

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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Teacher's Pet

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Tonks did her best to suppress the moan that threatened to bubble up from her throat. The sensations curling inside her core were heavenly but to voice her pleasure so vocally would be disastrous at the moment.

"And you Nymphadora? How have the students adjusted to your lessons?" Dumbledore asked from the head of the table.

Tonks jumped at the old wizard's voice, receiving a snort from Hestia on her right in return. Under normal circumstances, she'd make a scathing remark about the use of her first name, but it was neither the place nor the time to do so. "Oh- I...uhm...I think they're doing pretty alright so far-" Another twinge of pleasure spiked its way through her clit forcing the metamorph to grip the table for support. "Hng- Yep! N-no issues so far!"

All around her sat her fellow professors and faculty of Hogwarts, each looking at her with either concern or amusement at her stammering outbursts. Today was the monthly staff meeting held by the headmaster while most of the students were away on their first Hogsmeade weekend. The morning had been mostly spent hearing bemoaning tales of uncompleted summer assignments and a few complaints about the Weasley twins' antics. Tonks though, had barely heard a single thing anyone had said. Her mind was far too focused on the images playing out in her head.

The sight of Susan's cunt spread wide before her eyes while two fingers drove in and out of the redhead's tight snatch would be enough to drive anyone insane, much less when Tonks could also *feel* the girl's pleasure as if it were her own. If she had known this mystical mental connection would be this torturous...well she'd still probably do it, but take Hermione's warning about the need for occlumency shields a lot more seriously.

-Three Days Prior-

"So all I've got to do is strip down to my skivvies and wait for the flash?" Tonks asked with a smirk. "If you wanted to get me naked Granger all you needed to do was ask! No need to bring some obscure ritual into the mix."

Across from her Hermione sighed as she began to lay out the necessary ingredients. "Once again, you're the one who asked for this. I'd argue you're the one who's trying to see *me* naked."

"Hey don't forget about us!" Susan called from the side. Both she and Daphne were already completely bare and working together to draw the final touches for the runic array splayed across the ground.

"Oi watch your arse Bones! You almost bumped my arm while I was tweaking the flow rate sequence!" Daphne chastised, giving the girl a firm swat to her bum.

Susan had the decorum to blush and whisper a quick apology to the girl before returning to her work. Tonks snorted at the two girls' antics and turned back to Hermione who had just finished placing the last few ingredients.

"So what is all this stuff?" The metamorph eyed the collection of plants in confusion. She may have been a Hufflepuff, but Herbology had never been her strong suit.

"Fern for Magic and Bonds, Edelweiss for Courage and Loyalty, and a sample of the hedge maze from the Third Task." Hermione listed, pointing to each plant adorning the edges of five

chalk-drawn diamonds. "The Hedge Maze sample is the key ingredient. It symbolizes a challenge we overcame together." The bookworm explained.

"We used a Hippogriff feather for ours." Harry pipped up from where he stood near Tonks, leaning against one of the back walls. "Daphne's was the egg from the first task, and Susan offered up a piece of her dress from the Yule Ball. Though I still don't know how that was considered a 'challenge'." He remarked.

Tonks shrugged. "From what I've seen Bones is quite easy. Simply play with her tits a little and she's putty in your hands."

Susan made a yell of protest but was silenced by Daphne reaching over and squeezing one of her bare tits. The redhead instantly clamped her mouth closed with a muffled squeak and any further protests died in her throat.

"Well, that should do it." Hermione said standing. She wiped her hands on the material of her skirt quickly before shooting Tonks a questioning look. "Are you positive you want to do this Tonks? We have no clue if this can be reversed."

The pink-haired auror waved the girl's concerns off quickly with a scoff. "Positive. It's too big of an advantage when it comes to keeping the four of you safe. I'd be a fool to pass it up." She said as she began to remove her robes layer by layer. "Plus I want to hear all the kinky little thoughts running through that bookish head of yours, hot stuff." She said teasingly towards Hermione with a smirk.

"Oh she's easily the most perverted out of all of us." Harry chimed in with a smirk of his own. "Just wait till you see all the filthy fantasies playing out inside her mind when we're in your class."

Hermione blushed but said nothing to her defense. Instead, she looked down at her feet in

embarrassment and hastily began to remove her clothes. "Let's just do the stupid ritual already." She muttered.

One by one they all finished stripping and stepped into their respective diamonds. Tonks was positioned in such a way that had her facing them while Harry and the girls were grouped together facing her. For a moment Tonks felt a little shy from their gazes lingering over her nude form, but the feeling passed quickly enough and left her with a sturdy resolve. She straightened her back and held Harry's gaze firm. As Hermione began the chant, Tonks barely paid any heed to the glowing symbols around her, nor the slight tremble to the floor.

A golden light appeared before them, signalling the spell taking hold. With a slight wince, Tonks cut the skin of her palm and held her hand aloft, joining the others as their blood dripped down onto the rune below. A brilliant golden glow shot out from the rune, encompassing the entire ritual circle around them.

Tonks was nearly knocked to the ground as a weight slammed into her head. It felt like an ocean was pressing down on her skull, threatening to crush her from its sheer density. A small cry escaped her lips as the weight increased. Darkness lingered at the corner of her vision and she was forced to blink away the pinpricks of unconsciousness appearing in her eyes.

Just as quickly as it came, the weight suddenly vanished, replacing itself with a soothing serenity, unlike anything she's felt before. Scents lingered in the air, addictive and wholly delightful. There was the smell of freshly fallen pine needles, warm honey and lavender oil. She could smell citrus and aged parchment, linen and strawberries. It all hung in the air, mixing together to form something that had Tonks hooked.

It was the scent of them.

Unlike the first time this ritual was performed, the light of the runes slowly ebbed away instead of exploding outwards in a violent rush of magic. The scents faded as well, leaving Tonks feeling

rather melancholy at their absence, but that sadness was soon washed away by what came next.

'How does it feel?' A voice murmured just behind her skull.

Tonks swayed slightly, her mind not used to the sudden presence of another. "Woah!" *'Woah!'*

Two arms appeared out of nowhere and caught her before she could tumble to the ground. It was at this moment that the pink-haired auror realized just how woozy she felt. It wasn't a sickly feeling nor unpleasant, but rather the one she got after one too many shots at the bar. A giggle erupted from her lips as the tingling swaying sensation washed over her and made her mind go all fuzzy. She could just barely make out the face of Harry through the haze and a smile appeared on her face.

'Hey there-' "-Wonder Boy." She winced as the conflicting actions in her mind sent a spasm of pain through her temples. This would take some getting used to.

'Take it slow.' Hermione voice slipped in. *'Remember what we said about occlumency. It'll help with the disorientation.'*

Another set of hands appeared, these hooking underneath her arms. Tonks groaned as she was pulled up onto a very soft pair of legs before those same hands clasped around her temples.

'I got this. Just relax Tonks.' Daphne's voice whispered. She looked up to meet the blonde's eyes and nodded. Slowly, the wooziness faded bit by bit, leaving behind a cool feeling of clarity. Tonks sighed happily as her body finally calmed and the fog that had hung heavy inside her head dissipated.

"Oh fuck me that's good." She groaned. "Wh-what did you do?"

Daphne giggled and softly brushed a hand through her hair. *'I coaxed your mental shields up with a small boost from my own. A trivial display of magic once you know what you're doing.'*

Tonks nodded with a sigh of relief. "Well, whatever it was it bloody worked." Sitting up with a bit of help from Harry, Tonks looked around taking in both the sight and feeling of each of them in her mind. They were all there- Harry, Daphne, Susan, and Hermione- each with their own little corner in her mind yet connected all the same. Tonks couldn't help but smile to herself as she took it all in.

'Oh this is going to be so much fun!'

-Present Day-

It was not fun. Well, perhaps it was for the most part, but in this moment it was very much not fun.

Tonks had to suppress a groan of frustration as Susan squealed in sudden climax, the redhead's pussy convulsing around Daphne's fingers. She could hear the chuckle the blonde Slytherin let out as their buxom lover came hard and quick, more so when Susan whimpered pitifully for more.

"Now Minerva why don't you walk us through the new prefect schedules..."

The sound of Dumbledore's voice faded into the background as Tonks focussed every ounce of occlumency control she had to stop Susan's climax from bleeding over their connection any more than it already had. The metamorph's pussy was already fucking *soaked* and she didn't know how much more she could take before her willpower crumbled.

Out the corner of her eye, she could see Hestia look at her with both concern and confusion. While to everyone else it may seem as if she was simply nervous or perhaps not feeling well, her long-time partner knew better. Discretely as she could Tonks shot a signal over to her friend. It was one they used both in and out of the field whether to silently request for backup or to beg the other for a small distraction when a bloke got too chummy.

Thankfully, Hestia seemed to understand perfectly, giving her a discreet nod before standing. “Apologies headmaster, Auror Tonks and I will need to excuse ourselves. One of our junior recruits reported in about a possible suspect sighted in Hogsmeade.”

Dumbledore nodded with a furrowed brow. “I see. Do you require any aid?” He asked gesturing to the other professors.

“No sir, it’s probably nothing. We simply don’t want to leave anything to chance.” Hestia deflected.

Dumbledore nodded once more and smiled. “Well in that case good luck and do please report anything you find to me.”

They both nodded and quickly stood to leave. Snape shot Tonks a quick sneer as they left, one she responded to with a flip of her middle finger before ducking out of the room.

She shakily followed behind Hestia, every step a testament to her will as she wished for nothing more than to crumble to the ground in a moaning heap. Eventually, they were far enough away from the meeting for Tonks to fall against an archway and let out a shaky breath.

“You alright T?” Hestia asked, voice laced with concern.

Tonks nodded and clenched her teeth. “Jus’ need a sec.” She hissed. Another spasm of pleasure slammed into her needy cunt. Her knickers were beyond saving at this point, fully soaked through with her arousal and was now dripping down her leg. Daphne had moved from Susan’s cunt to riding the redhead’s face like her favourite broom. Harry stood in front of the blonde, his cock pushed deep within her own mouth while Hermione watched on with a vibrator hilted inside the bookworm’s tight pussy.

“We better get to Hogsmeade.” Tonks grunted as she hauled herself up.

“Why?” Hestia asked with a look of confusion. “What I told Dumbledore was complete bullshit.”

“True, but there’s something there I need to take care of.” She replied.

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It was easy enough to convince Hestia to split up once they arrived at the vibrant little hamlet. The hustle and bustle of students milling around the magical village proved a bit troublesome for their current team assigned to watch over the trip, so Hestia felt it was prudent she helped in the effort. Tonks, however, had a different target in mind.

Quickly making her way through the busy streets, she approached the boisterous tavern near the centre of town. The Three Broomsticks had been a staple of the community since Hogwarts was first founded, but Tonks wasn’t here for a quick pint.

Rosmerta barely paid her any heed as she entered. The buxom barmaid was far too busy filling as many orders of food and butterbeer as she could manage with a crowd of excitable students under her roof. Tonks gave the woman but a brief nod before pushing past the crowds and climbing the stairs to the Inn above their heads. The difference between the bar downstairs and the inn upstairs was startling. Not many students came up here, and even fewer would waste what little coin their parents sent them on booking a room when they would need to return to the castle anyway. Unless, of course, they had other users for the room...

Tonks pushed open the door to Suite No. 7 without issue. Whatever wards were on the door recognized her as soon as she touched the handle, allowing her entrance to the room. As soon as she crossed the threshold her ears were met with the loud sounds of flesh slapping against flesh and a plethora of moans echoing around the room.

“You lot are bloody sadistic.” Tonks growled as she began to strip out of her thick auror robes.

Daphne pulled away from Harry’s cock with a gasp yet kept grinding her hips on Susan’s face flurried movements. “Yes, yes we’re truly terrible. Now are you going to join or not?” The blonde

gasped and gripped Susan's hair with a white-knuckle grip. Tonks could feel it through her rapidly slipping mental shields just how close Daphne was to cumming. Quicker than she thought herself capable her clothes were thrown to the side and she was joining the four upon the bed with lustful intent.

Daphne whined in climax by the time Tonks made it behind the blonde. The Slytherin vixen rocked her cunt all over poor Susan's face, smearing the redhead's cheeks and chin with a thick layer of her juices. Tonks nearly doubled over as the feeling of Daphne's climax wracked her own body. She was forced to clutch desperately onto the blonde's shoulder for support as her pussy trembled from the force of the sudden orgasm.

Just as her body began to calm down, something hard and thick was pressed into her bum without warning. The metamorph turned her head and met Harry's lustful gaze. His hands gripped her waist with a burning intent. Tonks took a breath, biting her lip as she pushed all her *want* into a singular thought.

'Fuck me~'

She gasped aloud as his thick veiny cock speared her depths with ease. Her pussy was stretched in that oh-so-familiar way that had her toes curling and chest heaving with panting breaths. In front of her, Daphne shifted until she was no longer being supported by the blonde but instead was clutching desperately onto Susan below her. As Harry pumped in and out of her sweltering core Tonks could only bury her face into Susan's shoulder and wail with pleasure. Her cries and mewls echoed off the stone walls as her cunt was remoulded by his thick cock. Susan's fingers added to her pleasure as they rubbed furiously at the metamorph's swollen clit. Within moments Tonks was shivering in impending climax, her walls convulsing wildly around Harry's cock with every hard thrust.

Just as she was puttering over the edge into that sweet sweet abyss of pleasure, her cunt

suddenly became frustrating absent of anything to clamp down upon. Tonks whined in frustration and picked her head in confusion. Yet before she could so much as voice her woes, Harry's cock returned, this time pushing hard into her tight backdoor.

"OH FUCK!" Tonks cried as the entrance to her arsehole was broken and Harry pushed his thick length deep inside.

While she wasn't a stranger to anal with Harry, it certainly never failed to take Tonks' breath away every time he pushed inside her tight backdoor. The mixture of pleasure and pain from her arsehole being stretched so harshly was enough to turn the auror into a squealing, cumming mess within just a few thrusts. She could feel her pussy convulse as her juices gushed forth, seizing her muscles and electrifying her nerves with mind-numbing pleasure. Across the bed, both Hermione and Daphne too moaned with sudden climax from where they sat with twin vibrating toys. The two girls were practically entwined, each pleasuring the other while they watched on. Hermione would never admit it, but she loved to watch her lovers dominate and fuck other women, while Daphne too was finding a love for voyeurism.

The slapping of Harry's hips against her arse never ceased, even as her orgasm came and went. Before long she was tumbling down a second time, sobbing with pleasure as he used her arsehole to his heart's content. Susan had persisted as well, long moving from simply rubbing her clit to sinking two fingers deep inside Tonk's cunt. Never had the metamorph felt so full before and she was *loving* it.

Desperate for something to ground herself lest she lose herself to the pleasure, Tonks buried her face in the mountain of Susan's busts. The redhead cooed as she began to lavish her chest, suckling and nipping at the freckled flesh while her body quivered from her intense anal pounding.

"That's it~" Susan whispered in her ear. "He's about to cum. Can you feel it? The urge in his

mind to explode inside of you? To paint your inner walls with his *hot cum*?”

Tonks could feel it. It was rolling off of Harry in waves. A singular need to flood her arse with his warm sticky seed. The feeling of his intent was so great that it practically had Tonks cumming again and again. Her already-soaked pussy wept as she felt the urge become stronger with every thrust over their connection. Soon enough it felt like a boiling point was reached- like nothing else could hold it back as Harry slammed into her one last time and released his pent-up load. Her mind exploded with fireworks the moment she first felt his cock pulse within her. Their connection sand with euphoric joy as their bodies revelled in the passion of their climaxes. When he finally pulled free from her gaping depths, Tonks was on cloud 9, mind high on the post-orgasmic bliss of their joining.

Unconsciousness crept in from the corners of her vision. Tonks tried to fight it, but every time she blinked it felt like time would shift. First she was still atop Susan with the redhead clutching her tightly as Harry fucked the redhead's tight dripping pussy. Next, she was on her back with Hermione's face buried between her legs and Daphne's mouth on her breasts. Then her head was hanging off the edge of the mattress, mouth wide open while Harry thrusted wildly into her gagging throat. The last thing she remembered before darkness finally took her was Harry's deep groan of pleasure as his hot spunk exploded inside her mouth.

She finally came to who knows how long later. Harry was no longer fucking her face, but instead, Daphne was spooned around her sleeping. Tonks craned her neck to see where the others went, only to find them on the other side of the blonde. Susan was on her back, legs high in the air, while Harry pounded into her weeping snatch with vicious intent. Hermione was atop the girl, her own folds pushed flush against Susan's mouth while the bookworm worked her tongue on the redhead's clit. Every now and then Hermione would switch, sticking her tongue out to let Harry push his cock deep inside her mouth before returning to Susan's cunt moments later.

Tonks smirked at the sight and sighed, laying back down and curling deeper into Daphne's embrace with a content smile. Perhaps this whole connection thing was a lot more fun than she realized.

Either way, she was certainly enjoying the perks that came with it...

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Author's Note

Tonks joins in on the mental hijinks! Hermione's sanity is barely hanging on by a thread at this point lol.

Thanks for reading!