong?” Tonks asked, raising a brow at Hermione.

Hermione shrugged, ducking her head as her cheeks went pink. Smiling, Harry wrapped an arm around her shoulders and kissed the top of her head.

“That’s our Hermione,” he teased. “And if I get really lucky, I’ll have enough time to question Dumbledore after I give him the memory. We might finally know what the hell is going on this year.”

“When do you plan on doing this?” Tonks asked.

“I think we should wait for this weekend,” Harry said.

“Well, then how about we go practice getting lucky tonight,” Tonks smirked, caressing his thigh. “Using Katie like that got me really excited.”

“And you said Hermione was the one I should watch out for,” Harry smiled.

Standing up, he pulled Hermione and Tonks to their feet and led them to the bedroom.