

## Buried Thoughts

Harry sat in the sitting room of Grimmauld place with his head in his hands, his scar burning and throbbing painfully from another nightmare. It was Christmas break, and he, Ron, Hermione, and Ginny had arrived two days earlier, after the attack on Mr. Weasley. The only sound in the room was a light ticking sound coming from the grandfather clock in the corner as it neared two o'clock in the morning. The rest of the house was silent as the other occupants slept soundly in their beds. Or, at least that's what he thought. Unknown to him, leaning against the doorway, was a very much awake Tonks watching him. Tonks felt horrible for the troubled young man. Things were getting darker outside, everyone could feel it like a noose tightening around their necks, and at the center of it all, was Harry. Dumbledore was obsessed with watching his every move and keeping him safe above all else, without telling him anything. It was only recently that Dumbledore had even told the Order something about what was going on.

Honestly, she was extremely impressed he hadn't gone mad already. Having a Dark Lord in his head constantly. Dumbledore had ordered them, very firmly, that Harry wasn't to be told yet. He wouldn't even tell them why, and it really bothered her. It just wasn't right that he didn't get to know. Dumbledore said he planned to tell Harry soon, and that he was going to have Snape, of all people, teach him Occlumency. Tonks nearly snorted at the thought. That was only ever going to end in disaster. Now, as she watched him suffering silently in the dark, she knew she had to do something.

"Rough night?" Tonks asked quietly.

Harry jerked sharply on the couch and spun to look at her, moving his hands away from his head and visibly trying to conceal the pain he was in.

"Couldn't sleep." He said with a shrug and a small smile.

"Can we talk for a minute? There's something I need to tell you." She said, closing the door before locking and silencing the room with her wand.

"What's wrong?" Harry asked, his voice raised in pitch and full of concern.

Tonks walked over to the couch and sat down next to him, turned slightly to face him, and took his hand in both of hers.

“I know some of what’s going on, Dumbledore told us after what happened to Mr. Weasley. He doesn’t want you to know yet, but I think you need to know.” She told him.

“What is it?” Harry asked, his striking green eyes boring into hers. “What’s happening to me?” He demanded desperately.

Tonks swallow hard and took a deep breath. Harry gripped her hand tightly, his intense gaze begging for answers.

“It’s your scar. It’s not *just* a scar. It connects your mind to Voldemort’s. He can read your thoughts. That’s why your emotions are all over the place, that’s why you’re having nightmares about things you should see, and that’s why Dumbledore won’t tell you anything.” She told him.

Harry gasped, his eyes widening and sparkling with a hint of panic.

“Is he controlling me?” He asked sharply. “Am I becoming *Him*?”

“No!” She rushed to assure him. “No. He’s not controlling you, and you’re not turning into him. It’s just his thoughts and emotions bleeding into you. You’re still you, I promise.” She said, caressing the back of his hand with her thumb.

Harry was quiet for several seconds as his mind worked hard to process what he was being told, valiantly fighting through the fear and panic.

“What do I do?” Harry asked, a lost expression on his face.

“There’s a way to protect you mind. It’s called Occlumency. Dumbledore wants Snape to teach it to you.” Tonks said.

“What!?” Harry nearly shouted. “Why him? Why can’t Dumbledore teach me?”

“Dumbledore is worried that if you’re in his mind, Voldemort will try to use you to attack him. I know you hate Snape, and honestly, I agree with you, but with Umbridge at Hogwarts, there’s no way to bring anyone else into the school. I’ll teach you as much as I can over the Holiday, but we have to keep it secret. I don’t want Dumbledore to find out, okay?” She asked.

Harry nodded, taking deep breaths to calm himself. She watched in fascination as the fear and uncertainty left his eyes to be replaced with unrelenting determination.

“When do we start?” Harry asked in a steely voice.

“Tomorrow.” Tonks said with a smile. “We’ll start tomorrow.”

For the rest of the night and all of the next day while she was at work, Tonks thought and worried about Harry as she worked. It was a relief for her when she got back to Grimmauld Place and found him looking more relaxed and at ease than ever. It seemed that giving him answers had really helped him and it made her glad she had decided to tell him. After dinner, she was able to pull him aside for a minute, where she told him to meet her in the study after everyone else had gone to bed. As the evening grew later, she watched him checking the clock and bouncing his leg restlessly, anxious to get started. Finally, everyone went to bed, and Tonks snuck down an hour later to find Harry already there and waiting for her.

“Wotcher Harry?” Tonks said, silencing and locking the room.

“Hey, Tonks.” Harry said, giving her a smile as she walked closer. “I know I didn’t say it last night, but thank you. You have no idea how insane I was going not know what was happening to me.”

He stepped forward and hugged her gently, pleasantly surprising her.

“You’re welcome.” She told him, hugging him back and fighting a blush.

Harry was really quite good looking, and after getting to know him over the Summer, she had a bit of a crush on him. If only he was out of school, she thought to herself.

“So,” she said, pulling herself out of her thoughts, and him over to the couch. “What do you know about Occlumency?”

“Er, nothing really. I tried to find a book on it in the library, but Mrs. Weasley kicked me out.” He admitted.

“Well, basically the mind arts are split into two parts. First, there’s Legilimency, which is the arts of reading someone’s thoughts. Second is Occlumency, which is the art of protecting your thoughts. Now, there’s no way to really stop someone from getting into your mind, but you can push them out, or change your thoughts so that they only see what you want them to. The first thing we need to work on, is teaching you how to detect when someone is in your mind and then how to push them out.” She explained.

“Ok, how do I do that?” Harry asked, listening to her attentively.

“Sorry, Harry, but you’re not going to like this part. I’m going to have to use Legilimency on you so you can get a feel for it. It’s the only way to teach you Occlumency.” She told him, nervous about his reaction.

“So, you have to read my thoughts?” He asked warily.

“Yes.” Tonks answered.

“Bloody hell.” He groaned, running a hand through his hair.

She gave him a few seconds to wrap his head around the idea, watching his handsome face closely.

“Anything you see will stay between us, right?” He asked, his eyes staring intently into hers.

“Absolutely.” She said nodding.

Staring at her closely, he sighed and gave her a flat look.

“You’re still going to tase me if you find something embarrassing, aren’t you?” He asked.

“Definitely.” She said with a bright smile.

Harry snorted and shook his head.

“Well, better you than Snape I guess.” He conceded.

“That’s the spirit.” She said encouragingly. “Ready to get started?”

“What do I do?” Harry asked as she drew her wand.

“For now, nothing. I just want you to see what it feels like when someone enters your mind.” She told him. “Don’t worry, I’m not going to go looking for memories of you in your boxers. Yet.”

Harry rolled his eyes at her but smiled.

“Alright, go ahead.” He said, turning to face her fully and squaring his shoulders.

Tonks raised her wand and looked deeply into his bright green eyes.

“Legilimens.”

For the next three hours, Tonks looked into his mind over and over, teaching him to sense when someone was in his mind and how to force them out. Fortunately, Harry was a quick study and quickly figured out how to sense her and even managed to push her out of a memory, though not out of his mind completely. Over the next week, they met nightly in secret. Once he was used to her entering his mind, she started digging deeper, looking for stressful and painful memories that he didn’t want her to see in the hope that it would trigger him into throwing her out of his mind. As she did this, she learned more about Harry Potter than she ever expected.

It was truly astonishing to her that someone who was treated so cruelly while he was young could turn out to be so brave and selfless. Each time she discovered a new memory of him fighting against impossible odds and still refusing to give up to protect his friends made her appreciate him even more. It was inspiring to see someone stand up to the darkness and corruption in their world that everyone else liked to ignore. She began spending more time with him during the day. To her, it felt as if she was being drawn to him like steel to a magnet. Looking at the way his friends acted around him, it was easy to tell she wasn’t the only one.

Harry was getting frustrated. He’d been learning Occlumency from Tonks for a week now, and he still hadn’t been able to push her out of his mind. She kept telling him to patient, that it took years to master Occlumency, but he didn’t have that long. He needed to find a way to stop Voldemort from reading his mind now, before someone he cared about got hurt.

“Again.” Harry said, wiping the sweat from his brow with the back of his hand.

Tonks nodded. “Legilimens.”

Harry could feel her going through his memories, making him remember things he’d rather forget. He was walking back from the Quidditch pitch, heading for the Hospital wing, and he knew exactly what he was going to see. A moment later he saw her again, pale and still as she laid on the hospital bed, her eyes frozen in terror. Looking down at the younger, petrified Hermione, he pushed back, trying to force her out of the memory. The edges wavered, but he stayed where he was. He could feel his emotions building up, like a powder keg threatening to explode as he imagined what would have happened if Voldemort had been able to read his mind back then. He never would have stood a chance. Suddenly, the memory changed and he found himself standing in an unfortunately familiar graveyard.

“Kill the spare.”

In slow motion, he watched the poisonous green spell fly straight of Cedric who stood looking at it in horror. As the curse slowly drew closer to him, he wavered and changed in front of him. Hermione, Ron, Ginny, Tonks, Fred, George, he became all of them one by one as the curse approached his chest, now only inches away.

“No!” Harry shouted angrily, determined not to witness his death again.

His shout seemed to explode out of him, blowing away the memory like smoke in the wind. Suddenly, Harry found himself falling backwards, hitting his back painfully on the back of the couch as his head throbbed angrily. There was a grunt and a loud thump as something landed heavily on the floor in front of him. Once the searing pain in his head subsided, he opened his eyes to find Tonks on the floor, her eyes shut tightly as she rubbed her temples. Shaking her head, she opened her eyes and looked up at him. A second later, her face broke out into bright, happy smile.

“You did it!” She yelled triumphantly, her hair going from dark purple to a bright pink.

It took his addled, disoriented mind to realize what she was talking about. He smiled at her, relief flowing through him as he sat up. Tonks climbed back on to the couch and leaned over to give him a hug.

“This is brilliant! It usually takes people months to get this far.” She told him excitedly.

Harry laughed happily, proud of his success as he hugged her back tightly. When she pulled back and smiled at him proudly, he felt his stomach do a little flip.

“One more?” She asked.

Fueled by his success, Harry nodded and straightened his posture.

“Right, now, this time, I’m going to look for a different kind of memory. We need something less stressful, but still, something you don’t want me to see, okay?” She asked.

Harry nodded and steeled himself as she raised her wand.

“Legilimens.”

Harry found his mind drifting back to this morning as he went upstairs after breakfast. He wondered why she chose this memory, and what about it was something he didn’t want her to see. As the memory of him grabbed a change of clothes and a towel, he realized what she was trying to do. In the bathroom, the memory of him began stripping out of his clothes. In the real world, Harry could feel his cheeks burning as he got naked and stepped into the shower. He prayed that she would get bored and look at a different memory, but his prayers went unanswered. The memory of him leaned one hand against the wall, standing under the flow of hot, steamy water as his other hand reached down to stroke his rapidly hardening length.



Harry focused hard on trying to remember what he did to push her out of his mind earlier. He was desperate to push her out before she found out what he was fantasizing about in the memory. As his desperation built, his memory let out a moan, and he knew whose name he was going to say in a moment. Just as his memory let out a whispered moan of Tonks' name, Harry pushed as hard as he could mentally, driving her from the memory. Unlike last time, he kept pushing and found himself not back on the couch, but tumbling forward and surrounded by a jumble of images. His eyes widened and his jaw dropped as he looked at the moving images around him. In all of them, they featured Tonks in the middle of some sex act. A cacophony of noise flooded his ears as moans, grunts, screams and slaps came from all of them at once.

In one, she was pinned to a wall by the throat with her legs wrapped around a faceless man as he thrust into her roughly. In another, she was in a Hogwarts uniform, the shirt torn open and her skirt hiked up as a man used her tie as a leash and took her from behind while standing. In yet another, she was bound and gagged while several men took turns using her roughly. There were dozens more, all of them featuring the same faceless man and most of the with Tonks being abused, degraded, and choked. It was the strange, faceless figure that made him realize he wasn't watching memories, but more likely he was viewing her deepest, darkest fantasies. He briefly wondered if she had any fantasies of him like he did of her.

Just as he thought that, the jumble of images surrounding him swirled and shifted, becoming new ones. There were much less now, but all of them showed Harry and her together. One of them showed him creeping into her shower, pinning her to the wall, and taking her from behind. In another, he snuck into her room at night, tied her to the bed, and took her. It was hard to hear what was being said in one with sounds coming from all of them at once, but with so many less now, it was easier to make out. He noticed in many of them that he was demanding her to change how she looked, to make her tits bigger, ass rounder, and many others.

Suddenly, the images around him went blurry, losing their color and the sound becoming muffled, as if from a long way away. It felt as if someone shoved him hard on the chest and he was tumbling again. Abruptly, he was sitting on the couch again, breathing heavily and his erection straining hard against the front of his pajamas. Tonks was panting even harder than he was and leaning sideways against the back of the couch as she rubbed her temples. Harry had no idea how he ended up in her mind, but he felt horribly guilty about it, like he had just been caught reading her diary.

"I'm so sorry, Tonks. I don't know what happened. I just--"

"It's alright." She cut in, sitting up. "It happens sometimes. When you look into someone's mind, there's always a chance they can use it against you. I think we should call it a night though. It's getting late."

The whole time Tonks spoke, she avoided looking at him, staring at her hands and fixing her shirt instead.

"Oh, er, sure." Harry said, wondering if she was upset with him. "Can, can we still do this again tomorrow?"

"Of course." She said, finally glancing at him briefly with a smile. "Gotta make sure you're ready for Snape, don't we?"

Harry smiled, relieved that she was joking with him. She stood and started making her way to the door, but stopped halfway and looked back at him curiously.

"Aren't you going to bed?" She asked.

"Er, yeah, I just, uh." Harry stammered, then glanced down at his crotch pointedly with a sheepish look.

"Oh." She said, her mouth forming an 'O'. "Er, got it. Good night, Harry."

"Night Tonks." He said as she took down her protective spells and left the room.

Harry fell backwards onto the couch, pulled a pillow over his face and groaned into it. Why did this always happen to him, he wondered. After taking a few minutes to cool down, Harry got up and made his way up stairs to his room. As he lay in bed, he couldn't help but envision some of the things he had seen in Tonks' mind. He had no idea she was that kinky. Even more surprising was the fact that she was fantasizing about those things with him. He'd had a crush on her since

the moment she broke into his house and smashed a plate. The more he thought about it, about her, the more he began to think he should do something about it. Just hours ago, he never would have thought she would want anything to do with him, but now that he knew different, he couldn't stop wondering if there was a chance to make it real.

Mind made up, he climbed silently out of bed, grabbed his wand off the bedside table, and crept quietly to the door. Slipping into the hall, he tip-toed two doors down to Tonks' room and paused outside the door. Taking a deep, shuddering breath, he thought about whether he really wanted to do this one last time. Steeling his nerves and trying to calm his racing heart, he eased her door open and snuck inside. There was just enough moon light coming in through the window for him to see around the room. On the bed, Tonks was sprawled out on her back, arms and legs spread in just a pair of pink panties and a tight, white t-shirt. The faint smell of her arousal in the room told him that she had need some relief of her own before bed, and that gave him even more confidence.

With his wand, he whispered the incantations to lock the door and silence the room before he turned and crept closer to the bed. He couldn't help but smile at the way she was splayed out on the bed, but it also reminded him strongly of one of the fantasies he had seen. Raising his wand, Harry whispered another incantation, this time for an animation charm. The top sheet on the bed came to life, splitting itself into four separate strips before they slithered like snakes across the mattress. Two went to each of her hands while the other two went to each of her ankles. Slowly and carefully, one end of each wrapped themselves around her wrists and ankles, while the other ends wrapped around the bed posts. Once they were all in place, Harry made them tighten, tying her spread eagle in the middle of the bed. Tonks jerked awake and tugged at her bindings, looking around the room wildly.

"What the fuck? Harry!?" She gasped in shock when she saw him, her body stilling.

Sitting on the side of the bed, Harry leaned over her, one hand supporting his weight on the opposite side of her while the other stroked her cheek. Tonks stared at him with wide eyes, her chest heaving slightly as she panted in a combination of fear and excitement. Bending down, he stopped with his lips just short of touching hers, her warm breath ghosting over his face. When she made no move to tug against her bindings or yell at him, he smiled briefly before pressing his lips against hers and kissing her hard. Tonks inhaled sharply through her nose laying perfectly still under him for a long moment. Just when he started to think this was a bad idea, she kissed him back, her lips moving against his.

Sitting up, Harry moved his hand and rested it on her hip, his thumb caressing her smooth skin. Looking down at her, he stared down into her eyes as she stared back at him with a wide, nervous gaze. He slid his hand up her side over her shirt, pausing when he reached her chest and his thumb rubbing the side of her breast. When she still didn't try to stop him, he moved his hand up, squeezing her large, full breast firmly in his hands for a moment before continuing up her chest to her neck. When he rested his hand lightly on her throat, her breath hitched and she started panting slightly, her chest rising and falling sharply. Seeing the excitement sparkling in her eyes, he smiled down at her crookedly.

Climbing further on the bed, he knelt between her legs and touched the tip of his wand to her thigh, just above the knee. Tracing his wand lightly up her leg, he moved it up the center of her stomach and chest, stopping when he reached the top of her sternum. Moving the wand back down, he whispered the incantation for the cutting charm as the tip reached her shirt. The spell made the tip of his wand glow a light blue, cutting open her shirt right down the middle. Setting his wand down on the night stand, Harry pushed her shirt open, exposing her large breasts and toned stomach on full display. Cupping her breasts, the warm, smooth mounds of soft flesh filled his hands wonderfully. Bending down, he planted an open-mouthed kiss on her wide, light pink areola and stiff nipple. Tonks let out a short, quiet moan as he sucked lightly as he pulled back.

Harry thought about telling her to make her breasts bigger, but he didn't want her to think he was just here because she could change. Maybe next time, he thought, smirking as he playfully nipped at the tip of her breast. Wondering just how rough she like it, he took one nipple between his thumb and forefinger and pinched it. At first, she let out a small whimper, but as he squeezed harder, she arched her back and moaned, the faint smell of her arousal reaching his nose. Letting go of her stiff, swollen nipple, he grabbed both of her breasts and gripped them tightly, his fingers sinking deep into her big, soft mounds. Tonks let out a gasp, her body shivering as he bent down and took her nipple between his teeth and bit down. Pulling his head back, he stretched the tip of her breast away from her body until his teeth lost their grip and scraped over her sensitive nub as it slipped out.

Letting go of her breasts, he picked up his wand and cut the sides of her panties before setting it back on the nightstand. Grabbing the front of her ruined panties, he pulled them off of her and blinked stupidly at the bright pink hair in the shape of a lightning bolt just above her lips. Looking up at her, she smiled and winked at him. Harry chuckled and shook his head as he reached down and traced his finger through the design, then continued down to her hot, moist

lips. Tonks let out a light gasp and bucked her hips as his finger slid between her lips, teasing her tight opening. Sliding his finger up and down a couple of times, his palm brushing against her sensitive clit, he slipped his two middle fingers into her. Shoving them in deep, Tonks moaned loud and long, her limbs trembling and her hips bucking towards his hand.

Curling his fingers up, he moved his fingers back and forth along her walls until he found a slightly rougher patch of skin. Tonks gasped harshly, her entire body lurching as she stared at him with wide eyes. Smirking at her, he pressed his fingers firmly against that spot and moved his arm back and forth in rapid, short movements. She let out a short yell and writhed wildly on the bed as he fingered her most sensitive spot harshly. Straining against her bonds, she thrashed at the overstimulation, her breasts shaking and bouncing on her chest with her movements. In less than a minute she let out a scream, her body seizing as her muscles tensed and her arousal squirted out of her in short bursts, drenching his hand and the sheets. After a few seconds, Harry stopped, giving her a break. Tonks sagged, falling limply to the bed and gasping for breath. He gave her only a few seconds to rest before he started again, rapidly driving her to a second gushing climax, completely soaking the bed under her as she writhed and yelled, her pleasure so intense it was almost painful.

When Harry stopped, he pulled his fingers out of her, his hand dripping in her fluids. Moving his hand up to her mouth, he put his two middle fingers into her open mouth as she gasped for breath, making her taste herself. Looking up at him with dark, lust filled eyes, she closed her lips around his fingers and sucked for a moment as he pulled them out. Trailing his hand down her chest, he wiped the wetness on both sides of his hand off on her breast before giving it a loud, wet slap. Climbing off the bed, Harry quickly stripped out of his clothes as Tonks watched him intently, her eyes locking on his large, rigid cock as soon as it was revealed. Climbing back onto the bed, he straddled her chest this time and leaned forward with his hand on the wall so that his rock-hard length was directly over her face.

Grabbing himself at the base, he slapped his heavy cock down on her face with a meaty slap. With his balls resting under her chin, his shaft covered the entire length of her face with the head well passed her hair line. Tonks went slightly cross eyed as she stared at the impressively large pillar of flesh that rested on her face, puckering her lips to kiss the base of his shaft. Scooting back, Harry placed the head of his cock between her parted lips and pushed forward into her hot, wet mouth. Thrusting back and forth, he fucked her face slowly, the head pressing against the back of her throat. Pushing forward even further, he was surprised when he easily slipped into her tight throat and she showed no sign of gagging or discomfort. Even with the full length of his cock lodged into her throat, she noticed his surprised look and managed to wink at him.

“Bloody hell.” Harry groaned, drawing his cock back.

Giving her a moment to take a breath, he pushed his cock back into her mouth and down her throat easily. He groaned at the pleasure of her tight throat surrounding him, hugging his cock and massaging it when she swallowed. Thrusting his hips a few times up and down, he fucked her face briefly before pulling out again. Despite how good it felt, he had something better in mind. Sliding down her body, he climbed between her legs, pressing his rigid length against her dripping slit and leaned down to kiss her aggressively. Lining himself up with her entrance, he sank into her core, her hot, slick walls hugging his thick shaft. Tonks closed her eyes and moaned as she was stretched and fill, her back arching and thrusting her large tits into the air.

Harry reached up and gripped her breast tightly in his hand, his fingers indenting the soft flesh as he began thrusting into her incredible pussy. As he slammed into her harder and harder, he let go of her breast and slapped it harshly, the smooth skin rippling and turning pink from the abuse. Tonks panted, grunted and moaned as he fucked her, her eyes dark with lust. A loud, wet slapping sound issued from between their bodies each time his hips impacted her thighs. Harry slid his hand up her chest to her and wrapped his fingers lightly around her thin, delicate neck. He could feel each breath she took and her pulse racing beneath his fingertips. Their gazes locked, her eyes glittering as if pleading for more. His hand tightened around her neck, making her breath more difficult but not cutting it off completely.

He could feel her throat vibrate under his hand as she let out a desperate whine, her hips jerking and her walls spasming around his thrusting length. The way her muscles tensed and her body trembled under him, he knew she was getting close to her peak.

“Do you trust me?” He asked, staring into her eyes.

“Yes.” She whispered, nodding her head slightly.

Bending down, he kissed her tenderly while caressing her throat with the pad of his thumb gently. When he pulled back, he started hammering into her as hard as he could, driving his throbbing cock into her wet, quivering pussy. With each brutally powerful thrust she grew closer and closer to her climax, her throat pushing against his hand with every shuddering

breath she took. He waited until she was on the verge of reaching her climax, and just before she tipped over the edge, he gripped her neck tightly, cutting off of air. Tonks' eyes widened, not in panic but in pleasure as she came incredibly hard around him. She writhed on the bed, straining against her bindings while her fluttering core clamped down on his thrusting cock. Her opened her mouth in a silent scream, her eyes rolling into the back of her head as her entire body quivered. A few seconds later, Harry reached his own peak, his cock swelling and jerking with each jet of hot cum that leapt from his engorged tip to splash forcefully against her walls.

Harry let go of her throat, allowing her to suck in a gasping breath even as she continued to cum violently. Bucking his hips forward with each pulse of his cock, he growled in primal satisfaction as he planted his seed as deeply into her as possible. It was several long seconds later that Tonks finally relaxed and collapsed onto the bed in a limp heap, her chest rising and falling sharply as she gasped for air. Harry laid on top of her, his body pressing hers into the mattress and burying his face in her neck as he caught his breath. He could feel her twitching and trembling under him occasionally as aftershocks ran through her. When he was recovered, Harry sat up on his knees and reached for his wand. With a wave, he untied her and set his wand back down.

Tonks groaned as she moved her tired arms and legs, stretching her tired muscles before she pulled him down and kissed him gently and caring on the lips.

"I'm so glad I let you see those fantasies." Tonks said with a teasing smile when she pulled back.

"You let me see them?" Harry asked, lifting an eyebrow.

"I've never had good luck with boyfriends." She admitted, running her fingers lightly through his hair. "When I was looking through your mind, I could see what you thought about me, how you felt about me. I knew I could trust you. I didn't plan on showing my fantasies, but when you ended up there, I wanted to see how you would react. I have to admit though, I didn't expect you to sneak into my room and tie me to the bed. Not that I'm complaining, mind."

Harry blinked down at her, opening and closing his mouth like a fish. Tonks laughed at the look on his face and pulled his head down to kiss him again. She ran her hands up and down his back and around to his chest, her fingers tracing along the lines of his muscles. As they kissed, Harry

felt himself growing hard inside of her again, his shaft swelling to fill her core. Tonks rolled her hips and moaned into his mouth before she broke the kiss and smiled up at him, her eyes dancing with playfulness.

“Ready for round two?” She asked, flexing her walls around him.

“Definitely.” Harry said with a smile as he sat up and pulled out of her. “Roll over.”

Tonks winked at him and slowly rolled over, climbing to her knees and elbows. Her round, muscular ass jutted out towards him, and he reached out to grip her cheeks firmly, kneading them. Her hips widened and her cheeks inflated slightly in his hands, becoming rounder and softer. Snorting, Harry raised a hand and smacked her cheek, causing the flesh to jiggle under the impact. Tonks moaned and shook her ass at him as she looked at him over her shoulder. Smiling at her, Harry alternated between kneading her round cheeks and smacking them hard enough to leave light pink handprints on her smooth skin. Spreading them apart, he waddled forward and fed his rigid cock into her drooling pussy.

Tonks moaned as he filled her, stretching her tight, hot walls with his girth. Taking one hand off her ass, he roughly grabbed a handful of her short pink hair and pressed her face into the mattress. Pulling his hips back until only the head remained, he paused for just a moment before slamming back in with bruising force. Tonks let out a wanton moan, muffled by the bedding as he began hammering into her from behind. With long, powerful thrust, her jackhammered his length into her over and over, her ass rippling and body lurching from the impact as a loud *clap* sounded in the room every time his hips connected with her round globes. Her walls spasmed around him as she clawed at the bedding. Muffled moans and grunts left her open mouth as he pushed her head sideways into the mattress.

Watching her ass ripple, he started smacking her cheek hard with his free hand, turning the smooth skin red as he spanked her over and over. When he grew bored spanking her, he pulled her head back, forcing her onto her hands and knees as he continued to fuck her with brutal thrusts. With her neck arched back, he reached under her to grab and squeeze one of her dangling, bouncing breasts roughly. He could feel her hard, swollen nipple rubbing against his palm. Letting go, he slapped it on the side a few times, turning the skin pink and sending it wobbling under her. Abruptly, he pushed her forward and pulled out of her. Moving next to her, he laid down on his back and pulled her over so that she climbed on top of him.



Tonks straddled his body and sank down onto his throbbing, swollen cock, supporting herself with her hands on his chest. As she began bouncing on him, Harry bent his knees and planted his feet on the bed. Grabbing her hips, he held her in place and started thrusting upwards, hammering up into her dripping pussy. Tonks let out a loud, gasping yelp as he slammed into her at a blistering pace, sending her large tits bouncing and jiggling wildly on her chest. Letting go of her hip with one hand, alternated between roughly groping and slapping her breasts. He could feel her fluttering and tightening around him as her climax approached. Reaching up with both hands, he wrapped them both around her neck just as she was about to cum. He waited for her to take in one last huffing breath before he tightened his grip around her throat and cut off her air. Her nails dug sharply into his chest while Harry hammered up into her as hard and as fast as he could.

Tonks came thunderously, her arousal flowing over his thrusting shaft like a river as her body trembled and her pussy clamped down on him. The added tightness was too much for him, and Harry came with a groan, his cock jerking hard as he came inside of her clutching, fluttering cunt. When her eyes rolled into the back of her head, she let go of her throat, allowing her to suck in a desperate, gasping breath. Tonks collapsed forward onto his chest, letting out a sharp whine as her climax waned. When it finally ended, she collapsed limply on top of him, her breath coming in heavy pants. After taking a couple of minutes to recover, Harry lifted her by the hips and pulled his dripping cock out of her. Tonks let out a tired groan as she laid halfway on top of him, her head resting on his chest.

Pulling the covers over their sweat soaked bodies, Harry held her tightly as they both started drifting off to sleep.