

The moon hung clear and high in the night's sky, casting a haunting silver light all about the rooftop balcony of Grimmauld Place where Harry Potter was spending his evening. There was snow gather on the railing on the railing from an earlier dusting, but magic kept him warm.

Ever since his encounter with Remus at the end of his third year, he loved staring up at the moon. Some would think that had been a bad thing. No one wanted the curse of lycanthropy after all.

But Harry wasn't most people. Between surviving the killing curse, being bit by a Basilisk, and receiving phoenix tears to counteract the venom, Harry's blood and magic was anything but normal. And so, when the curse entered his bloodstream, it mixed and melded in him in a way that had never been encountered before.

Blessedly, he didn't have the furry little problem every month nor could he pass it on, though he would become fixated on the moon. His senses were enhanced, his reflexes and strength augmented, his sight corrected, his body more fit, and he developed a taste for red meat. What for most people truly was a curse, had turned out to be a gift for Harry. His blood even caused Tom problems when he reacquired a body, leaving him pained and weak for months as he tried to correct the issue.

All and all, Harry couldn't be happier that Remus infected him that May night outside of the Whomping Willow. Though lately, he was having one issue with the change. Since his arrival at Grimmauld Place for the Christmas hols, he'd had an acute awareness of one very specific thing. Namely that Tonks was flirting with Remus every chance she got. And it was making him furious despite his best efforts. *How dare she!?! He's nothing! A cowardly little wolf who can't take care of himself, much less someone else.*

Despite his entirely unique case, he still had the wolf to contend with and it wasn't happy, not one bit. And if Harry were being entirely honest with himself some of that was coming from him as well. Since meeting Remus, he'd held a bit of resentment for the man. *All those years and he never once thought to come and find me, to meet me, to tell me about my parents. And he should have known what sort of people the Dursleys were... he was one of my parent's closest friends!*

So, Harry tried to separate himself from the situation, ignoring the vivacious young auror's incessant attempts to get the scruffy werewolf's attention. He thought he'd been doing a good job of it, but the nearing full moon seemed to be making it ever more difficult and now that the day had arrived, he was actively fighting with the desire to go and just take her.

It was late, probably well past midnight if he were to guess. *Should be late enough that I won't see anyone else.* Though he was only really concerned with one person. As he stood and made his way to the door, he could feel the blood pounding in his veins and hear a squirrel in a tree across the street as easily as if he were inches from it.

Descending the ladder back down into Grimmauld Place he could hear Buckbeak scratching on the floor of his room. He walked soft and silent through the hall. He'd never been heavy-footed but now he could go about unheard if he chose. He heard footfalls climbing the stairs toward the rooms as he neared his own. Sirius insisted that he get his own space, not share with any of the Weasleys.

As he rounded the corner, he thought he would see his godfather. He was the only one that Harry imagined would still be up at this late hour. Sirius did still worry about Remus. But no, it was just his luck that it was Tonks walking toward him. He stopped just outside of his room as she approached.

Her hair was short, just to her shoulder and a striking bubble-gum pink, her favorite. Her heart-shaped face had a cute button nose, dark eyes, that looked indigo to Harry and full lips. When she noticed Harry, she gave a brilliant, friendly smile, "There you are... everybody was wondering where you got off to. You missed out on all the fun."

As she drew nearer to him, she tripped straight into him. Harry didn't shift one bit, catching her about the waist as she pressed her very noticeable curves against the hard muscles of his chest. He knew without a shadow of a doubt that she'd increased the size of her bust. Why she'd done it, he couldn't say for sure.

She pushed off him, her fingers lingering against his black t-shirt, "I don't remember quidditch giving the lads such good physiques back when I was at old Hogwarts. The girls sure are lucky..."

Harry only half-listened to what she was saying because there was something far more interesting that had his attention. His senses were alight. He could see the hint of her hardened nipples pressing through the fabric of her blouse, the faint flush on her cheeks, and smell of her perfume clear as day. But underneath that last smell was something that made him growl low in his throat. It was the heady scent of her arousal.

The growl caused her to come up short, her fingers still against his chest. She looked up at him through hooded eyes, "Everything alright, Harry?"

Mine. Mine. Mine. Take her! Now! He wanted her desperately, and his senses were telling him that she wanted him just as bad. He didn't answer her with words. He leaned down pressing his lips against her and pushing his body flush against hers. She squeaked at the sudden movement, but he just turned them and pinned her against the door with his weight.

After her initial surprise, Tonks leaned into the kiss. His hands slid against the fabric of her blouse and found the hem of her shirt. He wanted, no needed, to touch her. His fingers pressed into the soft flesh of her hip and gripped her with unnatural strength. His right leg rested right between her thighs, and she thrust her hips to get any bit of stimulation she could manage. She gyrated her hips against the rapidly growing length in his trousers and caused them both to groan.

Kissing his way down her throat, he ripped open her blouse to reveal more of her creamy skin. She wore a crimson-red bra with cups made of lace. He could see her pebbled nipples through the thin material. She was moaning needily with every movement he made, but she managed to breath out, "Harry... we... should... we should take this somewhere more private. Don't... want Sirius coming up."

There was a part of him that didn't care one way or the other. *Let anybody see that SHE IS MINE!* He would rut her right here where anybody could see. But there was another part of him that knew that was insanity, and that part managed to win out.

He picked her up with ease. Her legs wrapped around his waist as he opened the door behind her. *Thank Merlin Sirius insisted on me having my own room.* Thanks to some help from Dobby, it was in pristine condition.

Dumping her on the bed, her pink hair fanned out around her head as she looked up at him with undisguised lust in her eyes. She moaned as she ran her hands up her side and cupped one perfect tit in each hand through the lace. Despite that erotic sight, he amazingly had the foresight to do one very

important thing, he pointed his wand at the door and cast a massively overpowered Locking Charm even Dumbledore would have trouble breaking.

Pulling his shirt over his head, he was on her then. Undoing her belt, he ripped it from the loops of her jeans that looked as though they'd been molded to her. His hands went to her hips and pulled the denim down her voluptuous legs. They gathered at her knees, but it was more than enough to reveal the soaked fabric of her lacy knickers.

"You're so fucking wet for me..." His fingers found the gusset of her panties and moved them to the side. Her pristine pussy was a vivid pink, with a small, trimmed bit of pink hair just above it. She looked incredibly tight with small lips that he knew were going to hug his cock in wonderful ways. He sank two fingers into her unbelievable heat, causing her eyes to shoot into the back of her head. He reveled in seeing that beautiful look of pleasure on her face, but he had only one thing on his mind.

His other hand went down to his own trousers. He pushed them and his pants down his thighs and stepped out of them. His turgid length bobbed in the open air and hung heavily between his thighs. A drop of precum fell from the tip right onto the floor.

Tonks stared, her indigo eyes wide in need and a bit of trepidation, "Please Harry... I need it."

Grabbing one of her ankles in his hand, he folded her over until her heavy black boots were next to her head. It forced her hips from the bed and left her holes in the perfect position for his use. His fingers never stopped penetrating her slick walls as she started dripping down to the bed beneath her.

Pop. His fingers escaped her clutching tunnel and he brought his arousal-soaked fingers to his mouth. Making sure Tonks was watching his every movement, he sucked on his digits and savored her sweet taste... like ripe satsuma.

That was all the foreplay he could manage. The wolf within him was demanding action, he joined her on the bed and stood with his feet on either side of her hips. Taking his shaft in hand, he slapped it against her soaked slit causing a small splash of her juices to stain the top of her thighs and the underside of his cock.

Sawing his hips back and forth slowly, his cock nestled down against her lips but he denied her the pleasure of actually filling her. Tonks swallowed a whimper and looked up at him with desperate eyes, "Please..." What she did next was something that Harry couldn't believe. *Holy shit, that must be exclusive to metamorphs.* Her pussy lips started kissing against his cock trying to coax him into filling her.

He leaned down, pressing his superior weight against her and put his lips right by her ear, "You're mine... once I fill you, you're mine! Say it!" He didn't care one bit how many had come before him, but he was going to ensure that he was the last. The wolf in him demanded nothing less.

"Fuck... yes!" She whined out the words.

"I want to hear the words, Tonks." A simple yes, sinful as it sounded, wasn't good enough for him.

She turned her head so that she was looking him right in the eye and leaned in to give him a soft kiss.

"I'm yours... Harry. I promise... please... just fill me up. I need it!" Her position would have left a normal

woman almost unable to move, but she managed to thrust her hips, grinding her needy pussy against his engorged cock-tip.

Leaning back, he nestled his bulbous head against her. He wrapped his hands around her hips, and watched as it seemed to shrink within his grasp until the middle and thumb of each finger actually touched. *Fucking hell.*

Groaning, there was an audible squelch as he sank his impressive length inch by inch into her incredible wet heat, stretching her pussy out obscenely. It was like nothing he'd ever felt before. The way the walls of her cock-hungry hole hugged at his sensitive flesh had him shuddering.

His bollocks came to rest against the pillowy flesh of her full arsecheeks and his cockhead was kissing the entrance to her womb. One of Tonks' hands skimmed down her neck to her taut, muscled belly and pressed against a noticeable bulge that had formed by her bellybutton, "You're...so fucking deep." She whispered just loud enough that he could hear, "How are you... so fucking deep?"

He dragged his cock out of her welcoming womanhood and watched as that little bump disappeared with his retreat. He hammered back into her with enough force that it knocked the breath from her body, "Oh! Fuck!"

Fucking, that was all he had in his mind as he started thrusting steadily, fast enough that it made her beautiful, perky tits shake in her bra. Harry was of two minds as he watched Tonks shake beneath him with every monstrous clap of their hips. He wanted nothing more than to seed her, filling her with more seed than her womb could possibly hold as many times as he could manage. On the other hand, he wanted to fuck her brains out and hold off his own orgasm until she was already delirious with pleasure.

Tonks hair flickered from pink to orange to green and back to pink as she clawed at the sheets below her. Her drenched core leaked warm juices around his shaft that dripped down to her pulsing arsehole, "Fuck Harry... I'm so... so close."

His cock scraped against every over-sensitive millimeter of her pristine pussy as he dropped one hand to the point where their bodies were entwined. He flicked her sensitive bundle of nerves between his slippery fingers and made her spasm.

Squelch. Squelch. Squelch. Her already soaked womanhood released thick rivulets of her arousal that seeped around his cock and dripped down to the bed below. The moment he forced her to reach her peak was a sight to behold.

Her chest flushed, and her abs tightened, and a high-pitched keening started deep in the back of her throat. Her already wonderfully tight pussy became impossibly tighter. He held in place as her pussy pulsed and undulated along his length in ways no normal witch could manage. Her already perfect sheath became fixated on trying to coax the cum from his boiling balls, gripping and rippling in impossible ways. Harry tensed, valiantly holding back his climax.

Tonks lost all control of her body as she spasmed through the best orgasm of her life. Her arms went limp, and her eyes glossed over as it finally came to an end.

Harry gave her no reprieve though. He draped his weight over her and his lips found the sweat soaked crook of her neck. His hips became a blur as he used all his strength to fill the witch beneath him. The

bed under them creaked in protest, but the only sounds he cared about were the pleased ones escaping his new lover's lips.

Tonks brough her hands up to his muscled back and dug deep into the hard expanse. He had no doubt that she'd leave scratches on his back.

If she's going to leave a mark on me, I'll do the same to her. He nipped his way up to the shell of her ear, leaving little love marks as he went, "I'm going to fill you... with so much cum... I'm going to be leaking down your legs... for the next week."

He felt her smile, "I'm a metamorph, Harry... I'm... not gonna leak a single... fucking... drop of your cum unless I want to.... And I don't... want to." He pulled back so that he could see her eyes, and he loved the mischievous glint that he found there.

Grunting he gave three more thunderous thrusts and hilted himself balls deep into her pussy. His balls tightened up against his groin. His cock flexed and throbbed as his cock-tip spilled a massive load right against the entrance to her womb. His hot cum triggered another orgasm for Tonks and she milked him incessantly. Her impossibly sucking hole pulled the biggest load of his entire life from his bollocks. His eyes fluttered shut because of the ridiculous, intoxicating feeling of it all.

He released her hips and she fell to the mattress as he no longer pushed her ankles towards her head. They laid there, bodies pressed together as Tonks ran her fingers along his spin, making him shiver. Despite the immense climax he just went through, his cock was still rigid within her core.

Pushing himself up, his cock came free of her depths. His feet found the floor and he stood over her once again. Tonks looked at him adoringly, "Fuck, Harry," she panted out, "how are you still hard?"

Not bothering to answer her, he grabbed her boots and pulled them from her dainty feet, and then finally slid her jeans the rest of the way down her legs. He wanted her completely bare to his sight. He leaned over her and slid the bra straps off her slim, muscled shoulders. Then she squealed as he didn't bother with the front clasp and pulled the garment from her body.

"I liked that bra, Harry." She rebuked him, though there was tiny smile on her lips.

He smiled back, "I'll fix it or buy you twenty more. Whichever you want." Just to prove his point he tore the lacy knickers from her hips as well. She gasped in undisguised pleasure.

Grabbing her by the hips, he dragged her to the edge of the bed. Flipping her over he was met with the sight of her beautiful bum. It was well-muscled and round and jutted from her body as though it defied gravity. One hand sunk into her sweat-soaked, pliable flesh just below those tantalizing dimples just above her arse-cheeks. True to her word, she hadn't leaked a single drop of his seed to the bed though he couldn't say the same of her own juices.

Lining himself up with her entrance, he wasted no time in filling her again. Her horny, abused pussy welcomed him back in. Tonks threw her head back, and looked over her shoulder, "You're going to... spoil a girl, Harry. Just better hope you're... able to keep up with me."

He smacked her rippling ass, turning the pale flesh red, "That... isn't going to be a problem." There was a light sheen of sweat on his face, but there was no other sign that he was really exerting himself.

Tonks wasn't fairing quite so well, within minutes the strength in her arms gave out and her chest fell to the sheets. The pleasure of multiple orgasms sapping her of her strength.

She took the opportunity to arch her back lewdly and it only made him thrust harder into her grippy hole. Despite her growing fatigue, she did still admirably continue throwing her ass back against every one of his ferocious thrusts.

Tonks bit down into the sheets to stop the scream that was building in her chest. He grabbed her by the hair and forced her to look up, "I want to hear... every single sound... I pull out of your sexy little body."

"But... everyone..."

"Let them hear... they're probably already awake from the banging on the wall. Plus, you weren't being nearly so cautious the last few times you came." Tonks eyes were wide, a bit in fear but more in arousal that everyone in Grimmauld Place was hearing her getting fucked so exquisitely. She didn't realize she lost all control when cumming before.

"Oh Fuck! Harry!" She screamed to the heavens, not caring anymore considering it was already a lost cause, "You're fucking... incredible!"

"And whose are you, Nymphadora?" It spoke volumes about just how good he'd made her feel that she didn't even hesitate at his use of her first name.

"Yours... only yours! You can fill this fucking pussy whenever you want, you bloody beast." Her ass shook as she started cumming uncontrollably. The rhythm of her movements became erratic, and her perfect pussy finally managed to pull another load from him.

Hilting himself again, he filled her with another massive of load as she wiggled her hips against his groin. Her legs lost all their strength then too, but he kept her hips flush against his own as the last of his orgasm petered out.

When he released his hold on her, she dropped fully down to the bed. His cock popped free from her depths with a wet plop. A bit of cum dripped off his tip and landed on her ass. He looked at his handiwork and could feel that the wolf within him was just as satisfied with the results as he was.

He couldn't help but marvel at the fact that it appeared Tonks was true to her word. Not a single drop of his seed had escaped her cum-hungry hole. Though even as the thought crossed his mind, he watched a little white pearl appear at her entrance. One of her dainty fingers collected the sticky substance and brought it to her lips.

She pushed herself up on unsteady arms and looked back at him, a wry smile on her lips, "Just as good as I imagined."

Harry quirked an eyebrow at that, "You imagined the taste of my cum?"

"Well... yes. But I meant all of it, Harry. That was the best sex of my life, and it wasn't even close." She breathed out a sigh, "Glad you finally took the hint."

"What?" He wasn't following her.

She looked at him like he was daft, and honestly, he was feeling that way, "I've been flirting with you since we met over the summer... I thought you finally noticed."

Shaking his head, he didn't know what to think, "No... I ... I actually thought you were interested in Remus. You seemed to be flirting with him. But then you just looked so... you... I just could help myself in the hall." There was more too at as well, obviously. He could smell that she wanted it after all.

In that moment he replayed all their interactions in his head. The winks meant only for him, the subtle intimate touches, he'd been entirely oblivious until he thought that she was paying too much attention to Remus. And the wolf wholeheartedly agreed, feeding into his own jealousy with an animalistic possessiveness.

Tonks shook with restrained laughter, she even covered her mouth to stop the involuntary giggles, "Harry... sweetheart... I haven't been flirting with Remus. He's a nice man but he sulks more than you and he's not nearly as easy on the eyes."

"But..." Harry didn't know what to say to that.

Shifting on the bed, she moved so that her head was right by his still half-hard manhood, "Harry, I wasn't kidding when I said I've been imagining this, and I wasn't kidding when I said that I'm yours." She took his tip her mouth and lovingly sucked on it, before pulling back with a smile, "So how about I clean this fat cock off for you so we can get a bit of rest before round three later."

He'd never heard a better idea in his life.