

Summary: Tonks is assigned a deep undercover mission, one that requires her to infiltrate a dangerous sex cult. In order to get in, however, she needs a partner.

Thankfully she knows just the guy. After all, who better to fight the dredges of society than the vanquisher of Voldemort himself?

-

Blending In

-

The next week proved a blur for the both of them. After their successful 'initiation', they were brought before another masked woman who introduced herself as 'Beatrice'. She was the one who gave them their official contracts to sign before sending them off to yet another witch.

This woman didn't wear a mask yet Harry couldn't say he knew her either. She was pretty enough, with straight reddish blonde hair and piercing onyx eyes. Much like Pansy, she was covered in tattoos which made sense after she explained what her job was.

They were to be marked with a tattoo each by her. It was supposed to be their way of proving their devotion to the cult. It was subtle, and to the naked eye it was no more than a stylized V inset within a moon. Though as stylish as it was, the idea of a magical tattoo made Harry's stomach clench uncomfortably. Flashes of the dark mark pervaded his senses and he nearly blew their cover when the maskless witch approached him first. Tonks was barely able to restrain his wand arm from flying out to curse the woman, though thankfully she took no offense to his outrage.

"You are not the first to express some... discomfort with the tradition. Don't worry, we are nothing like that accursed man and his band of murderers. These markings are

nothing more than a symbol of our cause. Not a single spell, other than the ones I have explained to you, is woven into the ink. You may even will it invisible if you so wish, when you are not here performing your duties of course.” She explained with a smirk. Harry relaxed enough after that for the woman to apply the tattoo. He still winced as she did so, not from pain but from the close association a magic tattoo like this had with the Death Eaters in his mind.

After that eventful day, the next week was rather tame. As per their contract, they were both required to be present at Venus’ Creche every night. Some nights they were simply given orders to mingle and take note of anything interesting. Others, they were tasked with actually working, either behind the bar or as security.

Tonks enjoyed her nights behind the bar more than he did. The ample amount of pick-up lines and flirtatious remarks sent her way seemed to amuse the metamorph. She even kept a tally of the different offers she received. After only a week she had gotten 6 invites to different orgies, 9 couples asking her for a threesome, and a staggering 23 men and 19 women begging to take her home. One desperate man even offered her 250 galleons for her knickers she was wearing that night. Tonks had a right laugh at that one.

To the auror’s even greater amusement, Harry was no stranger to his fair share of offers. Tonks hadn’t lied when she expressed just how popular cucking was as a kink. His first night behind the bar alone saw at least a dozen women inviting him to fuck them ragged while their husbands watched. One brazen witch even offered to blow him under the counter as a ‘small taste of what’s to come’. That same witch had also spent the entire night at the bar flashing him her tits. Harry didn’t know how he got through

that night without blushing. Maybe it was because all the blood in his body pooled into his straining erection.

In the end, their week had been busy but also tame compared to their first two nights at Venus' Creche. That wasn't to say their nights afterwards weren't plenty exciting in Harry's opinion.

"Don't you dare fucking stop! HNG!" Tonks cried.

She fisted the blankets under her even harder and pushed her ass back to meet Harry's thrusts head on. Harry grunted and drove his hips forward with wild abandon. His groin smashed against the metamorph's shapely ass with loud cracks of skin meeting skin. Red handprints already marred her rippling ass cheeks and Harry added to it every now and then with another hard slap to her ass.

In the week since their undercover mission began, the duo's relationship had shifted heavily. There wasn't a night that passed that didn't end up with one of them falling into the other's bed.

Each night was spent extensively exploring each other's bodies. Harry memorized every dip and curve of the pink haired witch's figure. His mouth feasted on the sweet flesh between those curves. Her bountiful breasts were no stranger to hickeys or love bites left there by him, nor was her silken pussy starved for attention from his tongue.

Just as his mouth explored her, so too did Tonks use hers to explore him. She marked every inch of his cock with her tongue. Sucked and licked his length until it practically shined.

They didn't stop with just their mouths. Tonks was a library of kinky ideas to try. Maybe it was the time spent at a literal sex club or maybe the bubbly auror just found some

magical way to make him open up, but Harry found himself wanting to try anything and everything with the pink-haired minx.

It started simple. A few knots and alternative foreplay. Harry didn't particularly enjoy being blindfolded but at least he could say he gave it a shot.

Then came the more... adventurous side of things. The night Tonks had bent over the kitchen table and spread her asscheeks with her hands was one he'd remember for years to come. When he slammed dangerously hard into her crinkled asshole a few moments later was a memory permanently seared into his mind.

Anal play was just the beginning. Toys, roleplay, sex swings. They even made use of Tonks metamorph abilities. In one night Harry was able to fuck Parvati Patil, Professor Sinistra, and even Hermione. Seeing his best friend's face screwed up in orgasmic pleasure while he pounded her tight little pussy had practically made him cum right then and there.

Needless to say, they found a lot of enjoyment in each other. Harry didn't know what would happen after the mission ended but he sure as hell was gonna enjoy fucking the sexy witch while he could.

With that in mind, Harry drove his hips even harder, pushing past his limit to hammer into her shapely round ass with all his strength. Tonks moaned deeply into the mattress. Her pussy gushed around his as she climaxed over and over again around his pounding dick. Harry had to grit his teeth from the sheer tightness of her inner walls as they trembled around him.

"Fuck don't hold back- Ah!- Oh merlin Harry! Cum for me! Fucking cum for me please!~"
She whimpered below him.

Harry couldn't deny her what she wanted. With a heaving grunt, he slammed himself into her dripping quim as deep as he could possibly go. His cock pulsed over and over again as he came deep inside her womb, filling it with his hot sticky seed.

Tonks sighed happily at the feeling of his warm cum settling within her cunt. With a surprising display of speed, the metamorph suddenly shifted and flipped them both over. One second Harry had been on his knees behind her, balls deep within her used cunt, the next he was now laid prone on his back while Tonks roughly shoved his still hard cock into her tight asshole.

"Yessss~" She hissed as his cock sank deep into her ass.

Without waiting for him to respond at all, Tonks quickly set her legs on either side of his hips and began to bounce furiously on his dick. Harry groaned out in pleasure. Her ass squeezed him in the most amazing way and he doubted he'd ever truly get used to the feeling.

With each bound of her ass, their hips would meet for a wet meaty slap. Harry's groin was still soaked from where Tonks had come from the hard pounding, and the metamorph's pussy was now slicked by the heavy river of cum leaking out from her depths.

"O-Oh fuck! Oh fffuck yesss!" Tonks cried. "Your big fat c-cock is splitting me apart- HNG! FUCK!" Her legs shook with an unseen force and her face trembled with a choked sob as she came once more. "GYAH! Fucccckkkk! M-more- Please!"

Harry grimaced in torturous pleasure as her tight asshole constricted around him almost painfully. Her pussy gushed with a mixture of their juices and her legs were shaking too hard for her to keep going. Harry could fix that.

He gripped her hips in a tight grasp and lifted her off his lap enough so he could plant his feet. With a hard thrust of his hips, Harry slammed his cock back inside her quivering backdoor. Tonks sobbed in pleasure. She squeezed her own tits hard and her mouth hung open limply in delirium. Harry didn't give her a chance to recover. His cock was merciless, pounding viciously into her back door over and over again. Words failed the metamorph and the only sounds she made were the choked gasps of pleasure as her ass was brutally taken.

Harry could feel his end approaching again, so soon after his first climax inside his pink-haired partner's cunt. He made no effort to hold himself back, but he also wanted her to cum again as well. He wanted to see her face contorted in pleasure and feel her ass quiver around him as he erupted inside her. Reaching forward, Harry quickly began to stimulate the small pearl of nerves above her pussy. Like a switch that was flipped, Tonks immediately choked out a pleasure-filled sob and grasped his shoulder tightly. A whorish moan tore from her lips as her pussy gushed in climax once more.

With a moan of his own, Harry too reached his own end. Rope after rope of cum filled the metamorph's bowels. Tonks let out a small whimper of delight and collapsed bonelessly onto his chest.

"I-I re-really fucking I-love this mission." She gasped into his chest.

Harry chuckled between taking deep breaths of much needed air. "I do too."

Tonks giggled and snuggled deeper into his embrace. It was moments like these that Harry enjoyed the most.

When they would simply lay together afterwards, enjoying the afterglow of sex and the feel of each other's bodies pressed together. His hand's would roam as they did now,

softly petting every dip and curve of her body. She never complained once about his idle exploring, freely letting him grope and squeeze whatever part of her he wanted. Tonight, he focused on his favorite part and gently massaged her bruised ass cheeks.

Tonks sighed appreciatively as he soothed the red welts his hands had left behind earlier during their bedroom tryst.

They lay there for nearly half an hour, enjoying each other's warmth and comfort. Tonks rubbed small circles into his chest and Harry knew she was lost in thought. He didn't press her about it. She would tell him in time and for now, he was still enjoying the soft feeling of her body on top of his.

Soon enough Tonks sighed and her hand stilled.

"We can't keep going like this."

Harry's heart sank at her words but he swallowed the hurt down and nodded. "Tonks I-"
"If we don't find out what we need soon then it may be too late. We need to stop whatever Venus' Creche is planning and we can't do that if we're stuck working the bar or perving on strangers." She exclaimed, rolling off him to glare at the ceiling.

Harry was silent for a few moments, processing her words. "Oh... Yeah, we need to bring them down as soon as possible. I thought you meant to stop...." He trailed off and gestured between them.

Tonks sat up and looked at him with a confused expression. When she realized what he meant, she snorted and rolled her eyes. "I'm not done with you yet lover boy." She smirked, reaching down to give his cock a squeeze. He hardened under her grasp and moved to kiss her, but Tonks was fast and she danced out of his reach with a small laugh.

“Down boy! I need a shower after that last dicking down!” She laughed. “While I go wash off, you go send a letter to Pansy. Tell her it’s time we went deeper. Maybe if you do that fast enough, you’ll have time to join me in the shower.” She walked off towards the bathroom with a smirk flung over her shoulder.

As the door closed, Harry scrambled from the bed in search of a quill and parchment. He had a letter to write afterall.

-

“Ah my dears, so lovely to see you again!” The woman from their initiation entered the room with a wide smile. “Stand up now and let me greet you properly!”

They stood from their seats and the strange woman approached. Thankfully they were both clothes this time and Harry almost wondered if the enchantment that removed their clothes last time was even an enchantment at all or instead was a perverted spell this woman used to throw all new initiates off.

He didn’t have time to consider this further as the masked witch quickly pulled him forward and placed a searing kiss on his lips. He swallowed down a yelp of surprise and let the older witch do as she pleased, even allowing her to slip her tongue inside his mouth and explore for a few moments before she pulled back.

She turned and did the same to Tonks, the metamorph far more prepared for the kiss than he was. The masked witch hummed approvingly as Tonks nibbled softly on her bottom lip and pulled back.

“Now that is how you greet someone my sweet. James take notes, I expect you to do the same next time we meet, yes?”

“Yes... mistress.” He responded, making sure to refer to her as Pansy advised.

“Good! Now please sit! Tell me my loves, how are you settling in?” She asked cheerfully.

Tonks sat up and gave the woman a small smile. “Well enough mistress.”

The woman hummed at Tonks' response. She turned towards Pansy who stood silently in the corner and snapped her fingers. Pansy moved quickly, setting out wine flutes before retrieving a bottle and pouring them each a full glass of deep red wine.

The masked woman took a heavy sip from her glass before leveling them both with an amused look.

“Come now my loves, this is a safe place. You can be honest with me. If everything was ‘well enough’ as you say, then you would not have asked my dear pet to set up this meeting with me.” She drawled, taking another sip of wine.

Tonks cleared her throat and shot Harry a quick glance.

“It’s just- we feel that we’re worth more than simply tending the bar mistress.”

“Oh?” The woman sounded. “You believe your assignments... unfair?”

Tonks made to respond but Harry beat her to the punch. “Yes.” He said simply. Tonks looked at him as if he were crazy but he ignored it. “You don’t need bartenders or guards. You employ enough of them already. We were offered a chance here within this great organization and I don’t think that’s done lightly. Now maybe everyone has to do their time. Play the grunt for a while, but I think we at least deserve some sort of explanation of what the fuck we’re actually doing here.”

The woman was silent for a while. Her face set in an impassive glare with not a hint of anger or indignation present. Harry wouldn’t bow down to her stare though. He’d face down much worse than some cultish bitch so he held her gaze with a hardened stare of his own.

Finally, after what seemed like forever, a smile slowly cracked over the woman's features before she barked out a sharp laugh.

"Indeed! Ha, I knew you wouldn't disappoint me James." She sighed and leaned back into her chair, draining her glass of wine in one go before holding it up for Pansy to refill.

"You are correct. We do not need more employees. You were invited into our goddess's embrace and so are no mere underlings. You are, in a sense, our lovers just as we are yours. But you must understand I had to be sure of your commitment. We do not allow just anyone into our bed, and thus I had to make sure your... ambition could match ours." She paused and gazed pointedly at the both of them. "I had your orders changed to the more mundane duties for a reason. If you had truly wanted to be one of us, then you'd have questioned my orders like you've done today. I am happy that you did so."

"Sooo...this was a test?" Tonks asked.

"In a sense yes, and you passed!" She laughed. The woman stood and slowly walked to the fire. She gazed into it silently for a moment before turning back to them. "You wish for answers? Then ask."

Harry looked to Tonks who simply shrugged back at him. It was his turn to lead the conversation it seemed.

"You've mentioned the goddess before. Which goddess exactly? Venus?"

"Yes and no. We in a sense do not worship any one deity. Venus is just one of the vessels that our entity possesses." She explained. "Each great society and religion out there has had some sort of pantheon they worship. These pantheons contain multiple gods of all shapes and sizes of course, but in each, there are two common

occurrences.” She gazed back into the fire and spoke softly. “Death and Love, Love and Death.”

“And who do we worship?” Harry asked hesitantly.

The woman turned back to him with a chuckle. “Why love of course. Fret not my dear, we are not some organization of paltry necromancers or zealous murderers. No, our goal is not anywhere near as vile. We simply believe it is Britain's turn to host the next pantheon of the natural powers, and our goal is to help the face of love find its new vessel.”

“How are we going to do that?” Tonks asked slowly.

The woman laughed. “Why, how all great deities are swayed of course. A great sacrifice.”

-

“What the fuck?!”

“I know.” Harry said with a groan.

“I mean what the actual fuck!?!?”

“Tonks- I know.”

Tonks paced the length of their temporary bedroom frantically.

“These batshit motherfuckers are trying to resurrect a fucking goddess?! Or at least fucking try to while sacrificing the youth of THOUSANDS of people?!?”

Harry sighed and rubbed his face tiredly. The mystery woman had given them a brief overview of their plans. They were planning a ritual to call forth their ‘goddess’ and feed whatever came forth the youth and virility of all the patrons they lured to their nightclub. Every drink sold at Venus’ Creche contained a specific potion to mark those they’d

sacrifice. The only ones safe were those brought into the cult, the tattoos on their arms a sign of immunity for the ritual.

The ones sacrificed wouldn't die, but in the end, they'd be no better than the wrinkled husks of the people they used to be. The description eerily reminded Harry of the dementor's kiss, except they kept their souls. A small caveat in the end.

"Did you know anything about this Pansy?" He asked, turning to the tattooed girl sitting in the corner.

She shook her head. "I-I knew some of it, but nothing about the ritual. I would have told you I swear!"

Tonks turned on the girl sharply. "Oh, I'm fucking sure you would've Parkinson! When the moment fit you best and you could've gotten the most out of it."

"I-

"Shut it! The only reason you reached out to the aurors in the first place is because you knew we were on your little cult's trail! You only became an informant because you didn't want us to cart you off to Azkaban like you fucking deserve!" Tonks screamed.

Pansy turned away from the livid metamorph in shame. The guilt on her face showing just how true Tonks words were.

"Tonks maybe we should just take a minute and calm down. We know what they're planning now and we can stop them. Let's order a raid, root out their entire organization from the source."

Tonks rounded on him. "It's not that simple Harry! Yeah we know they're gonna do a fucking ritual, but what ritual exactly?! All we have is a list of illegal items they MAY have. That doesn't exactly narrow down which ritual it is. We make one wrong move, or

go too fast then this whole thing can blow up in our face! Fuck's sake, for all we know they only need one person to set the whole thing off, or hell, they could even have everything ready and do it tonight! Way before we can get a task force mobilized."

Harry huffed in irritation and stood. "Then what do you suggest we do?! Really, cause I'm at a loss here Tonks and screaming about it isn't going to help us!"

Tonks stopped her pacing and glared at him before her expression fell, replaced with one of defeat.

"I don't know Harry, I just don't know." She frowned. "I think we're a little out of our depth here."

Harry nodded and sank back onto the bed.

"We could... I mean if we're out of other options, always try sabotage..." Pansy spoke up.

They both turned to the girl who looked back with a determined expression.

"Look, yes I only went to the aurors to save my own skin. But I'm also not the same bitch I was at Hogwarts. I don't want thousands of people to die for no bloody reason, especially not when I can do something about it. I say we tear the ritual down from the inside. Fuck with it in every way possible until it all blows up in their face. Then we can arrest the cunts."

Harry turned to Tonks with a pensive look. "Could work?"

Tonks bit her lip and thought before nodding. "Fine, it's our best option so fuck it. Let's do it."

"Great! So- uh- how do we do that?"

Nobody seemed to have an answer for that.

-

Author's Note

Little bit of a cliffhanger haha! Only two more chapters left for this fic but I promise they'll be good ones.

Thanks for reading!