

## Chapter 20

“Morning,” Tonks said.

She sat down at the Gryffindor table across from Hermione while Harry took the seat next to her.

“Morning,” Hermione said brightly. “What do you and Harry have planned for Hogsmeade?”

“Not much,” Tonks shrugged. “I have to patrol for a couple of hours after we get there, then we’re going to meet Fleur at the Three Broomsticks for lunch. I’m sure she’d love to say hi to you, too.”

Tonks ended with a smirk that made Hermione’s cheeks turn pink.

“Lucky bastard,” Ron muttered.

“Ronald, don’t swear,” Hermione scolded.

When Harry didn’t respond, Tonks looked over at him and frowned. He stared down at his breakfast with an unfocused gaze, his leg bouncing rapidly under the table. Suddenly, someone dropped a goblet behind them at the Hufflepuff table, and Harry jumped, his hand flashing to his wand before he slowly relaxed. Tonks reached over and rubbed his back soothingly.

“You alright, love?” she asked quietly.

“I’m fine,” Harry said before standing abruptly. “I need to use the loo.”

Turning, he marched out of the Great Hall, head bowed with a troubled look.

“Is he usually like this?” Tonks asked Hermione.

Hermione shook her head, her eyes full of concern as they followed Harry.

“He’s always a little stressed on Halloween, but I’ve never seen him this jumpy before,” she said, biting her lip.

“Can you keep an eye on him and see if he’ll tell you what’s bothering him while I’m on patrol?” Tonks asked.

“I’ll try, but I doubt he’ll tell me anything if he hasn’t told you,” Hermione replied.

“I think he’s just trying not to worry me. Prat,” Tonks said, muttering the last word fondly.

“Sounds like our Harry,” Hermione smiled.

“Oh, so he’s ours now, is he?” Tonks asked with a smirk.

“What? No! I – I didn’t mean it like that,” Hermione exclaimed, blushing brightly.

“Oh, calm down, Hermione,” Ron said, rolling his eyes while Tonks laughed. “It’s not like you’re shagging him, too.”

Tonks and Hermione froze and stared at each other for a long moment before they both burst out laughing.

“Mental,” Ron muttered, shaking his head.

As they calmed, Harry returned and retook his seat next to Tonks.

“So, what’d I miss?” he asked, giving a small, forced smile.

“Nothing,” Hermione said quickly, then broke into a giggle.

Harry looked at her with a raised brow before shrugging and turning back to his breakfast. Tonks reached under the table to pat his thigh, but the moment her fingers grazed his leg, he jumped in his seat.

“Sorry,” he mumbled.

“Will you please tell me what’s bothering you?” Tonks asked quietly.

Harry sighed and jabbed his fork at his food.

“I just feel like something bad is going to happen,” he replied just as softly. “It always does.”

“Everything’ll be fine,” Tonks told him soothingly. “We’ll have Aurors patrolling Hogsmeade all day.”

Harry nodded but didn’t look convinced.

“And we get to see Fleur today,” Tonks said, then leaned over to whisper in his ear. “I heard she booked a room for us a week ago. A galleon says we’re both exhausted by the time she’s done with us.”

Harry cracked a small smile and took her hand in his.

“It will be good to see her again,” he admitted.

“Will you be spending some time with us, Hermione?” Tonks asked.

Hermione caught on to what she meant quickly and ducked her head with a blush.

“I might stick around for a bit,” she mumbled.

Tonks smiled brightly and gave Harry’s hand a squeeze. If there was anything that could cheer him up today, it was spending the afternoon with his three favorite witches. Unfortunately, before Tonks could tease her young friend, Alexa Greene, her friend, and fellow Auror, stood from the Head table and walked towards her.

“Hey, Tonks. You ready to go?” Alexa asked. “The carriages should start leaving soon.”

“One sec,” Tonks said.

Turning to Harry, she kissed him on the cheek.

“I’ll see you in a couple of hours,” she said.

As she moved to stand up, Harry pulled her back down and kissed her firmly on the lips.

“Keep an eye out, alright?” he asked softly. “I just...”

“I will,” Tonks smiled.

Giving him one last peck on the lips, Tonks stood and followed Alexa out onto the grounds.

“I wish a guy would look at me like that,” Alexa said as they walked towards the gate.

“Like what?” Tonks asked.

“Like I’m the most important thing in the world,” Alexa said with a sigh. “I’m so jealous of you right now.”

Tonks smiled and nudged her friend’s shoulder with hers.

“And I haven’t even told you how good he is in bed yet,” she joked.

“Oh, great. Rub it in,” Alexa groused playfully.

“No need. I swallow,” Tonks grinned.

Alexa laughed incredulously, and the two of them continued to joke all the way to Hogsmeade.

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It was nearly two and a half hours later that Tonks finally got relieved. It took her an extra twenty minutes to find Tom Higgs, her replacement, who had gotten distracted hitting on a busty brunette that lived in the village. She’d wanted to yell at him but figured that would be a bit hypocritical when she got to spend every night with her boyfriend.

Sighing, Tonks made her way to the Three Broomsticks, her boots crunching through the snow. She wrapped her cloak tightly around herself against the light but cold wind blowing through

the streets. The wave of heat that washed over her as she entered the pub caused a sigh of relief to leave her lips.

Glancing around, she spotted Harry sitting with Hermione and Fleur at a booth in the back. A smile twitched on her lips when she noticed that Fleur was practically sitting on his lap. From the looks some of the boys, and even Hermione, were giving her, she suspected that her Allure was slipping a bit. As Tonks got closer, she could see that Fleur's eyes were bright and full of hunger as she gazed at Harry.

At least he looks more relaxed now, Tonks thought with a smile.

Fleur wasn't the only one getting attention. Many of the boys had started taking glances at Hermione's increased bust now that she was out of her robes and wearing a tight green jumper. Not that the pretty bookworm had noticed much. The only opinion she cared about was Harry's, and considering how she often spent one night a week in their rooms now, she was enjoying the attention.

Maybe I should ask mum to make the potion for her as a Christmas present, Tonks thought with a grin.

"Wotcher," she said brightly.

"Tonks!" Fleur said, smiling brightly.

Standing up, Fleur kissed both of her cheeks and hugged her tightly. Tonks smirked to herself when she felt Fleur's hard nipples brushing against her breasts.

"Good to see you too, babe," Tonks said.

As she pulled back, Fleur gave her a smoldering look. Hermione made to move so that Tonks could sit next to Harry, but she waved her back to her seat.

"You're fine," Tonks smiled as she took a seat across from the three of them. "Where's Ron?"

"Over there," Hermione said, gesturing with her head and rolling her eyes.

Tonks looked over her shoulder and found Ron a few tables away, his eyes glued to the valley of cleavage the brunette next to him was sporting.

"Who's that?" Tonks asked.

"Romilda Vane," Hermione huffed. "Parvati told me she decided to go after Ron since Harry was taken."

"Huh," Tonks grunted. "Well, good for him."

"Keep an eye on her," Hermione warned. "She's been obsessed with Harry since school started. She might be trying to get close to slip him a Love Potion."

"She won't like what happens if she tries," Tonks said.

"Afternoon, dears," Rosmerta said, smiling brightly. "My, aren't you popular with the ladies today?"

Harry smiled and blushed lightly while Fleur kissed his neck.

"What can I get for you?" Rosmerta asked.

"Just wine for me," Fleur said, Harry's arm clutched between her breasts.

“Fish and chips, and a Butterbeer,” Harry said.

“I’ll have the same,” Hermione said.

“Me too,” Tonks added.

“Right,” Rosmerta smiled. “Should be up in a few minutes.”

“Thanks, Rosie,” Tonks grinned.

Even with a horny Veela hanging on his arm, Harry still looked tense. His eyes darted around the pub, and his shoulders twitched at every loud noise. Tonks wished she could get him to relax, but she knew how much this day bothered him. Given his history, she couldn’t really blame him.

“So, how’s working going?” Tonks asked.

“Fantastique,” Fleur grinned. “Zhey gave me a promotion.”

“That’s great!” Tonks smiled.

“What do they have you doing now?” Hermione asked curiously.

“I’m now in charge of a team zhat strips curses off of artifacts so zhey can be sold,” Fleur said proudly.

“Congratulations,” Harry smiled. “You’ll be open your Enchanting business before you know it.”



Tonks smiled as Fleur beamed and kissed Harry on the cheek. It was easy to see how much his opinion meant to her.

A couple of minutes later, Rosmerta arrived with their food and drinks. Fleur sipped at her wine while the others ate quickly. Smirking over her wine glass, she slipped her foot out of her shoe and rubbed it along the inside of Tonks' thigh. Smiling, Tonks gave her a wink.

"Tonks," Harry said firmly.

Turning to him, her brow furrowed when she spotted the worried look on his face.

"Something's wrong," he said.

Following his gaze, she watched Katie Bell and another girl argue as they walked towards the door. At first, she didn't know what had him so worried, but then she noticed the package in Katie's hands and the mindless way she was walking.

"Shit," Tonks cursed.

She and Harry got to their feet at the same time and chased after them, Hermione and Fleur following a moment later.

"Katie, what are you doing?" the other girl asked.

"I need to see the headmaster," Katie said in a dull monotone.

"What's wrong with you?" the girl asked, reaching out to grab the package.

“Don’t!” Tonks shouted.

The girl startled and turned to her while Harry sped up and tried to talk to Katie.

“What’s your name?” Tonks asked.

“Leanne,” the girl said.

“Okay, Leanne. I need you to tell me what happened,” Tonks said.

“I don’t know,” Leanne said, wringing her hands. “Katie was fine when she went to use the loo, but when she came back, she had that package and was acting funny.”

“Tonks,” Harry called. “I think she’s under the Imperious.”

“Fuck,” Tonks growled.

Reaching for the front of her robes, she tapped her badge and raised it closer to her mouth.

“Everyone get to the Three Broomsticks. Suspected use of the Imperious. No one in or out until their wands have been checked,” Tonks ordered.

Dropping her badge, she raised her wand.

“Harry, as soon as she’s out, get that package away from her, but don’t touch it,” she said.

Nodding, Harry drew his wand. Tonks stunned Katie in the back, and Harry levitated the package with his wand while managing to catch the girl with his free hand. Gently, he lowered

her to the ground with a look of concern. With a flick of her wand, Tonks sent her doe Patronus streaking towards the castle.

“Will she be alright?” Leanne asked worriedly.

“She should be fine,” Tonks said reassuringly. “Fleur, can you tell me what’s in that package without opening it?”

“Of course,” Fleur said.

Taking over levitating the package for Harry, she cast a charm that made the brown paper transparent. Inside sat an expensive looking opal necklace.

“That’s from Borgin and Burke’s,” Harry said.

“You’re sure?” Tonks asked.

Harry nodded, “I saw it there the Summer before my second year. There was a sign next to it saying it was cursed.”

Taking off his jacket, Harry folded it up and tucked it under Katie’s head to keep it out of the snow.

“Merde,” Fleur gasped. “It’s zhe Torment Curse. A single touch would make you experience your worst fears before it killed you.”

“Auror Tonks!” McGonagall yelled as she and Dumbledore approached her quickly. “What’s happened? Is Ms. Bell alright?”

“We think she’s been Imperioused,” Tonks said.

McGonagall gasped and held a hand to her chest.

“Why on Earth would someone want to do that?” she asked incredulously.

“She was trying to deliver that,” Tonks said, pointing to the package hovering in the air. “It’s a necklace carrying the Torment Curse. From what I understand, it was meant for you, sir.”

Dumbledore frowned and stepped forward to take a closer look at the necklace.

“Have you found the culprit?” he asked.

“Not yet,” Tonks said, sharing a glance with Harry. “My team is checking wands at the Three Broomsticks now.”

Dumbledore nodded and looked down at Katie sadly.

“I’m afraid if she is under the Imperious, we’ll need to send her to St. Mungo’s,” he sighed.

“Let me try talking to her first,” Harry said.

Dumbledore looked at him for a moment before nodding, “Very well.”

Kneeling down next to Katie, Harry bound her arms and legs with rope before Reenervating her. Her eyes blinked open, but before she could look around, Harry cupped both of her cheeks and forced her to look at him.

“Katie, I know you can hear me,” Harry said. “You need to fight this.”

“I need to see Professor Dumbledore,” Katie said blandly.

“Listen to me!” Harry barked. “There’s a voice in the back of your mind telling you this is wrong, that you need to fight whoever’s trying to control you. Listen to that voice. You can fight this. I know you can.”

Katie opened her mouth to speak and then froze. Slowly, her lips began to move.

“No,” she said in barely a whisper.

“That’s it. Come on, Katie,” Harry cheered.

Her whole body started to tremble, and she shook her head back and forth.

“No!” Katie shouted.

Gasping, her eyes cleared, and she looked around wildly.

“Harry?” she asked in a frightened tone. “I didn’t hurt anyone, did I?”

“No,” Harry smiled, shaking his head.

Untying Katie, Harry kissed her forehead and pulled her in for a tight hug.

“Welcome back, Ms. Bell,” Dumbledore said, smiling under his beard.

“Katie, do you know who cursed you?” Tonks asked.

The girl wrapped her arms around her legs and shook her head while Harry wrapped his arm around her shoulders.

“No,” Katie said. “I was in the bathroom when they hit me from behind. I didn’t recognize the voice.”

Tonks nodded, disappointed but unsurprised.

“I need to go check on my team and contact Madam Bones,” she said. “Do you still want me to send Katie to St. Mungo’s?”

“I don’t think that’s necessary,” Dumbledore said. “I’ll send her to the Hospital Wing to get checked.”

“Keep me posted if anything comes up,” Tonks said.

“Of course,” Dumbledore nodded.

“Should we send the students back to the castle?” McGonagall asked.

“I’m afraid so,” Dumbledore sighed. “Tonks, please send the students back once you’re done with your investigation.”

“Will do,” Tonks said, then turned to Fleur. “Sorry, it looks like we’ll have to postpone our little get together.”

“It’s alright,” Fleur said. “I’m just glad no one was hurt.”

"If the Aurors deem it safe, I see no reason the students couldn't return tomorrow," Dumbledore said. "If not, you're always welcome to visit Hogwarts, Ms. Delacour."

"Merci," Fleur smiled.

"I need to go check on my team," Tonks said. "I'll see you tomorrow."

Nodding, Fleur gave her a hug and a kiss on the cheek. Smirking, Tonks pulled her back and kissed her heatedly on the lips. When they separated with smiles, Fleur walked over to Harry and bent down to kiss him hungrily.

"I'll see you tomorrow," Fleur whispered promisingly.

Straightening up, she left Harry slightly dazed and Katie and Leanne gaping before turning to Hermione. Hugging her, she gave her a more chaste kiss on the lips, leaving the brunette blushing pretty as she left.

"Well then," Dumbledore said, smiling and clapping his hands. "Ms. Tonks, I'll let you do your job. Harry, Hermione, would you mind escorting Ms. Bell to the Hospital Wing? I'm sure you know the way."

"Sure," Harry said.

"I'll see you back at the castle," Tonks said.

Giving him a kiss, she left as he helped Katie to her feet. Tonks had just made it to the Three Broomsticks when Jackson and Alexa stepped outside with Rosmerta between them, her hands manacled together.

“What happened?” Tonks asked.

“We found traces of the Imperious Curse on her wand,” Jackson said.

“I didn’t do it,” Rosmerta said pleadingly. “I would never hurt one of the students. You have to believe me.”

“I do,” Tonks said soothingly. “Madam Bones wants to deal with this personally. She’ll get to the bottom of this, and you’ll be back in your pub before you know it. Just work with us, and things will go a lot easier.”

Rosmerta gave a frightened nod, tears gathering in her eyes. As Jackson walked her to the Apparation point, Tonks stopped Alexa.

“When you get her to the Ministry, call St. Mungo’s and have them send over someone to check her for the Imperious,” Tonks whispered.

Nodding, Alexa caught up with Jackson, and she watched both of them vanish with a crack.

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Tonks didn’t return to the castle until hours later. She was tired and worn but smiled when she ran into Harry and Hermione doing their rounds.

“Hey,” Harry said, wrapping his arms around her.

Tonks leaned into his embrace and rested her head on his shoulder.

“Did you find out who cursed Katie?” Hermione asked.



“Yeah,” Tonks sighed. “It was Rosmerta. She was under the Imperious, too.”

“What!?” Hermione gasped.

“Yeah,” Tonks said. “This whole thing was convoluted and sloppy.”

“I didn’t even know someone under the Imperious could put someone else under it,” Harry said.

“It’s possible but a really bad idea,” Tonks said, pulling back and taking his hand in hers. “It’s also why Katie was able to break through it so easily. Bones thinks this was done by someone with very little experience.”

“Malfoy?” Harry asked.

“I don’t have any evidence, but I think so,” Tonks nodded. “I checked with McGonagall, and he was in detention with her all morning. She caught him cursing a second year yesterday.”

“That seems a bit extreme, even for Malfoy,” Hermione said thoughtfully.

“I thought so, too,” Tonks said. “I just wish I could prove it.”

“Will Rosmerta be okay?” Harry asked.

“She’s in St. Mungo’s,” Tonks sighed. “It can take weeks or months to break the curse, but they can do it. She’ll be fine, eventually.”

“Poor Rosmerta,” Hermione said. “What’s going to happen to the Three Broomsticks?”

“Her niece is going to take over while she’s in hospital,” Tonks replied.

The three of them fell silent as they walked through the halls.

“Is there anything we can do?” Harry asked eventually.

“We just need to keep an eye on him and hope we catch him before he does anything else,” Tonks sighed before smiling. “You were brilliant today, by the way. I thought you were just being paranoid, but Katie could’ve gotten seriously hurt if you hadn’t noticed her acting oddly.”

“I hate Halloween,” Harry muttered. “Something bad always happens on Halloween.”

As they reached the fifth floor, Tonks remembered the Prefects’ Bath was just down the hall.

“How about we go take a bath?” Tonks smiled. “I think both of us could use a good soak after today.”

Smiling, Harry wrapped his arms around her waist and kissed her.

“You coming, Hermione?” Tonks asked.

“I can’t,” Hermione said. “I promised Ginny I’d help her with her Transfigurations essay.”

“Alright,” Tonks said. “Make sure you get to sleep early tonight, though. Fleur definitely won’t take no for an answer tomorrow, and that girl’s gonna be frustrated.”

Hermione blushed and shook her head as she continued up the stairs. Grinning, Tonks leaned against Harry as they walked to the Prefects’ Bath. The hot, humid air wrapped around them

like a comforting blanket as they quickly stripped out of their clothes and climbed into the pool. When Harry sat, Tonks sat sideways in his lap and rested her head on his shoulder. Closing her eyes, she took a deep breath and relaxed while he ran his fingers up and down her spine.

They'd only been sitting there for a couple of minutes when the door opened. Tonks looked up, wondering if Hermione had decided to join them. Daphne Greengrass stepped inside and closed the door behind her. She was halfway to the pool when she realized it wasn't empty and froze.

"Oh, sorry," Daphne said. "I didn't think anyone was in here."

"It's fine," Tonks smiled. "There's plenty of room if you want to join us."

"I didn't bring a swimsuit," Daphne said.

"Neither did we," Tonks grinned.

Daphne lifted an eyebrow and looked at her thoughtfully. Tonks noticed her eyes dropping to Harry's bare chest more than once.

"Turn around, Potter," she said.

"What?" Harry asked.

Daphne rolled her eyes, "Turn around until I get in the water."

"Alright," Harry said, raising his hands in surrender.

Lifting Tonks off of his lap, he turned away and rested his head on his arms. Daphne set down her towel and toiletries before quickly stripping out of her clothes. Tonks smiled as her curvy figure and large, perky breasts came into view. Setting her clothes aside, Daphne sank down into the water until it came up to her collarbone. Looking down, she checked to make sure the bubbles were covering her before looking back up.

“You can turn around now,” she said.

Harry turned back around and pulled Tonks back into his lap.

“Can you tell me anything about what happened in Hogsmeade today?” Daphne asked.

“Katie Bell and Rosmerta were put under the Imperious Curse,” Tonks said. “Other than that, we’re still investigating.”

Daphne nodded thoughtfully.

“Actually, I’m glad I ran into you, Potter. There’s something I wanted to talk to you about,” Daphne said.

“What’s that?” Harry asked, his hands caressing Tonks’ breasts under the water.

Smirking, Tonks wiggled in his lap.

“Death Eaters visited my father this Summer and made it quite clear staying neutral wasn’t an option like last time,” Daphne said. “I’m afraid my father is going to join them, but I have no intention of following that maniac burn the world to satisfy his ego.”

“You could go to Dumbledore,” Harry said.

"I don't trust Dumbledore," Daphne told him. "I trust you. You'd never put someone in harm's way without their permission. I've been part of the DA for weeks now, and you've never asked for anything, even though you know Malfoy is up to something."

"What exactly do you want him to do?" Tonks asked.

"I just want me, my sister, Tracey, and possibly my mother to be safe," Daphne said. "I'd be willing to tell you anything I overheard or come across, but I don't want to get involved in this stupid war."

Harry looked at Daphne intently, but Tonks already knew what his answer would be. Sighing, he turned to her.

"Looks like we're buying that house sooner than we thought," Harry said.

Smiling softly, Tonks caressed his cheek and kissed him lovingly.

"A house?" Daphne asked.

"Tonks and I have been planning to buy a big house and put it under the Fidelus," Harry replied. "We wanted a place anyone could go to if they needed a safe place to stay."

"And you'll be the Secret Keeper?" Daphne asked.

"We haven't decided on that yet," Tonks answered. "But whoever it is will be trustworthy. We expect to have Hermione, her parents, mine, and anyone else in danger staying there. It might get a bit cramped, but you can trust Harry to make sure it's safe."

"And you'll let us stay? Just like that?" Daphne asked hopefully, leaning forward.

"I don't see why not," Harry said, looking to Tonk, who shrugged.

Daphne blew out a breath and sagged in relief.

"Thank you," she said gratefully. "Malfoy's father was in talks with mine about a marriage contract between Draco and Astoria before he was arrested. The last thing I want is for her to end up with someone like that. She deserves better."

"Marriage contracts are still a thing?" Harry asked incredulously.

"Only a few of the old families still use them," Tonks assured him before turning to Daphne. "If we're going to be helping you, I do have one request."

Daphne stiffened and narrowed her eyes in suspicion.

"What?" she asked guardedly.

"Can I please turn into when I shag Harry?" Tonks asked, enlarging her eyes and pouting cutely.

"Tonks," Harry groaned, burying his face in the crook of her neck as he blushed.

Daphne snorted and shook her head.

"I don't care what you do, just don't do it in public with my face," Daphne said.

Tonks grinned and bounced in Harry's lap playfully. Daphne was distracted by the sight of her breasts peeking out of the water as she reached for her shampoo. Instead of grabbing it, she hit it with her fingers and caused it to roll a couple of feet away. With a curse, she covered her breasts with her arm and tried to reach for it, but couldn't without getting out of the water.

“Ooh, that’s not good,” Tonks said teasingly.

Daphne turned and glared at her, and she grinned in response. Rolling his eyes, Harry lifted her off his lap.

“I’ll get it,” he said, swimming to the edge.

“Thank you,” Daphne said, smirking at Tonks.

As he climbed out of the pool, Daphne’s eyes widened. White, foamy suds clung to his bare, muscular body. Now it was Tonks’ turn to smirk as the blonde stared at her boyfriend’s bum when he bent over to pick up the bottle. Harry turned around, and Daphne blushed as her eyes fell on his cock. Thanks to Tonks’ teasing, he was partially erect, making his hanging length look impressively large. She had to cover her mouth to suppress a laugh when Harry held the bottle out to Daphne, but the girl ignored it in favor of gaping at him.

“Daphne,” Harry called, his lips twitching.

Jerking back to reality, the pale blonde blushed heavily and practically snatched the bottle from his hand before looking away in embarrassment.

“Thanks,” Daphne muttered.

Smiling, Harry looked over at Tonks as he climbed back into the bath.

“You know, I don’t just like turning into other witches for a bit of roleplay,” Tonks said. “I like watching him with the real thing, too.”

Daphne's eyes widened as she looked at her for a moment before glancing at Harry speculatively.

"Don't tease her," Harry scolded, rolling his eyes as he sat back down next to her.

Daphne snorted and shook her head.

"You almost had me there for a minute," she said. "I thought you were serious."

"Oh, I am," Tonks grinned.

"Tonks," Harry groaned.

"Hey, if she's going to be living with us, she'll figure it out eventually," Tonks said, kissing his cheek before turning back to Daphne. "If Hermione wasn't busy tonight, she would've been here with us, too. Of course, if it wasn't for the excitement in Hogsmeade, none of us would've had any energy left. Fleur can get pretty demanding when she doesn't get shagged regularly."

"You mean Delacour?" Daphne asked, raising a perfectly manicured eyebrow.

"Why else do you think she was in Hogsmeade?" Tonks asked with a smirk.

"Wow," Daphne said, eyeing Harry with a glint in her bright blue eyes. "I never would've thought you had it in you, Potter. Or Granger."

Under the water, Tonks wrapped her fingers around Harry's shaft and stroked him lightly.

"Oh, Hermione's gotten quite used to having Harry in her," she joked.



“That was terrible,” Harry chuckled.

“She’ll get along well with Tracey,” Daphne said. “She likes making horrible jokes, too.”

“My jokes aren’t terrible,” Tonks pouted.

“Of course not, love,” Harry smiled, kissing her temple. “They’re just really, really, bad.”

Tonks slapped his chest lightly.

“Prat,” she said.

Daphne snorted and picked up her bottle of shampoo. Lathering her hair, she ducked her head under the water to rinse it off.

“You know, if she opens her eyes, she’ll see what I’m doing right now,” Tonks teased.

“And then she won’t be able to see anything for the rest of the night, thanks to all the soap in the water,” Harry smiled.

“Do you have to ruin my fun?” Tonks asked as Daphne lifted her head out of the water.

As she ran her hands through her hair, the tops of her pale breasts peeked out of the bubbles.

“Do I want to know what you two are talking about?” Daphne asked.

“Only if you want to know what Harry plans to do to me later when I pretend to be you,” Tonks said teasingly.

“Oh, really,” Daphne said, looking at Harry. “And what do you have planned, Potter?”

“How about he shows you instead,” Tonks replied with a smirk before Harry could speak.

Daphne raised an eyebrow questioningly while Tonks grinned and closed her eyes. A look of intense concentration came over her face as her body began to shift. When she opened her eyes a few moments later, she looked like an exact replica of Daphne.

“Merlin,” Daphne breathed, looking at her closely. “It’s like looking in a mirror.”

“How’d I do with the rest?” Tonks asked.

Standing on the bench, she wiped the foamy white soap off of Daphne’s impressively perky breasts and toned stomach as Harry eyed her up and down. Daphne blushed lightly and watched Harry’s expression for a moment before turning back to Tonks.

“It looks pretty spot on,” she said, clearing her throat nervously.

“You mind if I check?” Tonks asked with a smirk. “You don’t want Harry to get the wrong impression, do you?”

Staring at Tonks, she glanced over at Harry before swimming over. Slowly, she stood from the water until she was side to side with her. Tonks looked over her glistening body with a critical eye, making a couple of minor adjustments to her own body in the process.

“What do you think?” Tonks asked Harry, twisting her body this way and that.

“Looks good,” Harry said, smiling as his eyes raked over both of them.

Smirking, Tonks rubbed her throat and hummed as she altered her vocal cords until her voice was the same pitch as Daphne's.

"Potter," Tonks said.

Her voice was still a little off, so she just a bit and tried again.

"Potter," she said.

"Is that what my voice really sounds like?" Daphne asked.

"Sounds pretty close to me," Harry said.

"You might want to grab a seat for this," Tonks grinned.

While Daphne looked at her curiously, Tonks turned to Harry and sank back into the pool with a serious look on her face.

"Look, Potter, I'll make you a deal," Tonks said in a near-perfect imitation of Daphne. "If you promise to protect my sister and me, I'll do anything you want."

"That's certainly tempting," Harry said, looking down at the diminishing bubbles at her chest. "But just so we're clear, what exactly did you have in mind?"

Tonks rolled her eyes as Daphne sat a few feet away, watching avidly.

"I know you're a Gryffindor, but surely you can figure it out," Tonks said.

"I don't like to assume," Harry told her.

"Fine," Tonks huffed. "As long as you're protecting us, I'll keep your bed warm. Satisfied?"

"Seems clear enough," Harry smiled, placing his hands on her waist.

Tonks let him pull her into his lap, his erection brushing against her thigh.

"You have got to be kidding me," Tonks said, looking down at his lap through the water.

"Typical Gryffindor, all cock and no brains."

Daphne snorted in laughter next to them.

"I need to remember that one," she muttered.

"What's the matter?" Harry asked with a smirk. "The boys in Slytherin don't measure up?"

"I can assure you, I wouldn't know," Tonks said with a glare.

Daphne scoffed, "You got that right."

"I'm not one of your little fan girls, Potter," Tonks told him. "It takes more than good looks and a big cock to impress me."

"Is that a challenge?" Harry asked amusedly.

"You can take it however you like," Tonks said carelessly.

Grinning, Harry wrapped his arms around her waist and stood up.

“Potter! what are you doing?” Tonks asked as he set her on the edge of the bath.

“Impressing you,” he smirked.

Holding her legs apart, Harry ducked down and kissed the outside of her folds. Gasping, Tonks spread her legs unconsciously and gripped a fistful of his wild black hair. She let out a deep moan when he ran his tongue between her lips, ending with a light flick over her clit.

“Potter,” Tonks groaned, drawing out his name.

“Merlin, it’s scary how much you actually look and act like me,” Daphne murmured.

“Hot, though, right?” Tonks asked, breaking character for a moment.

Biting her lip, Daphne nodded and sat back. Tonks couldn’t see exactly what she was doing under the water, but the way her shoulder twitched and flexed gave her a pretty good idea.

“This could be you, you know,” Tonks said, hissing pleurably as Harry kissed her clit and sank two fingers into her depths.

“I’ll think about it,” Daphne said.

“Fair enough,” Tonks replied.

A moment later, she gasped and bucked her hips when Harry rubbed her g-spot. Looking down at his smirking eyes, she knew exactly what he had planned.

“Don’t you dare, Potter,” Tonks growled, slipping effortlessly back into her imitation of Daphne.

Suddenly, Harry jerked his hand back and forth frantically, stimulating her most sensitive spot.

“Fuck,” Tonks moaned, drawing the word out.

Her hips bucked, and her body shuddered as she built rapidly towards a powerful climax. As Harry sucked on her clit, her eyes rolled into the back of her head. A moment later, she screamed, fisting Harry’s hair tightly. A gush of arousal drenched his face while her insides quivered for the intense pleasure. In seconds, Tonks went from pulling his face closer to pushing it away when she became too sensitive.

Chuckling, Harry pulled his fingers back and kissed the outside of her folds softly. Tonks continued to twitch and moan for several seconds until her body finally relaxed.

“I take it your Slytherin boys don’t know how to do that?” Harry asked smugly.

Tonks snorted, “Don’t get a big head, Potter. I doubt most of them even know women can have orgasms.”

Chuckling, Harry kissed his way up her stomach to her breasts. Cupping both of them, he caressed them softly while kissing her soft pink nipples. Tonks smirked as he spent a couple of minutes enjoying Daphne’s tits.

They are quite nice, she thought.

Straightening up, Harry’s towering erection came into view.

“Merlin, Potter,” Tonks gasped. “How do you fit that thing in Granger?”

“Practice,” Harry grinned.

Pulling her bum closer to the edge, he teased her folds with his swollen head. Running it up and down her opening, he coated in her arousal before settling at her entrance.

“Last chance to back out,” Harry said.

“Just do it,” Tonks said.

Smiling, Harry slipped inside of her with a groan. Closing her eyes, Tonks raked her nails along his back as he stretched her depths. She’d tightened herself up a little bit, suspecting that Daphne had little experience. If she wasn’t a virgin.

Looking at her over Harry’s shoulder, Daphne’s mouth hung slightly open as she panted, her shoulder moving rhythmically.

“Merlin, you’re so deep, Potter,” Tonks panted, playing it up for Daphne’s benefit.

“Do you want me to pull back?” Harry asked.

Tonks wrapped her legs around him and glared.

“Don’t you dare,” she hissed.

Harry smirked smugly.

“Don’t give me that look,” Tonks said. “So what if you have a big cock?”

Still smirking, Harry gave a sharp thrust while flexing his muscles, swelling inside of her and causing Tonks to gasp.

“You know, it might take a while for someone to finally stop Voldemort,” Harry said, settling into a gentle pace.

“So?” Tonks panted, having trouble staying in character.

She’d been horny all day waiting to see Fleur and anticipating that marathon of sex she knew would happen.

“So, you might have to spend months, maybe even years, in hiding,” Harry told her.

Tonks opened her mouth to respond but moaned instead.

“I take it you don’t mind?” Harry asked with a grin.

“Just shut up and fuck me, Potter,” Tonks panted.

With his grin still in place, Harry lifted her up and carried her closer to Daphne. Setting her down on her feet, he slipped out of her and turned her around to face the panting blonde. Sliding easily back into her from behind, Harry grabbed a handful of her hair and started thrusting.

Letting out a long moan, Tonks ended up with her hands resting on either side of Daphne’s head. With his free hand, Harry reached up and squeezed one of her bouncing breasts.

“Potter,” Tonks moaned.



Pulling her hair and craning her head back, Harry kissed and sucked the side of her neck while looking straight at Daphne. Shivering, she closed her eyes and moaned before opening them back up and staring at Harry with a smokey gaze. Tonks moaned, imagining the most desirable girl in Slytherin getting absolutely ruined by her stud of a boyfriend. Trembling, Tonks bucked back into his thrusts, the sting in her scalp sending a shiver down her spine.

“Where do you want me to cum?” Harry asked.

“In me,” Daphne panted, then blushed. “I mean her.”

Tonks could feel Harry’s smirk as she sped up his thrusts. Crying out, she arched her back and came just a moment before Harry erupted inside of her and flooded her depths. With his full length buried inside of her, Harry wrapped his arms around her chest and hugged her to him as he finished filling her.

Opening her eyes, Tonks looked at Daphne, who was still rubbing herself furiously. Looking over her shoulder, she exchanged a meaningful look with Harry. Smiling, he kissed her tenderly and slipped out of her.

“Daphne, sit on the edge,” Harry told her.

Panting, she only hesitated for a moment before doing as he asked. Smiling, Tonks changed back to her normal look and sat on the edge next to her while Harry kissed his way up her thigh.

“Don’t tease me, Potter,” Daphne said, threading her fingers through his hair.

Smirking, Harry dove for her folds, drawing a sharp gasp from Daphne and causing her legs to wrap tightly around his neck.

“Oh!” Daphne gasped.

“Feels good, doesn’t it?” Tonks asked, trailing her finger up Daphne’s muscular thigh.

Mouth open and panting, Daphne moaned and shuddered. Reaching her stomach, Tonks flattened her hand and caressed the bottom of her breasts. When Daphne didn’t react negatively, she cupped one fully and leaned closer. When the busty Slytherin turned to look at her with an unfocused gaze, Tonks leaned forward and brushed her lips against hers.

Inhaling sharply, Daphne stared at her for a moment before closing the distance. Tweaking her nipple, Tonks kissed her heatedly, their tongues dancing. Daphne moaned into her mouth, pulling back to suck in a deep breath before kissing her again.

Suddenly, she pulled away sharply and let out a high pitched squeak as her eyes widened. Gripping Harry’s hair tightly, her legs clamped together around his head as her muscles tightened. A shudder ran up her spine, sending her breasts trembling alluringly while she gasped for air.

Smirking, Tonks pinched her cute, pink nipple and gave it a little twist.

Squeaking again, Daphne arched her back impressively as she came. Her eyes rolled into the back of her head, and her body trembled like she was having a seizure. Drawing in a deep breath, Daphne let out a vibrating moan while grinding herself roughly against Harry’s face.

Finally, she let go of Harry, giving him a chance to lift his head. Tonks laughed when she saw his chin literally dripping with Daphne’s arousal. The Slytherin herself was completely out of it. Her eyes were glazed over, her chest rising and falling sharply as she panted for air.

Chuckling, Harry lifted her up and carried her back into the pool. Setting her on his lap, he hugged her to his chest as Tonks curled up against his side. Turning to each other, they shared a loving kiss and a smile.

“I think you broke her,” Tonks joked.

Harry chuckled and caressed Daphne's back as she rested against his chest.

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An hour later, Harry and Tonks returned to Gryffindor Tower. This time of night, the common room was mostly empty. Only a few older students were still up, pouring over their textbooks and checking notes.

"Harry?"

Looking up, Tonks saw Katie approaching them, looking nervous.

"Katie," Harry smiled. "It's good to see you out of the Hospital Wing. How are you doing?"

"Madam Pomfrey said I'll be fine," Katie said softly. "Thanks for stopping me. I'd have hated to hurt anyone."

"It wasn't your fault," Harry said firmly.

"Katie," Tonks said. "Why don't you come have a cup of tea with us?"

"I don't want to interrupt-"

"You're not," Tonks smiled. "Harry and I already had our fun for the night."

Harry coughed while Katie blushed and giggled. Smiling, Tonks let go of Harry's hand and hooked her arm through Katie's.

“Come on,” she said, leading her to their room.

While she led Katie over to the couch, Harry whipped out his wand to make the tea.

“How are you, really?” Tonks asked gently.

Katie sighed and stared down at her hands.

“I feel terrible,” Katie admitted. “I could’ve killed someone. All because I was too weak to throw off the Imperius.”

“You did throw it off,” Harry told her as he set down three cups of tea.

Smiling at him, Tonks picked up her cup and took a sip.

“Only because you helped,” Katie said miserably.

“Most people can’t even do that,” Tonks said. “Rosmerta’s likely to be in St. Mungo’s for weeks to get the curse off of her.”

“She was Imperiused too!?” Katie asked, shocked.

Tonks nodded, “She was the one that cursed you. We’re still looking for the person behind all of it.”

Katie bit her lip and stared down at her tea.

"It's not your fault, Katie," Harry said softly, his hand rubbing her back soothingly. "Trust me, blaming yourself for things out of your control isn't going to help."

"But I could've fought it sooner," Katie said.

"Katie, what you experienced was a weaker version of the curse because it was cast by someone else under the Imperius," Tonks explained gently. "If it had been a normal curse, you'd probably be in a bed next to Rosmerta right now. There's no shame in not being able to fight the Imperius. It's an Unforgivable for a reason."

"Harry can do it," Katie murmured.

"I think we can both agree Harry isn't exactly normal," Tonks whispered loudly.

Looking up, Katie cracked a small smile before turning to Harry.

"Can you teach me?" she asked pleadingly.

"I don't know," Harry said hesitantly. "The only way I know how would be to put you under the curse so you can fight it."

"That's okay. I trust you," Katie said.

Harry looked to Tonks for help, but she could only shrug helplessly.

The girl had a point.

Turning back to Katie's hopeful expression, Harry sighed.

“Alright,” he said, causing her to smile brightly. “But this has to stay just between us.”

“I won’t tell anyone, I swear,” Katie said.

Suddenly, she lunged at Harry and hugged him tightly.

“Thank you,” she said gratefully.

“You’re welcome,” Harry said, smiling as he hugged her back.