

Summary: When a spell goes wrong, Harry and Hermione find themselves mentally connected. The only problem is, they can't control what they do and do not hear. But it's not like either has anything to hide, right? Hogwarts starts at 15.

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The Unwanted Animal

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A loud gnashing creak echoed through the room. Light filtered in slowly, casting away the heavy darkness within the foul dungeon. Rats squeaked in fear, scurrying away as a figure clad in rich black robes descended down the stairs.

Light and shadows splashed upon the decrepit stone walls from the figure's wand, held aloft in front of his face. Severus Snape scanned the area around him, looking for anything out of place. After a few moments of finding nothing, the miserable potions master released a relieved breath and flicked his wand upwards.

The white light sprung from the tip of his wand and hovered silently in the air above him, following the potions master with every step he took.

He delved deeper into the inky darkness, passing by half a dozen or so cells embedded into the walls. The bars of each one were rusted and grimy, and Snape dared not look further into any for fear of what horrors he may find.

He came upon the last cell moments later, this one in a similar state as the others, save for the fact that it housed an actual living occupant.

He could just make out her form, curled up on a thin mattress like a whipped animal.

The rags she wore hung limply from her thin form, and her once luscious blonde hair now lay matted and grimed with filth.

Snape swallowed the ball of remorse he felt for her. Remorse would not help her now, it would not help anyone. He had learned that lesson, among many others, a long time ago.

Still, she was once his friend and that deserved at least some amount of pity.

“Here.” He spoke, crouching down and pulling three vials from his cloak. “It is all I can spare without suspicion.”

The woman stayed motionless for a breath, and Snape feared she may actually have wasted away. Thankfully, her thin form finally shifted and the woman slowly but surely shuffled over to the bars.

The matted mess of hair obscured her features at first, but the closer she shuffled, the more the light dashed away the shadows and brought her face into view. Her once porcelain features were now gaunt and blemished, the voluptuous figure she once held even more so. Narcissa had definitely seen better days.

As her thin fingers reached through the bars to snatch the potion vials from his hands, Snape spoke once more. “It has been four days since you saw me last, making today the 27th of July.”

She said nothing, her lips too busy gulping down the precious droplets of elixir. With each one, life seemed to return to her. Not by extraordinary means, but the blemishes receded somewhat and her skin brightened a few shades to something better than ‘deathly pale’.

Narcissa gasped as she swallowed the last drop, her body no doubt reeling somewhat from the sudden shift in her health.

“There is a plan to... mark some of the children come the week before term starts. I know not who for certain but I fear Draco may be one of them.” He continued.

Narcissa jerked forward with unparalleled speed. “No!” She screamed, clinging to the bars like a lifeline. “You must not allow him to be marked Severus! You must protect him!”

Snape sighed defeatedly. “There may not be much I can do Narcissa. Ever since your foolish attempt at subterfuge-” He bit out with a small glare. “-failed, I have been watched all the more closely. The trust and council I once had with the Dark Lord is no more.”

“Then you must regain it.” The former Malfoy matriarch growled. “That monster will destroy him, Severus. He’s already done so by destroying Draco's father, bastard as Lucious was. You must keep my son safe!”

Snape swallowed down the angry retort that bubbled in his throat, the one that wished to lash out and remind the haggard woman whose fault this all was in the first place. Oh he understood the shock she must have felt when the Dark Lord returned. Returned wearing her husband's face of all things, but to try and escape mere days after his return? It was the height of foolishness. Worse so when the way she tried was by turning herself over to the DMLE with a hope to sell out the Dark Lord in return for protection. It caused Snape to almost laugh at the sheer idiocracy The Dark Lord’s men within the Ministry captured her before she even walked through the fucking front door. “I will... do what I must.” He sighed. “But I cannot promise anything. He is different this time Narcissa. Reason and insanity are all but one within his head yet there does not seem to be a place for either. It’s as if not all of him returned from the veil, though I

cannot say if it has made him weaker or stronger. Regardless, I fear it will only worsen as time goes on.”

“Then I pray death claims us all soon, for I do not wish to see a world that madman rules.” Narcissa whimpered.

Severus couldn't help but agree.

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“I'm not gonna lie, this may be a bit beyond me.” Tonks winced as she read over the notes in front of her.

“But you can see the advantages right? If we can find a way to make this work, we could have an escape route from anywhere, wards or not!” Hermione exclaimed with excitement.

Tonks rubbed her eyes, the litany of equations and numbers written out on the parchment making her head spin. “Er- right yeah I can totally see that. Just- um- I don't think I'm the one you should be talking to about this.”

Daphne laughed from her place on the bed, the blonde laying down with her head hanging over the side lazily. “No offense Tonks, but we're not asking for you to look at it. We want you to pass it on to your mum. She used to be some sort of badass enchanter back in the day right?”

“Oh! Yeah, she made all sorts of wicked stuff. I'm sure she'd love a go at this!” Tonks beamed, feeling relieved that she no longer had to puzzle over the complex Arithmancy. She was clever enough in her own way, though numbers were never her forte. She was much better at kicking criminal ass anyway.

“Excellent!” Hermione chirped. “I can't wait to hear her thoughts on it!”

Tonks laughed at the girl's enthusiasm, leaning back in the relatively comfortable bean bag on the floor. "You sure took that book from Dumbledore and ran with it huh. Has Harry even got to read it at all?"

Hermione flushed bright red at her question. "He- uhm- was allowed to peruse it-"

"She snatched it after the first night. Our girl can't help herself when it comes to new books." Daphne said, cutting her girlfriend off. Hermione flushed even redder at her girlfriend's words, prompting the brunette to hide behind her Arithmancy notes. Daphne chuckled at the brunette's embarrassment before rolling over onto her stomach, propping her head up with her hands and eyeing Tonks curiously. "Speaking of magic, how's training with Harry and Sue going?"

"They're both doing well. Little red is advancing by leaps and bounds, and Harry- well I think everyone here knows that boy can pack a punch." Tonks laughed. "Won't be long before they'll be mopping the floor with me in our practice duels."

"Really? So soon?" Hermione asked. "From the way Harry described it, you were practically unbeatable during your first week of duels."

"Eh I was pissed and he wasn't putting his all in it. Don't get me wrong, I'm wicked with my wand, but I've had years of training to get this far. Harry's got a natural talent for defense that I don't. Few years and he'll be a force to be reckoned with I tell ya."

Hermione hummed at her words. "So then what does this mean? You'll have to bring someone else in to help train them?"

Tonks shook her head. "Not necessarily. I may bring in Mad Eye or Shack for the occasional lesson, mix things up a bit. But even if they beat me in a friendly spar, that doesn't mean I won't have more to teach 'em. There's more to being an auror than

fighting ya know?” She finished with a chuckle. “Not that I’m trying to recruit them, but can’t hurt to drill a bit of Academy training into ‘em.”

“I wouldn't say recruiting them would be a bad thing. Think of all the roleplay scenarios we could try with their auror robes.” Daphne drawled to Hermione with a wink.

Hermione rolled her eyes at her girlfriend’s antics but didn’t argue, a small smile tugging on her lips instead.

Tonks watched this exchange with amusement and a bit of embarrassment. The blonde’s words formed fantasies of Harry and Susan as a big bad auror pair ‘arresting’ her. She could practically feel herself handcuffed and bent over an interrogation table as Susan fucked a ‘confession’ from her mouth while Harry drilled into her from behind in a pornographic version of a strip search. Her pussy clenched as more and more visions of sexy role plays swam around in her mind. Susan and Harry were joined soon after by the very two girls in the room with her. The four of them joining together to explore her body, to dominate it.

God, she could practically feel their mouths and tongues dancing across her skin, dipping into every crevice and suckling on the sensitive flesh. Phantom teeth bit into her nipples. Her clit was ravished by fingers that weren’t there as her pussy and asshole were both stretched open by something long and thick. Fuck her cunt was practically dripping now.

“-onks! Tonks are you listening?!”

She snapped out of her reverie at the voices shout, her eyes focusing on Daphne’s face in shock as she realized exactly what she had been daydreaming about. The slickness

of her knickers had never been so uncomfortable, and she thanked every god she could think of that her metamorph powers were able to hide the blush she felt in her cheeks.

“Sorry! I-I was just- uhm- lost in thought. W-what was that?” She stammered, praying that the blonde wouldn’t suspect what happened.

By the smirk on Daphne’s face, she hadn’t been nearly as convincing as she thought she was.

“I had asked if you’d mind lending us your auror robes for Harry’s birthday, but now I think you’d much rather lend your cunt instead.” Daphne giggled.

“W-wha- No! I just- Not that I wouldn’t like t- I mean I don’t think it would be- Hnggg.” She groaned, sinking her head into her hands in defeat.

“Daphne stop it. Leave Tonks alone.” Hermione chastised her girlfriend.

Tonks looked up at the bookworm in appreciation, thankful that someone came to her rescue.

“Besides, if Tonks wants to have sex with us then she’ll have to wait. Fleur called dibs on the orgy for Harry’s birthday, remember?”

The thankfulness morphed into crushing betrayal. She looked to Hermione in despair yet the younger girl only sent her back a smirk of her own.

“Cheer up Tonks!” Daphne chirped from the bed. “We never said you couldn’t play with Harry or Sue before then! Merlin I kinda even want you to as soon as possible.

Watching them both fuck your brains out will show me and ‘Mione exactly what we have to look forward to!”

“I-”

“Ooo you know what! Why wait? They’re down in the training room right now, so it’s the perfect time to get some ‘wand’ practice in, if you know what I mean.”

“Daphne I don’t-” The blonde silenced her once more by standing up and jerking her to her feet. Tonks suppressed a yelp of surprise when the Slytherin spun her around and pushed her towards the door with a firm smack to her ass.

“Go get ‘em girl!” Daphne called out, slamming the door behind her.

Tonks stood in the hallway frozen with shock, still not completely sure what just happened. When she finally came too, she found herself halfway down the stairs with a burning need nestled between her thighs. For a moment she thought to turn back, to forget the blonde’s words entirely. Yet the visions from earlier returned to her mind each time she blinked. The flashes of what could be driving her mind wild with lust. With a shaky breath she continued her descent.

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Harry dove to the side as a red spell whizzed by. He fired off his own spell as he rolled, managing to force Susan back and give him enough time to climb back to his feet.

Wasting no time, he quickly sprung back up and pressed his advantage. He shot a blasting hex at the roof above her, the purplish spell turning the aged stones to smithereens.

Susan’s eyes widened in surprise as the debris began to rain down above her. She threw her hands up in panic, shouting the first spell that came to her mind. With a *‘BANG!’* the heavy falling stones transformed midair into a pile of harmless insects, though the red head still screamed in disgust as the creepy crawlies rained down upon her.

Her scream was cut off as a thick rope slammed into her midsection without warning. She wheezed as she fell to the floor in a heap, the breath driven from her lungs. Thankfully, the bugs that still crawled on her vanished a moment later, the roof being repaired as well.

“Fuck! I’m sorry Sue! Didn’t mean to put that much power into the ropes.” Harry exclaimed, rushing to her side.

Susan shook her head as she wiggled her body to face him. “No! My fault for letting your little trick get the better of me.” She smiled up at him. “Uh- would you mind untying me though?”

Susan watched as he glanced down at her bound body, the look in his eyes morphing from concern to heated in an instant. Her breath hitched as she glanced back up at her with a smirk. That one look flooded her body with arousal and she couldn’t help but whimper as he leaned down closer to her.

“Now why would I do that when I have you just how I want you now?” He growled. She bit her lip in excitement as he leaned down even farther, his lips coming ever so closer to her own.

The squeal she expelled a moment later was not one of pleasure though, but surprise as she felt a pair of traitorous fingers dig into her ticklish ribs.

“YOU FUCKING PRAT! STAAAAAHHHHH!” She screamed.

Harry laughed as she tried to wiggle away in vain. Her screams became even louder as he viciously tickled her.

“Omph!” He exclaimed, her spasming legs kneeing him in the gut.

He fell back, rubbing his stomach achingly. Susan winced slightly at his pain but shook it off. He had started it.

“Ha! Take that Potter! Now untie me!”

Harry nodded, wheezing out a surrender as he moved to vanish the ropes. Susan had other ideas though, and as soon as the ropes disappeared she made her move. Her boyfriend yelped in surprise as he was suddenly pushed onto his back, the hard stone floor proving to be painfully unforgiving to his spine as he landed.

Harry shook away the disorientation just as a weight settled onto his chest. As he opened his eyes, he was greeted by the sight of a hairless slit poised above his face.

“Susan wha- MFPH!”

His words were cut off as his girlfriend dropped herself down, filling his mouth with her dripping snatch. At first, his instincts took hold and he fought to push her off. But her moans of delight soon brought the raven haired teen to his senses. Gripping the red heads' thick thighs tightly, Harry began to devour her pussy with gusto.

Susan let out small mewls of pleasure from his ministrations. Hips began to move of their own accord and her hands fisted into his shirt for support. With every wiggle of his tongue between her folds, the red head would grind her hips faster upon his face. The noises of ecstasy she made rose in volume with every second.

‘My my, and here I thought we’d have to talk you two into having some fun.’ A voice purred into his mind.

He mentally huffed in faux irritation as he continued to lap at his girlfriend's cunt. *‘I may have provoked her. You two care to join?’*

'Hmm... maybe later. "Mione and I have some more revision to do on our theoretical spell before we send everything off to Madame Tonks. You three have fun though~'

Daphne chimed back.

'Three?'

Without warning the door to the basement banged open. Susan jumped in surprise from the noise, unintentionally shoving his tongue deeper in her snatch, yet strangely enough the girl made no move to remove herself from his face. Harry couldn't see who it was due to Susan's cunt obscuring his view.

'Sue I can't see! Who is it?!'

The red head made no response. Instead she began to rock her hips once more, grinding her cunt into his face with much more force. Prying deeper into her mind proved useless as her mental shields were suddenly engaged at their full power. Before he could ask again, a new pair of hands roughly descended upon him out of nowhere, clawing at his belt and yanking his pants down without warning. Harry felt the cool air of the basement hit his hardened cock. He jumped slightly when a hand tightly gripped his shaft, wasting no time as it began to jerk him off rapidly.

"Fuuuccckk~" A voice hissed, and Harry's eyes widened in recognition. "It's so much bigger than I imagined."

"J-just wait until i-it's inside you!" Susan panted from above him, her hips moving at blazing speeds now as she fucked his face.

"I don't know if I can wait! Mmm but I want so badly to taste it first." Tonks whimpered. A wet heat surrounded his cock a moment later. Harry groaned from the feeling of the metamorph's tongue swirling around his sensitive glans. She bobbed her head up and

down his length at a moderate pace, only taking the first few inches of him at a time. Still the sensations were incredible and the way her tongue lashed against his cock head sent jolts of pleasure up his groin with each pass. Susan moaned in appreciation as his own noises of pleasure vibrated pleasantly through her clit.

Suddenly, Tonks abandoned her soft bobs. Gripping his thighs tightly, the pink haired auror slammed her face downwards and swallowed his cock completely down her throat. Harry's hips jerked in surprise at the sudden change of pace, the motion driving his cock deeper still into the metamorphs gullet.

Tonks made no complaints though, and with a hum of delight she even began to swallow him even harder, lifting herself up to the tip of his length before plunging back down.

The sensation of her throat squeezing him was familiar and yet not at the same time. When the other girls deepthroated him, there was always an almost painful tightness to it. He knew they had to fight to keep their gag reflexes at bay and because of this, they had to almost force him down their throats.

Tonks however didn't seem to have that problem. His cock slid in and out of her gullet with ease. Her mouth moved with a blazing speed as well, never falting once even when he was fully hilted inside her. Maybe this was just one advantage of being a metamorph he hadn't thought of?

Regardless, his grip on Susan's thighs tightened inexplicably. His end was coming quick and so he moved his tongue all the faster because of it. Susan squealed on top of him, obviously approving of this change of pace with heavy moans and curses. It wasn't long before her squeals turned into cries of ecstasy and she stilled atop him. Juices splashed

against his face as she came and he did his best to lap it all up, yet his own climax failed to arrive as Tonks suddenly pulled off him completely.

His groan of frustration into Susan's twitching cunt was cut off as a weight settled onto his lap and something wet and warm ground into his cock.

"Yessss that's it~" Tonks hissed.

She began to jerk her hips back and forth, sawing her damp folds along his length, drawing a groan from his lips. Suddenly, Tonks sat up and before Harry could react, lined him up with her entrance and speared herself on his length. He gasped at the feeling of her tight, silky smooth depths wrapping around his shaft.

He heard her grunt and groan above him as she rolled her hips rhythmically, riding him at a slow and steady pace. Susan shifted above him, her legs shaky as she leaned forward. He heard Tonks's pleasure filled grunts silenced as his girlfriend suddenly smashed their lips together.

With his hands and face now freed, he had the chance to demand the answers he wanted for this strange turn of events, but the feeling of Tonks' silky tight cunt was far too heavenly for him to stop her now. Instead, he reached down, grasping the metamorphs hips and helped her fuck herself on his cock. The muffled squeal of pleasure from the girl as she sloppily kissed Susan was his only response.

Tonks began to really move a moment later, bouncing hard on his length and filling the dingy basement with loud meaty slaps. Harry watched as Susan moved from the metamorphs lips, down to her jiggling tits, and captured one of her pretty pink nipples between her teeth.

The sensations from earlier mixed with the pink haired aurors blissfully tight walls had Harry's climax approaching far faster than he'd like. Moving one hand downward, he pressed his thumb directly against the auror's swollen clit. Tonks threw her head back with an earth shattering wail, her depths tightening and fluttering around his cock as she came. Harry didn't bother trying to hold back any longer after that. Gripping her hips tightly, he thrust upwards with a grunt and released deep inside her.

Her silken walls milked him for every drop of cum he had, the sticky white substance filling the older woman's womb to the brim. Tonks sighed in delight as he filled her, the metamorph slumping forward bonelessly from her own orgasm and nestling into Susan's bountiful tits. Susan giggled as she did so, softly petting the auror's hair as she fought to catch her breath.

After a few minutes of bathing in the afterglow, Tonks finally shifted. She groaned as she sat up and pulled herself off him with Susan's help. Once off of him, Harry sat up with a wince. A stone floor really wasn't the best place to have sex.

"Blimey, that's a lot of cum!" Tonks gasped, leaning onto the old desk in the corner and looking down at her pussy as rivers of white seed dripped out. "Er- Got a towel Susie?" Susan smirked at their teacher and shook her head. Stepping forward, the redhead bent over in front of Tonks and swiped her tongue across the woman's messy slit.

"Oh fuck! That works too~" Tonks panted.

She bucked her hips and moaned unrestrained. Panting, Tonks rolled and bucked her hips against Susan's face while the girl alternated between cleaning the cum from her folds and flicking her clit. Susan lashed it with her tongue, took it between her

lips, and sucked lightly. Tonks' hands fisted tightly in the girl's red hair as her back arched.

Harry couldn't help but rearden at the lewd sight. His erection throbbed with every wanton moan and gasp that left her lips. His eyes shifted from where Susan tongue dove in and out of the auror's snatch to her shapely bum poised high in the air, practically begging him to come and take it for a ride.

His girlfriend made no reaction as he approached, not even making a sound when he grabbed her hips and pressed his shaft against her warm heat. Tonks' eyes lit up in excitement as he did so, her mouth agape with whorish moans as her pussy was eaten with enthusiasm.

"Fuck yes Harry~ Let me see you pound that fat Bones ass!"

Harry didn't dare argue with her. Positioning himself at his lover's entrance, he sank into her without a fight. Susan let out a whimper of pleasure, but stayed true to her task, something Tonks certainly appreciated.

He pounded into Susan's dripping pussy with little restraint. Loud claps of flesh on flesh age out as he dominated her cunt. Where before Susan had been diligent in her task between the other woman's legs, now she could only grip Tonks' thighs tightly as she screamed like a knockturn alley slut.

Her screams only served to fuel his arousal. Smacking her ass hard, he thrust as hard and fast as he could. Susan howled as she tipped over the edge, but Harry didn't slow down. He was determined to reach his climax as well. Susan clawed at Tonks' thighs as she cried again. A tremble ran through her body right before a

stream of arousal gushed around his length, the red head cumming again just moments after her second orgasm.

“Do it Harry!” Tonks exclaimed. “Fill this pretty slut up with your cum!”

Harry roared as he came, erupting just as much cum inside Susan’s cunt as he had Tonks. As soon as his hand let go of the red head’s rear, her upper body collapsed on top of Tonks with a groan. Tonks stroked her hair with a giggle while Harry finished emptying himself in her spasming depths.

“Fuck!” He gasped as he spilt the last drop of his seed within her.

Susan giggled as she turned back and gave him a wink. “Best training session yet. Right love?”

“Definitely.” He agreed, giving the girl a light smack on her ass.

Tonks laughed. Laying back on her elbows the auror opened her legs wide and showing off her slickened used pussy.

“Oh training’s not over yet. What do ya say Wonder Boy? Another round?”

He moved instantly, pulling free from Susan’s cunt and pushing himself inside Tonks’ with one quick motion. Susan giggled at his haste, the girl moving to lay next to Tonks on the desk.

“I think that’s a yes.” She said before smashing her lips once more against the metamorphs.

Tonks moaned into the buxom girl’s lips in response, Harry already driving rapidly in and out of her freshly cleaned cunt. Fuck was she glad she caught Fleur sucking him off now.

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Author's Note

Tonks joins the party! I planned to do the birthday orgy chapter first, but I ended up changing the order up for a few reasons. Either way, the next chapter will feature Harry, Daphne, Susan, Hermione, Fleur AND Tonks so be sure to keep a lookout for it when it drops!

Thanks for reading!