

Commission 10
In Defense of Metamorphs
Fandom: Harry Potter

Tags: Orgy, Threesome, DP, Virgin, Huge Cocks, Jealousy, Metamorph, Cheating

Neville, Harry and Dean stepped out of the Head Auror's office shoulder to shoulder, each wearing the same carefully neutral expression.

Conversation throughout the bullpen faltered as several heads turned at the disturbance.

Others looked up from reports, paperwork and half-finished cups of tea, all trying to determine what being summoned to Robards' office meant. Praise? A reprimand? Some miserable assignment that would have them knee-deep in Knockturn Alley sewage by the end of the week?

The three young men gave absolutely nothing away, they simply continued walking.

Past rows of desks.

Past the self-sorting filing cabinets.

Past the noticeboard covered in screaming wanted posters and Ministry announcements.

Only once they reached the training gym and double-checked it was empty did their composure finally crack.

'We did it!'

Dean was the first to erupt.

He threw an arm around Harry's shoulders and grabbed Neville with the other.

'Campioooooones, campioooooones Ole, Ole, Ole!'

Neville immediately joined in one the muggle football chant, despite never having watched a game in his life. Harry was much more familiar with the culture and chants given his mother was a big fan.

He lasted all of three seconds before he was laughing and trembling with too much excitement to resist.

'Campioooooones, campioooooones Ole, Ole, Ole!'

The three of them staggered around in a tight circle, arms thrown over each other's shoulders, as they chanted and laughed like complete idiots.

If anybody from the department heard them, Harry was fairly certain their newfound professional reputations would have died a swift and painful death.

Not that he particularly cared.

Graduating from Rookie-status and becoming a full Auror was an achievement in and of itself. Becoming one at *twenty-one*, having beaten apprentices years older and more experienced than them to the finish line, was something else entirely.

To be fair, the war had changed things.

Training programmes had been accelerated, requirements streamlined. The Ministry couldn't afford to spend half a decade training every recruit anymore.

Even so, there had been over a dozen other apprentices ahead of them.

A dozen apprentices they'd just beaten.

The chanting naturally died out as they all stumbled away from each other, with Neville letting out a satisfied breath before grinning at them salaciously.

'Boys...'

Harry immediately recognised that tone. Dean did too.

'Uh oh.'

Neville ignored him.

'We've worked our tits off to get here. I think we deserve a *proper* celebration.'

Dean's grin widened as he all but vibrated with pent-up excitement.

Harry rolled his eyes. Really, he shouldn't have been surprised knowing his mates.

The singular brain cell Neville and Dean occasionally shared had arrived at a common destination.

'Tonight,' Neville announced grandly, 'we're going to the Velvet Room.'

Dean nodded enthusiastically. 'Bloody right! I haven't had a *proper* shag in ages—I swear it feels like I need to levitate my bollocks around behind me these days.'

Neville's grin widened and Harry let out a snort of laughter.

'Truly a shame, my friend! And to make sure your overstuffed nads are well and truly drained, we'll get the madame to bring us *Veela*.'

Dean nearly choked. Harry's eyes widened in incredulity.

'You're doing *what*?'

'Veela.'

'Mate, what are you on about? Do I look like I'm made of money?'

Neville waved him off.

'Bugger that. My shout.'

Dean stared at him, mouth agape. Harry's eyebrows disappeared into his hairline. He knew the Longbottom money-pit was *deep*, but deep enough to casually throw that kind of money away on hookers—sorry, *courtesans*—without anyone noticing...?

'Nev,' Dean implored, his eyes threatening to pop out of his skull.

'What?'

'Those are *Veela*.'

'I know. That's literally what I just said.'

'*Actual* Veela.'

'I'm not sure why you're repeating the obvious.'

'The sort that cost more than my monthly rent? For an *hour*?'

Neville shrugged, completely unbothered by his mates' incredulity.

'Only the best for the boys.'

'Bloody hell, you're serious.'

Harry couldn't help laughing at Dean's expression—one that bordered on worshipful. Harry was less... effusive in his excitement. He'd shagged a Veela before, and while she'd been *brilliant*, he wasn't sure she'd been "sell the crown jewels" brilliant.

Though to be fair, she'd only been quarter-Veela.

That wasn't to say Nev's offer didn't excite him.

The Velvet Room had very much earned its reputation—and eye-watering price tag—if what his godfather said could be believed.

An evening spent in the company of some of the world's best *courtesans* sounded bloody brilliant, if he were being honest. He could do with a night of blowing off some steam.

He just needed to make sure his mother never found out—which meant he could *never* tell his dad or Sirius. Just thinking about her reaction to the evening when the traitors inevitably cracked had Harry shivering with terror.

She'd probably slice my bollocks off, put them in a jar, and force me to serve as her ingredient-prepping slave for the rest of my life...

He was still imagining that deeply unpleasant future when a familiar voice drifted across the gym.

'Merlin, I leave you lot alone for *five minutes* and you're already plotting something stupid.'

They turned in unison at the teasing voice drifting across the empty gym.

Harry immediately wished he hadn't.

Tonks emerged from the changing rooms with a towel draped loosely around her shoulders.

Her purple hair was still damp from the shower, darkened by moisture and hanging around her face in messy waves. Droplets of water traced lazy paths down her neck and disappeared beneath the collar of a loose, high-cropped t-shirt.

The shirt itself looked like it had lost an argument with a pair of scissors at some point and featured a band on the front he'd never heard of—and would probably hate. With every step she took, the hem of said shirt shifted just enough to reveal flashes of the underside of the bra she wore underneath.

Purple. Just like her hair. And lacey.

Entirely inappropriate, post-workout wear. *Very* Tonks.

Harry's gaze dropped before he could stop himself... to the flat midriff and well-defined abs her top and low-riding joggers showed off immaculately.

Muscles defined enough to be visible even through the relaxed posture she carried herself with.

Given the amount of time she spent in the gym, Harry suspected they weren't an aesthetic choice she gifted herself with like her purple hair or the oversized tits she liked to tease blokes with—they were *genuine*.

And all the hotter for it.

Harry licked at his suddenly dry lips before quickly dragging his gaze back upward before she caught him staring.

Fat chance of that.

His face burned bright red when he saw Tonks' smirking at him knowingly as she casually dried her hair and regarded them with a seeming professional disinterest.

He should have known better. He'd never been able to pull one over on Tonks, ever since he was a little kid and he'd tried to steal her wand when she'd babysit for his parents.

Her relationship with Moony had ended years ago—amicably from what Harry understood—but that didn't make Harry feel any less irrationally guilty for staring.

Especially since Tonks seemed to get a real kick out of giving him something to stare at.

Which, of course, didn't help the inconvenient crush he'd been harboring for her for as long as he could remember...

'Nothing stupid about treating the boys to a night out,' Neville protested. 'We're in a celebratory mood, after all.'

Tonks eyed the three of them for barely a second before her quick mind connected the dots.

Her eyebrows shot upwards.

'Wait... Robards actually *promoted* you knuckleheads?'

'You're looking at three fully-qualified Aurors,' Dean said proudly.

Tonks blinked once, then twice. Then, to Harry's annoyance, she burst out laughing. The three of them just stared at Tonks, unimpressed, as she got the humour out of her system. The looks on their faces only seemed to make her laugh harder though.

'Are you quite done?'

'Give me a sec,' Tonks pleaded, holding up a finger as she got her giggles under control. 'Well, I'll be damned...'

'Something you wanna say to us, Tonks?' Neville demanded, his cheeks flushed in annoyance.

'No, congratulations are *definitely* in order,' Tonks conceded, holding her hands up apologetically. 'You just looked so ridiculously proud of yourselves I couldn't help it. Fair warning. Don't get too excited—promoting you lot was probably like squeezing out a particularly difficult turd for that old prick. My guess is Robards' is getting pressured into promoting more Aurors.'

Neville and Dean visibly deflated, a part of them deep down likely expecting as much.

Harry merely rolled his eyes. He knew Tonks well enough to know she wasn't trying to diminish their achievement. If anything, she was trying to stop them from getting too carried away.

Besides, her logic didn't hold up.

There were still plenty of apprentices older and more experienced than them that Robards could have promoted if he was simply trying to satisfy Kingsley's demands.

Instead, he'd chosen *them*.

A cynic could probably attribute Neville—and his friends'—promotions to him being the Bow-Who-Lived, but Harry didn't buy it. He knew Robards too well.

The Head Auror would rather be *crucio'd* himself than allow nepotism to influence his department.

Tonks shook her head and regarded them with amused disbelief.

'Still, it's impressive. Grats boys.' Then her eyes narrowed as she crossed her arms and regarded them with her nose firmly in the air. 'Dunno why you're celebrating by paying for sex though. Feels a bit... *pathetic*.'

Dean spluttered.

'*Pathetic*?! Youwot?'

'Desperate?' Does that hurt your ego less?'

Harry remained wisely silent.

Truthfully, he wasn't sure he entirely disagreed. There was something about hiring hookers—even high class ones—that made his skin crawl.

Dean and Neville, however, looked personally offended.

'These aren't *regular* whores, thank-you-very-much,' Neville informed her, as if the mere thought he'd ever sully himself with such was horrifically offensive.

'They're *Veela*,' Dean added while throwing an arm around Nev's shoulder, clearly still chuffed about his friend offering to spoil them.

'*Velvet Room Veela*,' Nev added for emphasis, his arms crossed and looking smug for some reason Harry couldn't quite point out.

'Yeah, I heard you the first time mate,' Tonks replied, digging out a non-existent bit of wax from her ear while looking heroically unimpressed. 'Still pathetic.'

The two men looked scandalised.

'And you're putting way too much stock in Veela. Trust me, I've shagged plenty. They're no more special than you or me.'

Harry snorted in amusement while the looks on Dean and Nev's faces shifted from scandalized to desperately aroused.

'That's *biologically* not true and you know it.'

Tonks turned to Harry now that he'd finally piped up. The teasing, knowing smirk that appeared on her lips as she looked up and down his body immediately made his stomach do flip-flops.

'Oh?' she asked. 'And what do you know about *that*, luv?'

Harry instantly regretted opening his mouth.

Tonks raised a challenging eyebrow at his silence.

'There's nothing a *Veela* can do that a *Metamorph* can't do better, sweetling.'

Harry's face heated.

'Besides,' she continued, 'that "biological thing" you're talking about only matters if you're *part-centaur*. Which none of you are.'

Neville's eyes suddenly lit up, Dean smirked and Harry stiffened—in more ways than one.

The grins that spread across their faces didn't bode well for the older woman.

'Oh? Wanna bet?'

Tonks eyebrows rose at the words. Not just because of the challenge, but the confidence behind it.

'Oh?' she said. 'You *really* wanna play this game?'

'There's a *reason* why we love hookers,' Dean said, stepping up beside Neville and looking completely unashamed at the absurd proclamation. 'Regular girls can't handle us.'

Tonks snorted in disbelief, then just stared when she realised Dean was being completely serious.

'Girls *always* chicken-out before we can even get our dicks wet.'

For a moment there was silence.

Then Tonks burst out laughing. Again.

Harry winced in second hand embarrassment. For Tonks. This... wouldn't end well.

Neville and Dean looked less than amused.

When her laughter finally died down, she saw how intently the boys were staring at her and her smile dimmed.

'Wait. You're actually *serious*? This isn't a piss-take?'

'Dead serious,' Neville replied.

'You're either deluded to an unhealthy degree or the best liars I've ever met.'

'So?' Neville asked, not bothering to deign her statement with a response. 'You taking the bet or not?'

Tonks eyed the hand he held out.

A moment later, a devious expression crossed her features and Harry sucked in a silent, excited breath.

He'd known Tonks for *many* years. That look on her face always meant trouble was afoot.

The fun kind.

Ignoring Neville's hand entirely, Tonks spun on her heel and scanned the rickety gym with renewed interest.

Her gaze swept across the exercise machines, the boxing ring, past the free weights...

She stopped, turning back to the free weights.

What is she...?

Tonks flicked a wrist and her wand appeared from the invisible holster, pointed directly at her target.

A fixed hex dumbbell lifted from a nearby rack and floated neatly into her waiting hand.

She carried it over to a bench and set it down with a solid clunk.

Then she turned back towards them, a wicked smile on her lips.

Harry would never admit it out loud... but he *really* liked that smile.

'Go on then.'

She tapped the dumbbell.

'If *all three* of you are bigger than that, you won't need to pay for some nasty Veela to get your dicks wet.' Her smile turned positively sultry as she ran her hands over her body. 'I'll shag you *myself*.'

Dean wobbled on unsteady legs as the words hit him like a body-bow while Neville looked ready to ascend.

Harry's brain briefly stopped functioning.

'A Metamorph's way better than a Veela anyway, trust me.'

She folded her arms, looking supremely pleased with herself.

'If, however, you're completely full of shit like I suspect, all three of you are doing my paperwork for *six months*.'

Tonks tilted her head and held out her hand, mirroring Nev's earlier offer.

'Deal?'

Harry looked at the dumbbell.

Then at Tonks.

Then back at the dumbbell.

By eye, it had to be at least ten inches long.

Tonks thought she'd just checkmated them.

His pulse hammered in his ears.

It felt like he was sitting across the poker table from someone who'd just shoved every last chip into the middle, confidently calling his bluff.

Except Harry wasn't bluffing.

And neither were his friends.

The smug, older woman had just pushed all-in against three *royal-flushes*...

Nev nearly tripped over himself in his rush to get his dick out, unbuckling his belt and dropping his trousers and pants in one motion. As the thick root of his cock came into view, Tonks' jaw steadily dropped lower and lower the longer she went without seeing his tip. Nev didn't even need to hold himself against the dumbbell, even a blind person could see he had the weight beat judging by how low his thick, colossal shaft hung down his thigh.

The Bow-Who-Lived cackled at the dumbstruck look on Tonks' face, shaking his hips from side-to-side and enjoying the way the gorgeous older woman's eyes tracked his gargantuan manhood.

Dean went next, mirroring Nev's movements with decidedly less eagerness, but the dark-skinned man laid his own hardness down on the bench beside the dumbbell, showing he had it beat and then some. He was thicker than the handle too, a fact he seemed very proud of.

'Wanna see which is heavier?' he teased, lifting and dropping his heavy cock with a meaty thwack next to the dumbbell for emphasis. 'We'll call it a side-bet?'

Tonks eyes had flown wide, the perpetual teasing grin on her lips having long since disappeared at the sight of the two foot-long cocks that had been so casually exposed to her.

When she turned to Harry, it was all he could do to not cum in his pants.

Tonks, the woman he fancied, the woman he'd had a crush on since he was a *boy*, wanted to see *his* dick.

Getting hard... was not a problem for him. Though his hardness did make it difficult to pull himself out of his zipper.

'Bloody hell, this is a HR disaster waiting to happen,' he grumbled with crimson cheeks before copying Nev and Dean and dropping his pants and trousers, letting it all hang free.

The feeling of having Tonks stare at his exposed privates was *electric*. A fantasy come true. It took all of his considerable willpower to suppress his excited trembling the longer she stared at his throbbing, swaying manhood in awe.

'Bugger me...'

'That's the plan,' Nev said smugly before tucking himself away—with great difficulty. 'So... you free tonight? Around half-nine?'

Tonks continued staring for several long seconds as the boys all tucked themselves away.

Even with their modesty restored, Tonks simply stood there, blinking at them as though her brain had temporarily stopped functioning.

Harry couldn't stop thinking about the look she'd worn when she'd looked at him.

Shock, disbelief... and something *else*.

Something that would almost certainly feature *heavily* in his dreams for the rest of his natural life.

'What the bloody hell was *that*?' Tonks finally demanded, pointing a trembling finger at their groins.

Her voice sounded oddly distant to Harry's ear and it was taking considerable effort to focus. To calm himself down.

She shook herself, visibly forcing her thoughts back into order before fixing the three of them with a troubled frown.

'You *know* that's not normal, right?'

'Never claimed to be normal, luv,' Dean taunted with a blinding smile and intolerable swagger.

Her eyes narrowed.

'*Please* tell me you idiots didn't perform some dark ritual. Or drink some cursed potion. Or do something else *equally* dangerous.'

Then she pointed accusingly at Harry.

'*You* especially.'

Harry blinked.

'Me?'

'Yes, *you*!' Tonks planted her hands firmly on her hips. 'I remember *bathing* you. You were *nothing* like... like *that*!'

Dean and Neville fell over each other laughing their guts out at the mortified look on Harry's face.

'I was *eight*, you ridiculous twat!'

Perhaps realising the absurdity of what she'd said, what she'd casually let slip, Tonks' cheeks reddened to match Harry's own.

Harry pressed his advantage.

'And the only ritual we ever did was called *puberty*.'

Tonks ignored the cackling duo as she kept glaring at him, as if he were somehow at *fault* for her underestimating how hung they were.

The increasingly troubled expression on her face suggested she was still attempting to reconcile reality with what she'd just witnessed.

'Not pulling out now, are you Tonksie?' Neville asked sweetly, the grin on his face positively poisonous. 'Because I sure as hell don't intend to.'

Tonks shot him a look that conveyed several paragraphs worth of profanity.

Unfortunately for her, she didn't have much room to argue.

She was the one who'd made the wager.

Pinching the bridge of her nose, she muttered something under her breath that Harry didn't quite catch.

After a moment she released a long suffering sigh.

'Alright. *Fine*.'

Neville's grin widened as Tonks visibly deflated.

'A deal's a deal.'

Harry's pulse *thundered* in his ears.

Surely not...

Tonks pointed a finger at them.

'Half-nine, wasn't it?'

'Half-nine,' Neville confirmed, his lips curved as if he were waiting for a punchline, for the other show to drop.

'Your place, I assume?'

'Course.'

Tonks nodded.

'Good. I'd rather not show up at Harry's house and have Aunt Lily cut my head off when she finds her "precious baby boy" balls-deep in his ol' babysitter...'

Harry's soul left his body—both at the thought of being balls deep in *anyone*, and at the horror of his mother finding out...

He chose to ignore Tonks casually revealing the embarrassing way his mother referred to him. If he ignored it... maybe the guys would think it was just a joke.

Fortunately, Tonks' proved to be a beautiful, suitable distraction...

He silently thanked every deity willing to listen.

'Wait,' Neville said, the smile slipping from his lips as he suddenly realised Tonks was being entirely serious. 'You're *actually* gonna go through with this?!

Tonks looked down her nose at him as though he'd personally offended her.

'I made the bet, didn't I?' She folded her arms and narrowed her eyes at him in challenge. 'I'm no *welcher*.'

'Holy shit,' Dean breathed, equally shocked that this wasn't all some kind of "bit."

The reality of what had just happened finally seemed to be catching up with them.

'Wait... is this seriously, *actually* happening. You'll shag us? *All* of us?!'

'I suppose it's your lucky day, boys.' Tonks said, a teasing grin slowly returning to her features as she regained some of her confidence and composure. 'You guys *better* know how to use those ridiculous things...'

Tonks and the lads bantered some more, but Harry heard almost none of it.

His mind kept replaying one monumental factoid on repeat, drowning out all other noise.

Nymphadora Tonks.

The woman who'd always treated him as her lovable and awkward kid brother.

The woman he'd spent *years* trying to mask his feelings for.

The woman he'd been crushing on since he was a *kid*.

She would be coming over to Nev and Dean's apartment that night.

Not to hang out.

But to *fuck*.

All of them.

Harry swallowed.

Hard.

Merlin... Is this really happening...?

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Twenty minutes earlier, Neville and Dean's flat had looked like a crime scene.

That might have been giving this dump too much credit...

Crime scenes, at the very least, tended to be *organised*.

The small Diagon Alley apartment had been buried beneath discarded robes, empty bottles, rolled-up parchment scrolls, takeaway containers, and enough miscellaneous clutter to suggest its occupants genuinely had no idea how to cast a vanishing charm...

Harry had taken one look at the disaster and immediately drawn his wand.

Now, thankfully, the place looked respectable.

Not particularly stylish or well-decorated, but at least their guests wouldn't run screaming...

The rubbish was gone, the furniture had been returned to its proper locations and the fireplace had been unblocked and lit, filling the living room with a warm golden glow that reminded Harry vaguely of a much smaller, much cosier version of the Gryffindor common room.

At least Neville and Dean had made themselves useful.

The pair returned from their shopping trip carrying enough drinks and finger food to feed a small army.

'I still don't know why we needed food,' Neville grumbled as he set several platters onto the coffee table.

Harry stared at him.

'Tonks is bringing *friends*, you twat.'

'So?'

'So we don't want them leaving because they're hungry!'

Neville looked unconvinced.

Harry closed his eyes.

Sometimes he genuinely wondered how his friends managed to survive without adult supervision.

Call me a mama's boy all you want, pricks. At least I can function in society.

There wasn't any real heat behind the thought.

Mostly because he was far too nervous to commit to being annoyed.

And really, how couldn't he be?

It had been one thing when Tonks was supposedly coming over.

That alone had been enough to send his stomach into knots.

Now that he knew she was bringing friends...?

Friends.

Plural.

How did this turn into a bloody orgy from a stupid bet?

The question had been looping through his head for the better part of an hour.

Nervousness and excitement churned together into a cocktail potent enough to make his thoughts feel fuzzy.

He had so much excess energy he couldn't sit still.

Pacing seemed to be the only thing stopping him from vibrating through the floor.

'Mate, *relax*,' Neville said.

Harry ignored him.

'You're acting like you've never been in an orgy before.'

Dean nodded, his lips curled in an excited grin.

'Nev's right. How's this any different from that party after Riddle finally kicked the bucket? That one was way crazier.'

Harry nearly screamed.

Because Tonks wasn't at that party you bell-end!

Unfortunately, admitting that out loud would require explaining several years worth of deeply embarrassing feelings and emotions.

And Harry would rather fight a dragon.

Possibly two dragons.

At the same time.

Before he could formulate a response, the doorbell rang.

Everything stopped.

Neville froze.

Dean froze.

Harry's heart attempted to punch its way through his ribcage.

Then a familiar voice drifted through the door, muffled by the thick timber.

'Special delivery!'

Harry swallowed.

'We've got a delivery of three whores for one Nev—'

The sentence never finished.

Neville practically *teleported* across the room and pulled open the front door with a *summoning* charm.

Harry strongly suspected the interruption had less to do with manners and more to do with self-preservation.

Living independently from one's family offered many freedoms.

Freedom from gossip was *not* one of them.

And everybody in Britain knew Augusta Longbottom. The matriarch of Neville's family had a... reputation.

And judging by the beautiful, grinning face that greeted the panicked Bow-Who-Lived when he flung open the door, she'd been counting on said reputation.

'Are you *mental*?' Neville hissed as he hurried the women inside.

The door slammed shut behind them.

A second later the privacy wards Harry had erected around the flat earlier settled into place with a faint shimmer and application of will.

'That wasn't funny,' Neville wheezed as he slumped against the shut door, his face pale and looking as if he'd just dodged a troll.

'Dunno,' Tonks replied cheerfully. 'Was pretty funny from my end.'

Harry's mouth immediately went dry.

Not because Tonks was dressed particularly provocatively.

If anything, she looked... *normal*.

Her pink hair had been styled into a pixie cut while silver piercings decorated both ears. Scanning her surroundings, her green eyes sparkled with amusement as she took in the surprisingly clean apartment.

A fitted denim jacket sat over a white tank top, paired with a tartan skirt, shredded stockings and heavy leather boots.

It was very *punk rock*.

Very *Tonks*.

And somehow that made her more distracting than anything sluttier could have.

Then Harry's attention shifted to the women standing behind her.

The first was conventionally beautiful in a way that immediately drew the eye.

Blonde, slim, and elegant in a way that reminded him of a certain quarter-Veela. She was the sort of woman who could light up a room simply by smiling with those succulent lips of hers, her hazel eyes gorgeously expressive and accentuated by some subtle eye-shadow.

She wore a stylish jacket over a bodycon dress that showed off an impressive hips-to-waist ratio while also showing off a dangerous amount of bare thigh.

The second woman stood out for entirely different reasons.

Her white hair was striking enough on its own, but it was her demeanour that caught Harry's attention.

Where Tonks radiated mischief and the blonde projected confidence, this woman seemed noticeably more... reserved.

In a way that... just didn't make sense given what this night promised to be.

She wore a tight turtleneck, fitted jeans and knee-high boots. The conservative outfit did absolutely nothing to hide her generous assets and Harry nearly laughed at the way Nev stared at her tits and arse like an animal.

All three were gorgeous in their own right, and not only were they all clearly older and more experienced than the three of them... they'd likely been made aware by Tonks *why* they were here.

Ostensibly... to get fucked.

Because... they were apparently too hung to pick up random girls their own age to party with.

And they'd come, *willingly*, knowing that fact about them... even if the shy one looked a little dumbstruck and incredulous to be here.

Harry's vision swam and he felt light-headed because, for the first time that night, everything suddenly felt so incredibly *real*.

Tonks let the silence stretch... for uncomfortably long before taking pity on the lot of them.

Just when it finally tipped from merely awkward into genuinely painful, she clapped her hands together.

'Come on, boys. Don't make me look like a twat. I told the girls you *weren't* a bunch of creepy virgins who'd just stand there staring at them.'

'Sorry,' Neville said immediately, finally snapping out of whatever trance he'd fallen into.

Stepping forward, he offered his hand to the shy, white-haired witch.

'I honestly wasn't expecting Tonks' friends to be so beautiful. You caught us off guard.' He flashed her a warm smile. 'I'm Neville, by the way. I'm sure you already know that, but it feels weird not introducing myself.'

The girl visibly startled when Neville took her hand.

Before she could respond, the blonde stepped smoothly into the conversation, looping an arm around her friend's shoulders.

'Hello. I'm Penny. It's lovely to meet you.'

Her accent was refined and elegant, perfectly matching the effortless confidence she projected.

'Sorry about Chiara, she's just a bit... well, there's no polite way to say—'

'Shy?' Tonks offered, with an amused grin.

'I was going to say *socially retarded*.'

'You brought me to an *orgy*!' Chiara hissed, her cheeks turning bright red as she elbowed Penny in the side. 'It's *normal* to be shy!'

Dean's grin widened as he stepped forward to introduce himself next.

Harry barely paid them any mind.

His brain had abruptly stopped functioning.

Tonks was walking towards him slowly, her hips swaying provocatively in a way that made his trousers uncomfortably tight.

She sported a smile that immediately set his heart racing, and it took every ounce of his considerable willpower to not tremble when she invaded his personal space.

Harry's breath caught.

She was so close he could feel her body heat.

So close that her perfume filled his senses completely.

So close that coherent thought became increasingly difficult.

Tonks leaned in.

Harry's pulse hammered and his eyes fluttered closed despite himself.

For one insane moment, he genuinely thought one of his many embarrassing fantasies was about to become reality.

Instead, just when he thought she was about to lean up and kiss him, he felt her snort out a maddening giggle as she slipped something into his pocket.

Then... she was gone.

Harry opened his eyes.

Tonks was already backpedalling towards the others, an infuriating, mischievous grin on her lips. Her gaze flicked down to his groin before coming back and raising her eyebrows in challenge.

Harry immediately spun around.

No further explanation required. His trousers were very obviously tenting in a way that was devastating to his ego.

Heart pounding, he hurried towards the drinks cooler.

The motion gave him the perfect excuse to bend down and readjust while simultaneously fetching the note Tonks had slipped into his pocket.

His pulse quickened.

If she'd gone to the trouble of being discreet, there had to be a reason.

Harry unfolded it, his sharp eyes quickly scanning over the brief message written in Tonks' disastrous handwriting.

Chiara's a virgin. Do us a favour and use that Potter charm of yours to make her first time special, yeah? Do a good enough job and, once I'm done handling your idiot mates, we'll see about finding out if your fantasies match up with reality.

Save some energy for your big sis, you naughty boy.

By the time he reached the end, his hands were trembling.

Slowly, he lifted his gaze.

Across the room, Tonks was watching him.

Watching him and smirking.

Then, as if sensing the dumbstruck expression on his features meant he'd finished reading her note, she bit her lip sexily and winked before turning back to the conversation with the others as if nothing had happened.

Harry's eyes widened and he sucked in a shuddering gasp.

She knows!

The thought hit him like a bludger to the bollocks.

Of course she knows, you bloody twat. You're about as subtle as a nesting Horntail!

Excitement churned in his stomach, warring with embarrassment, disbelief and anticipation for dominance.

Yet beneath all of them lurked another emotion.

One that shouldn't have been all that surprising.

Jealousy.

The mere thought of Neville or Dean getting their grubby mitts on Tonks, on the woman he'd wanted since he was a *boy*, caused something *ugly* to roar in his chest.

It was irrational, and childish.

It wasn't as if Tonks wasn't *his* girl.

He'd never felt this way back when she was with Moony.

And yet... it felt so, so different this time. Partly because Tonks' idiotic gambit meant his fantasies were closer to reality than ever, partly because he'd be forced to watch as Nev and Dean shagged the woman of his dreams before he, presumably, had a chance with her.

No matter how much a primal part of him wanted to sling Tonks over his shoulder and disappear into one of the bedrooms caveman style, he calmed himself before he did something... stupid.

Tonks isn't your girl.

Harry inhaled slowly, repeating the mantra in his head as he exhaled then inhaled once more.

By the third breath he'd regained enough composure to think clearly.

His expression hardened.

Tonks *wasn't* his girl.

Yet.

Pull yourself together, Potter!

Unfortunately, that was a lot easier said than done.

Especially when he glanced across the room and found Tonks playfully arguing with Dean and Nev again about who the better shag was between Veela and Metamorphs.

'Can a Veela do *this*?!'

Both Nev and Dean watched on in confusion as Tonks shrugged out of her jacket and tossed it aside before clasping her hands behind her back.

The guys' eyes nearly popped out of their skulls when Tonks' tits swelled like a couple of inflated beach balls. Her already tight tank-top was stretched to its breaking point almost instantly and, before it could cut off circulation, she flipped a pocket knife out of... *somewhere* and nicked the collar.

The shirt failed *spectacularly* after that, revealing a *whole lot* of pale, jiggly titflesh.

With a sigh of relief, Tonks' newly inflated baps spilled free as her top split apart, hanging low on her chest as gravity asserted its control.

The boys could only stare. It had all been so... sudden. One moment they'd been bantering, the next they were staring at a huge pair of naked tits.

Tits Tonks was jiggling for their benefit, shaking her shoulders like a fisherman dangling a lure before a school of ravenous piranha.

This had always been the *point* of the evening. But knowing something, and having Tonks literally shaking the truth in your face were *very* different things.

‘Ugh, she always does this,’ Penny complained with an eyeroll while Chiara tried to look *anywhere* else in the room. ‘How’s a girl supposed to stand out when miss *magic-tits* over there keeps stealing all the attention?’

Harry tore his gaze away from the oversized, jiggling boobflesh to regard the gorgeous blonde with a raised eyebrow. Remembering what Tonks had asked of him, he decided to turn on the charm.

‘Oh I very much doubt a pair of fake, saggy tits is enough to steal the attention away from two gorgeous girls like you two,’ he teased, instinctually tilting his head to the side to dodge the stinging curse he *knew* Tonks would send his way.

‘Oi, *prick*, nothing *fake* about these!’

‘I dunno... that’s kinda cheating, innit?’

Harry looked over his shoulder as Tonks next whirled on Dean and pinned him with a death glare.

‘Beg your pardon? I’m just using what I was *born* with—how’s this any different to what *Veela* do?’

Nev grinned, still unable to tear his gaze away from Tonks’ tits, especially as she grew more animated.

‘I dunno, he might have a—’

Whatever he was gonna say next was cut short as Tonks rolled her eyes, wrapped a hand around both boys necks, and pulled them down until their faces crashed against her chest. Their eyes widened with shock, then delight as they, as one, engulfed a nipple each and started suckling almost instinctually.

'*Nnh*, there... that's a much better use of your stupid mouths,' Tonks groaned, her eyes fluttering closed in pleasure as both Dean and Nev cradled a boob each and continued suckling.

Ignoring the envy burning in his belly, Harry turned back to the two girls and smiled. 'Well then... either of you want a drink?'

Chiara snorted and rolled her eyes. 'At least one of you has some *manners*.'

It didn't look like Penny had heard him as she stared at the two younger men feasting on Tonks' baps with clear hunger in her eyes.

Talk about two ends of the spectrum. One's a virgin and the other is randy as hell...

Fetching some more butterbeers from the cooler, Harry settled onto the couch in the space between Tonks' friends and invariably found his attention once more gravitating to the action across the room.

The guys were still feasting on her tits, their hands squeezing and groping their respective boobs while their tongues swirling and licked at the galleon-sized nipples with relish. The metamorph had her eyes closed in pleasure, her fingers threading through the boys' hair as she held them against her chest.

'Right,' he said, snapping out of it and glancing between the two women, trying—and failing—to put Tonks out of his mind. 'I feel like I should apologise on behalf of my mates.'

Penny laughed and, without taking her eyes off the action, took a sip of her butterbeer and nodded sagely. 'Such *terrible* hosts!'

Chiara, her cheeks flushed in embarrassment, very deliberately ignored the spicy show and offered a shy smile. 'Does this happen... often?'

Harry barked out a laugh. 'Not as often as they'd like, unfortunately.'

He turned his attention towards Penny, gently nudging her with his shoulder to pry her attention away from the arduous trio.

'So what do you do when you're not being dragged into orgies by Tonks?'

She barked out a laugh and almost snorted up her butterbeer when the absurdity of the question registered. Harry counted it as a win as the gorgeous blonde tore her gaze away from Tonks and the guys to answer.

'Nothing interesting.'

Harry immediately clocked onto the hesitation in her answer. He winced, sympathetically.

'Oof, that bad?'

'I work for the Ministry,' she answered, smirking around her drink as she took another sip

'How fantastically vague.'

'Magical Transportation.'

Harry winced again and nodded in understanding. Magical Transportation likely meant Penny spent her days reviewing requests for portkeys or for Floo Network installations.

'My condolences.'

'See? You understand me.'

Penny lifted her drink in a mock toast before taking another sip.

'It's nothing but endless paperwork. If the pay and time-off weren't so good, I'd have probably offed myself years ago...'

'Bleak...'

'It is what it is,' she said with a careless shrug, her attention returning to Tonks at the sound of her mewling moan.

Recognizing a conversational dead-end when he heard one, Harry ignored the sounds coming from his crush and turned towards Chiara.

'What about you?'

The white-haired healer looked strangely surprised by the question, but thankful for the distraction.

She's used to people ignoring her in favour of Penny...

On some level, Harry got it. But it wasn't as if Chiara was some bland wallflower. She was gorgeous as hell!

Goes to show how important confidence is, I suppose...

'St Mungo's.'

'Doing what?'

'Healing.'

'I'd have never guessed.'

A tiny smile tugged at her lips as she took a sip of her butterbeer.

'Dark Creature injuries, mostly. Curse damage. Poisoning. Disease. Limb regrowing and rehabilitation.'

Harry's eyebrows rose.

'Maybe lead with *that* next time? That sounds *fascinating*.'

Chiara shrugged, her cheeks turning pinker. The woman was *clearly* not used to both the attention he was giving her, and the compliment. 'Most people don't think so.'

'Most people are wankers.'

Chiara let out a surprised giggle and Harry grinned wide, pleased to see the tension bleeding out of the older woman's shoulders as she visibly relaxed.

'Tell me about it. Healing broken bones or Dragon Pox is easy. Curse damage sounds infinitely more complicated though—especially when you don't always know the source.'

For a moment she simply looked at him, probably judging if he was genuinely curious or just blowing smoke up that ridiculously curvy arse of hers.

Slowly, she nodded.

'It *can* be.'

The answer seemed almost reluctant, as if she were testing the water to see if he actually wanted to hear about it.

'Bugger, *mmmnh*, that's it, good boy.'

Harry turned fully, resting his arm on the back of the couch to give Chiara his full attention. He desperately wanted to see what had drawn that kind of reaction from Tonks, but seeing Chiara's small smile was enough to fortify him against that illicit curiosity.

For now.

'What's the worst part?'

'The hours.'

The answer came immediately, she didn't even have to think about it.

'That bad?'

Chiara laughed softly.

'Very.'

'How bad are we talking?'

'This is the first night off I've had in weeks...'

'And Tonks decides to drag you to this dump? I think your friends are trying to tell you something...'

She flushed darker and tried to mask her embarrassment by taking another sip. Harry sensed no confusion from his gentle teasing.

She knows why Tonks brought her along. Why the subterfuge with the note...?

Was that for *his* benefit?

Harry found himself smiling as Chiara regained her composure. The woman sat at a fascinating intersection of sexy and cute that he found incredibly alluring.

'And what's the best part about being a healer?'

This time she didn't answer immediately.

Instead, she looked down at her drink for a moment as though considering the question properly.

'I suppose... seeing someone get their life back.'

Harry nodded.

Makes sense...

'That must feel incredible....'

She looked up and smiled beautifully. 'It's the best feeling in the world.'

'*Oh Merlin!*, yes, yes, *mmnh!* That's it, right there! Go deeper! Curl your—*ooooh mhmm!*'

Rather than turn to stare like he so desperately wanted to, Harry noted how Chiara had frozen back up, her eyes widening at Tonks' cries of pleasure.

'Sounds like Tonks disagrees.'

It took Chiara a second to register his words. She slowly turned back to him after her attention had been ripped away by the amorous trio, somehow shocked to find him with his gaze still firmly focused on her.

The smile she gave him then was noticeably warmer than before.

'Sounds that way...

They both giggled, as Tonks' moans grew steadily louder and more enthusiastic.

The conversation drifted from there.

They talked about interesting patients, her coworkers, the strangest cases she'd ever had to deal with. Harry found himself both enjoying the conversation, and how Chiara's eyes lit up the more she spoke about her work.

Before long, Harry realised he'd completely lost track of how much time had passed.

Chiara was talking more now.

The nervousness hadn't disappeared entirely—especially with Tonks refusing to let them forget she was putting on a show—but it had faded enough that she seemed infinitely less awkward. So much so that she didn't even flinch when Harry casually started twirling a strand of her white hair around a finger.

Though she did flush deeper, growing flustered.

Flustered, but noticeably comfortable around him.

Comfortable enough to tease him, apparently.

'Do Aurors always ask this many questions?'

Harry blinked.

'What?'

Chiara's pale blue eyes twinkled with amusement.

'You've been interrogating me for ten minutes now, Mister Auror.'

Harry opened his mouth to protest... then realised she was completely right. Shaking his head, he looked over to the wall clock to confirm then froze when he accidentally did something he'd desperately been trying to avoid.

That is to say... look at Tonks.

Jealousy *burned* in his chest, attempting to incinerate all the wholesome emotions he'd been feeling while getting lost in Chiaa's eyes.

At least he knew why Tonks' moans had died down.

She was leaning with her back against the wall, snogging Dean while Nev crouched on the floor at her feet. While kissing, Dean continued playing with her heavy breasts and pinching her pebbled nipples, swallowing Tonks' moans as Nev buried his face in her core. The Boy-Who-Lived had her powerful thighs slung over his shoulders, his tongue no-doubt buried in her cunt if Tonks' muffled squeals were anything to go by.

He forcibly ripped his gaze away and turned back to the grinning, white-haired beauty.

'...Sorry.'

The healer laughed, and Harry wasn't sure if it was in response to his apology for his impromptu interrogation, or at his reaction to seeing Tonks being ravished.

Harry rubbed the back and offered her a self-deprecating grin.

'Sorry,' he repeated, regaining his bearings. 'It's hard to turn *Auror-brain* off sometimes, you know?'

Chiara's smile softened.

'It's okay.' Her gorgeous, crystal-blue eyes met his, and Harry wanted to drown in them. 'I don't mind.'

For some reason, that simple admission hit harder than it probably should have.

Before Harry could think of a response, Penny let out a long, suffering sigh.

Both of them turned.

The blonde was staring at the pair with her arms crossed, a sexy pout on her lips.

'Right. That's it.'

Harry frowned.

'What?'

Penny pointed between them.

'I've been sitting here this whole time while you two flirted, silent, waiting my turn, but you both *completely* ignored me. How rude!'

Harry narrowed his eyes.

The pout looked convincing enough, but it was belied by the amusement dancing in her hazel eyes.

As if he needed the message hammered home, Penny motioned behind him with a flick of her head, her eyebrows raised impatiently.

Ah.

Message received.

It seemed Tonks wasn't the only one with a vested interest in getting Chiara laid.

'My deepest apologies,' Harry consoled, sounding deliberately insincere.

'They're not accepted.'

'I'm sure I'll get over it.'

Penny huffed, trying manfully to mask an amused grin.

'You're not even *trying* to flirt with me.'

While Harry wouldn't ever fancy himself as some kind of Casanova, he was clued-in enough to recognize a lay-up when he saw one.

He turned back to Chiara and locked eyes with her, trying to convey as much intensity as possible with his gaze alone.

The healer immediately became very interested in her drink.

A smile tugged at the corner of his mouth as he started playing with a strand of her hair again.

'Sorry, but that's probably because Chiara's more my type.'

The words slipped out easily.

If his Godfather had taught him anything, it was that the key to being not just an incorrigible flirt, but a *successful* one, was to be genuine and heartfelt when talking to women.

Especially women like Chiara.

When the healer lifted her gaze, he found her already flushed cheeks noticeably pinker than before.

A part of her was embarrassed, sure, but that smile all but *screamed* that he'd said the right thing.

Penny groaned dramatically and buried her face in his back in exasperation.

'Will you two get it over with and kiss already?'

Chiara's cheeks somehow darkened further, but Harry didn't see embarrassment or mortification there at Penny's words.

He saw thinly veiled excitement.

So he went for it.

'That's not a bad idea,' he whispered, drawing close enough that Chiara could feel his warm breath on her lips. 'Would you mind? If I kissed you?'

Chiara's eyes had flown wide, her breath heavy, but when he saw her gaze flick down to his lips, he already knew her answer before she spoke the words.

'N-no... I... I wouldn't mind...'

Harry smiled.

He'd spent the better part of half the last half-hour getting to know her, making her laugh, drawing her out of her shell. The attraction between them was real and, if he were being honest, there from the beginning. Neither of them had exactly been subtle about it.

The kiss was simply the next step.

He closed the distance slowly, giving her plenty of opportunity to change her mind.

She didn't.

Their lips met.

Chiara froze for half a heartbeat then, gradually, some of the tension left her shoulders.

Harry found himself smiling into the kiss.

Not because she was particularly skilled at it.

If anything, the opposite.

There was a cautiousness to her that made perfect sense in hindsight. She approached the kiss the same way she'd approached most of their conversation. Carefully. Thoughtfully. As though she was worried about getting something wrong.

The thought was strangely endearing.

When they eventually pulled apart, Chiara looked slightly flustered.

Harry suspected he probably did too.

'You know,' he said, unable to help himself, 'for someone everyone's calling shy and introverted, you've handled tonight pretty well.'

Chiara laughed softly.

The sound was warmer than before, more sultry and less nervous.

'Immersion therapy's working really well,' she whispered.

Harry barked out a laugh, but found himself abruptly cut off when Chiara decided to take the initiative, leaning forward and capturing his lips with her own. One hand slipped into the messy hair at the back of his head, her fingers threading through the dark strands as she greedily pulled him closer.

This time there was *considerably* less hesitation.

She wasn't suddenly skilled—he'd been with girls who were far better kissers—but the healer no longer seemed worried about doing something wrong. The uncertainty that had coloured their previous kiss was slowly melting into passion. Harry found himself grinning against her lips as the kiss grew more heated.

That's what I'm talking about...

Harry met her halfway, happy to follow her lead. The kiss deepened naturally, the nervousness and tension slipping away with surprising speed as Chiara settled into a rhythm that felt increasingly comfortable.

While her kiss was clumsy, and she was a little too enthusiastic and sloppy with her tongue, Harry very much revelled in her eagerness.

His arm slid around her slim waist and pulled her close, her soft body pressing harder against his as his hand rested on her plump arse. She squeaked adorably into his mouth when he squeezed, then moaned gutturally as he carefully slid a hand under her jeans to grab at glorious, bare flesh.

Chiara almost grew frenzied at the skin-on-skin contact, pressing herself even harder against him as she deepened the kiss, her lips working overtime. She was so into it that she didn't even notice his surprised wince when his tongue slid across a surprisingly sharp canine.

Suspiciously sharp.

Now that's interesting...

The thought flickered through his mind before immediately being filed away in the "*shit I can think about later*" part of his brain.

He was rather busy and enjoying himself a little too much for such inconsequential thoughts.

Somewhere in the distance, Penny let out a triumphant cheer.

At least she sounded like she was in the distance. Her voice was oddly muffled. As if she was in another room, or underwater...

Or maybe, Harry was just too absorbed with the gorgeous woman he was snogging. On the woman who'd arrived at Neville and Dean's flat looking like she wanted the ground to swallow her whole, but was now grinding hard against him and doing a passable impersonation of a Dementor.

That, more than anything else, made him smile.

When they finally broke apart again, Chiara looked faintly dazed. Her piercing, crystal-blue eyes unfocused and... *different*.

Not quite crystal-blue anymore, are they...?

Her eyes had been one of the most attractive parts about her. Harry had been struggling to pull himself out of their hypnotic depths ever since he'd met the woman.

So it shouldn't have been a surprise that the added attention made it simple for him to note the flecks of gold that had started to bleed into the blue.

She caught his stare and something about it immediately made her self-conscious. Brushing a strand of white hair behind an ear, she averted her gaze as shame started to radiate off her in waves.

'What?'

It honestly all made a tragic amount of sense in retrospect. The physical characteristics he'd picked up on were almost incidental—but the shyness? The loneliness? The lack of experience? The seeming struggle to open herself up to new people?

He'd seen it all before.

Moony.

And now the reason why Tonks had brought her friend along despite being so obviously out of her element made perfect sense.

Because who better than someone who'd grown up with a werewolf for an uncle to bring another one out of her shell...?

Turning to the schemer in question, he immediately wished he hadn't.

Because the last thing he needed to see in that moment was Tonks, on her knees, with both Nev and Dean's huge cocks in hand, pumping like she was on a mission.

His crush caught his eye before he could look away and sent him another wink.

He was fluent in Tonks' mannerisms. This was definitely less a *teasing* wink and more a *bloody good job* wink.

Not that any of that mattered when the sight of her made his trousers feel *decidedly* uncomfortable.

Sensing Chiara's growing distress and seeing her start to pull away after the prolonged silence, Harry resisted the urge to roll his eyes in exasperation. Before she could spiral and draw all the wrong conclusions, Harry grabbed her wrist and pulled her into his lap.

Which, of course, didn't help with his growing discomfort. Especially as she started to wiggle in an attempt to get off.

'Hey,' Harry whispered softly, palming her cheeks and forcing her to stare into his eyes. 'Relax. It's not a big deal.'

She froze as his words registered. No longer struggling, but her eyes wide and glassy.

'W-what?' she whispered, trying to remain calm. 'What're you on about?'

He pulled her into a hug and squeezed tight as she instinctually tried to pull away.

'Relax,' he repeated, more strongly, his lips right by her ear. 'What are you even scared of? The full moon isn't even until next week. And even if it wasn't, I grew up spending the full moons with my uncle, who I used to twat around the forest in my animagus form for a laugh.'

She froze as his words sunk in and, this time, when she pulled away, Harry didn't stop her.

'R-remus...?' She whispered, eyes wide.

Of course. Tonks must have mentioned him. Or bitched about him, more likely.

Rather than get into it, Harry pulled Chiara close again, letting her bury her face in his neck as he ran his hands all over her soft body.

This, of course, gave him an unobstructed view of Tonks.

'Let go,' Harry whispered, his voice hoarse as he watched Tonks perform the impossible feat of swallowing Dean's huge, black dick all the way to the base, hold him there, then slowly pull off with a gasp. His mate looked ready to ascend, leaning against the wall for support.

When she performed an identical feat for Nev, her lips spread almost as ridiculously wide and her throat bulging, the Boy-Who-Lived collapsed bonelessly against the wall, his hand over his eyes while holding out a fist blindly for Dean to bump.

Jealousy surged once more, but he didn't let it show.

As if sensing his gaze on her, Tonks opened her eyes and caught him staring. Even around Nev's girthy cock he could see the corners of her lips smirking at him as her smouldering gaze burned into his soul.

'I got you,' Harry whispered, voice hoarse. 'There's nothing you could do that I haven't seen or experienced before, so stop holding yourself back,' he continued.

Feeling her tremble against him, Harry pressed his lips against her ear and whispered one more command.

'Forget the inner *wolf*,' he purred, loud enough so only she could hear his next words. 'It's time to let out your inner *slut*.'

Chiara pulled back, her eyes wide and her body trembling with need. Harry caught even more flecks of gold bleeding into her irises but he didn't look away, not even as her nostrils flared and a low rumble started to build in her chest.

As if to emphasise how much he didn't care, how little she scared him, Harry smiled with *far* too many teeth on display.

And the gorgeous girl's eyes widened as hackles inexplicably started to rise at the display. The look on her features as she registered and processed a foreign, inexplicable spike of fury was genuinely adorable and hilarious.

Rather than let her drown in strange sensations however, Harry pulled her into another kiss. For a beat, she tried to resist the pull, to push against the hand bringing her head to his lips, but he'd overpowered her.

Then that beat passed, and any semblance of hesitation evaporated. She *mauled* him, tearing at his shirt with too-sharp nails and snogging him with all the aggression of a woman who'd spent her entire adult-life repressing her desires.

And Harry let it happen.

Happily.

He held her soft body flush against his as she *growled* into his mouth, their lips and tongues intertwined in a furious battle for dominance.

Then the battle became decidedly *unfair* when a new, previously forgotten challenger entered the ring.

Harry froze at the feeling of delicate hands playing with the zipper on his trousers, then groaned when he felt them get pulled down to his knees. His pants came next and he grunted into Chiara's mouth as he sprang free, a small, cool hand wrapping around his girth.

Noticing something was off, Chiara disengaged and looked down at him quizzically. Her eyes had fully bled over at this point, from gorgeous, crystalline blue to ethereal, *feral* glowing amber.

As much as he loved her piercing blue eyes, there was something more *real* about the amber, more authentic and sexy.

'What's wrong?' she asked in a sultry whisper, panting around her words. Before he could answer though, her cute, button nose twitched adorably and her eyes narrowed. 'Penny?'

Harry let out a wheezing laugh then groaned as he felt warmth envelop the head of his dick. 'I... I think she's fed up with being ignored...'

'Is she...?'

Harry let out another shaky groan as Penny—he bloody *hoped* it was Penny—took more of him into her mouth, clearly struggling with his endowment like any *normal* witch would.

'Y-yeah,' Harry stuttered, not looking away from Chiara's glowing, amber eyes. 'Does that bother you?'

It looked like she'd initially wanted to say *yes*. To growl and bite and mark her territory.

But she mastered herself, taking a slow, deep breath before grinning down at him self-deprecatingly.

Rather than answer, she turned to look over her shoulder and let out a shocked gasp. She was slow to turn back, clearly enraptured by what she'd witnessed, but when she did, her eyes were wide and her cheeks were flushed a deep crimson.

'Um... no. It doesn't bother me,' she answered in a shocked whisper, seemingly surprised with the answer herself, before shaking her head to clear it of cobwebs and smiling down at him in her best attempt at a sultry smile.

It was *proper* adorable.

'Besides... from what I can see... there's *more* than enough of you to go around...'

Before Chiara could go back to snogging him like she clearly wanted, the werewolf healer yelped as she was dragged down to the ground by the furiously working Penny.

'What was that for?!'

Penny shot Chiara an amused look, clearly unable to answer with her mouth overfilled with Harry's overwhelming hardness.

She pulled off with a gasp and Harry was already missing the warmth she'd provided.

It wasn't often that he'd get a blowie, especially not with his endowment. Same as Nev and Dean... and speaking of...

With Chiara no longer in his laps and the two women busying themselves whispering furiously to each other, Harry stared across the room at what Tonks and the others were up to.

She still knelt between them, alternating deep-throating Nev and Dean with the help of her metamorph abilities. Her lips and mouth were a mess of pre-cum and other fluids, but that was the only sign of her exertion.

She made sucking not one, but *two* foot-long cocks look like the easiest thing in the world...

As jealous as he was of his mates, a part of him admired their restraint at only settling for Tonks' continued blowjob.

If *he* were in their shoes...?

I'd be pounding her into the ground...

It was as if Tonks could read his thoughts, because her eyes twinkled merrily as their gazes locked from across the room. He didn't know why, but seeing that look on her face with her mouth stuffed with huge cocks *did* something to him.

Something he rather not evaluate right now, especially as he had two gorgeous women kneeling between his splayed thighs arguing with each other.

'Just get 'em out Chiara, he'll love it, trust me!'

That snapped Harry back to the problem at hand, as it were.

'Huh?'

Both women looked up at his clever interjection, with Penny grinning and Chiara blushing furiously.

'What's wrong?'

Penny rolled her eyes. 'Chiara's still acting shy,' he explained while still absently stroking his cock. Harry didn't miss that the gorgeous healer had her eyes locked in on his towering erection, paying more attention to *it* than the conversation. 'I asked her to take her top off and she freaked.'

Harry turned to Chiara, and in his most serious, earnest voice, said, 'I would very much like it if you took your top off.'

Penny cackled and Chiara, her attention pulled from his manhood at his request, reached a shade of crimson yet unseen when she realised she'd not only been caught openly gaping at his dick, but he wanted her to undress.

Harry turned back to Penny with a roguish grin. 'Maybe you should go first, luv? Show her how it's done?'

'You'd like that, wouldn't you?'

'Can't think of someone who wouldn't.'

That earned a giggle, encouragingly, from both women. Biting her lip, Penny shrugged then casually slipped the tight dress all the way down to her waist.

Her breasts were very obviously smaller than Chiara's—the healer looked absolutely stacked even through the turtleneck she wore—but they were no less pretty. Perky B-cups if he had to guess... he was rubbish at sizing bobos up, mainly because he genuinely didn't care.

Harry licked his lips at the sight of Penny's little, pointy, pink nipples that had a slight upturn to them, then groaned as she went back to stroking him with both hands.

'See? It's not a big deal. You next, Chiara. Come on! Harry will love it!'

She looked to him as if he'd ever deny such a claim and Harry nearly burst out laughing.

'Yes Chiara, I want to see your boobs.'

Penny giggled and even Chiara fought to keep the smile from her lips.

Searching deep within herself for courage, Chiara sought extra fortitude from a bottle of Butterbear instead. Finishing the rest of it in one pull, she set the now empty bottle aside and started to psyche herself up.

Penny was having none of it.

With a roll of her eyes, she grabbed the bottom of Chiara's turtle neck and pulled it over her head. The healer squealed, but didn't put up much of a fight until she realised Penny hadn't pulled her top all the way off.

Harry was met with the comical sight of Chiara kneeling there, her arms forced upright, inadvertently bound and blinded by her own top. Less comical... her now exposed breasts barely contained by a functional bra, the flesh jiggling with her wriggling motions as she fought to pull her top all the way off.

Penny did not let Chiara's distraction go to waste.

Shooting a saucy, conspiratorial grin Harry's way, Penny winked then reached for Chiara's breasts.

Or more specifically, the clasp in between her oversized cups.

Chiara freed herself from her top at the exact same moment that Penny freed her oversized breasts from her bra. Harry watched, hungrily, as the cups flew apart and her tits spilled free, settling low on her chest with their supports no longer in place. Her nipples were a lot larger than Penny's, and so pale the areola almost blended into the natural colour of her skin tone.

Before Chiara could protect her modesty, before she could even shriek in surprise, Penny wrapped her arms around her midriff and cradled one oversized breast in each hand.

'Here luv, you need to give me a hand with the big boy over here. There's only so much I can do with one mouth and my humble little boobs...'

Rather than protest, Chiara froze and watched on with wide eyes as Penny manipulated her tits, forcing them both forward until she could wrap both around Harry's shaft.

He groaned at the feeling of the soft flesh enveloping the base of his shaft, and at Chiara's innocent, wide-eyed stare at his reaction.

'There we go,' Penny said with satisfaction before retaking her place by Chiara's side. 'You like that, naughty boy? You like having two sluts playing with your *big cock*?'

'Yes!' Harry groaned, sinking bonelessly into the couch as Penny licked along the exposed length of his shaft, then kissed his tip. 'You do the other side luv, come on. Let your inner freak out!'

Chiara, after Penny had released her tits, had taken to subconsciously sandwiching and stroking his shaft just as her friend had shown. With wide eyes, she watched Penny lick, suck and kiss his cock until she invited Chiara to join her.

Harry encouraged her by brushing his fingers along the side of her face affectionately and, when she looked to him, he nodded, eagerly and in encouragement.

She took her time, leaning closer and closer while Penny did her thing. When she finally extended her tongue and traced the path of one of the thick veins that ran along his length, Harry let out an exultant groan...

At the exact same time that Tonks did.

Looking up, he gasped as he saw what the other group were up to.

Tonks was now on all fours, her heavy breasts hanging low with the nipples almost brushing the carpet as they swayed like pendulums, with Nev standing at her front and Dean at her rear.

Or more accurately, with her face buried in Nev's pubes while Dean sank that massive, black cock all the way inside her. There was no resistance, no realities of biology stopping that

foot-long obsidian shaft from sinking all the way to the stem. Just slick, velvety warmth as he was engulfed whole.

‘Ohhh, *fuuuuuck* Veela,’ Dean groaned, his eyes screwed shut as he sawed his way in and out of Tonks’ magical vagina. ‘They’re *never* this tight!’

Both Harry and Nev watched on with envy as Dean thrust all the way in, relished in Tonks’ total, metamorph-enabled warmth, then slowly pulled out, her lips greedily gripping onto his obsidian shaft as he worked his way back out.

Harry doubted he would have even noticed her vulva if the pink lips didn’t stand in such contrast to Dean’s dark shaft. As it stood though, he couldn’t look away.

Even Chiara and Penny had turned and were enraptured by the sight... though neither had stopped playing with him.

‘He’s so sexy...’

‘Odd thing to say when you’re sucking another bloke off,’ Harry teased, his breath laboured as he endured the dual assault. Penny turned back to him, the look in her eyes positively wicked.

‘Can you blame me?’ she teased, in between licks along his shaft. ‘You’re all so much more attractive than my husband...’

‘Your *what?!*’ Harry shrieked, his protests dying a swift death when Penny disappeared under Chiara’s boobs and started to tongue his bollocks.

Chiara, left to pick up the pieces after the bomb Penny had just dropped, looked embarrassed on behalf of her friend.

‘She’s... always complaining about her husband,’ she confessed, her bashful tone in stark contrast with the fact that she was still sliding her soft, fleshy tits along his shaft. Harry twitched, shuddering at the sensations of Penny’s tongue lapping at his heavy balls and Chiara’s wide, innocent eyes. ‘Says he’s too small and doesn’t last long enough...’

Harry was breathing heavily through his nose, trying to stay composed through the pleasure, as he processed that information.

Sod it, not my problem.

Though a part of him did find it amusing that Tonks had used the three of them to help “fix” whatever problems her friends had with their love lives... or lack thereof.

Apparently thinking the head of his weeping cock looked lonely, Chiara followed up her words by leaning forward and picking up where Penny had left off... by tentatively licking and kissing his knob.

‘Ooooh, *nnng*, that’s it, that’s perfect,’ Harry praised, running a hand through Chiara’s white hair as she took the initiative. The pleased, self-satisfied grin that appeared on her lips at his praise was almost as hot as the blowjob itself.

‘Stop whinging, if you can’t wait your turn, both of you can go at the same time!’

Tonks’ barked demand drew Harry’s attention again. It seemed that Dean and Nev were arguing about who’s turn it was to shag Tonks, with neither being satisfied with *just* a blowjob.

They conferred with each other, no words, just looks. After a moment of silent deliberation, they nodded and Tonks squealed as Dean bent down to pick her up, Nev’s oversized cock slipping out of her cunt as he pulled her up to rest against his broad chest.

Tonks wrapped her legs around Dean’s waist and laughed breathlessly when she realised what was coming.

‘Been a bit since I’ve had a DP, hope you twats don’t disappoint...’

They were barely paying attention to the Metamorph at this point, and Harry felt an irrational spike of anger at that fact.

Ungrateful pricks!

Dean worked his cock back into Tonks' accommodating warmth, both groaning as she stretched and settled on his considerable length. Nev crowded in close behind her and, as Dean spread her cheeks, he lined himself up with her bum and slid in with little fanfare or warning.

In his defence... Tonks could very much handle it.

'Oooooooh, yeessss, *now* we're talking!' Tonks groaned as the boys coordinated their thrusts and plugged her from both ends with their heady endowments. 'Now *this* is a *proper* orgy!'

While absently suckling his cock and sliding her boobs along his shaft, Chiara had turned and watched the display with wide-eyed shock. When she turned back to him, the innocent look in her eyes made even more wicked given she had her lips simultaneously wrapped around his knob, Harry let out a breathless chuckle.

'Not sure you can handle that yet, you greedy little slut,' Harry teased, very much enjoying the flush that overcame her features.

Hearing the commotion, Penny came up from servicing his bollocks and cursed at the sight of the fun Tonks was having.

'Sorry luv, I can't hold back anymore,' she said, after staring at the moaning and groaning Tonks silently for several uninterrupted moments. 'We can finish your lesson another time... *I need to be shagged!*'

Harry had seen this coming, especially given the hungry looks the gorgeous blonde had been sending Dean the second he started shagging Tonks.

I think she has a type... I feel a little sorry for her husband...

That wasn't his problem though, and Harry instantly forgot she was married the second Penny pulled Chiara off his cock, laid him out on the couch, and straddled his waist.

'I'm no Metamorph,' she began, shaking from side-to-side as she slipped out of her dress completely. She was slimmer than Tonks and much more so than Chiara, with a tight, cleanly shaved pussy that was positively *dripping* with her excitement. 'But I've always wondered what a big cock would feel like...'

Harry watched as the stunning blonde bit her lip and aligned his cock with her opening. She let out a shocked gasp then a drawn-out, keening wail as his oversized head parted her folds. Screwing her eyes shut, she bit her lip and tried to force the issue, spreading her legs even more as she let gravity help with her impalement.

His head met intense resistance, so much so that Penny was trembling as she tried to forcefully overcome it.

One moment it felt like it would never happen, the next, he'd somehow sunk in three inches.

Penny's squeal drew everyone's attention, even Tonks, who looked lost in her own world of pleasure while bouncing in between his mates.

'Take your time,' Harry urged, eyes wide as he watched Penny tremble atop him.

'Bugger... *that*,' Penny growled much like Chiara had earlier. In that moment, she reminded him of a warrior from legend, refusing to give up in the face of intense resistance. Inhaling deeply and setting herself, she sank another inch, and this time her groan was way more guttural and aggressive...

And *hot*.

Fuck me, I've never seen a girl try so hard to take me before...

Chiara stood beside them, watching with wide eyes as her friend impaled herself on his cock. Harry couldn't help but notice that, at some point between having her blowjob rudely interrupted

and now, she'd joined her friends in fully disrobing. She was *nowhere near* overweight, but she was noticeably softer and curvier than both Penny and Tonks. Watching the flesh of her bum jiggle as she moved had Harry's cock throbbing even harder with desire—rather unhelpfully, given his current circumstances.

Noticing his stare, Chiara flushed deeper but rather than shy away or try to cover herself, she looked inordinately pleased by his attention, standing taller and prouder than she had been before.

Grabbing her wrist, Harry ignored Chiara's startled yelp as he pulled her to the floor beside him, her breasts at the perfect height...

The healer giggled as he turned and greedily sucked one of her oversized nipples into his mouth, cradling his head like a nursing mother while Penny continued struggling to take him.

The unfair limitations of the human body were made painfully obvious to the woman when she finally reached her physical end, Harry's cock pressing mercilessly against her cervix.

It was honestly comical. It looked as if she'd barely taken any of him at all despite Harry being bottomed out inside her.

'Ooooh, so big! You're so big! You fill me up so much,' she cried, bouncing shallowly on his cock so his knob repeatedly hit against the entrance to her womb. 'Ooh, ooh, *yesssss! Fuck meeeee!*'

Not sure I'm all that deserving of any praise right now to be honest...

He was barely doing anything other than laying there and letting Penny fuck herself on him. She was more than happy with that apparently, so who was he to argue?

Besides, Penny wasn't the only woman he had to concern himself with.

'Chiara,' he whispered, reluctantly pulling off her tit. 'Sit on my face.'

Her eyes nearly bugged out. 'W-what?'

'You heard me,' Harry said patiently. 'Trust me.'

Reluctantly, she stood and did as he asked. Harry turned her to make sure she would be facing Penny as she threw a leg over his head and lowered herself down.

'You have such a pretty pussy,' he praised, genuinely meaning it. Despite that, he chuckled at Chiara's adorable squeak at the embarrassing words.

Chiara's pussy, hovering inches above his lips, was a perfect, tiny slit. He hadn't seen a cunt this pristine and untouched since he was at Hogwarts.

He'd have to make sure she was ready if he would earn his time with Tonks...

Running the flat of his tongue along her entire slit earned him a surprised squeal from the busty beauty above him. The second, similar lick a guttural groan. Rather than flinch away, the supposedly shy healer above him clenched her thighs around his head, trapping him in a heaven of soft, immaculate flesh.

His cock buried as far as he could go in one beauty, and his face enveloped in another's pussy, it was almost enough to forget his jealousy at his mates shagging his crush.

Or at least, it would have been, if Tonks wasn't moaning like a bloody *whore*.

And then his own pleasure was over way too soon as Penny screamed out her release, flopping back onto his legs and shuddering with bliss as her orgasm ripped through her.

And if that wasn't bad enough, someone had the nerve to pull the quivering, moaning healer off his tongue.

'Oi, what the bloody—'

His protests died on his lips when he looked up and found a grinning Tonks staring down at him.

Looking back over at the other side of the room where she'd *just* been shagging Dean and Nev, he found his mates very much in recovery, sitting side-by-side against the wall, their todgers noticeably deflated.

Turning back to Tonks, the older woman shrugged.

'All talk, those two. Nutted in a couple of minutes. Pretty disappointing, actually—'

'Bollocks to that!' Nev shouted, sounding aggrieved. 'I dunno what you did with your arse, but that was some proper Metamorph bullshit! You cheated!'

'I thought we were shagging,' Tonks fired back, looking back at the naked and recovering Nev with disappointment. 'Not playing a *game*. The whole *point* is to feel good, you donut.'

Their voices drowned out however as Harry's gaze shifted to her nethers.

And the thick globule of cum that had just oozed out of her cunt.

Rage and desire surged in him with equal measure as he watched the cum drain out of both her holes and down her thigh.

'Eyes up here, hot stuff,' Tonks teased, putting a finger on his chin and forcing him to look up. She was smirking down at him, as if she could read his mind.

Though she wasn't an accomplished *legilimens*, he doubted she needed to be to read the emotions on his face.

'I think it's about time you give dear Chiara that shagging she's so desperate for.'

'W-wha—'

'Shh,' Tonks replied, silencing her friend with a finger on her lips without turning to look away from Harry. She bent down, and placed her lips against his ear before whispering, 'Oi twat, I told you to *charm* her, not *romance* her. Get it over with so we can get to the whole *point* of the evening, yeah?'

Harry stared up at her in shock as Tonks pulled away, a teasing grin on her lips.

What the blood hell is she on about? What does she mean by "whole point"?!

Putting it out of his mind for now, they both turned to Chiara who shied away self-consciously at the combined scrutiny.

'W-what? Why are you looking at me like that...?'

Harry turned back to Tonks and motioned to Chiara with a tilt of his head.

Once more, she didn't need to read his thoughts to know what he meant. Offering a dazzling smile, Tonks skipped towards her friend with a devious cackle.

'I like the way you think, boyo!'

He could have done without her calling him *boyo*, but watching as she wrapped her body around Chiara and pulled her down onto the couch, the healer's back pressed against her front and her legs spread wide invitingly had Harry willing to set aside his grievances.

Massaging the tip of his glistening cock to prepare, he watched as Tonks reached around her startled friend's body, one hand groping a heavy breast and the other snaking down towards her womanhood, the Metamorph's dextrous fingers gliding up and down either side of her slit.

Harry couldn't help but notice the supposedly *shy* werewolf looked decidedly less trepidatious with Tonks' intimate attention than she had his own.

This isn't the first time they've done something like this. That's... so hot.

He watched as Chiara moaned and writhed under Tonks' continued ministrations—especially when her friend nipped at then kissed the side of her neck.

Chiara *really* seemed to like that.

'Come on, Harry,' Tonks urged, spreading Chiara's lips with her fingers for emphasis. 'Take it slow. Show her the kind of orgasm a *man* can give her...'

Processing those incredibly hot words, Harry shook himself out of his dazed state and settled himself between the healer's splayed, soft thighs. She mewled as he ran the head of his cock up and down her soaking slit, teasing her by parting her lips with the crown, but never sinking in.

'You ready?' he asked, quietly, continuing this teasing game of his and loving how Chiara's back would arch every time he slipped past her opening.

'The gentleman asked you a *question*, you little *slut*,' Tonks hissed directly into her friend's ear, eliciting a startled yelp and moan when she pinched and twisted her left nipple. *Hard*.

'Yes!' Chiara cried, half in pain and half in ecstasy.

Evidently, the healer was far less innocent than he'd been led to believe.

At least when it came to the fairer sex.

Images of Tonks in black latex and Chiara bound and gagged on her bed refused to leave him as he continued teasing his cock along the healer's slit.

'Yes what?' Harry teased, parting her lips and pressing a *little* deeper, but nowhere near enough to scratch that itch he didn't doubt she was feeling. 'I'm gonna need you to be specific.'

Chiara didn't answer right away and Tonks cackled in delight at the teasing. Rather, she mewled piteously, staring up at him with those wide, innocent amber eyes in the hopes that he'd crumble.

Honestly?

It was a close thing.

Maintaining his resolve, Harry only smirked and kept running his knob along her delicate, quivering slit.

'F-fuck me,' Chiara finally relented, not twitching every time Harry's crown slid past the entrance to her core. '*Please*. Take my virginity!'

Fuuuuuck.

He couldn't have held back anymore even if he wanted to. She'd sounded too desperate, too sexy.

The next time his head slid past her entrance, Harry leaned forward and groaned as Chiara's lips slowly parted, yielding for his girth.

'Breathe,' Tonks urged, spreading her friend's lips wider while also gently strumming her clit with her thumb. Chiara bucked, her mouth open in a silent scream, but Harry never stopped.

Nor did he brute force his way through.

While he doubted she still had her hymen in her late twenties, she *was* still a virgin.

Given what he'd seen and continued to see between Tonks and Chiara, he didn't rule out the use of toys in their past, but he pressed forward as if the largest thing she'd had inside her was a finger or two.

Better to be safe and gentle than sorry and ruining any chance for a joyous end to his evening.

Harry took his time, pressing forward until the pretty healer felt unbearably tight, before pulling out and starting the journey again.

Each repetition, she felt a little looser and more relaxed than the last. He figured he had Tonks to thank for that, her continued suckling, kissing, groping and strumming of her clit helping her to relax despite his oversized invasion.

Unlike with his depressingly brief and unsatisfying tryst with Penny, Chiara was delightfully deeper in her core, able to take just about half of his oversized manhood before he felt the inevitable dead end.

The second his knob pressed against her cervix, Chiara arched her back, grit her teeth and let out a keening cry of pleasure.

'Yesss, you love it, don't you, slut?' Tonks whispered, now strumming her clit like she was trying to get a tune out of it. 'You love the feeling of Harry's big, gorgeous *cock* don't you?'

'*Nnng mhhmm*,' she groaned out in response, words failing her as Harry slowly pulled out before pressing back in.

Each repetition now came a little faster, his thrusts also becoming less gentle and controlled as he got a measure for Chiara's tolerance and levels of pleasure.

Even more than grinding against her g-spot, the healer seemed to *love it* when he held himself against her cervix and applied gentle, steady pressure. Her back would arch each time he did it, and she'd let out the most adorable of yelps and moans.

Even better, for Harry, was how... *responsive* her body was. She was so soft and jiggly, and every time his thighs would crash against hers, her skin would ripple and her unmolested breast sway with the impact.

'Oh, oh, *ooooh*, I'm c-cumming! I'm cumming!'

'Cum for us,' Tonks hissed in her ear, pressing harder against her clit as she reached around Chiara's body with her feet to hook behind Harry's thighs and pull him deeper.

Pulling him in and refusing to let him go.

Giving up on thrusting, Harry bottomed out as deep as Chiara's pussy would allow and just swirled his hips, changing the angles with which his oversized member would press against her insides.

The closer the healer came to her end, the tighter she squeezed him, the warmer she felt, and the louder she moaned her pleasure.

Harry silenced her cries by bending down to capture her lips in another searing kiss, and Tonks reached around with a hand to tangle it in his hair and pull him tighter.

In a weird way, in that moment, it felt like he and Tonks were already shagging *through* Chiara, each of them pouring their passion and desire into the squealing woman, who bore the brunt of their desires like a champ.

When Chiara finally came, she wrapped both her arms and legs around his body like Devil's Snare, as if she were trying to squeeze the life out of him. She was stronger than she looked, which made sense given how close they were to a full moon.

Regardless, Harry held firm as Chiara squealed into his mouth, her body trembling and convulsing as her first man-made orgasm surged through her like a tide.

Looking past his satisfied lover into the smouldering eyes of Tonks, he raised both eyebrows.

'How'd I do?'

She was evidently surprised by the question given it was *very fucking obvious* how well he'd done.

Still, Tonks picked up on his energy and played along.

'You did okay, I *guess*,' she teased, expressive eyes twinkling merrily.

The butterflies were going crazy in his belly as he stared deep into said eyes.

'You reckon I deserve a reward then?'

'Oh?' she fired back, trying to sound disinterested. 'What do you have in mind?'

'You're the one that gave me this mission, *boss*, isn't that for *you* to decide?'

She was enjoying the byplay way too much, even with a quivering Chiara still separating them.

'Not your boss anymore,' she purred with such sensuality it sent an excited shiver up and down his spine. 'We're *colleagues* now.'

The strange emphasis she placed on the word *colleague* felt innocuous and teasing at first.

But something about it rattled around in his brain, bugging him and refusing to leave him alone.

And then... realization hit him like a bludger to the bollocks.

Oh... OOOOH!

Little disparate factoids floating around in his brain starting to connect as if he'd discovered a grand conspiracy.

Tonks had apparently always known about his crush on her.

She apparently felt the same way.

Nothing ever happened between them despite that.

It wasn't until this very day, when Tonks was officially no longer his boss, that something immediately did.

He stared down at her grinning features, mouth gaping in shock.

Did she set this whole bloody thing up?!

If so, then why did she insist on shagging Dean and Neville first?

Not all of it made sense yet, but enough of it did that Harry didn't care.

'Sorry luv, I'm glad you've realised how incredible Mr Centaur Dick is, but you're kinda in the way right now...'

Harry gaped as Tonks bodily shucked the still quivering Chiara off of her, and over to the other side of the couch.

And now there was nothing between them.

Tonks, naked and splayed out beneath him, cum oozing out of both of her holes...

Can't have that...

With an absent flick of his wrist, his wand flew from the invisible holster on his forearm into his open hand and, with another flick, he'd vanished all traces of Nev and Dean's cum from her body.

Tonks pouted.

'You know, there's a sexier way you could have cleaned that.'

Rather than dignify that with a response, Harry shot her a deadpan stare while clenching the head of his throbbing manhood.

The Metamorph pouted again, then spread the lips of her pussy wide, holding herself open for him with a teasing, sultry grin.

'Well? What're you waiting for?'

He heard more moans and groans picking up once more from behind him, but unlike earlier, where his gaze had been drawn to Tonks and the guys as if by gravity, Harry didn't even feel a *little-bit* curious to look back and see what was going on.

Everything and everyone he cared about was laid out on the couch before him.

'That's... a very good question.'

Harry throbbed and *burned* with desire when he heard Tonks suck in an excited breath the second he placed the head of his manhood at her entrance.

Rather than thrust in right away, he looked up, savouring the look of desire and anticipation in his crush's eyes.

A look he'd *dreamt* about her giving him for *years*.

'Mate, if you think you can tease me like you did that repressed little slut I swear—*oooooh fuuuuuuuuuuck!*'

He cut off whatever bollocks she was spewing in the best way he knew how.

By sinking into Tonks the deepest he'd ever sank into anybody, until his balls rested against her glorious arse.

It was... unlike anyone he'd ever been with.

She's right, Metamorphs are a million times better than Veela...

And then, her canal tightened around him as if it were *shrinking*, the flesh rippling along his length as it somehow tried to pull him deeper.

'This... this is even better than in my dreams...'

He flushed in mortification when he realised what he let slip.

Tonks didn't laugh or poke fun at him though. Her eyes screwed shut and her mouth hanging open in a silent scream, she could only nod rapidly in affirmation.

'Nnnh, *ahuh*, oooh...'

Harry stilled, wondering if that meant she'd dreamt about *him* too.

He couldn't help but grin.

Cradle-robbing slut...

Harry slowly pulled out, very much enjoying the way Tonks' lips gripped him jealously, as if fighting to keep him inside.

When it was only his head sitting in the entrance of her cunt, a realization hit him like a thunderbolt.

I don't have to be gentle!

His heart hammering with excitement, Harry thrust forward with all of his might, his thighs slamming against hers with bruising force and his bollocks smacking heavily against her arse.

'Ohh bloody *fuck!* Harder! Fuck me *harder!*'

She didn't need to tell him twice.

Harry hammered away like he was trying to teach Tonks a lesson, each of his thrusts ripping a guttural groan from his lover's lips and a gasp of exertion from Harry.

It was all he could do to not unload right away. This was the third woman he'd shagged that night for goodness sake, who could blame him?

But Harry *refused* to finish before Tonks did. He wanted her screaming his name like he'd always dreamt, to have her never forget how good it felt to shag him.

He wanted her to not be able to live without him. To fuck her so good that every other bloke felt *lesser* by comparison.

With steely determination, Harry angled his hips so he'd grind even harder against the roof of her cunt, then he took a page out of *her* book and pressed down on her mons, his thumb resting on her engorged clit.

She jerked in response to his touch, then, when he hammered in again, he copied Tonks' technique from earlier and strummed her clit.

'Aieeeee!'

Then he did it again, and *again*, Tonks biting down on her fist in an attempt to silence her embarrassing squeals.

Harry didn't mind. That left her inflated tits free and able to flop around instead as he kept up his brutal, unforgiving pace.

'Fuck, oh fuck, Harry, yesss! Oh Merlin! Harry! *Harry!!!*'

In that moment, Harry could have died and gone to heaven and he wouldn't have even been that upset.

Because how could life possibly get any better than it was in that moment? Tonks, coming undone beneath him, cumming *hard* on his dick as she screamed *his* name.

Frankly, how could it *not* be all downhill from here?

He watched, pride and satisfaction surging in his chest as Tonks *gushed*, squirting all over him as her orgasm rocked her to her core. She no longer cried out her pleasure, but her mouth hung open and her face contorted in bliss as her body shuddered with her release.

Harry was still doing everything in his power to hold on, to stall his own orgasm.

He wanted Tonks to *feel* him cumming inside her and... to be honest? In that moment, he doubted she was feeling much of anything other than the seemingly intense pleasure surging through her body in waves.

It took a minute, but her eyes finally fluttered open, glassy and bleary.

'Was it everything you ever dreamed of?'

His chest swelled with pride and affection so powerful it took him by surprise.

'It was *better*,' he rasped, his voice deep and gravelly.

Tonks giggled, definitely sounding a little loopy after her powerful climax.

'How many times,' she began, her fingers tracing the lines of his abs down to the root of the cock still buried in her as she stared up at him with an adorable, dopey smile, 'did you dream about me?'

'All the time,' he admitted, seeing no point in hiding how hard he'd crushed over her now. 'Ever since I saw you in that summer dress at Mum's birthday dinner.'

Her eyes crossed as she dug back through her memories. When she realized what dress and party he was talking about, she let out an incredulous bark of laughter.

'You were *twelve*!'

He didn't laugh. His face remained deadly serious as he spilled his guts to the woman he perhaps cared for more than a little.

'And *you* were *stunning*.'

Harry was greeted to a very rare sight indeed.

Nymphadora Tonks.

Blushing.

‘Oooh, you’re too slick for your own good. I saw how you sweet-talked Chiara too. I think I’ll need to keep an eye on *you*...’

She emphasised her point by booping him on the nose and giggling like she was drunk.

‘So,’ she continued, smiling coyly. ‘In your dreams... how did I look?’

He looked down at her in confusion. ‘Beautiful...?’

She rolled her eyes, clearly not the answer she was expecting.

‘I mean *physically*. Come on. You’re having wet dreams about a *Metamorph*. What did I look like?’

Harry had been raised by Lily Potter, who—knowing the *terrible* influence his father and godfather would have on him—had beaten into his skull how to *properly* treat and talk to a woman.

‘What you look like doesn’t mean anything to me.’

And judging by the curl of the lips and the aggressive, exaggerated eyeroll, Tonks wasn’t your typical *woman*.

‘I’m going to delete the last ten seconds from my memory and *you*,’ she said with a scowl and aggressive poke to his chest, ‘are going to give me a *real* answer, dumbass!’

Gee, thanks mum. Last time I listen to your advice...

Clearing his throat, he recalled the form Tonks most often took in his dreams.

It wasn’t hard... he dreamt about her *a lot*.

‘Get rid of those oversized tits, they don’t suit you.’

That earned him an approving smile and Harry watched as her tits shrunk in real time—somewhere in between Penny’s perky pair and Chiara’s generous endowment.

He eyed her now perky like he was critiquing a painting and, tilting his head from side-to-side, he added, ‘Make the areola a little bigger aaand brown nipples, yes, perfect!’

Tonks smiled wide as her body changed in real time for him. One would think a Metamorph would rebel against such objectification... Tonks seemed to *revel* in it.

Maybe *he* was the “secret ingredient” in that equation that made it palatable?

‘*Everyone*’s pale in London, it’s boring. Darken your skin up a bit.’

Tonks barked out a laugh. ‘We need to give you some Muggle London patrol routes, you’ve *clearly* been in the Magical world for too long...’

Still she did as he requested, her skin shifting in tone until he stopped her somewhere in between Mediterranean and Middle Eastern.

Looking over her body, he bit his lip and offered his next change.

‘You work out *way* too much for your body to look this... *weak*. Stop hiding your muscles.’

At the moment, Tonks was slim but more *athletic* than toned or shredded.

That all changed as her abs grew more defined, her thighs thickening with muscle and her shoulders bulking up just enough to look more *serious* without losing her feminine charm.

And speaking of feminine charm...

While still sheathed inside her warm and pulsing cunt, he gently flipped her over until she was face down on the couch.

He took a hold of her arse, one cheeks in each hand.

'No, this just won't do. *Bigger.*'

Tonks chuckled sultrily, moaning as she gently started rock back and forth on his cock while simultaneously altering herself for his pleasure.

She already had the bulging hamstrings that drove him wild, but watching as her arse bulked up, not just with fat, but with muscle too... it drove him *crazy*. He started to meet her gentle thrusts with more powerful ones of his own, watching how her arse would jiggle every time his groin crashed against it.

'More,' he demanded as her arse kept growing. '*More,*' he said again, his tone feverish now as meat and muscle seemingly grew from nowhere.

'You trying to build a shelf back there, Naughty Boy?' she teased, only stopping when Harry grunted in approval at the full handfuls he had of her arse.

I can't wait to see this in leather...

Running his hand along her spine, he was pleased with the musculature on her back so he said nothing.

He was less pleased about not having something to hold onto while he crashed into this gorgeous arse she just grew for him.

And this was perhaps the riskiest request of all. He'd never seen Tonks *without* her signature short, spikey hair.

Time to see if she's serious, I guess...

'I prefer long hair. Give me something to grab onto...'

She turned to look at him over her shoulder.

Harry didn't need to be a mentalist to read the look in her eyes.

It wasn't annoyed, it wasn't hesitant either.

She looked *eager*. Almost giddy.

She's trying to please you. And she's loving it...

Harry shook his head in disbelief. How had Moony fumbled this *perfect* woman so badly...?

Before his eyes, Harry watched as Tonks' spiky pink pixie cut grew out into a luscious, wavy mane.

Bloody hell this looks so good on her... all of it does!

Harry curled his fist into the grown strands and imagined how she looked while shagging Nev and Dean. With a brutal tug, he pulled her hair back and thrust in her to the hilt at the same time.

'Oh *fuck* yes!'

He watched the muscles of her back tense, the meat of her arse ripple and how her cunt gripped him as he pulled back out.

A part of him still couldn't believe this was reality.

Another part didn't want it to end.

Each thrust brought out a guttural cry from Tonks, then a yelp when she let her head sag and he'd pull her back up.

Just when he thought he might have pushed too far, she'd look over her shoulder, green eyes blazing with passion, and beg him for more. *Harder* and *faster*.

Harry had another idea.

One he'd have been scared to even bring up had she not all-but demanded he mold her body into his most desired form.

Angling his hips, he thrust downward towards her g-spot.

'Feel that?'

'YES,' she snapped, rapturous and incredulous, 'Of course I fucking feel that Harry!'

Her voice sounded strained, struggling with the non-stop pleasure and his seemingly endless stamina.

Leaning down, he put his lips right next to her ear and whispered, 'I want you to try and change the insides of your cunt so it's *all* like your g-spot...'

His words made her freeze. Whether in shock or disbelief at his stupidity, he didn't know.

'Is something like that possible...? Can you do it?'

'I... I don't... know?' she replied, hesitantly. 'I've never tried, give me a bit. Pull out, this might get... weird.'

Reluctantly, Harry pulled out of her impossibly tight and accommodating cunt, excitement bubbling in his chest at the thought of his crazy idea actually being possible.

Outwardly, he noticed no changes other than Tonks shuddering and squirming while kneeling before him on her hands and knees.

He admired her tweaked body and kept himself hard while waiting. He couldn't take his eyes off her arse—a true bubble butt the likes of which strained credulity... without somehow looking comical or ridiculous.

A level of perfection really only possible for Metamorphs.

So... so much better than Veela...

Unable to help himself, he brought his heavy cock down on one of her cheeks and giggled at how the flesh rippled in response—much like when he used to throw stones at the Black Lake.

'Cut it out,' Tonks hissed looking over her shoulder to shoot him a playful glare. It was honestly a piss-poor effort to dissuade him, especially as she wiggled her bum to try and get out of his reach. 'I'm trying to concentrate, this is harder than you think...'

'Know what else is hard...?'

'Shut! Up!' she snapped back playfully, each word emphasised with a backwards shove with the very bum he was salivating over.

I don't think she understands the meaning of dissuasion...

Still, Tonks finally got to a point where she thought she'd succeeded. Flipping around so that she was on her back again and looking up as he loomed over her. Biting her lip, she pointed to her supposedly *morphed* cunt and urged him in by hooking her ankles around his thighs.

'Go slow... I dunno if this'll work...'

Reluctantly, Harry did as Tonks asked. He carefully put the oversized head of his cock at her opening and gently started to press forward.

Tonks immediately sucked in a startled breath.

'Oh... *nnh*, wait a... *oooh aah*, OH FUCK!'

Her reaction was so sudden and explosive, Harry almost jumped back like he'd burnt himself on a stove.

'I didn't say stop!'

Yes ma'am!

Harry watched, awestruck, as Tonks held on for dear life. Every inch he pressed forward brought on a more extreme reaction, as if the mere act of hilding himself inside her had earned her the equivalent of one, continuous orgasm.

'Harder,' she urged, her gorgeous, dusky face now glistening with a sheen of sweat. '*Faster!*'

He wasn't sure she could handle that given how she'd reacted to his current, glacial pace.

Regardless, he did as the lady demanded.

And Tonks *screamed*.

A good scream, but one that had him double-checking his wards were still in place.

Not only was this new configuration of her cunt a benefit for Tonks though, it felt *unbelievable* for Harry too. It felt rougher, almost textured, her walls gripping him like a vice as he forced his way in, surrounding him in her warmth and undulating muscles with every inch of her elongated canal.

He'd never felt anything like it.

Again, he distractedly wondered how Moony could be so *stupid*.

As Tonks seemed to have one long, continuous orgasm, Harry finally focused on his own pleasure. A part of him already felt exhausted after holding off for so long, so he stopped trying to outlast everyone and instead surrendered to what his body had been pleading for for what seemed like *hours*.

Tonks threw her arms around him, pulling him close and smashing her lips against his in blind passion. With his movement restriction, Harry instead focused on gyrating his hips and allowing Tonks' squeezing, undulating kegel muscles to bring him over the edge.

It didn't take long.

'Oh yes! Cum in me, cum in *meeeeee! Fuuuuuuck!*'

Cum exploded out of him like a firehose, fulfilling one of his lifelong wet-dreams of giving a creampie to this gorgeous woman that kept screaming his name.

A wave of exhaustion hit him as his orgasm slowly came to an end, his body trembling and his muscles threatening to give out.

He didn't let them.

He had no idea, truly, if Tonks intended this as a one-time thing or something *more*, but Harry would operate under the assumption of the former, as much as it galled him to even countenance.

While his body still struggled with weakness and sexually-induced lethargy, and with his cock still sheathed in the quivering Metamorph, he bent down and picked her up, wrapping her legs around his waist and cradling her against his broad chest.

Turning, he found Neville, Dean, Chiara and Penny, all watching them with wide eyes.

Neville had Chiara on all fours and was seemingly in the process of buggering the relatively inexperienced healer. Dean had Penny laying down beneath her friend, sucking on the nipples of the large, dangling breasts while he drove into the blonde.

They'd all stopped what they were doing to watch Harry and Tonks though.

All he could do was shrug, not feeling embarrassed in the slightest.

If he were being honest? He'd completely forgotten the four of them even existed.

'Need to borrow your bedroom, Nev.'

Harry didn't even wait for the positive answer as he turned and strolled towards the back of the apartment, a giggly, euphoric Tonks in his arms.

Harry had needed to put up a second set of silencing wards as they continued shagging well into the night, with the both of them finally tapping out somewhere between 3-4AM.

Now they lay in the ruins of what was once Neville's pristine bed, with Tonks resting her head on Harry's heart and playing with his chest hairs. Giggles periodically escaped the clearly delirious Metamorph while Harry watched her with a tender smile on his lips.

They hadn't spoken in what felt like hours. Harry had let his passion for the older woman do the talking and Tonks had let him know how well he was doing with her rapturous cries.

Now that they finally had a moment of peace and privacy, the silence felt heavy.

Not in a bad way, but it was clear they were each waiting for the other to be the first to break the silence.

'You weren't the only one with a crush, y'know?'

Was it immature that Harry felt a little proud to not be the one to break first? Maybe, but he didn't care.

'That right?' He threaded his finger through hers and clasped her hand, rather liking the way it looked. 'If you liked me as much as I liked you, why'd you shag those two idiots then?'

It was a question that had been on his mind ever since he'd been forced to watch it happen, one he'd been scared to ask lest he come off as insecure or pathetic.

Tonks didn't answer straight away, seemingly equally fascinated with how their hands looked intertwined as they were.

When she did, it wasn't the answer Harry was expecting.

Nor was he sure how to feel about it.

'Wasn't that long ago that I broke up with Remus,' she said, not only addressing, but sending a killing curse at the unspoken Graphorn in the room. 'I refuse to get into a relationship with another bloke who's jealous, controlling or allergic to a fun and adventurous sex life. I tried that whole traditional bollocks once. Never again.'

Remus and Tonks had broken up several years ago now, and the reason had always been shrouded in mystery. Neither had outwardly spoken ill about the other and they'd remained friends.

Curiosity had always eaten at him though. Finally learning about what happened though served to lessen the guilt that had been gnawing at him ever since he'd fulfilled his greatest fantasy and shagged the gorgeous, older Metamorph.

Guilt he'd been happily ignoring.

Harry didn't speak straight away, even though he sensed Tonks wanted him to.

He needed to get his thoughts in order lest he say something stupid and either spoil the mood, or ruin any chances of a relationship before it even started.

'Who says I'm *not* jealous...?'

Tonks froze at his words, slowly rotating her head to look up and gauge his emotions. He gave nothing away, his face remaining stoic as Tonks brushed then blew loose strands of long, pink hair out of her face.

'That's bloody annoying.'

'You'll get used to it.'

'Oh?' She challenged, arching a brow. 'And why would I *need* to get used to it? Short hair suits me better and it's way more convenient.'

Harry didn't miss a beat.

'Because your boyfriend prefers girls with long hair.'

Tonks' smile widened and she somehow found the strength to lift herself up and straddle his waist.

'Boyfriend, huh? Who says I *want* a jealous boyfriend?'

'You're one to talk. Think I didn't notice how quick you ran over the second things between Chiara and me got serious? Bet you nearly ripped those twats' knobs off trying to get them to finish quicker...'

It took about a second for Tonks' ridiculous, faux serious facade to crumble and for her to burst into giggles.

'Okay... maybe I was a *little* jealous,' she admitted, holding up her index finger and thumb millimetres apart. 'Just a *tiny* bit.'

She followed that up by leaning down, pressing her perky tits to his chest and planting a soft, meaningful kiss on his lips.

There wasn't any of the heat or passion that had been there during any of their snogs that evening, but it didn't feel lesser by their absence.

If anything, it felt... *more*.

Then Tonks cursed.

'Bloody *shit*.'

Harry's eyes widened. 'What?'

Tonks let out a melodramatic sigh, collapsing back on the bed beside him and snuggling up to him like he was her giant teddy bear.

'Your mum's gonna kill me. I'm stealing her *precious baby* from her...'

Harry's heart skipped a beat, a goofy grin blooming on his features so intense that it made his cheeks hurt.

'Don't worry, I'll protect you from the evil hag.'

'I'm telling her you said that. Maybe the heartbreak will earn me a few more seconds of life.'

'I'll just blame you. Say you're turning me against her.'

Tonks' eyes widened in horror and before he could defend himself, she was on him, trapping him between her powerful thighs and tickling him all over.

She didn't stop until she felt something *hard* and *insistent* poking her toned, meaty arse.

Her green eyes sparkled as she shuffled back down his body, grinding atop his revived manhood.

'*Mmm*, I think I'm starting to like the idea of having my very own *boytoy*.'

Harry frowned. He didn't like the way that sounded. It was too dismissive, not serious enough when compared to how he felt about Tonks.

When she saw the look on his face, Tonks rolled her eyes in exasperation and looked to the ceiling as if pleading for help.

'Oh *fine*, geeze, boyfriend. *Happy?*'

Harry took her hands in his, his thumb brushing over her bare ring finger subconsciously.

'Happy? Not quite. But I suppose it'll do...'

He trailed off meaningfully, looking up into Tonks' wide, startled eyes with an intensity that took his older girlfriend's breath away.

'For *now*.'

-

Seven Months Later.

Harry was happier than he could ever remember being.

Not in the dramatic, life-changing sort of way people wrote songs and poetry about.

Just... *happy*.

The kind of happiness and contentment that snuck up on you when you weren't paying attention.

The kind that made the bad days easier and the good days unforgettable.

The kind that made him catch himself smiling for no reason while filling out paperwork or doing chores.

It had taken him a while to realise it.

A while longer to admit it.

But somewhere between late-night takeaways, long conversations after shifts, lazy Sundays spent doing absolutely nothing, and countless hours simply existing in each other's company, Harry had fallen head over heels for Nymphadora Tonks.

Hardly a shocking revelation.

He'd been halfway there since puberty.

The surprising part was discovering that the reality of his relationship with Tonks somehow surpassed the fantasy.

They'd always gotten along. Always been close.

Harry had spent most of his life looking up to Tonks.

Now?

Now she was his girlfriend.

His partner.

His best friend.

The woman who somehow made even the most miserable parts of life fun.

Their relationship had started in a way that would probably have made his mother go on a murderous rampage, but the seven months since had been nothing short of bliss.

Monogamous bliss, much to Harry's surprise..

Despite Tonks having felt suffocated in her previous relationship, it was less the wild orgies she'd missed, and more the spontaneity and excitement they typically entailed.

Not that their love life lacked that.

Thankfully, the reveal of their relationship had gone down well with their families. Mostly.

Ted and Andi adored him, so there was no stress there.

Remus had been surprisingly relaxed about the entire thing.

After getting over the initial awkwardness, Moony had simply smiled, clapped Harry on the shoulder, and told him he was happy Tonks had found someone better suited to her.

Harry still wasn't entirely convinced that hadn't been a subtle dig aimed at both of them. Thankfully, he wasn't the petty sort.

His father and Sirius had been considerably less mature.

Harry was fairly certain he could win an Order of Merlin and neither man would ever be as proud of him as they had been when they'd discovered he'd somehow managed to "bag a cougar."

Their words, not his.

His mother had been... more complicated.

The phrase "absolute bloody disaster" felt appropriate.

There had been shouting, threats, and several deeply uncomfortable conversations.

At one point Harry was reasonably certain she'd considered murdering Tonks and burying the body somewhere in the Highlands.

Thankfully, Lily Potter loved and trusted her *baby boy*.

Eventually, after a great deal of effort and several months of proving that neither of them had completely lost their minds, she'd accepted her new crushing reality.

That Lily Potter was no longer the most important woman in her son's life.

Nowadays, she and Tonks got along surprisingly well.

Most of the time.

Which was probably the best outcome Harry could have reasonably hoped for.

All things considered, life was pretty bloody perfect.

Which was why he felt okay about going the extra mile to celebrate his girlfriend's birthday that evening.

Tonks deserved it.

And Harry fully intended to make sure it was one she'd never forget.

Tonks finally arrived in a flash of green fire from the Floo at half-eight that evening, stumbling out into the living room looking every bit the exhausted Auror at the end of a long shift.

Some things never changed.

For all the jokes people made about Neville and Dean struggling with adulthood, Tonks wasn't much better. Harry had introduced a desperately needed sense of order into the apartment after moving in, transforming it from a barely habitable bachelorette den into something that vaguely resembled the home of two functioning adults.

Vaguely being the important word.

Tonks still seemed to have a vendetta against vanishing charms and coat hooks...

Pushing himself off the couch, Harry crossed the room and wrapped his arms around her before she could say a word.

He kissed her softly.

Then again.

And once more as she melted against his body.

'Happy birthday,' he murmured between kisses.

Tonks practically purred as she ground herself against him.

He felt her smile into the kiss before she sighed contentedly and settled into his embrace.

Harry didn't bother asking about her day.

Partly because he already knew.

Mostly because they had an unspoken rule.

Don't bring work home.

When they were home, they were just Harry and Tonks.

Not Aurors.

Not colleagues.

Just... best mates.

Ones who shagged. A lot.

His lips twitched as he noticed her eyes darting around the apartment while their lips were still locked.

She's as subtle as a Howler...

Clearly, his girl was expecting a present.

Unfortunately for her, there wasn't one.

At least not in plain sight.

'No flowers?' she asked eventually, widening her eyes in exaggerated disappointment.

Harry snorted.

'If I thought you gave a single shit about flowers, I'd have drowned you in them.'

'Hmm.'

She glanced around again.

'I also don't see any suspiciously expensive boxes with ribbons on them, luv. Pretty piss-poor effort for our first birthday together.'

Harry had to bite the inside of his cheek to stop himself smiling.

'Well... I *would* hate to disappoint.'

Tonks immediately narrowed her eyes at his sus tone.

That was apparently enough to confirm he was hiding something.

'What've you done?'

'Nothing.'

'You're lying.'

'I am not.'

'You're grinning like a twat.'

'That's because I /ove seeing you throw a temper tantrum that would make my cousin proud.'

Tonks gasped in outrage.

The performance would have been more convincing if she hadn't immediately started scanning the room again.

Harry folded his arms and rolled his eyes, turning her face so she was looking at him and not scanning the room for something that wasn't there.'

'Go put something nice on. I've made plans for the evening.'

Her eyes lit up instantly.

'What plans?'

'Can't tell you.'

'Why noooooooooot?'

She stomped her foot and everything. It was adorable, and hilarious.

Dudders, eat your heart out.

'Because...' he began, leaning in as if he were about to impart a great secret, 'it's a surprise!'

'Oh fuck off!'

'Mmm, I love it when you talk dirty to me.'

Harry laughed as she spun on her heel and marched down the hallway in exaggerated annoyance.

'You're the worst!'

'Love you too!'

'Prick!'

Harry's laughter followed her all the way to the bedroom.

A moment later he wandered after her, hands shoved casually into his pockets.

Standing in the doorway, he watched as Tonks discarded her robes—on the floor, bloody *obviously*—and began rooting through the room in search of a towel after she'd stripped down to her birthday suit.

Completely oblivious to the fact that Harry, who'd looked ready for a night out himself, had quietly started undressing behind her.

Tonks finally reached the wardrobe.

Muttering to herself in annoyance, she pulled open the doors, then froze.

Calmly, she gently closed the doors again, turned, and froze again when she saw her boyfriend standing in the doorway as naked as she was.

'Harry, dearest?'

'Mhmm?'

'Why are there two naked blokes with huge, hard dicks in our wardrobe?'

Harry tilted his head to the side and narrowed his eyes as he scrutinized his beautiful girlfriend.

'You know what? Either you've been working on your poker face, or you *genuinely* didn't realise those two *blokes* are Dean and Nev...'

The adorable flush that overcame her olive-coloured skin was positively *hilarious*.

Harry couldn't help but let out a bark of laughter.

'Come out!'

The wardrobe opened again and his mates strolled out, their eyes devouring Tonks' naked form hungrily.

Jealousy once more burned in his chest but he put it aside as he pulled Tonks over to their bed, laid down, and had her straddle him.

'Surprise,' he whispered, staring up into Tonks' wide eyes as he impaled her on his shaft while spreading her cheeks wide.

Dean beat Nev to the bed and jumped on, his huge, angry black cock leading the way like a lance.

'Happy birthday, Tonksie!' Dean cheekily followed up, before grunting as his head speared right through the tight ring of muscle around her delicate rosebud in one brutal thrust.

One of the *many* benefits of dating a Metamorph?

No need to fuck about with "getting her ready."

'Ooooooh *fuuuuuuuck*,' Tonks groaned as both Harry and Dean filled her to the brim.

Nev came around her side, holding his huge, hard cock to her lips like it was a treat.

'Happy birthday, luv,' he teased, pulling his member away when Tonks' darted forward in an attempt to swallow the proffered shaft. 'Ah ah! We're ready for you this time, you cheating little

slut. No more of your dirty Metamorph tricks to finish us off early—we're not stopping until the sun comes up!

Harry didn't even know if Tonks had registered the Boy-Who-Lived's words. Instead, Nev yelped as Tonks' hand shot out like a flash, grabbed his cock, and pulled him so hard she nearly yanked it off.

'YEOW!'

Putting Nev's cock on her lips, she looked up with a pair of smouldering, crimson eyes. She'd paired them with white hair that evening—a look he'd kinda grown fond of ever since Chiara. Especially on her darker skin-tone.

'Less talking, more *shagging*.'

Harry snorted.

He might have said more, but he had a mouthful of Tonks' perky tit and was focused on thrusting up into his girlfriend.

The jealousy still burned in his chest at hearing her groan in pleasure from what Nev and Dean did to her, but he used it as fuel to make sure he'd give her a night she'd never forget.

He only dreaded what would happen at Christmas. How could he possibly top *this*?

What about next year? For her thirtieth birthday?!

Thankfully... he had time to figure something out.

And maybe, just maybe, she'd throw some delightful *surprises* his way too.