

Chapter 8

Boxing day morning, after breakfast, Amelia pulled Harry, Hermione, Tonks, and Susan into her office.

“Okay, tell me what happened,” she said, slipping naturally into a more professional tone.

Sensing Hermione’s nervousness, Harry started by telling Amelia what he’d seen. Susan and Tonks added in a few details afterwards, but their stories were all pretty much the same. When they were finished, Amelia turned back to Hermione and listened patiently as she recounted the evening from her point of view.

“Do you want to press charges?” Amelia asked once Hermione was finished.

“I-I don’t know,” Hermione stammered uncertainly. “I mean, nothing really bad happened.”

“Hermione,” Susan said, leaning around Harry to look at her. “Think about what would’ve happened if Harry hadn’t told him you were in the bathroom.”

Hermione shivered and looked a bit pale as she unconsciously leaned closer to Harry, who wrapped an arm around her shoulders.

“If I do press charges, what happens?” Hermione asked. “Will I have to go to court?”

“To be perfectly honest, I doubt it will go that far,” Amelia said with a sigh. “There’s no real evidence that Mr. McLaggen put those potions in your drink. If you decide to press charges, the Auror Department will investigate, we’ll question the suspect and some of the guests you mentioned were there. Barring a confession, or a reliable witness, that will be the end of it. Hopefully, being confronted with serious consequences will stop him from trying this again in the future.”

“Hopefully?” Harry asked, his anger and frustration bubbling just beneath the surface.

“I’ve seen cases where suspects get away with it once and it makes them bolder,” Amelia told him. “But that’s extremely rare. Most of the time when this sort of thing happens, they get too scared to ever try it again. Plus, it puts a mark on his record. If he does try something like this again, we’ll know exactly who to look at first.”

“What do you think?” Hermione asked, looking at Harry.

“I think you should do it,” he told her. “You can’t just let him get away with this.”

Biting her lip, she looked around at everyone else, getting nods and supportive looks from everyone – except Amelia, who remained impartial.

“Alright,” Hermione said. “I’ll press charges.”

“I’ll get right on it,” Amelia said, her expressionless mask slipping into a kind smile.

“You’re doing the right thing, Hermione,” Tonks said. “I’ve seen too many witches wait until it’s too late to report something like this, usually after the guy’s been arrested for doing it to someone else.”

“Harry,” Amelia said firmly, “I want your word that you won’t do anything to McLaggen. I know you’re angry and you want to protect your friend, but I can’t have you starting a fight with him if I’m making this an official investigation.”

Harry grit his teeth and looked down, glaring at his shoes. He didn’t want to lie to her, or go back on his word, so he really didn’t want to promise he wouldn’t touch McLaggen.

“Harry?” Amelia asked.

“Fine,” he huffed. “It’s just so frustrating! First Malfoy and now McLaggen. I just feel so useless.”

“Harry, not this again,” Hermione groaned.

“What’s this about Malfoy?” Amelia asked.

“Harry thinks Draco Malfoy is a Death Eater,” Hermione said dismissively.

Harry took a deep breath and pinched the bridge of his nose to keep from yelling at Hermione. Quite honestly, it hurt that she didn’t trust his judgement like she used to.

“What makes you think that?” Amelia asked him.

“I saw him at Borgin and Burkes this summer, he threatened Borgin by showing him the inside of his forearm,” Harry told her.

“Did you actually see that mark?” she asked, leaning in and listening intently.

“No, but it was on the inside of his left forearm, right where all the other Death Eaters have their marks. And it scared Borgin pretty bad when he saw it,” Harry told her. “There’s also the fact that he’s been acting really strange this year.”

“How so?” Amelia asked.

“He quit playing Quidditch, he’s a lot quieter and more withdrawn. When Katie got cursed by that necklace, he looked really troubled by that.”

“He was probably just shaken by a student being hurt so badly, a lot of people were,” Hermione interrupted.

“‘You’ll be next, Mudbloods.’ That’s what he said when the Chamber was open in second year. He taunted us about Buckbeak being executed. He taunted me about being tortured by Voldemort, and about Cedric and Sirius being killed,” Harry listed off on his fingers. “Malfoy doesn’t give a shit about Katie, so why was he so upset by it?”

“Is there anything else?” Amelia asked, cutting in before Hermione could argue back.

“He’s been disappearing a lot lately,” Harry said. “I have a map that my dad and his friends made. It shows me where everyone is in the castle. I *know* he’s up to something, but sometimes, when I look for him, he’s gone.”

“You think he’s leaving the school?” Amelia pressed.

“I don’t know,” Harry admitted. “I’ve never seen where he disappears to. I don’t see how he could be leaving the castle. Maybe he found a room my dad and his friends didn’t know about. I-“

Harry hesitated for a moment and stared at Amelia closely.

“I think Voldemort gave him a job to do, something inside the school,” he confessed.

“But it doesn’t make any sense,” Hermione huffed irritably. “Why would Voldemort mark a student, let alone task him with doing something right under Dumbledore’s nose?”

“Actually, I think Harry may be right,” Amelia said before Harry could argue, stunning both of them.

“What?” Hermione asked, shocked.

“You-Know-Who likes to mark his followers young, before they really understand what they’re getting into,” Amelia told her. “When we began questioning Death Eaters during the trials years ago, many of them admitted to being marked while still in school. Some as young as fifth year.”

“Oh,” Hermione said quietly, her face flushed as Harry looked at her triumphantly. “But that doesn’t necessarily mean Malfoy is a Death Eater. Why would You-Know-Who give him a job to do? I mean, he must know Dumbledore will stop it.”

“Dumbledore isn’t infallible,” Amelia told her. “And I suspect that You-Know-Who doesn’t actually expect Draco to succeed. Most likely, this is a test of his loyalty and his skills, but we can’t rule out that he may be a very real threat. In fact, I’d say he already is, if he was behind what happened to Katie Bell.”

“You don’t really think he’d do something like that, do you?” Hermione asked with a troubled look. “I know he’s a bigot and a bully, but do you really think he’d try to kill someone?”

“It’s possible,” Amelia said with a nod. “Harry, have you brought these concerns to Dumbledore?”

“Yeah,” Harry said with a scoff. “He told me not to worry about it.”

“So, either he knows what Draco Malfoy is doing, and has done nothing to stop him, or he doesn’t know what’s happening in his own school. Both of which are very troubling,” Amelia said, frowning. “It looks like it may be time for me to pay Albus a visit. Why don’t you four go and enjoy your day while I pop on over to the office and get this paperwork filed. I should only be an hour or so.”

“Thanks, Amelia,” Harry said sincerely.

“Any time, Harry,” she said with a smile.

As they left the office, Harry began to seriously consider telling Amelia about the prophecy and Voldemort’s Horcruxes. He really wasn’t happy with the way Dumbledore was constantly keeping him in the dark and leaving him guessing. Having another adult on his side to go to for help and advice would certainly make him feel better.

On the other hand, Harry could see the need for secrecy. The more people who knew about what he was trying to do, the more likely it was Voldemort would find out. He trusted Amelia, but that didn’t mean there weren’t other ways to get information from her.

“Harry?” Hermione called, pulling him from his inner debate.

He noticed that they were alone in the living room, and he could see Tonks had pulled Susan into the kitchen. He could guess what they were talking about as Tonks glanced over and gave him a playful grin, giving him something else to worry about. How was Hermione going to react when she found about Tonks, or worse, Amelia, he thought.

“Harry?” Hermione called again, starting to sound concerned.

“Sorry,” Harry said, shaking his head. “Just a lot on my mind. What’s up?”

“I wanted to apologize,” she said quietly. “I should have listened to you about Malfoy.”

Harry looked at her in a mixture of relief that she finally believed him, and irritation that it took someone like Amelia telling her the same things he had to make it happen. With a sigh, he pulled her over to the couch and sat down, deciding it was time to confront something that had been bothering him all year.

“What’s been going on this year, Hermione?” Harry asked. “It’s like you and Ron have stopped trusting me. Is it because of what happened at the Ministry?”

“No.” Hermione said fervently. “That’s not it at all.”

“Then what is it?” Harry asked.

“I’m scared,” Hermione admitted, her eyes staring up at him vulnerably. “I thought I knew what it would be like. I’ve seen you go off to fight so many times, and you always came back hurt and bloodied, but you never regretted any of it. Even after Cedric died, you never once thought about just walking away and letting someone else take care of things. I thought I could do that, too.”

She swallowed thickly and took a deep, shaking breath.

“I guess you’re partially right, it kind of is because of the Ministry, but not in the way you think. I don’t blame you. I knew we were walking into a trap, we both did, but you were going to do it anyways. Then, I got hurt. And so did Ron, and Ginny. And then they told me about Sirius,” she said, looking at him sadly. “I got scared. I just wanted to hide behind my books and let Dumbledore and the Ministry deal with it. I wanted to keep us safe. So, I ignored all the evidence you were showing me, and I discouraged you, and I’m sorry. I’m so sorry.”

Hermione sniffled as tears ran down her cheeks. Harry felt the guilt hit him like a ball of lead dropping into his stomach. He reached out to pat her shoulder and she threw herself at him, nearly knocking him backwards as she wrapped her arms around his neck tightly.

“You don’t have to do this anymore if you don’t want to,” Harry whispered, even though it killed him inside to say it.

Hermione had been there for him, through everything, for so long, that he didn’t know what he’d do without her.

“No,” she told him firmly. “I’m not leaving you. I’m just not as brave as you are.”

“Have you two kissed and made up yet?” Tonks asked as she and Susan returned to the living room.

“Yeah, we’re good,” Harry said.

Hermione sat up, wiped her eyes, and smiled at him. Tonks walked over with a grin, straddled Harry’s lap on her knees and kissed him hard. Groaning into her mouth, he heard Susan laughing in the background.

“Harry,” Hermione exclaimed. “You-you are such a man whore!”

Tonks pulled back and looked at her with a raised eyebrow.

“I didn’t hear you complaining the other night, little Miss ‘Fuck Me Harder’,” she said.

Hermione blushed bright red and smacked Tonks on the shoulder. To his relief, both girls smiled at each other a moment later. Maybe Hermione wouldn’t take it as badly as he feared, Harry thought.

“Is there anyone you aren’t sleeping with?” Hermione asked teasingly.

“I’m not that bad,” Harry said.

“Yes, you are, but I love you for it,” Tonks said with a grin. “Hey, do you still have those ropes?”

“They’re in the bedroom,” Harry told her.

“I’ll get them,” Susan said before bounding up the stairs.

“What ropes?” Hermione asked curiously.

“You’ll see,” Tonks said.

Harry grinned as she bounced excitedly in his lap, her perky, braless breasts bouncing in front of his face. Hermione bit her lip, a combination of nervousness and anticipation swimming in her eyes.

A few moments later, Susan returned with six, three-foot-long lengths of black rope clutched in her hand. Also lacking a bra, her much larger breasts bounced and wobbled under her loose t-shirt as she trotted over and handed them to Harry with an excited smile.

“I’ve always wanted to try this,” Tonks admitted enthusiastically.

“What, exactly, do you want me to do?” Harry asked, already hardening at the thoughts running through his head as his free hand ran down her back and over the round curve of her bum.

“I want you to tie me up and use me any way you want,” Tonks said sultrily.

Sliding off his lap, she quickly stripped out of her worn t-shirt and cotton pajama pants, baring herself to the room.

“Should we really be doing this here?” Hermione asked. “What if Amelia comes back, or somebody calls on the Floo?”

“The risk is part of what makes it fun,” Tonks told her with a wink.

Harry smiled as he stood from the couch. Discretely, he cast a Cushioning Charm on the floor while two of the ropes sprang to life. Shooting across the space between them, each rope wrapped around one of her wrists and pulled them behind her back. Tonks took a shuddering, excited breath as they tied themselves together.

“Where did you get those?” Hermione asked curiously, even as she eyed Tonks appreciatively.

“I made them,” Harry told her.

“Really,” she asked interestedly. “Did you use an Animation Charm, or did you use a series of-”

“Can we talk about this later?” Tonks asked impatiently.

“Oh, right. Sorry,” Hermione said embarrassedly.

Harry walked around Tonks, his hand landing on her stomach and then trailing around her waist. When he stood behind her, he wrapped both arms around her and pulled her back against his chest. She panted excitedly as he ran his hands over her tight stomach, teasingly moving up towards her breasts but stopping just short and moving back down.

“Harry,” Tonks whined.

“I can do anything I want, remember? Maybe I want to tease you for a while,” Harry said softly, glancing over at the couch. “Maybe I’m just going to tie you up and make you watch before I fuck you.”

Tonks groaned while he held out his hand. Two more ropes leapt off the couch and into his hand before shooting back out away from him, extending across the room. One rope wrapped itself around Hermione’s wrists, binding them in front of her while the other rope did the same to Susan.

“Harry?” Hermione said, her voice trembling with nervousness and excitement.

He just smiled at her as the rope in his hand began to retract, pulling both girls off the couch and towards him. When they were just a few feet away, Harry dropped the ends he was holding. The ropes shortened and the free ends attached themselves to the floor between their legs. Then, they tightened, pulling them towards the floor. Susan dropped to her knees obediently, but Hermione bent over at the waist.

With a mischievous smile, Harry took out his wand and banished their clothes to the couch.

“Harry!” Hermione exclaimed, nearly folded in half at the waist while trying to look up at him without losing her balance.

Two ends of the ropes binding Tonks’ wrists suddenly attached themselves to her ankles and then tightened, pulling her to her knees as well. She groaned in disappointment as he walked around her and over to Hermione.

The brunette shuffled her feet, her face burning red as he walked behind her to get a close up, unobstructed view of her pert bum and glistening folds. He ran his hand over her pale, muscular bottom, then trailed his finger over her taut slit. Hermione gasped, dropping into a squat and then down to her knees with a heavy blush. Smiling, Harry showed her the dampness of his finger before popping it into his mouth. She looked away quickly, embarrassed but excited.

Giving her a break, Harry stepped over to Susan, who stared up at him lustfully. Quickly, he stripped his shirt off over his head and then out of his pants. His rigid erection bobbed free in front of him, just inches from her mouth. Susan licked her lips as he grabbed the top of her head and walked forward.

Her lips opened and wrapped around his swollen head, causing him to groan. Their eyes met as he held her in place and worked his hips back and forth, sliding in and out of her tightly sealed lips.

“Fuck,” Harry groaned when he pulled back a few moments later.

Bending down, he kissed her heatedly before standing up and stepping back over to Hermione. Her eyes stayed locked on his glistening cock until he stopped in front of her, then she finally pulled her gaze away to look up at him. Harry bent down and gave her a gentle kiss before straightening up and bringing his head to her lips.

Nervously, Hermione opened her mouth. Slowly, he fed a couple of inches of his shaft between her lips and rocked back and forth. Even without any experience, she did a great job sucking and slathering his rigid length with her tongue. As her confidence grew, Harry moved faster and pushed in deeper while groaning loudly to let her know how much he enjoyed what she was doing.

Pulling out of her mouth, he stroked her cheek and smiled at her, getting a shy smile in return. Then, he turned his attention back to Tonks. Seeing her flushed with excitement and practically panting with need, he grinned as he walked over to her. Her mouth opened eagerly as his cock stood proudly in front of her.

Reaching out, Harry grabbed her hair roughly, drawing a groan from her lips, and pulled her head back. Holding his cock at the base, he slapped his spit covered shaft all over her face. When she opened her mouth, trying to catch it with her lips, Harry suddenly yanked her head forward and drove his length straight down her throat. Tonks gagged as he ground her nose roughly against his pelvis.

“Harry!” Hermione called out in shock.

“It’s okay, he knows what he’s doing,” Susan told her.

“But-”

Hermione cut herself off as he yanked his cock out of Tonks’ throat, giving her a chance to suck in a desperate breath.

“Is this what you wanted?” Harry asked as he slapped his slimy, spit covered shaft on her face.

“Yes,” Tonks panted.

She opened her mouth to say something else, but Harry shoved himself back in before she could get the words out. Holding her purple hair tightly, he thrust deep into her throat and then fucked it roughly. Loud, wet squelches left her mouth as he hammered back and forth in short, rapid thrusts. After several seconds of intense pounding, Harry pulled back again, allowing her to suck in a deep, gasping breath.

As Tonks’ chest heaved, he walked around behind her. With one hand on her hip and the other in her hair, he bent her over at the waist and pushed her face into the carpet. Harry could feel the heat pouring off of her dripping mound as he lined up behind her. Looking up, he found Hermione staring at the two of them in shock, indignation on Tonks’ behalf warring with her own body’s reaction to what she was witnessing.

“Harry,” Tonks whined desperately while wiggling her ass.

Deciding he’d teased her enough; Harry sank into her depths with a single thrust. He groaned as he filled her core, Tonks feeling hotter and wetter than she ever had before. With barely a pause, he started hammering into her with long, deep thrusts. Tonks let out a long, deep groan as his thick length filled and stretched her tight walls.

Looking back up at Susan and Hermione, his cock throbbed at seeing them both still tied in place, but he felt selfish forcing them to sit there while he was busy with Tonks. Catching Susan’s eye, he glanced over at Hermione quickly. Picking up his meaning, she grinned excitedly and nodded her head.

Harry smirked and pulled Tonks’ head up by her hair so she could watch. The rope around Susan’s wrists went loose, only to spring up and wrap loosely around her neck a moment later. One end shot out to wrap around Hermione’s waist, then tightened to pull her closer, forcing her to crawl on her hands and knees.

Hermione looked down and leaned back in surprise just as Harry commanded the end of the rope holding her hands to the floor let go. With her hands still bound, she fell on her back just as Susan's face reached her mound. Hermione opened her mouth, but whatever words she was about to say were lost into a moan as Susan licked her folds.

"Oh, Merlin," Tonks moaned, her walls fluttering around him.

Reaching up, Harry grabbed one of her wildly bouncing breasts and squeezed roughly, his fingers rolling her stiff pink nipple. She let out a shuddering moan, and he knew neither of them would last much longer with such a brutal pace.

Sure enough, less than a minute later, Tonks cried out loudly as she reached her peak. Harry went over the edge a moment later as she tightened around his thrusting cock.

Of course, that was the moment the Floo flared to life with green flames and Amelia stepped out. Hermione gasped, her eyes going wide as she froze in place. Tied together the way they were, neither she, nor Susan, could do much to cover themselves.

"Why am I not surprised?" Amelia asked with a sigh as she glared at Harry.

"She started it," Harry said, pointing to Tonks as she rolled onto her back and panted heavily.

With her ankles still tied to her hands, she was left completely exposed, a white stream visibly leaking from her pink lips.

"What am I going to do with you?" Amelia asked as she pinched the bridge of her nose.

"I can think of a few things," Harry said cheekily.

Amelia tried to look unimpressed, but he could see her lips twitch and her eyes flick down to his waist.

“Susan, stop,” Hermione begged in a desperate whisper.

Unfortunately, that had the effect of drawing Amelia’s attention back to her, causing Hermione to blush brightly.

“Relax, Hermione. I know what Harry and my niece get up to,” Amelia told her. “I trust you’ll be discrete about this?”

“Yes, ma’am,” Hermione agreed readily, keening slightly as Susan continued with barely a pause.

Amelia raised an eyebrow and licked her lips thoughtfully, then seemed to shake herself and turn back to Harry. After a moment’s pause, she blocked the Floo and then began stripping out of her clothes as she walked over to him.

“Must you be such a whore, Auror Tonks?” Amelia asked as she stripped out of her bra and panties while standing directly over her.

Harry nearly burst out laughing at the gob smacked look on Hermione’s face.

“Sorry, boss,” Tonks said with a grin.

“Harry, why don’t you go take care of Susan and Hermione while I have a word with my Auror?” Amelia asked as she knelt over Tonks’ face.

“Sure,” Harry said, smiling.

Amelia really had a thing for exercising her authority over women in bed, it seemed. For some reason, she never did that with him, but she really seemed to get off on it with Susan and Tonks. Harry's cock hardened when he thought about how Hermione would handle it, given her tendency to worship authority figures.

It would definitely be fun to find out, Harry thought as he walked over to Susan and knelt down behind her plump backside.