

Chapter 14

Tonks squinted her eyes open and lifted her head from Harry's chest. She looked around the dark room for a moment, wondering what had woken her up. When she didn't see anything, she laid back down and closed her eyes. Just as she started to drift back off to sleep, she felt Harry tense under her. He sucked in a deep breath, his muscles tensed, and his hands gripped the sheets tightly.

Pushing herself up on her, Tonks looked at his face to see it covered in a thin sheen of cold sweat, his eyes fluttering behind closed lids as he trembled. Instantly awake and worried, she reached up and shook his shoulder.

"Harry?" she called.

He only shook his head, continuing to grip the sheets and shake in his sleep.

"Harry? Harry!" Tonks yelled, shaking his shoulder.

Harry's eyes sprang open suddenly, wide and frightened. Tonks started when he sat bolt upright, panting heavily.

"It's okay, you're safe," she said softly. "It was just a nightmare."

"No!" Harry said loudly and turned his head sharply to face her. "It's Voldemort. He's going after Bones."

"What?" Tonks asked.

"I saw it! He's going to kill her. We have to go!" Harry said.

“Shit,” Tonks cursed as she and Harry hopped out of bed and began to put on their clothes.
“What happened to your Occlumency? I thought you could keep him out.”

“I can I – I think I went into his mind this time,” Harry said.

“We are definitely talking about that later,” Tonks told him sternly.

“I didn’t mean to. It just happened,” Harry said.

Sighing, Tonks sent out a Patronus to the Ministry, then two more to Kingsley and Moody.
When she finished getting dressed, Tonks headed for the door.

“Dobby!” Harry called out.

Turning back around, she knew exactly what Harry was thinking as the little Elf popped into the room. She opened her mouth, intending to tell him not to go, but stopped herself before the words came out. Dumbledore definitely wouldn’t like it, but Harry had more than proved he could take care of himself.

“Be careful,” she told him.

“You too,” Harry said. “I’ll go straight to Bones, if I can, and try to get her out.”

“I’ll get there as soon as I can. If the Death Eaters show up before we do, promise me you’ll get out of there,” Tonks told him.

“I will,” he assured her.

Grabbing the front of his shirt, she kissed him and then jogged out of the room.

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“Dobby, I need a favor,” Harry said. “I need to go see Madam Bones. Can you take me there?”

“Dobby doesn’t know where she is, Harry Potter, sir,” he told him.

“Shit,” Harry sighed, running his hands through his hair.

“But Dobby can find out,” Dobby said excitedly.

Before Harry could stop him, Dobby vanished with a *pop*.

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Dobby appeared in the kitchen of Hogwarts, which still bustled with activity as House Elves cleaned the castle one room at a time before reporting back to the Head Elf for instructions.

“Nippy,” Dobby called out.

“Yes, Dobby?” the other asked as she walked over and picked up a stack of clean blankets.

“Do you know where the Bones’ live?” Dobby asked.

“Nippy knows,” she replied suspiciously. “Why does Dobby need to know?”

“Harry Potter, sir, thinks they might be in trouble,” Dobby told her.

“Do you promise not to do anything bad?” Nippy asked.

“Dobby promises,” he said.

“Theys be at number twenty-six Magnolia Drive, in Wiltshire,” Nippy told him. “Don’t make Nippy regret this.”

“Dobby won’t,” Dobby assured her

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Harry jumped when Dobby popped back into the room, bouncing up and down excitedly on the balls of his feet.

“Dobby found where theys live,” he said proudly.

“Great job, Dobby,” Harry said with a smile and held out his hand. “Let’s go.”

When Dobby grabbed his hand, Harry felt as if he was being sucked through a tight, narrow tube. After a couple of seconds, he arrived in the Bones’ living room with a *pop*. Immediately, he had to jerk his head out of the way as a red Stunning Hex whizzed past his ear.

“Whoa, whoa, whoa,” Harry said, holding up his hands, “Take it easy.”

“Potter?” Bones asked incredulously, lowering her wand. “What the hell are you doing here.”

“Voldemort’s coming for you. We need to go. Now,” Harry told her.

“How do you know that?” Bones asked demandingly.

“Later, after we get out of here,” he said.

Madam Bones glared at him, then folded her arms over her chest with a huff.

“You better have a damn good explanation for this,” she told him. “Bits!”

Harry looked at her curiously until a House elf appeared next to them.

“You called, mistress?” he asked.

“Bits, we need to leave. Go to the Summer house and wait for me there,” Bones said.

Nodding, Bits vanished with a *pop*.

“What about Susan?” Harry asked.

“He’s staying with the Abbots,” she told him.

“Oh, good,” Harry said in relief. “Alright, let’s go.”

As soon as Bones took his outstretched hand, Harry nodded to Dobby. After another uncomfortable yet brief trip, they ended up in the Kitchen of Grimmauld Place. Moody and Kingsley jumped and drew their wands while Tonks smiled in relief.

“Damnit, Potter,” Moody growled. “We’re supposed to be protecting you.”

“Sorry,” Harry said with an unapologetic shrug.

“Would someone explain what’s going on?” Bones asked impatiently.

Tonks gave him a sympathetic look as everyone else in the room turned to look at him expectantly. Nervously, he ran a hand through his hair and scratched the back of his neck.

“I know this is going to sound bad, but Voldemort and I are...connected,” Harry explained. “We can see into each other’s minds. Most of the time, I can block him out with Occlumency, but, sometimes, things slip through when I’m sleeping.”

“You didn’t tell me that,” Tonks said with a frown.

“I didn’t want you to worry,” Harry told her. “He doesn’t know I’m there, and I haven’t seen anything important until now.”

Tonks gave him a look he knew meant they’d be talking about it later.

“Let me get this straight,” Bones said, glaring at him hard. “You broke into my home and brought me here because you had a nightmare?”

“It wasn’t a dream,” Harry insisted. “I-”

He cut himself off when a high-pitched whistle started coming from Madam Bones’ wand.

“My wards are under attack,” she said. “Tonks, Shacklebolt, we’re going to the Ministry. If Potter’s right, we’re going to need all the help we can get to deal with You-Know-Who. Alastor, I know you’re retired-”

"I'm coming," he interrupted.

Nodding, Bones turned to follow Kingsley to the Floo. As Tonks passed him, she squeezed his hand and kissed him before leaving. Sighing, Harry sat down at the table and settled in to wait.

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Over the next couple of hours, the rest of the house began to stir. Predictably, Mrs. Weasley was the first to join him in the kitchen.

"Harry, dear, what are you doing up this early?" she asked.

"There was an attack at Madam Bones' house," he told her. "Tonks left a couple hours ago."

"Oh," Mrs. Weasley said in surprise. "Well, don't worry, dear, I'm sure she'll be fine. I'll make you some tea."

Harry gave her a small, grateful smile as she turned to the stove.

About half an hour later, as he was telling Ron, Hermione, and Ginny the same thing, Tonks and Kingsley walked into the kitchen. Sighing in relief, Harry stood up and hugged her tightly. Immediately, he was hit with the strong smell of smoke.

"What happened?" he asked.

"They set the house on fire and were gone by the time we got there," Tonks said, sitting down and leaning her head on his shoulder. "It took three hours to do the paperwork."

When she said the last part as if that was the worst thing to happen, Harry couldn't help but smile.

"Oh, and we're going to visit my parents later today," she said with a sigh. "My dad invited us when I ran into him at the Ministry."

"Tonks, dear. Are you sure that's a good idea?" Mrs. Weasley asked.

While Harry was glad she seemed to accept his relationship with Tonks, he didn't think there was any way to stop her from mothering him.

"It's fine," Tonks told her. "We're Flooing straight there. No one will even see him leave."

"Well, just be careful," Mrs. Weasley said.

A short while later, Harry and Tonks left for her parent's house.

"I lied a bit," Tonks admitted. "My dad didn't actually invite us over, but I did ask him if we could use the backyard while he and mum are at work."

"Why?" Harry asked curiously.

Tonks grinned, "Because I'm going to teach you how to Apparate."

"Really?" Harry asked excitedly.

"Well, if you're going to be running off like you did this morning, I want to have some other way of getting away besides Dobby," Tonks said.

Smiling brightly, Harry wrapped his arms around her and hugged her tightly.

“Thank you,” he said gratefully.

“And here I thought you didn’t like Apparating,” Tonks joked.

“Well, that too,” Harry said, pulling back to look at her. “I meant for not trying to hide me away like everyone else.”

Tonks slipped her arms around his neck and leaned in to kiss him.

“I have to admit, I’m not thrilled about it, but I know you can take care of yourself,” Tonks said. “I feel a lot better once you know how to Apparate. If you learn it fast enough, I might be able to teach you how to make a Portkey.”

“You are brilliant,” Harry said with a grin.

“I know,” Tonks smirked. “Come on, we’ve got a lot of work to do.”

Grabbing his hand, Tonks pulled over to the back, sliding glass door and out into a fairly large yard. Taking out her wand, she cast a spell he wasn’t familiar with that caused a clear ripple of air to shoot outwards in a dome shape. It went past her parent’s house and encompassed the houses around it as well.

“What was that,” Harry asked curiously.

“That was a detection ward. It’ll let me know if someone magical passes through it,” Tonks explained, then shrugged. “It’s just a precaution. I have to take down the anti-Apparation ward for a while.”

Harry nodded and went quiet to let her concentrate as she pointed the tip of her wand straight up. He didn't immediately see what she was doing, but when he looked higher, he saw a rainbow-colored ward rippling around the house. Slowly, the ward faded into nothing, but he could still feel the magic lying dormant.

"Right, that should do it," Tonks said, tucking away her wand. "Now, when the Ministry teaches this, they go on about destination, determination, and deliberation, which is stupid. What you do is will yourself to where you want to go. It can help mentally if you take a step forward and twist on the balls of your feet until you get a feel for it. See that tree over there?"

Harry followed her finger to an old, thick willow tree several yards away.

"Picture yourself standing next to it and give it a try. You've Side-Along Apparated enough to know what it feels like," Tonks said.

"Alright," Harry said, feeling suddenly nervous.

Rubbing his hands together, he pictured himself standing next to the tree, took a step forward, twists, and...nothing.

"It can take a while to get a feel for, but once you do, it gets a lot easier," Tonks told him.

Nodding, Harry tried again, and again, and again. For over an hour, he tried to Apparate without success. Eventually, the frustration began to get to him. Angry at his failure, he lunged forward, trying to throw himself over to the tree. As he twisted on his feet, he felt it, the feeling of being sucked through a narrow tube. Even under the uncomfortable pressure, Harry mentally celebrated his achievement. That elation lasted until he Apparated next to the tree.

Instead of appearing on his feet like everyone else he'd seen Apparate, he felt like he was shot out of a cannon. Harry had just enough time to get his hand up before he slammed into the tree and then landed hard on his back with a groan. A moment later, he heard the distinct *pop* of Apparation next to him.

“Are you alright?” Tonks asked with a poorly concealed laugh.

“I’m fine,” he said, rolling over onto his hands and knees. “I think my pride broke my fall.”

Laughing outright, she walked closer and helped him to his feet.

“Well, at least you didn’t splinch yourself,” Tonks told him with a grin. “I’ve certainly seen worse first attempts. Ready to try again?”

Smiling, Harry nodded. On his next two attempts, he managed to throw himself into the bird bath and against the shed, leaving behind a Harry-sized dent in the metal wall. After that, he finally started to get the hang of Apparating without becoming a human cannonball.

“You feel ready Apparating somewhere you can’t see?” Tonks asked.

“Sure,” Harry said, feeling less nervous and more excited.

“Okay, so I want you to Apparate to the backyard of your aunt and uncle’s place, and then we’ll come back here. Take a good look around before we leave,” Tonks said.

Once Harry felt like he was ready, he focused on the backyard of number four, took a step forward, and twisted. When he reappeared, he was greeted by the sound of his aunt screaming and glass shattering. Looking around, he spotted Aunt Petunia through the kitchen window, her eyes wide and a hand held to her chest. Harry gave her a cheeky grin just as Tonks Apparated next to him, causing Aunt Petunia to jump.

“Got all your bits?” Tonks asked.

“I think so,” Harry said, looking down to check everything was where it should be.

“What are you doing?” Aunt Petunia hissed, her eyes darting nervously towards the neighboring houses.

“I’m teaching Harry to Apparate. We might be popping in and out for a bit,” Tonks told her.
“Let’s head back.”

“Do you-”

His aunt’s complaint was cut off as Harry twisted to Disapparate. After a quick trip, he was back where he started. He couldn’t help but feel some vindictive pleasure from annoying his aunt after how terrible she’d been to him over the years.

“You’re really getting the hang of this,” Tonks said with a grin when she Apparated next to him.
“I thought it would take all week for you to get this far.”

Harry smiled as she walked over, took his hand in hers, and kissed him.

“Let’s take a break and get some lunch,” she said, pulling him towards the house.

Harry felt a bit out of place walking around someone else’s house and eating their food when they weren’t home at first, but Tonks eventually got him to relax. After they ate, she led him to the living room, where she pushed him onto the couch and straddled his legs.

“You did a really good job today. I’d say a solid exceeds expectations,” Tonks said with a saucy smile.

“Only an E, Professor Tonks?” Harry asked, his hands resting on her hips and thumbs slipping under the hem of her shirt to rub the bare skin just above the waistband of her jeans.

“If you’re willing to do some extra credit, you might be able to convince me to give you an O,” she said, running her fingers through his hair.

As she leaned forward to kiss him, Harry slid his hands under her shirt and caressed the sides of her waist. With a moan, Tonks rolled her hips, pressing down against his growing erection. Sliding his hands up further, he slipped his hands under her bra and cupped her warm, smooth breasts. Smiling against his lips, he felt Tonks’s breasts grow so that the soft mound overflowed his hands and pressed them hard against the inside of her bra. Harry nipped at her bottom lip as he rolled her nipples between his thumb and forefinger. Moaning, she pulled back until her lip slipped free and then kissed him hard. Slowly, one of her hands trailed down over his chest and stomach to rest on his belt.

“Nymphadora, what have I told you about having sex on the couch?”

Harry pulled back sharply, yanking his hands away as if they’d been burned while he felt his face heat up in embarrassment. Tonks groaned, and they both looked over the back of the couch to see Andromeda looking at them with her arms crossed over her chest.

“Do you have a ward or something?” Tonks asked. “And I haven’t had sex on the couch.”

“Not for lack of trying,” Andy said. “Hello, Harry. It’s good to see you again.”

“Er, hi,” Harry said as Tonks shrank her breasts and adjusted her bra.

“I’ll go make us some tea,” Andy told them.

“Cock block,” Tonks muttered as she left.

Harry choked on his own spit as he tried to hold back a laugh.

"I heard that!" Andy yelled from the kitchen.

Tonks rolled her eyes and climbed off his lap.

"So, you've been caught like this before?" Harry asked curiously, fighting down his jealousy while they straightened their clothes.

"Mum walked in on me with Aurora when I was sixteen," Tonks said, shaking her head. "That was so embarrassing. Neither of us had a shirt on, and mum just stood there, lecturing me about having sex on the furniture."

Harry regretted asking when his erection swelled at the thought of her with his beautiful, dark-skinned professor. As he reached down to adjust his jeans, Tonks caught sight of the renewed bulge in his pants and smirked. Leaning forward, she kissed him quickly.

"Take a minute to cool off while I go talk with mum," she whispered.

Winking, she turned and walked to the kitchen, her hips swaying alluringly.

"Bloody hell," Harry groaned, covering his face with his hands.

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After an hour of the most painfully awkward conversation of his life, Harry and Tonks finally made their escape after promising to visit again before the end of Summer. Just before they left, Tonks fixed the wards, then had him try to Side-Along Apparte her back to Grimmauld Place.

"Not bad," she said when they appeared in the park across from Number Twelve. "I had to help a bit, but I think a couple more tries and you'll have it down."

"I really appreciate you teaching me this," Harry said, taking her hand in his as they walked towards the door.

"You're welcome," Tonks said with a smile, squeezing his hand. "Besides, I kind of like having you around."

Harry made to tickle her side, a place he knew she was sensitive, but Tonks shrieked playfully and ran towards the door. Grinning, he chased after her and caught up just as she rang the doorbell. As he came to stand next to her, she stuck her tongue out.

"Prat," she said.

Inside, they heard Sirius yelling loudly at his mother's portrait a moment before the door was pulled open.

"Oh, good, you're back," Mrs. Weasley said, holding the door open for them. "Lunch is ready in the kitchen if you're hungry."

"Thanks, Mrs. Weasley, but we already ate," Harry told her.

"What have I said about ringing the doorbell?" Sirius asked as they walked past him, his brow glistening with sweat.

"You told me not to," Tonks said, her grin never faltering, even as Harry pulled her clear of the Troll's leg umbrella stand.

Sirius sighed, the corners of his lips twitching upwards, "Why do I put up with you?"

Tonks pouted and made her eyes larger as she looked at him innocently.

Sirius snorted and shook his head while Tonks grinned and shifted back to normal.

“Hey, Sirius, can’t you just move the portrait?” Harry asked.

“I tried,” he said, running a hand through his hair. “I can’t get the bloody thing to move. Even the wall is charmed.”

“Have you tried asking Winky?” Harry asked.

“Winky?” Sirius replied curiously.

As Harry opened his mouth, there was a *pop* as Winky appeared next to Sirius.

“Does Master need Winky?” she asked, looking at him hopefully.

“Winky, can you move this portrait into one of the empty rooms?” Harry asked.

Winky blinked at him before looking up expectantly at Sirius, who nodded.

“Winky will try,” she said.

Snapping her fingers, the portrait shivered in place before falling to the floor with a clatter. Sirius stared at it open-mouthed while Winky picked it up and vanished with a *pop*.

“That’s all I had to do?” he asked incredulously. “Are you serious?”

“No, you are,” Tonks said without missing a beat.



Rolling his eyes, Harry grabbed her hand and pulled her towards the kitchen.

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After the rest of the house had eaten lunch, including Fleur, who had stopped by after getting off work early, Sirius asked to talk with Harry in the study.

“What’s up, Sirius?” Harry asked.

“I wanted to talk to you about this morning,” he said. “Look, I know you want to help. But what you did was really dangerous.”

As Harry opened his mouth to argue back, Sirius held up his hands and continued quickly.

“I’m not saying you shouldn’t help if you can. I’m just asking for you to be a bit more careful. If you had been there when Voldemort showed up, you could have been in real trouble. Just because no one knows how to stop House Elves from Apparating through wards doesn’t mean it isn’t possible,” Sirius said. “Just promise me you’ll come talk to the rest of us before you go running off to rescue someone.”

“I will,” Harry said, “if there’s time.”

Sirius sighed, “I’d argue with you, but I know you’d just do it anyways.”

“Sorry,” Harry said.

“Don’t be,” Sirius said, waving off the apology. “James and I would’ve done the same thing. Did I ever tell you about the time we fought a Giant in Ireland?”



While Harry was talking to Sirius, Tonks pulled Hermione, Fleur, and Ginny up to her room for a chat.

“Listen, I want to surprise Harry with something, but I need your help,” she said.

“What do you need from us?” Hermione asked.

“I want to do a bit of roleplaying as each of you tonight,” Tonks replied, grinning as Hermione’s eyes went wide.

“You mean you want to have sex with Harry as us?” Ginny asked, cheeks and ears going bright red.

“If you don’t mind,” Tonks said.

“I don’t mind,” Fleur told her with a shrug. “You know you don’t have to ask.”

“You know Harry, he wouldn’t feel right about it if I didn’t,” Tonks said. “Besides, I need to see what all of you look like so I can get it right.”

“Please tell me you’re joking,” Hermione said weakly.

“Nope,” Tonks grinned.

Fleur stood and began stripping out of her clothes without any concern for her audience.

“Fleur!” Hermione exclaimed.

“What? Eet’s nothing ‘Arry ‘asn’t seen before,” she said.

Hermione opened her mouth to speak again when Ginny stood up and started taking off her clothes, her face bright red.

“Ginny,” Hermione yelled.

“That’s the spirit,” Tonks cheered and stood to take off her own clothes.

Hermione opened and closed her mouth several times as the other three girls in the room got naked.

“I can’t believe you’re actually doing this,” she said eventually.

“It’s just for a bit of fun,” Tonks said, examining Fleur closely as her body shifted to match.
“Spice thing up, you know?”

“No, I don’t,” Hermione huffed.

When Tonks looked like Fleur’s identical twin, she stopped and turned to Hermione. Meanwhile, Fleur looked closely at her body from angles she’d never seen before.

“Don’t tell me you’ve never thought about what it would be like. I’m positive Harry has,” Tonks told her. “Look, you don’t have to, obviously, but if it helps, I know he would really enjoy it.”

Leaving her to think, Tonks memorized her current look as best she could before reverting back to normal and moving over to start on Ginny.

“Do my tits really look that small?” she asked self-consciously.

“They’re not that small,” Tonks assured her as she reached up to grope her freckled chest.

“They’re still a decent handful.”

Walking around the blushing girl, she looked at her closely from every angle, her body adjusting slightly as she noticed new details.

“You’ve got really nice legs, though,” Tonks said.

“Er, thanks,” Ginny said.

When she was finished, Tonks changed back to her usual look and turned to look at Hermione questioningly. The fact that she was still in the room was a good sign, at least.

“I can show you what Harry looks like, you know, make things even?” she offered.

“Really?” Ginny gasped, interrupting Hermione’s response.

“Shouldn’t you ask Harry first?” Hermione asked.

“He’ll be fine with it,” Tonks said.

Before Hermione could come up with another excuse, Tonks closed her eyes and focused on an image of Harry. Changing sexes was always uncomfortable to the point of almost being painful, so she didn’t do it often.

“Oh,” Hermione squeaked, her eyes going wide before she covered them.

“Whoa,” Ginny said as Tonks opened her eyes. “Is he really that...big?”

“Eet gets bigger,” Fleur said with a smirk.

Tonks expected Ginny to react to Fleur’s comment, but she was too busy staring at Harry’s groin to say anything. Grinning, Tonks concentrated until she was sporting a full erection. As if in a trance, Ginny started to reach out but stopped herself.

“Er, can I...?” she asked tentatively.

Tonks shrugged, “Go ahead. Harry’s going to be doing a lot more to you later tonight.

Swallowing thickly, Ginny reached out and wrapped her fingers lightly around her cock.

“Wow,” Ginny breathed.

Fleur giggled, and Ginny pulled back quickly, her face practically glowing red. Tonks gave her a reassuring smile before looking over at Hermione. She’d stopped covering her eyes and was raking them up and down her body, her gaze constantly falling back to the large cock protruding from her waist. Smirking, Tonks closed her eyes and slowly shifted back to normal.

“What do you think, Hermione? Will you help, please?” Tonks asked.

Hermione closed her eyes and sighed.

“I can’t believe I’m doing this,” she muttered.

Tonks grinned as Hermione stood and quickly stripped out of her clothes, her eyes studiously avoiding everyone else in the room. Her breasts were only a little larger than Ginny's, but her legs were surprisingly toned. She blushed heavily as Tonks began to circle around her, her body gradually shifting.

"Wow, nice arse, Hermione," Tonks said, looking at the round, muscular cheeks.

As Tonks finished changing, Fleur looked at her curiously, then reached out to cup her bum.

"Oui, very firm," she agreed.

"Fleur!" Hermione exclaimed, then covered her face with her hands.

"Do you all use a shaving spell down there?" Ginny asked, looking between the three shaved mounds of the other girls and then her own covered in orange hair.

"Most guys tend to prefer it that way when they go down on you, but some like hair," Tonks said with a shrug. "I can teach you the spell if you want."

"Sure," Ginny said with a grateful look.

Picking up her wand, Tonks walked over to her.

"Is that what I really look like from behind?" Hermione asked.

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Later that night, as Harry and Tonks walked up the stairs to their bedroom, Tonks leaned over to whisper in his ear.

“I have a surprise for you tonight,” she whispered.

“Does it have anything to do with why Hermione and Ginny wouldn’t look at me?” Harry asked.

“Maybe,” Tonks sang.

Harry smiled and shook his head, wondering just what she had planned. As soon as they entered their room and closed the door, Tonks kissed him passionately and pushed him towards the bed. Falling backwards, he pulled her with him and pulled off her shirt. His hands immediately sought out the clasp of her bra, then slid underneath the loose fabric so he could squeeze her breasts.

Chuckling against his lips, Tonks stood up and let her bra fall to the floor before reaching for his belt. While she started tugging his pants down his legs, Harry pulled off his shirt and tossed it aside. Shimming out of her jeans, Tonks crawled over top of him and sat on his waist. Her damp folds slid along his hard length as she kissed him hard. Both of them groaned as she pressed down and rolled her hips. Placing her hands on his chest, she pushed herself upright and grinned.

“You’re going to love this,” she said.

Closing her eyes, Tonks’ face scrunched up in concentration as her body began to shift. Her hips widened, her ass expanded, her breasts shrank just slightly, and her skin darkened. Harry’s eyes went wide when he found himself staring at Aurora Sinistra, the Astronomy professor at Hogwarts.

“Bloody hell,” Harry gasped, his eyes raking over her. “Er, Tonks, you know you don’t have to do this, right?”

“I know. And before you go and start feeling guilty, everyone knows what I’m doing, and they’re fine with it,” she said, smiling softly, then her voice changed to match that of Professor Sinistra. “And that’s professor to you, Mr. Potter. Looks like you need another detention.”

“Wait, Professor Sinistra knows you’re doing this?” Harry asked incredulously.

“Uh huh,” Tonks said, rolling her hips again. “She did say that if you mention it to her or anyone else, you have detention for the rest of the year.”

“If her detentions are like this, I just might,” Harry mumbled.

Tonks laughed, her eyes taking on a familiar sparkle that gave away who he was really looking at. Grabbing his hand, she brought them up to her breasts before reaching down and lining him up with her hot, slick entrance. Biting her lip, Tonks moaned as she slowly lowered herself down on his rigid length.

“I’ve always wanted to do this,” Tonks said with a grin as she bottomed out.

As she started raising and lowering herself on his cock, Harry moved one hand from her breast to her ass. Unlike Tonks’ tight, muscular rear, Sinistra’s was larger and softer, his fingers sinking deep into her smooth globes.

“Oh, Mr. Potter,” Tonks gasped, her voice once again matching that of his professor’s. “You’re so big.”

“Bloody hell,” Harry said, bucking up into her tight, silky depths as he throbbed with excitement.

Tonks moaned, “You like fucking your professor? Are you sure you wouldn’t rather be with one of your classmates, like Ms. Weasley?”



Stilling, she closed her eyes and concentrated again. This time, her skin pales with the exception of a dusting of freckles, her body shrank down to become slim and athletic, and her hair turned red. Harry gasped as he found himself looking up at Ginny Weasley. When Tonks started to move again, he instantly noticed she felt tighter than before.

“Holy shit,” Tonks gasped. “Wow, those narrow hips make a difference.”

Closing her eyes, Tonks began bouncing on his length vigorously, her tight walls grasped and dragged along his hard shaft. Harry grabbed her hips to help, lifting and pulling down her lighter body with ease.

“Oh, fuck!” Tonks panted. “Harry, you’re ruining Ginny’s poor little pussy.”

Groaning, Harry bucked up, sending her small, perky breasts bouncing wildly. Grabbing her small, bright pink nipple, he pinched it lightly and rolled it between his fingers. Tonks gasped, her nails digging into his chest as she slammed herself down on his cock.

Suddenly, Tonks threw her head back and cried out as she came. Collapsing on top of him, she buried her face in the crook of his neck while her body shuddered.

“Holy shit, she cums easy,” Tonks panted. “I had no idea changing would make that much difference.”

Pushing herself back up into a sitting position, she grinned at him.

“Well, let’s try someone else,” she said.

Climbing off of him, she got on all fours and wiggled Ginny’s cute little bum at him. As he moved to get onto his knees, she closed her eyes and changed again. Her body filled out a bit more, her ass becoming round and muscular, her breasts expanding, and her hair grew to a

familiar mane of bushy brown hair. Harry's jaw dropped when she looked back over her shoulder with Hermione's face.

"Hermione agreed to this?" he asked incredulously.

Biting her lip in a very Hermione-like expression, she nodded.

"Please, Harry," she begged in Hermione's voice. "Please give me your big cock. I need it."

His cock throbbing in front of him, Harry waddled up behind her and pressed his head against her entrance. He gripped her spectacular cheeks and watched as he slowly penetrated his best friend. Tonks moaned and arched her back, looking back at him with a smoldering gaze.

"Shit, Tonks," Harry hissed. "Have I mentioned how incredible you are."

She smirked at him in a way that didn't fit Hermione's innocent face.

"Once or twice," she said. "Now get moving. This bookworm needs a good fuck."

Chuckling, Harry gave her firm ass a light spank before he started thrusting back and forth. As he took her from behind, Tonks shifted back and forth between the girls and added Fleur to the mix, which felt off without the feel of her Allure. Every time she shifted to Ginny, Harry couldn't help but slam hard into her lithe frame, driving Tonks to a screaming climax.

Even though he liked seeing Ginny's face scrunch up in pleasure as he railed into her, his favorites were Hermione and Sinistra. Hermione because he'd thought about what it would be like to sleep with her since they hit puberty, and Sinistra because she had an ass that jiggled spectacularly as he pounded into her.

When he rolled Tonks onto her back a while later, he finally got a good look at Hermione's perky breasts topped with small, reddish brown nipples. He'd always known she was pretty, but seeing her like this really showed him just how attractive she could be.

It amazed him how different Tonks could feel changing between looks. Her insides didn't change, but the different bone structures and builds gave each new look a distinct heat and tightness, Ginny being the most noticeable. He wasn't sure how that related to how each girl really felt, but he didn't think that mattered much.

"Fuck, Tonks," Harry panted, staring down at Fleur's flushed face and heaving breasts.

"Are you close?" she asked.

"Yeah," Harry huffed.

"Wait, I have an idea," Tonks said, pushing on his chest.

Groaning in disappointment, pulled out and rolled over as Tonks sat up. Hopping off the bed, he had to steady her when her legs wobbled and nearly collapsed.

"Whoa, head rush," she said.

Shaking it off, she grabbed her wand and gave it a flick. Harry watched as a camera rose off the dresser and floated to the middle of the room. Shifting back to Ginny, Tonks pulled him off the bed and dropped to her knees.

"Seriously?" Harry asked as he watched the camera float with the lens pointed at the two of them.

"It's just a way to thank her for letting me borrow her look," Tonks said with a smirk.

Before he could reply, she opened her mouth and wrapped her lips around his shaft. Harry groaned and threaded his fingers through her long red hair as she bobbed her head rapidly, lips stretched wide around his girth. Impossibly, she relaxed her throat and swallowed him whole. Grunting, Harry bucked his hips forward, watching as Ginny's thin next bulge where his cock was buried.

Tonks jerked her head back and forth rapidly, burying him over and over in her amazingly tight throat. With how close he was before, it didn't take long before he reached his peak.

"Dora," he called out in warning.

As soon as he said her name, the camera started flashing. It took well over a dozen pictures as she pulled back and jerked his shaft, painting his cum all over Ginny's face.

"That was fun," she said, scooping up a white streak from her chin and sucking it into her mouth.

With another flick of her wand, the camera set itself back down on the dresser while she changed back to her normal, purple-haired look. Smiling and shaking his head, Harry helped her to her feet.

"Shower?" he asked.

"Probably a good idea," Tonks said, looking down at the drops of cum that had fallen on her chest.

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Two nights later, Ginny went to bed in the room she shared with Hermione. As she pulled back the covers, she gasped at the stack of pictures laid out on the mattress.

“Everything okay, Ginny?” Hermione asked.

“Fine,” Ginny said.

Crawling into bed, she closed the curtains and stared at the moving image of Harry coating her face. Quickly grabbing her wand, she mumbled the incantation for the Silencing Charm and stripped out of her clothes. Ginny reached between her legs, her fingers trailing over her now bald mound as she flipped through the pictures.

“Harry,” she moaned.

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Across the room, Hermione changed into her pajamas and slipped under the covers. Feeling something crinkle under her, she reached down and pulled up a magical picture. She gasped and covered her mouth at the image of herself being taken from behind in the shower. Reaching under herself again, she found more and more pictures of her and Harry in positions she’d never even imagined before.

Looking back over at Ginny’s bed and seeing the closed curtains, she closed her own and spelled them shut. After debating with herself for a long moment, before her hand slipped under her waistband.

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Fleur smiled brightly as she pulled the pictures of her and Harry out of the envelope that Tonks had sent her. Walking into her kitchen, she grabbed a bottle of red wine and walked to her bathroom.

A few minutes later, she eased her way down into a hot bath with a glass of wine, several floating candles, and a collage of pictures stuck to the wall.

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At Hogwarts, Aurora Sinistra sighed as she looked at the album worth of photos she was positive Tonks had sent her.

“You better not have made copies,” she muttered under her breath.

When she came across a picture of Harry’s muscular body absolutely pummeling her body into the mattress, she bit her lips as her hand unknowingly trailed over her breast.

“Lucky bitch,” she said with a sigh.

Walking over to her dresser, she opened the top drawer and blue dildo.

“Looks like it’s just you and me tonight, Bob,” she said.

Taking off her robe, Aurora laid down on the bed and enlarged her favorite pictures.