

Tonks strode toward the boss's office with a little pep in her step. It was hard not to be excited considering they were only days away from putting away that bastard, Malfoy, for good. *It's less than he deserves after the things I've heard him confess.* As she walked into Bones' waiting room, she waved over to her secretary and her friend, "Wotcher, Jo."

Joanna seemed to be stuck in her own little daydream. While she was writing, it was quite slow going and she was also biting the corner of her mouth between her teeth. Tonks snorted out a laugh, walked over to the desk, and snapped in front of her face, "Alright, Jo?"

The young woman startled and made a big scribble across the parchment in the process, "Tonks... sorry, didn't see you there."

"Yeah... I noticed that." Tonks smirked, "You were too busy daydreaming!"

Joanna blushed as she pulled out a new piece of parchment and got to work, "Of course not, that would be unprofessional."

"Right," Tonks couldn't help but roll her eyes, "because none of us ever have moments of being unprofessional." She leaned over the desk and whispered conspiratorially, "So... what was it then? Must've been pretty good from that look in your eye? You seeing somebody new that I should know about?"

Joanna bit her bottom lip again, before shaking her head, "No... definitely not!" It sounded like she was telling the truth, but it didn't change the fact that she'd very clearly been thinking about **someone**, "And as for what I was thinking about, and I'm **not** admitting to daydreaming by the way, that's my business."

"You know, I'm a qualified Auror, I have my ways of making you talk." It was flirtier than it was intimidating, but she didn't budge one bit, "Oh fine, you're no fun." She straightened up and headed toward the door, "If you change your mind..."

"I won't." Joanna insisted, but the little smile she couldn't keep from poking through made Tonks think there was a chance that wasn't true. *Or she just can't help but smile at my bubbly personality.*

With one last wink, she headed into her boss's office. Amelia was sitting behind her desk, looking over what she could only guess was extremely boring paperwork, which she was only going to add to, "Hey boss lady, Shack sent me up here to give you the latest on our wonderful prisoners."

Tonks was expecting to be reprimanded, as usual, for the casual greeting to her Department Head, but it didn't come. Instead, Amelia just looked up and took the offered parchment, "Thanks, Tonks."

Alright, just what in the fuck is going on here. The young auror took great pleasure in winding up her boss, if only because she was confident enough in her own ability, and Amelia's confidence in her, that she could get away with it. *And deep down, I know she loves it.* But for some reason, Amelia was completely unbothered by her usual antics, and if anything she seemed... relaxed. *Which would be the first time in the three years I've been here.*

Deciding not to comment on it, lest it cause Amelia to close off \, Tonks just gave her a smile, "Always my pleasure, Bonesy."

Amelia rolled her eyes at the cheekiness, but didn't comment, "I'll get these down to your father right away. I think this'll be the last of it before the trial."

"Really? You did the interview with the Bulgarian mascots?" It'd been Shack's case, but given the political nature of things, Amelia had decided to take that interview personally.

"Yes, and the follow up... it was enlightening and only helped to bolster the case." Something about the wistful smile that blossomed on her lips made her wonder just what that meant. *If I didn't know any better... I would think that Bonesy finally got a much needed lay. Ridiculous, as though that would ever happen.* But was it? Everything about this morning was out of the ordinary and it was making her curious. *And I have every intention of investigating until that curiosity is fully and completely satisfied.*

For now, Tonks just quirked an eyebrow and said her goodbyes, "Alright... I'll just leave you to it, then." As she left the Director's office, she couldn't help but notice that Joanna was daydreaming... again. *Whatever happened, it was in the last day, so it shouldn't be too hard to figure things out.* And lucky for her, her schedule had just become free thanks to the end of their investigation.

On a hunch, she headed to the lift, she made her way down to the visitor's desk and the sullen Eric. It didn't take much convincing to get a look at the previous day's log. There were a few that'd gone up to the DMLE, but there was only one that really caught her attention. *Now what was Harry Potter doing up there so late?* She knew that he'd been the one involved in an altercation with Malfoy at the Cup, as he tried to protect two veela that Malfoy had given illegal potions. *And apparently, Amelia needed to have a little chat with him. Must have been the follow up she mentioned.*

Knowing that it'd be impossible to get Amelia to talk, especially if her suspicions were correct, that left only one option... Joanna. And now that she knew who to ask about, she had a plan. Making her way back to the office and her desk, she bided her time, whiling away the minutes with some tedious paperwork. *It really is the worst part of the job.*

Around lunchtime, she made her move. Popping out of her desk chair, she headed to the head office for a second time that day, "Hey, Jo," this time she didn't need to snap in front her friend's face to get her attention, "wanna get lunch with me? There's a new place down Piccadilly I've heard good things about."

The brunette didn't suspect any ulterior motives, not that they were bad anyway. So, she readily agreed, "Sure, just give me five minutes and I'll grab you."

"Sounds good." They headed out of the Ministry and up into London above and chatted on their walk there. Tonks didn't give anything away on the way there and didn't say a word about Harry until they were sitting down with food in front of them, "So... did you get to meet Harry, then?" She didn't know the young man that well herself, but she did remember him as a first year the same year she graduated.

The reaction was immediate, and Tonks couldn't hide a triumphant little smile. Joanna sputtered before replying in a nervous rush, "Wh... what? I don't know what you're talking about."

"Harry Potter." Tonks clarified, though it was clear that she didn't need to and that Jo knew exactly who she was talking about, "He came in for an interview with Bones last night, and you were working late, weren't you?"

“Oh, ummm... yes.” She was looking for anything to say and looking anywhere but Tonks in the process, “Forgot about that... everything’s been so busy around the office lately with the madness at the Cup.”

“Is he still cute?”

Joanna didn’t hesitate for a second, “Yep.” She realized how excited that sounded, and snapped her mouth shut with a blush.

“Was it a quick interview?” Tonks asked, trying to keep her a bit off guard, “If all he was there to do was confirm events from the Cup, I’m surprised Bones even called him into the office. She could’ve just confirmed it via owl.” She knew that it wasn’t quick though, because Harry had to sign out just like he’d signed in.

Joanna bit her bottom lip and that blush only deepened, “No... the Director thought it best to do it in person, and she’s very diligent.”

Tired of beating around the bush, she decided shock was the best way of getting the answers she wanted, “Well, considering I don’t think she’s had a good fuck in the years that I’ve been on the force and probably longer... It must’ve taken Harry ages to properly see to her.”

Joanna shushed her, “That’s... that’s...”

“Exactly what happened.” Tonks finished for her, unable to help but chuckle at her reaction, “It’s written all over your face, Jo. And considering how relaxed Bones was this morning, it wasn’t exactly hard to guess what happened. Especially since you’ve had a hard time not daydreaming all day. He was quite fit even at fifteen, so I can’t say I blame you.”

Joanna stared at her for a long moment before her shoulders sagged in defeat, “You can’t tell anybody.”

“Of course, I won’t tell anybody.” Tonks wasn’t doing this to get anyone in trouble, far from it. *Except maybe myself, but that’s an entirely different sort of trouble.* She gave her friend a mischievous smile, “So... tell me all about it!”

“I didn’t see much...” She whispered, careful not to be overheard, “The crack in the door isn’t that big.”

“Naughty girl...” Tonks teased her.

It was surprising that she could get anymore red. Softly, she asked, “Can we not do this here?”

“Oh, alright,” Tonks conceded, “Wanna come over to mine for drinks tonight, so you can tell me all about it?” She wasn’t going to force her, but honestly, she was dying to know the details. She actually did a little dance in her seat when Joanna agreed.

Waiting in the headmaster’s office made her feel a bit antsy, but that probably had as much to do with who they were waiting for as anything else. The night before had been a bit hectic after the call came in about the Three Broomstick and things hadn’t calmed down since. *But I got used to running on nothing more than four hours of sleep and too many cups of tea years ago.*

She’d gotten the assignment because Shack was already assigned elsewhere... and she couldn’t help but be a bit excited by it. Mentally, she had to chastise herself. *You’re supposed to be a professional! Act like it!* But then, Madame Bones was a professional and she’d taken an opportunity when presented with it.

Over and over again from what Jo said. For more than two months now, she'd been diddling herself to the thought of the story her friend told her... and now she was going to see the person responsible for it in person.

The door opened and in walked a decidedly more mature Harry Potter than she remembered. *Jo was right... he's properly fit now.* If nothing else, seeing him in person was going to help fuel some very pleasurable late-night sessions. And then two stunningly beautiful women walked in behind him, and all the air just left her lungs at the sight of them. *So... they're Orina and Anya... damn!* Unconsciously, her bust grew, something that only ever seemed to happen when she was around people she found particularly attractive.

"Ah, there they are. Come in." Dumbledore greeted them.

Her cousin hurried over to Harry, and seemed to be checking to make sure he was alright. Before he even had the chance to accost him, Harry cut him off, "Don't worry, I'm fine. And don't bother telling me not to do it again when you know I will." He just exuded confidence, and Tonks thought that was dead sexy.

"Taking away all my thunder." He clapped him on the arm, "Just do me a favor, don't go charging into anymore fires head on. I don't want to be grey before I'm fifty, and I think you're going to manage it."

"Yeah, I'm pretty sure that I can see a bit of it right there." He pointed at his temples, and Sirius actually squeaked and tried to pull his hair into view.

"He's right." Remus added flatly, which only caused Sirius to conjure a mirror and check for himself.

Tonks snorted at Sirius' antics before she turned to Orina and Anya, "Ladies, if you wouldn't mind coming with me?" The two young women were looking at her with a glint in their eyes that she could only call predatory, "Is there a classroom we could use, professor?"

"Yes, there is one in the corridor downstairs available to you." Tonks walked them out, and tried to calm her rapidly beating heart as they made their way into the room. She grabbed two chairs for the girls before taking out a Dicta-Quill. She placed it on the table and brought it to life with a wave of her wand.

"Auror Tonks, interviewing," she pointed to each girl in turn.

"Orina."

"Anya."

"With regards to the attack at the Three Broomsticks." She took a breath and looked at the girls. Their allure felt heavy in the room, and it was hard for her to resist the urge to walk up and kiss them. But she managed to restrain herself and did a surprisingly good job of keeping her voice level, "Alright, just tell me what happened."

They went into detail about the attack, and about Harry's rescue and made him sound quite dashing in the process. They were very to the point but there was one detail that she couldn't help but clarify, "How was Mr. Potter so quick to respond?"

"Oh, it'd only been few minutes since he and Ginny left us." Orina told her with a wicked smile. As though she wasn't already going to need a new pair of knickers, that just made it worse.

“Harry and Ginny? Ginny Weasley?”

“Ja,” Anya grinned, “Ve spent night fucking and making love... but they needed to return to castle.”

“The whole night? Harry... fucked... all three of you?” Tonks asked absently, wetting her lips as she struggled to come to terms with the sheer sexiness of what she was being told. *I’m going to have to edit out some things from this dictation... And take the original home with me for later.*

“Fucked us, yes. He stretches us sooo good. And then filled us...I’m sure Ginny is still leaking his cum because I know ve are...” Tonks could only look at them wide-eyed. *That’s at least three rounds.*

“Don’t forget,” Anya interjected, “he covered us too. And then there was that tasty treat this morning.” They shared a wistful look before they both giggled. *Four or Five.* The melodic tinkling sent a shiver down her spine. She knew from Jo, this was exactly what the two bodacious beauties had done to her boss, and with every word, it became easier to understand why she gave in to temptation. It seemed so real to her from the way they talked, she could almost taste it.

“You can’t be serious?” Even with everything she already knew, it sounded outrageous.

Orina gave her a sultry little smile, “He never ceases to impress, trust us... or don’t and find out for yourself.” She felt lucky to be a metamorph then, because otherwise she knew her blush would be obvious. *Sexy fucking bitches, they know exactly what they’re doing! It was bad enough when all I had was Jo’s story, but this is ridiculous!* The cute little snort of laughter that Anya gave her made Tonks wonder if she could actually hear what she was thinking.

Trying to compose herself, with a little cough, Tonks asked, “Is... there anything else you think might be useful to the investigation?”

“No, that’s everything.”

“Great, then all can say is thank you for your cooperation.”

Orina stood and walked over, placing a hand on her upper arm. Just that simple touch was enough to send liquid heat to her pussy. *Fuck these women are desire personified.* She knew that’s essentially what veela were, but she’d never experienced it firsthand. And she couldn’t say that she wasn’t enjoying it, “Should ve send Harry down?”

Tonks thought that was a wonderfully terrible idea, honestly. She was there to do her job and she really didn’t know if she’d be able to control herself after all the teasing. But doing her job meant talking to Harry, so there wasn’t anything else for it, “Yes,” she licked her lip as the stunning girl leaned close enough that she could feel her breath ghost across her neck, “Please do that.”

The two women glided to the door with effortless grace. Orina looked back at her once more and gave her a wink before they disappeared. Tonks blew out a long, unsteady breath, and tried bringin her frazzled nerves under control. Even without the constant press of their allure, which only then she realized had become a problem once they were alone, she was still feeling uncomfortably hot... in one specific place. *Horny... fuck am I horny.*

Subconsciously, she rubbed her thighs together and she had to bite her bottom lip to stop from letting a moan escape. The two veela that just left the room essentially had just given her permission to seduce

their famous boyfriend after teasing her with their sexual exploits. And considering her boss had her own fun with him... she was having an incredibly hard time coming up with a reason not to just go for it.

The door handle twisted open, and she jumped before doing her best to act natural. She seemed to manage it as he didn't look at her oddly, "Hello, Harry, I'm Auror Tonks."

"Tonks, any relation to Ted?"

"My dad. You met him at the trial, right?"

"Right in one." He walked over and sat down in the chair, "Alright, so what can I do for you?" She didn't think it was possible for a bloke, but he seemed to have the same sort of presence about him as his two veela lovers. He wasn't as ethereally beautiful but there was something like the allure pressing on her.

So, between that, the teasing from Orina and Anya, not to mention the story from Jo, she was having a hard time not simply walking up to him and shoving her tongue down his throat. *And that's the most innocent thing on my mind, honestly.* Discreetly as she could manage, she found herself glancing down at his crotch.

Still, she managed to get through the pertinent questions and he was nothing but respectful and forthright. Though, she did catch him looking at her chest and her hips as she changed them to be just that little bit curvier. *And Merlin, if those aren't the most beautiful eyes I've ever seen.* As they neared the end, she reached an impasse, she knew that she could just let him leave... or she could lean into it. *No one ever said that I wasn't a bit reckless.*

"Alright, just a few more questions, Harry," she licked her bottom lip, and just decided to go for it, "Orina mentioned that you were down at the Three Broomsticks, along with Ginny Weasley, and that you..." she grabbed the dictation, "fucked them... stretched them... filled them... and covered them all night before you had to leave?"

There was a sexy little half-smile on his lips. He seemed used to their behavior at this point, and he was clearly fond of it, "That's correct, yes."

"That seems... quite farfetched don't you think?"

"Considering it's not really important to your investigation, I'd say they don't have any reason to lie to you, and neither do I. You can feel free to call Ginny in here too and ask her as well." The quiet confidence with which he said it was enough to make her blush. It was hot, and this time she didn't manage to tamp it down with her ability.

This was her last chance to back out, and she had no intention of taking it, "I think... the only way I'd be comfortable accepting that explanation is with a demonstration."

It flipped a switch in him. Her obvious willingness set him to immediate action. Harry stood up then and crossed the distance between them in two quick strides. He smirked down at her as he brought a hand up to cup her chin, "Are all the women in the auror department so fucking needy? Or is it just you and Amelia?"

His hand skimmed along her side to her breast and her breath hitched, "Joanna too, probably, but... uhm... no... we tend to be quite picky... you're just exceptional... apparently." It was true, she didn't care for one-night stands and most blokes couldn't handle her profession. *And the lads in the Department are mostly arrogant pricks. Shack being the exception and he's spoken for.* It was why the only person in her bed other than herself had been Joanna.

Harry chuckled as his hands went to the buttons of her blouse. With deft fingers he had them undone in seconds, "Not the first time I've heard that before." His fingertips brushed against her abs up to cup her bare breast, "No bra?"

"Don't need 'em." She breathed out. *Fuck... I don't think I've ever been this turned on in my bloody life.* His touch was electric, and she could only stare up at him as he toyed with her, "I'm a metamorph... so I can keep them perfectly perky, or massive without any pain and... keep my nipples from showing to boot."

"Unless you're properly turned on because they've been poking out clear as day for the last twenty minutes." His finger found her hardened nub and he twisted. She nearly came on the spot, and she was sure her hair cycled colors in the process, "Funny, I thought I was just seeing things when your tits looked just a bit bigger... and your hips... good to know I wasn't going mad."

"It certainly has its advantages," Tonks told him, wanting to take some semblance of control of the situation, "Want me to show you?" She didn't wait for a response. Reaching for his trousers, she managed to push them down his thighs after undoing the buckle. They were more than halfway down before she finally reached the end of his cock, and it sprang up between them. *If he knows how to use that, it's no wonder he's able to keep more than one witch satisfied.*

Still, even if it was a particularly impressive pillar, she wasn't going to let it intimidate her. Dropping to her knees between him and the desk, she opened her mouth wide and engulfed his dome. Moaning low in her throat, she was shocked to find that his precum tasted delectable. It spurred her onto give the most inspired fellatio performance of her life.

In one single, steady plunge she made the entirety of his dick disappear. She wouldn't lie, it took more than a bit of her unique abilities to manage the feat, but she was going to use every advantage she could. The entire way down, she stared up at him with bright, pink eyes. When her lips were kissing the root of his cock, she tightened every muscle in her throat so that she could actually feel the veins in his cock pulsing against her.

The groan she earned was primal, and erotic, and it made her drip. None of the few men who'd been lucky enough to experience even that much had ever managed to handle it. *But he isn't most men... clearly.* So, she decided to treat him to something no one had ever experienced before. With her impossible to replicate anatomical control, she started undulating the muscles in her throat, squeezing his length in a way even his veela lovers could never match.

"Fuck..." His big hands took hold of either side of her head, "That's fucking incredible!" Harry was a man who knew how to take control, and Tonks liked it. That's why she didn't protest when he started skull-fucking her with steady, brutal thrusts. There was no, gagging, no spitting, no struggle. She let him fuck into her throat and just kept squeezing him for all she was worth. *If he thinks this is good, just wait until he sees what I can do with my pussy.*

Being used that way was such a turn on. And the longer he lasted the more it did for her. Her fingers found their way beneath her trousers and the second she flicked against her oversensitive clit, she came. *Glugh*. The sudden explosion made her lose control, and she gagged for the first time. That lewd sound was enough to set him off and he pulled her face against his crotch.

She made her throat so tight, that you could actually see his bulbous head flexing as he fired off his creamy load. If it were up to her, she would've tasted it but given her unique talents, this was a new experience and she couldn't blame him. When he was finished giving her a frankly ridiculous amount of cum, he pulled out.

Looking up at him, Tonks gave a cheeky smile, "Liked that, did you?"

He didn't bother dignifying that with a response, as he pulled her to her feet and started stripping her of the rest of her clothing. She did the same, and couldn't help but admire the strong lines of his body. She didn't get long to do it, as he pushed her back onto the desk.

Before he had a chance to mount her, she asked, "So how do you want me?" She shifted her body, ass and tits filling out even more, "Full on hourglass? Or maybe you prefer someone pear-shaped? Skinny? Or is there someone specific you'd like me to look like?" With every word, her body shifted to match whatever she was saying. It wasn't an offer she always made, but this felt like a special circumstance.

"As long as you're not a hag, I don't really care." And that surprised her because people always wanted something specific from her, "But I imagine you're exceptionally flexible?"

"Yeah..."

That was all he needed to hear as he took hold of her ankles and twisted them back until they were hooked behind her head. Tonks had to relax the muscles to make it happen, but he essentially folded her up into a pretzel. Standing on his knees, he joined her on the desk and slapped his cock down on her puffy pussy lips. Some of her juices splashed out and landed on her abs. His cock meat looked obscene resting against her tiny slit.

Tonks was completely at his mercy, and she couldn't be happier. Lifting her hips up, he had her in a sort of mating press as he filled her with his cock for the first time. Her mind went blank for a second, and she was absently aware that someone was speaking, but she wasn't sure if they were coming from her or him. All she knew was that he was stretching her, and it felt divine.

Finally, words pierced through the haze, "Come on, Tonks, show me what you can do?" The cocky smirk was enough to engage the more competitive part of her mind... and that's when she pressed down on him.

He'd been inside of truly immaculate pussies before, she knew that. She imagined that Orina and Anya were divine, but that didn't mean she wasn't going to give them a run for their money. Every time, he tried to pull back, the walls of her pussy literally sucked on him hard enough that her ruby-red pussy lips distended a little bit. When he pushed back in, her flesh became pliable but perfectly tight to his pistoning length.

They rutted against each other like animals. Tonks' eyes rolled to the back of her head as she came, she watched as a line of her own gircum leaked from her slit and down her abs to gather at her belly button. Eventually it overflowed and ended up in the hollow of her neck.

"No... no wonder... your girls are happy to lend you out..." Tonks managed to rasp about between her seemingly constant orgasms, "They'd never get anything done... if they didn't..."

Harry just chuckled and smacked her ass, "I think they just like the idea of me ruining normal witches and turning them into cock-drunk messes."

"And... and... I'm a normal witch?" She challenged. She focused so intently on her own cunt that she lost some control of her morphs, but it was worth it. Her waist became impossibly small. Small enough that his hands could touch if he circled them. That made it where they could both see the outline of his entire length as it plugged up her tiny sheath.

And then it happened, inhuman, impossible gripping. Every muscle in her pussy started twitching along his length, and she was able to focus particularly on that sensitive bit of flesh just below his crown. Surprise painted his handsome face as she made him lose his quite impressive control. There was no way to stop his climax as his cock bucked within her.

Tonks' eyes rolled to the back of her head as she felt that exquisite warmth bathing her depths. After he filled her stomach, she didn't expect him to have as much the second time... but she was wrong. A normal witch wouldn't have been able to take it all, but she could expand her womb to make room for the prodigious load. It caused a slight bump just below her belly-button, but she wasn't going to give up one drop of her hard-earned reward.

As they both recovered from their shared peak. Harry gave her a wry smile, "So believe me now?"

"I already believed you... but you definitely proved your point." She couldn't help but laugh as something occurred to her.

"What is it?" he asked with a raised eyebrow.

"Just thinking... Jo's going to be insanely jealous." Harry just gave a little shake of his head and finally popped free of her pussy. *Maybe I'll just have to give her the memory to make it up to her.*

As much as they both could've gone for another round, they could only take so long before others got suspicious. So, they got dressed and left the room together. Before they headed up, she gave him a cheeky smile, "Thanks for being so helpful with this investigation. I'll let you know if we have any more questions." They both managed to act completely natural when they reached Dumbledore's office. The only people any the wiser were Anya and Orina who gave her one last wink before she left.