

Stepping out of the emerald flames, Harry tripped only slightly. He found himself standing in the long, extravagant Ministry Atrium. The room was relatively quiet, but then it was quite late in the day. There were a few witches and wizards making their way to the departure floos after a long day.

He'd received a late owl from Amelia requesting his presence in her office as soon as possible. Understanding that it must have something to do with the upcoming trial in just a few days' time, he had no intention of delaying. Molly thought the same and shoed him through the floo once he told her the contents of the letter.

Given this was his first time in the Ministry, she'd been sure to tell him what to do once he got there. He passed the Fountain of Magical Brotherhood and headed toward the golden gates that separated the elevators from the Atrium. He stopped to get checked at the visitors desk and got checked-in begrudgingly by Eric before he was on his way.

Stepping into a lift alone, he pressed a button for Level One and waited as the elevator ascended upward. It didn't take long before a feminine voice announced, "Level One. Department of Magical Law Enforcement." Leaving the lift, he looked around the room. Late shift members of the Magical Law Enforcement Patrol were milling about waiting for a call to come in.

Receiving some odd looks, he didn't pay them any mind as he made his way through the room a bit aimlessly, not entirely sure where Amelia's office was. Luckily for him he passed Mr. Weasley just as he was leaving his office, "Harry, what're you doing here?"

"Amelia sent an owl asking that I come at my earliest convenience," he told the Weasley patriarch.

Arthur chuckled, "Which read as immediately, I'm sure. In that case..." he turned and pointed to the back corner of the room on the other side, "you want to head over their lad." Patting him on the back he gave him a warm smile, "Don't worry, Amelia's the good sort. I'll see you back at the Burrow whenever you're finished."

"Thanks, Mr. Weasley." Making his way through the room with a destination in mind now, Harry found himself outside of a door labeled *Department Head* with Amelia Bones beneath it. Going inside, it was a waiting room with a desk where a pretty young brunette, no doubt Amelia's secretary, was working silently. Closing the door behind him, he made sure it was loud enough to get her attention.

As he approached, the young woman gave him a bright smile and started twirling a strand of her hair between her fingers, "Hello there, can I help you?" She leaned against the desk, looking up at him through her eyelashes with surprisingly eager honey-brown eyes.

"Yes, I'm Harry Potter," Her eyes widened and light flush came to her cheeks at his name, "here to see Madam Bones."

Looking down at a note on her desk, she popped out of her seat, "Of course, she let me know you should be coming." She stepped around the desk and moved closer to Harry than was perfectly necessary and directed him toward Amelia's door, "This way... I'm Joanna by the way." She said the last bit a little shyly, glancing at him with subtle interest.

She wore simple grey dress robes that hugged the gentle curves of her body nicely. Her perfume smelled lovely, and he couldn't help but look down at her fit bum as she opened the door to her boss's office,

“Harry Potter here to see you ma’am.” Harry stepped in after her to come face to face with Amelia for the first time.

“Thank you, Joanna.” The woman sat behind her desk, and she smiled at Harry as he came into the room. Gorgeous, that was first word that came to mind as he took her in. The redhead looked no older than her mid-thirties. Her hair was up in a loose bun. She had high cheekbones, full lips, and bright blue eyes. Though none of that immediately drew his attention. Even in the professional robes she wore, there was no hiding her ridiculously impressive bust and whether she meant them to or not, they were eye-catching. *It must run in the family. They must be at least half-again as big as Anya’s.*

He couldn’t help but glance down at them as he approached her desk and took a seat in a chair across from her. Joanna remained at the door, and he could feel her eyes on him, “Is... is there anything I can get you, Madam Bones?”

There was a knowing look in the older woman’s eyes as she smiled at her secretary, “No, that’ll be all. You’re already here well past the end of your shift. You should finish up and head home for the night.”

Joanna fiddled with the door handle for just a moment, “I’ll do that ma’am. I just have a few more things I need to take care of first.”

“Of course, now, if you could leave us to it.” She nodded toward Harry.

“Yes, yes! Sorry.” The secretary closed the door and left the two of them alone in Amelia’s office.

“Hello, Harry.” She greeted him kindly. Her eyes scanned his face, “Susan was right, you’re a very handsome young man. It’s not surprising though, your father always was too, and your mother was one of the most beautiful witches I ever had the pleasure of meeting.”

He hadn’t been expecting the compliment, much less the fact that Susan thought he was handsome, “Uh... thank you ma’am. I didn’t know you knew my parents.”

“Amelia, Harry... call me Amelia.” She leaned over her desk slightly, drawing his gaze to the tantalizing view it created, if only briefly. If Amelia noticed she said nothing about it, “And yes, I wouldn’t say I was close with your parents, but I did train your father when he went through the Auror Academy. I met your mother at department social events when he finished his training... before they were forced to go into hiding.”

“Oh...” He hadn’t known that.

Standing up Amelia stepped around her desk and came to stand in front of it, resting her round bum against the solid wood. She was very close to him her long, strong legs no more than a few inches from his own. “Yes, but I’m sure you’re curious why I asked you here.”

“Yes... Amelia, I assume it has something to do with the upcoming trial.” Harry swallowed thickly. Despite his recent experience with his two new Veela lovers, he still wasn’t accustomed to being in such close quarters with such a beautiful woman, much less a beautiful older woman.

“You assumed correctly.” Amelia grabbed a parchment from her desk and read it over briefly, eyes scanning it line by line, “I wanted to talk to you to verify the series of events that took place and confirm certain details that I wouldn’t be able to get from any of the accused.”

“Anything I can do to help.” There was nothing he wanted more than to ensure that Malfoy got himself a cell in Azkaban for what he’d done. Except maybe to see Sirius free. *And that’s in the cards as well.*

“Perfect.” She gave him a bright smile, doing everything she could to put him at ease, “You entered the stadium to find three Death Eaters correct.”

“Yes.”

“And they attacked two of the Bulgarian mascots...” She looked down at the parchment, “Orina and Anya.”

“They were both unconscious when I reached the stadium, yes.”

“I want you to know, it was incredibly brave what you did. A student going up against fully trained dark wizards, who certainly would have no qualms about hurting you.”

Harry felt his face flush at that praise, which amused Amelia if the glint in her eye was anything to go by, “It was the right thing to do. I couldn’t just leave them there.”

“Most people would have only cared about their own safety, Harry.” She told him, one hand came up to squeeze his knee. He jumped slightly at the contact, but he certainly didn’t dislike it, “You’d make a good auror someday, and I can tell you, I’d love to have someone with that mindset in the department.”

Harry gave her a small smile, “Thank you.”

“It’s the truth,” She looked down at the parchment, but he couldn’t help but notice that her hand hadn’t move from his knee, “You engaged them and incapacitated Crabbe, Goyle, and Malfoy?”

“Correct.”

“The Exploding Charm that demolished the field, that was yours?”

“Yes.”

“Brilliant, it was quite enough to behold, I’m told. That ground was enchanted but you still managed to make a massive trench.”

“But it wasn’t enough to win the fight.” Harry told her noticing that her fingers had started subtly rubbing against his knee through his trousers.

“No,” Amelia agreed, “but you thought on your feet when it looked like you’d lost and revived one of the Veela.”

“And she was the one who took out Malfoy.”

“Except she only distracted, Malfoy. You quite smartly stunned him before she could kill him. Regardless of his crimes, the old... let’s call them traditionalists... in the Wizengamot would have punished the young lady had she actually hurt him.”

“You mean bigoted cunts.

Amelia laughed, "Yes, more bluntly." Harry thought Amelia didn't even realize what she was doing on his thigh as her touch moved slightly higher, "You got lucky that you woke Orina and not Anya. The latter was force fed a Lust Potion?"

"I didn't think about it, but yes. That wasn't the only time I got lucky that night, but things could have gone terribly had I been unfortunate enough to wake Anya." Harry's voice was strained as he fought the hardening of his own cock at Amelia's tiny movements.

"And then you..." She took a deep breath, nostrils flaring slightly, "Let's see here, 'did everything in your power to help ensure that there were no consequences of the Lust Potion when Anya woke.'"

Harry looked at her wide-eyed, "How do you know that? The Death Eaters certainly weren't awake to know anything about that."

"Yesterday, I met with both of the young Veela after they took an international portkey. I needed to know the series of events before your arrival to get a full understanding of what happened," Amelia informed him, "Now, it is what happened next that I find hard to believe."

Harry watched her intently now, her breathing seemed a bit heavy, and she wiggled her thighs against each other beneath her robes, "According to Anya, 'you fucked her through so many orgasms that she lost count. You filled her **and** covered her more than once and by the end of it, you'd burned out the Lust Potion'... even though up until that point you were a virgin?"

Refusing to meet the gorgeous older woman's eye, he stared at her hand as it inched up slightly higher along his thigh, another centimeter and she'd touch his hardening cock, "That's... yes, that's exactly what happened. She certainly didn't leave out any details, did she?"

"No," Amelia agreed lowly, her voice had a touch of lust in it now, "They were **very** specific in their descriptions..." She looked down at the parchment, over the shelf of her massive tits, "For instance, 'his shaft was bigger around than my wrist and as long as my forearm. I could feel it in my throat even when it wasn't in my throat.'"

Her fingers didn't move any further up his thigh, but his cock was no longer just hardening, but fully hard now. His shaft had grown steadily within his trousers and pressed painfully against the fabric. It had the added effect of meeting her fingers where they sat low on his thigh. Amelia gave a soft sigh at the feel of it, but made no other sign that she noticed, "Hard as these facts are to believe, there is one very simple way I can think of to confirm things... and you said, you're willing to do anything to help."

She pressed against the sensitive crown of his dick through his trousers as she finally looked at him instead of the parchment, her blue eyes were dark with passion. Holding back a groan, he managed to breath out, "What?"

"I'll need to see it." Amelia told him, pushing off the desk so that she was standing directly between his thighs. While not a particularly tall woman, she loomed over him in her heels with her beautiful bosom right at his eye level.

This certainly hadn't been what he'd been expecting when he'd come into the room, "I... okay." Amelia looked like the cat that caught the canary at his agreement. She didn't move to help, just looked expectantly at his crotch.

Since his arrival in the room, the older woman had done everything in her power to control herself. She knew exactly why she'd brought him here, but there was something purely intoxicating about his presence that made it almost impossible to just stick to her own plan. It forced her to lean on her Occlumency to manage it.

But even that was failing her now. *It doesn't matter, I'm about to get what I want.* Amelia had no doubts about the veracity of Anya and Orina's story. Not only had the girls been very specific, teasing her every step of the way, trying to get her riled up but they left her a copy of the memory. It was sitting in her pensieve at home. She'd watched it **very** attentively the night before, naked as the day she was born and dripping wet. Their teasing combined with the memory was what had convinced her to do this entirely unethical thing.

Watching expectantly, her breath hitched as his hand undid the snap of his trousers. Leaning back in his seat, he pushed them down his legs. Her hand finally left his leg then as he was left with just his pants straining to contain his impressive cock, she bit a finger as his hands went to his scarlet undergarments. *Little fucking tease.* It was absolute torture as she waited impatiently for him to reveal the prize that waited underneath.

Springing free, his cock thwacked against his stomach the tip already dripping with precum. A bit of it flicked off his crown and landed on Amelia's dress robes. She couldn't stop the low moan that escaped her, just the smell of his musk had her pussy dripping in arousal, "Merlin and Morgana..." Seeing it in a memory was one thing, but it looked incredible in the flesh.

Gripping at one of her heavy tits through her robes, her other hand came down to play with the head of his cock, it twitched at her touch, "It's beautiful, Harry." She told him seriously. The older woman had never seen such a big, beautiful example of manhood. The blue veins of his shaft stood out vividly as they marbled his pale shaft. The biggest one that ran along the middle pulsed with his heartbeat. His bollocks hung low and inviting between his thighs. Smooth and hairless, they were as big as golf balls. It "That proof enough for you?" He asked her, a cocky smile blooming on his lips that looked so similar to one she'd seen on his father's face years before.

"No," she said as she gathered some of his crystal-clear lubrication on her finger and started massaging it into his pillar of needy flesh, "I believe Anya said that she could feel you in her throat, even when you were deep in her little pussy." He felt a slight bit of panic as her wand was in her hand, but she wasn't in the mood for waiting.

Banishing her robes, Amelia stood between his legs wearing only a set of pale-blue lingerie complete with garters. He could see her dark-pink nipples through the sheer material of her bra cups. She pulled at a bit of the elastic and snapped it against her firm thigh, "Do you like what you see?"

Nodding dumbly, he managed to respond, "Gorgeous."

Placing her wand on the desk behind her, she laughed throatily, "I'm certainly not a teenage Veela, but..."

"No, I mean it. You're gorgeous. I won't pretend that Anya and Orina aren't, too. But, that doesn't make you any less." She could see in his eyes that he meant every word, "Comparison is the thief of joy and all that."

Grabbing his cock more firmly, she stepped closer and pressed it against her panty clad womanhood, "How the fuck were you a virgin with lines like that and a cock like this?"

"More... more important things to worry about... Threats to my life tended to take precedence." He told her haltingly.

Straddling his hips, Amelia started grinding her heat against him. Her knickers were more than wet enough to stain the underside of his cock with her juices, "More the shame for the girls at Hogwarts. You'd have them all gagging for it." *Just like me.* The smile she gave him sent a shudder down his spine.

Reaching down between her thighs, she pulled the lacey material of her knickers to the side and placed his bulbous cockhead at her entrance. She stretched around him, welcoming his incredible girth into her snug tunnel, "Fuck, that's a stretch."

"So... tight." He told her softly, leaning into her chest to rest his head against her tits. She rested a hand in his coal-black hair, "How... are you... so tight?"

"It's been a long time, Harry." She allowed herself to drop, her full thighs flexing as she descended another couple inches down his shaft, "Oh..." she whimpered out, "It's busy being... the head of the biggest department at the Ministry... Don't have time for relationships."

It was a sad truth, between raising Susan and running the DMLE, Amelia spent the last decade taking care of her own needs. Fingers and dildoes were the only thing that entered her pussy in years, and it felt wonderful having a real flesh and blood cock throbbing inside of her core again. Admittedly, most of her previous dalliances hadn't been anything to write home about. She'd never found anyone who could actually keep up with her.

Suddenly, Harry's hands found the swell of her hips, gripping them roughly, he clearly decided that he'd had enough of waiting to be inside her. Snapping them up off the chair, he filled her in one savage thrust. Her massive mammaries shook in their bra. Harry leaned up to kiss them through the flimsy material.

"Holy... fuck! Yes!" He was so deep in her stomach. She could feel the head of his shaft above and behind her bellybutton. *In my throat, indeed.*

Unbeknownst to either of them, Joanna stood outside of the door listening intently to the goings on within. She hoped that they would be quick and she could talk with Harry before he left, but this was even better in her opinion. One of her hands was beneath her robes, playing with her needy pussy. From the noises her boss was making, it sounded like it was even better than she could imagine. Luckily the other door was silenced, so no one else in the department was any the wiser to the depravity taking place in their boss's office

Smacking one of his large hands down on her toned bum, he smiled up at her as he pushed her down against his crotch, "You like that cock?"

"So... so much." She threw her head back, her loose bun coming undone as her auburn hair spilled out around her shoulders.

"Show me how much." He commanded her.

Amelia whimpered as she pushed up and dragged her hugging little sheath up his hot length. This was exactly what she wanted. The quiet confidence that she'd seen grow in him watching the memory was there in full force now, and it was a thrilling thing to have directed at her.

Slowly she pushed up until only his crown remained in her pussy, the ridges pressing against her stretchy entrance. Dropping down, she squealed as his cock pierced her tunnel again. Slamming down, her legs felt a bit weak as she started developing a rhythm. Up and down, up and down, she bounced relentlessly chasing a relief to that deep burning she felt in her core.

One of Harry's hands left her hip and pulled at the delicate material of her bra, he ripped it down, freeing her soft, pillowy tit from its confines. He attached his lips to her hardened nub and started sucking and nibbling at the sensitive flesh, "Oh... oh... yes." Amelia couldn't believe it as she started cumming around his throbbing shaft.

Her juices, clear and slippery, gathered around the base of his shaft and dripped down his bollocks to the floor beneath them. A small puddle was quickly forming that she was steadily adding to as her pussy flooded with her own arousal. Her bum shook as her walls rippled and rolled along his dick. Her needy hole wanted nothing more than to feel him fill her to the brim. After watching the memory the night before, she wasn't surprised that he managed to hold off his own climax.

Harry never stopped suckling and nipping at her breast as she shook through her orgasm. Pulling down the other cup, he switched sides and made sure that her other tit got just as much love and attention as the first. Amelia slowly grinded against his groin as she hugged him against her chest. Harry hugged her back low around her waist, and then surprised her when he suddenly stood as though she weighed nothing.

Yelping, her legs came up to wrap around his back just above his strong bum. Amelia found the casual show of strength and the way he manhandled her incredibly sexy. Dropping her on top of her own desk, his cock never left her body as he finally popped free of her breast. Smiling down at her, he couldn't help but marvel at how ludicrously lewd, the gorgeous older woman looked splayed out on her own desk, "Does every Bones woman have such stupidly big and perfect breasts?"

Heat rushed to Amelia's face though you'd be hard pressed to know considering she was still flush from her last orgasm, "Uhm... pretty much, yes. It runs in the family."

"Lucky ladies," He said as he palmed one of her soft pillows, "though luckier lads that get to see them." Thrusting into her, his eyes were transfixed on the sight of her shaking, shuddering tit-flesh as it jiggled on her chest. He wanted to see more of it, and started rutting against her relentlessly.

Amelia's eyes widened at the brutal, wonderful treatment he was putting her body through. Every time he plunged deep into her, deeper than any man had ever been before, she couldn't stop a little squeak, or mewl, or exaltation from leaving her. *He's a fucking machine, a literal beast made to extract orgasm from any little pussy he finds.*

Glistening with sweat, Amelia's eyes rolled to the back of her head as the muscles in her neck tightened. She couldn't believe that he was already fucking her to another orgasm, "Fucking Morgana... you're incredible... you're fucking perfect..." Her back arched off the desk, as her finger sought anything to grab onto. All they found was the strong muscle of his thigh, she scratched and dug into them as she

shuddered through her peak, "Please... please... cum... I don't care where.... I just need your cum... please, Harry!"

Harry couldn't take it any longer, that desperate, sexy plea sent him over the edge. Pulling his cock free of her twitching tunnel, there was only one place he intended to cum. His cock pulsed and throbbed, the purple cockhead growing as his bollocks pulled tight to his body, "Fuuuuck..." Shot after shot of his cum left his cock and covered Amelia from her neatly trimmed pubic mound all the way up to her chin. Some of it pooled in her bellybutton, but the majority of his massive load covered her truly epic tits. Amelia moaned and whimpered every time another hot rope of his seed burned against her oversensitive skin.

Chest heaving, Amelia giggled girlishly, "Should've known you'd want to paint my tits."

Harry laughed along with her, leaning to capture her lips in a deep kiss. Moaning into it, Amelia seemed disappointed when he pulled away. Smacking her bouncy bum hard, she squealed as he looked at her mischievously, "So do you believe them now?"

Amelia bit her lip, and looked down at his cock where it poked at her thigh, still hot and hard, "I... uh... Mostly, but I could always do with a bit more convincing."

When Harry left the office half an hour later, he left behind a completely satisfied Amelia, who believed everything that Orina and Anya said and more.

As he opened the door, Joanna was scurrying back toward her desk. She was blushing and glancing in his direction as he crossed the waiting room, whether from embarrassment or arousal, he couldn't really say. Though considering her could see that her fingers were wet and slick, he would bet it was a bit of both, "Have a good night, Joanna."

She stammered out a quiet, "Goodnight," as he strode out of the room feeling amazing. When he returned to the Burrow, no one was any the wiser, though they were curious what took him so long.

"Amelia is a very diligent woman." Was his simple answer. *And trust me, none of you know the half of it.*