

Summary: After learning the truth about the prophecy, Harry comes to a single conclusion: He is most definitely going to die. Well, if he's going out, then Merlin be damned, he'd go out living his life to the fullest. And what better way to do that than by charming the knickers off of every girl who caught his fancy? Hogwarts isn't ready for a Boy-Who-Lived with a death wish.

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Chapter 16: Professor Tonks

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"So this is your basic stunning spell. It's one of the first spells aurors learn to master in the academy and overall the most widely used tool to incapacitate someone. What do you notice about it?"

Cammi scrunched her nose and stared at the small glowing ball of light emanating from the swirled tip of Tonks' wand. "It's um...red?"

Tonks snorted and pulled the woman closer, careful to keep her wand pointed away from her friend. "Besides the colour. What does it *feel* like?"

Cammie furrowed her brow with a huff and hovered her hand around the red sparking orb.

She'd seen a lot of magic in the last couple weeks ever since she learned the truth about the Wizarding World, and while for the most part she'd grown used to the sheer lunacy of it all, part of her was still wary of the actual *magic* part of it all. Still, she wasn't some simpering little girl afraid of her own shadow, she could do this.

With a breath, she steeled her nerves and concentrated. At first she didn't notice anything besides the low hum in the air around her hand, but then something changed...shifted almost. She couldn't explain it. Perhaps it was the small amount of heat emanating from the spell, or the way she could feel each spark and crackle of energy as it remained locked in place on Tonks' wand tip. Either way, the small hum suddenly morphed into something else, like a steady thrumming- cresting a high pitch before lowering down a reverberating low baritone. It was almost like a little-

“Heartbeat.” Cammi whispered. Opening her eyes, she looked back up to Tonks’ smiling face. “It feels like a heartbeat.”

“Now you’re getting it!” Tonks cheered. With a flick of her wand the stunner was snuffed out and instead replaced with a soft purple-blue orb that rippled and moved like calm water.

“To muggles, ‘magic’ is a word used to explain something that can’t be scientifically explained. Two thousand years ago, lighting was magic cast down by a god in righteous anger, yet today, we know through the answers of science that lighting is really just a transfer of electric charge between particles in the atmosphere resulting in a negatively charged base layer of a storm system.”

As she said this, the calm orb began to shake. Small arcs of electricity zapped across its surface before Tonks swished her wand again, pointing it towards the open window on the other side of her living room. A muffled ‘*crack!*’ emanated from her wand as a small bolt of lighting shot out through the window and collided to a lamp post outside. Cammi flinched as the bulb in the post exploded from the surge of energy with sparks raining down onto the street below.

“Oops.” Tonks winced. “Charged it a bit too much, but you see my point!” Readjusting herself, the currently purpled-hair metamorph sighed and stashed her wand. “For us witches and wizards, magic isn’t some mystical energy that we wholly worship as some greater power, but a form of science itself. We study it, question it, and through it create things that would drive many muggle physicists barmy!” She laughed.

“I think I get your point.” Cammi nodded. “But what does that have to do with the way the stunning spell felt?”

“Everything! You used to work at a jewelry shop before you became a receptionist right?” Tonks asked. At Cammi’s nod the metamorph continued. “Great! Tell me then, how would you be able to tell the difference between real gold and a mixture of brass and zinc?”

Cammi thought for a moment. "Scratch them across a testing stone and then pour a bit of diluted isopropyl alcohol on the residue they leave behind. Whichever one disappears is the fake gold."

"Exactly!" Tonks cheered once again. "Because science has proven that the alcohol can break down the properties of brass and zinc but not gold above a certain karat! Magic is the same! It has physical properties to it. Rules that define it and explain its limitations, and a foundation for us to derive more from it! The stunning spell wasn't just a product of some naturally occurring phenomenon. Some otherworldly force didn't whisper the spell's incantation into some lucky wizard's ear one day. The spell was created through science. Its equation was derived through arithmancy, its limitations answered by the laws of magic we know, and its incantation formed from its observed effects and properties. In a sense, spells, and magic by extension, are really just a fancy form of chemistry if you think about it!" Tonks smirked.

"You know I barely passed my chemistry a-levels right?" Cammi remarked with a grimace.

"Eh, so did I." Tonks waved her off.

"You took your a-levels?"

Tonks nodded with a shrug. "My dad's a muggleborn and wanted me to get a fully rounded education. So during the summers I went to some pompous accelerated school for child geniuses or whatever. Needless to say, I was no bloody child genius and nearly got kicked out because of my grades on three separate occasions." She snorted. "Point is though, magic has properties and laws that it has to abide by just like everything else. That's why my stunner felt like a heartbeat and is one of the many little quirks about magic you can use to identify what it is!"

Understanding dawned on Cammi. "Oh. Well then why didn't you just bloody say that?"

Tonks snorted again and rolled her eyes. Picking her wand back up, the metamorph formed another ball of swirling energy at the tip and held it aloft for Cammi to see.

"C'mon put your hand close and tell me what you notice with this one."

The hours flew by, with Cammi learning more and more about various common spells. She was still rubbish at identifying most. At first she thought it'd be simple since most spells were some sort of colour or another, but as Tonks showed her, colour alone couldn't be depended on to identifying spells. There were too many hexes and curses and not enough hues on the spectrum, meaning many spells often shared colours due to their magical makeup.

"But therein lies my second point!" Tonks said as Cammi failed to tell the difference between a bone knitting and a spleen liquifying curse yet again. "Spells have properties which affect them in different ways. The stunning spell hums like a heartbeat because it affects the consciousness of its target. Likewise, the anesthesia spell most healers use hums in a similar pattern because of its nearly identical effect. Vice versa, these two spells are both purple because of their similar transformation of a target's body part."

"So then what's the point of learning the feel of a spell or whatever!" Cammi huffed in frustration. It'd been a long day and she was just about at her wits end with this impromptu magic lesson, or her failure with said lesson to be more honest. She'd always had problems with doing stuff she wasn't good at. One of the many reasons why she hated football so much after her mum forced her to play in her neighborhood summer league three years in a row. She was a shoddy centre forward after all.

"Because if you know how to identify one spell through different ways, then you can have a general idea of how to tell if most other spells are good or downright bloody deadly." Tonks said gravely. "Look Cams, I know it's a lot, especially on the first day, but it's necessary I teach you this stuff. I'm not trying to turn you into some magic theory prodigy or something. You just need to know enough to keep yourself safe when Harry or I aren't here."

As she said this, Tonks reached over and gave Cammi's hand a squeeze. Cammi sighed. The truth of Tonks' words calmed her somewhat. She was right, Cammi did need to know these things, especially if there was to be another magical war soon.

"You're right." She sighed. "S'just...a bit overwhelming, yeah? Normally when you start dating someone new you find out they have a little drinking problem or maybe they're a bit *too* close with one of their co-workers." She laughed. "But the bloke I fall head over heels for is some prophesied chosen one that's got to bloody kill magic Hitler!" Her laughter died off slowly until she grew quiet, her mind lost in thought.

Beside her, Tonks bit her lip in concern before she spoke. "Do you...Do you regret meeting Harry? Knowing what you know now?"

"What?!" Cammi exclaimed, rearing back as if she'd been struck. "Of course not! No! I just- I was just saying it's a bit of an adjustment for me is all!"

Tonks raised her hand defensively, trying to calm the shouting woman before her. "Alright! Alright! Sorry, I just had to ask! Harry's a good bloke and I didn't want you to go blaming him for all this mess you know?"

Cammi rolled her eyes and stood, marching her way to the fridge. She quickly retrieved two bottles of her favourite ale from within and retreated back to the couch, passing Tonks one of the bottles as she passed. "Of course it's not his fault, and I don't bloody blame him for any of this shite." She twisted the top off easily and took a generous gulp of the bitter liquid inside. "I was telling the truth when I told him that he's stuck with me and I damn well meant it! But you can't blame me for being a little overwhelmed by everything."

Tonks nodded in agreement as she took a drink of her own ale. "Fair. I'd be just as freaked out if I were in your shoes, but you've got me and Harry in your corner. Even better, Harry's got *you* in his corner, so I doubt the dark tosser will be a problem much longer!"

Cammi giggled at the metamorph's words and sat her drink down. "Let's give it another go then."

Tonks smiled at the raven haired beauty and grabbed her wand. Soon enough, the small flat was filled with crackling light once more as their lesson resumed.

Harry always enjoyed visiting Hogsmeade. Sure he could do without the large crowds of students and the ever present stares from the occasional passerby, but all in all he never failed to enjoy himself when wandering the small village's streets and alleyways.

That being said, today was most certainly not a day he enjoyed.

Harry pushed down the small spark of irritation in his chest as he remembered exactly why he was in the small wizarding village that day. Beside him, Katie and Leanne were chatting happily as if nothing was amiss, yet both girls were also very aware of the part they had to play in today's plans.

"Would you stop your brooding already?!" Katie hissed in his ear as they dragged him from one shop to the next. "It'll be fine Harry."

Harry huffed and followed the blonde into the quaint little clothing shop as Leanne trailed behind them.

"We're depending on *Pansy Parkinson* of all people." He grumbled. "There's nothing fine about that!"

Katie rolled her eyes as she began to peruse the various clothing racks with a keen eye. Harry, after all, was paying so that meant she could purchase a few more items than her coin-purse would normally allow.

"You said it yourself, she wants no part in Malfoy's scheme. So unless she was able to fool both you *and* Dumbledore, I'd wager she'll play her part just fine today." Katie argued back.

Harry stifled a retort. She was right in a way. Pansy had indeed been desperate to get out of Draco's little ploy, enough so that she was willing to practically whore herself out to him for even a chance to escape the potential consequences of the blonde ferret's machinations.

Still...even if Pansy was fun in bed, Harry would hardly say he trusted the girl. Witches like Pansy Parkinson only ever looked out for themselves and he wouldn't put it past the girl to try something today if she thought she could get away with it.

Katie clicked her tongue at him as she spotted the small scowl still affixed to his face. The blonde witch let out a sigh before quickly stalking forward and wrapping her arm through his.

“Leanne, do me a favour and keep a look out would ya?” Katie asked the Hufflepuff girl.

Leanne nodded with a smirk, her eyes darting between the two. “You got it Kates.”

Before Harry could question her intentions, Katie yanked him to the side and into one of the many changing rooms nestled snugly in the back of the store.

The door had barely clicked shut before Katie made her move, kneeling down in front of him as her hands quickly set about undoing his belt buckle.

“What are you doing?!” Harry asked in bewilderment.

“You need to relax or else Malfoy will know something is off by the way you’re acting all scowly.”

Katie said as she finished with his belt and popped open the front of his trousers. “And I know just how to do that~”

As soon as the words left her mouth, Harry watched as Katie quickly freed his cock from the confines of his boxers before encasing it with her plump velvety lips. If that wasn’t enough to have him rapidly hardening right then and there, then the feeling of the blonde’s hot wet tongue circling around his cock-head certainly would.

He stifled a groan as Katie began to work her mouth along his rock hard length. She peppered the underside with wet, sloppy kisses, using her tongue to coat his entire shaft with a thick layer of saliva before traveling even lower to lap at his balls. As she popped one of the cum-filled sacs in her mouth, his cock rested gentle atop her face. One dazzling blue eye stared up at him, clouded with a hazy gleam of lust while the other was obscured by his engorged cock-head as it smeared the blonde’s face with saliva and makeup.

“Bloody hell you’re insatiable.” Harry breathed as Katie released his balls and returned to sloppily lapping her way up his length.

Instead of answering, the older witch winked back up at him before taking him into her mouth.

The feeling of her velvety oral orifice wrapping around his shaft, tightening and relaxing

randomly as Katie took him deeper and deeper, nearly had Harry at his wits end. It took much of his impressive will-power not to grip Katie's head by her pretty blonde locks and *slam* his cock as deep as possible down her slutty little throat. She wouldn't even mind either. Hell, she'd probably love to be used like that. Even since their little rendezvous in the shower, the blonde had took a particular interest in both deepthroating and face-fucking. Her favourite position they'd found was sixty-nineing with Harry on top, thrusting his thick meaty cock down her gullet while he lavished her pussy. While they certainly had no room for *that* in the cramped changing room, Katie would be more than happy to let him use her mouth as he pleased. But he couldn't could he? The risk of being caught was too high, even with Leanne standing watch outside...right?

Ah fuck it.

Katie's mouth just felt too fucking good around his cock and he certainly couldn't give a shite about the prude old shop-keep catching them in the act.

Taking a handful of Katie's hair into his grasp, Harry reached down with his other hand to cup the girl's chin. Katie's blue eyes met his green ones, her pale pink lips still dutifully sucking his cock as he silently communicated his want to her. The sparkle of excitement that exploded across her gaze was all the permission he needed, and without so much as a warning, Harry tightened his grip on her hair and *slammed* his hips forward.

"GLURK!"

The sound of Katie's tight throat spasming and squelching around him as he used it as his own personal cock-sleeve filled the small changing room. Despite the intense abuse her esophagus was taking, the blonde remained steadfast, her hands latched tightly onto his thighs and even worked to pull him deeper down her gullet with each thrust. She'd come a long way from her gasping and gagging performance in the shower, that much was for sure. Even her eyes remained opened, staring up at him with a look of absolute euphoria as he fucked her slutty mouth.

Whether it was that look of intense devotion, the constriction of her tight wet gullet, and even the rhythmic slapping of his balls against his chin, Harry didn't know. All he knew was that his end was approaching fast, faster than he wished, and that it wouldn't be long before he was shooting his cum directly into Katie's stomach.

Katie knew it too it seemed. She always seemed to know when he was reaching peak just like Cammi, and just like the tattooed vixen, seemed to enjoy bringing him to the most explosive end she could.

Harry sucked in a sharp breath as he was suddenly pushed back onto the small changing bench behind him. The feeling of Katie's mouth disappeared from his cock only to be replaced by something even tighter and hotter seconds later. He didn't even question how she had pulled her skirt up and pushed her knickers aside so fast. He was too distracted by the pure silky feeling of her pussy constricting around him to care. It was too much for him. Harry groaned as he tried to hold fast, but Katie's silken cunt was impossible to deny the reward it so desperately wanted.

"Yesss~" Katie whimpered into his ear as the first spurt of cum was shot deep inside her womb.

"That's it. Fill me up Harry. Fill me slutty little pussy with you cum!~"

Harry groaned into her neck and did just that, cock pulsing again and again as he erupted inside the blonde's tight cunt.

"Feel better?" Katie asked a few moments later, when the last of his seed was trapped within her folds and their breath had returned to them both.

"Much." He replied, leaning up to place a fiery kiss against the blonde's lips.

The frantic knocking of Leanne halted any further fun as the pair quickly dressed and slipped out of the changing room, the suspicious glare of the wrinkled old shop-keeper following them the entire way as they left.

The knock at the door sent a jolt of surprise through Pansy. Within her room above the Three Broomsticks she had been lost in thought, puzzling over whether siding with Potter was truly the best choice to make. The knock stirred her from these thoughts, yet the fear and uncertainty remained as she crept to the door, wand ready for any surprises that may or may not be waiting for her on the other side.

Glancing through the peep-hole, Pansy frowned as she saw nothing and no one on the other side. Something wasn't right.

Tightening the grip on her wand, the brunette witch grasped the door knob, taking a quick steeling breath before yanking the wooden barrier open. Empty air met the glowing tip of her wand, only further increasing her confusion.

"You'll need to be quicker than that Parkinson." A voice called from behind her.

Whirling around in shock, Pansy instinctually threw a stunner towards the voice, only for her spell to be batted away as if it were a fly. The smirking visage of Harry Potter met her eyes as she finally realised who her surprise visitor was.

"You're late." She huffed, stowing her wand quickly and shutting the door.

Potter simply shrugged and fell back into one of the chairs in front of the room's small fireplace.

"Got held up. I'm here now though."

Pansy scoffed and moved to sit in the chair opposite him. "Whatever. I assume Bell is waiting downstairs then?"

Potter nodded and reached into the leather satchel he wore on his hip. Pansy stiffened at first, her instincts expecting some sort of attack or double-cross of some sort, yet nothing came.

Instead, Potter produced a familiar parchment wrapped package and held it out for her to accept.

Pansy swallowed thickly. Though she couldn't sense any dark magic on the package, part of her feared there was still some sort of nasty curse or hex just waiting to be activated the second she

grasped it. Slowly, she reached forward, taking the package hesitantly. The breath of relief she let out when nothing happened made Potter raise a brow questioningly.

“Expecting me to be like your cunt of a betrothed hmm?” He rolled his eyes. “I’m not a coward like Draco, Parkinson. If I was going to betray you, I’d do it to your face. Not hide behind some cursed necklace.”

Pansy scowled but said nothing, slipping the fake-necklace into her bag.

“Though that does make me wonder if perhaps you weren’t projecting your own feelings there.” Potter added, his tone hardening with every word.

Pansy looked up at him with a scowl. “What the fuck are you getting at Potter?” She growled.

“Perhaps you’re so worried that I’m going to betray you because you’ve already made plans to betray us instead.” He explained, his green eyes burning with anger.

Pansy stamped down the fear she felt when looking into the swirling green orbs. “That’s ridiculous. You’re the one who’s being paranoid now!” And he was. Sure it wasn’t like Pansy hadn’t *thought* about it, but she wasn’t actually stupid enough to do it! Besides, if she had she’d be right back where she started- under Draco’s thumb, only this time with a much shorter leash. There’d be no gain in going back on her word now, not that she could think of at least...

“Probably.” Potter replied. “But that doesn’t mean I’m not right.”

Pansy rolled her eyes. “And what? You’re not gonna let me out of this room until I bloody prove myself or something?” Potter shrugged, forcing a scoff of disbelief from Pansy. “Seriously?! Screw you Potter!”

“If you remember love, you already have.” Potter snarked back, crossing his arms with a mocking smirk.

Oh he wanted to play that game...

Pansy growled and stood. Fine! She’d fucking prove herself and whatever other stupid games he wanted to play. As long as he kept up his end of the bargain, she didn’t care!

Stomping over, Pansy grabbed Potter by the hand and pulled him up. Quickly she dragged him to the bed on the other side of the room, not stopping once even as he chuckled in amusement behind her.

“Lie down!” She ordered, quickly pulling at the buttons of her blouse.

Potter did so without argument, shucking off his jacket and shirt before pulling off his trousers just as fast.

Pansy didn't even blink when his thick veiny cock popped free. Her mind was too abuzz with irritation to marvel at the large rod of meat before her. And besides, she thought as she kicked off her knickers and threw aside her bra, it's not like she hadn't become *intimately* familiar with Potter's cock just a few nights ago.

“You know-” Potter grunted as Pansy settled on his waist. The tip of his cock prodded against her entrance while Pansy worked on spitting a healthy amount of saliva into her hand before lathering it on his bulbous tip. “-I would've accepted a magical vow or something of the like, but this works too.”

“Potter?” Her breath hitched as she said his name, the feeling of her walls being stretched apart by his girthy member already driving her body wild with lust.

“Yeah Parkinson?” He replied, that absolutely annoying, knicker wetting, insufferable smirk splayed across his lips.

“Shut the hell up and fuck me already.” She growled back, manicured nails digging into his toned chest as his cock bottomed out inside of her.

Potter chuckled and gripped her wide shapely hips. “Well since you asked so nicely.”

And then all Pansy knew was pleasure.

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~Downstairs (About the same time)~

“Ten galleons says Parkinson comes down with cum in her hair.” Katie whispered to her Hufflepuff friend.

Leanne snorted and picked up her butterbeer. “Fifteen she comes down with cum in her hair AND limping.”

“You’re on!”

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Author’s Note

And that’s it! The final chapter of 2024! Thank you all once again for such an incredible year and keep watch for the next chapter coming after the new year!

Thanks for reading!