

Chapter 19

The start of the school year went on uneventfully for the first couple of weeks. Rumors of Harry dating an Auror spread through the school like wildfire for the first few days but died down quickly when neither Harry nor Tonks denied it. Several boys, including Seamus, made some pretty rude comments about Tonks being a Metamorphmagus, though that ended quickly after Harry hexed McLaggen for taking it too far.

He thought it was well worth the detention it earned him.

At the beginning of October, after working around the Quidditch schedules for three of the House teams, they held their first meeting of the DA. After sending out the message through the DA coins to remind everyone, Harry, Tonks, and Hermione waited in the Room of Requirement.

"I can't believe I never found this place when I was at school," Tonks said.

"It really is incredible," Hermione agreed, gazing around the room. "I wish I knew more about it, but there aren't any books that mention it in the Library."

"I wonder what else this room can do," Tonks said.

"We should test it," Hermione said. "I wanted to last year, but with Umbridge around, I didn't want to risk getting caught."

"Let's give it a try after the meeting," Tonks smiled.

Harry shrugged, "That's fine with me."

“As long as we make time for studying afterwards,” Hermione said. “We have a quiz in Transfigurations on Friday.”

Harry rolled his eyes which earned him a smack on the shoulder.

Over the next few minutes, the room began to fill up. Just as Harry stepped forward to start the meeting, the door opened again. The room went silent when Daphne and the other Slytherins he’d told could come entered the room.

“Come on in and grab a seat,” Harry said.

“You’re letting Slytherins in?” someone asked incredulously.

“Yes,” Harry replied firmly. “Without Umbridge, there’s no need for secrecy anymore. The DA has always been about teaching anyone who wants to learn how to defend themselves, and that’s how it’s going to stay.”

There was a bit of quiet grumbling, but Daphne and the others joined a few Ravenclaws they seemed to be friendly with.

“Does that mean we can invite other people?” Padma asked.

“Yes, Just try not to invite too many people,” Harry said. “I can’t teach the whole school at once.”

There was quite a bit of excited chattering at that, which made Harry worry he’d made a mistake. The last thing he wanted was to have a huge influx of new students to teach.

“Now, like last year, we’re going to focus on defensive magic, and I want everyone here to keep working your Patronus Charms until you master it,” he continued. “For today, we’re going to be

running mock duels so I can see where everyone needs help. Break up into pairs, and let's get started."

Soon, the room was filled with shouted spells and flashes of brightly colored bolts of magic. Tonks walked around the room with Harry, correcting students as they went.

One thing Harry noticed quickly was that even most of the seventh years couldn't do silent castings for most of their spells. That was one of the most important things Tonks had taught him over the Summer, and he vowed to teach everyone he could how to do it. Some, like Dennis Creevey and Astoria Greengrass, were probably too young, but learning even one silent spell could be a huge advantage.

Watching the Slytherins, he noticed that they stuck to themselves. That was a bit of a problem since Astoria ended up paired with Daphne. While the younger blonde was doing the best she could, it also meant he couldn't really gauge how far along Daphne was.

"Stop for a second," Harry told them.

The girls lowered their wands and looked at him curiously.

"No offense Astoria, but I need to pair Daphne with someone a bit more advanced so I can see what she really knows," he said.

"Then, who will I practice with?" Astoria asked.

Harry scanned the room and spotted the only other third year in the DA.

"Dennis!" Harry yelled, waving him over.

Dennis abandoned his duel with his brother, Colin, and bumped roughly into Lavender as he rushed over excitedly.

“Yeah, Harry?” he asked breathlessly.

“Can you work with Astoria for a bit?” Harry asked.

Dennis looked over at Astoria and blushed.

“S-sure,” he stammered.

Harry coughed into his hand to hide a laugh.

“Thanks, Dennis,” he said.

“And who am I going to practice with?” Daphne asked.

“Um,” Harry hummed, looking around the room. “Hermione! Can you come here for a minute?”

Stopping her duel with Padma, Hermione walked over to him.

“Can you work with Daphne for a bit?” he asked.

“Of course,” Hermione said.

As the girls began to trade spells back and forth, Tonks walked up behind Harry and wrapped her arms around his waist while resting her chin on his shoulder.

“How’s it going?” she asked.

“Alright,” Harry said. “Daphne seems to be doing pretty good, but Astoria is struggling.”

As he said that, Astoria lost her wand for the second time.

“Sorry,” Astoria said, rushing to pick up her wand. “We were supposed to learn shield charms last year, but Umbridge wouldn’t let us practice them.”

Sighing, Harry pinched the bridge of his nose.

“I can teach her,” Luna said from beside Harry.

“Thanks, Luna,” Harry said.

“Looks like Daphne could use a bit of help,” Tonks said.

Turning back to Daphne and Hermione, he noticed that she was indeed having trouble with the more advanced shield charm. Harry held up his hand for Hermione to stop and walked over to Daphne.

“Mind if I give you some advice?” he asked.

“Thanks,” Daphne said. “Umbridge really screwed us over by not letting us practice magic.”

“Couldn’t you practice in your common room?” Hermione asked.

“Not with her little squad of idiots around,” Daphne said, flipping her hair over her shoulder. “Malfoy isn’t exactly fond of me. He would’ve used it as an excuse to have me put in detention.”

“Well, you’re doing great for someone who hasn’t practiced,” Harry said. “Show me the spell again.”

“Protego Maxima,” Daphne incanted, her wand moving in a corkscrew motion.

A blue, opaque shield flickered in front of her for a couple of seconds before it died abruptly. Daphne’s brow wrinkled cutely as she glared at the air in front of her.

“You’re nearly there. Your timing is just a bit off,” Harry said. “Try starting the wand motion before the incantation.”

Nodding, Daphne raised her wand and cast the spell again. This time, the spell lasted a few seconds longer but still flickered and died before she wanted it to.

“You’re getting closer,” Harry said.

Stepping behind her, he rested one hand on her hip and clasped the other around the hand that was holding her wand.

“On three, you say the incantation, and I’ll do the wand movement,” he told her. “One, two, three.”

“Protego Maxima,” Daphne intoned.

With Harry doing the wand movement, her shield appeared strong and solid.

“Did you feel the timing of it?” Harry asked.

“I think I’ve got it,” Daphne said.

Letting go of her hand, Harry looked over at Hermione.

“Try hitting it with a Stunning Hex,” he said.

With a nod, Hermione raised her wand and sent out a perfectly cast, bright red spell. It hit Daphne’s shield with a gong and ricocheted up into the ceiling. She was unprepared for the power of the impact and stumbled back into Harry, who wrapped his arms around her waist.

“Sorry,” Daphne said, her cheeks tinged pink.

“S’alright,” Harry smiled. “Try casting it yourself this time.”

Clearing her throat, Daphne raised her wand and cast the charm again. While not as strong as the last one, it was solid enough to stand up to Hermione’s Disarming Hex.

“Brilliant,” Harry grinned, patting her on the shoulder.

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Tonks watched Harry leave Daphne and move around to help some of the other Slytherins with a small smile on her face.

He really is a great teacher, she thought.

It was also endearing that he was completely oblivious to the fact most of the girls in the room fancied him. She knew Daphne's little stumble hadn't been an accident. Nor was it an accident that she pressed her bum into his groin.

Not that that bothered her any. It was quite the confidence boost that so many witches were after her man.

And she wasn't the only one to notice. Hermione had seen it, too, and frowned at the pretty, busty blonde across from her.

That girl really needs to relax, Tonks thought.

A smile spread across her face as a plan came to mind. Gazing around the room, she moved over to help Lavender with her binding curse while she planned everything out in her head.

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"I think that went really well," Harry said when the last of the DA had left.

"If more people show up next time, we might have to hold meeting more often," Hermione said.

Harry sighed and ran a hand through his hair.

"I really hope I don't end up teaching half the school," he said. "I like keeping things small. It gives me more time to work with anyone who needs help."

"You could always split them up into two groups and hold one meeting a week for each," Tonks suggested before grinning widely. "But we can worry about that later. Let's see what this room can do."

Harry smiled at his girlfriend's infectious enthusiasm and took her hand as the three of them left the room. As soon as the door vanished behind them, Tonks began pacing back and forth in front of the blank stretch of wall.

"Holy shit!" Tonks exclaimed when she opened the new door.

"What – Oh my," Hermione gasped.

Harry followed behind them into a cavernous room. There were piles and piles of everything you could imagine as far as the eye could see. Some of it even went to the ceiling that was a good thirty feet high.

"Bloody hell," Harry said.

"What is this place?" Hermione asked.

"Don't know," Tonks shrugged. "I just asked the room to show me everything. Look at this! This is an original Cleansweep. It must be worth a fortune."

"I have an idea," Hermione said.

Oblivious to Tonks' protests, Hermione pulled her and Harry back out into the hall. After pacing back and forth, they entered the new room to find shelves upon shelves of books in a room easily twice the size of the Hogwarts library.

"This is amazing," Hermione breathed, rushing over to the shelves. "Even Hogwarts doesn't have some of these books."

"There's more to life than just books, Hermione," Tonks sighed.

“But think of all the spells we could find,” Hermione said. “Some of these books date back to before the founding of Hogwarts.”

Abruptly, Hermione looked around excitedly before her shoulders sagged with a frown.

“What’s wrong?” Harry asked.

“There’s no Dewey decimal system,” Hermione replied sadly.

Rolling her eyes, Tonks grabbed her by the arm and dragged her back out of the room.

“No, wait,” Hermione said.

“You can explore your book fetish later,” Tonks said.

Shaking his head amusedly, Harry followed them back out. For the next half an hour, they tried to summon the room in different ways. It could take any configuration they wanted, but apparently, it could only summon items that were already inside.

“I want to try one more thing,” Tonks said.

Pacing back and forth, she opened the door when it appeared and grinned.

“Perfect,” she said.

Harry and Hermione looked inside and found a room essentially identical to the Prefects bath. When the door closed behind them, it faded into the stone walls of the castle. Meanwhile, Tonks shucked off her robes and started untying the laces of her boots.

“You two going to join me, or are you just going to watch?” she asked teasingly.

Glancing over at Hermione, whose cheeks pinked, Harry shrugged and pulled off his tie.

“What if someone tries to come in?” Hermione asked nervously.

“I told the room not to appear for anyone else,” Tonks said before pulling her Weird Sisters t-shirt over her head and then smirking when both Harry and Hermione stared down at her bra-clad breasts. “Come on, Hermione. Relax a bit.”

Hermione chewed on her bottom lip for a moment as Harry and Tonks finished undressing. When they sank into the waist deep water, she sighed and started to strip. Grinning, Tonks pushed Harry onto one of the built-in benches along the side before seating herself in his lap. Sharing a short kiss, they both turned to Hermione as she unbuttoned her shirt.

“Do you have to watch?” she asked self-consciously.

“Hey, it’s your fault for taking so long,” Tonks smirked. “Besides, it’s nothing we haven’t seen before.”

Blushing a little brighter, Hermione unclasped her bra, releasing her modest sized, perky breasts before removing the rest of her clothes quickly. Watching her breasts jiggle as she walked down the steps into the bath, Harry hardened against Tonks’ firm bum and reached up to squeeze her full mounds.

“I wish mine were that big,” Hermione said, then blushed as if she hadn’t meant to speak aloud.

“There’s a potion for that,” Tonks grinned.

“Really?” Hermione asked.

“Yeah,” Tonks replied. “It’s pretty expensive, but it works, and it’s permanent. There’s a spell to do it too, but you have to recast it every few weeks. You might want to try that first and make sure it’s really what you want. A witch my mum went to school with went from a flat chest straight to triple D’s and wishes she’d gone a bit smaller. I can cast it for you if you want to give it a try.”

Hermione bit her lip thoughtfully for a long moment.

“Is it reversible?” she asked.

“Yeah, you can undo it anytime you want,” Tonks told her.

“Alright,” Hermione said.

Smiling brightly, Tonks jumped up from Harry’s lap and waded across the pool to her robes. While she grabbed her wand, Hermione looked over at Harry. He gave her an encouraging smile which she returned with a small one of her own.

“So, do you want to go my size, Fleur size, or the full Bones family special?” Tonks asked.

Harry snorted in amusement and shook his head.

“You’re size,” Hermione said. “My aunt Julie is pretty big, and she says they make her back hurt.”

“Witches have spells that stop that from happening,” Tonks told her. “Most purebloods use that instead of bras.”

“So that’s why –” Harry cut himself off when Hermione looked over at him suspiciously.

Next to her, Tonks smirked knowingly. She’d teased him quite a bit after he told her about his unintentional voyeurism on the train.

“Ready?” Tonks asked.

Harry was grateful for the distraction as Hermione turned back to Tonks and nodded. Waving her wand in a complicated pattern with a muttered incantation, a blue light glowed from the tip. Hermione gasped and stared down at her chest with wide eyes as her breasts began to inflate. Despite growing more than a cup size by the time Tonks stopped, they remained as pert and perky as before.

Staring down in awe, Hermione reached up and cupped her breasts experimentally.

“Wow,” she said, hefting their weight and letting them drop.

Slipping a hand under the water, Harry stroked his erection lightly as he stared at her chest.

“They look great,” Tonks grinned.

Nodding, Hermione bit her lips and looked up at Harry nervously.

“What do you think?” she asked.

Standing up, Harry waded over to her and rested his hands on her waist.

“You’ve always been beautiful, Hermione,” he said, causing her to smile shyly. “You look great either way. Just do what makes you happy.”

“Thank you,” Hermione said.

Stepping forward, she hugged him, causing her breasts to squash against his chest and his length to brush the inside of her thigh. Surprised, Hermione pulled back and stared down at the water.

“I think that means he likes them,” Tonks whispered loudly.

Hermione giggled, “I guess so.”

Sliding her hand under the water, she wrapped her hand around his rigid length lightly. Instead of stroking him, she ran her fingers along his shaft. Throbbing in her hand, Harry slid one of his up from her waist to cup her breast. Where before they would barely fill his hand, now, her soft, pale globes overflowed his grasp.

Smirking, Tonks slipped behind Hermione and wrapped her arms around her.

“You want to fuck him, don’t you?” Tonks whispered in her ear.

Hermione inhaled sharply and looked up at Harry but said nothing. Stepping closer, he pressed his body against hers and kissed her. She moaned into his mouth as his length slid along her folds and rolled her hips. Harry lifted Hermione up, and she wrapped her legs around his waist while Tonks supported her weight from behind, her hand cupping and squeezing her breast.

Reaching between their bodies, Tonks grabbed his shaft and slid his engorged head between Hermione’s hot lips. Leaning her head back against Tonks’ shoulder, she moaned long and low. Chuckling, Tonks kissed her neck before placing him right at Hermione’s entrance.

Looking forward, Hermione met Harry's gaze and bit her lip. Wrapping her arms around his neck, she rocked her hips forward, causing his tip to slip inside of her. A gasp left her lips, her mouth hanging open slightly as Harry caressed her thighs.

"That's it," Tonks panted. "Take that big, fat cock,"

Shuffling forward, she eased Hermione further down his length. Her incredible tightness slowly enveloped him as Tonks continued to guide her deeper onto his throbbing shaft. Turning Hermione's head, she kissed her heatedly, swallowing a moan as his girth gradually stretched her depths. While one of Tonks' hands continued to hold her up, the other reached down to circle her clit.

"Oh, God," Hermione gasped. "It's so big. I can't believe I'm doing this."

"Do you want to stop?" Harry asked worriedly.

"No," she gasped, her legs tightening around him.

"Nearly there," Tonks said, staring into the water at the point they were connected.

With one last push, she hilted Hermione on his cock. She gasped loudly, eyes and mouth open wide as she arched her back. Her depths spasmed around him a moment before her head fell back, and a long, shuddering moan left her mouth.

"Cumming already?" Tonks asked with a smirk as her fingers rubbed Hermione's clit frantically. "You little slut."

Hermione gasped and rolled her hips in an uncoordinated, jerky motion while she rode out her climax. Grasping her breasts, Harry lowered his head and took one of her swollen nipples between his lips. Sucking hard, he circled it with his tongue before grazing the stiff, pink nub with his teeth.

“Harry,” Hermione moaned.

Stiffening, her body shuddered hard, sending her luscious breasts jiggling before she went completely limp in their arms.

“That was a big one,” Tonks grinned.

Smiling, Harry leaned over Hermione’s shoulder to give his girlfriend a loving kiss. While they kissed, she started moving Hermione up and down on his length. Trapped between their bodies, the brunette whimpered tiredly. When they broke apart, they shared a smile before turning their attention back to Hermione.

“You like it, don’t you?” Tonks asked.

Hermione gasped as Harry began thrusting and nodded her head.

“Give it to her,” Tonks told him with a grin. “But don’t cum in her. I have an idea.”

Curious about what she meant, Harry thrust a bit harder into Hermione, marveling at how her walls flexed around him. Each time he hilted himself inside her, her muscles tensed, making her depths hug his length. At the same time, Tonks kissed and sucked at her neck while her fingers tugged at her reddened nipple.

“Fuck” Hermione gasped.

It was the first time Harry had heard her ever properly swear, and it caused him to laugh out loud.

“I knew there was a dirty little slut in there somewhere,” Tonks grinned.

“I’m not a slut,” Hermione said, then let out a long, low moan.

“Your first time having sex is a threesome with someone else’s boyfriend,” Tonks pointed out.

Hermione bit her lip, her breath hitching as her depths spasmed around Harry’s thrusting length.

“It’s okay,” Tonks said softly. “You can be Harry’s slut. His cute, busty bookworm that will suck and fuck his big cock any time he wants.”

Hermione bucked her hips and whimpered, staring up at Harry with an unfocused gaze.

“That would definitely make studying more fun,” Harry grinned.

“She could use your dick as a bookstand so she can read while sucking your cock,” Tonks joked.

“Tonks,” Hermione moaned breathlessly, her back arching as a shudder ran through her body.

“You like that, don’t you?” Tonks teased. “You like the thought of sitting on his lap, his cock buried in your tight little pussy in the middle of your precious library.”

“Ohhh!”

Hermione let out a loud, trembling moan as she reached her second peak. Harry grunted as she clamped down around him, making it almost impossible to thrust.

“Tonks, I’m close,” he warned her.

“Go sit on the edge,” she told him.

Groaning disappointedly, he pulled out of Hermione as she continued to twitch and gasp in Tonks’ arms. Lifting himself out of the water and sitting on the edge, his length jutted out from his waist, the head dark purple.

As Hermione came down from her high and panted for breath, Tonks guided her over to him and wrapped her hand around his shaft. Stroking him furiously, it became clear what she had planned when she aimed him at Hermione’s face.

“You might want to close your eyes,” Tonks told her.

Harry was surprised when she did so without complaint. Moments later, he came with a groan. Hermione flinched slightly when his first shot splashed against her chin. Giggling, Tonks continued to stroke him, aiming each new shot at a different spot on Hermione’s face. By the time he was done, numerous white stripes were streaked across her face.

Cautiously opening her eyes, Hermione smiled bashfully and licked her lips. The fact that they were covered in cum made Harry throb, and a small drop leaked from his tip. Laughing, Tonks leaned forward and wrapped her lips around him.

Pushing down, she swallowed all of him easily before slowly pulling back while sucking hard. Harry shuddered and hunched in on himself when she reached his extremely sensitive tip.

“Bloody hell, Tonks,” he gasped.

Smirking, she turned to Hermione and licked her lips.

“You taste good,” she said. “I’ll have to try it myself sometime.”

Hermione's eyes widened when she realized what Tonks meant. Before she could respond, Tonks leaned forward and licked first one of Hermione's cheeks, then the other. With her tongue covered in cum, Tonks cupped her cheeks and pulled her in for a deep kiss. Hermione squeaked in surprise but relaxed after a second and kissed her back. Harry's flagging erection leapt back to attention as he watched.