

Unfaithful

Chapter 7

"But Mum has taken Teddy for the entire week! You promised that we'd go to Hawaii!" Nymphadora Tonks cried out as she stomped her booted foot in anger. She shouldn't have been surprised that her plans had been ruined.

"I just don't feel comfortable being that far from home given my ... condition," Lupin told her sadly, looking at her as if he were expecting some sympathy. What he got was a look at Tonks's rapidly reddening face as she became angry.

"It's always the same with you! You always use your condition as an excuse for everything. It's why you don't get a job! It's why you always cancel everything fun that I plan. It's even the excuse you give when you come home stumbling drunk!" she yelled out with a scowl. She crossed her arms underneath her buxom breasts and popped her hip to the side. It was the default stance of an angry woman.

"I told you ... alcohol ..."

"Helps deaden the pain of your transformation. I know," she finished his sentence. "It doesn't explain why you come home drunk in the middle of the month."

"Come on, Dora! Give me a break. I've ..."

"Had a hard life," she finished once again, rolling her eyes while holding in her explosive anger. She had heard the same handful of excuses a thousand times since they got together. At first, she sympathized with him greatly. She tried to put herself in his shoes and see how he felt. It must have been terrible to live life as a Werewolf. But sadly for him, times weren't like they used to be. There weren't oppressive laws against his kind anymore. Sure, there was still a stigma and sometimes even a bias, but for the most part, people tried hard to help those who were affected. These days, Remus Lupin had no excuses for why he couldn't live a normal happy life. Tonks was beginning to expect that he had gotten used to being incredibly lazy. Well, this time he had gone too far.

"You can stay here for the week then. I'm going on vacation!" she snarled and stomped to her room. She grabbed her packed, expanded bag and carried it with her as she went back through the living room. Seeing his gobsmacked face, she huffed before leaving through the front door and slamming it on her way out. Once out, she really didn't know where to go. On instinct, she apparated to Harry's house. Appearing in his back garden, she knocked on the door and waited impatiently. She was just about to bang on the door when it opened, revealing Harry's surprised face.

"Tonks!" Harry greeted her happily. "What a wonderful surprise. Come in," he told her, taking her bag from her and ushering her inside. Once in, he closed the door behind her. He watched with an amused expression as Tonks walked past him, straight to the living room where she grabbed a glass and his bottle of firewhiskey. She plopped down on the couch and poured herself four-fingers of whiskey. Harry whistled appreciatively as he placed her bag down and sat beside her.

"Remus must have seriously pissed you off. I haven't seen you this mad since you caught me teaching Teddy the Wronski Feint," Harry chuckled. Tonks nodded as she put the glass to her lips and tilted her head back. He watched as half the whiskey was drunk in a single go. Tonks grimaced and blew hard to alleviate the burning sensation. "Slow down and tell me what happened."

Tonks took another sip before she began her tale. With every sentence, Harry just nodded more and more, completely understanding her point of view.

"I always wondered why he kept refusing the jobs that I got him. After a while, I just stopped asking people to hire him," Harry said. Tonks raised an eyebrow.

"You tried to get him jobs?" she asked. Harry nodded.

"Many times. He always refused. They were even willing to work around his schedule."

Tonks closed her eyes and breathed in and out deeply. Seeing that she might explode in anger, Harry took the bottle from her hand and began pouring. "Let me fill 'er up."

The pair sat there and talked for a while. Harry let her get everything off of her chest. He wasn't surprised to hear her say that she was thinking about leaving him.

"The worst part is the wasted gold. I worked hard to save enough money for our trip to Hawaii. Now, my plans are completely shot," she told him and flopped back on the couch, clearly upset. But for Harry, all he could think about was a free trip to Hawaii. He held back a smirk.

"Hey, Tonks. I've got an idea."

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Harry grabbed his towel as they got ready to head to the beach for the first time since they had gotten there. They arrived late at night due to the time difference and took some sleeping potions to avoid getting jet-lagged. When they woke, they got breakfast before getting ready for a day of fun and sun. Harry was already in his swim trunks with a loose t-shirt that he could easily take off. He was waiting on Tonks. "Hurry your ass up! We're burning daylight!" he called out impatiently.

“Hold your horses! Perfection can’t be rushed,” he heard through the bathroom door. They were staying in a muggle hotel room that she had rented to save money. The single bed didn’t bother him any. When she walked out, Harry whistled loudly at the sexiness on display.

“What do you think?” she asked, posing for him. She turned a bit to give him a peek at her thong-clad ass. She was spilling out from every side. He could feel his shorts tighten.

“Damn sexy,” he told her honestly.

“You really think so?” she asked, looking at herself in the mirror. Lupin hadn’t given her a compliment in years.

“Cross my heart and hope to die,” he replied.

“Stick Malfoy’s tiny pecker in your eye?” she teased. Harry chuckled and nodded. “You just like it because my tits are hanging out,” she said, turning to the mirror again. She placed her hands underneath her big breasts and jiggled them up and down. Indeed, they were spilling out from the top and sides.

“I like it because your ass is hanging out too,” he corrected her and slapped her hard on the ass. He heard a loud “EEK!” as Tonks jumped up and held her bottom. He enjoyed watching her tits bounce.

“Harry! Now my ass is going to have a red handprint!” she complained, turning in the mirror to look.

“It’ll disappear by the time we get down there, so hurry up,” he told her. She huffed and tied a cover around her waist before they left.

Not long after, Tonks was lying on her large beach blanket while catching some rays. Harry was relaxing beside her, checking out her curves. He wasn’t going to lie, he found it hilarious that poor Lupin was sitting at home feeling sorry for himself while he was here with his wife. Harry didn’t feel guilty one bit, and he even planned to try and take things further. Tonks deserved a bit of fun for a change, and Harry didn’t want the old Werewolf to drag her down to his sad and pathetic level. After a while, they ran to the ocean and splashed around in the water. All in all, everyone on the beach had a smashing day. Harry noticed that there were more than a few men checking Tonks out and even more angry wives and girlfriends sending glares at their men with wandering eyes. Once it had gotten late, they decided to end day one of their vacation and go back to the room. Harry showered first since he only took a few minutes. Tonks, however, took nearly an hour.

“Took you long enough,” Harry teased as Tonks came out wrapped in a towel.

"Shut it. My body is a bit crispy at the moment," she told him as she bent over to look in her bag. "Have you seen the burn cream?"

"Right here," Harry replied, holding up the bottle in his hand. A thought suddenly popped into his head. "Come over here. I'll put it on your back."

"I don't know, Harry, I ..." she slowly said as she looked conflicted.

"Relax, Tonks. I'm sure Remus wouldn't mind me taking care of your sunburns. He's probably at the bar right now raising a toast to the idea," he added. Hearing Harry say that her husband was probably at the bar right now, spending money that she had earned, instead of being here with his wife filled her with rage again. Harry knew that it didn't take much to get her angry.

"Fine," she huffed. "Just watch your hands, or I may have to smack you," she threatened before dropping her towel and exposing her nude backside as she laid facedown on the bed. Harry smirked knowing that he had her right where he wanted her. He opened the bottle and squirted the magical cream in a line from her neck, down the middle of her spine, up to the crack of her voluptuous ass. Tonks gasped and shivered from the cooling sensation of the cream. He then squirted some on his palm and began massaging it into her shoulders. Within seconds, her body relaxed, and she let out a deep moan. Harry chuckled when she moaned for him to shut up.

"Ohhh! That feels so good!" Tonks ground out as he worked the muscles of her aching shoulders before moving onto her slim neck. When his hands touched her bare back, and he really started to work his magic, Tonks was practically putty in his hands. She was squirming uncontrollably as his hands caressed her ribs. Her curvy body bucked when his fingers accidentally touched her incredibly smooth underarms. In fact, all of her body was the smoothest that he had ever touched. It was neck and neck with Fleur's body. She must have been using her Metamorph powers to remove the hair.

"Your muscles are so tense. You really need to learn to relax and let yourself go ... you know," he told her as he massaged the small of her back with his thumbs while he gripped her slim waist in his strong hands.

"Mhmm," was her muffled answer. Harry noticed that she was starting to rub her thighs together. Knowing that he almost had her, he decided to go in for the kill. His hand left her back before quickly grabbing her feet. Tonks gasped when he dug his thumbs into the soles of her small feet. She let him do whatever he wanted to them without a single complaint. By then, Harry could easily smell the scent of her arousal that was drifting over from deep between her legs. Harry's hands moved up her legs, first starting at her ankles, then slowly and methodically moving them over her calves. When his hands began caressing the incredibly soft skin of her inner thighs, Tonks actually moaned his name without even thinking about it.

Harry could see just a hint of her tight slit that was hidden between her tightly closed legs. His fingers drifted upward until he had a firm grasp of both her plump cheeks. His thumbs slipped between her cheeks while he massaged them, causing them to spread. Tonks squeaked loudly when she felt her cheeks open. She knew that Harry could see everything. She briefly thought about ending the massage, but the pleasure of his hands on her body mixed with the contempt that she currently felt for her pathetic husband was enough to keep her lips sealed. Her eyes fluttered wildly as Harry's thumbs rubbed the area between her pussy lips and thighs. She could feel her wet lips being mashed together tightly by his moving thumbs. "Turn over," she heard him say. Immediately, her heart began hammering in her chest. She knew that if she did, things would progress, and she probably wouldn't stop it. If she refused, the massage would likely end. Gathering her courage, she bit her lower lip and sent a silent "Fuck You" to Lupin as she rolled onto her back.

AN - Will continue in the next chapter