

## Chapter 16

Dumbledore rose from the staff table as the last of the first-years settled nervously onto their new House benches. The Great Hall grew quiet around him. He stood at the center of the long table with his hands loosely clasped. His silver hair gleamed in the candlelight as he smiled at the assembled school with real warmth in his twinkling eyes.

“Welcome,” he said, “to another year at Hogwarts. To those of you returning, it is good to have you back. To those of you joining us for the first time, welcome home.” He paused so the first-years could take that in. Some of them looked touched by the words. Others seemed unsure if he meant it literally. “I will keep the announcements brief. The feast is waiting and it would be unkind to make you listen to me when the alternative is roast potatoes.”

A ripple of laughter spread through the hall. Even most of the staff smiled at that one.

Harry watched Umbridge smile. It was the same smile she had worn in the courtroom. It was the same one from every photograph he had ever seen. The smile sat on her face like a decoration on a wall. Someone had placed it there on purpose, but it never quite blended with the surface underneath.

“We have two staffing announcements this year,” Dumbledore continued. “The first concerns Defence Against the Dark Arts. I am delighted to welcome our new professor. She is a highly skilled and accomplished Auror with active field service and a dedication to genuine practical instruction. I give you Professor Nymphadora Tonks.”

Tonks stood up, the use of her full name making her grimace slightly. She didn’t react outwardly though and smiled at the hall with as much composure as she could manage. She had changed her hair to a more muted brown that flowed down her back in smooth waves. Her robes looked genuinely professional. Harry found the whole look more distracting than he thought was appropriate in a public setting like this.

The Gryffindor table erupted first. Harry clapped with real enthusiasm. Ron clapped right beside him. Hermione clapped in her usual way that still showed clear approval. Even Neville joined in with a sort of relieved energy. It looked like he had been ready for this moment and was glad to finally have the cue.

From somewhere further down the table, maybe three or four seats away, came a low sharp whistle. Then a voice followed that was not as quiet as its owner probably thought. “Blimey, she’s fit.”

Harry bit the inside of his cheek to keep from reacting when Hermione turned immediately, her neck moving at a precise sixty degrees toward the voice. The boy noticed and pointedly looked away sheepishly.

“Honestly,” she muttered as she turned back around.

“He’s not wrong though,” Ron said quietly. He earned himself a sharp elbow from Hermione for that comment.

Tonks sat back down. Dumbledore waited for the applause to settle before he went on. “Our second announcement concerns a change long in coming. I suspect it will be received with some feeling.” He paused. “After considerable deliberation by the Board of Governors, a decision has been reached regarding Professor Binns.”

The name alone caused a reaction. There was a collective intake of breath.

“Professor Binns has served this school for a very long time,” Dumbledore said. “This includes the period after his death, as many of you will know. The Board has concluded that it is time to allow the Professor to move on and rest. We will bring a living replacement to the History of Magic classroom. I use that word carefully.”

The noise that came out of the Great Hall was nothing like the polite applause from earlier. It was the collective relief of hundreds of students. They had spent years being lectured at by a monotone ghost about goblin rebellions. They had learned to write legibly while fully unconscious. They had stopped pretending to take notes years ago. And now the relief poured out.

Fred actually stood up briefly before he caught a look from McGonagall and sat back down fast. Ron let out a quiet but heartfelt “finally” under his breath.

Neville was grinning from ear to ear. Even Hermione looked restrained but pleased.

Harry, however, kept watching Umbridge. She had been sitting perfectly still through the whole Binns announcement. Her hands stayed folded on the table. Her smile never changed. Dumbledore drew breath to continue with what Harry assumed would be the introduction of her as the replacement. But Umbridge was already rising from her chair. She moved like she had planned for this moment and was not going to let it slip out of her control.

Dumbledore finished his sentence. “—be assumed by Professor Dolores Umbridge.”

She crossed to the center of the staff table right then. “Hem, hem.”

Dumbledore turned to her. He looked at her with an expression of serene patience. It gave away nothing about whether he minded the interruption. He stepped aside with a small incline of his head.

The entire hall watched the exchange closely. The earlier noise from the Binns announcement died down, and curiosity took its place. Students got their first full look at the woman who had stepped forward.

Umbridge smiled out at them all. “Thank you, Headmaster.” Her voice carried without being loud. It was high and sweet in a way that somehow felt worse than

shouting. She clasped her hands at her waist. "What a lovely group of young people you all are."

Nobody said anything in response.

"My name is Dolores Jane Umbridge," she said. "I am the Senior Undersecretary to the Minister for Magic. Beginning this term, I will also be your professor of History of Magic." She paused to let that sink in. The students did not look welcoming anymore, but she pressed on anyway. "I have been very much looking forward to meeting you all. The young people of today are the witches and wizards of tomorrow. It is therefore of the utmost importance that you understand not just the facts of our history, but the meaning behind them."

Harry had his arms folded on the table. He watched her attentively, his face expressionless.

"History has too often been taught as a series of conflicts," Umbridge continued warmly. "Rebellions. Upsets. Disruptions to the natural order." She tilted her head slightly. "I intend to teach it differently. As a record of progress. Of stability. Of the patient, careful work of governments and institutions to maintain the peace and prosperity that all of us rely upon."

Down the table, Hermione's fingers had been drumming on the wood. They stopped moving now.

"There will be those who tell you," Umbridge said, her voice soft, as if she were sharing a secret with eight hundred people at once. "That the Ministry acts out of self-interest. That the government cannot be trusted. That authorities who urge caution and restraint are doing so to suppress some greater truth." She smiled warmly again. "History will show you that this is the language of people who want to cause disruption for its own sake. It has always been so. Every rebellion in our history, every uprising, every so-called revolution began with someone convincing people that the existing order was their enemy rather than their protector."

Harry heard Percy Weasley in those words. He heard the trial too. It was the same language delivered in a slightly different manner.

"What history actually shows us is that stability is hard-won and easily lost," Umbridge pressed on. "The institutions we have built over centuries exist for good reasons. Young people who understand this, who appreciate the value of what they have, are better placed to thrive in the world beyond these walls than those who do not." She beamed at them. "I look forward to helping you understand that. I look forward to the year ahead."

She was not finished yet. She drew a small breath and warmed to the subject even more. The students who had started to relax settled back down with collective resignation.

"I will tell you something the textbooks have not always been candid about," Umbridge continued. "The Goblin Rebellions. The Giant Wars. The various uprisings you have all been assigned to memorize over the years. What the books call revolutions, what they present as the heroic resistance of the downtrodden. Do you know what those periods actually produced?" She paused for effect. "Hundreds of dead witches and wizards. Entire communities destroyed. Children without parents. Parents without children. Decades of reconstruction." She spread her hands. "The winners of those conflicts were not the rebels. They were not the people who had been promised freedom or justice or a better world. The winners were the chaos itself. The disruption. The darkness." She smiled once more. "I say this not to discourage you from having strong feelings about the world. Strong feelings are the mark of a passionate mind. I say this so that you understand that feelings must be directed wisely, under proper guidance, within proper structures. Because history shows us what happens when they are not."

Harry noticed a sixth-year Hufflepuff girl near the end of the next table lean toward her friend and murmur something. The friend frowned in response. Somewhere down the Ravenclaw table, a boy had started writing very carefully in the margin of a parchment he had out. Harry strongly suspected it was not a positive summary of Umbridge's points.

"The Ministry of Magic has stood for over seven hundred years," Umbridge said, her tone warm and disgustingly sweet once again. "It has not stood because it was perfect. It has stood because it was consistent. Because it was present. Because generation after generation of witches and wizards trusted it to protect them, and it did. And it will continue to do so." She looked around the hall with satisfaction. "I look forward to helping each of you understand that legacy. And I look forward to the year ahead. I have every confidence it will be a fruitful one."

She folded her hands again and stepped back.

The applause was scattered and thin. It was not hostile exactly, but it was full of uncertainty. Harry did not clap at all. Ron did not bother either. Hermione looked like she had a lot to say about it but didn't know where to start.

Down at the Slytherin table, Malfoy and a few others applauded with clear enthusiasm. It was intentional and meant to send a message. Their clapping said they approved of this.

From further down the Gryffindor table, someone said quietly but not quietly enough, "She interrupted Dumbledore."

Several people nodded in agreement. A third-year two seats along from Harry muttered, "Seven hundred years of consistency, but You-Know-Who happened." Harry thought that was a pretty sharp observation for a third-year.

Dumbledore retook his position calmly as he thanked Umbridge for her words and completed the remaining announcements about the Forbidden Forest and the list of

restricted items. It was as though nothing untoward had occurred at all. The tables filled with food as he spread his arms and commenced the feast.

Chatters and conversation erupted around the hall. Platters of roast chicken, beef, and potatoes appeared steaming hot. There were piles of vegetables, baskets of bread rolls, and jugs of pumpkin juice that seemed bottomless. Harry helped himself to a generous portion, but his mind was still turning over Umbridge's words. The way she had twisted history bothered him more than he wanted to admit. It was not just boring like Binns had been. This felt calculated, like it was aimed at something bigger.

Ron piled his plate high as usual. "That was mental," he said around a mouthful of potatoes. "Binns finally out. Good riddance. But her? She's going to be a nightmare."

Hermione nodded slowly. She had taken smaller portions and was pushing them around with her fork. "Her speech was full of Ministry propaganda. She barely mentioned facts. It was all about stability and trusting authority. As if the Ministry has not made mistakes before. As if Fudge is not ignoring everything that's happening right now."

Harry glanced toward the staff table again. Tonks was talking with Professor Flitwick. She looked more relaxed now that the spotlight was off her. Her hair had shifted a little, showing a hint of pink at the ends. Harry looked away quickly before anyone noticed.

Further down the table, the conversation had split into groups. Some students were still buzzing about Binns being replaced. Others were already complaining about Umbridge's style. A few Slytherins kept shooting looks toward the Gryffindor table with smug expressions. The first-years seemed overwhelmed by it all. They ate quietly and watched the older students for cues on how to react.

Hermione leaned in closer across the table. She lowered her voice even though the loud chatter and clatter of the feast provided plenty of cover. She kept turning her fork over in her fingers. "She's not just here as a spy," she said. "It's more than that. If she's teaching History of Magic, she can control the entire narrative of how this school understands the Ministry's role. For years. Every first-year who comes through this school will learn from her. Every student studying for their OWL or NEWT will learn her version of events."

"Which will be the Ministry's version," Harry said.

"Which will be whatever Fudge wants them to believe." Hermione set her fork down with a small clink. "She's not just watching us. She's rewriting the curriculum."

Ron held a bread roll in one hand. He looked back and forth between them with a confused expression on his face. "That speech she gave was mental though. 'Rebellions only happen when people want to cause trouble.' What about You-Know-Who? Are we supposed to pretend that was the natural order working properly?"

"She'd probably say it was an anomaly caused by people undermining institutional stability," Harry replied.

Ron stared at him. "That's actually worse."

"I know what she's here for," Harry said simply as he kept eating at a steady pace which seemed to unsettle Hermione a bit every time she glanced his way, though she had not mentioned it. "She'll use the History classes to push whatever line the Ministry needs. She'll report back to Fudge on what Dumbledore does and does not do. She'll try to find grounds to limit anything that looks like preparation for a war they are still claiming is not happening." He picked up his juice and took a sip. "We knew they would find another way in. This is it."

Hermione nodded slowly. "She interrupted Dumbledore," she said again, her tone slightly disbelieving. "In front of the whole school. And he just stepped aside."

"He stepped aside because he is too polite to make a scene at the Welcome Feast," Harry said. "And he is choosing his battles. Either way, she knows exactly what she is doing. She wanted everyone to see that she could do that and he would let her. It is about perception."

Hermione looked at him for a long moment, her eyes narrowed slightly. "When did you get so analytical about this?"

"I have had a long summer," Harry said.

She held his gaze for another second and returned to her food without another word. The meal continued around them as usual. Dishes clattered. Students laughed. The enchanted ceiling showed stars twinkling overhead.

Harry took another bite of roast chicken. The conversation had stirred up old frustrations from the summer. He could still picture the trial and the way Fudge had twisted everything. Now Umbridge sat up at the staff table smiling that same fake smile. Tonks might be teaching real Defense, but Umbridge had her hooks in History. That was dangerous.

Ron chewed his bread roll thoughtfully. "So what do we do about it then? We cannot just sit through her classes listening to that rubbish all year."

Hermione shrugged. "We will have to read between the lines. Take notes on what she says and compare it to real facts. Maybe form a study group or something. We cannot let her rewrite everything without pushback."

Harry nodded but stayed quiet. He watched the staff table again for a moment. Dumbledore looked calm as ever as he talked with the other professors while Umbridge sat by herself, that same fake smile plastered on her face.

The year was going to be different. He could feel it already. Between Tonks teaching Defense and Umbridge taking over History, things were shifting. And with everything else going on outside the castle walls, Hogwarts felt more fragile than ever.

He felt ready for it though. After everything that had happened, he was not the same boy who had arrived last year. This time he would pay closer attention.

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Harry stepped through the portrait hole with Ron and Hermione right beside him. Ginny moved a step ahead of them, Neville following close behind.

"Harry! Good to see you, mate." Dean Thomas called out from a chair near the fire, his hand raised in greeting. Harry lifted his own hand back with a quick smile.

Lavender Brown leaned over and whispered something to Parvati Patil. Harry could not quite catch the words. It was clear they did not mean for him to hear it anyway.

Colin Creevey popped up suddenly from near the stairs. He told Harry with real enthusiasm that he had grown taller over the summer. Harry thanked him politely with a chuckle.

Slowly, everyone got occupied. Ron ended up cornered by Dean, who wanted to talk about the Cannons and their pre-season games. Ginny headed straight for a group of fourth-years. She joined their conversation without missing a beat.

Hermione wandered toward the bookshelf and Neville joined her.

Harry found a quiet spot near the fireplace and leaned against the warm stone wall. It gave him a good view of the whole common room. If you paid attention, you could spot the awkwardness underneath the friendly chatter. Conversations would start up and then shift a little when he got close enough to hear. He could feel their glances when they thought he wasn't watching.

He had grown used to both the positive and the negative kinds of attention where people stared because he was famous or because of their beliefs. It was still just people looking.

Harry noticed Seamus glancing in his direction and then looking away fast. He had seen that expression on others before, people who had words building up inside but had not decided yet whether to speak them.

Seamus made up his mind after about fifteen minutes of this game.

"Look," he said loudly enough that the nearby conversations quieted down. "I am only saying what a lot of us are thinking." He met Harry's eyes directly. "You have been saying You-Know-Who is back. Even Dumbledore made that announcement before we left last year. I believed it at the time. I really did. But then nothing happened all summer. The Prophet kept saying..."

"Has been running the Ministry's version of events, yes," Harry interrupted calmly. He stayed leaned against the wall, his voice even and steady. "What would you like to know?"

Seamus blinked in surprise. "I am saying maybe you were confused or something. After the Tournament and all that."

"About what I saw?" Harry asked.

"About what happened," Seamus clarified.

"I was there," Harry said. "Cedric died right in front of me. Voldemort came back in that graveyard in Little Hangleton. I dueled him and barely got away with my life. I know exactly what I saw." He looked straight at Seamus without any challenge in his eyes. He ignored the small flinches and gasps from others at the sound of the name. "The question is not whether I saw it. The question is whether you think Fudge's word is worth more than mine."

"The Ministry would not just lie about something that big," another student said. She was a girl Harry did not know well. Her tone sounded more curious than angry.

"Why not?" Harry replied. "Fudge is a coward and a politician. His main job is to hold onto his power. That decides how honest he is with everyone. His whole time in office is built around keeping things stable. He would fight hard to deny anything that might shake it up. Even if he were a good and honest person, truth stops mattering when fear takes over. A coward who is afraid will never acknowledge the problem until it hits him directly, let alone face it."

People exchanged uncertain looks around the common room.

"Voldemort really is back, and Fudge's administration failed to stop it from happening," Harry continued. "Instead of preparing, he has spent months denying it. That means when the truth comes out, he will be responsible for how unprepared the wizarding world is. His career would be over. His legacy would end. A politician has every reason to lie about something like this. And he controls the newspaper you have been reading." He let the words hang in the air for a moment. "I am not telling you what to believe. I am just saying it might be smart to ask what Fudge gains from his version before you decide it is more believable than mine."

The common room grew quieter. Seamus looked like he was turning the ideas over in his head. The girl who had spoken earlier frowned in thought.

"It is not that I think you are lying," Seamus said after a moment, sounding less sure than he had at the start. "I just don't know what to think anymore."

"That is fair," Harry said simply. "I would rather you think it through properly than just take my word without question."

He pushed off the wall and turned toward the stairs. "Goodnight, everyone."

Harry headed up without looking back. Ron caught up with him at the first landing. The two of them continued climbing to the fifth-year dormitory.

Harry's trunk already sat at the foot of his bed. The house-elves had sent everything ahead as usual. He sat on the edge of the mattress and started unlacing his shoes.

"You surprised me today," Ron said. He sat down on his own bed and seemed to be choosing his words carefully, which was unusual for him. "A lot, actually."

"How so?" Harry asked as he looked up.

Ron rubbed the back of his neck. "Well, last year during all the Triwizard stuff when people thought you cheated to get your name in the goblet. You were not handling it brilliantly, no offense."

"None taken," Harry said. "I was miserable about it."

"Right," Ron continued. "So I figured coming back this year with the Prophet calling you a liar and half the school looking at you like you've lost it, you'd be more bothered. But you're not. You really don't seem bothered at all. And then with Seamus just now... I would have handled it differently. The whole thing would have escalated, and I would've lost my temper. I know I would've."

Harry finished with his trainers and leaned back against the headboard. He glanced over as Neville came into the room. "I think maybe I've stopped needing people to believe me right away. Last year I needed everyone to know I did not put my name in that goblet. It felt like if they didn't believe me, it said something bad about who I was." He paused to think about how to explain the rest. "But I know what happened in that graveyard. I know what I saw. Other people believing it eventually does not change the facts for me. It just takes time. Either they will come around or they will not. Getting miserable about it does not speed anything up."

"That is very mature of you," Neville said sincerely, even though he did look a bit surprised.

"Cheers, Neville," Harry replied with a small smile.

"He's not wrong," Ron added. "Where did this come from? Have you been learning philosophy all summer or something?"

Harry smiled up at the ceiling. "Something like that."

"I'm just glad you're not walking around fuming the whole time," Ron said as he pulled out his pajamas. "Last year you were like a kettle always about to boil over."

"I remember," Harry said with a chuckle.

"We all remember," Neville chimed in.

“Alright, yes, noted,” Harry replied with an eyeroll. “I was bad tempered.”

“Very bad tempered,” Ron said with a grin.

Harry grabbed a pillow and threw it across at him. The three of them laughed quietly as they got ready for bed. Dean arrived in the room about twenty minutes later. Seamus came up after that. He said goodnight to everyone, sounding a bit less certain than earlier.

One by one the lights went out and the room fell dark and still. As everyone fell asleep, the only sounds left were the usual creaks of beds and sleepy groans at night.

Harry lay awake staring at the ceiling. Dean’s breathing grew deep and slow first. Neville’s followed soon after. Seamus took longer but eventually settled. Ron had started snoring gently before most of them had even fallen asleep properly. That guy could sleep through almost anything, even a Bludger to the head.

Harry waited another ten minutes after the last person had gone quiet. He wanted to be sure.

Once he was, he reached for the Invisibility Cloak.

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Harry moved fast but quietly down the corridor with the cloak pulled tight around him. He knew exactly where Tonks’s rooms were. She had described the location very precisely on their last night at Grimmauld Place. Harry already knew the castle layout well but he followed her instructions anyway.

The rooms were on the second floor in the east wing. It was the fourth door past the suit of armor with the dented visor. The staffroom was close which made things inconvenient but it was better than the rooms next to Trelawney. Tonks had rejected that option immediately because she didn’t want to hear the woman murmuring predictions in her sleep.

He counted the doors as he went and stopped at the fourth one. He knocked twice, keeping it quiet, and waited. The door opened right away and Harry stepped inside. She pushed it closed behind him a moment later.

He pulled the cloak off, but she reached for him before he got it fully over his head. Her hands grabbed his collar and pulled him close, slamming her lips against his.

They kissed deep and hard, having waited the entire day for this.

Her fingers twisted in his hair, and she made a small sound in his mouth when he pulled her closer by the waist. It turned him on even more.

“You are in your professor’s bedroom at midnight,” she said against his mouth as she pulled back a little.

"I am," Harry said. He moved his mouth to her neck and kissed the spot below her jaw that made her tilt her head with a moan.

"Do you have any idea how many rules that breaks?"

"All the ones that matter," Harry replied as his mouth moved down her throat. "Want me to leave?"

She answered by pulling him back up by his hair and kissing him harder. The kiss got more intense with her mouth open under his. Her hands slid from his hair to his shoulders and gripped them tight. He kissed her back the same way with one hand on her jaw and the other pressed against the small of her back to hold her body against him. She made a low sound into his mouth.

Her fingers found the bottom of his t-shirt. Harry lifted his arms so she could pull it off and drop it on the floor. Then her hands moved over his chest and stomach, feeling his skin. She pressed her mouth to his collarbone, his shoulder, and the side of his neck. He had to focus to stay standing because it felt so good.

"I have been waiting for this all bloody day," Tonks said against his skin. "Being patient is not my thing Potter. I want you to know what a sacrifice that was."

"I will make it worth it," Harry told her.

"Make sure you do."

He started unbuttoning her nightshirt from the top down while her hands ran over his back. She watched his face the whole time which made it harder to concentrate on the buttons. When the last button opened he slid the shirt off her shoulders and let it fall. He stepped back to look at her naked body.

She stood there and let him look with her chin up a bit. She looked comfortable in her skin. Her hair shifted colors slightly at the edges without her noticing.

"Your turn," she said and reached for his belt.

Harry let her open the belt. She pushed his jeans and boxers down his hips until they dropped. His cock was already hard. She looked at it directly before she pulled him in by the back of his neck and kissed him again. Her bare tits pressed against his chest, her nipples hard from the contact.

He walked her backwards until her knees hit the bed. They got on the bed together and shifted positions without talking much. They knew what the other liked by now. Her hands moved over his arms and sides and down to his cock. Harry kissed her jaw, her throat, and the skin under her ear, and she throatily urged him to keep going.

He kissed lower on her body, starting at her collarbone and shoulder. His mouth reached her tits and he sucked one nipple hard, flicking it with his tongue. She exhaled

sharply and put her hand on the back of his head. He licked and sucked both nipples until they were wet and stiff before he kissed down her stomach.

She tensed up with anticipation as his head moved between her thighs. He looked up at her face. She bit her lower lip and stared down with dark eyes.

“Go on then,” she said.

He licked her pussy right away. She was already wet and her clit was swollen. Harry ran his tongue along her wet lips, tasting her juices. He circled her clit slowly at first, then faster. She tried to muffle her moans at the start but soon let them out loud. Her breathing got heavier, sharp gasps and broken sounds escaping her.

“There,” she said tightly. Her thighs squeezed around his head and she pushed her hips against his mouth. “Right there. Don’t stop. Yes.”

He licked her clit with steady circles and sucked it between his lips before he pushed two fingers into her tight pussy. He curled them to rub the spot inside her while his tongue kept working. Her pussy grew wetter, juices coated his fingers and chin. He added a third finger, stretching her open as her walls gripped him. Her hand pulled his hair hard.

“Fuck,” she breathed out. “Harry I swear.”

He kept licking and fingering her, watching her reactions. Her thighs shook and her hips moved quickly. She was close, and he held her right at the edge before pushing her over.

“I am going to... Harryyyy!”

Her back arched up and her pussy clamped around his fingers as she came hard. Her thighs locked around his head as she shook through the orgasm. Fresh wetness flooded his mouth, and he kept licking her clit and moving his fingers back and forth until she relaxed and her legs spread apart.

She let out a long breath as Harry kissed the inside of her thigh and moved back up her body.

“Right,” Tonks said after catching her breath, her voice rough. “That was good.” She pulled him up and kissed him hard, tasting herself on his tongue.

He got on top of her and she adjusted under him with her hands on his hips.

“I need you right now,” she said against his mouth. “No more waiting.”

“I was not waiting,” Harry said.

“Shut up and fuck me Potter.”

He pushed his hard cock into her pussy in one steady thrust. She was dripping wet and tight, and they both moaned as he filled her. Harry started slow but she lifted her hips fast to take him deeper and grabbed his ass to pull him in.

"I said no messing about," Tonks said with strain in her voice.

"I am being careful."

"I do not need careful. I need hard." He thrust harder and her eyes widened. "Yes. Like that. Exactly like that."

Harry fucked her with deep and hard, his cock sliding in and out of her wet pussy, making wet slapping sounds each time his hips hit hers. She dug her nails into his shoulders and moaned with every thrust, her large tits bouncing under him.

"You feel so fucking good," Harry said, breathing hard. He watched her face as he fucked her. She looked completely lost in it with her mouth open and eyes half closed. She pulled him down for a wet kiss and wrapped her legs around him. He changed the angle and hit deeper inside her.

"There," she said sharply. "Don't move for a second."

He held still, barely.

"Right. Now move. There, like that."

He thrust exactly how she wanted, hitting the spot that made her moan loud against his shoulder. They kept going until she pushed his shoulder. They rolled over so she was on top. Her hands pressed on his chest as she looked down at him, and in no time, she started riding his cock.

Tonks moved her hips up and down, taking his full length each time. Her pussy gripped him tight and wet. Her tits bounced with the motion and her hair fell messy around her face. She rode him faster, tilting her hips to rub her clit against him.

"This is better," she told him.

"I can tell," Harry said as he held her hips and watched her.

She moaned louder, losing control. "I am close Harry. I am."

"Come on then," he said rough.

She cried out as she shook over him, and she came hard grinding down on his cock. Her pussy squeezed him in pulses as she fell on top of him, her arms giving away. Her juices ran down his balls as she came, her body spent as she went limp on his body.

Harry rolled them over so she was under him again.

"Go on," Tonks said in a wrecked voice. "Finish it. Fuck me hard."

He planted his knees and thrust fast into her pussy. His balls slapped against her ass with each stroke. She held onto his back and moaned approvingly, and in no time, he felt his orgasm building.

“I am close too,” he grunted.

“Give it all to me,” she gasped, rubbing her clit fast. “Fill my pussy.”

Harry fucked her faster until he came. His cock pulsed as he shot load after load of his thick, hot cum deep inside her. Tonks came again at the same time with a loud moan, her pussy milking every drop from his cock as they stayed locked together, breathing hard.

“There we go,” Tonks said, satisfied, rubbing his back slowly.

The room was quiet except for their breathing. Tonks rested her arm across his chest, her cheek on his shoulder. Harry kept his hand in her hair which had turned deep red like it always did after they came together.

They lay like that for a while, their bodies sweaty and sticky. His cock softened inside her but when he pulled out some of his cum leaked from her pussy. Tonks saw him looking and smirked.

“Round two already?” she asked.

“Maybe,” Harry said. “Give me a bit.”

She laughed and rolled closer, their skin pressed together. Harry ran his hand down her body over her tits and between her legs. Her pussy was still wet with their mixed juices. He rubbed her clit gently and she spread her thighs.

“Careful,” she said but pushed against his hand.

He fingered her slowly while kissing her neck. She stroked his cock, getting it hard again. Her thumb rubbed the head, smearing their combined juices all over the throbbing crown.

“Fuck that feels good,” Harry muttered.

“Yeah?” She squeezed tighter. “Want me to suck it?”

“Later,” he said. “I want to fuck you again now.”

Tonks pushed him on his back and climbed on top. She lined up his cock and sank down, taking all of it in one go. They both moaned out loud at the sensation. She rode him steadily at first, but soon, she started bouncing faster on his cock. Her tits jiggled and her pussy made wet noises as she slid up and down his length.

They switched positions after some time. He put her on her back again and fucked her with her legs over his shoulders. This let him go deeper. Her pussy took every inch of his cock and she moaned each time he bottomed out.

“Harder,” she demanded. “Fuck my pussy like you mean it.”

Harry pounded her fast, the bed creaking under them furiously. He rubbed her clit while thrusting and she came again in no time, shaking hard. He kept fucking her through her orgasm before she pulled out and flipped her onto her hands and knees.

He entered her from behind, grabbing her hips firmly. His cock slammed into her wet pussy, and Tonks pushed back against him, moaning into the pillow. He reached around to rub her clit as he drilled into her, and in no time, he felt her cum one more time. Her walls squeezed his cock tightly as she orgasmed, making him grunt.

“Fuck yes,” she cried out.

Harry thrust deep and came again, filling her pussy with more of his seed. It leaked out around his cock as he slowed down and pulled out of her.

They collapsed together after that. Harry pulled a blanket over them and held her close.

“Stay till dawn?” she whispered.

“Wouldn’t miss it,” he replied.

They lay quietly for a long time, touching each other softly. He played with her tits and she stroked his chest. Later, they went for another round where she sucked his cock first, taking him deep in her mouth until he got hard. Then he fucked her slowly on their sides until they both came again.

The night went on like that with lots of fucking and touching. Her pussy stayed wet and ready for him. He came inside her multiple times and she orgasmed even more. By the end they were exhausted but satisfied, lying close together as the castle stayed quiet outside.

To be continued...