

Summary: When a spell goes wrong, Harry and Hermione find themselves mentally connected. The only problem is, they can't control what they do and do not hear. But it's not like either has anything to hide, right? Hogwarts starts at 15.

-

Pop Quiz

-

*'I mean seriously! Professor?! What the FUCK!'* Daphne screeched.

*'We know love.'* Susan replied a little breathlessly.

*'And she didn't even think to tell us?! Not even a fucking hint?!'*

*'Like I said- We know sweetheart.'*

*'It's bullshit! Why are you three not even more pissed than I am?!'* Daphne huffed.

*'We are!'* Susan replied. *'But it's a little hard to be mad right now!'*

Daphne faltered for a moment before shrugging. *'True I guess. Harry love, do you wanna switch?'*

Harry groaned from beside her and pulled out of Hermione's cunt. Daphne moved to the side, rolling off of Susan's face and planting her pussy directly onto the bushy-haired girl's tongue. She swallowed down a moan of delight before diving down to feast upon Hermione's own needy cunt.

The heavy scent of sex filled her nose as she ran her tongue up and down the bookworm's soaked womanhood. After a few rounds with Harry's cock inside her, Hermione's pussy was already quivering with pleasure by the time Daphne's mouth

came along.

Beside her, Susan squeaked over and over again as her own pussy was forcefully invaded by their boyfriend's cock. The redhead's large hefty breasts jiggled wildly with each thrust. Daphne would be happy enough to simply sit and watch her girlfriend's giant tits jiggle all day, yet the pleasure that she was receiving from Hermione's tongue was a far more tantalizing option to focus on.

*'We have all weekend to interrogate Tonks before classes start on Monday dear. Let's put it out of our minds for now. Besides, we can always use tonight to brainstorm punishments for the kinky metamorph~'* Susan giggled.

Daphne smirked in agreement as she brought Hermione to a sluttily loud orgasm. Oh yes, she had a few ideas already...

-

Harry shifted and groaned tiredly. The irritable buzzing in his mind thankfully subsided as soon as his hand came into contact with his wand. He sighed and sat up. Through the blur of his glasses-less vision he could just make out the hazy forms of Daphne and Susan cuddling peacefully in their sleep. Hermione, however, was nowhere to be seen.

Quickly fumbling around the nightstand for his glasses, he slid himself out of bed carefully so as to not wake the others.

With a quick ping, Harry was able to zone in on Hermione's location in a heartbeat. The soft hum of her mind was resonating calmly from the next room over. Harry let out a small breath of relief and pulled on a shirt. He entered the sitting room and was greeted

with a roaring fire and Hermione sat at a small dining table with plates of food scattered about and her nose buried in a book.

“Morning, you went down already?” He greeted, gesturing to the assortment of breakfast foods.

Hermione hummed and set the heavy tome aside. “Dobby brought it actually. Apparently, he wanted to ‘welcome us home properly’.”

“That’s... nice I suppose.” He said. “What are you reading?”

“It’s a book that Sirius lent me from the Black Library. It goes into detail about various forms of possession, their effects, and how to negate them.” She explained. “I hope we won’t need this sort of information, but in the event that Voldemort does show back up, well... I want us to be ready.”

Harry frowned but nodded. With a sigh, he sat at the table and pursed his lips.

“What is it?” Hermione questioned. When he didn’t answer she nudged him along their connection softly. He nudged her back in response.

“It’s just... Something tells me that it’s going to take a lot more than a few spells from a dusty old tome to get rid of him for good.” He grouched. “He survived that night for a reason. I mean you saw what he looked like parading around in Lucius’s body. Does that fit any regular description of possession in your book?”

Hermione shook her head. “No. Whatever magic he used to take over Lucius Malfoy’s body is by no means normal.” She sighed and stood up, making her way around the table beside him. “Budge over.” She said and elbowed him in the arm.

Harry pushed his chair back. As he did so, Hermione fell into his lap and wrapped her arms around his neck.

“Look, I’m not saying it won’t be hard, but we will end him. Once and for all. Until we do though, it’s best we learn every charm, spell, and hex we can to try and even the playing field.” She smiled.

“I just don’t like the idea of putting any of you in danger.” He said quietly.

Hermione ran her fingers through his hair soothingly. “Unfortunately that’s not your decision love.”

He laughed and pulled the brunette closer to his chest. Hermione fell into him without a fight, resting her head comfortably on his chest. They stayed like that for some time, enjoying the feeling of the other in their arms.

Soon enough though, the feeling of Hermione flush against his chest stirred something inside him. Harry’s hands, which had been gently rubbing small circles in her back, dipped down slowly. They travelled down her back and over the swell of her pert arse. The thin pyjama bottoms did little to hide the feeling of her supple flesh.

Hermione breathed out sharply through her nose as he squeezed her bum. “Was last night not enough for you?” She said with an exasperated sigh.

Harry hummed and dipped his head down to suckle on her porcelain neck. Despite her chiding, Hermione tilted her head to the side and allowed him full access to her unblemished skin.

“You’re the one who sat on my lap. You should know better than to go pushing your cute

bum into me like this.” He whispered in her ear.

Hermione giggled. “Oh you mean like this?” With that she rocked her hips down, grinding her arse into his rapidly growing erection.

Harry growled into her ear. His hands moved to hook under her thighs and without warning, he hoisted her up onto the table. Hermione gasped at the sudden shift, a gasp that was silenced as he smashed his lips against hers in a searing kiss. A small whimper escaped her lips, the heat of the kiss matching the heat pooling between her thighs.

As he pushed his tongue inside the bookworm’s wet and waiting mouth, Harry’s hands were moving up her body. They came to a stop at the hem of her loose nightshirt before dipping under the thin material and finishing their journey. Her bra-less breasts were prickled in gooseflesh and were capped with her stiff, pointed nipples. Harry clamped both hands over the generous mounds and ran a thumb over each hardened nub. The moan of delight that Hermione spilt against his lips was reward enough, but he wanted more.

All it took was a wave of his hand for everything on the table to fly off and crash against the wall with a shattering ‘SMASH!’. Hermione squeaked in surprise before squeaking even louder as she was unceremoniously flipped over and pushed chest first against the table.

Her squeaks were replaced with heated moans as Harry rub her rapidly dampening slit through her pj’s.

“Have I ever mentioned how many times I wanted to fuck you over a library table since

we met?” He questioned offhandedly.

“O-once or twice- Oh!” She gasped as his fingers found her throbbing clit.

“Mmm- Well it may not be the library, but you bent over this table is just as good in my opinion.” He chuckled before giving her arse a firm swat.

With a tug of her waistband, Harry had the brunette naked from the waist down, save for her pyjama pants pooled around her ankles. Her pussy glistened with arousal in the firelight, practically begging him to shove his cock deep inside. Well, never let it be said he was one to disappoint.

“OH! HARRY- OH HARRY YES!” Hermione screamed. Her walls slammed down around his cock, gripping his length tightly as he pounded into her with one powerful thrust after another.

Hermione’s hands clawed at the oaken table-top. Her cries of ecstasy were drowned out by the loud clapping of her ass cheeks as Harry hammered into them from behind. Where his cock met her pussy was a river of arousal. Her juices poured down her legs as her poor g-spot was *pounded* mercilessly by his thick cock.

The sight of her ass rippling with each powerful thrust only spurred Harry’s hips to move faster and harder. There was no loving touches or gentle love making in that moment. Only a need to dominate the petite bookworm’s body. An animalistic hunger fueled him as he reshaped her cunt. Already she had reached her first screaming peak and Harry was intent for her to reach a second before seeding her womb with his cum.

“Oh f-f-fuck yesssss! Yes just like t-that! K-keep fucking me just like THAAAAATTTTT!!”

Hermione wailed. She thrashed wildly against his hammering hips, rocking her ass back into his thrusts head-on. Her pussy was a flurry of sloppy wet sounds as it trembled around his cock. Her cries trailed off as her body convulsed more and more. Nails digging into the wood, Hermione collapsed fully onto the hard tabletop, content to allow her boyfriend to use her body as he pleased.

She wouldn't have to wait long though. Within only a few moments of her second climax, Harry was groaning loudly as he emptied his balls inside her. Her cunt greedily drank up every spurt of cum that he unleashed, milking his cock for every drop it could. "I'm not sure whether to be aroused by this or just plain annoyed cause you ruined breakfast." Daphne chimed as she walked into the room blearily.

Harry ignored her and squeezed Hermione's pert bum as he deposited the rest of his seed in her awaiting womb.

"Maybe you should be more annoyed that we missed the fun." Susan pouted as she too exited the bedroom. The redhead was rubbing the final bits of sleep from her eyes, uncaring that she had seemingly forgotten to grab a shirt on her way out. Harry's spent cock jerked inside of Hermione's cunt at the sight of her full-hanging breasts.

Hermione groaned in response and pushed him away. His cock popped free from her depths still hard and glistening with her juices. "Be my guest." She panted. "I'll see if Dobby can bring up more food." She waved her hand at the mess in the corner of the room, vanishing it with but a thought.

As soon as the words left her mouth, Susan was suddenly in Hermione's place. Harry grunted as the redhead pushed him back into his chair and gripped his cock with an excited gleam in his eye. He barely had any time to prepare himself before Susan's hot

wet mouth enveloped his length hungrily.

“Damn Sue, give him some time to recuperate.” Daphne teased.

Susan ignored the blonde and raised her hand to flip the girl the bird before swallowing even more of Harry’s length. Harry groaned and let his head fall back, content to simply let the buxom Hufflepuff do as she wished and enjoy her ministrations.

Susan bobbed up and down his length at a leisurely pace. It seemed as if she was simply happy enough to have his cock in her mouth at all.

“Whoa there Bonesy! Can’t even wait for real food before stuffing your mouth with Harry’s ‘sausage’ eh?” A voice chimed from the door.

Everyone turned and watched as Tonks entered followed by a collection of levitating plates topped with various breakfast foods. Hermione walked in behind the procession, looking a bit more miffed than she did when she left.

“Thought you were going to get Dobby?” Harry asked.

“She tried. Poor little guy practically came screaming into my office, crying about ‘the mean bushy one’ threatening him with money.” Tonks smirked.

From behind her, Hermione scoffed and crossed her arms. “I simply was trying to pay him for his services! I wasn’t threatening him!”

“That’s nice and all ‘Mione, but to a house elf it’s basically the same thing.” Tonks replied.

Hermione harrumphed and muttered something under her breath.

“Bonesy as hot as that is I don’t think Harry wants to have his cock sucked while he tries to eat.” Tonks said as she levitated the plates onto the table.

Susan groaned but pulled off his cock regardless with a loud wet slurp.



“So are we gonna talk about the whole ‘Professor Tonks’ thing?” Harry asked as he readjusted his clothing.

Tonks hummed as she sat. “What about it?”

“Let’s start with why you didn’t fucking tell us.” Daphne bit out icily. Around the table the others nodded in agreement to the blonde’s words.

Tonks looked to them all before sighing. “Look, Dumbledore approached me and Hestia about it a month ago, but up until yesterday morning, it wasn’t even a sure thing. There was a lot of workaround needed with the auror detail and frankly, neither I nor Hes’ are exactly qualified to be teachers. Dumbles received a fair amount of pushback from the Board of Governors to even allow us to teach in the first place. I just didn’t want to tell you all until it was all set in stone you know?”

“I...suppose that’s fair.” Daphne grumbled. “But so what does this mean with us? I mean you’re our Professor now so that sort of forces the whole relationship dynamic between you and us to shift doesn’t it?”

Tonks shook her head. “I thought the same. When Dumbledore first approached me about the job I was upfront and honest with him. I gave him a... wide overview of our relationship.”

“And what did he say?” Hermione asked with a furrowed brow.

“He just asked if Amelia knew already. When I told him yes he sorta just smiled and said that there was nothing to worry about then.” She paused and leaned forward to clasp her hands together. “Look with me here as Harry and Susan’s official ‘unofficial’ bodyguard our relationship would’ve shifted anyway. Inside the classroom, I’m your professor. In the halls, I’m a senior auror in charge of an operation. But when we’re

alone? Well then I'm the same bombshell babe you know and love!" She finished with a wide smirk.

Harry and the others laughed at the pink-haired woman's enthusiasm.

"Don't suppose we can work for extra credit in our alone time then, can we Professor Tonks?" Harry japed.

Tonks snorted and scrunched her face up momentarily in concentration. Before their eyes, the metamorphosis skin bubbled and shifted in the exact image of Professor McGonagall.

"Why Mr. Potter, I think that sublime shagging was worth at least 5 points for Gryffindor!" She exclaimed in McGonagall's thick Scottish burr.

Harry grimaced while the girls around the table giggled at his expense.

"Right well there goes my appetite." He grouched and pushed his plate away. His words only served to fuel the girls' laughter even more.

-

Classes started calmly enough come Monday morning. The professors were quick to get back into the groove of things after a long summer and the students themselves welcomed the normalcy after a very tumultuous summer.

For Harry and the others, this new year brought upon a new set of challenges.

Particularly, their end-of-year exams.

"Now remember! The OWLs may be nine months away but that does not mean I will allow you to slack off until spring!" McGonagall chided with her usual stern voice. "Every day you sit in this class we will review a new spell, both its theory and practicality. To pass your OWL in Transfiguration you will need to know both. That means there will be

no time for falling behind. If you must, I advise you to form study groups, create schedules, and come to me if you find yourself having trouble in class.”

Before she could continue, the loud gonging of the school’s clock tower rang out, signalling the end of their class period.

“Remember to pre-read the first chapter before class on Wednesday! Oh and Mr. Potter? A word if you will.” McGonagall called out.

Harry nodded and finished packing away his things. Giving Ron a shrug, he turned and made his way to the front. He ignored the mental teasing that Hermione and Susan shot his way, gleefully reminding him of Tonks small joke from the weekend before.

“Yes professor?” He asked as he approached the older woman.

McGonagall peered down at him from over her spectacles, taking a moment to almost study him.

“I understand that you and Miss Granger have... abstained from sleeping in Gryffindor Tower.” She said in a clipped tone.

Harry blushed, not missing the woman’s hidden meaning behind her words. “Oh- I... uhm... Well, it’s just- I mean we aren’t opposed to sleeping in the dorm...” He stammered.

McGonagall held up her hand and silenced him instantly. With a sigh, she sat at her desk and pursed her lips.

“Under normal circumstances, I’d drag the two of you up to Headmaster Dumbledore’s office by your ears and give the both of you a proper dressing down, Miss Greengrass and Bones too for that matter!” She huffed and continued. “But... I understand these are not... normal circumstances.” She sighed once more and pinched the bridge of her

nose. "The four of you are of age so I find no reason to report any of this to everyone's parents. Provided of course that the proper precautions are being taken?" She questioned with a raised brow.

At Harry's hasty nod, she hummed and continued.

"Good. Now, we cannot simply let the four of you stay where you please without a member of staff knowing. Thankfully, Auror Jones has already requested a separate residence for you and Miss Bones. I will have the house elves prepare two additional bedrooms for Miss Granger and Miss Greengrass. Not that they will bloody use them..."

She muttered under her breath. "In any case, going forward, curfew rules will still apply to this new residence and there will be checkups done periodically throughout the night by either an auror to ensure there is no needless rule-breaking. Am I understood?"

Harry nodded quickly. "Yes ma'am."

"Good. This is not a privilege Mr. Potter but a responsibility. Do NOT disappoint me."

With that, the older woman waved him off and turned to prepare for her next class.

Harry released a breath he didn't know he was holding as he exited the classroom. He had to give McGonagal some credit. Facing down basilisks, dragons, and evil dark lords wasn't even half as scary as being scorned by that woman. Perhaps he could simply have her reprimand Voldemort and the evil tosser would explode from the sheer aura of authority she gave off.

Harry shook his head in amusement at the thought. Now that would be a sight.

He was so caught up in his thoughts that he failed to notice the figure sneaking up behind him. To his shame, it was the second time in under a week that someone was able to do so, as well as the second time someone was able to snatch him by the arm

and pull him into a private location. The only difference was this time it was at least a broom cupboard than a thin tapestry.

His reflexes kicked in as soon as the door closed. Spinning around, one hand clasped around the assailant's throat while the other jabbed the tip of his wand into the underside of their chin.

“Gyah! Didn’t know choking was your thing, Potter. I don’t mind though, it’s kinda hot.”

Tracey smirked at him with a wink.

Harry’s eyes widened slightly in surprise. Quickly he released the short-haired witch and stepped back.

“What the fuck Tracey?! You can’t just sneak up on someone like that.”

Tracey waved him off, her hand caressing her throat soothingly. “Sorry, forgot Daphne said you were a jumpy one.” She said. “Didn’t mean to spook ya.”

Harry shook his head and sighed in exasperation. “S fine I guess. But what did you need to talk about so badly that it prompted jumping me in the hall?”

“Talk? Oh no, I don’t need to talk about anything!” She smiled innocently.

“Then what-” He was cut off as a pair of soft, pouty lips were forcefully pushed against his own. Harry grunted as the smaller girl pushed him back against the hard unforgiving stone wall. Old brooms and dusty cleaning supplies crashed to the ground, all the while Tracey was doing her best to swallow his tongue with soft whimpering moans.

Harry, in his mind, had a choice. He could either push the girl away, demand an explanation, and storm off. Or, he could simply give in and let this petite vixen have her way with him.

Having already felt the incredible sensation of her tight throat spasming around him,

Harry was inclined to choose the latter.

Bringing his arms up, he wrapped them tightly around the girl's upper body. Reaching around, he cupped one of her perky breasts while dipping his other hand down to give her arse a generous squeeze.

Tracey moaned against his lips before pulling back. She looked at him with a lecherous smirk and trailed a single finger down his chest. Before he could say a word, the girl dropped to her knees and hastily unbuckled his belt. Harry hissed as she stuffed his partially erect cock into her mouth. Within moments he was fully hard between her lips and the girl was bobbing her head rapidly on his length. She bathed every inch of his rigid shaft while sucking loudly with each pass.

Without warning, the girl suddenly grabbed his hips and sucked in a deep breath through her nose. Harry cursed under his breath as the brunette *slammed* her face forward, swallowing every inch of his thick cock down her gullet.

"Fuck Tracey! You've been practising." He moaned.

Tracey made a noise that sounded like something halfway between an incoherent garble and a pleased hum. Whatever it was, it sent spikes of pleasure up his shaft as her tight throat trembled around him.

Moaning, the girl pulled herself back to the tip and sucked in another deep breath. Again she slammed herself back down his length, hilding him entirely inside her throat with a sharp wet gag. Her eyes filled with tears as she rocked her head back and forth, grinding his cock inside her oesophagus while mascara streamed down her cheeks. Globbs of saliva pooled down and soaked the front of her school blouse. The white material became practically transparent with each passing second, showing off her

perky round tits and hardened nipples.

Finally, the girl pulled back with a heaving breath and stroked him rapidly.

“Fuck I want to keep sucking your cock so bad.” Tracey whimpered. “But my pussy is so fucking wet right now Harry. Please, I need you to fuck me.” She gasped.

Giving his shaft one last needy lick. She stood and spun around, leaning against the wall with her pale round bum sticking straight out before shimmying her knickers down to her ankles. Harry stepped forward, unable to resist the sight of her bubble cheeks.

Grabbing one in each hand, he gave the soft globes a hard squeeze before spreading them apart. Tracey’s bright pink pussy greeted him, already dripping with her juices.

Above it, her puckered backdoor also stared back enticingly.

Harry slid a single finger up her moistened slit and above to the rim of her asshole.

Tracey moaned appreciatively and wiggled her hips.

“C’mooooonnnn!” She whined. “Fuck me Harry. Hard!”

Grabbing a handful of her short-cropped hair, Harry did as he was bid and lined himself up with her dripping cunt. Her outer lips opened without a fight, allowing him to sink into her hot wet depths. Harry moaned in unison with Tracey, the two revelling in the feel of each other as his hips came to rest against her bum. Soon enough though, Tracey grew impatient and wiggled her hips with a pleading whine.

Harry gripped her bubbly arse tightly and began to rock his hips back and forth. Tracey cooed in pleasure, her slippery wet quim gripping him tightly as he began to fuck her with increasing power. Harder and harder, his hips moved, slapping against her arse with mighty slaps of flesh. His cock pulsed inside her with every thrust. The feeling of her tight walls was almost too much.

Tracey threw her head back with a wail. “Oh fuuuuuckkkk! Harder Harry! God, fuck me harder please!” She sobbed.

Harry grunted and reached up to wrap his hand around her throat, the same hand that did so earlier as well. As he began to head her demands, slamming into her with wild and powerful thrusts, the grip on her neck tightened, closing her airway just enough to have the petite girl squirming with arousal. In response, her pussy gripped him ever harder, almost like it was begging him to absolutely ruin the pixie-haired brunette.

As her silent moans grew heavier and her breathing became more laboured, Tracey’s mouth hung open in abject ecstasy. Whether by her own volition or some unconscious need to be *fucked*, the girl began to rock her hips back against his, forcing his thrusting cock even deeper into her tight quim.

“ACK!” She gagged against his tight grip on his throat. Harry eased up a little, allowing the girl to suck in a deep breath of air before she released a shuddering wail.

“F-ff-fuuuuckkkk! I’m c-cummming!” She cried. Tears streamed down her face as her body convulsed against his. Her mouth was a river of high-pitched moans and wracking sobs. If Harry weren’t currently more concerned with fucking her through her climax, he’d be more than a little perturbed.

“Are you- fuck- are you okay?” He grunted, his hips slowing their pace somewhat as he made to check up on the girl.

“Y-you’re hitting m-my g-spot- OH FUCK!” She screamed. “Oh please! Don’t fucking stop! PLEASE KEEP FUCKING ME!”

Tracey wailed again and again, her pussy convulsing around him like electricity was running rampant through her body. Hot arousal sprayed from her pussy, soaking Harry’s



groin with a thick sheen of her juices. He growled as the girl's second climax ran its course. His own wasn't far behind and he was determined to reach it.

Harry cursed and slammed his hips against her arse one last time, burying his length as deep as possible inside her soaked pussy. With a groan he erupted inside her, spraying her depths with spurt after spurt of his hot sticky cum. Tracey cooed as she felt his seed fill her womb to the brim, a sigh of contentment escaping her lips as her body relaxed in post-orgasmic bliss.

As much as he wanted to stay there, hilted inside the sexy pixie, the sound of the clock tower ringing through the halls signalled their next class would start soon.

With a sigh, Harry pulled out of her cunt and stowed away his cock. Tracey groaned and reached for her wand, yet paused halfway through. With a shrug, the girl simply bent down and pulled her panties up, uncaring of the river of cum that was leaking from her folds.

"Tell Daph' I expect our her to join us next time yeah?" She said with a wink. Blowing him a kiss she skipped out the door without another word.

-

#### Author's Note

Nothing much plot-wise in this chapter. I originally wanted to end with a scene with Draco and the others. Sort of get an idea where their head-space was at, but I think that would be out of place with the whole vibe of this chapter. So we'll just have to see what the Death Eater Jr's are up to next time!

Thanks for reading!