

ALL CHARACTERS PORTRAYED WITHIN THIS STORY ARE 18 YEARS OLD OR ABOVE.

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Summary: When a magical flower sprays Harry with a mysterious cloud of spores, he soon finds the side effects to be far more...pleasant than he expected. Now with every girl in the castle *obsessed* with him, Harry must decide whether to find a cure for this mysterious ailment or give in to its more carnal benefits.

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Chapter 21: Hellebores

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They'd barely made it two steps off the Express when Harry spotted them. The dozen or so Aurors milling around the platform in plain clothes would be difficult for most people to pick out, but after working with them over the last few months, Harry has learned what to look out for. Where every other parent or guardian on the platform stood chatting amicably with one another or kept their eyes focused on the crowd in search of their children, the Aurors stood back. They kept to the perimeter of the crowd, choosing to lean against the odd pillar or standing in places where their lines of sight remained unhindered. Their eyes did not search the crowd; instead, they scanned the entire platform almost robotically, each taking to watching certain sections containing exits and possible blind spots.

It was somewhat amusing if he were being honest. He was able to spot them because they were a bit *too* vigilant. It also didn't help that he recognised one. The honey-blonde witch doing her best to appear nonchalant next to the service desk had attended every one of his patronus lessons. In fact, she was always the first to arrive, taking her place at the front of the room closest to him. She was also one who seemed to always have *trouble* with the wand work, never failing to request he 'show' her how to do it right. This usually led to her ass pressed against his crotch while he tried to adjust her arm positioning. Funny that.

Said honey-blond witch spotted him as well, her eyes widening ever so slightly in surprise while a light pink blush dusted her cheeks. Harry simply smirked, shooting her a quick wink, before turning back to follow Susan with Pansy and Hermione close behind.

Tonks met them near the main set of floos, the metamorph's shimmering purple hair acting as a beacon for them through the large crowd.

"Wotcher you lot!" she chirped. The purple-haired vixen was devoid of her maroon Auror robes as well, instead opting for a simple grey tank top and leather jacket with a pair of black combat pants.

"Hi Tonks!" Susan replied. Behind her, Hermione gave her own small wave to the auror while Pansy ducked her head with a blush. "Auntie's stuck at work, I assume?"

"Yep," Tonks nodded. "She got pulled into a meeting with the other Ministry fuddy-duddies, so you four are stuck with little ole me."

"The horror," Harry intoned with a lopsided grin, throwing an arm around Susan's shoulders.

The buxom redhead giggled while Tonks simply rolled her eyes.

"Watch it you," the metamorph huffed, yet the amused smile on her face chilled any heat in her words. "Everyone ready to go? Got all your stuff?"

Once they voiced their affirmations, the metamorph nodded and lifted the cuff of her jacket. She whispered something inaudible into her sleeve, but Harry didn't need to hear her words to know they'd been an order of some sort. Out of the corner of his eye he spotted several of the plainclothes Aurors moving. Before he could track them further, Tonks quickly ushered them one at a time into the nearest floo. Harry went third, following behind Susan and Hermione. With a mutter of *'Bonesforth Hall'*, the world was filled with green flames and Platform Nine and Three-Quarters disappeared...

...And with it, the piercing blue eyes that had kept watch from deep within the crowd of passerbys, unnoticed.

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Bones Manor was not what he expected.

Sure, he hadn't known exactly what to expect of the ancestral home of one of the oldest families in magical Britain, so really it was going to be a surprise either way. He'd only seen the master bedroom the last time he'd visited, and even then, his attention was solely focused on the drop-dead sexy witch sucking his cock rather than his surroundings.

It was a breath of fresh air, truth be told. The only other ancient pureblood manor he's ever seen was Grimmauld Place, and he highly doubted a house decorated with peeling wallpaper, mouldy drapes, and severed elf heads was a good frame of reference. Thankfully, Susan's ancestral home was devoid of any severed elf heads, so they were off to a great start already.

The entire manor was warm in a way that Harry would never associate with old pureblood homes. Rich polished wood gleamed softly beneath the light of floating amber lamps, every bannister and doorway worn smooth with generations of use rather than neglect. The walls were painted in deep browns and muted russet tones that made the enormous house feel grounded and comfortable instead of imposing, while thick carpets in shades of copper and burgundy muffled their footsteps as they walked the halls.

Framed portraits lined the corridors, but unlike the likes of Walburga's portrait, they regarded them with mild curiosity rather than loud shrieks of open disdain. Here and there, shelves overflowed with mismatched books, polished stones, and small family heirlooms that looked treasured rather than displayed for status or neglected relics thrown to the side.

All in all, Bones Manor actually felt like a home. It reminded him of the Burrow more than anything. A less chaotic and more lavish Burrow, but with the same warmth as the Weasleys' abode.

Susan had taken them on a tour when they first arrived, leading them along as she showed them her favourite parts of her home. Hermione, of course, had immediately disappeared the moment they came upon the library. Bones Manor held an impressive collection of tomes, according to Susan, something their bushy-haired girlfriend seemed keen to be the judge of

herself. After that, Pansy too had left, claiming one of the guest rooms for a nap with a grumble about an 'exhausting training ride', leaving Harry alone with Susan and Tonks in the main sitting room as the warmth of the late afternoon sun filtered in through the tall windows of Bones Manor.

Susan had changed out of her school uniform, choosing a soft cream sweater that clung to her curves and a flowing skirt that kept riding up her thighs as she curled against Harry on the plush sofa. Tonks sat across from them in a high-backed armchair, her legs draped over one arm, her purple hair shifting slowly through shades of lavender and violet as she flipped through a magazine.

"How much longer do you think she'll be?" Susan asked, her fingers tracing idle patterns on Harry's chest. "I know you said she was in a meeting, but I didn't expect her to miss dinner."

Tonks glanced up, her kaleidoscope eyes flickering with something unreadable before settling back on her magazine. "You know how those department head meetings can go. Probably some crisis that those other geezers think can't wait until after the holidays." She paused, her hair flashing briefly to a worried grey. "She'll be here when she can, yeah?"

Harry watched the metamorph carefully. He'd noticed the way Tonks's eyes kept darting to the clock, the way her usual manic energy had been subdued since they'd arrived. Something was off with her, but what that was, Harry just couldn't place.

"Tonks," he said, his voice low. "Is there something—"

"Merlin, it's warm in here," Tonks interrupted, as she sat up. She pulled her tank top away from her skin, fanning herself. "Does the manor always run this hot, Bonesy? There's something up with your heating charms I reckon—"

"Tonks," Susan interrupted. "What is it? What do you know?"

Tonks went still for a moment, her magazine crinkling in her grip. Then she laughed—low and throaty, the sound filling the sitting room. She tossed the magazine onto the side table and

stood, stretching her arms above her head. Her tank top rode up, revealing a strip of pale, toned stomach complete with the glistening silver of a belly button ring shining beneath.

"I know I've been sitting in this chair for two hours trying not to think about how good Harry felt the last time I had him inside me," Tonks said, her hair shifting to a deep, deliberate violet. She crossed the space between them with slow, measured steps. "And I know I've been dying to find out if you're as big of a cockslut as your aunt, Susie."

Susan's cheeks flushed pink, her eyes widening, but she didn't look away. "I—Well I—"

Susan's hesitation lasted only a moment before her expression shifted, a slow, wicked smile spreading across her face as she uncurled herself from Harry's side. She stood, smoothing down her skirt though it did little to hide the flush creeping up her neck, and met Tonks' gaze with a raised chin.

"There's only one way to find out, isn't there?" she said, her voice steady despite the pink staining her cheeks.

Tonks' eyes darkened, her hair bleeding from violet to a deep, hungry burgundy. "That's the spirit, Susie."

Harry leaned back against the sofa cushions, watching the two women with a growing smirk as the air in the room shifted, thickening with sudden tension. He spread his arms across the back of the couch, making no move to intervene as Tonks closed the distance between them with slow, deliberate steps.

The metamorph stopped just before Susan, looking down at the shorter witch with a predatory glint that softened into something more playful. She reached out, tracing a single finger along Susan's jawline, tilting her face up. "Nervous?"

"Excited," Susan corrected, her breath hitching as Tonks' thumb brushed over her lower lip.

"Harry may have mentioned how...*eager* you are in bed."

"You don't know the half of it," Tonsils murmured, though her attention had already drifted past Susan to where Harry sat. "Aren't you going to join us, Hot Stuff? Or are you planning to watch while I shag your girlfriend rotten?"

"Just enjoying the view," Harry chuckled, pushing himself up from the sofa. He moved to stand behind Susan, close enough that she could feel the heat of him against her back, and rested his hands on her hips. "Besides, this one's already rotten to her core," he said, his voice low against her ear.

Susan melted back against him with a shiver of delight, her head falling back onto his shoulder as his hands slid upward, cupping her breasts through the soft material of her sweater. Tonks watched them with parted lips, her chest rising and falling with quickening breaths as Harry's thumbs found Susan's nipples, teasing them to hardness through the fabric.

Tonks didn't wait for further invitation. She closed the remaining distance and pressed herself against Susan's front, sandwiching the redhead between her own curvaceous figure and Harry's toned chest.

She reached up, tangling her fingers in Susan's hair and pulling her into a kiss that was all teeth and tongue and desperate need. Susan moaned into her lips, the redhead's hands coming up to grip Tonks' shoulders as Harry continued his exploration from behind, his hands kneading her breasts with deliberate, possessive squeezes.

"Dear Morgana, what is it with Bones' women and being excellent snogs?" Tonks giggled lightly against Susan's lips. The buxom witch replied with a giggle of her own, sneaking in a few more quick pecks while her hips rolled forward against Tonks' thigh. Tonks pulled back just enough to meet Harry's gaze over Susan's shoulder, her eyes dark with arousal. "Let's get her out of these clothes, yeah?"

Harry chuckled, his hands sliding down to grip the hem of Susan's sweater. He pulled it upward in one smooth motion, tossing it aside to reveal the lacy bra beneath. Tonks wasted no time in diving forward, her hands clawing at the front clasp before she was rewarded by the lacy

material falling to the floor, Susan's breasts spilling forth like an avalanche of mouth-wateringly naked flesh.

Harry's hands immediately returned to cover them, his rough palms dragging against her sensitive nipples as Tonks dipped her head to capture one in her mouth. Susan cried out, her head falling back onto Harry's shoulder as the wet heat of Tonks' tongue swirled around her breast, the silver piercing adding an extra sensation that had her squirming between them.

"Eager slut," Harry murmured against her ear, his hands sliding down to grip her arse through her skirt. He ground his hips against her from behind, letting her feel exactly how hard he was, how much he wanted this. "Both of you."

Tonks moved to the other breast, her tongue flicking over the nipple before she pulled back with a wicked grin. "You have no idea." She reached down, her fingers nimble as she found the zipper of Susan's skirt and slowly lowered it. The garment pooled at Susan's feet, leaving her in only her knickers, flushed and trembling between them.

Harry's hands roamed lower, hooking into the waistband of her underwear and pulling them down her legs. Susan stepped out of them, now completely naked while both Harry and Tonks remained fully clothed, the power dynamic making her shiver with arousal as four hands explored her exposed skin.

"Fuck, look at you," Harry breathed, his fingers tracing down her stomach to find her already slick and ready. He slid two fingers through her folds, spreading her arousal around as Tonks watched with parted lips. "So wet already. Is that for us?"

"Yes," Susan gasped, her legs trembling as Harry's fingers circled her entrance teasingly.

"Please, don't make me wait."

"Where's the fun in that?" Tonks asked, but she was already moving, her hand joining Harry's between Susan's thighs. While Harry's fingers worked her clit in tight, deliberate circles, Tonks pushed two of her own digits into Susan's heat.

"Fuck!" Susan cried out. The dual sensation of Harry's rough thumb on her clit and Tonks' fingers pumping inside her had her rocking her hips desperately, seeking more friction, more pressure.

Harry groaned at the feeling of Susan trembling against him, her arse grinding against his trapped cock as Tonks fingered her with steady, relentless thrusts. He leaned down, biting gently at the junction of Susan's neck and shoulder as his free hand slid up to toy with her breast again, pinching and rolling her nipple between his fingers.

"She's tight," Tonks observed, her own breathing coming faster now, her hips unconsciously rocking against Susan's thigh. "And so fucking wet." She twisted her wrist, changing the angle of her fingers, and Susan let out a strangled moan that echoed through the sitting room. "Merlin, she must be a fucking wreck every time she takes your cock," Tonks breathed.

"Yes!" Susan moaned, her thighs clamping down around their hands. The redhead's body trembled between them, her breathing only growing more erratic with each passing second. Harry shot the metamorph a smirk at Susan's outburst. "Looks like she agrees."

Tonks replied with a wink, her bottom lip trapped firmly between her teeth as she withdrew her fingers, bringing them to her lips to suck Susan's arousal from them with a filthy moan that made Susan's thighs clench.

"Good." Kaleidoscope eyes turned to focus on Susan, boring into the redhead's own lust-glazed irises. "On your knees," Tonks commanded, her voice dropping to a rough, authoritative tone that brooked no argument. She gripped Susan by the shoulders, turning her and pushing her down with firm, insistent pressure. Susan sank to the carpeted floor without resistance, her breath coming in short, eager gasps as she looked up at them with dark, hungry eyes. She adjusted her position, kneeling between Harry's legs with her hands resting on his thighs, her lips parted in anticipation.

Tonks didn't make her wait. She reached down, her eyes flicking up to Harry's for the briefest of moments before she continued, her fingers deftly undoing the button of his trousers and pulling

them down. His cock sprang forth, thick and weighty as it slapped against Susan's cheek. The redhead whimpered, tilting her head to the side with her tongue protruding outward to gift it a long, slow lick. Tonks beat her too it, though, the metamorph's fingers wrapping around the base, giving him a slow, deliberate stroke while Susan whimpered pitifully from her place on her knees.

"Patience," Tonks giggled with a click of her tongue.

She used her grip on Harry's shaft to slap the heavy length against Susan's cheek, once, twice, leaving a smear of pre-cum on her flushed skin. Susan took each strike, her eyes wide and pupils blown while she all but whined like a keening pet as Tonks rubbed her boyfriend's length all over her face.

Satisfied with Susan's obedience, the metamorph smirked, her teeth sharp and wolfish as she leaned down to playfully nip on the buxom witch's each. "Good girl. Now open wide for me."

Susan obeyed immediately, her tongue darting out to lick her lips before she opened her mouth wide. Tonks guided Harry's cock down, pressing the head against Susan's tongue. With her other hand, she pushed Susan forward, the redhead's moans becoming more and more muffled as Harry's cock sank into the wet heat of her mouth, inch by inch, until her lips were stretched around his girth and her eyes were watering with the effort.

"Fuck, that feels incredible," Harry groaned, his head falling back for a moment before he forced himself to watch, mesmerised by the sight of Susan's lips wrapped around him, her cheeks hollowed as she began to suck.

Tonks kept her hand firmly on the back of Susan's head, controlling the depth and pace of the redhead as the loud, wet sounds of Susan's throat being pounded by Harry's cock filled the room. Tonks shifted closer to Harry's side, her body pressing flush against him as she maintained her grip on Susan's hair. She tilted her face up toward his, her lips parted, and her breath hot against his jaw.

"Mmm~ It feels amazing, doesn't it? Just look at her swallow you thick, *throbbing cock*~! You really know how to pick the good whores don't you Wonder Boy?"

Harry looked down, his gaze locking onto Susan's glassy, watering eyes as she gazed up at him with raw, unfiltered need. Her lips were stretched obscenely around his girth, spit already beginning to leak from the corners of her mouth as she struggled to take him deeper. The sight sent a jolt of arousal straight to his cock, making him twitch inside her warm, wet mouth.

Tonks didn't give him long to admire the view. She crushed her mouth against his in a brutal, filthy kiss, her tongue sweeping past his lips with demanding hunger. Harry groaned into her mouth, his hands coming up to grip her hips as their tongues collided.

As they kissed, Tonks began to grow more forceful with her other hand, her nails digging into Susan's scalp as she yanked the redhead back until just the head remained between her lips, then pushing her forward again until her nose was pressed against Harry's pelvis, making her gag and choke around him.

Susan's hands gripped Harry's thighs tighter, her nails digging into his skin as she surrendered to Tonks' control, letting the metamorph fuck her throat on Harry's cock. It was an obscene and demeaning game, and one that had Susan *absolutely soaked*.

Tonks broke the kiss with a gasp, her lips swollen and red, her hair cycling rapidly through shades of crimson and purple. She tightened her grip in Susan's hair, holding the redhead in place with Harry's cock buried deep in her throat for one long, torturous moment before yanking her back. Susan came off his length with a wet, obscene sound, gasping for air, her face flushed and desperate, spit trailing from her swollen lips to the tip of Harry's throbbing shaft.

"Enough of that," Tonks commanded, her voice rough with arousal. She gave Susan a sharp push backward, sending her sprawling onto the plush carpet. The redhead landed on her back, her legs spread open and her puffy pink folds slick with arousal on full display. "On the sofa. Now."

Susan scrambled to obey, rolling onto her hands and knees and crawling toward the furniture with an eagerness that made Harry's cock twitch. Tonks shed her own remaining clothes in seconds, kicking aside her trousers and tossing her shirt to the side as her toned figure was fully exposed.

Harry stepped out of his trousers, his cock hanging hard and heavy in the air, slick with Susan's spit. He watched Tonks stalk toward Susan, who had arranged herself on the sofa as commanded, lying on her back with her head resting against the armrest and her legs splayed wide.

Tonks climbed onto the sofa and crawled between Susan's spread thighs, settling onto her knees and lowering her face to give Susan a long, slow lick from entrance to clit. Susan cried out and arched off the cushions, her hands flying to grip Tonks' hair. Tonks continued to lap at her, her own hips rising higher, presenting her arse in the air and swaying it invitingly as she looked back over her shoulder at Harry.

"What are you waiting for, Potter?" she asked, "Come here and fuck me while I make our girl scream."

Harry didn't need to be told twice. He moved onto the sofa behind Tonks, his knees sinking into the plush cushions as he took hold of the metamorph's wide, shapely hips. He gripped them firmly and dragged the thick head of his cock across her folds, coating himself in her arousal before notching himself at her tight entrance. With one smooth, powerful thrust, he buried himself to the hilt, his pelvis slapping against her arse as Tonks screamed into Susan's cunt, the vibration making the redhead whimper and buck wildly beneath them.

Harry set a brutal pace immediately, pounding into Tonks with deep, forceful strokes that drove her face into Susan's pussy with every thrust. Tonks kept her tongue working, licking and sucking at Susan's clit in desperate strokes as Harry used her from behind, the dual sensation making both women wail and thrash.

Susan's head was thrown back, her eyes rolling, her breasts bouncing with every jolt that rocked through Tonks' body. "Fuck, fuck, I'm gonna—" she chanted, her thighs clamping around Tonks' head.

"Mmfph!" Tonks moaned, the outburst sending vibrations through Susan's clit and effectively forcing the redhead right over the edge.

Susan's orgasm crashed through her with a piercing scream, her walls clamping down on nothing, her body convulsing as Tonks continued to lap at her spasming pussy. The feeling of Susan coming apart beneath her, combined with Harry's relentless pounding from behind, pushed Tonks to the brink as well, her own scream muffled by the wet folds of Susan's gushing cunt while her own pussy fluttered around Harry's cock, milking him desperately as she rode out her own climax.

Harry gritted his teeth, forcing himself to hold back as both women trembled and wailed beneath him. He pulled out of Tonks' fluttering heat with a wet '*Schlik!*', his cock throbbing and slick with her arousal.

Tonks collapsed forward onto Susan's thighs, her body trembling as she gasped for air. For a beat, the only sounds in the room were their ragged breathing. After a moment, Tonks dragged herself off and rolled to the side, sprawling onto the sofa cushions. She cracked open one eye, her gaze fixing on Harry's cock, the rigid pole still hard and ready for more. A lazy smirk crossed her face, and she reached out, shoving Susan's hip toward him.

"You're turn, Bonsey, I need a sec," Tonks groaned.

Susan shot Tonks a look of amused exasperation as the metamorph's palm connected with her hip, shoving her toward Harry with more force than necessary. She shook her head, turning her attention back to Harry as he settled back against the armrest, his cock standing thick and heavy against his stomach, slick and throbbing from Tonks' climax. She crawled toward him, her movements eager but measured, and climbed into his lap.

Positioning herself above his throbbing length, she sank down onto him with a long, shuddering moan, her walls incredibly tight and wet around him as she took him to the root. Harry groaned, his hands coming up to grip her hips as she began to roll them in slow, deliberate circles, her breasts swaying in front of his face with every movement. She gradually picked up her pace, rising and falling on his shaft with increasing urgency, her breath coming in short gasps as she found her rhythm.

Tonks watched them for a moment through heavy-lidded eyes, her chest still heaving, her hair cycling lazily through shades of pink and purple. Then she pushed herself up, crawling behind Susan on her hands and knees. She gripped the redhead's arse, spreading her cheeks wide, and leaned in without preamble.

Her tongue dragged upward, and then it was shifting, lengthening, the pink muscle extending far beyond normal human limits as her Metamorphmagus abilities took over. Susan gasped as she felt the wet appendage circling her tight hole before pushing inside, impossibly long and wriggling, filling her in ways that made her see stars.

"Fuck!" Susan cried out, her movements stuttering before resuming with renewed desperation. She bounced on Harry's cock faster, harder, her thighs trembling with the effort as Tonks' magically enhanced tongue worked her arse in filthy, wriggling strokes. The dual sensation overwhelmed her, building rapidly toward an inevitable peak, her head thrown back and her mouth open in silent screams as she lost herself in the rhythm.

Harry thrust up to meet her downward movements, his hands gripping her arse to spread her wider for Tonks' tongue. Susan's pace became erratic, her hips jerking rather than rolling as she chased her release. Her breath came in ragged, desperate gasps, her moans escalating in pitch and frequency until she was practically sobbing with each exhale. Her fingers dug into Harry's shoulders, her nails drawing red lines across his skin as her body coiled tighter and tighter, every muscle tensing in preparation for the inevitable crash.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck," she chanted, her voice breaking, her movements becoming frantic and uncoordinated as she teetered on the edge. Her walls fluttered around Harry's shaft, gripping him in rhythmic pulses that told him she was right there, hovering on the precipice, her entire body shaking with the effort of holding back. Harry leaned forward, his mouth finding her breast, and bit down hard on her nipple, his teeth sinking into the sensitive flesh with just enough pressure to hurt in the best way possible.

Susan screamed, her back arching violently as the shock of pain and pleasure crashed through her, finally sending her plummeting over the edge. Her orgasm hit her like a freight train, her walls clamping down and rippling around him in waves of intense pleasure, her entire body convulsing as she rode out her release. Harry forced himself to hold back as she went limp above him, trembling and gasping.

Tonks pulled back, her face flushed and her eyes dark with hunger, her tongue already shifting back to normal. She gave Susan a gentle push between her shoulder blades, sending the redhead forward to collapse against Harry's chest with a whimper, still trembling from her climax. Leaning down, the metamorph slowly wrapped her fingers around Harry's cock, a cat-like purr emanating from her lips as she lazily took him into her mouth.

Harry groaned, his head falling back against the sofa as Tonks worked him with slow, deliberate movements, her tongue swirling around his sensitive head with practised ease. Susan whimpered above him, collapsed against his chest and still trembling from her climax, her breath hot against his neck. Tonks took him deeper, her throat relaxing around him, her lips stretching obscenely as she sank down until her nose brushed against his pelvis.

She pulled back with a wet sound, her hand replacing her mouth as she stroked him lazily, her thumb circling his slick head. "Fuck your cock tastes the same

"Fuck," Harry gritted out, his thighs tensing. "I'm going to—"

Tonks doubled her efforts, her head bobbing faster, her tongue pressing against the underside of his cock as she took him deep. Harry came with a shout, his release spilling down her throat in thick pulses. Tonks swallowed eagerly, her throat working around him, milking him dry until he was spent and trembling.

She pulled back slowly, a satisfied smile on her lips, a trickle of cum escaping the corner of her mouth as she licked her lips clean. "Cum for me," she breathed, her voice cracking with need. "I want to taste you. I want you to fill my mouth with your load while I swallow every drop."

Harry bucked his hips upward, his hands tangling in her hair as she took him back in, her movements becoming faster, more urgent. The wet sounds of her sucking filled the room, mingling with Susan's ragged breaths. Tonks moaned around him, the vibration travelling up his shaft, her hand working his base in tight strokes.

"Fuck," Harry gritted out, his thighs tensing. "I'm close—"

The sound of the sitting room door clicking open cut through the haze.

"—absolutely exhausted, I tell you. Five hours of meetings with those fossils and I—"

Amelia Bones stopped in the doorway, her eyes widening as she took in the scene before her. Her niece slumped against Harry's chest, and Tonks kneeling between his legs with his cock buried to the hilt in her throat.

Harry's hips jerked involuntarily, his orgasm crashing through him as he came with a shout, pulse after pulse of hot cum spilling down Tonks' throat. She swallowed eagerly around him, her throat working, milking him dry even as her eyes flicked toward the door.

She pulled back slowly with a wet sound, a satisfied smile on her lips, a trickle of cum escaping the corner of her mouth as she turned to face Amelia.

For a long moment, silence reigned.

Then Amelia's lips twitched, her eyebrow arching as she set down her briefcase.

"Well," she said, her voice dry but her eyes darkening with unmistakable heat. "I see you've started without me."