

Chapter 2

Harry was in a cramped broom cupboard, seated across from Rita Skeeter. She gave him a predatory smile before sucking on her acid green quill provocatively. Releasing it, the quill hovered in the air over her note pad, poised to write.

“So, Harry, what’s it like being the Chosen One?” she asked in a seductive purr, her knee brushing against his.

Harry gave a derisive snort. “Like I’m going to tell you anything after the lies you wrote about me and my friends last time.”

“Oh, come now, Harry. We’re old friends, aren’t we?” she asked, batting her long, dark eyelashes at him.

He glared at her and crossed his arms over his chest, remaining silent.

“I can make it worth your while.” she said promisingly.

Resting her hand on his knee, she slid it up his thigh until it brushed over the crotch of his pants. Despite his dislike of the woman, he could help but grow hard as she continued to rub him. Clearing his throat, he tried to at least appear unaffected.

“You’re going to have to do better than that Rita.” he told her.

With a smirk, she slid down to her knees and pushed his legs apart, shuffling between them. Tracing her finger over his fly, his pants unbuttoned and unzipped themselves, folding open to reveal his swollen bulge underneath. Pulling the front of his boxers down, she pulled out his rapidly hardening length and pushed it against his stomach. With her eyes locked on his, she bent down and licked the underside of his shaft from bottom to top. Harry swallowed thickly as she parted her dark red lips and swallowed his entire length in one motion, her thick lipstick

leaving smudges around the base of his shaft. Closing his eyes, he let out a deep, rumbling groan as her throat convulsed around him.

Harry's eyes fluttered up and he woke back in his room on Privet Drive. Oddly, he still felt the pleasure of his dream and looked down to seeing a head of pink hair bobbing up and down on his shaft, and a pair of feet swaying in the air behind her. Smiling down at Tonks, he ran a hand through her short hair, massaging her scalp. She glanced up at him, somehow managing to smile while her lips were stretched wide around his girth. Descending down his length, she swallowed his entire cock, closed her eyes and moaned. Her throat vibrated around him, drawing a pleased groan from his lips. Sucking hard, she dragged her lips up his shaft until his swollen, throbbing head popped free from her tightly sealed lips.

"Told you I'd give you a proper blowjob later." she said with a smirk.

Harry smiled at her, stroking her hair affectionately as she opened her mouth and took him back into her mouth. She moved at a leisurely pace, as if she was savoring something she truly enjoyed doing, rather than an obligation. Laying back on his pillows, he continued to run his fingers through her hair, letting her dictate the pace and enjoying the feeling of his cock being encased in her hot, wet cavern. Bobbing up and down, with her tongue rubbing firmly along the underside of his shaft, she moved slowly on the top half of his length. At varying times, she took him deep in her throat, pressing her nose into his groin, swallowing and humming around him.

It took a long time for Harry's climax to build, and just as he was about to warn her that he was getting close, as if sensing how he felt, she backed off. With a mischievous smile, Tonks held his length straight up and tilted her head sideways to kiss his shaft lightly. He let out a frustrated groan and gave her a playful glare as she peppered his length with light kisses. Seeing his look, she chuckled before taking his head back into her sweltering mouth. Her tongue grew unnaturally long and wrapped around his shaft twice, spiraling down his cock as it ungulated. It wasn't the most pleasurable sensation he had ever felt, but it was certainly unique. That is, until she moved up to the head of his cock and he was treated to the wonderful yet odd feeling of having the tip of his cock enveloped by her writhing appendage.

"Bloody hell." he groaned.

Unwrapping her tongue from around him and shrinking it back down to a normal size, Tonks smirked before she back to sucking his cock. Harry sighed pleurably and ran his fingers through her hair again as she started bobbing unhurriedly on his rigid length. After sucking on the head of his cock for a few seconds, she descended all the way down his shaft and throat his cock effortlessly before dragging her lips back up to the tip at an agonizingly slow pace and starting the process all over again. Again, she slowly built him towards a climax, but stopped just short of him reaching his peak.

Harry glared down at her a little less playfully.

“Tonks.” he growled, drawing out her name.

Her eyes sparkled as she looked up at him and kissed his shaft teasingly. She gave him time to calm before starting again, plunging him into her throat before slowly sucking back up to the tip. Gradually, she built him up to the edge of climax once again, and Harry’s hands tightened in her hair unconsciously. Locking her eyes with his, Tonks held his throbbing head between her stretched lips, sucking and swirling her tongue around it as his hips bucked needily. With no other stimulation, his climb to the peak was agonizingly slow and almost painfully pleasurable. Harry’s body tensed and he took his hands off her head and clenched the sheets in a white knuckled grip as he finally tipped over the edge with a mindless groan.

Thanks to all of her edging, his climax was incredibly intense, his cock lurching and pulsating against her tongue as he flooded her mouth with streams of cum. His orgasm seemed to go on forever, filling her mouth with more cum than he thought was possible for him to hold. Through it all, Tonks kept eye contact with him, her throat working as she swallowed to keep her mouth from being overfilled. When his climax finally waned, Harry went limp, his body collapsing listlessly on the mattress as he panted. A loud groan left his throat when Tonks gave his hypersensitive head one last suck, drawing out the last dregs of cum from his deflating shaft before she let him slip from between her lips. As he looked at her, she opened her mouth to show him to large pool of thick white seed covering her tongue. With an impish look, she closed her lips and swallowed audibly, her pink tongue peeking out to lick her lips salaciously. Harry could only let out another groan and drop his head back onto his pillow, resting the back of his forearm on his forehead.

With a predatory smirk, Tonks crawled over him on all fours, her large breast swaying as they dangled under her. Kneeling down on his waist, she leaned over him, her breasts brushing

across his chest as she kissed him on the lips. Harry kissed her back, his hands coming up to cup and caress her smooth, firm mounds, his thumbs rubbing back and forth over her stiff nipples. Moaning into his mouth, Tonks kissed him deeply and slowly for a couple of minutes before she pulled back and smiled at him.

“As much as I love to stay in bed with you all day, I have to go to work.” she told him apologetically.

Swinging her leg over him, she climbed to her feet, her breasts bouncing enticingly. Raising her arms over her head and standing on the tips of her toes, she stretched with a groan, her back letting off a light *pop*.

“I don’t suppose you could call in sick?” he asked, his eyes locked on her full, luscious breasts.

“Nope, sorry.” she said, eyes scanning the floor as she searched for her clothes. “I won’t be gone long though. It’s not like they have us doing anything useful. “

Harry laid on his side, head propped up on his elbow as he watched her gather her clothes and dress. As she finished putting on her leather jacket, she walked over to him and leaned down to give him a peck on the lips.

“I’ll see you later tonight, I’m going to stop by my place and pick up some clothes. If you need anything, there’s a guard stationed at Mrs. Figgs house.” she told him.

“Okay.” he said, standing up to pull her close and give her another kiss. “Stay safe.”

Tonks smiled at him affectionately.

“I’ll be fine. The only thing I have to worry about is boredom and papercuts.” she said, rolling her eyes.

With that, Tonks turned and left, giving him one last wave as she closed the door behind her. Harry laid back on the bed and drifted off into a light doze, a smile etched on his lips.

A little over an hour later, he woke up and finally got out of bed for the day. After fixing himself lunch, consisting of stale bread, ham and cheese, along with a bruised apple, Harry went back up to his room to write a couple of letters and read up on some defensive magic. When he put his books down a couple of hours later, he pulled out a small black book, magically locked to only open with a drop of his blood. Inside, were all of his notes and plans for finding and destroying Voldemort and his Horcruxes. His notes were regrettably short, only a few pages of scribbles and speculations. It was a long, boring few hours wait for Tonks to get back. In that time, the question he kept asking himself was if he should tell Tonks.

Four hours later, Tonks stumbled in the front door, a worn, tired expression on her face and her hair dull and limp.

"Rough day?" Harry asked, taking the suitcase she carried with her.

"You have no idea." she muttered. "Dawlish and I arrested two wizards for selling fake protective amulets today, and Scrimgeour, in his infinite wisdom, decided they must be Death Eaters and sent them to Azkaban."

"I read about them doing to same thing to Stan Shunpike. He's no more a Death Eater than I am." Harry said as he led her up to his bedroom.

"I know." she said with a sigh, plopping down on the bed with a loud creak. "It's ridiculous, we're arresting petty criminals and they're calling them Death Eaters just so it looks like their doing something. In the meantime, they refuse to let us go after any of the people who know are Death Eaters. We have no idea how many have infiltrated the Ministry, and even if we did, we have no way to stop them because of fucking politics."

Tonks flopped back on the bed and dug the heels of her palms into her eyes. Harry walked over and sat down next to her to run his fingers soothingly through her hair. She let out a contented sigh and closed her eyes, leaning her head into his hand.

“Honestly, I’ve been thinking about quitting. It just doesn’t feel like I can do any good there anymore.” she admitted. “Remus and Kingsley think I should stay to keep gathering information, but I don’t see the point now that the Order’s fallen apart.”

Tonks opened her eyes and turned her head slightly to look up at him, her eyes conveying how lost she felt.

“What do you think?” she asked.

“I think,” Harry said slowly, coming to a decision. “You need to know what’s really going on.”

She looked at him curiously as he got up from the bed and grabbed his black notebook. Sitting back down, he pressed his thumb against a small indentation in the cover just as Tonks sat up to watch him. He felt a slight prick as it tested his blood and a moment later the lock popped open. Looking at her intently, he handed it to her and started the long explanation of everything he knew about Voldemort.

It took over an hour from him to tell her everything and answer all of her questions. When he was done, her hair was a limp, mousey brown and her face looked a few shades paler. Harry sat silently, giving her time to wrap her head around everything. He knew better than anyone how much of a mind fuck it was to be told nothing for so long and then have everything dumped on you at once.

“Why didn’t he tell us?” she asked, more to herself than him.

“He wanted to keep it as secret as possible.” he told her with a shrug.

“But he expected you to do this *alone!* That’s mad, he could have told someone, anyone that could help you!” she ranted angrily, her hair turning red and lifting up.

"It gets worse." he said quietly.

"Worse!? How could it possibly get worse?" she asked agitatedly.

Harry sighed and looked at her intently, his sharp green eyes boring into her light blue orbs. This was something he hadn't even told Ron and Hermione yet. With the way they had acted the year before, refusing to believe him about Malfoy and pretending that everything had gone back to normal. It had hurt that they lost their trust in him, but with how things turned out at the Ministry, he couldn't blame them. He didn't even fault them for wanting to pretend everything was nice and normal when they returned to Hogwarts. If he could, he would have done the same, and that was the only reason he hadn't called them out on it. With everything they had been through because of him, they deserved to have as much of a normal life as possible. Now though, he knew he needed help, more than just what Ron and Hermione could give him.

"I lost a lot of trust in Dumbledore after what happened at the Ministry. If he had just told me what was happening, even just part of it, maybe..."

"It wasn't your fault, Harry." Tonks said earnestly, taking his hand in hers.

"I know." he said softly, giving her a brief smile. "Anyways, I got sick of him hiding things from me, so I placed a listening device in his office."

He paused, waiting for her reaction, and was relieved when he merely smiled at him.

"Ballsy."

Harry smiled at her gratefully and gave her hand a small squeeze. Pulling out his wand, he tapped it against the notebook in her hand.

"I solemnly swear to beat Voldemort." he said.

Black ink slowly faded into view on the blank pages, filling most of the book with his messy scrawl. Now, the book contained every word said in the Headmaster's office over the last year. Most of it was useless, but a few sections were marked off and had notes scribbled in the margins.

"He planned it, all of it." Harry said. "He knew he was dying and had Snape kill him to protect Malfoy."

Tonks looked at him sharply.

"He put the whole school at risk just to save that little twat?" Tonks asked angrily.

"Yeah." he said, nodding. "He nearly killed Katie and Ron, and we're lucky the Death Eaters that broke in didn't kill anyone else."

"What the fuck was he thinking?" she growled, flipping through the pages forcefully.

"I wish I knew."

Harry leaned on his side, thinking quietly as Tonks read through his notebook, muttering angrily now and then.

"Harry?" she called out in a shaky voice a couple of minutes later.

"Hmm?"

"Is this true?" she asked, pointing to a passage marked with numerous scribbled and crossed out notes.

He knew without reading it what it said.

“Yes, I’m a Horcrux.” he answered. “As long as I’m alive, Voldemort can’t die.”

“No! That can’t-”

“It’s true.” Harry said firmly, giving her a sympathetic look. “There’s more to it though. Dumbledore thinks that if Voldemort hits me with a Killing Curse while I willingly sacrifice myself, it will kill the Horcrux, but I’ll survive.”

“That’s insane!” she growled in frustration. “There has to be another way.”

“There isn’t.” he said, shaking his head. “Look, I know it sounds crazy, and I lost a lot of trust for Dumbledore, but he knew more about this than anyone and he spent years looking for an answer. I hate to admit it, but this is probably my best chance at surviving.”

There was a long silence as Tonks flipped through his notes some more, but not really reading what was there. With an explosive sigh, she set the book down and looked at him closely.

“Are you okay?” she asked, her tone laced with concern.

“No.” he admitted. “It hurts that after everything I’ve done, he still didn’t trust me.”

Tonks scooted closer to him and wrapped her arms around him in a gentle hug. They sat like that for moment until her stomach growled loudly. They both chuckled and pulled back.

“Come on.” Harry said, climbing off the bed and helping her to her feet. “Let’s go get some food.”

Hand in hand, Harry led her out of the house and down the street in companionable silence.

"How are you so calm about all this?" Tonks asked suddenly.

"I've had a lot more time to think about it." Harry told her with a smile.

Soon, they neared a small shopping center where he knew there was a couple of restaurants, but he had never been to them before.

"There's an Italian place on the corner, Indian two doors down that way," he said, pointing to his right. "And I think there's a steakhouse close by."

Tonks shrugged. "Italian sounds good."

Nodding, Harry led her over to the small, family run business and they were quickly seated in a secluded corner booth by a pretty, dark haired waitress. After they ordered, the silence between them started to grow awkward before Tonks finally spoke up.

"So, how come you and Ginny broke up?" she asked out of the blue.

Harry sat back and sighed. "Honestly, it just didn't feel right. It felt like I was pretending to be something I wasn't, like I was trying too hard to be normal."

"I think I get it." she said.

He looked at her with a raised eyebrow questioningly.

"I haven't had the best luck with relationships," she admitted. "With my ability to change, sometimes it felt like I was trying to be who they wanted me to be, rather than just being myself. Not that I don't mind changing for a bit of fun, but it felt like I was pretending to be someone I wasn't all the time."

"Is that what attracted you to Remus?" he asked curiously.

He had wondered why she chose Remus. To him, they didn't seem like a good match, but then again, he didn't exactly have a wealth of knowledge when it came to relationships.

"Partly. I knew a war was coming and I was looking for someone I could have a long-term relationship with. When I met Remus, I was just drawn to him. He's had such a hard life and I felt like I could make him happy. It's just--"

Tonks cut off when their waitress showed up with their food. Harry thanked her and waited until she was gone to talk again.

"It's just what?" he asked.

Tonks hesitated and picked at her food, making him wonder if he was pushing her too far.

"You don't have to talk about it if you don't want to," he assured her.

"No, it's fine," she said, giving him a small smile. "It's just, it seems like I care about him a lot more than he cares about me."

Tonks sighed and her shoulders sagged, giving him the impression that this was something that had bothered her for a while, and this was the first time she voiced it out loud.

“Don’t get me wrong, I know he loves me. I just wish he would show me once in a while.” she finished sadly, her hair wilting slightly. “I don’t know, maybe I’m being stupid. What do you think?”

Harry shrugged and swallowed his mouthful of manicotti before answering.

“I’m good with relationships or feelings, but I suppose the most important thing is, does he make you happy?”

Tonks lapsed into silence as they ate. Tired of all the heavy talk, Harry changed the subject and started asking her about what kind of music she liked and what she did for fun. Quickly, their conversation grew more relaxed and livelier as they talked, joked and laughed. After they finished eating, they walked to a nearby grocery store and picked up enough food for the next few days. Slipping behind the store, she shrunk the bags and stowed them in her pocket before they made the short trek back to Privet Drive. Tonks noticed one of his neighbors he recognized as Mrs. Polkiss, Pierce Polkiss’ mother, watching them from between her curtains. She gave her a cheery wave before she turned to Harry. Grabbing the back of his head, she kissed him aggressively. Several long seconds later, when she pulled back, she turned back to Mrs. Polkiss and gave the scandalized woman a wink.

They broke into laughter when she slammed her curtains closed and continued their walk back to Number Four. When they stepped inside, Tonks quickly threw the groceries in the refrigerator and took him by the hand. With a sultry look, she led him up the stairs to his room, her hips swaying provocatively in front of him. As soon as he pulled the door to his room closed, Tonks pushed him up against it and kissed him hard, her large breasts squashed flat against his muscular chest. Harry slid his hands up her side and around her back, gently caressing her. Biting his bottom lip, she pulled back, stretching it out until it slipped free, her teeth scraping across the skin.

“You can make love to me later.” Tonks said softly.

Harry raised any eyebrow at her, a little confused at what she was trying to get at.

“Remus is always gentle, he’s too afraid of hurting me. Right now, I need you to fuck me.” she said seductively.

Smiling at her crookedly, he slid his hands down her back and grabbed her full, round ass, lifting her up. With a predatory grin, she wrapped her arms and legs around him tightly as he carried her over to the bed. Setting her down on the edge of the mattress, he grabbed the bottom of her Weird Sisters t-shirts and pulled it up over her head, revealing her black bra underneath. As soon as he tossed it to the floor, she hurriedly yanked his shirt over his head before reaching back to unclasp her bra and free her perky tits. Quickly, Harry opened her pants and pulled them off, leaving her in only a pair of simple black panties before pulling off his pants and underwear. His mostly hard cock hung down inches from her face as she stared at his member with a hungry gaze, her pink tongue peeking out to lick her lips.

Harry shoved her back on the bed and attacked her tits, gripping them roughly as he sucked and nipped at her full, pale orbs. Tonks arched her back, hissing as his teeth scraped over her puffy areola and stiff nipple. Her breasts suddenly grew larger in his hands by a full cup size, smooth, pale flesh bulging out from between his fingers. Letting go of her tits, he grabbed her panties and yanked them off of her hurriedly, only to stop suddenly when he saw a tuft of pink hair above her mound in the shape of a lightning bolt.

“I thought I'd redecorate. Whacha think?” she asked playfully.

Harry chuckled and shook his head. Reaching forward, he ran his fingers through the short, curly hair softly before gripping a patch suddenly and giving it a firm tug. Tonks bit her lip and moaned, bucking her hips upwards. Smirking at her, he grabbed his rigid cock at the base and slapped it down on her damp slit several times, drawing a desperate whine from her throat.

“For Merlin’s sake, stop teasing me and fuck me already!” she yelled at him.

Wedging his engorged head between her tight pink lips, he held himself poised at her entrance and leaned over her. With a single, brutal thrust, Harry drove his entire length into her hot, wet core. Tonks threw her head back and screamed out in satisfaction, her face a rictus of pleasure. Drawing his cock out slowly, until only his head remained trapped between her lips, he gave a

second brutal thrust. Her breasts rocked on her chest, the soft flesh rippling and jiggling from the force of the impact as another pleased yell tore from her throat.

“Faster.” she begged breathily, her nails digging into his back.

Sliding his arms under her shoulders, Harry lifted her up in an impressive show of strength and crawled onto the bed, laying her down in the middle. Pushing himself up on his toes, he drew half his hard length out of her before slamming back in at a much faster pace. Like a jackhammer, he pulled halfway out before plowing back in over and over rapidly, his thighs clapping against hers. Below him, Tonks continued to moan and yelp in pleasure, her fat tits flopping back and forth on her chest and nearly slapping her chin. Grabbing the back of his head, she pulled him down for a fierce kiss, their lips separating regularly so they could pant for air.

Tensing under him, her body quivered as she moaned into his mouth as her walls spasmed around his shaft. Her climax continued to build for several long moments before she finally reached her peak with a scream. With her nails digging painfully into his skin as her pussy gripped down on his length, her fluttering walls hugging his length tightly.

“Oh fuck, yes!” she hissed, bucking her hips.

Collapsing limply on the bed, she let go of him enough that he was able to move. Pulling his cock out of her dripping slit, he grabbed her hips and rolled her over onto her front and pulled her up onto her hands and knees. Spreading her cheeks apart, he ran his thumb over her wrinkled hole, and she surprised him by letting out a wanton moan.

“Harry?” she said nervously.

“Well, you said you wanted it rough.” Harry said.

Grabbing his cock, he guided it to her wet pussy and sank into her. Pulling back a moment later, he lined himself up with her puckered hole and pushed firmly until her ring gave way and his

bloated head forced its way into her tight hole. Tonks fell to her elbows with a loud groan, clutching tightly at the bedding.

“Holy shit!”

Raising his hand, Harry smacked her ass lightly, causing Tonks to jerk in surprise and unintentionally drive him deeper into herself with a moan. Gripping her hips tightly, he started sawing back and forth gently, slowly sinking more and more of his shaft into her depths. Gradually, Tonks relaxed, and Harry was able to move faster and deeper. As she relaxed, her moans grew louder, and she started pushing herself back against him.

“Oh fuck! That feels so good.” she moaned. “I should have tried this years ago.”

“You’ve never tried anal before?” he asked, slowing his thrusts.

“Un uh.”

“Well, I’ll have to give you a proper buggering, then.” he said just as he bottomed out for the first time.

Pulling back so only his head remained lodged in her tight ring. Tonks panted in anticipation as he paused there for a breath before driving back in, filling and stretching her tight rear with his wide cock. Letting out a long, low moan, her passage spasmed around him wildly. Pumping his hips back and forth at a steady pace, he pushed her to a thunderous climax after just a few thrusts. Clawing at the sheets, she let out a short, high-pitched squeal that was cut off when her breath caught on her throat. Harry was forced to nearly stop his movements when her passage clamped down on his length tightly. Stroking her back soothingly, she relaxed after a few moments, giving him the opportunity to move again. Desperate for his own climax, he let loose and slammed his throbbing cock into her with savage thrusts.

Harry huffed from the exertion, sweat dripping down his damp fringe as her round cheeks rippled when his hips clapped loudly against her ass. Tonks was reduced to a moaning,

screaming mess under him, her voice becoming increasingly hoarse. Gripping her hips tightly enough hard enough to leave marks behind, he pulled her back each time he drove forward, her passage spasming wildly around him. It didn't take long for Harry to feel his climax quickly approach, his balls churning with the need to fill her. At the last second, he remembered the whole point of this was to get her pregnant. With a supreme force of will, he pulled out of her ass and slammed into her drooling core desperately. As he did, Tonks screamed out her third orgasm from the sudden, unexpected intrusion.

As her walls spasmed around him, massaging his length, Harry came with a bestial roar. Streams of hot cum rocketed out of his throbbing, pulsing cock, splattering against her convulsing walls and filling her core. Bending over to lay across her back, he bit and sucked at the side of her neck, turning her delicate skin red as he continued to pump her full. When his climax waned, he fell to the side, taking her with him and letting his spent member to slip out of her. Wrapping his arm around her, cupping one of her breasts, he pulled her to his chest. Tonks, still trembling from her latest orgasm, moaned contentedly and snuggled back into him.

"Thank you." she whispered.

Harry wasn't quite sure what she was thanking him for, but he got the distinct feeling her words carried more meaning than he understood.

"Anytime." he said, kissing her neck softly.

He laid awake for a few more minutes as she drifted off to sleep, wondering how he was going to be able to let her go when their week was up.