

## Chapter 2

Tonks woke to the sound of a door opening and tried to sit up quickly in a moment of panic. She regretted it instantly as a sharp pain ran through her entire body. Yelping in pain, she collapsed back onto the bed and cracked her eyes open.

“Lie still. You’re in no condition to be moving about.” Poppy Pomphrey scolded her as she closed the door and walked over to her. “How are you feeling this morning?”

“Sore.” Tonks said through gritted teeth.

“That’s to be expected.” she said while she waved her wand over her. “When’s the last time you took your potion?”

“I don’t know.” Tonks said as the sharp pain faded to a constant ache. “Harry gave it to me sometime last night.”

Mentioning his name made her wonder where he was. The last thing she remembered was falling asleep next to him the night before. A small smile stretched across her lips as she thought about how sweet he had been taking care of her. Tonks wished he was still there with her. She had never felt weaker or more vulnerable than she did now and having Harry next to her made her more comfortable. Something about him just made her feel safe.

“Do you know where he is?” she asked, her throat dry and stinging swallowed.

“I believe Molly has him cleaning.” Poppy told her as she ran another scan. “Well, it looks like it was just over seven hours ago. You can take another dose if you need it.”

“Please.” she said weakly.

Poppy nodded and Tonks hissed as she tried to help her sit up. Her muscles spasmed and felt like they were about to snap with every movement. Now, she really wished Harry was there, he seemed to know just how to move her without causing any more pain.

“Drink.” Poppy told her.

Opening her mouth, Tonks swallowed the bitter potion as Poppy poured it into her mouth. She winced as her throat burned from being wet down by the thick liquid. Seconds later, Tonks sighed in relief as her muscles relaxed and the pain throughout her body dulled. Poppy laid her back down on the pillows and pulled out several more vials of pain potion, placing them down on the stand next to the bed.

“I’m sorry I can’t do more for you.” Poppy said.

“S’all right.” Tonks groaned.

“I cast a Bladder and Bowel Relieving Charm on you last night, so you shouldn’t have to use the bathroom for a few days. Get as much rest as you can, no magic, and no morphing until I tell you otherwise. Don’t let anyone cast magic on you either. If they’re not extremely carefully, the magic could over stimulate your nerves and make the pain even worse.” the nurse said sternly.

“How long will this last?” Tonks asked.

“You should be over the worst of it in a few days, but you’ll feel residual pain for the next couple of months, maybe longer.” she said.

“Great.” Tonks muttered sarcastically.

“Just try and rest as much as possible and do whatever makes you comfortable.” Poppy said, looking at her apologetically.

“Thanks, Poppy.” she said.

Just then, there was a soft knock on the door. Poppy grabbed the blanket and pulled it up to her shoulders. Tonks hated the way the fabric rubbed against her hypersensitive skin. Even though it was a soft blanket, to her it felt like rough wool constantly prickling her.

“Come in.” Poppy said.

The door opened and Harry stuck his head in the door, a smile stretching across his face as he looked at her. Tonks couldn’t help but smile back, glad to see him.

“Hey, should I come back?” he asked, glancing over at Poppy.

“I was just finishing up.” she said as she closed up her bag. “I left some more pain potion on the stand, and she just took a dose. Just try and keep her comfortable and make sure no one uses magic on her, it could make her condition worse.”

“I will.” Harry said.

Nodding, Poppy pulled the door open wide while Harry stepped aside so she could leave. He walked into the room with a tray in his hand, loaded with sandwiches, soup, and pumpkin juice. Behind him, Hermione and Ron followed in after him.

“Hi, Tonks. How are you feeling?” Hermione asked.

“Like shit.” she said, smiling as the younger girl looked at her disapprovingly.

“Are you hungry?” Harry asked her softly as he set the tray down on the stand and carefully sat down on the edge of the bed.

Tonks smiled and took his hand in hers. A sense of relief and affection filled her as she looked up him.

“Not really.” she admitted.

“You should try and eat something. It will help keep your strength up.” Hermione said in a mothering tone while pulling up a chair and sitting next to the bed.

Tonks rolled her eyes. “Yes, mum.”

Ron and Harry snickered as Hermione huffed good naturedly and crossed her arms over her chest. Harry slipped his arm under her shoulders and helped her sit up, his gentle, careful movements keeping her from feeling too much pain. When her blanket started to slip, he caught it quickly and helped her tuck it under her arms so it wouldn't fall. Tonks smirked when she looked over to see Hermione smack Ron's arm as he gaped at her half-exposed breasts.

“My eyes are up here Ron.” she teased.

Ron jerked his head up, his ears turning a deep red in embarrassment. Holding her to his chest with one arm, Harry moved the pillows around behind her so that she could sit back against them. After helping her settle back against the pillows, he reached up and grabbed a sandwich off the tray and held it up to her mouth.

“It's turkey.” he told her.

Smiling, she opened her mouth and took a small nibble.

“So, anything interesting happening around here?” she asked as she chewed.

“Not much.” Ron answered, his ears still bright pink. “Mum has us cleaning again ‘cuz she’s mad.”

“About what?” she asked, wincing as she swallowed.

The sandwich felt like glass as it moved down her throat. Harry noticed and set it down to grab a glass of pumpkin juice and held it up to her lips.

“She’s upset that Harry went off alone to rescue you.” Hermione explained.

“Mhh.” Tonks moaned in understanding as she swallowed, the cold liquid soothing her sore throat.

A moment later, he pulled the glass away and set it back on the tray before reaching for a bowl of tomato soup.

“I don’t know why she’s punishing us, too. We didn’t do anything.” Ron grouched.

“She’s just scared. First your dad gets hurt, then Harry goes running off to rescue Tonks... She just thinks keeping us busy will keep us safe.” Hermione explained.

“That’s mental.” Ron said.

Harry and Tonks shared a smile as Ron and Hermione continued bickering. Holding the bowl under her chin, he carefully fed her a spoonful of soup. Tonks ate it, sighing as the hot, thick liquid coated and soothed her throat.

“Better?” Harry asked.

“Much.” Tonks said with a smile.

Harry fed her a couple more spoons of soup as Ron and Hermione continued to argue over whether Mrs. Weasley was right to be worried. When he stopped with a thoughtful look on his face, she looked at him curiously. Before she could ask him what he was thinking, he turned his head to the side.

“Dobby.” he called out, interrupting Ron and Hermione.

Almost immediately, the oddest House Elf she had ever seen appeared in the room. He wore what had to be a dozen hats on top of his head, as well as an assortment of shirts, ties, shorts and pants. The Elf bounced excitedly on the balls of his feet, sending his hats teetering precariously from side to side.

“Harry Potter, sir, called for Dobby.” he squeaked.

“Hey Dobby.” Harry said with a smile. “Could you get me a mug and a ladle from the kitchen please?”

Nodding, the Elf vanished with a pop.

“Harry!” Hermione scolded him. “You can’t just call Dobby like that.”

“He wants to help, Hermione.” he told her. “And before you say anything, I’m not ordering him around, I’m just asking him for a favor.”

“Who was that?” Tonks asked, hoping to head off an argument between the two of them.

“That’s Dobby.” Harry said. “He used to belong to the Malfoy’s before I freed him. He’s the one that help me rescue you.”

“Oh!” Tonks said.

In all honesty, she hadn't thought too much about *how* Harry had saved her. At the time, she was pretty out of it and just relieved he was there at all. It was almost mind boggling that the one house Elf Harry had freed just so happened to be able to help save her. It did beg the question though...

“How did you free him from the Malfoy's?” Tonks asked curiously.

Before Harry could answer, Dobby came back with a mug and ladle in hand.

“Thanks, Dobby.” Harry said as he took the mug and filled it with soup using the ladle.

“Yous welcome Harry Potter, sir.” he squeaked happily.

“Dobby.” Tonks said roughly as she looked down at the tiny creature. “Thank you for helping Harry rescue me.”

“Dobby was happy to help Harry Potter sir rescue his miss.” he said proudly.

“Er, Dobby she's not my miss.” Harry told him.

Tonks snickered and squeezed his hand. Shaking his head with a smile, Harry brought the mug up to her lips. She took a few big sips, relishing the relief the thick, warm soup brought to her stinging throat.

“Will Harry Potter sir and his friends be needing anything else?” he asked eagerly.

“Not right now, Dobby.” Harry said. “You can ask Sirius if you want to. His House Elf doesn’t do much around here.”

“Kreacher is old, Harry. He can’t be expected to clean this whole house by himself.” Hermione scolded him again before turning to Dobby. “You don’t have to do anything you don’t want to, Dobby. And you don’t have to do something just because Harry asks you to.”

“Dobby likes to help, miss.” the House Elf said adamantly.

Hermione opened her mouth to speak, but before she could say anything, Dobby vanished with a *pop*.

“So, how did you free him from the Malfoy’s?” Tonks asked again.

“Well, during my second year...”

It took Harry almost half an hour to explain the whole story, with Ron and Hermione jumping in on occasion to add something. The Chamber of Secrets, a Basilisk loose in the school, and Harry being triumphant against nearly impossible odds, it all sounded like something out of one of those fictional Harry Potter books parents read to their children.

“Seems like you have a knack for saving damsels in distress.” she joked, causing Harry to smile.

“You have no idea.” Hermione muttered.

At Tonks’ questioning look, she explained.

“He’s saved me from a Troll, Ginny from the Basilisk, Sirius from Dementors, Fleur’s little sister from the Black Lake, Fleur from an Imperiused Krum, and now you from the Death Eaters.” Hermione listed off on her fingers. “I swear, it’s like he can’t help himself.”



With raised eyebrows, Tonks looked at Harry to find him looking down embarrassedly.

“My hero.” she gushed with a smile.

Harry groaned and buried his face in his hands. Tonks laughed but stopped with a hiss when it hurt her throat and her chest. He looked up at her worriedly, but she waved him off.

“Right, no laughing.” she said with a grimace.

There was another knock at the door, and everyone looked up to see Sirius standing in the doorway with a smile. Behind him, Molly looked in disapprovingly.

“Hey kids.” Sirius said as he walked in and took a sandwich off the tray before taking a bite.

“You three aren’t bothering Tonks, are you?” Molly asked, eyeing them suspiciously.

“There fine, Molly.” Tonks croaked.

Harry raised the glass of pumpkin juice to her lips to give her a drink.

“Thanks.” she told him gratefully, her throat feeling better. “See. If anything, they’re taking care of me.”

“Well, they could have at least waited until you got dressed. Do you need help, dear?” Molly asked, bustling over.

“I can’t wear clothes, they hurt too much.” Tonks told her.

“It’s fine, Molly, she’s covered.” Sirius said before looking at Tonks. “The kids cleaned up the Master bedroom for you. It has its own bathroom for you to use while you recover, and Kingsley went out and got you a brand-new bed. We can move you in there whenever you’re ready.”

“Thanks, Sirius.” Tonks said, though she wasn’t looking forward to moving.

“Do you want to go now?” Harry asked.

Tonks sighed.

“Might as well get it over with.” she grumbled.

Harry moved to scoop her up in his arms, but Molly stopped him.

“Harry, stop that! She doesn’t have any clothes on. Move out of the way, I’ll take care of it.” she said, pulling out her wand.

“No.” Harry said in a surprisingly commanding voice, causing Molly to freeze in place with a shocked look on her face. “Madam Pomphrey said no magic, it could make things worse.”

“Oh.” she said, looking flustered from being scolded by an eighteen-year-old. “Well, still-”

“It’s fine, Molly.” Tonks said. “Harry knows what’s he’s doing.”

“But you’re not dressed dear, Harry shouldn’t be seeing you like that.” Molly said, speaking to her as if she was a child.

Tonks rolled her eyes.

“I have a blanket on. Besides, Harry already saw everything when he rescued me.” she said.

“But-”

“Oh, for Merlin’s sake.” Sirius said loudly, his annoyance showing. “He’s just moving her into another room, will you give it a rest.”

“Fine.” Molly huffed before turning to Ron. “Ron, out. Go downstairs with your sister.”

“But mum.” he whined.

“Don’t argue, go!” she demanded, pointing at the door.

Grumbling under his breath, Ron stomped angrily out of the room. Molly glared at Sirius, who returned the look with equal measure, before following her son out of the room.

“You shouldn’t be so hard on Mrs. Weasley.” Hermione said. “She’s been under a lot of stress lately.”

“We’re all under a lot of stress, Hermione. That doesn’t give her the right to order people around in my house.” Sirius told her.

Hermione fell silent and bit her lip, looking conflicted. Personally, Tonks agreed with Sirius. Molly might be stressed out with Arthur being in the hospital, but she really needed to stop acting like she owned the place and treating everyone like they were her children. She loved Molly, but Merlin could that woman could get on her nerves.

“Are you ready?” Harry asked her.

“Sirius, can you go make sure there’s no one in the hall?” she asked her cousin. “This blanket hurts like hell right now, and I’m not wearing it while Harry moves me around.”

“Sure thing.” Sirius said, giving Harry a cheeky wink.

Harry rolled his eyes as Sirius left.

“All clear!” he called out a few moments later.

Harry pulled the blanket off of her and gently cradled her to his chest. Tonks winced slightly as her body shifted and he stood up.

“Hermione, can you go make sure the door is open?” he asked.

Blushing, Hermione nodded and walked ahead of them while Harry carried her carefully into the hall. Sirius stood at the top of the stairs with his back towards them, making sure no one came up. Tonks rested her head on Harry’s chest as he carried her a few doors down to the Master bedroom, where Hermione was holding the door open for them.

“Can you pull back the covers?” he asked Hermione when they entered the room.

Nodding, the brunette rushed over to the bed and pulled back the blankets and sheets. Gingerly, Harry laid her down on the bed and pulled the light sheet over her body. It didn’t feel as rough as the blanket she had used earlier, but it still felt uncomfortable against her skin.

“We’re done, Sirius.” Hermione called out.

Sirius came back, carrying the vials of pain potion clutched to his chest. Unfortunately, Molly marched in after him, an angry look on her face.

“Come on, Harry, Hermione. Time to get back to cleaning.” she said.

Although he looked annoyed, Harry didn’t argue.

“I’ll come visit after dinner.” he told her, squeezing her hand under the sheet.

Tonks wanted him to stay, but she didn’t have the strength to argue with Molly. Even if she did, it would probably only end up in another shouting match between her and Sirius. She sighed as she watched Molly march him and Hermione out of the room.

“Do you need anything?” Sirius asked.

“No, I’m good.” she said.

“I’m sorry, Tonks.” Sirius said, his face troubled.

“For what?” she asked.

“When we found out you were captured, Harry and his friends were listening through one of those ears the twins made. Harry came barging in and tried to tell us he knew how to rescue you. I tried to tell Dumbledore we should listen to him, but he just kept saying there was nothing we could do. I should have tried harder. If Harry hadn’t gone to get you on his own..” he said, trailing off.

“It’s not your fault, Sirius.” Tonks said.

“But I should have done more.” he said adamantly. “Sorry, I know you don’t need to deal with this right now, I’ll let you get some rest.”

Before she could say anything else, Sirius stood and left the room, closing the door behind him. Sighing, Tonks closed her eyes and decided to try and get some more sleep. She slept on and off for the next few hours, until Molly brought her dinner. She tried to feed herself, but her hand shook too much after only a couple of minutes. It felt incredibly awkward to have Molly feeding her. Just as she finished what she could, Kingsley and Moody stopped by to visit her.

“How are you feeling, Tonks?” Kingsley asked.

“I’m doing a little better.” she said.

“Did you recognize the wizards that ambushed you?” Moody asked as his fake eye spun in its socket.

“Can’t this wait Alastor?” Molly asked. “She needs her rest.”

“I saw their faces, but I didn’t recognize them.” Tonks said, ignoring Molly’s mothering.

Moody grunted and pulled a brown folder out of his pocket. Opening it up, he held it out in front of her. On the first page, there was a picture of a wizard she recognized instantly paperclipped to the corner. It was the man that had tortured her and tried to put her under the Imperius curse.

“That him!” she exclaimed. “How did you find him?”

“Potter grabbed his wand when he rescued you and Kingsley was able to trace it back to him.” Moody said, pulling the file away. “Marcus Greene, several priors, theft, assault, even spent six months in Azkaban for beating his girlfriend. An all-around dirt bag and, apparently, newly marked Death Eater.”

“I’ll ask Amelia for a warrant, but we may not find him.” Kingsley told her. “Snape thinks You-Know-Who probably got rid of the wizards that ambushed you himself.”

“Yeah, well, good riddance.” Tonks spat.

“If he’s smart, he’ll run. We might get lucky and get a hold of him before You-Know-Who.” Kingsley added.

“If you do, let me know.” Tonks growled.

“Will do.” Kingsley said with a smile. “Your mother called the office today looking for you, by the way. I told her you were on an assignment.”

“Oh, bloody hell.” she groaned. “Thanks, Shack. I’ll send her an owl tomorrow.”

“Your mother knows about Sirius, doesn’t she?” Molly asked. “We could invite her over to visit. I’m sure Dumbledore wouldn’t mind.”

“No, really, that’s okay.” Tonks said quickly.

Molly was already driving her up a wall, the last thing she needed was her own mother joining in. Tonks glared at Shack when she noticed his smirk. She talked with the three of them for a while longer before they eventually left. For the next couple of hours, she sat up in bed, incredibly bored with nothing to do. She hoped Harry would come by, but he never did. She suspected Molly was trying to keep him away so she could rest.

As the hours passed, her pain slowly grew worse. While the rest of the house grew quiet and she heard bedroom doors closing as people went to bed for the night, Tonks was in too much pain to sleep. She tried to reach for one of her potions on her own, but they were too far out of

her reach. Just as she was about to give in and call out for someone to help, her door slowly creaked open and Harry poked his head in.

“Hey.” he said quietly with a smile as he slipped into the room.

“Hey.” Tonks said, smiling back.

“Sorry I didn’t come earlier. Mrs. Weasley told us not to bother you.” he said as he sat down on the edge of the bed.

“I figured.” Tonks said. “I’ve been bored out of my mind. Could you get one of my potions?”

“Sure.” he said.

Grabbing one of the vials off the bedside table, Harry helped her sit up and drink the potion, the sheet covering her falling down to her waist. As he helped her lay back down, he started to fix the sheet, but she held up a hand to stop him. A small smile stretched her lips when she noticed his eyes wandering briefly to her chest.

“Leave it.” she said.

“It still bothers you?” he asked.

“Yeah.” she answered, sighing in relief as the potion began to work.

“Well, since there’s a bathroom in here, how about a nice warm bath?” he asked.

“That sounds great.” Tonks said with a smile.



“I’ll be right back.” Harry said as he stood up. “Oh, before I forget.”

Reaching into his pocket, her eyes widened when she saw what he pulled out.

“My wand!” she gasped. “I thought it was gone.”

“I grabbed it off the Death Eater before we left.” he told her, handing it to her.

“Thank you.” she said gratefully.

Harry smiled at her before turning and walking into the bathroom. He really is a great guy, she thought as she heard the sound of running water from the bathroom. Examining her wand for a moment, she smiled and tucked it under her pillow. A minute later, Harry came back and stood next to the bed.

“Ready?” he asked.

She nodded and he slipped his hands under her to pick her up. Tonks rested her head on his shoulder as he easily carried her into the bathroom and sat her down on the closed toilet.

“Can you check the water, make sure it’s not too hot for you?” he asked.

Dipping her hand into the water, she tested the temperature.

“You can make it a bit hotter.” she told him.

Harry gave the hot water knob a quarter turn and tested it with his hand before straightening up. Surprisingly, Harry grabbed the hem of his shirt and started to undress. Though she hadn’t expected Harry to join her in the tub, she wasn’t going to complain. Besides, she thought with a

smirk, unlike Harry, she didn't feel any embarrassment staring at his body. When he was down to his boxers, he grabbed the waistband but hesitated for a moment. Tonks looked up at him and raised an eyebrow, her look daring him to take them off. Nervously, he pushed them down to his ankles and stepped out of them, his impressively sized cock dangling in front of her.

Tonks smiled as he blushed cutely and avoided meeting her eyes as he shut off the water. Walking back over to her, he picked her up carefully and stepped into the tub. He knelt down first, before easing on to his bum and setting her on his lap. Tonks groaned as the hot water soothed her sore, aching muscles. Leaning back against his chest, she rested the back of her head on his shoulder and closed her eyes, savoring the relief of her muscles finally relaxing for the first time all day.

"That feels so good." she moaned.

Slowly, Harry's hands, which were resting on her stomach, began to caress her skin. Moaning pleurably, she spread her legs open as one of his hands moved down to caress her thigh. Grabbing the hand on her stomach, she moved it up and set it on her breast. A hiss escaped her lips as his palm rubbed her incredibly sensitive nipple when he softly groped her chest.

Last night, her whole body had been so sensitive that every touch of his, no matter how soft or gentle, skirted the border between pain and pleasure. Now, while she was still sensitive, it wasn't nearly as bad, leaving her to more fully enjoy the feeling of his hands. As his hand moved up her thigh to cup her mound gently, she bucked her hips, silently begging for him to use more pressure.

Under her, she could feel his cock harden where it was pressed against the bottom of her lips. Feeling that Harry was moving too slowly and gently for her, she placed her hands over his and pushed them against her more firmly. He got the message, kneading her breast as his hand rubbed her pussy. Tonks let out a gasp when he pushed his two middle fingers between her lips and then moaned as they sank into her entrance. Cupping his hand, he was careful not to put pressure on her throbbing clit, instead grinding the heel of his hand just above it, sending jolts of delicious pleasure up her spine.

Turning her head, Tonks kissed his jaw until Harry turned his head and their lips met. She moaned into his mouth as he pumped his fingers in and out of her depths, his rough, calloused skin rubbing along her smooth, damp walls. When he took her engorged nipple between his fingers and rolled it gently, she pulled her lips away from his with a gasp as she panted for air. Pain and pleasure mixed, drawing a whine from her lips and a desperate buck from her hips. Tonks had always liked a bit of roughness, and the slight pain from her nipple was pushing her arousal to greater heights.

Harry long, thick shaft pulsed under her, and Merlin how she wished it was buried deep inside of her. While his fingers moved in and out of her pussy, she closed her eyes and imagined him lifting her up and spearing her on his cock, his thick shaft stretching her open as he drove deep. Panting with shuddering breaths, Tonks reached under her and grabbed his hot, hard length in her fist. Lifting it up, she pressed it against her pussy, moaning as her lips wrapped around and hugged his girth.

Harry groaned and moved his hand faster, his finger delving deeper and pressing more firmly against her inner walls. The heels of his hand grazed the hood covering her clit, sending a shock of pleasure through her and causing her legs to tremble. Her skin flushed and her loins throbbed, a climax rapidly building deep in her core.

“Harry.” she moaned.

His cock pulsed in her hand as she said his name, and his lips kissed and sucked at the side of her neck. She rolled her hips rhythmically, her movements growing restless as she neared her peak. A ball of heat and pleasure bubbled up inside of her, the intensity growing with every touch. Tonks teetered on the edge for an endless moment, needing just the slightest nudge to send her tumbling over. A tweak of her nipple and a swift graze of her clit gave her her release.

The coiled ball of heat and euphoric pleasure in her core released. Her body tensed and her breath caught in her chest as a wave of ecstasy crashed over her. A quiver ran through her while her mouth opened in a silent scream. For an endless second, she remained locked in place before she trembled with a loud, deep moan. Harry continued to move his hands, extending her climax as she bucked uncontrollably against him. After several long moments that seemed to last an eternity, her peak began to ebb away.

With another low moan, Tonks collapsed limply against him, a euphoric haze clouding her mind and numbing the pain. Harry wrapped his arms around her and held her gently, his lips pressing softly against her temple. Tonks sighed contentedly, the combination of his arms and the hot water leaving her feeling as if she was wrapped in a wonderful cocoon. As she leaned into his embrace, he trailed on of his hands up her ribs to cup and caress her breast. She smiled and turned to kiss his jaw before she felt his cock twitch under her.

Reaching down, she wrapped her hand around his rock-hard length and stroked up and down his smooth shaft. Harry groaned in pleasure and breathed heavily next to her ear. Smirking, she stroked him faster, marveling at the wonderful length and thickness filling her hand. Suddenly, a shock of pain ran up her arm, causing her to hiss and wince. Tonks started to move again, but Harry gently grabbed her wrist, forcing her to stop.

“As wonderful as that feels, I don’t want you to hurt yourself.” he told her.

Tonks sighed, and stopped stroking him, but trailed her fingers along his shaft.

“I feel bad leaving you like this.” she said with a pout.

“Don’t worry about me.” Harry told her, kissing her cheek. “I’ll take care of it later.”

“Why don’t you take care of it now?” she asked, looking up at him.

“Here?” he asked with raised eyebrows.

“Why not?” she said with a shrug and a smirk. “If I can’t do it, at least I'll get to watch.”

Harry opened and closed his mouth as he looked at her in surprise, causing her to giggle at his expression.

“Men aren’t the only ones that like to watch, Harry.” she said in a sultry tone. “Storke it for me, please.”

Harry shivered at her pleading tone, causing her to smirk. Nervously, he reached down and wrapped his hand around his length. Looking down, she watched as his hand moved back and forth at a moderate pace under the water. Licking her lips, she decided to see if she could help him along.

“You have such a beautiful cock, Harry.” she said in her sexiest tone.

As Harry’s hand worked at the top half of his length, she could feel his heartbeat through the base of his cock where it pressed against her lips. Tonks found it incredibly erotic to watch a man fantasize about her while she sat in his lap. Sliding her hand down, she caressed the base of his shaft with her fingers as he stroked himself, his arm creating small waves that lapped at the side of the tub. His free hand was still cupping her breast, kneading it gently.

Smiling to herself, she decided to see how excited she could make him.

“The whole time you were fingering me, I wished you would just lift me up and ram that big, fat cock inside of me.” she told him, letting out a little moan. “All I could imagine was how it would feel to have you stretching my tight little pussy.”

Harry panted harder as he stroked himself faster. The surface of the water rippled, distorting her view. Smirking, she reached down further to cup his balls, gently massaging them in her hand.

“I can’t wait ‘til I’m feeling better. The first thing I’m going to do is get down on my knees and suck your cock. And Harry.” she said, tilting her head up to whisper in his ear. “I swallow.”

Harry groaned, his balls contracting and relaxing in her hand.

“Merlin, I'm getting horny again just thinking about it.” Tonks whispered before relaxing her neck and looking back down into the rippling water. “After that, I'm going to ride your cock so fucking hard.”

Under the water, she could see his fat, red head popping in and out of his fist rapidly. Staring down at it hungrily, she wondered what it would feel like to have her lips wrapped around it.

“Then, I'll let you do anything you want. You can bend me over and fuck me from behind. Or maybe you'll just pin me against the wall and make me cum all over your huge cock. How about I grow my tits and you can fuck them until you cum all over my face?” she asked.

From the way Harry was panting and the way his muscles tensed under her, she knew he was getting close. Tonks wished she had the strength for another orgasm, she really was getting horny.

“You know what I really want though?” she asked. “I really want you to ruin me with this big, beautiful cock. I want you to fuck me 'til I scream, and then I want you to dump your cum deep inside me. Let me see it, Harry. Let me see how big of a load you're going to leave in me later.”

Harry stroked his cock for a few more seconds before he came with a grunt. Huge streaks of cum shot from his tip, leaving long white stripes in the water before they sank to the bottom of the tub. Tonks let go of his clenched balls and held her palm in front of his cock as he continued to pump more cum into the water. She felt it hit her skin and tried to catch some, but it wouldn't stay in her hand. Harry came a surprising amount before he finally stopped, and his body collapsed as he panted heavily.

Smiling, Tonks shifted slightly to look at him. Caressing his cheek, she turned his face towards her and kissed him on the lips.

“Harry?” she asked when they broke apart a few seconds later.

“Hmm?” he hummed.

“I meant everything I said.” she told him, her eyes staring into his hungrily.

He gave her a crooked smile, his green eyes boring into her in a way that sent her pulse racing. Leaning down, he kissed her deeply, possessively. By the time they broke apart, both of them were breathing heavily. Smiling, Tonks laid her head on his chest and closed her eyes as she relaxed against him. Harry’s hands wandered her body, exploring and caressing every inch within reach.

For a long while, they relaxed in the water, caressing each other and occasionally kissing. Eventually, the water began to cool, and their skin started to wrinkle.

“I think it’s time to get out.” Harry said.

Sitting up, he climbed out of the tub before lifting her up and setting her back down on the toilet. Grabbing a towel, he carefully and gently dried her off, then himself. Throwing on his pajamas, he lifted her up and carried her back to bed. Now that the pain that had kept her awake was gone, Tonks felt her tiredness catching up with her.

“Will you stay until I fall asleep?” she asked.

“Sure.” Harry said with a smile.

Tonks curled up on her side and felt the bed sink as Harry laid down behind her and wrapped his arm around her stomach. Threading her fingers through the back of his hand, she hugged it to her chest, trapping it between her breasts. Harry kissed her neck as she slowly started to drift off to sleep.