

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

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Chapter 25: Loathsome Leadership

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"I don't have time for this Nott." Draco sneered.

The rat-faced boy glared back at the blonde. From where he stood across from Draco, the fellow Slytherin crossed his arms in a way that said he didn't care much about them being late for their next class.

"You've been avoiding us."

Draco rolled his eyes and scoffed. "And? You, Hodges, and Macnair are big boys. I had assumed that you needn't seek me out every time one of you dunderheads miraculously had an idea."

Nott's scowl deepened and he spoke with a growl. "It's been weeks since you've even bothered to update us with your own findings, or do you not also share our mission?"

Draco suppressed the urge to curse the fool and move on with his day. He was already late for class and cursing a fellow student right outside of Flitwick's classroom would only serve to make him miss Potions entirely if not earn himself a fair amount of detentions. It was a close thing though.

Instead, Draco stepped closer, towering over the short-statured boy with a menacing glare.

"Have you not yet learned to mind your words? There are aurors everywhere now. Speak so openly again and I'll be forced to carve your tongue out myself. I'm sure our lord would be most understandable when I explain that you forced my hand."

Nott, for his part, did the smart thing and took a half-step back, his defiant scowl slipping just enough to reveal the fear broiling beneath. Draco smirked. Good, he should be scared.

“I will seek you and the others out when I have something worth sharing. Until then do as I ordered and keep your bloody head down.” He muttered, shouldering past the boy with a huff.

“Oh and Nott?” Draco paused glancing back at his fellow Slytherin. “If you ever come by the foolish notion that you can question ME again, I’ll ensure there will be nothing left of you for your family to mourn.”

With that final threat, Draco walked off, leaving a red-faced Theodore Nott behind shaking.

It was sometime after dinner that he was approached again. This time Draco could not suppress his sigh of irritation as MacNair and Hodges approached his corner of the Slytherin common room. Nott was unsurprisingly absent.

“We need to talk.” Macnair grunted, plopping unceremoniously in the seat opposite of Draco.

Hodges followed suit, though appearing much more tense than the older boy.

Draco didn’t deign either with a greeting; instead, he marked his place in his book and set it aside.

“Do we? I wasn’t aware that WE needed to do anything Macnair.”

Macnair sent him a sneer. “You’re such an annoying little prick Mal-”

Hodges nudged the older boy hard in the ribs earning himself a pained grunt from Macnair. The two teens stared each other down for a moment before Macnair seemingly backed down with a muttered curse and crossed his arms. Hodges turned to Draco next, the pocked-marked boy looking him up and down before he sighed and pulled a letter from his robes.

“A letter from...a mutual friend.” Hodges spoke lowly. “The item has been procured and moved to a secure location.”

Draco hummed to himself. He was somewhat impressed that the pair had been able to do it.

When he had tipped them off about the vanishing cabinet secluded within Borgin and Burke’s, he had truly thought the two would fail miserably in getting the codgy old shopkeep to part with

the ancient relic. It just goes to show that old Borgin will let anything go for the right price. And a hefty price that was too as Draco picked up the letter and surveyed its contents. How the two boys had pooled together *THIS* much coin was a mystery, but one Draco did not particularly care to solve.

“And you’re sure our mutual friend can be trusted?” Draco drawled, casting a lazy glance towards the two boys. Macnair visibly bristled at the unsubtle accusation.

“If you think my uncle would betray our lord Malfoy-”

“Our lord? No.” Draco interrupted the boy, quickly igniting the letter with a whispered incantation. He watched the parchment burn to ash before he addressed Macnair once more. “But I wouldn’t put it past your uncle’s idiocracy to brag about playing such a vital role in one of the Dark Lord’s plans, even if the fool hasn’t the foggiest clue what our plan is.”

Macnair’s face quickly shifted hues. It morphed quickly from red to purple, to a compromise of the two before finally settling on an ugly puce colour.

“You fucking-” He began, only to be silenced by a quick kick to the shin courtesy of Hodges as a gaggle of chatting third years passed.

“Not here!” Hodges hissed. The boy threw Draco a small glare, one that he responded to with a roll of his eyes. “And what of you Draco? While we’ve been diligently working to achieve our goal, you’ve been noticeably empty-handed with any new progress.”

Draco chuckled and gave the younger wizard an unimpressed look. “I’d hardly call purchasing a cupboard ‘progress’ Hodges.” Draco snarked. Before the boy could respond Draco continued.

“But if you must know, I’ve been ensuring your little shopping trip isn’t a wasted effort. A Vanishing Cabinet is useless without its twin.”

“You’ve found it then?”

“Indeed.” Draco nodded. “Quite by happenstance, but it is here all the same.”

That was untrue. He had known exactly where the cabinet was from the very beginning.

Montague had vented his frustrations to just about anyone who’d listen after the Weasley Twins

trapped him inside the cabinet two years prior. It just so happened that the cabinet was located in the exact room where he'd been searching for the Dark Lord's missing diadem. Lying about his efforts to find the cabinet gave him leave to freely search for the lost circlet, yet even after all these weeks he'd been unsuccessful, a fact that he didn't know to be angry or relieved about. Either way, even with the cabinet's location, it would be quite a while before it was functional. The damage Peeves had done to it after nearly dropping it atop Filch's disgusting squib head was extensive, something else that gave Draco mixed feelings of frustration and excitement. The two idiots before him didn't need to know that though.

"It will need repairs. I've started the process but it will be some time until we can even test its functionality. Until then, the two of you and Nott can continue your surveillance on the Headmaster. I will not disappoint our lord just because you three failed at identifying one man's weakness." Draco sneered.

The two boys bristled at that, but before they could retort Draco suddenly stood and whisked off towards his dorm. He was tired of their presence. Well, he was tired of this entire bloody school really, but while he could escape those two dunderheads, he could not escape the castle walls around him.

Nor could he escape the nightmares filled with his mother's screams that night either.

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Harry has learned a lot about women over the last year. Being privy to the inner workings of four witches' thoughts had given him a unique insight into just how the female mind worked. This was the conclusion he came to:

Whoever coined the term 'hell hath no fury like a woman scorned' had hit the nail right on the head...for the most part anyway.

In Harry's opinion, the term could just be 'hell hath no fury like a woman' and it would have been just as sufficient of a description.

As it were, the Boy-Who-Lived didn't have the time to contemplate a better descriptor of his own. Not while a crackling ball of energy was crashing against the stone wall where his head had been moments prior. He paid the scorched stone barely any mind as he scrabbled to his feet, quickly deflecting a piercing hex that had come too close to dodge before sending his own volley of spells, albeit far less dangerous ones, back at his opponent.

"YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO DO A WHOLE HELL OF A LOT BETTER THAN THAT POTTER!"

Tonks snarled, batting aside his chain of stunners and tripping jinxes as if they were insects.

Harry sighed in exasperation and moved, weaving between the flurry of devastating, and borderline deadly, spells while sending his own back at the raging metamorph sparingly.

'What the fuck did you do?!' Daphne breathed in astonishment inside his head. No doubt the blonde was currently watching the exchange through both his and Tonks' eyes. Harry gave the mental equivalent of a shrug in return, too focused on *NOT* getting his arse kicked to respond with anything more complex.

'He called her Nymphadora.' Hermione supplied by way of explanation for their blonde lover.

'I was just teasing her!' Harry defended. The argument cost him as a banishing hex hit him square in the chest, sending him flying through the air before he came to an abrupt stop against the cold hard floor. Despite the air being driven from his lungs, Harry forced his body to move. A shard of ice exploded mere inches away from his face as he rolled back to his feet, sending a wave of fire back in a wide arc with a sweep of his wand.

'There's teasing and then there's suicide love.' Daphne replied, her mental presence practically dripping with amusement. *'I don't think I've ever seen Tonksie THIS pissed before!'*

It was true. Even with her mind blocked to him as per usual during their practice duels, Harry could still feel the waves of anger rolling off the metamorph. Her normal cheery pink hair was now a fiery red. Her eyes blazed with malice as she flung hex after hex towards him with vicious intent. Needless to say- he fucked up.

'He might've said it more than a few times.' Susan added, her soft warm presence inside his head spiritually wincing as Tonks landed another nasty blow against his shoulder.

Harry grimaced from the pain and shoved his wandless hand out. The furious metamorph was suddenly swept off her feet by an unknown force, allowing him the chance to recuperate and prepare a counterattack

'I was trying to rile her up!' He shouted, flicking his wand to and fro and collecting the crumbled debris around their impromptu arena.

Daphne snickered in his head. *'Well, you succeeded!'*

Harry ignored his girlfriend's amusement in favour of banishing the debris back towards Tonks just as the auror began to scramble back to her feet. Just as it seemed that the tidal wave of rock and wood would make contact, Tonks suddenly clapped her hands out in front of her, dispelling the rubble and flinging Harry back once more.

This time he was unable to get back up in time before another shard of ice came dangerously close to piercing his throat. The foot-long icicle hovered menacingly in front of him, its sharpened tip grazing against his Adam's apple- so close that he was afraid to even swallow.

"What's my name?" Tonks growled, now standing before him with her wand levelled at his head.

"I-" The icicle pressed deeper into his flesh causing Harry to hiss as he felt his skin being pierced ever so slightly.

"What-" Tonks leaned down, her kaleidoscope eyes now a burning red that matched her hair.

"-is my name!"

"Tonks!" Harry croaked. "It's Tonks!"

"Hmm...good."

Without a word the icicle dissolved into a puddle of water and Harry could finally breathe again.

Yet before he could recover fully, he was suddenly hauled to his feet by his still very angry metamorph lover. The destroyed remnants of the Defense Against the Dark Arts classroom around them disappeared as well, the wards inscribed into the room already in effect as new

desks and chairs appeared from nowhere while the scorched walls and cracked flooring were repaired in the blink of an eye. Harry didn't have time to marvel at the display, however, as he was forcibly pushed inside the private sleeping quarters at the back of the classroom.

The door had only just been slammed closed when Tonks spun around, her hair still a deep angry blood-red and her face contorted into a scowl.

"Clothes off. Now!" She ordered as she began to discard her own training robes without hesitation.

Harry did as he was told, not wishing to fuel the angry witch's ire any more than he had. He'd always known Tonks was scary, and her current attitude did little to dosage that notion, yet it was also strangely...hot?

Within seconds he had completely divested himself of all his clothing just as Tonks finished as well. Harry didn't have any time to admire the mouth-watering sight of her nude body before he was unceremoniously shoved back onto the bed behind him. A weight settled onto his chest soon after. Looking up it was revealed to be Tonks herself, her naked slit perched inches from his face as she glared down at him.

"Well? What the fuck are you waiting for Wonder Boy? Lick."

Harry didn't argue, pulling Tonks' glistening pussy towards him by her thighs and burying his tongue deep inside her snatch. The older witch cooed in approval, one hand threading through Harry's tousled raven locks while the other pinched and massaged her own stiffened nipples.

'Merlin that's fucking hot!' Daphne purred inside both their heads. *'Are you seeing this Sus- Oh you little slut!'*

Susan was indeed seeing it. In his mind's eye, Harry could see that the Hufflepuff witch had locked herself in a bathroom stall the moment Tonks had ordered him to strip and was now furiously rubbing herself to the scene of Harry lapping at the metamorph's dripping folds.

'And you say I'M the insatiable one!' Daphne laughed, the remark pointed at Hermione.

Hermione mentally rolled her eyes and ignored the blonde's comment, though she didn't look away from the scene either. It seemed all the girls were interested in watching this play out. Some more than others, he thought as Susan stifled a pleasure filled squeak.

Above him, Tonks bit her lip in arousal and let out a small breathless moan. She didn't respond to the conversation going on inside their heads and instead chose to tug on Harry's hair painfully. Harry winced but allowed himself to be pushed deeper into her sweltering cunt. Her thick, toned thighs practically encompassed his entire head. Breathing proved difficult with the amount of sensuous flesh surrounding him, but Harry wasn't about to complain. The scent of Tonks' arousal filled his entire mind, as too did the sensation of her own mind opening up to him. As with the other girls, being this deep within the thoughts of sexual contact, it was easy to allow his and Tonks' beings to coalesce. He allowed himself to drift in her mental presence, the very air around him changed with something that was so eerily *Tonks*.

He barely noticed as Tonks gasps, both verbal and mental grew to a head. Her loud cries of elation went unheard as Harry let instinct take over and his only goal became to feast upon her soaking wet cunt.

The wave of pleasure that slammed against his mental walls was his only clue that she had come. The tangy taste of her climax on his tongue was addicting, though when was it ever not? Truly he could spend the years lathering his tongue up and down the curvy metamorph's folds and never be happier again. Unfortunately, Tonks had other plans.

With a strangled moan, Tonks pushed him away. Her legs were shaking from the force of her orgasm, but that did little to stop her from crawling down until his cock was sandwiched between her juicy wet cunt and his stomach.

"I-" She began, rocking her hips up and down, grinding her wet pussy over his shaft. "-am going to FUCK you Potter. And you will do nothing but lie there and take it!"

She didn't wait for his acceptance, not that she needed it anyway, before she picked herself up and sheathed his cock fully inside her.

Their twin moans of delight were joined by three others inside their heads. It seemed that Daphne and Hermione felt a little left out and decided to copy Susan. All three girls were now privated away, either in a bathroom stall, broom cupboard, or in Hermione's case, a warded corner of the library, while they touched themselves to the sight of their two lovers fucking. Tonks' walls slammed down around his cock, gripping his length tightly as she began to mercilessly bounce her wide jiggly arse on top of him. Harry was at her mercy then. He could do nothing but lie there and watch as she rode him with as much passion as she fought. Her face was contorted into one of intensity, eyes focused despite the heavy glaze of lust that obscured her vision. The bouncing of her tits drew his eye. The rippling flesh was hypnotic, every bounce of her hips caused them to jiggle even harder, yet when he reached his hands up to squeeze the large fleshy globes they were uncaringly slapped away.

"N-No t-t-touching- HNG!" Tonks grunted. "Y-you lost, so now y-you only get to lay th-there and m-make m-me cum! FUCK!" She was cut off as a wave of pleasure slammed against her senses unexpectedly. Harry was no better, his cock seizing inside of Tonks' blistering hot quim as he was overwhelmed with euphoria.

It wasn't hard to locate the source of the sudden attack of pleasure. Through their connection, Harry could see as Susan spasmed quietly in the girl's bathroom. Her pussy squealed as she came, her fingers still moving at a frenzy pace as she repeatedly pushed them deep inside her quivering pussy.

"Fuck Little Red!" Tonks hissed. "You cum so fucking easy."

Harry groaned in agreement, the feeling of Susan's orgasm only serving to drive him and Tonks even more wild. The metamorph was no longer bouncing furiously atop him. Her hips had traded the wet slapping of flesh for a more frenzied gring as she rocked them back in forth at a blazing speed. Inside her pussy, his cock was at her mercy. The furious gyration felt both uncomfortable and heavenly all at the same time. Tonks' juices poured down her legs and onto his stomach as her g-spot was pounded mercilessly by his thick cock.

Neither would last much longer, not at the pace they were currently going, yet neither really cared either.

With a shout of pleasure from Harry and a deep rooted moan of satisfaction, they both let loose. Jet after jet of hot sticky cum filled the metamorphs cunt, making Tonks smirk in victory while she rode out her own jarring climax. Their erotic highs slowly dwindled as their orgasms came to an end. Atop him Tonks sighed in satisfaction, rolling off him as her pussy began to leak white. Yet she wasn't done with him just yet.

Harry grunted as a hand wrapped around his glistening cock in a borderline painful grip.

"Call me Nymphadora again Wonder Boy and next time I'll ride your face until you pass out from lack of oxygen. Got it?"

Harry couldn't help it, hand squeezing his cock or not, he looked up at Tonks with a smirk.

"Promise?"

Tonks' face remained impassive for a beat or two, before it suddenly broke out in a wide grin and she laughed, her hair returning to its normal bubbly pink.

"You're fucking ridiculous you prat." She chuckled releasing his cock as she stood to go shower.

"You're lucky I bloody love you."

Harry said nothin, watching her walk away, eyes glued to her shapely arse as it swayed. The smirked she threw at him over her shoulder before she wiggled her hips enticingly was all he needed to quickly follow her into the ensuite for round no. 2.

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"So gonna tell us why you flipped like that during training?" Hermione asked a while later when they were all lounging inside the girls and his living quarters.

Tonks frowned and cupped her glass of wine. She pursed her lip, as if in thought for a moment before shrugging with a sigh.

"I dunno. I wasn't really mad with Harry or anything." She explained. "Not that you calling me Nymphadora didn't irritate me you bloody prat." She faux glared at her boyfriend. Harry simply

raised his hands defensively from where he sat working on a Charms essay with Susan. "But I was a little harsh on you."

"Well I did deserve it a little." Harry chuckled. "But seriously though, what had you so upset?"

Tonks sighed again and looked down at her swirling red wine. "I got a letter from Amelia this morning. There was another attack."

Immediately everyone in the room sobered.

"An attack?! Where?" Harry asked.

"Why didn't you tell us?" Susan added.

"Because it's not your concern!" Tonks snapped before immediately regretting her tone. "Sorry! It's just... look I love that you four want to help, I really do, but it's the aurors job to defend against Voldemort and his cronies."

"Did anyone..." Hermione began.

"Three." Tonks said. "It was a surprise attack on a small village outside East Eaton. Two muggles and one auror died."

Harry and Daphne both cursed loudly while Hermione and Susan ducked their heads.

Tonks sighed and downed her glass of wine. "I know. I reacted the same. Now I get what you've been going through all these years stuck here while the action goes on outside these walls."

Tonks laughed humourlessly. "Amelia is doing all she can but..." She trailed off. "Not really much she can do if she isn't sure where or *when* the attacks are gonna happen."

They all nodded mournfully, each well aware that Voldemort was far too fond of cowardly surprise attacks. Suddenly though, Hermione perked up.

"Oh!" She exclaimed, running quickly up the stairs to her bedroom.

Those who remained looked at each other in confusion, with Harry shrugging as if to say 'what can you do?' before Hermione suddenly appeared back down the stairs with a familiar dusty tome in her hand.

“What if there was a way?” She said quickly, slamming the book down onto their dining table and flipping through it hurriedly.

“Then I’d say you’re fucking brilliant Granger.” Tonks replied. “Why? What have you got?”

The bushy-haired witch kept flipping through the pages before shouting in excitement. “Yes! I knew this would come in handy! Look!” She shoved the book into Tonks hands with a wide grin on her face. She recognized it as the book Dumbledore had gifted Harry over the summer, which of course was quickly stolen by Hermione soon after. Harry, Susan, and Daphne raced over, peering over Tonks’ shoulder while she read.

“A Bane enchantment?” Tonks said incredulously. “Sorry, I’m not following. How is this supposed to help?”

Hermione rolled her eyes and pointed to a detailed paragraph. “This isn’t a normal Bane enchantment. If prepared using this ritual, the spell will take effect on its intended target without them even needing to be on the same side of the continent as you, much less within eyesight!”

“Righhhttt.” Tonks drawled, still not seeing her point. “And how does a spell meant to dampen your opponent’s spell effects help us predict where they are gonna be?”

Hermione, however, didn’t look put off at her questioning and only smiled wider. “Because of this!” She pointed at another paragraph. “A side effect of this particular form of the Bane enchantment is that if there’s no intended target, it will wait in a sort of stasis until someone with malicious intent towards the caster comes into range. ”

“And when they do, the spell will be triggered alerting us that there may be an attack! Granger, you’re fucking brilliant!” Tonks cheered, jumping to her feet to sweep the younger girl into a hug.

Hermione blushed and pushed the excitable metamorph away. “It’s not foolproof mind you!

You’d need a handful of Aurors to cast these in the places most likely to be attacked, and even then, any Death Eaters there may still have time to get away if they notice something amiss.”

“But it’ll give us a chance! More of one than we currently have anyway!” Tonks laughed. She turned and quickly picked up the book before grabbing Hermione by the hand. “C’mon ‘Mione! We have a floo call to make!”

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Author’s Note

The story continues! Sorry for the delay on this one. Took a bit of a break as I was getting a little burnt out on it, but new year means new me! We’re brining it back with even more fun an hijinx than last year!

Thanks for reading!