

Auror Exam

Amelia Bones, Kingsley Shacklebolt, and Nymphadora Tonks watched through a One-way Charm on the training room wall as another Auror dropped from a Stunning Hex to the chest. He was the tenth to be taken out so far.

“He’s certainly skilled,” Amelia noted.

“I told you,” Tonks smirked.

“What do you think, Minister?” Amelia asked.

“I think we need to design a harder test,” Kingsley said just before Dawlish hit the wall in front of him with a thud. “And I’ve told you to call me Kingsley.”

“I know,” Amelia said, the corners of her lips twitching.

Chuckling, Kingsley crossed his arms over his broad chest and continued to watch the action. Amelia followed his gaze and watched as Harry Potter systematically dismantled the entirety of her Auror forces one by one.

The young man was quite the enigma.

After defeating Voldemort, he’d been offered a job as an Auror even before he’d graduated from Hogwarts. Turning it down, he finished his final year of schooling, took his NEWTs, and then applied for the very same job he’d been offered a year earlier. Kingsley had personally offered to let him skip the weeding out and training process the other candidates were forced to undergo, but Harry had insisted on being treated just like anyone else.

Within the first week of training him, Amelia knew he was leaps and bounds beyond any of his classmates. Rather than show the pride and arrogance that all too often plagued skilled and powerful young men, Harry was humble beyond reason. He was happy to stay late, working with his classmates and teaching them anything they were willing to learn.

That led to his class being one of the most impressive in decades. His classmates, made up primarily of people he'd gone to school with, held an immense respect for him. They deferred to his judgment and followed his orders without question.

In training, he treated every downed teammate with seriousness, taking it as a personal failure. That was normally something she had to beat into new recruits for months.

Now, as Amelia watched him tear through her most accomplished Aurors like a force of nature, she felt a yearning she hadn't experienced in years. Sweat dripped from his brow, green eyes blazing as he blocked spells without even looking. He calmly dodged the lances of hissing, sputtering magic that shot across the room, returning fire with inhuman precision.

Two more Aurors hit the ground just as half a dozen more rushed into the room. This was meant to teach the recruits that not every situation was winnable. That there were times you needed to retreat, but Harry wasn't willing to lose.

Amelia shifted on her feet, her hazel eyes watching intently as the dark-haired young man sent two more Aurors spinning through the air. Somehow, he managed to disarm them mid-flight. Sara Higgs was sent flying towards the wall, and yet Harry had the presence of mind to slow her down, preventing a serious injury without ever looking in her direction.

"I claim dibs as my partner!" Tonks exclaimed, raising her hand with a grin.

Amelia rolled her eyes while Kingsley snorted.

In truth, it wasn't a bad idea, Amelia thought. Tonks, while skilled, could do with a more serious, calming influence.

“We should probably end this before someone gets hurt,” Amelia said, watching Keneth Driver, a thirty-year veteran of the force, get disarmed for the third time.

Nodding, Kingsley raised his wand to his throat.

“That’s enough,” he said, his voice echoing through the room magically.

“Did I pass!?” Harry yelled, panting lightly.

The Aurors laughed as they picked themselves up off the floor.

“You passed,” Kingsley chuckled.

Dropping his wand, he shook his head as Harry helped a few of the Aurors up, talking and laughing.

“Very impressive,” Amelia said, licking her lips. “The next test will certainly be interesting if the rumors are true.”

“What’s next?” Tonks asked.

“Interrogation,” Amelia replied.

“Amelia, I personally watched him shrug off You-Know-Who’s Imperius and Cruciatu s Curses,” Kingsley told her.

“Then we’ll just have to try something different,” Amelia said.

“Like what?” Kingsley asked curiously.

“I’ll think of something,” she told him.

Watching Harry blush as Sara tossed her hair over her shoulder with a flirtatious smile gave her the beginnings of an idea.

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“Alright, listen up!” Amelia yelled, causing her recruits to go silent and fall in line. “You’ve all done well, but there’s one more test left. Over the next few days, we’ll be pulling you in to experience an interrogation.”

She paused for a moment as several of the recruits muttered to each other worriedly. More than one, including her niece, Susan, looked to Harry for reassurance.

“I won’t lie. This will be the hardest test you’ve experienced so far,” Amelia continued. “For some of you, this will be the most difficult experience of your life. Each of you will be given a code word you’ll need to memorize. The interrogators will do their best to get it from you, and you will resist. This isn’t a simple win-lose scenario. We are looking to push you to your limit. I’ve seen what you’re capable of, and I have faith in all of you. Do your best, and you will succeed.”

“Will they be using the Cruciatus Curse on us?” Susan asked nervously.

“That depends,” Amelia told her. “Each interrogation will be tailored to each of you personally. None of you will go through the same experience. While the tests are ongoing, do *not* share what you went through with anyone who hasn’t gone through it yet. If I find out you have, you will deal with me. Is that clear?”

“Yes, ma’am,” her recruits chorused.

“Good,” Amelia nodded. “Dismissed.”

Amelia watched as several of her recruits rushed up to Harry to ask for advice. Katie Bell and Susan looked the most nervous. As much as she hated to admit it, those two were the most likely to fail. Sighing, she left the training room and walked down the hall to the Auror Offices.

“Tonks, can I see you in my office?” Amelia asked.

“Sure thing, boss,” Tonks smiled.

Standing up, she stumbled on the corner of a desk and followed her to her office. Closing the door, Amelia gestured to a chair.

“Have a seat,” she said, sitting behind her desk. “I wanted to talk to you about the interrogations. First of all, can you take Susan? I don’t think I could push her the way she needs to.”

“Of course,” Tonks replied. “Are there any limits you want to set?”

“No,” Amelia said, shaking her head. “Just treat her like you would any other recruit. I don’t want her given special treatment.”

“Alright,” Tonks nodded.

“The other thing I wanted to talk to you about is Potter,” Amelia said. “I’d interrogate him myself, but policy states I need an observer to ensure things don’t get out of hand. I want you, and only you, keeping watch.”

“Are you sure that’s a good idea, boss?” Tonks asked. “Harry can be pretty slippery.”

“We’ll have guards at every exit, but you’re the only one I want watching the interrogation,” Amelia told her firmly.

“Okay,” Tonks said slowly, her brow furrowed in confusion. “But why?”

“I’m going to need to take an... unorthodox approach with him,” Amelia said.

“If that’s what you think is best,” Tonks said, though she looked skeptical.

“I do,” Amelia nodded.

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Later that night, Amelia stepped through the Floo into her living room. Susan smiled up at her as she lounged on the couch in a pair of loose sweatpants and jumper, the latest copy of Witch Weekly in her lap.

“Hi, Auntie,” she greeted her.

“Hello, Susan,” Amelia smiled. “How are you holding up?”

“Honestly, I’m a bit nervous about the interrogation,” Susan said, closing her magazine and sitting up.

“I’m sure you’ll do fine,” Amelia said, sitting beside her and rubbing her shoulder. “Whether you make it into the corp or not, I’m incredibly proud of you. You’ve performed exceptionally.”

Susan blushed and ducked her head with a smile.

“Harry really helped me improve,” she admitted softly. “He taught all of us between the DA and Auror training. I don’t think I would’ve made it as far as I have with him.”

“Harry might have taught you, but you passed those tests on your own,” Amelia told her. “I have complete faith that you’ll pass the interrogation with flying colors.”

“Thanks, Auntie,” Susan smiled.

Leaning over, she hugged Amelia tightly.

“I’m going to go take a bath before dinner,” Amelia said as she pulled back.

“Okay,” Susan replied.

As her niece picked up her magazine, Amelia stood and brushed her fingers through Susan’s strawberry-blonde hair. Making her way upstairs, she stepped into the master bedroom and shrugged off her outer robe. Tossing it onto the bed, she sat down on the edge and kicked off her shoes with a sigh. Her feet ached as she rubbed them through her stockings.

Taking her wand in hand, she pointed it through the open bathroom door and gave it a flick. Instantly, the room was filled with the sound of rushing water as the tub began to fill. Climbing to her feet, Amelia untucked her blouse from her trousers and unbuttoned it. Slowly, a long line of pale, freckled cleavage came into view, followed by her lacy red bra. Tossing the blouse onto the bed, she unbuttoned and unzipped her trousers.

Shimmying from side to side, Amelia pushed them down over her wide hips and then down her thick, muscular thighs. Underneath, she wore matching red panties and a garter belt with suspenders. Standing up, she stepped out of her trousers and laid them next to her blouse.

She caught sight of herself in the mirror and smirked at her reflection. For a woman of forty-two, even she would admit she looked good. Her muscles were still as toned as they were in her twenties, and her famous Bones curves remained as pert and perky as her teens.

A naughty smile came over Amelia's face as she thought about the reactions of her coworkers if they saw her now. Who would suspect the rigid, uptight Bones Bitch to dress like a high-class call girl under her plain, baggy robes.

Turning to the side, she ran her hands over the soft, expensive material of her underwear with a grin. Her breasts jutted out impressively from her chest, and thanks to her daily workouts, her thick bum had yet to sag even a millimeter.

Unfortunately, as much as Amelia liked to dress in sexy lingerie under her robes, no man had ever had the pleasure of seeing it.

Amelia had a secret. A powerful desire that she'd been able to keep a lid on. Until now. Much like Bellatrix Lestrange, she was attracted to power. Unfortunately for her, the only truly powerful light wizard had been Dumbledore, and even back in her Hogwarts days, he'd been far too old to find attractive. Voldemort had been powerful as well, but no amount of power could make her turn a blind eye to the horrors he'd caused.

Now, though, Harry had entered the picture. Watching him thrash Aurors that she'd worked with for years, some of which were on par with her level of skill with a wand had been an awakening. Amelia had known he was powerful before then, of course. She'd heard the tale of his battle with Voldemort at Hogwarts while she'd been recovering in a hospital bed. Still, hearing about it and seeing it were entirely different things.

Amelia rubbed her thighs together unconsciously in anticipation of what she had planned for Harry.

Finally, it was the day Amelia had been waiting for. Normally, Aurors ambushed and captured the recruits to make the interrogation feel authentic, but Harry had already taken out the three teams they'd sent for him. When Dawlish, nursing a lump on the side of his head, had outright refused to try again, she simply had Tonks go and collect him.

Harry handed over his wand and allowed himself to be cuffed. She whispered something in his ear that caused the handsome young man to blush, and Amelia could only imagine what she'd said to tease him.

She smirked as she watched Harry being led in from the observation room. Tonks pushed him roughly down into the rigid metal chair, and Amelia licked her lips unconsciously as the Magic-Suppressing cuffs clicked into place around his wrists and ankles.

"Everyone is in place," Tonks said, entering the observation room and closing the door behind her. "Not that it'll do any good if he escapes."

"He won't," Amelia said with quiet certainty.

Tapping the rune to start recording the interrogation, she turned to Tonks.

"Remember, no one else comes in this room. Not even the Minister. Got it?" she asked.

"Sure thing, boss," Tonks said, looking at her oddly.

"I'm trusting you with this, Tonks," Amelia said, gripping the witch's shoulder. "I know you won't let me down."

Tonks tilted her head in confusion, but Amelia just smiled and patted her shoulder. She would understand soon enough.

Straightening her shoulder, Amelia turned and walked into the interrogation room. Harry looked up as she approached, his bright green eyes following her intently. Watching him, she whipped out her wand. A smile tugged at her lips when he didn't so much as blink. Rolling the wooden shaft between her fingers, she walked around the steel table between them and perched on the edge.

"We both know why you're here," Amelia said softly. "And we both know no amount of pain will make you talk."

Pocketing her wand, she stood and turned away from him. She watched her reflection in the one-way mirror as she unclasped her robe and shrugged it off her shoulders.

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Tonks gasped when she saw what Amelia wore under her robes. A set of jet-black lingerie covered her voluptuous curves, including a garter belt and thigh-high stockings that contrasted sharply with her pale skin and auburn hair. The tight bra holding her mountainous breasts didn't create a valley of cleavage so much as it made a deep, pillowy canyon that someone could get lost in. Her chest tapered down to a thin waist before flaring out into a set of wide hips and a pair of thick, powerful thighs.

"Holy shit," Tonks gasped quietly, her mouth gaping open.

Glancing at Harry, she laughed at the utterly shocked look on his face as he stared at her bum. As Amelia turned around to face him, Tonks got a good look at what he had seen and whistled in appreciation. Round, full, and firm, her lush backside practically swallowed the tiny black knickers that tried and failed to cover her pale globes.

"Damn, boss lady is *stacked*," she muttered to herself.

Sitting down in the chair behind her, Tonks settled in for the show with a smirk on her face.

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“Bloody hell,” Harry mumbled.

Smirking at his reaction, Amelia let her hair down out of her bun and shook it out behind her. Immediately, it gave her the appearance of looking almost a decade younger. As Harry gaped at her, his wide green eyes raking over her curves, Amelia sauntered forward with a sway in her hips.

Pausing in front of him, Amelia waited until he looked up at her face before making her next move. Swinging her leg forward in an impressive display of balance and flexibility, she threaded her leg through the arm of the chair. Grabbing his shoulders for balance, she felt his breath hitch as she did the same with the other and sat down, straddling his lap.

Amelia slowly combed her fingers through his thick, dark hair before grabbing a fistful at the back of his head. Yanking back roughly, she leaned forward and placed a gentle kiss on the front of his throat. His Adam’s apple bobbed against her lips as he swallowed nervously, bringing a smile to her lips.

“I’m going to let you in on a little secret,” Amelia whispered in a deep, breathy tone. “I’ve always had a thing for powerful wizards. I got so wet watching you beat every Auror in the department.”

Rolling her hips, she felt Harry rapidly hardening against her mound. Still staring at the ceiling, he swallowed thickly and squirmed under her. Amelia smirked to herself as she leaned in and licked from the bottom of his throat all the way up to the bottom of his chin. A shiver of excitement ran through her at having this strong, powerful young man completely at her mercy.

The only thing that could be better would be if she was at his mercy, but that would come later.

Rolling her hips, Amelia wrapped her free arm around his shoulders and scooted closer, pressing her bulging breasts against his firm, muscular chest.

“I can be yours,” she whispered sultrily. “You can bend me over this table and take me any way you want, for as long as you want. All you have to do is give me that code word.”

Harry stilled, his strong muscles tensing under her. Amelia trembled in excitement as she felt his magic build, blanketing the room. Ripping his head free of her grip, he stared at her with a burning gaze, his jaw set firmly.

“No,” he said defiantly.

Amelia smiled and trailed her finger along his jawline until Harry jerked his head away.

“I was hoping you’d say that,” she purred.

Reaching behind her back, she unclasped her bra but held the cups to her chest. Amelia pulled her arms out of the straps while Harry stared resolutely at the wall over her shoulder. Pulling the bra slowly away from her chest, revealing her breasts. Despite their size, they were the perfect tear-drop shape, capped with wide, soft pink areolas and perky pink nipples.

She watched his face closely to see if he would look, then smiled and dropped her bra to the floor when he didn’t. But she didn’t intend to give him a choice.

Grabbing the back of his head, she raised herself up and sandwiched his face between her soft, voluptuous breasts. Surprisingly, Harry didn’t resist. Wrapping her arms around his head, Amelia shivered as his warm breath washed over her cool skin. Closing her eyes, she sighed deeply as she gently shook her chest back and forth.

The stubble on his cheeks scratched lightly against the sensitive skin on the inside of her breasts, and she could feel him breathing heavier as she continued rubbing them against him.

“Do you wish you could touch me?” Amelia asked softly. “Run those big, strong hands of yours all over my body?”

Slowly, she pulled back, and this time, Harry didn't look away. His wide green eyes drank in the sight of her breasts, flickering all over as if he wanted to memorize every inch of her bare flesh. Amelia smirked and softly combed her fingers through his hair.

She'd intended to draw things out a bit longer, tease him a little more, but the awed look on his face was too much for her to ignore.

Cupping his chin, she lifted his face, and it took a visible effort from him to drag his eyes away from her body. Smiling, she bent down and kissed him. It started softly at first, but soon, she was snogging him deeply. Their tongues melded as they explored each other's mouths. After a few short moments, Amelia heard the cuffs rattle against the metal arms of the chair as Harry tried to free himself so he could reach for her.

Smiling against his lips, she pulled back but couldn't resist going back for one more peck. Catching his lower lip between her teeth, she sucked on it while pulling back until it slipped free. A thin line of saliva connected them for just a moment until it broke and fell on her chin.

Licking it away, Amelia ran her hands down his firm shoulders and across his muscular chest. Harry throbbed against her bottom, his impressive size pulsating with need.

“All you have to do is give me the code word, and I'll do anything you want,” Amelia purred.

Harry blinked twice before his brow furrowed angrily. As he opened his mouth to speak, she pressed her finger to his lips.

“We both know you're going to pass no matter what happens in here,” Amelia told him. “You've flown through every test we've given you without a single stumble. I'll even tell your classmates you passed. Just let me keep some of my pride. Give me what I want, and I'll give you what we both want.”

Amelia ground against his excitement as she removed her finger from his lips.

“No.”

One word, firm and unyielding. The complete lack of hesitation - his uncompromising integrity turned her on as much as his power did in that moment.

Oh, how she was going to reward him for that.

“Then I suppose I’ll just have to try something else,” Amelia said.

Smiling sultrily, stood slowly, dragging her breasts over his face before stepping back. Harry’s eyes followed her jiggling mounds as she moved. Standing in front of him, she took a moment to bend down and fix her stocking unnecessarily. Though she couldn’t see for sure, Amelia swore she could feel his burning gaze on her body.

Resting her hands on his knees, she spread his legs open before kneeling between them. Running her hands up his thighs slowly, she pushed his cloak out of the way, revealing a large, promising bulge along the leg of his black trousers.

“Mmh,” Amelia hummed, running her hand over it.

Harry inhaled sharply, his hips bucking unconsciously. Smiling to herself, she reached for his belt.

“What are you doing?” Harry asked nervously.

Amelia grinned, wondering if he really thought she’d just been acting this whole time. Well, he’d find out just how serious she was soon enough.

Unbuckling his belt, she popped open the button and pulled down the zipper. Looking up at his face, she reached inside. Harry panted, his eyes wide and uncertain as she took hold of his hot, hard shaft and pulled him out into the open.

This was the first time in decades Amelia had seen the male anatomy in a sexual situation, and she was glad she'd waited. Harry's arrow straight shaft was long and thick, ending in a flared head that throbbed a deep, angry red. Holding him lightly with her fingertips at the base, she traced the back of her nail along the rigid, veiny length.

Harry gasped, his hips bucking again. His breathing came fast and heavy as he stared down at her, mouth gaping open in shock. Smirking to herself, Amelia wrapped one hand around the base and the other on top, marveling as his swollen head remained outside her grasp.

"Marvelous," she whispered.

Letting go with one hand, she held him upright and stared up at him as she licked from the base to the tip. Harry's length throbbed powerfully in her grasp while a bead of liquid leaked from his tip. Amelia gathered it with her tongue and slowly swallowed.

"Bloody hell," Harry breathed.

Smiling, Amelia opened her mouth and wrapped her big, pouty lips around his tip. He gasped loudly and tried to raise his hips, but she pushed back down on his hips. Closing her eyes, she let out a genuine moan as she sucked and bobbed her head slowly, her tongue swirling around his swollen glans.

Continuing her slow up and down movement, Amelia took him deeper and deeper until he hit the back of her throat. Opening her eyes, she looked up into his wide-eyed stare and tightened her grip on his hips.

After a short pause, she plunged downward.

Years of fantasizing and practicing with toys allowed her to swallow the entirety of his length. Even then, she still gagged hard, saliva leaking copiously from her lips as she pressed her nose to his groin.

“Holy shit!” Harry exclaimed.

He tried to buck his hips, but her hands held him in place. Sticking out her tongue, Amelia shook her head from side to side as she rubbed her thighs together. Her throat stung, and her lungs burned, but she loved every second of it.

She’d waited so long to find a man worthy of revealing this side of herself to. It felt liberating-like a weight finally being lifted from her shoulders. Even as she started to run out of air, she didn’t want to stop. Unfortunately, her body had needs she couldn’t ignore.

Finally, she pulled off of his spit-soaked length and sucked in a much need breath. Harry exhaled sharply, his body sagging in the chair with a groan.

Amelia didn’t give him time to rest, however. The moment she caught her breath, she took him back in her mouth. Rather than hold him as deep as she could, this time, she bobbed her head up and down his entire length. She relished in the grunts and groans she drew from Harry each time she took him to the hilt.

Despite how much she was enjoying herself, she kept a careful watch on Harry. Plunging her mouth down onto his rigid length, Amelia listened to the sounds he made and felt every twitch and pulse of his shaft in her throat. Through watery eyes, she watched his handsome face contort in a rictus of pleasure.

Thanks to her fast, relentless ministrations, she quickly dragged him toward his peak. Harry’s head swelled, his breathing became uneven, and his muscles tensed.

Just as he was about to tip over the edge, Amelia yanked her mouth off of him and gripped the base of his length firmly. With a loud, disappointed groan, Harry pulsed rhythmically in her grasp. He felt like a hot rod of iron in her hand, the tip darkening to a furious purple. His hips bucked furiously for any kind of stimulation, but she gave him none, following his movements with her hand.

“No,” Harry groaned frustratedly.

“Give me the code word, and you can cum anywhere you want,” Amelia promised.

“No,” Harry ground out through gritted teeth.

“Pity,” Amelia said, continuing to hold him tightly as he calmed. “I was looking forward to tasting you.”

Closing his eyes, he tilted his head back and groaned.

Amelia released his length and smirked as it continued to stand straight up. Straightening up herself, she waited until Harry looked at her before reaching for her knickers. With her gaze locked with his, she shimmed out of them, deliberately bouncing her breasts. As the damp fabric slipped down her stocking-covered feet, she stood up straight and kicked them to the side.

Harry’s eyes fell to her shaved mound with a groan, the scent of her arousal quickly filling the air. Amelia smirked, knowing any ideas he might have had about this just being a test had just been quashed. There was no mistaking the very real excitement she felt.

Looking him over, Amelia pursed her lips and frowned. Turning back to the table, she made a show of slowly bending over at the waist to grab her wand before straightening back up. As she spun back around, Harry straightened up in his chair and tensed his muscles as if expecting pain.

Smirking, Amelia waved her wand, banishing Harry's clothes to the corner of the room.

"I told you," she said, setting down her wand as Harry looked at himself in surprise. "There's no point in hurting you. I know that won't make you talk."

Amelia licked her lips as she eyed his muscular frame, the scars dotting his skin only adding to his attractiveness. Strutting towards him, she stopped between his legs and turned around so her back was to him. Placing her hands over his, she eased herself down into his lap, his throbbing length trapped against her drooping folds.

With a low, sensual moan, Amelia rocked her hips back and forth, grinding on his erection. A shiver of pleasure ran up her spine, drawing a hiss from her lips.

"Yes," she breathed. "I haven't felt a cock like this in twenty-five years."

"Oh, Merlin," Harry gasped.

Panting, Amelia lifted herself up and aimed his swollen head at her tight entrance. Letting out a deep, shuddering breath, she lowered herself down slowly. They both gasped in unison as his tick tip slipped inside of her. Amelia felt a wonderful stretching as she dropped further down on his throbbing length, savoring each new millimeter that entered her untouched depths.

Stars burst behind her eyes when she finally bottomed out while a trembling moan left her lips. Harry groaned as she wiggled in his lap, the cuffs rattling against the chair as he tried to raise his hands. Licking her lips, Amelia leaned back against him and smirked.

"Do you wish your hand were free?" she asked. "Give me the code word, and I'll let you go. Think of all the naughty things you could do to me."

Amelia grinned when Harry groaned and strained against the cuffs. She continued rotating her hips teasingly as his magic built up in the air. The feeling sent a shiver down her spine, but she knew it wouldn't do him any good.

CLINK! CLINK!

Amelia's eyes widened as the cuffs fell to the floor, and Harry's hands were suddenly on her breasts. Her walls tightened as she thought about the amount of magic it would take to overload magic-suppressing cuffs like that.

Harry stood up, supporting her entire weight with a tight grip on her breasts. In one long stride, he reached the table and bent her over it, pressing her against the cold steel. He pulled his hips back until only the tip remained trapped within her folds before harshly snapping forward.

"Fuck!" Amelia cried, throwing her head back.

Taking advantage of her position, Harry grabbed a handful of her hair. With a growl, he used it as a handle to pull her back into his next thrust, his hips clapping loudly against her thighs and ass. Amelia whimpered as he plowed into her roughly from behind, his other hand groping and squeezing her breast roughly.

After only a handful of thrusts, she screamed out, legs shuddering as she showered Harry's legs with the evidence of her climax. Groaning, he continued hammering into her mercilessly as her hands scrambled uselessly at the smooth table for something to hold on to. Amelia gasped for breath as her climax just kept coming for several long moments until her arms gave out under her.

Harry let her collapse to the table, his hands moving to her wide hips for a better grip. In her hazy mind, she felt like she was being taken by some kind of beast as his savage thrusts continued to grow harder and faster.

This was everything Amelia had ever hoped for and more. She wanted to be taken and used by a strong, powerful wizard. She wanted someone worthy of devoting herself to.

With an animalist growl, Harry threw his hips forward with enough force that the table screeched across the floor. Burying himself as deep as possible, he exploded in her depths. Amelia gasped as she felt a torrent of heat flooded her insides. Moaning tiredly, she reached behind herself and tried to pull him even further into her. He came so much she could feel it leaking out around his shaft to drip down her leg. With a final groan, Harry collapsed onto her back, causing Amelia to moan contentedly under his weight.

Far too soon for her liking, he sat up and pulled out of her.

“No,” she groaned, reaching for his hips.

Chuckling, Harry ran a hand over her bum and up her back. Gripping her hair firmly but gently, he pulled her up until she was standing.

“I’m not even close to done with you yet,” he told her softly.

Spinning her around, he kissed her passionately and lifted her up. Amelia moaned into his mouth as he sat back down in his chair with her in his lap. Already, she could feel him hardening against her. As she lifted herself up to aim him at her entrance, Harry’s hands and lips latched onto her breasts. Dropping down onto his length, Amelia hissed pleurably while cradling his head to her chest.

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Two hours later, Amelia dropped back down to her knees and swallowed Harry’s length whole.

“Fuck, Amy,” Harry gasped.

Purring at the nickname, she bobbed her head quickly, knowing he was already close. She was already exhausted and aching all over, but she just couldn't keep her hands off of him. This strong young man was everything she'd ever wanted in a partner, and she wanted to give him a damn good reason to come back for more.

Grabbing her head in his large, powerful hands, Harry guided her up and down while thrusting his hips. Amelia relaxed under his grip, allowing him to use her however he pleased. Her fingers rubbed her clit furiously as he fucked her throat with long, deep thrusts. Gagging around his thick length, she reached up with her free hand and caressed his abs, her nails raking lightly across his skin.

Holding her with her lips wrapped around the root of his shaft, Harry groaned as he came. The first shot went straight down Amelia's throat and into her stomach. She tried to hold herself still, but by the second burst, her body forced her to pull back.

Gasping and coughing for breath, she grabbed his shaft and stroked it lovingly. Harry's overwhelming magic kept him virile, leaving him able to coat her face and breasts despite all of the orgasms he'd already experienced.

When he was finished, Amelia opened her eyes cautiously and smiled up at him.

"You're incredible," Harry panted while stroking the clean part of her cheek softly.

Kissing his palm, Amelia scooped a bit of cum dangling from her chin into her mouth. Chuckling, he cleaned her off with a simple wave of his hand before pulling her into his lap. Leaning into him, she kissed the side of his neck while tracing her nail over his chest.

"Will you have dinner with me tonight?" Harry asked softly.

Lifting her head in surprise, Amelia smiled warmly.

“I’d love to,” she said, kissing him on the lips. “As much as I’d love to stay like this, we both have work to do.”

Nodding, Harry stood up and helped her collect her clothes. Once they were both dressed, they shared one last kiss before he slipped out the door. Sighing with a smile on her face, Amelia felt like a schoolgirl again as she leaned against the door. She reveled in that feeling for a long moment before turning to the observation room.

Pushing off the door, she straightened her robes and walked over.

“Hey, boss,” Tonks grinned, leaning back in her chair completely naked.

From the smell in the air, Amelia knew she wasn’t the only one to enjoy herself. Running her hands down the front of her robes, she put on an air of professionalism.

“I trust you can keep the details of Mr. Potter’s interrogation to yourself, Auror Tonks?” she asked.

“Maybe,” Tonks grinned. “I want a copy of that recording.”

Amelia narrowed her eyes.

“And why would you want that?” she asked.

“Because that was bloody hot,” Tonks said, rolling her eyes. “Come on, boss. I’m not going to blackmail you. You know me better than that.”

Amelia sighed, “Alright.”

“And I want a night with Harry,” Tonks added quickly.

Amelia smirked as she looked over the fit, busty Auror.

“I think that can be arranged,” she said thoughtfully. “We know how Harry holds up under interrogation. It might be a good idea to see how he does as the interrogator.”

Tonks grinned as she sat back in her chair and stared off into the distance, her hand slowly drifting lower.

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.

“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.

~

“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.”

~

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.