

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

-

## **Chapter 12: My Life, My Rules**

-

After a quick apparition trip, and a bit of a longer stop to allow Cammi to finish dry-heaving from the nauseating form of magical travel, they arrived at her flat without much fanfare. The farewell between her and Harry was melancholic, to say the least. Though they'd only been apart a scant few months, it felt like years. The emotional turmoil certainly didn't help things, and after all that they had really only gotten a handful of hours together.

Hours filled with all sorts of fun, both loving and kinky alike, mind you, but few nonetheless.

Eventually, they did part, with Cammi wrapped tightly around him in a fierce hug as she sniffled into the crook of his neck.

"See you soon yeah?" She murmured, voice wobbling the tiniest bit.

Harry squeezed her even tighter and nodded. "Before you know it"

Cammi giggled watery and pulled back to look him in the eyes. Those familiar green orbs of his were downcast and sad, their usual gleam now dulled, yet he still smiled back. With a sigh, Cammi forced herself to perk up, splaying her regular teasing smirk upon her lips.

"Kiss me like you'll miss me?"

And he did- dear god he did.

She couldn't stop the small whimper from escaping her lips as their tongues joined. Heat flushed around her core in seconds, the hormones in her body acting on pure instinct at this point as they revelled in the passion of their lip lock. If Cammi didn't know he needed to return, she very well might have kept Harry there for the remainder of the day, if not for the rest of the

school year. As it were, they were very much not alone standing in her apartment. A small cough from Tonks broke up their little moment.

"Sorry love, but this one has a meeting with the Headmaster he needs to get to." Tonks butted in with an apologetic smile.

Cammi sighed and pulled away, placing one last small peck against his lips before she stepped back.

Harry smiled and whispered a quick goodbye. Together, he and Tonks hooked arms and disappeared with a soft '*crack!*'

She didn't know how long she stood there, in the middle of her living room staring at the spot where her lover had been just moments before. It was only when her kitchen phone rang was she finally snapped free from her wanderlust-like state.

"Hello?" She said, quickly picking up the ringing receiver. "Oh! Hey 'Ness!" She said recognising the voice of her best friend on the other side "A drink? You know what?" Cammi asked, looking towards the spot Harry had been a few minutes prior. "I'd fucking /love a drink!"

-

After saying goodbye to Tonks outside the castle gates, Harry began his long trek back. The early morning sun was now high in the sky, soon to shift to full midday before long. Though the sky was cloudless, a rare occurrence this close to winter, a brisk chill still hung in the air that would last the remainder of the day.

Harry sighed as he walked along the familiar beaten path. Reaching into his jacket, he pulled free a cigarette and placed it between his lips, lighting the tobacco-filled stick with barely a thought. As he walked, he let his mind wander, mulling over the events of the past day or so as he breathed out a small cloud of smoke into the air.

It had been one surprise after another. Good surprises, of course, he never really got many of those. But with it came a new set of problems. Having Cammi in the know about the Wizarding World... it complicated things to say the least. Part of his mind itched in discomfort at the

thought of having his two worlds collide in such a way, but a much bigger part couldn't help but coil uncomfortably in worry. Cammi was supposed to be his escape from it all. His small corner of the world where there was no prophecy- no Voldemort- no Boy-Who-Lived. With Cammi, he was just Harry, a normal bloke who didn't have his own prophesized death looming on the horizon. Yet now Cammi knew everything, not just magic but Voldemort as well- hell even the prophecy, if just the barest details.

Harry flicked some ash from the end of his cigarette and took another drag.

Nothing good could come from Cammi knowing about the prophecy. She'd want to get involved, she was too stubborn to sit on the sidelines after all. But that would only serve to put her in even more danger. If Voldemort or his Death Eaters EVER got wind of her...well, needless to say even with Tonks' training Cammi wouldn't stand a chance.

He reached the castle before long, mind still abuzz with what ifs, though with slightly pink cheeks thanks to the cold. As he approached the entrance hall, a familiar stern-faced figure met his approach, almost forcing Harry to groan in annoyance.

"Good of you to join us Mr. Potter." McGonagall said with a clipped tone. Her face was set in a sharpened frown while her eyes bore into him with authoritative fury. "Come. The Headmaster is waiting and I will not allow you to dally any longer. And throw that disgusting thing out." She finished, eyeing his cigarette in distaste before turning around to lead him inside.

Harry scoffed quietly and rolled his eyes, taking one last puff from his cigarette before flicking it away. The but burned to ashes before it hit the ground, courtesy of a small pulse of wandless magic.

Following McGonagall, he was soon led to the gargoyle statue standing watch over the Headmaster's office. McGonagall stepped forward, clearing her throat before speaking.

"Acid Pop." She spoke clearly. At once the stone gargoyle stepped aside, allowing the Transfiguration Professor access. "Wait here Mr. Potter." McGonagall ordered with a quick glance over her shoulder.

Harry slumped against the wall and nodded, watching as the deputy headmistress stepped up the staircase and into Dumbledore's office.

"Bloody figures..." He muttered to himself, taking out yet another cigarette and lighting it without a word. The animated paintings around him grumbled in annoyance at his casual display of rulebreaking but left him be for the most part.

He stood there for some time, not terribly long mind you, but long enough that by the time the gargoyle jumped aside once more, he was already almost done with his smoke. Looking up at the noise, Harry was surprised to be greeted by a stoic-faced blonde beauty instead of the stern one of Professor McGonagall. It took him a moment to recognize the girl who stood before him. From her blonde, almost silver, blonde hair braided perfectly down her back, her crystal blue eyes that shone with an icy coolness, to her pale porcelain skin and plump pink lips, Harry would be an absolute idiot to *NOT* recognize the ethereal beauty before him. Daphne Greengrass was not a face anyone forgot after all.

"Potter." She said coolly, blue eyes flicking up his form in rapid assessment.

"Greengrass." He greeted back with a nod, taking another puff from his cigarette.

Daphne stared at the lit cylinder in his hands for a moment. The impassive look on her face told him nothing of her true thoughts, only that- if anything- she at least wasn't annoyed by the action. Seemingly making up her mind on who knows what, Daphne stood a bit straighter and looked him directly in the eyes.

"Spare a smoke?"

Harry huffed out a small laugh in surprise. Reaching into his coat, he pulled free his packet of cigarettes and offered them up to the blonde. This earned him his first smile from the blonde. It was small, fleeting really, barely an upturn of the lips, but a smile nonetheless as she took the pack from his hands and retrieved one for herself. As the blonde brought it to her lips, Harry lit the end with a quick snap of his fingers.

"Mmm." Daphne hummed, sucking in a breath of nicotine-filled smoke. "Thanks." She nodded, leaning against the wall a small distance away from him. Not enough to appear rude, but enough to avoid being mistaken as friendly. From this distance though, she was still close enough for Harry to spot the small purpled bruises that marred the pale flesh of her knuckles. He quickly made note of them, before quickly turning his gaze back to the blonde's face. Daphne was quicker though, catching him before he could fully look away. The blonde cocked an eyebrow at him as if challenging him to mention the bruises. Harry was smart enough to back down though, simply shrugging as he threw away the spent butt of his cigarette. Daphne hummed in response and said nothing, instead reaching out to hand him back the carton of smokes.

"Keep 'em." He said, holding up his hand. "I brought plenty to last me the rest of the semester. 'Sides-" His eyes flicked down briefly towards the purpled splotches on her knuckles. "-I have a feeling you need 'em more than me anyway."

The Slytherin Ice Queen hesitated for a moment, an unreadable look passing over her features before she nodded. "A kind gesture. Seems you have my thanks again Potter."

Harry waved her off. "Don't mention it Greengrass." She looked at him still, that same unreadable look in her eye still lingering behind her ice-blue irises. For a moment it seemed as if she were going to speak, yet before she could the gargoyles before them jumped aside, allowing both the deputy headmistress and headmaster through.

"Ah Harry my boy." Dumbledore smiled. "I do apologize for the wait, it seems a somewhat urgent matter came to my attention." The old wizard's eyes flicked over to Daphne for a moment causing the blonde witch to scoff. "If you'd come with me now my boy. I feel there are a few things for us to discuss."

Harry pushed himself off the wall with a sigh as the aged wizard retreated back up the stairs.

"See you around Potter." Daphne called after him.

Harry turned, levelling the blonde with a small smirk before winking. "Only if you're lucky Greengrass."

If he had bothered to wait just a moment longer before ascending up the stairs, Harry would have bore witness to the usually stoic witch's facade crack just slightly, enough for a pinkish blush to form over her cheeks. With a small cough, Daphne threw the spent cigarette away and hastily made her way from the hall.

She had something to think about it seemed.

-

"Sherbet lemon?"

"No thank you sir." Harry responded. Sitting opposite of the aged Headmaster, the raven-haired teen leaned back, forcing himself to stamp down the irritation he felt by merely sitting in the man's presence.

Dumbledore must have sensed his attitude, however, as the usually calm and serene wizard seemed to almost deflate with a tired sigh. "Of course. I suppose it would be best if I simply stated why I wished to see you." At Harry's nod, the headmaster continued "I understand you must be quite displeased with me Harry." Dumbledore began. "The burdens placed upon you are heavy indeed, and I have been very much remiss in my duties as your magical guardian and mentor to alleviate those burdens."

"Remiss?" Harry snorted. "Professor, with all due respect, you've been the bloody cause of a good majority of my burdens!" He exclaimed. "The philosopher's stone, the basilisk!" He stood with a snarl. "The dementors! Sirius's exile! For Merlin's sake, you practically made me compete in one of Magic's most dangerous fucking tournaments! And that's just in the last few years! Should I even mention the Dursleys?!"

Dumbledore nodded, his twinkling eyes having lost much of their lustre as Harry spoke. "I know my boy. I fear I let the worry of Tom and his return blind me to that fact. Perhaps I allowed

myself to rationalise my mistakes through the lenses of a greater good- a foolish notion I assure you.”

“You can fucking say that again.” Harry bit harshly. From behind Dumbledore, Fawkes trilled upon his perch. The magic of a phoenix’s song washed over him at once, soothing his frayed nerves and stealing the temper he felt rising in his gut with each second he was in Dumbledore’s presence. The swirling magic he hadn’t even noticed around him abated as well, leaving the faint smell of cinder and ozone within the room as his anger cooled.

Harry took a breath and turned back to the bearded wizard. “You’ve taken a lot of my choices away from me over the years, Headmaster. I don’t know if I can forgive that and I most certainly will not forget. But-” He began, slumping back down into his chair. “-No matter my feelings towards you, we both know Voldemort is the real threat. So I’ll help, but I’m going to do it my way.”

“I wouldn’t have it any other way.” Dumbledore nodded with a small smile. Pausing, the headmaster sighed and leaned forward. “I do, however, need to express my concern for your relationship with Miss Lawrence.” Before Harry could respond Dumbledore held up his hand and continued. “I will not begrudge your efforts to find happiness, my boy- truly. You more than most deserve to find someone you care for and who in turn cares for you. I simply wish to urge caution when you next visit her. There are eyes everywhere Harry. In Hogsmeade, Diagon, even in this very castle.” Lifting his gaze Dumbledore smiled knowingly as his twinkle returned. “Even at the bus stops of Upper Whinging.”

Harry peered towards the older man and crossed his arms. “You knew?”

“About your adventures this summer? I did. At least a few, but it is as you say my boy, I have taken away far too many decisions from you. Whether I approved of your actions this summer or not, they were still yours to make.” Dumbledore explained. “But please do understand that I would have only ever intervened if you were in real danger. Your safety is paramount my boy.”

“And Cammi?” He asked, his face twisted into a look of suspicion.

“As long as Miss Lawrence is...amenable to a few necessary changes to the security of her home, I see no reason why the headmaster of a school should interfere with the relationships of one of their students.” Dumbledore smiled. “On that note however...” The aged headmaster’s mood shifted somewhat as he sat up just a bit straighter and riffled through a stack of what looked like various brochures upon his desk. Clearing his throat, the bearded wizard levelled Harry with a stern gaze and began to speak in a practised voice.. “As I am a member of the faculty here at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, it is my duty to inform you of certain biological changes your body may be going through.”

Harry audibly groaned as Dumbledore slid forward a brochure of two smiling teens with the words ‘SEX: HOW TO KEEP IT MAGICAL AND SAFE’ emblazoned over the top.

“...you may have noticed hair growing in certain places on your body. Or perhaps you’ve begun to feel strange new urges around your female peers...”

Harry could only slump back into his chair and cover his face in despair as Dumbledore began to explain the biological process of reproduction, joined in by various transfigured models and diagrams floating in the air...

...It was going to be a long day.

-

Cammi threw back her 5th shot of the night with barely a grimace. At this point her tastebuds were far too dulled to even taste the bitter alcohol washing over her tongue. Slamming the glass back down she quickly chased down the tequila with a small dab of salt and a lemon wedge.

“Whoa! Slow down there babes! We’ve barely been here for an hour!” Vanessa exclaimed.

Cammi waved her friend off and gestured for the bartender to pour another. The older 30-something-year-old waitress instead slid forward a glass of water. “She’s right, Cams. You need to pace yourself.”

“Ugh! Don’t you start too Dacey! I’m celebrating!”

“Honey the only time I’ve ever seen you drink like this is when you’ve just dumped some tool of a boyfriend.” Dacey replied, pushing the glass even closer towards Cammi.

From beside her, Vanessa snorted into her drink. “She’s not wrong love.”

Cammi rolled her eyes. “Fuck the both of you! I’ll have you know I actually just got back from a night of the raunchiest shagging the likes of which you two cunts have never experienced!”

“Rebound sex doesn’t count Cammi.” Vanessa said with a roll of her eyes.

“It wasn’t rebound sex! I was with Harry for fuck’s sake!”

At once the two women’s teasing evaporated, Dacey’s morphing into an excited smirk and Vanessa’s into a look of shock and overwhelming curiosity.

“Oh really?” Dacey cooed. “Mr. Tall, Dark, and downright Delectable? I’d thought the two of you split months ago seeing as how I’ve seen no hide nor hair of him since the night I caught the two of you shagging in the back storeroom.

Cammi hid her blush behind the glass of water. That night both she and Harry had drank a few too many. She barely remembered their little romp in the storeroom, much less when she tried to convince Dacey to join in only for the bartender to laugh and close the door to give them a bit of privacy to finish.

“Scratch the water Dacey.” Vanessa muttered. “Bring the fucking good stuff out.”

“You got it love.”

As Dacey stepped away to fill their order, Vanessa leaned in close so that only she could hear.

“So I take it you got some answers then?”

“A few.” Cammi nodded.

Vanessa hummed to herself and pursed her lips. “And judging by the poorly hidden hickeys on your neck, we...liked these answers?”

“I- You could say that.”

Vanessa’s look of curiosity and mild suspicion shifted into one of smug justification.

“Well then looks like we are celebrating! Oi Dacey! Where’s that fucking bottle?!”

The night passed on with drinks and laughter shared between friends. Through it all, Cammi shared a highly edited version of events with the two women, mentioning nothing of magic, prophecies, or a sexy pink-haired shapeshifter who she planned to 'gift' Harry for Christmas. In the end, it was a very drunk Vanessa who called it a night first. Cammi managed to help her friend into a cab without much difficulty despite her own drunken state. The reddish-blonde woman slurred a goodbye as Cammi settled her into her seat.

"Yeah, yeah goodnight to you too you weirdo." Cammi giggled, placing a small kiss on her friend's forehead. After paying in advance for the fare, Cammi stood and stumbled back towards the bar. The world around her spun, forcing her to grab onto the wall for support as she made her way inside. Nausea soon followed, only redoubling the tattooed woman's effort to pay her tab and then get the fuck home as fast as she could.

"Whoa!" She slurred as she nearly bowled over a young couple walking out into the night. Before she could, however, a hand suddenly appeared, wrapping roughly around her wrist and pulling her out of the way. The sight she was met with was of a tall blonde man with a chiselled jaw and green eyes that stared leerily down her shirt. A cocky smirk was splayed across his lips in a way that only made Cammi want to vomit all the more.

"Hey there beautiful. Looks like I saved you." The man chuckled.

Cammi grunted in discomfort and yanked her wrist free from the stranger's grasp, stepping back with a small glare. "I've got it thanks." She bit out. "How 'bout next time you ask before grabbing me like a fucking ape."

The man didn't bat an eye at her venomous tone, his smirk only growing with each word she spoke. "Oh next time? Making plans for our second date already?"

Cammi scoffed and turned to leave. "It'll be a cold day in hell before I even agree to the first asshole."

Just as she was about to step away, the hand on her wrist returned, its grip even more rough this time.

In an instant, Cammi's brain went into overdrive. Faster than one would think possible in her current state, she rounded on the prat, her fist already swinging in a wide arc and crashing against his jaw with a meaty '*Thwack!*'

"Argh!" He cried pulling back with his hands clutching his now bleeding nose. "Yo-You bitch! You fucking broke my nose!"

Cammi scoffed and adjusted the collar of her denim jacket. "And I told you not to fucking touch me. You should've listened."

The blonde-haired man reared back as if she'd struck him again. His mouth contorted into an ugly grimace as angry veins pulsed in his forehead. The blood pouring down his face only made the visage all the more unpleasant.

His mouth opened to retort just as he stepped forward threateningly, yet before he could so much as take a step, a voice shouted out from the darkened street.

"Oi! Arsehole!"

Before the oaf could turn, twin beams of light slammed into his chest, propelling him backwards into the brick wall of the bar. The man gasped as the air was driven from his lungs, yet his would be cry was cut short as in moments his entire face was covered in bulbous puss filled boils.

The blonde stranger grunted, hauling himself to his feet on shaky legs. Almost in a daze, he reached up, patting his face in confusion before a panic seemed to set in. At once the drunken idiot screamed as the boils began to burst one by one in what had to be a very painful experience.

Thankfully his screams were cut off by another jet of light slamming into his chest, causing the man to crumple into the ground unconscious.

"Jeez what a wimp. Taken out by a bloody second-year spell." Tonks muttered, appearing from the dark as she stuffed her wand back into its holster. "Alright there Cams? He didn't hurt you did he?"

Cammi shook her head with a scoff. "Please. I've dealt with my fair share of drunken baffoons. What are you doing here?"

Tonks shrugged. "Would you believe me if I said I was just in the neighbourhood?" At Cammi's disbelieving look, the woman chuckled and rubbed the back of her neck sheepishly. "Alright yeah, shite excuse. I just had to be sure ya know? That you wouldn't go blabbing to the media the second we left."

"Yeah because a woman ranting and raving about a hidden world of witches and wizards is always taken seriously." Cammi snorted. The tattooed woman ran a frustrated hand through her hair and sighed. "Look I don't know if you've noticed- but I'm a little drunk right now. So can we discuss all this-" She gestured towards Tonks. "-later?"

Tonks seemed to relax somewhat, her nervous shifting from foot to foot easing as she nodded. "Works for me. We should probably get out of here before the obliviators show up for this one." She said, nodding towards the unconscious man on the ground. "I know a decent spot down the street. Wanna head there for a drink?"

Cammi thought about it for a moment before shaking her head. "I think I'd rather just head home thanks." Her words seemed to somewhat make the auror deflate. Cammi couldn't help but sigh internally and bring her hand up to pinch her nose. Oh curse her bleeding heart. Or perhaps I curse her attraction to punk rock women. "You can come with if you like. Fancy a night cap?"

-

"Well tonight was eventful."

Tonks snorted and dropped onto the cushion beside her. "Just a little." The auror joked, accepting the offered beer with a nod of her head. Turning, Tonk's expression shifted to one of concern as she stared into Cammi's eyes. "You sure you're okay? There's nothing wrong with being a little shaken up after something like that."

Cammi shrugged and took a sip of her own beer. "Like I said, not the first time I've had to deal with handy arseholes. I used to work part-time at this little dive bar down near Sutton. It was a

shithole to tell the truth, filled with all sorts of sleazebags and cunts.” She paused to take another sip of her drink. “Mind you most never tried anything other than trying to pinch my arse here and there, but some got brave from time to time. You learn pretty quickly how to defend yourself in a place like that.”

Tonks nodded with an impressed look on her face “Well from what I saw you throw a pretty mean right hook. Fucker looked like he about pissed himself after that hit!” The auror laughed. Cammi laughed as well and nudged the woman with her elbow. “What about whatever the fuck you did with those boils! Made him scream like a little girl!”

They devolved into peels of laughter, giggling over the events of the night as they drank.

One beer soon turned into two. At some point during one of Tonja’s more amusing auror stories those two turned into three, then four.

By the time the sixth came about, it was well past midnight and both women were far from sober. At some point they’d shifted from sitting on the couch to practically lounging across one another on the floor, empty bottles all around them.

“And then Wonder Boy, in his infinite genius, decides he going to bloody OUTFLY A DRAGON!”

“Are you fucking joking?!” Cammi sputtered, laughing in one part humour, another part disbelief.

“No! And what’s even more insane- It bloody worked! Flew circles around that beastly and snatched up the egg in record time! Only got a small scratch too!”

“God he’s fucking mental.” Cammi said with a shake of her head, taking a healthy gulp of her- whatever number they were on- beer.

Tonks snorted and threw her empty bottle to the side. “You can say that again babes. He didn’t know me then, but I didn’t know whether I wanted to do more, shag him or fucking throttle him!”

Cammi laughed at the woman’s enthusiasm, cheeks flushed with mirth and no small amount of alcohol.

“From the past few months of knowing Harry, I’d say that’s probably the most natural reaction to his antics!” She replied between giggles.

Tonks smirked at her with a raised brow. "Think so? Or do you really just like thinking about me shagging him."

"Him?" Cammi laughed. "I'm bloody thinking about you shagging me!"

The words left her mouth before she even realized what she was saying. When the realization came, Cammi's eyes went wide as she clamped a hand over her mouth in surprise.

It was too late though. From the way Tonks's smirk widened and she leaned forward, giving Cammi a plentiful view of her rather stunning amount of cleavage, the metamorph had more than heard what she said.

"Tonks I-"

"-apparently want to shag my brains out? Oh I've got that part!" The pink haired witch teased.

"Not that I mind. I think I made my own feelings towards the subject pretty damn clear this morning."

The memories of Tonks staring down at her with an entranced look of intense arousal on her face while she rapidly pumped Harry to completion all over Cammi's tits came to the forefront of the tattooed vixen's mind. In an instant her womanhood filled with an intense burning lust, brought on by the memories and something more...

As the metamorph continued to lean forward, more of her generous cleavage spilled free, leaving very little to the imagination of what was left covered.

The memories of the morning shifted, morphing into increasingly erotic and truly divine fantasies featuring her raven haired lover and the woman before her now.

*'A taste wouldn't hurt would it?'* A voice purred in her mind, and try as she might, she couldn't deny how very tempting that idea sounded.

It wasn't like she wasn't already planning to convince Tonks into Harry and hers bed after all. She pretty much had Christmas planned out entirely, what was one or two more nights of fun added to it? They could certainly explore all sorts of yummy roleplays with the pink-haired

bombshell. Plus Cammi was already having a hard enough time being this close to the witch while intoxicated.

She's always been a more...randy drunk, and sitting so close to Tonks- one of the *hottest* women she's ever had the pleasure of meeting- was having disastrous effects on her libido.

Staring into the auror's eyes, Cammi could feel the smouldering heat in her core rise every so slowly in intensity. Everything, from the scent of Tonks' perfume to the way she bit her lips every so slightly with that teasing smirk of hers- Everything had Cammi on edge. What was even holding her back? Harry certainly wouldn't mind. In fact, he'd more than love the idea of a sexy vixen like Tonks tongue deep in her quim. Even more so if he was allowed to join.

Though that last part wasn't really an option right now, it certainly didn't mean Cammi couldn't make it up to him later. Hell, if Tonks were up for it, she could even snap a few pictures like she had before and mail them to her lover as a sort of surprise.

Yessss, she thought with a smirk, that sounded like a wonderful idea.

"Hmm did you now. Perhaps I need another...demonstration~?" Cammi practically purred as she leaned closer to the pink-haired metamorph.

Tonks's smirk grew, no words leaving her mouth as her eyes steadily glazed over with barely controlled lust.

Even as highly trained as Tonks was, not even she was ready for the speed at which Cammi pounced on her. An entirely unrestrained groan escaped her lips as Cammi pressed a kiss against the side of her neck, holding Tonks tight against her own body as the metamorph pawed desperately at her arse.

The taste of Tonks's lips was entirely too addicting Cammi decided. The pink-haired bombshell was trying to say something between the lust filled kisses Cammi subjected her too, but the words were all drowned out by the rush of blood in Cammi's ears as her arousal only increased. Tonks seemed to give up soon enough thankfully as she felt the witch melt even deeper against her, her own lips moving against Cammi's with equal passion while new moans joined the

tattooed vixens in a lustful orchestra that echoed off her living room walls. The hands on her bum delved deeper squeezing and spreading Cammi's round cheeks while the aurors tongue delved between her lips.

By the time one of Tonks's hands trailed lower, finding its way between her legs, the raven-haired woman was already *soaking* wet.

She didn't know who was the first to move. One second they were sloppily making out atop her couch- and the next they were rushing to her bedroom, stopping nearly half a dozen times along the way to pet, pinch, lick, and *suck* on various places on each other's body.

Cammi came before they even made it into her bedroom. Tonks had pinned her against the hallway wall with a domineering gleam in her multicoloured eyes. With one hand wrapped tightly around Cammi's throat, the other had quickly pushed its way down the front of her pants, hilding two fingers all the way down to the knuckle deep inside Cammi's drenched pussy. Cammi wailed like a wanton slut, whimpering and begging for Tonks to keep going. The metamorph's smirk was what made her come undone, teasing and oh-so *sultry* as she spoke.

"Mmm, begging already baby? You're such a good little slut~"

Cammi shuddered around Tonks's fingers, her pussy quaking around the rocking digits from the sheer allure of dominance dripping from the witch's voice. Before she knew it they had shifted again, this time with Cammi being pushed to her knees between the metamorph's legs, trailing kisses down her glorious thighs as she removed her jeans.

Cammi didn't hesitate once in her movements as Tonks leered over her, pressing her tongue gently against the woman's clit, finding that she was somehow even wetter than Cammi herself was. Their moans were practically in concert as Cammi set about devouring pink haired bombshells delicious quim, alternating between deep, slow licks and light, fast flicks of her tongue. Tonks muttered a stream of praise and winding her fingers into Cammi's raven-black hair.

Almost as soon as she'd brought Tonks to her own orgasm, Cammi found herself being lifted onto the bed, enjoying the surprising show of strength from Tonks in a way that had her cunt *throb* in excitement.

When Tonks began to lower her head between Cammi's legs, the tattooed seductress had a sudden trill of authority asserted itself, albeit briefly.

"Wait." She said, her voice shaky.

Tonks looked up, the ghost of concern flashing across her features.

"Turn around~" Cammi commanded with a purr.

Tonks smirked, but did as she was bid, reorienting herself to swing a leg over Cammi's face.

Cammi, however, was nowhere near patient enough to wait any longer, gripping Tonks's spectacular arse firmly as she raised her face up and buried it into the pink-haired sluts dripping sex

The loud moan of approval from Tonks was muffled by Cammi's own slick folds blocking the witch's mouth.

Cammi considered herself to be fairly lucky that she was fully capable of multiple orgasms, but she was nowhere near as gifted on that front as Tonks. Though she fully believed in her own skills at eating pussy, it seemed to take mere seconds for her to make the metamorph cum again and again. A stark contrast to the woman's otherwise dominant personality.

*'Though- oh fuck- I'm not exactly far behind~'* Cammi thought as her body began to shake with that oh-so familiar feeling.

Their bodies let loose together, filling the room with their muffled moans of climax and the heavy smell of their sexes gushing with their combined juices.

Tonks turned off of her perch, huffing, as she crawled around to face Cammi. The pink-haired witch wasted no time smashing their lips together for another extremely hard kiss, one that had Cammi whimpering for more. She could taste herself on Tonks's tongue and she knew that

surely Tonks could also taste herself as well. An erotic thought that had Cammi's core burning with fire once more.

"I should get going." Tonks whispered against her lips, the eager witch making no move to do so as her hands dove under Cammi's shirt and began to knead her breasts.

Cammi could only gasp in approval and wrap her arms tightly around the woman's neck. "Stay~" She whispered, making Tonks smirk.

The metamorph sat up, and for a moment Cammi thought she'd really leave. Yet that fear was dashed as Tonks reached down and pulled off her worn band shirt with a single tug, freeing her large round breasts.

"Well if you insist~" Tonks giggled, easing back down between Cammi's legs once more.

Cammi moaned out in pleasure, instantly raking her nails through the woman's spiky spink locks. Yet before they could continue their fun, Cammi suddenly recalled her earlier plan with a small gasp.

"Wait! Where's my camera?!"

"Camera?" Tonks asked confused, sitting up and wiping her mouth of Cammi's juices.

Cammi nodded as she quickly reached into her nightstand drawer, throwing aside various sets of lingerie and the odd toy or two.

"Aha!" She exclaimed, pulling free her Polaroid. At Tonks confused look Cammi rolled her eyes and explained "Well it wouldn't be fair to Harry if he didn't know what he missed out on hmm?" By the way Tonks face contorted into a wide smirk, she was very much in agreement with the idea.

Oh yes, Harry would definitely love his present.

Very much indeed.

-

Author's Note

Big ole chapter filled with some lore, some angst, and most importantly, some steamy scenes between Tonks and Cammi! Next chapter: Harry has a second chance meeting with a snake and perhaps even draws the eye of one other...

Thanks for reading!