

Chapter 9

Tonks felt like she was trapped in a den of hedonism. Not that she was really complaining. There wasn't much work for the Order to do at the moment, so there was no reason for anyone to visit Headquarters. Sirius spent most of his day locked in his bedroom with the twin Succubae. He only left a few times a day, briefly to use the loo and get something to eat. Which was fortunate considering the positions she often found herself in.

Harry was always hard. Always ready to go. Any time Tonks was within arm's reach, his hands were touching, caressing, exploring. Any time she wasn't, it was because Lilith or Jezebel had their hands on her. Between the three of them, she was kept in a constant state of arousal. Even when she slept, her dreams were filled with every fantasy imaginable.

Of course, it had to come to an end eventually. A few days after Tonks arrived, they received a letter from Dumbledore announcing that a meeting had been scheduled to plan security arrangements for the Summer.

Because it was their last day with the house to themselves, things got a little crazy.

Jezebel removed Walburga's portrait from the wall with a snap of her fingers and brought it into the den, where Harry, Lilith, and Tonks were waiting.

None of them had bothered to get dressed for the occasion.

Jezebel propped the portrait up against the wall as Walburga continued her usual screeching rant.

"-befouling the name of Black! Traitors and Mudbloods! All of you!"

"Quiet," Jezebel hissed.

Walburga's mouth continued to move, but no sound came out. Tonks smirked as she leaned back into Harry's groping hands.

Her body had unconsciously changed slightly over the last few days. She'd taken on more of an hourglass figure, though her curves weren't as pronounced as Lilith's. The main change, however, had been to her breasts. They were bigger than she usually carried them, and unlike Lilith and Jezebel, who had perfect teardrops hanging from their chests, she'd gone with longer, more cone-shaped breasts.

She thought Harry might like a bit of variety, and given how often he had his hands on them, she thought he appreciated it.

"Now then," Jezebel smirked, "I think it's time to give Nymphadora what she really wants."

Tonks swallowed thickly, a buzz of nervous excitement running through her body. Harry slid her off his lap and onto the couch before climbing to his feet. He took a couple of steps toward Jezebel and stopped. The two of them shared a knowing smirk. Jezebel lifted her hand and dragged her index finger down his chest, her nail lightly scraping the skin.

Harry hissed, closed his eyes, and then he began to grow. His body elongated to a towering height. When he stopped growing up, he started growing out. His muscles bulged, his chest broadened, and a thin carpet of coarse black hairs crept across his chest and stomach. Her eyes dropped lower, and nearly bulged out of her head.

His cock, which had already been large, grew thicker and longer. It looked monstrous hanging between his legs, and it wasn't even completely hard yet. Swallowing nervously, she glanced up at his face just as he opened his eyes and gasped. They were unnaturally bright and piercing, gleaming with an almost animalistic quality.

He smiled. His elongated canines glistened in the light, and Tonks felt like a rabbit staring up at a wolf. She gave a start when the couch shifted. Lilith had stood up and wrapped an arm around Jezebel's waist.

“She’s all yours,” Jezebel said to Harry.

Tonks watched the two walk over to the loveseat. Jezebel lay down on top of Lilith, and they snogged heavily. Although they were still in the room, Tonks suddenly felt very alone. Slowly, she turned her gaze back to Harry. A feeling of vulnerability washed over her.

She rubbed her thighs together in excitement.

~

Harry grinned down at Tonks. His cock bobbed upward as it swelled. In a flash, he reached out and palmed the top of her head like a Quaffle. He pulled Tonks to her feet, slowly sliding his hand down to her shoulder blades and pressing her body against his. Her head stopped at his collarbone. She had to crane her neck all the way back to look up at him.

“Not a very good Auror, are you?” Harry asked. She looked at him, confused, and he grinned. “You left your wand upstairs.”

Her eyes widened, and her nostrils flared. She was completely at his mercy, and he knew that was exactly what she wanted. His massive hands enveloped her shoulders, and he pushed. Tonks fell to her knees hard on the wooden floor with a pained grunt. Hefting his length, he lifted it up and dropped it over her upturned face with a smirk.

Jezebel had been careful with his size. His cock was huge, but not inhumanly so. Taking it would be a challenge, not impossible. Which is exactly what Tonks wanted.

Harry lifted his length and slapped his shaft against her face in a slow, steady rhythm. With each light yet meaty slap, she flinched slightly even as she licked and kissed his shaft. He rapidly hardened and then slid his length back and forth across her face, giving her mouth access to all but the head.

Pulling his hips back slowly, he finally allowed her tongue to reach the underside of his swollen tip and then placed it firmly against her lips. Tonks' mouth stretched open wide as he drove himself inside until he hit the back of her throat. Palming her head between both of his massive, powerful hands, he sawed his hips. He did it several times – until her saliva coated his shaft liberally – and then suddenly slammed himself deep into her throat.

Tonks' eyes bulged, and her hands slapped against his thighs, but he barely felt it. Her neck bulged obscenely around his girthy length. He groaned pleurably and held her down for a count of five before finally relenting. She pulled back sharply and coughed, a thick strand of saliva dangling between his throbbing head and her bottom lip. Harry gave her a moment to catch her breath before pressing himself insistently against her lips.

She paused, and a look of intense concentration came over her face.

“No cheating,” Harry growled.

Tonks looked up at him. She glanced briefly back down at his length, and a flicker of trepidation danced across her face before, slowly, she opened her mouth.

Harry showed her no mercy. He shoved himself in and out of her unaltered throat. She held onto his thighs tightly as loud, wet, lurid gags escaped her stretched lips. Her nose flared between thrusts, desperately sucking in what few gasps of air she could. The whites of her eyes turned red and teary as she stared up at him, and as his eyes gazed down further, past her wobbling tits, he saw her hand buried between her legs.

With a grin, he bottomed out and held her there. Tonks only managed to sit still for a couple of seconds before she started pushing against his thighs, but thanks to his immense strength, her head remained trapped firmly in his grasp. After a few more seconds, her whole body started to wriggle. She peered up at him through her eyelashes nervously, her pupils just starting to widen in panic. Harry held her gaze and her head for a lingering moment longer before finally releasing her.

Tonks shot off of him, coughing and gasping for breath. She fell forward between his legs, catching her weight on one elbow, while the other hand worked furiously over her clit. Even as she tried to catch her breath, her toes curled, and her body shuddered through a massive climax.

Harry stepped around behind her to stare at her gorgeous, heart-shaped ass and the dripping pink lips peeking between her thighs. She was completely oblivious as he knelt down behind her. Tonks had leaned down to rest her forehead on the back of her arm, panting heavily and unintentionally arching her back in an enticing display. Pressing his head against her glistening lips, she only had a moment to glance back at him in surprise before he grabbed her hips and pulled her back onto his length.

“Oh, fuck!” Tonks cried.

Slowly, Harry sank into her incredibly tight depths. Tonks quivered and twitched, her fingernails scraping along the hardwood floor. After several excruciatingly pleasurable moments, he hilted himself against her ass.

With his unnatural strength, he shunted her body forward and then used his grip on her hips to jerk her back onto his cock. Tonks grunted each time she was impaled while a veritable river of arousal coated his shaft. Her depths fluttered around him as if she were trapped in one continuous climax.

But Harry wasn't satisfied. He wanted to hear her beautiful screams.

Releasing her hips, he gave her a moment to catch her breath. His hands crept up her back before suddenly wrapping around her neck. Gripping her firmly, but not tightly, he lifted her torso until her fingertips barely touched the floor, and then he began to thrust.

Tonks cried out as she was jolted forward, only for his hands to drag her back, sending her ass crashing into his hips. One arm flailed back, trying to find something to brace herself against, and then the other, but she couldn't reach him. Eventually, she gave up and reached behind her

head to grab his wrists, leaving her upper body supported only by the hands wrapped around her neck.

“Fuuuck!” she cried in a long, drawn-out scream.

The river of arousal turned into a flood. It splattered between their colliding bodies and ran down their thighs. Harry slowed and pulled her back against his chest, his arms wrapping around her chest. Her breasts, which normally filled his hand perfectly, now fit neatly into his palm.

“Remus is a fool for ignoring you,” Harry growled.

Tonks’ breath caught in her throat.

He fell forward onto the floor, cocooning her in the protective prison of his arms. Trapped prone beneath his hulking frame, she could do nothing but scream pleasurably as he hammered into her depths like a savage beast.

“You’re mine!” he barked possessively, almost angrily.

Craning his head down, he bit her shoulder painfully, but not quite hard enough to break the skin. Tonks’ muscles strained and trembled as she was hurled into yet another climax. This time, Harry gave her no respite. He continued ravaging her with brutal thrusts until he felt his own climax approaching. Hilting himself in her exhausted body, he let out a rumbling growl as he erupted in her depths. He flooded her to the point of leaking as her muscles finally relaxed and sagged tiredly.

Harry kissed the bite mark on her shoulder tenderly. He gave her a few moments to catch her breath before slipping out of her and lifting her from the floor as he stood. Carrying her over to the couch, he leaned back and cradled her in his lap. Tonks curled up against his chest and closed her eyes.

They only remained closed for a moment before Jezebel walked over and cracked her tail across her bum.

“Ah!” Tonks shouted as she jolted.

“Off,” Jezebel said firmly, her eyes glowing with lustful intent as she stared at Harry.

With a groan, Tonks rolled off of him and into the waiting arms of Lilith. Lilith sat with her back against the arm of the couch and pulled Tonks against her chest, her head resting against her breasts. Tonks closed her eyes and sighed as her body was lightly caressed and she was wrapped in the comforting embrace of the Allure.

Jezebel reached down and ran her finger along Harry’s length. A spark of magic made him hard as a rock in an instant.

“Get this cock in me now,” she demanded.

Harry flashed her a feral grin and yanked her down onto the couch. The furniture creaked in protest as he maneuvered her onto her hands and knees and knelt behind her. Jezebel smirked at Lilith and Tonks as Harry teased her folds, but her eyes went wide when he moved his tip up to her puckered entrance and pushed.

“Oh, you cheeky bastard!” she cried.

Lilith let out a musical, joyful laugh.

“You always did like your anal rough,” she said.

Tonks snorted.

“Better her than me,” she muttered.

Before Jezebel could retort, Harry gripped her horns like they were handles and wedged himself balls deep between her cheeks.

“Yes,” she hissed.

Harry drew back and pummeled Jezebel’s bum with his full, inhuman strength.

~

Harry tugged at the uncomfortable collar of his shirt as the Order members talked around him. The meeting was straightforward and boring. He wished he could have stayed upstairs with Lilith, but she’d insisted on coming down to meet Fleur. The admittedly gorgeous Veela eyed them with a hint of suspicion, but to be fair, most of the members still didn’t know quite what to think of them.

“Now, then, on to security for Heather,” Dumbledore said, drawing Harry out of his thoughts. “Alistair, I’d like you and a few others to meet the students at the train station and follow her discreetly back to Privet Drive.”

“There’s no need for all that,” Harry said. “Just bring her here so we can set up the wards.”

“I’d rather not burn our bridges until we know it will work,” Dumbledore cautioned. “If you’re able to set foot on Privet Drive after Heather has arrived, we’ll know the wards have a much better chance of working.”

“They’ll work,” Harry said firmly.

“What wards?” Moody asked.

His good eye narrowed while the prosthetic one whizzed in circles.

“Harry made the suggestion to put Blood Wards around Grimmauld Place,” Dumbledore told him. “Not only would it prove that he is who he claims to be, but it would also make Grimmauld safer, and Heather would certainly be happier.”

McGonagall gave Dumbledore a world-class side eye but kept quiet. Harry sent her a smile as the conversation moved on. There was another hour of useless, though interesting speculation about what Voldemort was planning and who would become the next Minister for Magic. When the meeting was called to an end, and people began to file out of the kitchen, Lilith made a beeline for Fleur. Harry followed at a slower pace and caught up to them in the hallway.

“Hello, my dear,” Lilith smiled.

“Bonjour,” Fleur said, eyeing her critically. “Zey say you are Lilith, ze muzzer of all Veela?”

“Guilty,” Lilith said. Fleur eyed her skeptically, and she laughed. “I know it’s hard to believe, but it’s true.”

“Prove eet,” Fleur said.

“Well,” Lilith said thoughtfully, “there is one way that might convince you. But are you sure you’re ready for it?”

Fleur folded her arms over her chest and glared at her impatiently.

“Of course,” she said.

“Oh, very well,” Lilith shrugged.

Harry smirked as he felt her Allure build, and then she focused it full force on Fleur. The Veela version paled in comparison to the original. There was a reason Succubae had been hunted to extinction. Their Allure was irresistible. It bent even the most powerful magicals, beast or being, to their will. There was no counter, and there was no resistance.

Harry had once begged her to use it on him, just so he would know what it felt like. Lilith had originally turned him down, but he pestered her until she finally gave in. She'd turned him into an obedient slave for a full twelve hours to teach him a very valuable lesson.

Be careful what you wish for.

Fleur's eyes widened as her natural resistance and her own Allure were overcome like they were nothing. Her cheeks flushed, and her nipples hardened visibly through her silk blouse. She stumbled. Bracing herself against the wall with one hand, the other unconsciously made its way up to her right breast as she experienced quite possibly the most intense orgasm of her life. She let out a long, sensuous moan that drew the attention of the Order members still lingering in the halls. Tonks' eye met Harry's, and they shared a knowing smirk.

Just as suddenly as it started, Lilith's Allure vanished, and Fleur was left gasping. Her cheeks pinked again, this time for embarrassment. Slowly, she gazed up at Lilith. Gone were the skepticism and doubt. She looked at her in awe and a slight tinge of fear.

"Do you believe me now, daughter?" Lilith asked.

"Oui," Fleur replied softly.

Pushing off the wall, she straightened her clothes and glanced back over her shoulder at the others. They quickly looked away and went back to what they were doing.

"Perhaps we should talk in private," Lilith suggested.

Turning to Harry, she lifted an eyebrow questioningly. He shook his head in response.

"I've got an errand to run," he said, patting his pocket.

Lilith nodded understandingly and beckoned Fleur into the parlor. She hesitated nervously, but hid it quickly and followed after her.

Turning back down the hallway and walking toward the front door, Harry sidled up to Tonks, interrupting her conversation with Hestia.

"Do you mind showing me where Ollivander's is?" he asked. "I really need to get a wand."

"Sure," she said.

She bid a quick goodbye to Hestia and walked out the front door with him. The streets were dark and quiet as they made their way down and across the street to the small park. From a distance, they watched Kingsley disappear behind the trunk of a large tree, and then they heard a soft *pop*.

"Do you know how to Apparate?" Tonks asked.

Harry smiled.

"I have a better way."

She raised an eyebrow questioningly, but he remained silent. Stepping onto the lawn, they walked towards the same tree Kingsley had disappeared behind. When they reached it, Harry grabbed Tonks' arm. They were engulfed in a burst of black smoke. It dispersed quickly, revealing the small alley behind the Leaky Cauldron in Diagon Alley.

“Whoa,” Tonks gasped, looking around in wonder. “I didn’t feel a thing. Please tell me you can teach me that.”

“Sure,” Harry smiled. “For a price.”

She snorted as she followed him out of the alley. The streets were quiet. Most of the patrons had left for the evening, and the shopkeepers were getting ready to close for the night. Still, several people recognized Harry from his picture and in the Prophet and stared as they passed.

“Name it,” Tonks said softly, a glimmer of excitement in her eyes.

Harry smiled.

“Lilith wants me to practice my seduction technique on Fleur, and I could use your help.”

“Isn’t that cheating?” she teased.

“All’s fair in love and war,” he smirked.

“Alright, what do you need me to do?” she asked.

“Nothing big,” Harry said. “She’s probably going to ask you about Lilith and me the next time she gets a chance. When she does, I just want you to drop a few details about what we’ve been up to.”

“So, basically let her know you’re good in the sack,” Tonks nodded. “Got it. You plan on inviting me when you get her in bed?”

Harry turned and raised an eyebrow.

“What?” she asked. “She’s hot.”

He snorted in laughter and wrapped an arm around her waist.

“I’m sure we can make that work.”

Tonks grinned and led him into Ollivander’s. The bell rang as they stepped inside. The air was heavy with the scent of wood and leather. A moment later, Mr. Ollivander stepped out from behind a shelf laden with wands. He pinned them with his pale blue stare and smiled.

“Harry Potter,” he said in a soft, slightly gravelly voice. “For eight hundred years, my family has made and sold wands to every customer that has walked through that door. I’m afraid today, I’m going to have to break with tradition. My wands are made for the living. A return from the dead is not something I expected.”

He gave Harry a small, apologetic smile.

“I might have a solution to that,” Harry smiled.

Reaching into his pocket, he pulled out a glass vial with a single long, black hair coiled up inside. Ollivander stepped closer and slipped a pair of half-moon glasses on his face. Taking the vial, he held it up to the light and examined it closely.

“How very curious,” he muttered. “I’ve never seen anything like it.”

“You wouldn’t have,” Harry said. “That’s a hair from the head of a demon.”

Ollivander turned to look at Harry so quickly that his glasses flew off the end of his nose. They bounced off the counter and then bounced behind it.

“Good Godric!” he gasped.

“Can you work with it?” Harry asked.

“I think so,” Ollivander said, squinting his eyes. “Finding the right wood will be difficult, and even if I find one that works, there’s no guarantee that the wand will choose you as its wielder.”

“It will,” Harry said confidently.

Ollivander lowered the vial and turned to him with a piercing gaze.

“It will take a few days,” Ollivander said. “I’ll owl you when it’s ready.”

“Alright,” Harry smiled. “Thank you for your time, Mr. Ollivander.”

They shook hands, and Harry and Tonks left.

Harry had little to do the next day until mid-afternoon. He’d wanted to meet Heather at King’s Cross station with the Order members, but Moody had rightly – and annoyingly – pointed out that his presence would bring too much attention. So, he waited at the kitchen table impatiently until her Patronus arrived. The little jack rabbit bounded through the wall and circled him playfully before it settled down on the table in front of him.

“She’s home,” came Tonks’ voice from the jack rabbit. “The fat one is angry.”

Harry's eyes hardened as he got to his feet. Suddenly, he vanished in a whisp of black smoke, only to appear in the middle of the Dursley living room a moment later. Petunia screamed in fright, and Vernon froze, his face red and his finger pointed accusingly at Heather.

"Who the ruddy hell are you?" Vernon demanded angrily. "If you think you can come into my home and threaten me-"

Harry snapped his fingers, and Vernon's mouth vanished. Fear filled his eyes as he reached up frantically, only to feel smooth skin under his mustache.

"I don't make threats, Vernon. Now, sit down!"

Harry swiped his hand through the air, and Vernon was hurled onto the couch next to Petunia. The couch couldn't take the impact, and with a loud *snap*, the middle sagged to the floor.

"J-James?" Petunia asked, shaking fearfully.

"Harry."

"But, you're..."

"Dead?" Harry asked with a nasty smirk. "Not anymore. But that doesn't concern you. I'm just here to get my sister and leave. I've been keeping a close eye on her, you know, and I don't like the way you treated her. I saw everything. I know about the insults, the abuse, the cupboard. I thought long and hard about what to do with you when we finally met. Should curse you? Should I kill you?"

Petunia squeaked and tried to hide behind Vernon.

“Fortunately, for you, Heather wouldn’t want me to do either of those things,” he continued. “I’m going to leave here knowing there’s a special place in hell waiting for the two of you.”

There was a burst of fire behind, causing the Dursleys to jump. Their eyes widened in horror as Jezebel appeared. She pinned them with a menacing glare.

“I should know,” Harry smiled. “I built it myself. But I suspect that won’t be the worst punishment you suffer. My parents and grandparents have been watching you, too, and they are very unhappy.”

Petunia glanced at him sharply, but looked away quickly. For the first time in her life, she actually appeared slightly ashamed of her actions. Harry didn’t pity her one bit. He ignored her and turned to Heather.

“Got everything?” he asked.

“Yes,” she said. “I don’t leave anything important here over the summer.”

Harry nodded and wrapped an arm around her waist. Turning back to Vernon, he snapped his fingers and returned his mouth to normal. As much as he’d like to turn it into a second asshole, he knew Heather wouldn’t like it.

Heather still had her trunk in her hands, so Harry reached down to pick up Hedwig’s cage. Her head swiveled to look at him, and she let out a soft, friendly hoot.

“You coming with us, or you want to fly there?” he asked.

Hedwig hooted loudly and flapped her wings. With just a thought, the door to her cage sprang open. With another, the front door swung open. Hedwig chirped gratefully and flew out into the open air. Turning to Jezebel, Harry nodded. In a moment, they vanished with Heather and her belongings, leaving the Dursleys bewildered and terrified.

They reappeared in the kitchen of Grimmauld Place. Dumbledore was waiting for them. He must have arrived while Harry was gone. On the table in front of him sat a large purple crystal and a small silver pocketknife. Sirius was there as well and pulled Heather into a hug with a smile.

"I take it you didn't run into any issues?" Dumbledore asked.

Harry shook his head.

"Good. Heather, your hand, if you would."

Heather held out her hand, and Dumbledore took it in his own, turning it until her palm faced upward. In his other hand, he picked up the pocketknife.

"This will hurt, but it will heal in a moment," he warned.

Heather visibly steeled herself and nodded. With a quick swipe, he cut her index finger. Quickly, he held it over the stone and squeezed until three drops of blood landed on the surface. He let go of her hand and drew his wand. As he muttered a long incantation under his breath, Heather brought her hand to her chest and examined her finger. The cut had already healed.

A loud rumble, like thunder, began to build, and the whole house started to shake. The ceiling light swayed back and forth, and glass and metal clattered together in the cabinets. Suddenly, a golden wave pulsed from the stone. As it radiated outward, the shaking stopped, and the house fell silent.

Dumbledore leaned over the stone and studied it closely.

"The wards are holding perfectly," he said.

“So, I can stay?” Heather asked hopefully. “I don’t have to go back to the Dursleys?”

Dumbledore looked up at her and smiled.

“Not unless Sirius has an issue with you staying here.”

Heather turned to Sirius, who smiled broadly and opened his arms.

“Welcome home, kiddo,” he said.

Heather smiled brilliantly and jumped forward to hug him as tightly as she could. Letting go of him, she turned to Harry and did the same thing.

“This is going to be the best summer ever!”