

Chapter 8

Harry wrapped an arm around Heather and led her gently from the parlor. She was pale, shaking, and completely distracted from the world around her. Learning the truth about just how far Voldemort had gone in an attempt to secure immortality had not gone well.

Dumbledore followed behind as Harry led her up the stairs and down the hall to one of the many unused bedrooms on the second floor. On the wall next to the door sat a small, brass plate labeled with the initials R.A.B. Releasing Heather, Harry turned the doorknob and pushed the door open.

The room was dark, only lit by a few beams of sunlight streaming in through holes in the moth-eaten curtains. A sea of dust motes floated and danced in the rays of light, stirred from their resting place by the opening of the door.

Everything smelled musty and stale as Harry took a tentative step inside. The room lay unchanged from the day Regulus had left. One of the wardrobe doors lay half open, a book sat open to a long forgotten page on the desk, and a cloak was draped over the back of the chair. A stray Doxy poked its head out of a hole it had eaten into one of the pockets. It bared its small, pointed teeth with a hiss and ducked back inside. The way the cloak rustled warned him that there were probably a dozen more hiding inside.

Harry quietly and carefully stepped further into the room and knelt down next to the bed. He pressed the pads of his fingers along the floorboards until he found one that was loose. Pressing down on one end, he pried it from the floor and looked down into the pitch-black cavity.

“Lumos.”

Light poured from his wand and glinted off the gold locket that lay inside. He reached inside, his fingers brushing the unnaturally cold metal, and lifted it out. The emeralds inlaid in the shape of a stylized S glittered under a stray beam of sunlight.

Harry turned back to the door where Heather and Dumbledore were watching him closely and held up the locket.

“To think it could be so close,” Dumbledore said softly.

Walking over to Harry, he took the locket and turned it over in his hands, studying it closely over his half-moon glasses. He murmured under his breath as he traced a finger over the closed doors.

“I don’t suppose you speak Parseltongue?”

Harry shook his head. Dumbledore hummed thoughtfully.

“Finding a way around the enchantment shouldn’t be too difficult, but it will take some time to research,” he said, pocketing the locket. “What about the others?”

“Two of them are easy,” Harry told him. “The Gaunt family ring is in the old house, and Ravenclaw’s Diadem is hidden in Hogwarts.”

“Ah, so he managed to find it,” Dumbledore muttered. “Impressive.”

“The other two are going to be tricky,” Harry continued. “Nagini is always with Voldemort, and Hufflepuff’s cup is in Bellatrix’s vault. That’s the one I’m worried about most.”

Dumbledore frowned heavily and nodded his head.

“Understandable,” he said. “Getting into Gringotts won’t be easy, and I’d prefer to avoid breaking in. I’ll see what I can do.”

Pocketing the locket, he looked toward the window and sighed.

“There’s little point going after the others until we can be sure we can secure the cup. We’ll only risk being discovered by Tom if we move too quickly. I don’t suppose your demon friend could be of assistance?”

“Not without a sacrifice,” Harry said, shaking his head. “If I could get a hold of a Death Eater-”

“I would prefer to try a more peaceful approach first,” Dumbledore interrupted. “Which brings me to another subject I wanted to talk to you about. I found your use of the Killing Curse quite concerning.”

“Worried I’ll go to hell?” Harry asked with a smirk. “Don’t be. I know the rules quite well. There’s a difference between a justified killing and killing for the sake of it. I don’t plan on going on a killing spree, but if I run across a Death Eater who’s already bought a ticket to hell, I don’t mind punching it for him.”

“My concern isn’t for those that have earned a ticket to hell, as you put it, it’s for the lives they affect,” Dumbledore said. “I’m worried that your rather merciless approach might drive others down a similar path.”

“Life’s about choices, professor. We all have to make them, and we all have to deal with the consequences. Sooner or later. In death, no one blames you for someone else’s mistakes.”

“If only the living were so forgiving,” Dumbledore said softly, a small but sad smile on his lips.

Turning, he walked from the room and paused just outside the doorway.

“Gather your things, Heather. We’ll be leaving shortly,” he said.

As he disappeared around the corner and down the hall, Heather sighed heavily and crossed her arms over her chest.

“For once, I wish I didn’t have to go back,” she said.

Smiling, Harry wrapped an arm around her shoulders.

“It’s only for a few days,” he told her. “You’ll see me again soon enough, and we’ll get to spend the whole summer together.”

Heather smiled and turned to hug him tightly. Harry hugged her back and then led her down the hall to her bedroom. Hermione was seated on her bed with a book in her lap while Ginny was busy picking up clothes she’d left scattered around the floor. She glanced over at them as they entered before returning to her search.

“Did either of you see where I left my hair tie?” she asked.

“You put it on the nightstand, didn’t you?” Heather replied.

“I thought so, but it isn’t there,” Ginny grumbled.

“How do you always lose things?” Hermione asked. “We barely brought anything with us.”

“I don’t know,” Ginny said, throwing her hands up in frustration. “I swear my family is cursed.”

“I’ll help you look for it as soon as I grab my things,” Heather said.

Harry turned to Hermione and raised an eyebrow.

"I take it you're done packing?" he asked.

"Of course," she said. "There was nothing to pack."

"Oh, good," Harry grinned.

She squealed in surprise when he grabbed her shoulders and pushed her back onto the bed. Before she could react, he pressed his lips to hers. Hermione groaned into his mouth and stiffened for a moment before she slowly relaxed and rested her hands on his shoulders. Harry shifted his weight slightly to the side and brought one of his hands up to cup her breast over her blouse. She moaned against his lips and arched into his touch.

"Do you have to do that here?" Ginny asked.

Harry separated from Hermione, who blushed, and turned to Ginny with a smirk.

"Well, she pretty much has to do what I want for the next year, but if you'd rather take her place..."

Ginny blushed furiously and whirled around to continue looking for her hair tie. Laughing, Harry rolled off Hermione and propped himself up on his elbows. Hermione sat up and quickly straightened her clothes.

It took longer than it should have, but eventually, they found Ginny's hair tie in the bathroom next to the sink. Even then, it took Ron a few more minutes to find his misplaced boxers. Eventually, Dumbledore Portkeyed them back to Hogwarts. Shortly afterwards, Molly left to return to the Burrow. With the rest of the Order members already at work, the house fell unusually quiet.

Sirius led Harry and Lilith into the parlor. As Harry sat down on the couch with Lilith on his left, Jezebel appeared on his right in a burst of flames. Sirius jumped at her sudden appearance before his usual lopsided grin appeared.

"You know, seeing the company you keep in hell makes me wish I'd misbehaved a bit more," he chuckled.

"You wouldn't be enjoying our company if you got yourself sent to hell unless you enjoy being eternally cock blocked," Lilith told him. "But you could always summon a Succubus of your own."

"Now there's an idea," Sirius grinned. "But I'm not sure that would be worth sacrificing my soul for."

"We don't just deal in souls," Lilith smiled. "Sex and access to the mortal world are a currency of their own. We just need to pick someone who isn't going to try to corrupt you."

She turned to Harry with a thoughtful look.

"What about Seraphina or Namah?"

"I have a better idea," Harry grinned. "Ves! Cal!"

A pair of identical, naked women appeared in front of him. They were fairly short and thin, with small, perky breasts. Their soft, wavy brown hair fell to the middle of their shoulders, and their bright green eyes gleamed excitedly as they smiled.

"Hi, Harry," they said in unison.

"Hey, ladies," Harry smiled. "This is my godfather, Sirius."

Sirius, who'd been staring at their bums since they appeared, looked up as they turned, one clockwise, the other counterclockwise. Harry appreciated the view of their tight little bubble butts as they waved in unison.

"Hello," they said.

"I'm Vespra," the twin on the left said.

"And I'm Calyx," the twin on the right added. "Or just Ves and Cal for short."

"Sirius is looking to make a deal," Lilith told them.

"We saw," Ves smiled.

"Everyone's been watching Harry every chance they get since he left," Cal said.

The twins separated and took a seat on either side of Sirius, each laying a hand on his chest.

"You have a lot of nightmares since you got sent to Azkaban, don't you?" Ves asked.

"Uh, yeah, I suppose," Sirius replied.

"Oh, you poor man," Cal said, caressing his chest.

"Normally, we wouldn't make a deal for something so mundane, but we'll make an exception for Harry," Ves said. "We'll get rid of your nightmares, but every night you call us, you'll have to pay us back with your body."

"It's been so long since we've had a mortal lover," Cal whispered breathily.

"I have nightmares a lot," Sirius said, looking from one twin to the other. "Practically every night."

"I bet you do," Ves smirked.

"Let us take care of you," Cal said, kissing his neck.

"Do we have a deal?" Ves asked.

"Deal!" Sirius nearly shouted.

A sultry smile appeared on the twins' faces as they stood and pulled Sirius to his feet.

"Best godson ever," he muttered as they pulled him toward the stairs.

Harry grinned and wrapped his arms around Lilith and Jezebel's shoulders.

"So, what should we do while Sirius is occupied?" he asked.

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Tonks stormed into Grimmauld Place and slammed the door shut. Instantly, the curtains over Walburga's portrait sprang open, and she began to shout her usual nonsense.

"Shut it, you stupid hag!" Tonks shouted back.

Gripping the curtains, she wrestled them back into place. Slightly out of breath, she blew a strand of blue hair out of her face and marched down the narrow hall. She made it halfway down before her boot caught the edge of the Troll foot umbrella stand, and she stumbled. She lashed out with her foot, kicking it angrily back into place, and muttered curses under her breath as she stomped into the kitchen.

Almost immediately, she froze.

Harry, Lilith, Jezebel, and a pair of twins she didn't know were standing around the kitchen completely naked, picking at the remains of a roast chicken.

"Hey, Tonks," Harry smiled. "Sorry, we didn't realize you'd be back this early. Do you want me to put on some pants?"

Tonks opened her mouth to answer, closed it, and shrugged her shoulders uncaringly.

"Don't bother," she said moodily, dropping heavily into a chair before a thought occurred to her. "Where's Sirius?"

"Sleeping," the twins replied with a giggle.

Tonks arched her brow and turned to Harry.

"Who the hell are they?" she asked.

"Ves and Cal," Harry replied. "Sirius has been a bit lonely, so we helped him summon them."

Tonks snorted and shook her head. As much as she wanted to be a bitch at the moment, if anyone deserved a good shag from a couple of succubae, it was Sirius.

“Speaking of which, it’s about time we get back,” one of the twins said.

“It’s good to see you again, Harry,” the other added.

They walked up to Harry and kissed a cheek each before disappearing silently.

“So, what’s got your knickers in a twist?” Harry asked, taking the seat across from her.

Tonks snorted and crossed her arms over her chest.

“Scrimgeour’s a prick,” she said. “I spent all day being interrogated by him about last night. I told him everything. Well, almost. And now he’s blaming me for not telling him sooner. As if he would’ve listened. He’s spent the last year with his nose buried in Fudge’s arse. Then, he suspends me without pay for a month, and when I get back, I’m on shit duty for Merlin knows how long. I’m being punished for being right. It’s bullshit!”

Having worked herself up into a furor and being quite hungry since she missed lunch, she tore the remaining leg off the chicken and bit into it angrily.

“That sucks,” Harry said. “Do you want me to send Jezebel to scare him?”

Tonks smiled at the thought.

“No, that’d probably just make him more of an asshole,” she sighed. “It’s just frustrating. Mad-Eye’s retired, and Shack and Hestia have seniority, so I’m the only one he could punish.”

“Don’t think of it as a punishment,” Lilith said. “Think of it as a vacation.”

Tonks snorted.

“I would if I wasn’t losing my paycheck,” she said.

Lilith gave her a sympathetic look and walked around the table towards her. Taking the seat next to Tonks, she patted her arm gently.

“Would it make you feel better if I ate you out?” she asked.

Tonks’ mouth fell open, shocked by the blatant proposition. There was a beat of silence, and then Harry burst out laughing. Composing herself, Tonks rolled her eyes, took her chicken leg, and left.

The next day, when Sirius finally woke up with the biggest shit-eating grin Tonks had ever seen, she told him about her problems at work, and he invited her to stay at Grimmauld Place. It wasn’t ideal. Grimmauld was far from welcoming, and people were constantly coming and going, but it was better than moving back in with her parents.

It took her all day to pack her belongings and move them into her new room. The bigger stuff, like furniture, was shrunk and stuffed into boxes, which she then shoved into the back of the closet. It was late in the afternoon by the time she finished unpacking and decorating her room, so it didn’t feel like she was living in a haunted house.

It helped a bit, but looking at the dark walls, Tonks could already feel herself slipping back into her gothic phase. Ignoring the sudden desire to go out and buy black eyeliner, she made her way down the hall to the bathroom and took a shower to wash off the grime that had accumulated on her skin throughout the day.

As she stepped back out into the hall, dressed in a pair of flannel pajama bottoms and an oversized Kiss T-shirt, she caught a glimpse of Sirius being pulled into his by the Succubus twins she’d met the day before. She rolled her eyes and sighed as the door closed with a snap. Tossing her towel in the overflowing hamper, she turned and headed down the hall towards her room.

Passing Sirius' room, Tonks heard a feminine giggle and the squeak of a worn mattress. She grimaced and tried not to imagine what was happening behind the door as she quickened her pace. Two doors down, she neared Harry's room, and the sounds pouring from his open door were much harder to ignore.

At least Sirius had had the decency to close his door.

Feminine groans, the slap of skin on skin, and the rhythmic banging from the headboard hitting the wall reverberated through the hallway. Despite herself, Tonks' curiosity won out. She slowed as she approached the doorway and peeked around the edge.

Harry lay on his back, feet facing her, his view of the door blocked by Lilith, who sat astride his lap. Her back flexed, and her perfect, round bum rippled from the intensity of her riding. Each time she rose up, Tonks caught a brief glimpse of Harry's thick, glistening shaft splitting open her taut petals. As she crashed back down, the sound of her meaty cheeks colliding with his thighs was followed a moment later by the headboard crashing into the wall.

Tonks couldn't help but stop and watch. Just for a moment. With her busy schedule, it had been months since she'd had a good shag, and with all the sex going on in the house, she knew she'd have to rub one out when she got back to her room if she wanted to get any sleep.

She licked her lips as Lilith drove herself to a loud, moaning climax. Harry, on the other hand, was far from finished. He gripped the blonde's wide hips and drove himself up into her with rapid, powerful thrusts. Lilith's breath caught in her throat, and she threw her head back in a silent scream. Tonks was at just the right angle that she caught a glimpse of Lilith's large breasts bouncing wildly where they jutted past her arm.

She was so engrossed in the couple's unintentional show that she jumped, and her hair went white when an arm suddenly snaked around her waist. Her breath caught, and her heart raced as a large pair of breasts pressed against her back. Slowly, she looked down at the dark red arm wrapped around her waist.

“Spying, Nymphadora?” Jezebel asked in a husky whisper that sent goosebumps across her skin. “Naughty.”

Tonks opened her mouth to speak, but the words got caught in her throat.

“We know all your desires,” Jezebel continued softly.

Her long, forked tongue extended from her open mouth and licked her neck. Tonks gasped softly and shivered.

“All your fantasies,” Jezebel whispered, nipping at her ear. “And we can give them to you.”

Jezebel traced her long, black fingernail up Tonks’ stomach, between her breasts, and paused at her collar before slowly dragging her finger back down to her pelvis. Her clothes turned to smoldering embers in its path. Tonks gasped and waited to feel the burn against her skin, but the pain never came. The embers rapidly consumed her clothes, turning them to ash that fluttered to the floor yet left her skin untouched. In seconds, she was left without a stitch of clothing covering her body.

Jezebel raked her nail back upwards with just enough pressure to leave behind the slightest sting. Tonks quivered excitedly and tilted her head back, eyes closed, as she reached her breast. She traced her nails gently around the nipple, making several passes, before suddenly flicking across the hardened nub. Tonks hissed through her teeth from the harsh sting.

Something long and firm, muscular, slipped between her legs and rubbed between her folds. It slowly drew back, causing her to moan, before a flared tip mashed against her clit.

A tail she realized. Jezebel’s tail.

The tip pulled back and rested on her lips. Tonks wiggled her hips impatiently, and just when she thought it would slide forward again, it changed angle suddenly and plunged into her depths. Her eyes flew open in shock as her body shuddered, and her gaze landed on the bed.

Harry sat with his back against the headboard, arms around Lilith, groping her breasts. They eyed her lustfully as she was being molested by a demon in the doorway.

Tonks' climax crashed over her like a tidal wave. Her knees buckled, and only Jezebel's strong arm kept her from collapsing to the floor. A dark, lustful chuckle rumbled in her ear as she shook and groaned uncontrollably. Panting heavily, she regained her footing, and Jezebel eased her tail from her folds. Blushingly, she looked over her shoulder. Jezebel smirked, brought her tail up to her face, and licked the glistening tip.

She'd felt that tongue before, but now she got a good look at it. It looked mostly human, but longer than normal, and the tip was forked. Tonks shivered as she thought about how that would feel wriggling around inside of her.

"Come," Jezebel said.

Tonks stood, frozen with uncertainty, as she stepped around her. Jezebel was only a step away before her tail wrapped around Tonks' throat and tugged her forward like a leash. She stumbled forward into the room, highly conscious of her nudity and the way her breasts jiggled. And yet, she couldn't bring herself to try and cover her modesty.

Harry slipped out from behind Lilith and stood next to the bed. His smoldering gaze raked over her body with an appreciative glint.

"You know what she wants," Jezebel said to him. "Give it to her."

With a light tug of her tail, Tonks dropped to her knees as easily as if she'd been placed under the Imperius Curse. Harry took a step forward, his hard cock bobbing in front of her face. Both of his hands threaded through her short pink hair. Her mouth dropped open without a

conscious thought. His length surged past her lips before she could hesitate, the heady taste reminding her sharply of where it had been just a few moments ago.

Tonks moaned around him as he mercilessly plunged into her throat. She'd always had a kink for the rough stuff. She felt her neck swell against Jezebel's tail as it expanded to fit his impressive girth. He held her there, nose flattened against his groin, for several seconds before he slowly pulled back. Tonks took a breath when he left her throat just in time for him to surge forward again.

And then he was fucking her face. Her scalp stung pleurably as he tightened his grip and rocked his hips. Eyes closed, he tilted his head back and groaned. There was no regard for her comfort. No care other than to give her a moment here and there to take a quick breath. She was simply there to be used however he pleased. To be taken, however he wanted.

Shuddering, she dropped a hand between her legs and teased her clit.

"Open your eyes," Jezebel said.

Her tail left her neck and then cracked across her ass with the sound of a whip. Tonks' eyes flew open, and she gurgled around Harry's cock as she tried to scream. It wasn't that painful. Her scream was more out of shock than anything. There was an intense, momentary sting that faded quickly to a dull burn, like she'd been given a good spank.

Harry stared down into her eyes as he pumped his hips methodically.

"Fuck that felt good," he said. "Do it again."

Tonks tensed, and then Jezebel's tail cracked across the other cheek. The shock wasn't there this time, but she knew what Harry wanted, and she gave it to him. She gurgled and gagged around his cock as she tried to scream. He groaned pleurably and held her tight to his groin, balls resting against her chin. Tonks gurgled until she ran out of air, and just as panic began to set in, he wrenched his cock back.

She heaved in a deep lungful of air, feeling lightheaded and slightly dizzy as Harry pulled her up by her hair until she was back on her feet. With a shove, she found herself bent over the edge of the bed between a pair of long, pale legs. She eyed the taut, hairless folds inches from her face before slowly looking up to meet Lilith's smirking face.

"You're going to love this part."

One moment, Harry's head brushed her folds, and the next, he was buried balls deep in her depths.

"Oh fuck!" Tonks cried.

"Told you," Lilith said as Tonks' body began to rock back and forth. "You know, I was hoping you'd be a bit more of a challenge. Harry really should practice his seduction, but watching you give in without a hint of resistance is fun too."

Tonks groaned and gripped the sheets. Harry's hips pounded against her sore cheeks while his thick cock ravaged her depths. Lilith had all but outright called her a whore, and given her current position, she couldn't really argue.

"Now, let's see if you're as adventurous in real life as you are in your fantasies."

Lilith scooted forward, and Tonks latched her mouth onto her folds without hesitation. She'd never been with another woman before, but it was something she'd fantasized about often.

"Good girl," Lilith purred. "And I didn't even have to use my Allure."

Tonks groaned as she tried her best to please the Succubus who was gently caressing her hair, a feeling that was wildly at odds with the harsh pounding happening at the other end of her body. She tried her best to tease, to use all the tricks and techniques she liked being used on herself,

but the constant jostling made that impossible. So, she simply focused on the clit and hoped for the best.

Lilith rolled her hips and moaned. She rocked against Tonks' face in time with Harry's thrusting. Tonks had the absurd realization that she was being used as a toy for a Succubus and a dead man.

With a squeal, she came. The vibration of her tongue sent Lilith over the edge a moment later. Harry, however, merely slowed to a stop, his rock-hard length still stretching her depths. Slowly, he eased out of her and flopped down on the mattress.

"Come here," he said, crooking a finger.

Despite her tiredness, Tonks crawled over and straddled his lap. Taking a moment to align him with her entrance, she sank onto him with a moan. Harry cupped the back of her head and pulled her down for a kiss with one hand, while the other latched onto one of her breasts. Groaning into his mouth, Tonks started rocking. It felt like her depths molded themselves around his thick cock, and she could tell if she'd morphed by accident or not.

Suddenly, she felt the mattress shift behind her, and she broke the kiss to look over her shoulder. Jezebel knelt behind her and raked her nails along her back. Tonks arched and moaned, and as she pushed back, she felt something prodding her bum. Freezing, she looked back. The tip of Jezebel's tail was poised at her puckered entrance.

Licking her lips nervously, she took a shuddering breath and looked back at the demon behind her. And then the tip of the tail plunged into her ass.

"Holy shit!" Tonks yelled.

The expected pain never came. Her mouth hung open, and stars burst in her vision as the tail slowly inched deeper before coming to a stop. The sensations were so intense that it took a few seconds for her mind to register what she was feeling. She was full, very full, and it felt good.

Tentatively, she rocked her hips and gasped from the pleasure. Letting out a long, low moan, she rocked harder, driving Harry's cock and the demon's tail deep into her body.

Jezebel gripped her jaw, turned her head, and pressed their lips together. Her tongue plunged so deeply and unexpectedly into her mouth that Tonks gagged. Before she could recover, she did it again.

Meanwhile, Harry was mauling her tits. He palmed them in his hand, squeezing harshly before adjusting his grip and doing it again. Then he took her hard nipples between his thumb and forefinger and pinched.

Tonks came again, but was unable to make a sound because of the tongue buried in her throat. All she could do was writhe pleasurably between the two bodies trapping her. As she came back down, she realized Harry was finally nearing his peak. His shaft swelled inside of her, and she was convinced she could feel his heartbeat through the swollen head.

Driving herself back onto his throbbing cock with abandon, Tonks shuddered and clenched around him and the tail buried in her backside. Grabbing her hips, Harry thrust into her rapidly, harshly, before burying himself to the hilt and erupting in her depths. She felt every pulse, every hot, wet splash against her walls. The feeling of satisfaction from finally getting him off drove her to a final, if small, climax, and she collapsed exhaustedly on his chest.

She lay there, panting heavily, and groaned as Jezebel slipped from her ass. Eventually, she rolled over onto her back and covered her face with her arm, not yet ready to confront the reality that she'd just fucked a man she barely knew, ate out a Succubus, and been buggered by a demon.

Unfortunately, someone wasn't going to let reality be denied. They crawled between her legs and licked her swollen, dripping folds. With a tired groan, Tonks lifted her arm and raised her head. Lilith lay between her legs, her bright eyes glittering as she slowly licked Tonks' leaking folds from bottom to top. Tonks shivered as her tongue brushed her sensitive clit.

“We’re going to have so much fun,” Lilith smirked. “I know all sorts of magic to make your fantasies come true.”

Unbidden, the image of a Half-Giant Harry pummeling her with a massive cock sprang to mind. She wasn’t sure why. She’d never fantasized about that before, but... There it was.

Tonks laid her head back with a moan and allowed herself to be sucked back into a well of debauchery.