

## Chapter 2

Amelia woke with a smile as she felt the warm, muscular body under hers. Her sore muscles ached pleasantly when she scooted closer and kissed his chest. Last night, Harry had spent hours making up for her twenty-five years of self-enforced celibacy. The entire night, from dinner in Muggle London to the marathon of sex to falling asleep in his arms, had been more euphoric than she could have imagined.

Stretching her legs, she was sharply and painfully reminded that she wasn't as young as she used to be when her joints creaked and popped. Amelia had kept herself in good shape over the years, but perhaps it was time to start adding some yoga if Harry was going to hold her down and shag her rotten in such twisting and exciting positions, many of which she didn't even know the name of.

The smile slid from her face, and her fingers absently traced the defined planes of his muscled chest and abs while her thoughts turned to what to do next. Yes, her date with Harry had gone amazingly, but Amelia had always prided herself on being well-informed. Talent with a wand would only take you so far in the world. She'd studied Harry as much as she could over the last few years, and she knew that he needed more than just a slut to warm his bed. He craved a family with children. Something that she was unable to give him.

No, she would fulfill his darker side, sating the beast that he kept caged deep inside his soul. And she would do it happily. But he needed another to be his wife and mother of his children. Someone who wouldn't have a problem with him taking Amelia as his mistress for the world to see.

And she knew the perfect witch for the job, she thought with a smirk.

Amelia's thoughts were cut off when Harry trailed his fingers down her spine and kissed the top of her head.

"Morning," he murmured.

“Good morning,” Amelia said, kissing his chest.

Wrapping his arms around her, he pulled her up and kissed her softly on the lips. She smiled as she kissed him back, and his hand cupped her bum.

“What time is it?” Harry asked quietly.

“Late,” Amelia replied. “Almost eight.”

He groaned and pulled her body on top of his while burying his face in the crook of her neck. Amelia smiled to herself when she felt his length begin to harden against her thigh.

“I should go before Susan sees me,” Harry sighed.

“She’s going to find out about us eventually,” she pointed out.

Harry snorted, “Yeah, but it’d probably be better if we told her first. Can you imagine how awkward breakfast would be if we walked downstairs together right now?”

Amelia chuckled. She could easily imagine her niece’s face turning bright red with embarrassment. It would certainly be amusing to watch them interact, but she reluctantly admitted Harry was right. Things would go much smoother if she sat Susan down and explained the situation first.

“I suppose you’re right,” she said, sliding her hand down to grip his growing shaft. “I’ll make it up to you tonight.”

Harry swelled in her hand and growled in the back of his throat. Amelia let out a surprised gasp when he suddenly rolled over, pinning her beneath his weight. Grabbing her wrists, he yanked her arms over her head and pinned them to the mattress. Her breath caught in her throat,

wondering if he was just going to ravage her now, just an hour before they both needed to be at work.

Leaning down, Harry claimed her lips in a passionate, possessive kiss. After just a few seconds, he pulled back and trailed his gaze over her body. With a frustrated groan, he climbed off of the bed and started looking for his clothes. Amelia had to close her eyes and take a deep breath to quell her excitement. If she tried to move from the bed now, she doubted she could stop herself from jumping him, tardiness be damned. Opening her eyes, she watched as Harry donned his clothes from the night before and walked back over to her.

"I'll see you at work," he said, caressing her cheek.

Harry kissed her again, this time soft and promising. When he straightened back up, he raked his gaze over her body one last time before turning towards the door. Cracking it open, he checked to make sure the hallway was clear and then slipped out of her bedroom. As the door clicked closed behind him, Amelia sighed and finally got out of bed.

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"Tonks," Amelia barked as she strode purposefully through the Auror office. "My office."

"Coming, boss," Tonks replied.

She stood abruptly and banged her knee on the desk with a curse. Muttering under her breath and rubbing her knee, Tonks hobbled down the hall after Amelia and stepped into her office.

"Close the door," Amelia said, taking a seat at her desk and waiting for Tonks to do the same. "How did the rest of the interrogations go?"

"They all passed," Tonks said, nodding to a pile of files on the corner of the desk. "I dropped off the reports first thing this morning."

"All of them?" Amelia asked, arching a brow.

As far as she was aware, not one class of Auror candidates had passed as a whole in their history. Usually, they had a fifty percent failure rate, not including dropouts. This was good news for the department. After the war, they were dangerously low on skilled Aurors to protect the population.

"Yep," Tonks grinned.

"You didn't take it easy on Susan, did you?" Amelia asked, pulling the files closer and glancing through them.

Tonks snorted, "No. Higgs even used the Cruciatus, and she didn't break. She even spit on him. Most of them gave up the information under the Imperius, but they fought harder than most of our recruits. None of them gave us a reason to cut them."

"Finally, some good news," Amelia said, closing the file she was looking at. "We desperately need the manpower. I'll let Kingsley know we can graduate the lot tomorrow. Tell Dawlish he can start assigning them to senior Aurors, and yes, before you ask, you can partner with Harry."

"Yes!" Tonks cheered softly.

"After you put him through his final exam," Amelia finished with a smile.

"What?" Tonks gasped. "But he's the best we've ever had!"

"Which is exactly why I want to speed him through the ranks," Amelia replied. "His talents are wasted patrolling Diagon Alley to stop shoplifting."

“Oh,” Tonks said, nodding. “Gotcha. What kind of test do you want to put him through?”

“I have a few in mind,” Amelia said, suppressing a smirk. “But first, I want to see how he handles interrogating someone.”

Tonks’ hair changed from dark purple to bright, neon pink as she grinned.

“I get my night with boy wonder?” she asked eagerly.

“If things go the way I think they will, you’ll get him a lot more often than that,” Amelia replied. “But first, I need to ask you a personal question.”

Looking at her curiously, Tonks nodded and motioned for her to continue.

“You ended your relationship with Lupin because he refused to give you children, correct?” she asked.

“Yeah. Biggest mistake of my life,” Tonks sighed. “I wasted two years chasing after his furry arse. Why?”

“Because Harry’s going to want children of his own, and that’s not something I can give him,” Amelia said. “But you can.”

Tonks’ jaw dropped, and she laughed incredulously, “Merlin, boss, you’re really going all in on this.”

“I’ve waited my whole life for a man like Harry, and now that I have him, I’m going to do everything I can to keep him happy,” Amelia replied.

“Even if that means him having kids with someone else?” Tonks asked, arching her brow.

“I’m perfectly happy being the mistress he takes on occasional dates while some other woman gets to play mother and housewife. Even if I were able to have children, I’ve never been suited to those lifestyles anyway,” Amelia said, folding her hands on the desk. “I’d actually be more surprised if he didn’t end up with multiple women. I know you’ve only known two other powerful wizards in your lifetime, but Voldemort and Dumbledore were exceptions to the rule. Voldemort most likely gave up any sexual desire in his pursuit of power, and Dumbledore gave up romantic relationships out of fear after Grindlewald. Harry isn’t like either of them. He craves love, affection, and a family.”

“Wow,” Tonks said, leaning back in her chair with a teasing smile. “I’m almost surprised you’re not trying to drag your niece into this.”

“She’s not ready for this type of commitment, and honestly, I don’t know if she ever will be,” Amelia said before turning to the stack of progress reports on her desk. “Then again, she surprised me quite a bit as of late. So, maybe she will be ready one day, but certainly not now.”

“I’m not sure I am either,” Tonks admitted, chewing her bottom lip. “You’re asking for a lot here, boss. Maybe I can go on a few dates and see how things go...”

Amelia frowned, placed her hands flat on the desk, and pushed herself to her feet. Walking around the desk, she perched on the edge facing Tonks and stared down at her.

“Let’s cut the bullshit,” she said, causing Tonks to lift her eyebrows in surprise. “The war scared you. You didn’t want to die before becoming a mother. I bet, even now, you still dream about it at night. Well, now’s your chance. We both know Harry’s an amazing man who will make an excellent father. He’ll love you unconditionally and give you everything you want in life. All you have to do to get that is let your husband fuck other women. And let’s be honest...”

Standing up, Amelia leaned forward and placed her hands on the armrests of Tonks’ chair. The front of her robe fell forward slightly, and she smiled knowingly when the younger witch’s eyes darted down to look at the small glimpse of cleavage that was displayed.

“You’re adventurous enough to enjoy it,” she said, moving her face just an inch away from Tonks’. “You want to watch him bend your bitch of a boss over her desk and make her scream. Do you want to see him turn Gwenog Jones into a screaming Banshee? Go to a Quidditch game, and she’ll be begging to ride his broomstick. Ever wondered what it would be like to bed a Veela? Go to France, and he’ll have them by the dozen. Want to watch him replace that stick up Narcissa Malfoy’s arse with his cock? Wait a few weeks for her son to fuck up, and she’ll be grateful for the offer.”

“Bloody hell,” Tonks murmured, her face flushed as she panted lightly. “Never thought I’d see the day you’d encourage departmental corruption.”

“I’ve seen criminals walk free for worse reasons,” Amelia shrugged, a smile tugging at her lips, knowing that the other witch was hooked. “I told you, I’ve waited my whole life for a man like Harry. I’m going to give him whatever and whoever it takes to keep him and make him happy.”

“Including me?” Tonks asked, her eyes glancing at Amelia’s lips.

“Don’t pretend you’re not looking forward to it,” Amelia smirked. “When you were watching us in the interrogation room, you didn’t just want him for yourself; you wanted to join us, didn’t you?”

“The thought might have crossed my mind,” Tonks replied coyly.

Amelia gave a small smile and then claimed her lips in a bruising kiss. Tonks grunted and froze in surprise for just a moment before kissing her back, her hands slowly coming up to cradle her hanging breasts over her robes. Amelia smiled against her lips, barely holding back a cackle of triumph.

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“For the first time in the Ministry’s history, an entire class of Auror trainees has graduated without a single person failing out or quitting,” Amelia said as she addressed her trainees in the Auror offices. Congratulations, every single one of you is now officially an Auror.”

The newly minted Aurors burst into applause and cheers, with the exception of just one. Harry smiled proudly as the witches hugged him, and the wizards clapped him on the back. She let the celebration continue for a few moments before motioning them to quiet down.

“Alright. Alright. Now, it’s time for your first assignments,” Amelia said loudly over the din. “Each of you will be assigned to partner with a senior Auror to show you the ropes. Potter, you’re with Tonks. Bones, you’re with Hammer. Thomas, you’re with Dawlish...”

She continued down the list until everyone had been assigned a partner.

When she was finished, Amelia said, “Potter, I need to see you in my office for a minute.”

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Tonks felt her stomach flutter nervously as she made her way through Knockturn Alley. She thought she’d have more time. But no. Bones wanted to get started today. She’d been given a fifteen-minute head start to disguise herself and hide anywhere she wanted. Harry’s job was to find her, capture her, and interrogate her.

And if Bones had her way, impregnate her.

The thought that she might have told Harry about her plan and convinced him to take part made her pulse race. Bones had disappeared into her office with him for half an hour, so it seemed unlikely, but that woman had a habit of getting her way. She couldn’t have stayed on as Head of the DMLE under Fudge if she didn’t.



Taking a calming breath, Tonks glanced over her shoulder and froze. Between the cloaked and hunched figures scurrying through the alley, one figure stood out. He was at the other end of the alley, back straight and head held high. She couldn't see his face because of his hood, and as she tried to get a better look, he vanished. Someone had blocked her line of sight for just a moment, and he was gone, nowhere to be seen.

Pulling her cloak tighter around herself, Tonks turned down a side alley and walked as fast as she could, adrenaline racing through her veins. She needed to stay calm. If anyone could spot someone acting out of place, it was Harry. Tonks knew that if she relied on her disguise and acted natural, she might give Harry his first true test of his skills.

As she stepped back out onto Knockturn Alley proper, she turned left and bumped into a strong, muscular chest. Before she could react, there was a flash of red, and her world went black.

Tonks came to with a groan. She was in an interrogation room, seated in the same chair Harry had been in the day before, with her hands bound. Looking up, she realized that she was alone and stared at the one-way mirror she was facing. She wondered if Amelia was in there, watching her. Was Harry? Were they planning how he was going to take her, she wondered, rubbing her thighs together.

Merlin, she was already damp with excitement.

Suddenly, the door opened, and Harry walked inside. Closing the door, he sat down on the metal table and stared at her like a predator eyeing its prey. An excited shiver ran down her spine.

"How did you find me?" Tonks asked.

"Legilimency," Harry replied. "I read your thoughts as soon as you looked at me."

Bloody hell, did that mean-

“That I know everything? Yes,” Harry smiled, his bright green eyes watching her intently. “Not that I needed to read your mind for that. Amelia told me everything before I left. I wasn’t sure what I was going to do at first. It was a lot to take in. But after reading your thoughts...”

Tonks’ breath hitched.

“Well, we can talk about that later,” Harry continued. “Right now, Amelia gave you a code word that I need you to tell me. Now, I *could* just take it from you using Legilimency, but I won’t learn anything new doing that, will I?”

Standing up, Harry twirled his wand between his fingers deftly as he stared at her like he was contemplating his next move. Tonks licked his lips in anticipation and squirmed in her seat. Harry watched her for a moment and smiled.

“I don’t think we’re going to need this,” he said.

Stowing his wand in the pocket of his robes, he then shrugged them off and hung them up near the door. As he walked back over and stopped in front of her, he paused to roll up the sleeves of his crisp, white dress shirt.

“The question is, do you want to do this the easy way or the hard way?” Harry asked.

Tonks lifted her chin defiantly, “I’m not giving you anything.”

His bright green eyes bored into hers, and it was one of the few times she could see just how powerful he was. She could feel it in his gaze. Merlin, he was going to do anything he wanted to her, and there was nothing she could do to stop him. She didn’t want to stop him.

Harry smiled, “I was hoping you’d say that.”

Was he still reading her mind, she wondered. Did it even matter now?

He looked her over thoughtfully for a moment and then made a gesture upward with his hand. The magic-suppressing cuffs attached to the chair snapped off and rapidly rose above her head. Tonks squealed as she was dragged to her feet, the cuff hovering but unmoving above her. With a flick of his wrist, Harry sent the chair skidding backward until it hit the back wall.

Swallowing thickly, Tonks felt her knickers grow wet with her excitement. Bones' decisions made a lot more sense to her now. Despite her nervousness, she wanted more of this.

A swipe of his finger was all it took to send her robe fluttering off of her body. Underneath, she wore a pair of plain back slacks and a bright purple blouse. Harry gazed appreciatively at her perky breasts before he circled around to stand behind her.

"The training manual says it's best to start with a threat and then offer a solution if the suspect cooperates," Harry said softly, his breath tickling the hair on the back of her neck as he rested his hands on her hips. "I'm sure that works for most situations, but I think it would be best to use a different approach with you."

His hands drifted up over her breasts, causing Tonks to close her eyes and tremble. As his hands started to move back down, he dragged his index finger along the buttons of her shirt, causing them to pop open of their own accord. The moment it was completely open, her shirt was ripped from her body the same way her robe was. A gasp left her lips when his warm hands touched her bare skin just below the black bra that did little to hide her hardened nipples.

Tonks glanced at the mirror, wondering if Bones was watching her. Merlin, she hoped this was being recorded.

"Now, are you ready to give me that code word?" Harry asked, his breath ghosting over her ear.

"N-no," Tonks answered, cursing the excited tremble in her voice.

“Good,” Harry whispered.

She gasped when his hands grasped her breasts roughly. He kneaded them harshly, causing her to bite her lip and hiss. As her bum pressed against his groin, she felt his hard excitement pressing against the front of his trousers. Tonks unconsciously ground herself against him. With a low chuckle, Harry grabbed her bra and tugged it off of her. She had no idea what spell he was using, but the damn thing was somehow still clasped in the back as he tossed it aside.

Sliding one hand back up to her chest, he squeezed her breast, teasing and pinching her hard pink nipple. The other hand slowly trailed down her stomach to her trousers. Harry didn't even bother undoing the button or zipper; he just slipped his hand under the waistband and tore them off the way he had the rest of her clothes. They landed in a heap next to her bra. A moment later, he slipped his hand inside her knickers and traced his fingers over her slick folds.

“Harry,” Tonks whined, bucking her hips.

She didn't mean to sound so desperate, but it had been over a year since she'd last had sex.

“Aren't you supposed to be resisting?” Harry asked teasingly.

Before she could even think of a response, Tonks gasped when he plunged two fingers into her depths. She bucked against him, unintentionally grinding her bum against his erection. Not that she cared. His fingers felt amazing. The rough skin of his palm rubbed against her swollen clit while his fingers deftly massaged her depths. It had only been a few seconds, and already he had her panting like she was in heat. Was he just that good, or was it magic?

Tugging her nipple hard enough to draw a whine from her lips, Harry kissed the side of her neck. Tonks squirmed in his arms, desperately trying to increase the stimulation as she felt her climax slowly building.

“Oh, fuck!” she gasped.

“Are you going to cum for me, Tonks?” Harry asked.

Her breath hitched as she nodded her head and groaned. A shiver ran up her spine, and her eyes shut tight as her climax continued to build. She hated the stupid, breathy grunts that left her parted lips, but she couldn't stop them as she crested her peak. Tonks' body practically convulsed, the muscles in her legs tightening and shaking while she desperately gasped for breath.

She had no idea how long her climax lasted before her body finally relaxed. Only Harry's arm around her chest kept her from hanging by her wrists. Panting heavily, she gradually got her feet under her and stood up. Harry pulled his glistening fingers from her folds and motioned toward the table.

The cuffs descended to chest height and jerked forward. Tonks gasped and stumbled as she was pulled forward. The cuffs attached themselves to the metal table, forcing her to bend over it, her arms outstretched in front of her. She shivered both from the exposed position she was in and the cold steel pressing against her sweaty skin.

*Smack!*

Tonks jolted when Harry's hand landed sharply on her bum. A quick tug had her knickers around her ankles, leaving her completely bare. Gripping both of her cheeks roughly, he kneaded them, spread them open, and spanked them to his heart's content. Eventually, he removed his hands, and she heard the sound of a zipper opening. Tonks glanced over her shoulder and licked her lips as he pulled his large, throbbing length out of his fly.

If he fucked her now, still fully dressed, there was no doubt she'd soak his trousers in her arousal. The whole office would be able to smell it the rest of the day. Tonks trembled in anticipation as Harry stepped up behind her and pressed his thick, swollen head at her entrance.

Slowly, inexorably, he sank into her depths. A gasp left her lips, and she tried to throw herself back at him, but the cuffs remained firmly attached to the table. They made it impossible to do anything but lay there and take it however he decided to give it to her.

“Harry, please,” Tonks whimpered.

Harry smacked her bum hard and slowly pulled back, pulling a drawn-out whine from her lips. With his tip poised at her entrance, he paused. Just as she opened her mouth to plead some more, he surged forward, his long, thick shaft stretching her neglected depths. The words she’d been about to say turned into a pleased squeal. His thrusts were hard and deliberate, his hips crashing against her arse with a loud *clap*.

“Hunnh,” Tonks groaned.

“Do you want to give me that code word yet?” Harry asked.

“No,” she gasped out.

Looking in the mirror, she watched as Harry smirked and smacked her bum.

“Excellent,” he said.

Holding her hip with one hand, the other side up her back, and gripped her shoulder. Then, whatever restraint he had vanished. The breath was knocked from Tonks’ lungs as he pounded her like she owed him money. Each deep, penetrating thrust hit every erogenous zone she knew of and a couple she didn’t know she had. Her mouth opened in a scream, but the only sounds that left her lips were those stupid breathy grunts she hated. Looking into the mirror, she stared at her own dumb, slack-jawed reflection as Harry fucked whatever dignity she had left out of her.

His brutal, animalistic pace slammed her hips against the table. Tonks knew she'd have bruises later, but she just didn't care. If she could catch her breath, she'd egg him on. Morgana, he was railing her like a cheap Knockturn Alley whore.

Well, she'd been in Knockturn Alley earlier. And if her boss had put her up to this, didn't that technically mean she was getting paid sex?

That thought pushed her over the edge. Tonks' back arched while her muscles tensed. She watched in the mirror as her face and hair turned bright red. A stained, trembling groan left her lips while her body shook from the force of her climax.

"I'm close," Harry warned just as she came down from her peak. "Where do you want it?"

It had been more than a year since Tonks last had sex, and she'd stopped taking the potion a while ago. Nor had she thought to use the Charm before heading to Diagon Alley. She was completely unprotected.

"In me," she panted without hesitation.

Just the thought of him finishing inside of her brought to the edge of another climax. Just a few more thrusts and...

Harry pulled out of her and held himself at her entrance. Whining desperately, she wiggled her hips and looked at him in the mirror.

"If you want it, you need to tell me the code word," Harry said, holding her hips firmly.

"Monocle," Tonks replied instantly. "It's fucking monocle!"

With a grin, Harry plunged back into her depths and resumed his savage thrusts. Just a few sent her careening over the edge, and after a few more, she felt his warmth explode inside her core. Tonks closed her eyes, savoring the moment as Harry leaned over her back, his hips pressed against hers to bury himself as deep as possible while he flooded her core. Panting heavily, they both slowly came down from their peaks.

“Will you have dinner with me tonight?” Harry asked.

Tonks gazed at him in the mirror and smiled.

“No,” she said, her grin widening at his confused look. “Harry, we’ve known each other for years. We don’t need to go on a date. You’re going to take me home, fuck me all night long, and then tomorrow morning, you can take me ring shopping.”

Snorting, Harry smiled, shook his head, and pulled out of her just as the door opened and Amelia stepped inside.

“Excellent work,” she smiled while Harry released Tonks’ wrists from the cuffs. “Now, let’s find out how you two work as a team.”

With a smirk, Amelia dropped her cloak to the floor, revealing her naked body underneath. Harry and Tonks shared a look.

“You go ahead,” Tonks said. “I need a minute to catch my breath.”

Harry nodded, turned to Amelia, and strode up to her purposefully. Picking her up easily, he pinned her to the wall and impaled her with his length. Tonks smiled as she watched her boss moan like a whore, her nails digging into his shoulders as she held on for dear life.

“I could get used to this,” she muttered with a grin.