

Summary: Tonks is assigned a deep undercover mission, one that requires her to infiltrate a dangerous sex cult. In order to get in, however, she needs a partner. Thankfully she knows just the guy. After all, who better to fight the dredges of society than the vanquisher of Voldemort himself?

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Put 'er There Partner

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“So as you can see... we're kinda fucked.”

Harry let out a snort at her words. His eyes were moving quickly, scanning the documents she presented to him a few minutes prior with practiced ease. After nearly five years as an on and off consultant for the DMLE, he had studied case files like that one hundreds of times, this one being no different if maybe a little thicker than normal.

“I don't really see what the big deal is. So a new nightclub opened up? Outside of a few drug deals and under the table gambling, what's the harm of it?” Harry groused.

“The harm-” Tonks began. “-is that shady drug deals and illegal cocatrice fights are not this place's MO. It's a sex club.”

Harry started at that. “A what?”

Tonks rolled her eyes at his outburst before reaching forward and turning the page in his hand.

A glossy brochure fell out and landed onto his lap.

He grabbed the brochure and opened it. Pictures of men and women in masks and various lewd outfits greeted him as he opened the stiff pages, the scent of sweet perfume instantly invading his senses. Harry blushed at the sheer amount of skin on display, with some of the leathery clothing hardly enough to cover all of the important bits. What's worse, the photos were magic as well.

The busty blonde witch on the page winked back at him as she swayed sensually to music that wasn't there. Her arms roved over every curve and dip of her hourglass shaped figure, putting at

the laces and zippers of the skin tight bodice hugging her form. Just before her nude form was revealed, the photo would fade to black and shimmering letters spelling 'Venus's Creche' appeared.

"Like I said, it's a sex club. Nothing wrong with that, at least if you're not a prude. They're pretty popular in the muggle world actually. Went to one myself for my 19th birthday." Tonks told him offhandedly. She smirked as his gaze snapped up and regarded her with a bewildered expression. "Down boy, nothing like that. Most people go to these places to just get drunk and find the nearest willing person to shag. Kinda like a regular bar except the bird you drunkenly flirt with will more than likely ask if her husband can watch instead of turning you down."

"Watch?" Harry said a bit lost.

Tonks snorted at his confusion. "Watch you fuck her brains out yeah. People go there to find other people who share their kinks. Cuckolding is a pretty popular one actually. Mind you- no shagging is actually supposed to happen at these places, but that doesn't stop 'em from having... loosey goosey rules per say."

She leaned forward once more and tapped one of the moving pictures, this one of a woman bent over while a figure out of frame spanked her bare asscheeks with a paddle. The woman's mouth hung open in silent wails of pleasure.

"Little displays like that happen all the time. BDSM play is pretty much a centerpiece at these places."

"So people aren't allowed to have sex but they are allowed to hit each other with chains and whips?" He asked in disbelief.

Tonks laughed, the confusion on his face simply too cute and innocent. "Mate you really need a bit of sexual exploration yourself. There's a lot more to BDSM than pain and whippings." She explained. "As for sex itself? Well, like I said- 'S not supposed to happen but the rules are flimsy at best. More than likely you'll catch a few peeks here and there of couples going at it. Everyone

tries their best to be discreet, mind you, but sometimes there ain't much hiding a foursome happening in the corner while someone else is getting sucked off at the bar."

She watched in amusement as the blush spread further and further across his face. He looked away from her smirking face for a moment to clear his throat.

"Ah- I see. So then what about this place? If stuff like that's the norm then why is Venus's Creche such a problem?"

Tonks sighed as she wracked her brain for an explanation. "Cause over the last few month's we've arrested over a dozen smugglers with some serious dark shit in their possession. Each one confessed that they were being contracted by the same organization, Venus's Creche."

Harry's eyes widened in realization. "You think the club is just a cover. Occult?"

Tonks nodded. "More than likely. At the very least we know for sure there's some sort of behind the scenes organization. It's disguised as their 'VIP club', but we managed to contact someone on the inside. Haven't learned much from 'em, but we do know the leadership is definitely practicing some type of dark magic. The smugglers and artifacts found in their possession don't paint a great picture of what kind of magic we're dealing with."

With that she reached into her robes and pulled out another folder, this one far thinner than the original. She watched as Harry opened it and studied the contents, his eyes widening almost instantly.

"Merlin- Two dozen vampyric blood crystals, a darkstone scroll, five withering cursed talismans- Even a fucking Pearl of Hecate?! What are they planning?!"

"That's what we've been trying to find out. It's some sort of ritual that's for damn sure, we just don't know which one." Tonks grumbled. "That's why I'm here, Wonder Boy. Robards is happy enough to keep up the current pace but it's not enough. We can't waste our time on wild goose chases while this cult runs around unchecked. We need to find out their plans and put a stop to 'em."

All vestiges of blushing embarrassment instantly disappeared from Harry's face as she spoke. She bit down the triumphant smirk as he set his jaw with a look of stony determination. This was why she came to him. No one else within the DMLE would be so quick to dive headfirst into an assignment like this. Tonks needed someone not only that would, but who she could trust wholeheartedly as well. It hadn't been hard to figure who that person was. After all, no auror's resume could ever beat 'Vanquisher of Voldemort'.

"What do you need from me?" Harry said seriously.

"Just your wands."

"Don't you mean 'wand'?"

"Nope!" She replied with a mischievous grin. "Harry mate, how would you like to join a sex cult with me?"

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Harry shivered as a gust of cold wind hit his skin. He cursed under his breath and reapplied his warming charm, the thin shimmering black vest and tight leathery pants he wore the only thing protecting him from the elements. From beside him, Tonks wasn't in much better shape though she hid her discomfort well.

Glancing at her, Harry couldn't deny that she looked mouth wateringly sexy even while shivering from the cold. The stretchy black bodysuit she wore hugged her frame tightly. There was a diamond shaped slit in the front exposing the area from her upper chest down to her navel, displaying much of her generous cleavage. He would bet that if not for the crisscrossing of laces up and down the boob window, then the metamorphs breasts would pop out from even the slightest move.

While the sleeves went all the way down to her wrists, the legs did not, ending right along her bathing suit line and showing off her round full bum to the world. The only things covering her legs was a pair of fishnet leggings and thigh high leather boots. Her ensemble was completed with the addition of a large bedazzled choker wrapped around her neck.

Harry used every ounce of willpower he had not to stare. While she had changed her facial appearance, Tonks hadn't touched her body proportions at all, meaning that everything on display right now was 100% her. His mind couldn't fathom why he'd never realized how utterly hot she was. Regardless, he was her friend and temporary partner. Staring at her arse was a no-no, especially while working a case.

Still, he couldn't help but want to strangle his younger self. He had spent all of fifth year chasing after Cho Chang when a literal goddess was right there! She even guarded his damn bedroom for an entire summer!

Fantasies aplenty entered the forefront of his mind. Scenes of Tonks and him in various states of pleasure as they explored each other's bodies. He shook each new fantasy off as best he could. Though with Tonks walking slightly ahead of him, giving him full view of her large firm ass as it jiggled with each step did not help matters.

Harry soon grew very aware of how tight his pants were, though they hadn't been as uncomfortably so a few minutes ago.

As they neared their destination, the loud drunken laughter and echoing music signaling their arrival. The empty streets they had traversed before were now slowly filling with other people, each as scantily dressed as they were, if not more. Harry suppressed a grimace as they passed one couple heading the other direction. The woman wore a getup composed completely out of belts and chains, while the man only wore a harness around his chest and a pair of tan assless chaps. The man didn't walk beside his partner either, he crawled after her via a chain wrapping around his neck, his panting breaths sounding very much like an excited dog.

"It thought you said this place wasn't all that different from a regular bar." He whispered to Tonks.

Tonks huffed out a laugh. "I also said this was a place for people to explore their kinks. Trust me, you'll see a lot worse by the end of the night."

"Great." He muttered, trying his best to mentally prepare himself for more strange sights.

Rounding a corner, the club finally came into view. A bright sign composed entirely of purple fae fire hung high in the air spelling out 'Venus's Creche' with the words 'Come And Experience the Magic' right below it.

The building itself was very nondescript. High vaulted windows lined its brick and mortar front, each blacked out by privacy enchantments. The building stood about three stories tall and took up a majority of the block. Looking further down the street, Harry could see where the building dipped downwards before giving way to a singular large smoke stack.

"A factory?"

"Mhm, cheap, lots of space, and more than a few... hiding places. All in all, a perfect location for a secret cult."

Harry nodded, his eyes quickly scanning the throngs of people making their way inside through what used to be a loading dock of some sort, yet now was remodeled into a large open entrance. There was no bouncer to speak of, though Harry did spot the occasional black robed individuals patrolling here and there.

"Guards gonna be a problem?" He asked.

"Not if we are. Remember Wonder Boy, this isn't a raid. We need to be invited into their secret club. That won't happen if we start waving wands around."

"Right, can't have 'em scatter away. Are you positive that this contact of yours on the inside can be trusted?"

"Trusted?" Tonks snorted. "Hell no, but they're our only option."

Tonks linked her arm through his and pulled him close, practically draping herself across his chest. "C'mon let's head in. And remember, no more talk of why we're actually here. There's too many people here to watch for eavesdroppers."

Harry responded by pulling her closer, fixing his face with a lazy smile in a mimicry of the people around him. He needn't worry about people recognizing him. Like Tonks he had changed his appearance through several charms. The club's rules also helped. Whether it was a way to

protect their patrons or their occult members, Harry didn't know, but regardless everyone who entered was required to wear a mask of some sort. The silver and green mask he adorned made his skin crawl a bit, the action reminding him a bit too much of the Death Eaters. Still it was a small sacrifice to ensure their anonymity.

The loud bassey music hurt his ears as they entered but he acclimated to it after a few moments. The central room was wide open. People milled and danced around, more than a few doing so in various states of undress. Two upper level floors overlooked the dancefloor on either side of the building. The upper levels were filled with couches and tables for patrons to lounge around and relax, though true to Tonks' word, Harry already spotted one pair of witches on the second floor in a heated 69 while a crowd of onlookers cheered with each moan the women produced.

"Come lover, I want a drink!" Tonks chirped in a sickly sweet voice. It reminded him a bit of Bellatrix's mixed with a small purr of Fleur's lilting accent. A strange mixture especially when paired with the sheer sexuality her body oozed.

Approaching the bar, they were greeted by a pair of twin brunette witches, they too wearing lace masquerade masks, working behind the counter. They wore only mesh shirts, their identical sets of perky breasts on full display, and strangely enough a pair of white bunny ears each.

"Hello my dears!" One girl said bounding towards them, her tits jiggling with each step. "What can I get for the two of you?"

Tonks listed off the name of some strange cocktail he never heard of. The barmatron wrote it down easily enough though. She turned towards him expectantly, and Harry tried not to let the way her eyes roved down his body affect him much, especially when they landed on his crotch with a lick of her lips. He shifted a bit and quickly asked for a glass of Ogden's finest. The girl nodded, giving him one last once over and a wink before sauntering off to make their drinks. As she left, Harry got an unobstructed view of her bare ass, the girl wearing no pants or knickers to speak of except for a faux bunny tail peeking out from between her cheeks.

“Is that- “

“Yup!” Tonks interrupted. “I’m sure she’d show you exactly how it works too if you asked. She was practically already fucking you with her eyes.”

He glanced towards the brunette witch once more, accidentally meeting her eyes in the process.

She smirked at him from under her mask. Opening her mouth wide with her tongue rolling out, she lifted the shaker in her hands up and began to jerk it rapidly back and forth in a mimicry of an intense handjob. He shifted a bit in embarrassment, causing Tonks to snort from beside him.

“Ease up mate!” She said before lowering her voice. “You gotta seem like you want to be here if we’re gonna make it in the back.”

“I’m trying!” He whispered back harshly.

“No you’re bloody not! Stop acting like a virgin fourth year and stare at their tits, flirt with ‘em, even cop a feel if they let you! Just do something to make it seem like this place is your vibe.”

Tonks retorted. “Here!” She said, grasping his hand roughly.

She jerked his hand forward and placed it onto one of her full breasts. She began to roughly knead her round globe with his hand, smooshing his fingers deep into the soft flesh. Despite the leathery one piece, Harry could feel her nipple begin to harden under his hand.

She released his hand a moment later, though Tonks wasn’t done yet. As she released his hand, her own surged forward and cupped his semi-hard cock, the meaty pole being easy enough to find through the tight black trousers.

Instantly his cock fully hardened under her grip and he let out a small groan as she squeezed him softly.

“Ooo very nice Wonder Boy.” Tonks complimented before releasing him. “See that wasn’t so bad? It was even fun right? And look! No one here batted an eye! I could suck you off right now and no one would care, they’d probably cheer! So stop blushing at every inch of skin you see.”

Tonks huffed.



His cock lurched at the thought of her sensual lips wrapped around his cock. Thankfully, before his mind could delve further down that rabbit hole, the barmaid returned carrying their drinks.

“Here you are!” She set a glass down in front of each of them. “And this is for you cutie~”

She slid a small slip of parchment towards him.

Harry took the slip of paper and opened it, revealing a floo address scribbled inside.

“Me and my sister’s shift ends at midnight. Feel free to stop by if you wanna have some fun~”

She winked before glancing at Tonks. “You’re invited too love, my sister simply loves a girl with big boobs!”

With that she skipped off, the bunny butt-blug jiggling along the way.

“I don’t know bout you Wonder Boy, but I’m kinda tempted to take them up on that offer.” Tonks drawled as she watched the girl skip away, eyes glued to the brunette’s ass.

“Tonks.”

“What?! They’re hot and this place is making me horny! Plus you know what they say about rabbits...” She laughed.

Harry didn’t respond. He wouldn’t lie and say that the offer didn’t interest him somewhat, but they were here on a case. As such, he patiently sipped on his drink, making sure not to consume too much that would prompt the bar bunny to offer a refill. Tonks, to her credit, did the same, always making sure her glass stayed half-full, giving the appearance that she was consistently drinking.

“Do you see your contact yet?” He asked quietly.

Tonks looked around for a few moments before shaking her head. “No, but she’ll turn up eventually.”

“What does she look like?”

Tonks just shot him a smirk. “Trust me, you’ll know her when you see her.”

They left the bar after that, Tonks intent to mingle for a bit. Surprisingly enough, they were approached by many different people, each striking up one conversation after another. Harry

lost count of how many times he was asked what positions he loved to fuck Tonks in the most. He did his best to answer without sounding too uncomfortable. Tonks seemed to grow more amused with each position, adding in her own opinions as well.

“...though as much as I love doggy, I think it’s a lot more fun with a wet cunt in my face while he fucks me from behind.”

“Fuck yes, I feel the same!” One heavily tattooed witch replied. “Though I’d rather have another cock or two instead of a pussy. That’s not to say I’m against being that cunt for you to devour Cissy. I’d certainly love a go with your hunk of a boy toy that’s for sure.” She said with a smirk, pushing her lingerie clad breasts against Harry’s arm.

‘Cissy’ or Tonks smirked back from her place on his lap. They had found themselves on the second floor after a while, where they now sat in one of the lounging areas. The other witch sat next to them on the deep purple loveseat, her upper body leaned against his side while one of her hands stroked Tonk’s clothed mound. Tonks seemed virtually unaffected by the heavy petting, her legs spread wide giving the woman ample access like it was the most normal thing in the world.

“Oh I’m definitely game. Though not tonight, we managed to snag an invite with the two bunny bartenders downstairs.”

“You lucky bitch!” The nameless witch squealed. “I think just about everyone here has tried to fuck those two sexy pixies, but not many have gotten the chance! They’re apparently very picky!”

Tonks laughed. “I can’t take credit. They took one look at James here and those two sluts were practically begging for a slice. Not that I blame them, my pet is certainly a one of the kind specimen if you know what I mean.”

“I believe it! Ugh those two little sluts are the lucky ones then.” She whined before perking up. She looked from him to Tonks with a bite of her lip, the hand between Tonks’ legs pausing momentarily before hooking her finger under the stretchy leather.

Above him Tonks stiffened. She let out a small whimper as the nameless woman slowly pushed into her cunt. Harry's cock lurched at the realization, pulsing against Tonks' plush bottom.

"I'd really appreciate it if you'd allow me to get a sneak peek. Maybe even a quick taste?"

Harry's mind screeched to a halt at the woman's words. He knew what this job would probably require of him. Despite his earlier embarrassment he had prepared himself to perform some sort of sexual act. Though in his mind he suspected it to be for some kind of initiation, a payment for entry or something. Not chatting idly with some stranger. He sneakily glanced towards Tonks, looking for some sort of guidance on how to proceed.

Tonks answer was to release a strangled moan as the tattooed stranger began to rapidly finger her.

"Fuck yes~" She hissed. Reaching under her bum, the disguised metamorph began to claw at his pants. "Don't just sit there James, get your fucking cock out!"

Not knowing whether it was part of the mission or just Tonks simply really enjoying the woman's fingers, Harry reluctantly did as he was bid, shifting a bit to lift Tonks up and unzip the front of his leather trousers.

Instantly, His cock popped free from its constrictive prison, its head purpled and from the strain.

"Oh you really are a lucky bitch." The tattooed witch breathed, her hand moving even faster inside Tonk's cunt.

His cock rested gently on the inside of the Metamorph's thigh, the cloth of her fishnets tickling the sensitive tip. The nameless woman reached forward with her other hand, dragging the tip of one manicured fingernail across his bloated sack, up his rock hard shaft, and circling around the tip before finally wrapping her hand around his girth.

"Merlin, now I need to see this beast in action. What do you say Cissy?" She asked, idly pumping Harry's cock as she addressed the auror. "Wanna show me how you ride this fat cock?"

A crowd had begun to form now, the other patrons drawn to the scene by Tonks' hefty moans of pleasure. Harry heard some murmurs break out within the crowd. Comments about his cock size, Tonk's breasts, and even which hole they'd love to see him use.

"C'mon girly!" One woman shouted. "Bounce on that big dick!"

Cheers of agreement rang out as more and more people began to spectate. Tonks bit her lip in hesitation, glancing back at him with a look of uncertainty. He too felt a bit overwhelmed at how fast things had moved, but this was their chance. If they backed down now, they'd more than likely never get into the cult. With a slow nod, he gave the permission she needed.

"Shove that fat cock in me already!" She demanded.

The tattooed woman smirked up at her. "Atta girl!" The stranger pulled her fingers from Tonks' cunt a moment later, bringing them up to lick them clean with loud slurps.

She popped her fingers from her mouth and held them aloft. Harry watched as her pointed fingernails flashed with a strange glow before the woman swiped down at Tonks' crotch.

There was a soft '*RIP!*' sound and then an intense heat suddenly surrounded his cock. His own groan was joined by a throaty moan from Tonks'. Her eyes were clenched and her lips trembled in pleasure as his cock split her walls apart.

The woman hilted him completely within Tonks' wet cunt. The stranger reached up and adjusted the metamorph until she was sat completely flush on his cock with her legs braced on either side of him. Tonks was faced outwards, towards the crowd with her stretched pussy on full display. There were a few wolf whistles and cheers of approval from the crowd, cousin the tattooed witch to smirk. She reached down and gave Tonks' clit a harsh flick before placing a searing kiss against the masked metamorphs lips.

"Go on love, give us a show~" She purred.

Tonks nodded with a shaky breath. Leaning forward, she braced her hands upon his knees and lifted herself up. With a mighty '*CLAP!*' Tonks slammed herself downwards, spearing herself

once more on his thick member. She squealed in ecstasy but didn't falter, setting a steady pace fucking herself on his cock.

More cheers rang out from the crowd of onlookers, some beginning to touch themselves or others around them as they watched on. One daring young witch even stripped completely and began to rub herself on the chair opposite of them.

Tonks seemed to be invigorated by their cheers, as she began to bounce even faster. Her fat ass cheeks slammed down with thunderous claps and Harry couldn't help himself any longer, sinking his hands into the plush flesh.

"Give her a slap!" One voice called out.

"Yeah, give the slut a spanking!" Another shouted.

Harry hesitated, not wishing to do something that would hurt his partner.

"Do i-it." Tonks panted atop him, her body jerking in rapid movements as she fucked him. "God yes! Please smack my ass!" She cried.

'*CRACK!*'

The wail of pleasure she expelled was glass shattering. Her legs slammed closed as she jerked and convulsed on his lap, her cunt lips flush against his groin as his lengthy member pierced her depths.

The crowd clapped loudly as Tonks came around him, some onlookers moaning out from their own climaxes. Harry spied the tattooed women who initiated all of this looking on with a look of excitement, her own hand moving rapidly under her lingerie waistband. She caught his gaze, her smile growing even wider as she did so. She sent him a quick wink before turning to address the crowd.

"Show's not over yet! I think this pretty whore owes us a cumshot!"

The crowd roared in agreement, some even shouting out what part of her body they wished him to cum on.

“What do you say James?” The woman said, addressing him. “If you paint her tits I’ll buy everyone here a drink!”

More cheers sounded and the woman came forward and lifted Tonks’ from his lap. The metamorph stood on shaky legs and he stood as well. The tattooed witch pulled the rest of Tonks’ one-piece off before pushing her back towards him. She stumbled a bit, falling against his chest with a sex drunk giggle.

“Come on Wonder Boy, let’s give the people what they want.”

With that Tonks sank back onto the couch, laying on her back with her legs spread wide. Harry shuffled forward, pressing into her dripping pussy once more.

He made no pretense of starting off slowly. His mind was completely clouded at this point, overcome with lust and a need to pound the life out of the sexy women before him. He gripped her thighs tightly, his finger digging into the soft flesh as he began to ravage her cunt. Tonks cried out once again, her back arching as her hands clawed at the purple upholstery.

The crowd no longer mattered at this point. Their cheers and shouts becoming a silent buzzing in the background. The only thing Harry cared about at that point was taking as much pleasure from his partner’s nubile body. Tonks was of the same mind, her moans becoming heavier as his cock pounded another orgasm closer and closer.

His own end would come soon, he could already feel it. His only thought at that point was to at least hear her wail of pleasure one last time.

He got his wish just a few moments later. Tonks stiffened without warning, her jaw going slack as she silently screamed in pleasure. He couldn’t wait for her climax to finish as his own arrived as well. He heaved a loud grunt, pulling free from her slick folds and rubbing himself rapidly.

Jet after jet of cum erupted from his cock. Each string splashed against Tonk’s round tits, painting her unblemished skin with rivets of white cum. The metamorph whimpered as her orgasm continued to ravage her body, yet she had enough presence of mind to reach up and squeeze her breasts together, smearing the creamy substance all over.

Harry heaved a breath as his climax ebbed away. Before he could catch his breath, the tattooed witch appeared out of nowhere. She pushed him back against the couch and knelt to inspect his cock. A smile broke out across her face as she saw it's still a straining erection.

"Still hard as a rock!" She shouted above her shoulder, before turning back and engulfing his cock with her mouth.

The crowd gave one last cheer as everyone began to disperse. Harry hissed as the strange woman sucked harshly on his cock, loud slurps leaving her mouth with every suck.

Tonks sat up from her still prone position, his cum starting to streak down her stomach in heavy white rivers. She snorted at the sight of the impromptu blowjob before giving the area a quick glance.

"Coast is clear Parkinson, you can stop now."

Harry's eyes widened in shock. His gaze snapped down to the woman bobbing her head on his cock with reckless abandon. She looked at him with a mouthful smirk, pulling the thin mask from her face as she did so. Like a veil had been lifted, the face of Pansy Parkinson came into view with shocking clarity. He didn't know how he had missed it! With the mask off it was so obvious who it was and yet her mask had barely covered her upper face!

Enchantments were the only answer, though he could not theorize which ones as Pansy continued to swallow his cock.

"Fuck!" He gasped, hand coming up to grip the brunette's stylized bun.

Tonks rolled her eyes as she watched the girl continue. "C'mon Pansy, you can blow him later. We're on a time crunch here."

Pansy let out a muffled groan of annoyance before pulling off his length with a loud slurp. "Fine, fine. Bloody cock block." She grumbled as she stood. "Pull your pants up Potter."

Harry looked towards Tonks' in alarm, but the metamorph wasn't fazed by the former Slytherin's casual use of his name.

"She's our contact?" He asked incredulously.

“Yep.” Tonks nodded, wiping at her chest with a grimace. She sighed in defeat before turning to Pansy. “Did it work?”

Pansy hummed as she pulled out a small lapel pin from... somewhere. She studied the pin for a bit before it suddenly glowed white.

“Good news.” She smirked. “My mistress wants to see you. Looks like you two made the cut.”

“Wait, they were watching us?” Harry asked, still reeling from the revelation that one of his old enemies had just been sucking his cock.

Parkinson nodded as she pulled the pin away. “There were two recruiters in the crowd recording the whole exchange. My mistress must’ve really loved the two of you to request a meeting so fast.”

“Good, the more they like us the better. When are we expected?” Tonks replied.

Pansy looked back down at the pin and frowned. “Not till tomorrow night, so you’ve got time to prepare yourselves.” She said before smirking. “May can even still bed the two bunny sluts downstairs.”

Tonks just laughed. Standing the metamorph retrieved her wand from the shreds of her one-piece, cleaning herself and repairing her clothing with a single wave.

“That’ll be up to Wonder Boy here. Regardless you better get going, a blowjob can only last so long and someone’s bound to get suspicious soon.”

Pansy nodded and moved to leave. “Meet me here tomorrow, same time. I’ll take you to my mistress then.” With that the brunette left, giving Harry one last wink before disappearing.

Harry shook his head at her departure. He stood and regarded the metamorph with an unreadable expression.

“So that was all part of some plan you had with Parkinson?”

Tonks turned towards him with a shrug. “Some of it, though not to that extent. I really didn’t expect your cock to be that big. Fuck, I mean I haven’t came that hard in- well- ever!” She laughed.



“And you didn’t think to let me in on it?” He huffed.

Tonks rolled her eyes before walking forward and wrapping her arms around his neck. “Would you have agreed? Especially when I mentioned Parkinson was involved?”

Harry opened his mouth to say yes before clamping it shut. She had a point he supposed, though it still irked him somewhat.

Tonks seemed to sense his conflict as she suddenly leaned forward and placed a searing kiss on his lips.

“Look it worked and that’s all that matters. However, I promise I’ll consult with you on any further plans or schemes.” She said as she ended the kiss. “Now c’mon, there’s a pair of rabbits downstairs just itching for a hard fucking.”

Harry laughed as he allowed himself to be led away. When he and Tonks left a couple hours later with a twin on their arms, he couldn’t help but think that this was probably the best mission he’s ever been on.

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Author’s Note

Been trying to get this one to work for awhile now, hope you all like it!

Thanks for reading!