

Summary: When a spell goes wrong, Harry and Hermione find themselves mentally connected. The only problem is, they can't control what they do and do not hear. But it's not like either has anything to hide, right? Hogwarts starts at 15.

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Chapter 27:

A/N: ALL CHARACTERS PORTRAYED IN THIS WORK ARE 18 YEARS OLD OR ABOVE.

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Harry tightened his grip on his wand and searched the treeline around him. In the dead of night, the foliage and dense wood repelled any light that dared shine within. The gnarled roots and creaking branches played tricks on his mind, reaching out like bony grotesque hands threatening to choke the very life from him. They were not the real threat though. No, there was something far more dangerous in these woods...

A flash of movement in the corner of his eyes had him turning in an instant. Before he could even fully realise what he'd seen his wand was alight with spellfire. Fire screwed from his wand tip, so hot it felt as if his very blood was boiling just from casting it. In the blink of an eye, an entire section of the surrounding thicket was set ablaze. The once-darkened alcove was now filled with searing light that tore through every shadow. Harry was forced to squint from the blinding light, a move that almost cost him.

It was only through hours of training that he was able to feel the air sizzle with the energy of maliciously charged magic. He had all but a split-second to duck before a violent purple hex sailed past his ear. He didn't even stop to watch as it splashed against a nearby tree, the aged oak's bark instantly blackening with rot. With a flick of his wrist, twin jets of red light fired off in the direction the spell came from. Harry didn't wait to see if they landed, knowing full well his opponent was far too skilled to be taken down by such a simple attack. Instead, he jabbed his wand into the ground. The earth beneath his feet shifted to his will. A large crack formed,

splintering out towards the dense foliage as rock and dirt alike tore asunder, forming a small gaping chasm. Before it could reach the thicket, however, a darkened figure suddenly dashed out and to the side, nimbly avoiding the newly formed crevasse.

The figure landed gracefully on their feet. Instinctually, Harry brought up a strong magical shield in front of him. Not a moment later an invisible force slammed into his hastily conjured barrier, followed quickly by a piercing yellow light that Harry instantly recognized as a shield-breaking charm. He rolled to the side, sweeping his wand out as he did so and banishing everything within a fifteen-metre radius around him. The figure included.

Harry didn't allow them any time to recuperate. Bringing his wand in towards his chest, he whispered an inaudible incantation. His left palm suddenly sizzled with a blinding white light. He grimaced as the light singed his hand but continued on. Throwing his hand forward, a fireball shot out, white and blazing. Brighter than the last and *much* hotter. It impacted the area where the figure was banished to with a flash. Harry covered his eyes, wincing as a devastating '*BOOM!*' shook the surrounding area. The explosion felled over a dozen trees. Shattered rock and smouldering bark were flung in the air like shrapnel, though none found its way towards Harry with the barest flick of his hand. It would be enough to kill most people, but Harry knew his opponent wasn't *most* people.

Sure enough, before most of the debris had even begun to fall back to the ground, Harry was forced to spin to the right as a crackling wave of icy shards sprang up from the ground. The figure jumped down from one of the many branches above. Harry had barely a moment to bat away a nasty puss-coloured curse before the figure dashed forward. Now suddenly much closer, his opponent began to add physical attacks into the mix as well as magical. Harry was forced to dodge spells and black punches alike. One hit managed to slip through, earning him a nasty blow to the jaw that filled his mouth with the taste of blood.

Growling in annoyance, Harry pressed his own attacks. Falling back on his training, he let the magic within his core flood his veins. His movements grew faster- stronger. He caught a stunner

in his bare hand, quelching the flickering spell in his fist before sweeping his leg out. The figure yelped as she was suddenly knocked from her feet, any attacks she would of made suddenly halted as Harry pressed his advantage, placing one hand tightly around her throat while the other pinned her arms above her head.

"Give up?" He asked simply.

The figure fought for a moment, trying in vain to escape his grasp before slumping with a defeated sigh. "Yeah, yeah. I yield or whatever. You win Wonder Boy."

Harry smirked and released his hold on his opponent. Offering a hand, he helped the black-clad figure to her feet, watching as she pulled down her hood to reveal her familiar bubble-gum pink locks.

"Nice work Hot Stuff." Tonks smiled wryly. "I think it's safe to say you've passed this little test."

The metamorph clapped him on the shoulder before wrinkling her nose. She grimaced pulling one of her pink-coloured strands of hair out to reveal it to be slightly singed on the end. "Blech- did you have to use so many bloody fire spells though?"

Harry shrugged. "Got you out of the trees didn't it?" Tonks shot him a quick glare before closing her eyes with a small look of concentration. A second later, the fried ends of her hair disappeared, replaced by new healthy locks the colour of velvety purple. The rest of her hair changed to match the new hue, completely replacing the old bubblegum pink she usually sported.

"There!" Tonks said once she was finished. "It was 'bout time for a change anyway. Whatcha think? Suit me?"

Harry chuckled and gave the witch a nod. "You look beautiful as always Tonks."

Tonks shot him a wink before giving his shoulder a small punch. "I think you mean hot! I'm a knockout babe, and don't you bloody forget it!"

Before he could respond a voice suddenly chimed in inside both their heads.

*'If you two are done flirting I believe you and I have somewhere to be Tonks.'*

Tonks quickly cast a Tempus and cursed under her breath. "Fuck! Sorry, Hermione!" She said aloud. With a flick of her wand, the dark woodland around them disappeared, replaced by the familiar stone and glass walls of the Room of Requirement. On the far side of the room, Susan sat nursing a glass of water. The redhead was still breathing heavily from her own bout with Tonks. She was in much the same state as Harry: hair slickened with sweat and training clothes torn here and there from where the metamorph had landed a hit or two.

"All done?" She breathed, taking a healthy sip of water.

"Yep!" Tonks chirped, quickly setting about gathering her things. "Wonder Boy passed just like you. Good work today, both of you! Really- you've both come a long way."

Harry and Susan both smiled, both of them earning a quick kiss on the cheek from the purple-haired auror before she dashed towards the exit. "Keep practising the advanced sets while I'm gone! Have fun, love you, bye!" And with that, the older witch was gone. A quick check along their connection revealed her dashing through the castle halls on her way to meet up with an impatiently waiting Hermione.

Harry moved to sit on the bench next to Susan, groaning as he did so from the plethora of bruises and strained muscles he received from their slavedriver of a Professor. Susan hummed in agreement, the curvy girl leaning against his side with her head nestled against his shoulder. "Winning a duel against her sure feels the same as losing." Susan moaned. "I'm gonna be sore for days after that." To accentuate her point, the redhead sat up and stretched her back, receiving a sharp '*pop!*' in return that forced her to wince.

Harry shot his girlfriend a sympathetic wince before an idea came to mind. With a thought, the room around them shrunk and shifted around. Gone was the large expansive training room and in its place was a smaller, more intimate setting. A small fireplace burned in the corner while a soft maroon carpet had sprung up to replace the cold stone floor. Aside from the burning fire, the room was illuminated by just a scant few floating candles, casting everything in a warm

orange light. The final piece of the new arrangement was the singular masseuse table laid out in the middle of the room right next to a small tray table laden with all manner of oil and spices.

Susan studied the new configuration for a moment before throwing him an amused raised eyebrow. Harry in turn just shrugged and gestured towards the table.

“Unless you’d rather not have the free massage?” He said teasingly.

Susan shook her head with a smile and stood. She made no move to hide herself as she stripped from her training clothes. The stretchy material was peeled off without issue, leaving Susan completely bare before him in all her shapely glory. Even though he’d seen her naked a million times, Harry still would never get used to Susan’s divinely shaped figure bare before him. Her breasts were enough to turn the head of any man lucky enough to catch a glimpse. The two heavy globes were *heavenly* in their shape. Large, but seemingly able to defy gravity as they sat perky and firm despite their weight. Her light pink nipples were but two small buds atop mountains of flesh. The smattering of freckles that descended down her neckline and over her divine bosom only made the sight so much more appealing in Harry’s opinion.

Her beauty didn’t stop at her breasts, however. From her flat stomach, toned by their months of hard training to her wide hips and shapely thighs all added to the sheer sensuality of the girl before him. While her height did not allow her the option of long womanly legs like that of Daphne or Tonks, it certainly did nothing to take away from her sexiness. ‘Short but stacked’ is what Daphne always called it, and Harry was of a mind to agree.

Susan’s giggle tore him from his musings as the redhead swayed herself back and forth. “Are you going to sit there and stare at me all day, or am I going to get that massage you promised love?”

Harry smirked and stood from the bench. He walked forward, wrapping his arms around Susan’s nude form and pulling her close against him. The move earned him a sharp gasp from the auburn-haired witch as she stared up at him with a mix of excitement and impatience.

“So demanding.” He tsked. “Maybe instead of a massage, I should give you a punishment instead.” He reached down and grabbed a handful of her soft voluptuous arse and gave it a healthy squeeze.

Susan mewled cutely and shook her head. “I-If that’s what y-you’d like.” She stammered.

Harry chuckled and bent down to place a kiss against the top of her head. “Lie on the table love.”

Susan did as she was told, quickly scampering up atop the massage table and lying flat on her belly. Her giant pillowy tits were squashed against the padding of the table and spilt out from the sides. Her bum, meanwhile stuck out proud and high from where she lay and Harry couldn’t help but give it a firm smack as he walked up to the table. Susan giggled in response, moving her hips back and forth as if daring Harry to take another swat. He resisted the urge though. It wouldn’t do for him to get distracted before he even got started now would it?

Pouring some of the warm oil from the side table onto his palm, Harry began to gently lather it out evenly onto Susan’s back, legs, and thighs. After she was covered in a healthy layer of oil (her arse more than any other part of her body) Harry began the process of slowly pressing into each muscle and tender spot, kneading out the knots as he went. Susan moaned in delight with every caress of her flesh. While he was no expert masseuse, Harry had learned a thing or two about giving massages after finding himself in a relationship with four women (and one lecherous Veela depending on the day). It certainly helped that Susan was the more sensitive out of the four girls, and as such, tended to enjoy his massages more than the others.

Sure enough, within just a few minutes Susan had devolved into a whimpering mess below him. He was working on her legs now, gently pressing into the back of her meaty thighs with precise movements. Susan mewled drowsily as he kneaded her thighs, though by now it wasn’t from relaxation. Even through the thick scent of lavender and honey that hung in the air from the oil, Harry could catch the subtle aroma of her arousal. Smirking to himself, he moved higher up the redhead’s frame, kneading the flesh of her upper thighs right below her shapely arse. Susan’s

breath hitched ever so slightly at his touch. She shifted beneath him, not by much, but enough to where her arse was now pushed out a little bit more towards him and Harry could see her glistening pussy peeking out from between her legs.

"Someone's enjoying themselves." Harry whispered into her ear. Susan whimpered in response, eyes closed in pure bliss as Harry continued continued, to press into her thighs. He dipped his fingers down, between her thighs and ever so gently began to tease her damp opening. Susan's whimper morphed into a full-blown moan as she instinctually arched her back even more.

"H-Harry-" She gasped.

"Yes love?" He replied, moving one hand up her plump arse while the other pushed deeper between her legs.

Susan moaned once more as his fingers slipped easily inside her moistened slit. She pushed herself up with a gasp, heavy tits heaving with each breath as Harry sank two fingers deep inside her. Looking over her shoulder she levelled him with a pleading loo.

"P-Please- Mmph!"

Harry silenced her with a kiss, his hand moving steadily to pump in and out of her pussy at a leisurely pace.

"Shh." He whispered. "Just relax."

Susan groaned in disappointment but did as she was told, burying her face into her hands as Harry fingered her wet snatch.

Harry smirked at the easy acceptance in which she obeyed him. Once you got her wet enough Susan truly was a dutiful slut. Something he and Daphne both took advantage of regularly.

Deciding to reward her obedience, Harry began to move his hand faster. His fingers plunged inside her sopping-wet core with small squelches of her juices moving between her thighs.

Dipping his head down, Harry used his other hand to spread the Hufflepuff's arsecheeks further apart. Her crinkled backdoor winked back at him from between her heavy round cheeks.

“FUCK!” Susan gasped loudly as his tongue brushed against her arsehole. Like he said, she was the most sensitive out of the four girls.

Harry continued on, pumping his fingers in and out of Susan’s pussy while he used his tongue to rim her other precious hole. The redhead was a whimpering mess by now. Her cries of pleasure muffled by the padding below as she tried desperately to hold on. It was no use though. Within minutes, the dual sensations coming from her two holes overwhelmed her. With a strangled scream of pleasure, Susan let herself go, cumming hard around Harry’s fingers.

Harry let her orgasm run its course before he pulled back.

“Feel better?” He asked cheekily.

Susan’s response was to pull him forward until he was standing before the head of the table.

With hands still shaky from her climax, the redhead grabbed hold of the waistband of his trousers and tugged them down. His cock had barely begun to spring forward from the confines of his boxers before it was suddenly enveloped by Susan’s hot wet mouth. Harry groaned as his girlfriend began to bob her head up and down his length. She swallowed him eagerly, taking him down her throat with practised ease. Harry unconsciously bucked his hips as her tongue lashed at the underside of his member, hilding him even deeper inside the busty witch’s hot tight throat.

“Merline Susie!” He gasped. “I didn’t think I made you THIS worked up!”

Susan hummed something, the reply muffled by his cock in her mouth, but Harry got the gist of it along their connection. It wasn’t the teasing that had worked her up so, but the visual of his fight with Tonks. Susan had a front row speak, so to speak, of the entire thing through his eyes. Apparently seeing him in his element like that turned her on, more so than any teasing he could conjure up.

Harry groaned as Susan took him to the base down her wet gullet. Perhaps he should show off a bit more in their future duels with Tonks. He hadn’t been going for flair this go around but if seeing him fight naturally worked the redhead up THIS much...

That train of thought was shortly ended as pulled off his length with a breathless gasp.

“Gyah! How does Daphne hold it in for so long?!” She grumbled.

Harry chuckled but silently thought the same thing. The blonde was *dangerously* good at oral and could go without air for far longer than should be natural.

Susan sighed and sat up, her heavy boobs bouncing as she shifted. Harry couldn’t help but stare at the massive mammaries, entranced by their sheer size alone. Susan caught his gaze, unbeknownst to him, and smirked.

“Your turn!” The redhead chirped. “Lay down on your back!”

Before Harry could protest, the busty witch had jumped up from the table, still covered in a combination of oil, spit, and pussy juices, and pushed him back onto the table. He paused only briefly to remove the remainder of his clothing before lying fully back on the padded bench.

Susan hummed approvingly at his bare torso and turned to pick from the plethora of oils on the side table. Selecting one she liked, the redhead turned back with a mischievous smirk and uncorked the top. Instead of depositing it on her hands, however, she poured the entire bottle down her chest, lathering much of it over her impressive bust with a sultry smile.

Harry felt his cock pulse at the sight, already having a good idea where this was going. Sure enough, Susan climbed up onto the table not a moment later, kneeling between his legs and pressing her massive tits against his cock.

Harry groaned as he felt the mountain of flesh that was her breasts completely envelope his length. Susan shifted a bit, getting a better hold of his cock by squeezing her tits together tightly. Once she was confident he wouldn’t slip free, she began to move, slowly at first- rocking her tits up and down his length with slow sensual strokes. After the first few pumps, she began to move faster. His moans only increased as the red-haired goddess looked down and captured his tip in her mouth. Her tongue returned with a vengeance, attacking the sensitive cock head with hard quick licks. She whirled the wet muscle around the tip evilly, sending shocks of pleasure up his groin with every lick of his glans.

*'That is SO not the advanced duelling sets...'* Tonks' voice bled into their minds without warning.

The metamorph tried her best to sound chiding, but both Harry and Susan could hear the way the words left her mouth a little too breathlessly.

*'Shut the fuck up Tonks, it was just getting to the good part!'* Daphne's voice joined in, chastizing the auror.

From below, Susan giggled as she sucked harshly on his tip. Harry hissed at the overstimulating pleasure and jerked his hips, forcing his cock deeper into her mouth. Susan took this in stride, working her breasts faster as she furiously lapped at his cock head.

"Fuck!" He gasped. "Susie- Hng! I'm close!"

Susan moved even faster, her tits and mouth working in unison to bring him to an explosive end. Without warning, a hazy image filled his mind- one of Tonks locked away in a small half-bathroom of sorts with a hand down her pants and squeaking with pleasure while she furiously fingered herself.

Harry lost himself at the sight, grunting harshly as he finally unloaded into Susan's dutiful mouth. The redhead hummed contently as she sucked every last drop of cum from his pulsing cock. Some managed to escape still, falling in heavy white globs onto her oil-covered tits. Only when his balls were empty and his length began to soften did she release him from her mouth.

"Still think I need to be punished, *sir~?*" She breathed the last word out in such an erotic way that Harry was almost instantly hard once more.

With a single thought, the room shifted again. The table beneath then morphed into a bed almost instantly, and but a few moments later, Harry had Susan pinned beneath him screaming as he pounded into her sopping wet cunt with wild abandon.

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Tonks bit back a groan as she watched the pair go at it again and again. That could've been her! Ugh! Hermione so bloody owed her for this...

Sighing, the metamorph quickly washed her hands to rid herself of any evidence implicating that she'd just been touching herself before heading back out into the hall.

"Ah! There you are Nymphadora! Surely powdering one's nose does not take *that* long, yes?"

Tonks repressed the urge to sigh in irritation as she turned to face the woman who'd spoken.

"I was barely five minutes mum! Honestly, it's not like you and the girls bloody need me for this discussion anyhow!"

Andromeda Tonks hummed and sat down her tea. "Language dear! And just because you feel you have nothing to add to our discussion does not mean you should slink off to the ladies room to avoid it. It's like that time I found you smoking that marijuana cigarette in your Aunt Janice's closet at the family reunion!"

Tonks bit back a scathing retort and instead took a deep breath. "Can we just get back to Hermione and Daphne's project? *Please?!?*"

Her mother nodded. "Of course sweetie." The older witch turned to the two younger girls with a gracious smile. "As I was saying dears- your theory is quite sound, and I believe with my additions you should have *most* of what you need to construct a prototype. It's ingenious, really-"

"Sorry!" Daphne spoke up, setting her tea to the side. "You said 'most' of what we need?"

Andromeda sighed. "Yes...unfortunately while I am quite well versed in enchantments, my runic knowledge or wards and barriers is somewhat...lacking." The older witch paused for a moment, her mouth opening once or twice before she sighed again. "In truth, with an undertaking as advanced as this, you'd need a true prodigy of the art to finish what the two of you and Mr Flamel started...and there's only one that I know of who could possibly accomplish such a task..."

Her mum looked pained when she said that. It was a look that both worried and disturbed Tonks to her very core. She'd only ever seen her mother look so hurt when she only ever mentioned her...

“Mum-” Tonks began warily. “-You don’t mean...?”

Andromeda nodded. “You’ll need to speak to my sister, Narcissa.”

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Author’s Note

And I’m sureeeee Narcissa is totally down for that conversation! As soon as she gets out of that jail cell...

Next chapter: A check back in on the Slytherins and perhaps another look at how everyone’s most hated Dark Lord is holding up?

Thanks for reading!